The American Volunteer.

BLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BRATTON & KENNEDY. OF TCE-SOUTH MARKET SQUARE.

TERMS:—Two Dollars per year if paid strictly in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid within three months; after which Three Dollars will be charged. These terms will be rigidly adred to in every instance. No subs ontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at ne option of the Editor.

### Professional Cards.

WM. B. BUTLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. Office with Wm. J.

M WEAKLEY, ATTORNEY ATLAW Office on South Hanover street, in the room rmerly occupied by A. B. Sharpe, Esq. HAS. E. MAGLAUGHLIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Building formerly coupled by Volunteer, a few doors South of Han-

M. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY

OHN. C. GRAHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office formerly occupied by Judge traham, South Hanover street, Carliste, Penna Dec. 1, 1865—ly.

F. E. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY Office on South Hunoverstreet, opposite Hentz's Store. By special arrangement with the Patent Office, attends to securing Patent Rights.

M. C. HERMAN, ATTORNEY AT LIAW. car of the Court House, next door to the "Her-id" Office, Carilsic, Penna. Dec. I, 1880.

M. J. SHEARER, ATTORNEY &C.
AT LAW, Callisie, Pa. Office near Court
House, South side of Public Square, in "Inhol's
corner," second floor. Entrance, HanoverStreet.
AF Practicing in all the Courts of this Judicial
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May 24, 1836—1y\*.

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JOHN LEE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, North Hanover Street, Carlisle, Pa., Feb. 15, 1866-ly.

TAMES A. DUNBAR, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Carlisle, Penna. Office a few doors LAW, Carlisle, Penna. est of Hannon's Hotel. Dec. 1, 1865.

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all their branches. Special attention given to
be treatment of diseases of the Eye and Ear, and
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Nov. 29, 1896.

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SECURITY. ealth, experience, intelligence and probit, perpetuity and honorable dealing will b ealth, experience, meaning will be by to ensue.

by perpetuity and honorable dealing will be ly to ensue.

surance creates independence. A person of this own indemnity, and need not be a on his friends.

very man should insure the burning of the control of the

Office in Marion Hall Building, West Main Street, Sarisle, or to the following Joean agents, J. Ferre, New Yiller, John K. Shulter, New Bioomidid, Perry County, Fa.; or A. H. Weldman, Jan. 3, 1897—6m

CASH ASSETS \$15,000,000. This is strictly and entirely a Mutual Compt makes its dividends annually and pays the the end of each and every year. Its assets t dituted, nor its strength weakened by LEADING LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

of this continent. Possessing the largest assets, the largest amount insured, the largest income sad, the largest amount insured, the largest income sad, the largest surplus over liabilities, as shown by the official reports of the insurance Department of New York, and which will be shown to any persons wishing to determine for themselves the true conditions and standing of different companies by applying to the agent.

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\$200 REWARD!

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MUTUAL HORSE THIEF DETECTING AND INSURANCE COMPANY. From three to five dollars will insure your orse against thieves for five years.

Persons desiring to become members will apply 5 AM'l K. HUMRICH. Office 26 West Main St., Carlisle.

HE RAILWAY PASSENGERS AS-SURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn. Sures against all kinds of Accidents.

For five thousand dollars in case of fatal accident, or \$25 Weekly Compensation in case of disabiling bodily injury, at 25 cents per day. For

DIRE INSURANCE. The ALLEN AND EAST PENNSBORO's MUThe ALLEN AND EAST PENNSBORO's MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, of Cumbesiand county, incorporated by an act of Assembly, in the year 1863, and having recently had
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active and vigorous operation under the superintendence of the following Board of Managers
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eriand County. Vice President—Chrit Itan Stayman, Carlisie Secretary—John C. Dunlap, Mechanicsburg Treasurer—Daniel Bailey, Dillsburg, York Co

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THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANY OF NEW YORK.— The leading
Late Insurance Association of this Continent:—
Hon Ellizur Wright, Insurance Commissioner of
Mass, Cash Assets over \$17,000,000. Applications
solicited and blanks furnished by
A. SHARP WOODBURN,
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Dec. 20, 1863—3m\*

COOD PENS GIVEN AWAY.—Sam-Jules of "ADAMS & CO'S CELEBRATED GULDEN PENS" will be sent FREE on receipt of Bamp for postage. Address ADAMS & OO., 21 tromfield Street, Boston Mass. March 7, 1897—im

# Bolunteer. The American

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1867.

VOL. 53.--NO. 41.

Real Estate.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!!

W. J. SHEARER. ATTORNEY AT LAW,

AND AGENT FOR THE SALE OF Cumberland Co. Real Estate,

OFFERS THE FOLLOWING VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE AT REASONABLE PRICES:

AT REASONABLE. PRICES:

IN THE BOROUGH OF CARLISLE.

No. 1. A large and commodious BRICK DWELLING HOUSE, in North College Street, with Gas, Water, Water Closet and other modern improvements, together with about 1. ACRE of GROUND Head of the College Research of the Brees sites for a Cottage residence of the Brees sites for a Cottage residence of the Brees sites for a Cottage residence of the Ground Head of the Ground Street of Groun

No. C. A 90 ACRE FARM in North Middle

No. 6. A 80 ACRE FARM in North Middleton township. 1/4 miles from Carlisie. This farm has but a TENANT HOUSE and STABLE, but it affords the finest site for a Mansion House and Bank Barn that we know in Cumberland co. No:7. A TRACT OF THIRTY-SIX ACRES, with small but comfortable BRIOK DWELLING HOUSE, Frame Stable, &c. and a young and thriving Orchard or CHOICE FRUIT, situate on the Railroad, in North Middleton twp., West, and within a mile of the Borough of Carlisie. This property as a HOMESTEAD and for general or Truck Farming, is the most desirable tract of its size to be found anywhere in the vicinity of Carlisie. Carlisic.

The certain extension of the town Westward, partly consequent upon the improvements made and contemplated by the Rulinocompany in that direction, drawing, as they necessarily will, nearly the whole trade of the necessarily will, nearly the whole trade of the new to the facility on the following the same of the land to the father own for any purpose whatever, rendering it a safe and profitable investment.

Feb. 28, 1888.

### Furniture, &c.

B. EWING.

CABINET MAKER AND UNDERTAKER,

WEST MAIN STREET, CARLISLE, PENN'A.

A SPLNFDID ASSORTMENT OF NEW FURNITURE Camp Stools. Centre Tables, Dining Tables, Card Tables, ng Chairs, Easy Chairs, C Reception Chairs, Bureaus,

Ottomons, What-Nots,

clor, Chamber, Dining Room, Kitchen FURNITURE, of the Latest Styles. COTTAGE FURNITURE IN SETTS,

Splendid New Patterns. BEDSTEADS AND MATTRESSES in great variety.

Particular attention given to Funerals from town and country attended to pand on reasonable terms.

Dec. 49, 1866—tf

CABINET WARE HOUSE. TOWN AND COUNTRY.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he still continues the Undertaking business, and is ready to wait upon sustemers either by day or by night. Ready made Costinis kept constantly on hand, both made Coverns kept constantly on hand, both plain and ornamental. He has constantly on hand feks Putent Metalic Burda Cuse, of which he has been appointed the sole agent. This case is recommended as superior to any of the kind now in use, it being perfectly air tight.

He has also furnished himself with a now Rosewood Hearist and gentle horses, with which he will attend funerals in town and country, personally, without extra charge.

Among the greatest discoveries of the age is Well's Spring Matrices, the best and cheapest bed uow in use, the exclusive right of which I have secured, and will be kept constantly on hand.

CABINET MAKING.

CABINET MAKING,
in all its various branches, carried on, and Beauroaus, Secretaries, Work-stands, Parlor Ware,
Upholstered Chairs, Soins, Pier, Side and Centre
Tables, Dining and Breakfast Tables, Washstands of all kinds, French Bedsteads, high and
longers of all kinds, French Bedsteads, high and
longers of all kinds, Looking Giesses, and all
other articles usually manufactured in this ling
other articles usually manufactured in this ling
other articles usually manufactured in this ling
the profit of the line of the latest
city style, and all under his own supervision. If
will be warranted and sold low for cash.
He invites all to give him scall before purchasing elsewhere. For the liberal patronage heretofire extended to him he feels indebted to his
numerous customers, and assures them that no
efforts will be spared in future to please them in
style and price. Give us a call.
Remember the place, North Hanover street,
nearly opposite the Deposit Bank, Carliele.

David SIPE.

CABINET MAKING! The undersigned respectfully informs his old friends and patrons that he has resumed the

CABINET MAKING



Looking Glasses,
Sofas, Rocking Chairs,
and Upholstered
and Cane Chairs,
an hand. CANING, REPAIRING AND VARNISHING ione on short notice and at reasonable rates. 45 COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE

CARRIAGES The undersigned have now on hand and ar naking a large assortment of all kinds of

CARRIAGES, ROUKAWAYS, NO TOP EUGGIES

AT REDUCED PRICES. REPAIRING AND PAINTING done at short notice and on reasonable terms.

Shop on South Pitt Street, nearly opposite the
Mansion House. Jan. 8, 1867—0m A. B. & N. SHERK.

HENRY.G. BEIDLER, LICENSED AUOTIONEER, KERSVILLE.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY, PENR!A. Political Will attend promptly to the calling of sales, at be lowest rates. An experience of several years, arrants him in guaranteeing satisfaction in very case. Residence near Diller's Bridge, West 'ennsboroust township.

MPIRE SHUTTLE SEWING MA-CHINES are superior to all other for FAMI-LAAD MANUFACTURING PURPOSES. Con-tain all the latest improvements; are speedy; noisless; durable; and easy to work. liusterated Circulars free. Agents wanted.— Liberal discount allowed. No consignments Liberal discount allowed. No consignments Address EMPIRE & M. CO., Broadway, 818 N. Y law each in pro-tient and brave self-reliance, that bore her safe-july 20, 1869—iy

March, with its clouds and sunshine, its sto and genial days is upon us. The following beau-tiful lines by BRYANT, are very suggestive and

The stormy March is come at last, With wind and cloud and changing sky: I hear the rushing of the blast, That through the snowy valley flies.

Alif passing few are those who speak, Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee!
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me. For thou to northern lands again

The glad and glorious sun doth bring; And thou hast joined the gentle train, And wearest the gentle name of Spring. And in thy reign of blast and storm, Smiles many a long bright sunny day, When the changed winds are soft and warm

And heaven puts on the bloom of May. Then sing aloud the gushing rills. And the full springs from frost set free, That brightly leaping down the hills, Arojust set out to meet the sea.

Of wintry storms the suffer threat, But in thy sternest frown abides, A look of kindly promise yet. Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies, And that soft hue of many showers, When the wide bloom on earth that lies, Seems of a brighter world than ours.

The year's departing beauty hides.

## Miscellaneous.

Martha stood on the steps swinging the com-stick forward and backward.— Jonathan leaned on the gate, swinging himself forward and backward; one was looking at the other—when the other was looking the other way—and both were trying their best to appear as though nothing was bumping about the region of

the heart.
"Well, Martha," said Jonathan Stow, giving an extra kick to the pansie border, "I am going Monday; d'ye care?"
"Don't know, John; where be ye go-

"Don't know, John; where be ye going?"

"Long ways from here, Marthy—p'raps
I won't back in years; going to seek my
fortune, Marthy; if I come back rich will
ye have me?" And Jonathan closed the
gate behind him, and walked some steps
nearer the girl with the broom, who first
looked at him, then at the broom, and
then said—

looked at film, then at the broom, and then said,—
"Go 'long, John! What nonsense be ye talking?"
"No nonsense, Marthy. Indeed, Marthy, my girl, I'll work like a Trojan if I only know you'll be my wife when I come back."

Martha Keels got one step nearer to Jonathan, and Jonathan came three; by and by the broom tumbled down on the grass, and the hand that had held it went up with the corner of an apron to the big

and by the broom tumbled down on the grass, and the hand that had held it went up with the corner of an apron to the big grey eyes, that began to swim in a clear fluid amazingly like tears.

"O John! don't go!? cried the sobbing girl; "don't go, John; never mind being rich—I'd rather you'd stay."

This time John's arm was around the girl, and the girl's head was on John's shoulder, and I doubt not the words used, though neither grammatical nor musical, were as sweet to each other's ears as the most polished words in the land could have been. For certain there was a silver ton cant pleas broken between them, and Martha Keels promised Jonathan Stow to marry no one but him while life remained; and, an hour from then, in the dusk of an autumn evening, Jonathan Stow, with a big tear in his eye, and a bunch of poppies, mixed with pansies and red clover and marigolds in his hands, stole out of the gate and away up the dark lane, towards the ship that was lying not so very far away, and where John had shipped himself as sailor, to lying not so very far away, and where John had shipped limself as sailor, to work himself a passage to Australia, and work himself rich on the mystic shore,

n the golden mine. Would his cont-sleeves ever brush would his cont-steeves ever bruss against these green boughs again? Would grey-eyed Martha ever watch without a tear for his coming back through that gate? Well, he was gone, and Martha picked up the broom and went back with

unsteady footsteps to the dairy, and slashed and washed away at shining pans, and in a way that made Mistress Kirkwood pop in her head with a sharp re-proof to the usually undemonstrative Martha. But Mistress Kirkwood did not know But Mistress Kirkwood did not know what was slashing and washing around the heart of poor Martha. The blue waters of the Atlantic were bearing it away, and the surf rolled back with a duli moan, that very hour, on the vacant spot where the ship had tossed, waiting for the one hand, John. Well, John was gone; but it was only another couple parted, for a short time, by that monster, Money. It was only good-bye between an humble couple in an humble sphere of life, and a stranger passing by would take no note, or guess at the puin tugging at either heart, or the romance that had twined itself round either life.

John, in the far-off mines of Australia, worked away with a will, with a picture

John, in the far-our mines of Australia, worked away with a will, with a picture in his mind s eye of a little cottage on a pretty farm, and the figure of Martha on the hearth; and at night, when resting from his toil, he would go away to some

from his toil, he would go away to some quiet spot, and out from the pocket near the heart came a picture of Martha—a common little ambrotype, wherein poor Martha, to uninterested eyes, would have appeared something like a stuffed image, with hands held awkwardly, and a face looking sour and sober, and the dress looking prim and stiff. None of these things were observed by John, when he covertly kissed the insensible picture.—It was Martha—his Martha—and he fancled it smilled on him in a hopeful way; and he would commence afresh his work,

and he would commence afresh his work, and go at it with a will, the future look-ing bright with the hope of meeting her Months rolled by into years ere the sum he hoped for was gained. Once it had been his, but he lost it through the treach-

been liis, but he lost it through the treachery of a fellow-workman, who worked himself into his confidence, and then betrayed it by robbing him of his hard earned little fortune.

At that time John's heart had failed him; he wrote a long letter to Martha, bidding her forget him, and marry some nearer and more fortunate suitor. True to her trust her answer came:—

"Never mind, dear John; it is only a little longer to wait. Keep up your cournge and try again, and if you fail even try again. Martha, will never marry, while the half of that ten cent plece is out of her reach."

the hair or that ten cent piece is out of her reach."

As I said, the years slipped slowly by; after that one whole year, and no letter from John; and Martha through the long months watched, and walted, and wept. Her face grew thin and her heart grew sad; for John must be dead, or he would surely have written.

sad; for John must be dead, or he would surely have written.

Mrs. Kirkwood, her mistress, died; and, after a few months of mourning, Mr. Kirkwood, who felt he could not get along without Martha, profilered marriage to her, never dreaming she could refuse him. But Martha did, with the full vent of her indignation shining out of her eyes. Kirkwood Place could no longer be a shelter for her; so Martha made up her hundle and counted up her earnings, and found there was enough and to spare to found there was enough and to spare to carry her to Australia.

"I can find his grave," she said to her-self, the tears streaming from her eyes," "and learn how he died; and then I can he laid at rest near him at last." bo Martha embarked for a strange land, and put her trust in God.

In due time Martha Keels took up her journey afresh in the strange land of Aus-

ly through temptation and danger. She betook herself to the place from whence he had last written, and there she thought her journey would end, for there she expected to find his grave and her own.

"For," she said to herself, "I'll never go back while John is here; I'll find me work to do, and when my time comes I'll be laid to rest by his side."

But her journey did not end here; she tranced his past journeyings, by diligent inquiries, into wild regions, and there, with a rising hope that she might yet find him alive, she followed. There again she hit upon one of his fellow-workmen, who gave her the joyful tidings that John, gay with fortune and hope, had started home a short time before.

Back started Martha, with fresh courage for the wild goose-chase, home ward

age for the wild goose-chase, homeward bound. Yes, and at the same time, from the home port was a vessel outward bound, and on the deck of that vessel stood Jonathan Stow; he had put foot on his native land once more with a heart fluttering with hope and fear. His coat sleeves had brushed the green boughs at the Kirkwood gate, but Martha was not there to meet him; and he found out from Mr. Kirkwood, that Martha Keels had started on some wild-goose-chase to Australia, months before, and nothing had been heard of her.

So back went John, and booked him-

and wild cries of—

"The ship is sinking!"

Two vessels had come in collision—a homeward bound and an outward bound. The darkness and wild tempest had driven them in each other's path, and on board of each the wildest confusion reigned. Death loomed up before hundreds of terrified soils. Death reigned triumphant o'er the tempest and darkness in mid-ocean, at midnight, while the two vessels were crushing each other to atoms. Poor Martha! her journey had ended sooner, and the object of that journey was nearer, than she ever dreamed. Like many of the rest she had leaped from the sinking vessel into the boiling cauddron

glide from him also, as he caught the sinking form in his arms, with the vain hope of saving her. She whispered faintly, with her arm around his neck,—
"Let me go, John; hold on to the board—it may save you. Let me go; Louldn't hold on any longer. Oh, John—dear John!"
"Yes, Martha, my girl, we aren't met to be parted now. Death cannot part us:

sinking form in his arms, with the vain hope of saving her. She whispered faintly, with her arm around his neck,—

"Let me go, John; hold on to the board of the many save you. Let.me go; Louldn't, hold on any longer. Oh, John—dear John!"

"Yes, Martha, my girl, we aren't met to be parted now. Death cannot part us; we will die together!"

The waves closed over the closely clasped couple for the last time, and they sank to rise no more in life.

Some days afterward, a sallor on board an Australian bound vessel, espied some object floating in the distance. A boat was immediately lowered, and when it returned it had on board the sad burden of two dead bodies, a man's and a woman's, clasped in each others arms.—They were near the Australian shore, and when the sailors landed they bore the dead bodies with them. They tried to separate them ere burlal, but the clasp of death was as strong as their love had been in life, and Martha and John were laid in each others arms, to rest in an unknown grave on Australian shores, loud in life, and and worth presented to heave of the kind was lately told to me; the circumstances are well known in known grave on Australian shores. Loving in life, and in death not separated.

The Western Wonder.

The greatest wonder, in the State of The greatest wonder, in the State of Iowa and perhaps any other State, is what they call the "Walled Lake," in Weight county, twelve miles north of the Dubuque and Pacific Railway, and about one hundred and fifty miles west of Dubucus City. buque City.
The water is from two to three feet

higher than the earth's surface. In most places the wall is ten feet high, width at bottom fifteen feet, at the top five, Another fact is the size of the stone used in its construction; the whole is of stone varying in weight from three tons down to one hundred pounds. There is an abundance of stones in Weight county; but surrounding the lake to the extent of five and ten miles there

to the extent of five and ten miles there are none.

No one can form an idea as to the means employed to bring them to the spot, or who constructed it.

Around the entire lake is a belt of woodland, half a mile in width, composed of oak; with this exception the country is a rolling prairie. The trees, therefore must have been placed there at the time of building the wall.

In the spring of 1805 there was a great storm, and the ice on the lake broke the wall in several places, and the farmers in that vicinity were obliged to repair the damages to prevent inundation. The lake occupies a ground surface of 1900 acres, depth of water as great as twenty-five feet. The water is clear and cold, the soil sandy and loamy.

It is singular that no one has been able to ascertain where the water comes, from and where it goes to, yet it always re-

acres, depth of water as great as twentyfive feet. The water is clear and cold,
the soil sandy and loamy.

It is singular that no one has been able
to ascertain where the water comes from
and where the goes to, yet it always remains clear and fresh.

A FERIALE freedman was brought up
the other day at Aberileen for fighting:

"This is your first fight is it not, Peggy," asked the Mayor.

"Bress your soul; no massa," was her
energetic reply, "when we used to blong
to Dr. W—, we fit constant. Dere
warn't no p'lice bothern folks bissness in
them times. Why, massa, we fit constant
in dem days." and where it goes to, yet it always remains clear and fresh. This is your first fight is it not, Peggy?" asked the Mayor.
"Bress your soul; no, massa," was her energetic reply, "when we used to blong to Dr. W

in dem days.

THE BROKEN HEART. BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

"I never heard Of any true affection, but 'twee nipt With care, like that, the caterpiller, cats O'he leaves of the spring's sweetest books, th rose." Middleton.

It is a common practice with those who have outlived the susceptibility of early feeling, or have been brought up in the gay heartlessness of dissipated life, to huggi at love stories, and to treat the tales of remantic passion as mere fictions of novel-ists and poets. My observations on human nature have induced me to think otherwise. They have convinced me that how-ever the surface of character may be chill-ed or frozen by the cares of the world, or cultivated into mere smiles by the arts of

How many bright eyes grow dim; how How many bright eyes grow dim; how many soft cheeks grow pale; how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will class its wings to its sides, and cover the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate maiden is shy and silent. Even when fortunate she scarcely breathers it to herself, but when othercount to stand the count of the

ten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young, so intelligent, so brave, so every thing we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he replied to the charges of treason against his country; the eloquent vindication of his name, and his pathetic appeal to posterity in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered very deeply into every generous bosom, and deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern pol-

of condemination—all these entered very deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days fairer fortunes he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late distinguished Irish barrister. She loved him with the fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and dauger darkened ardently around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his sufferings. If, then his fate could awaken the sympathy of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose soul was occupied by his image? Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth, who have sat at its threshold, on one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was lovely and loving had departed.

But the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonored, there was nothing for memory to dwell on that could sooth pang of separation; none of those tender though melancholy circumstances that endear the parting scene; nothing to meitsorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish. To render her widowed situation more desperate, she had incurred her father's displeasure, by the unfortunate attachment and was an exile from the parental roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit, so shocked and diven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of con-

inward woe that mocked all the blan-dishment of friendship, and "heeded not the voice of the charmer, charm he never

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet in such a scene. To find wandering like a paretter level. such a scene. To find wandering like a spectre, lonely and Joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart in a momentary forgetfulness of sofrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy erowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat hersfelf down on the steps of the orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice, but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and

ness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but exercise great interest in a country so remarkable for its enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that are a true to be dead and ind stanted on some wild-goose-chase to Australia, months before, and nothing had been heard of hor.

So back word John, and booked himself afresh for Australia; he knew full well what had prompted the journey.

"Poor Marthy—poor girl! She will be lost in those wild regions. I fear my letters never reached her," he said to himself, as he took up his wearisome journey, little thinking that Martha's face was turned, even then, towards him on the broad ocean.

Yes, Martha, journey-worn and with just enough money to bring her back to her native land, was treading with impatient steps the deck of the homeward bound vessel, little hedding the wild tempest that was threatoning. At mid-day it over took them; the winds dashed inglad all hands on board were huddled on deck. Hope had died out; they could not be to the sease of the form of the world; it is there her world; it is the world; it is

O make her a grave where the sunbeams rest, When they promise a glorious morrow; They'll a hine o'er her sleep a smile from the west, Her own loved island of sorrow.

Surrounded by Flames.

sin shone down on them; a weary waste of waters around, and about them no signs of life or ship; all seemed to have sunk into the bosoin of the deep, and how long they would remain above the surface of the water was doubtful.

Already Martha was growing faint from hunger, fright and cold. The color had faded from John's cheeks, and his strong arms began to tremble, as the hours dargged heavily by; they propped up each others courage with cheering words and loving looks. But death stared them nearer in the face every minute.

The board suddenly slipped from her grasp, and Martha was sinking. John, with a wild cry, let his last hold on life gilde from him also, as he caught the sinking form in his arms, with the vain hope of saving her. She whispered faintly, with her arm around his neck.—

How so it in ental mandy that previous and where I stood were already on fire; the dry grass burned with a rattling sound, and the sparks flew high up into the air, and the cinders fell round about me. I had cooked my gun, for every now and then affying wolf would rustle past methrough the bushes. I had now penetrated to the utmost end of the peninsula where I stood were already on fire; the dry grass burned with a rattling sound, and the sparks flew high up into the air, and the cinders fell round about me. I had cooked my gun, for every now and then affying wolf would rustle past methrough the bushes. I had now penetrated to the utmost end of the peninsula where I stood were already on fire; the dry grass burned with a rattling sound, and the sparks flew high up into the air, and the cinders fell round about me. I had cooked my gun, for every now and then affying wolf would rustle past methrough the number and luxuriant. We see its and luxuriant. We see its heart, until wasted and personal late of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, westrive in vain to recollect the form him also, as he caught the sinking form in his arms, with the vain hope of saving for me in his arms, with the vain hope of saving had a sav was dense smoke, mountains on fire, flying ducks, wild geese, cranes, pellicans, swans and howling wolves, rurious with fear, who moved from one thicket to another, until atlast, forced by the flames and bitting smoke, they made a desperate leap into the water. But liere they only encountered their fellow sufferers, who countered their fellow sufferers, who

into the water. But liere they only encountered their fellow sufferers, who swam towards them from the opposite shore. None of the flying animals they are not to atta it me; fear seemed to flave spoiled their appetite.

The fire approached me with great velocity; a few minutes longer, and I should have been obliged to leap into the water myself. I observed the quick approach of the horrible ocean of flames with a dead-like fear. A pyramid of fire rose up in my immediate neighborhood, and at the same moment five wolves ran directly towards me, their mouths wide open, and their eyes wild with terror. An almost involuntary pressure of my forefinger on my gun, and the folemost wolf had the entire load in his head. He tell backward to the ground, while his followers leaped into the water, terrifying the pelicans, ducks, and swams helplessly congregated there. I now heard the rough voice of my fisherman. His hoarse "Hallo, there" sounded like music in my ears. Another second, and I stood in the boat, saved. Immediately behind us the last remaining reeds burned down, and the licking tongues of fire drove the last animal into its watery grave. Every living thing which could not swim nor fly was lost.

GEN'L. WASHINGTON'S LAST VOTE.—
The father of his country was conscientious in the discharge of every duty as a citizen, and never failed to vote. The last occasion of his doing so was in the spring of 1799, in the town of Alexandria. He died on the 11th of December following. The Court House of Fairfax county was then over the old Market House, and immediately fronting Gadsby's tavern. The entrance into it was by a slight flight of crazy steps on the outside, and while the election was progressing—several thousand persons being assembled around the poll—Washington drove up in his old and well-known carriage. The crowd spontaneously gave way and made a lane for him to pass through as he approached the Court House steps. A gentleman who was standing at Gadsby's saw eight or ten good looking men spring forward and follow the General up the steps, in order to uphold and support him, if necessary.—According to the custom of that time, the five or six candidates were sitting on the bench, who rose in a body and bowed profoundly on the entrance of Washington. Very gracefully returning their salutation, the Register of the polls said: "Well, General, how do you vote?" (It was then viva voce.) He looked a moment at the GEN'L. WASHINGTON'S LAST VOTE. tion, the Hegister of the polissaid: "Well, General, how do you vote?" (It was then viva voce.) He looked a moment at the candidates, and replied: "Gentlemen, I yote for measures, not men;" and having audibly pronounced his vote, he made another graceful bow, and retired. He was loudly cheered by the outward crowd on returning to his carriage.

ANOTHER mystery is solved. The man who "struck Billy Patterson" has been found. His name is Smithers, and he keeps a tayern in Mercer street, New York.

WHY do young ladies confess that ri tualistic curates are a desirable specula-tion? Because they are pretty in-vest-ments.

Slowly but surely the record of crime at Washington is unrolling itself. It is as black, but with letters more distinct as black, but with letters more distinct than the charred papyri which come from the mud and cluders of Pompeil. Mr. Seward may try to write over them the conservative platitudes which now dribble from his pen, but, from underneath, the story of wrong, and outrage, and wanton abuse of power struggles to the light at last. Reading some of those revelations, one is lost in wonder at the patience and long suffering of the victims, but we do not wonder at the tenacity with which such wrong-doers as Seward, and Stanton, and Holt cling to the immunity which the mere possession of office appears to give. Mr. Lincoln, whom there recent disclosures seriously implicate, is in his grave, and pity for an untimely end softens in his case the voice of censure. But, while Sanford Conover is in goal, and Detective Baker is dismissed, and Boston Corbett, who so unnecessarigoal, and Detective Baker is dismissed, and Boston Corbett, who so unnecessarily, or with an evil intent, shot Booth in the barn, has sunk out of sight, the triumvirate at Washington still retain high position; and still are amenable to public criticism. These ideas are prompted by the singular, and, as we may well describe them, awful revelations recently made in New York, in the case of Colonel North, the uncontested facts of which are briefly these.

Colonel Samuel North, who resides, we presume, somewherein the neighborhood of Cooperstown, was, and is, a man of entire personal respectability. In 1864 he was appointed agent of the State of New York, to reside at Washington, to look after the interests of the volunteer soldiers of New York in that locality, and to do and perform such things as were necessary in administering to the wants and interests of all such connected with the army, the sick in hospitals and elsewhere. How faithfully he discharged those arduous duties, how willingly and efficiently he aided hundreds of poor soldiers, how many acts of kindness were shown parents and friends, how impartial was his treatment of all, may be shown by the united testimony of political friends and opponents. With him were associated a Mr. Cohn and Mr. Marvin M. Jones. On the 27th of October, 1864, about a fortnight before the Presidential election, these gentlemen were arrested by military process, in Washington, and thrown into the Old Capitol Prison, the charge being "defrauding soldiers of their votes." There they remained till hese. Colonel Samuel North, who resides

ton, and thrown into the Old Capitol Prison, the charge being "defrauding soldiers of their voice." There they remained till January and February, 1865, when they were discharged as \*travocart.

Now let us see what happened in those dreary three months of illegal, wanton imprisonment. From within, no word of complaint was allowed to reach the outer world. But Governor Seymour, hearing of the case, appointed a commission consisting of men of high standing, Messrs. Palmer, Allen, and Kelly, who visited Washington, and with some difficulty were allowed to visit these poor men. In their report to the Governor, the commissioners give this ghastly narrative—so bad that we almost hesitate to reproduce it:

The undersigned availed themselves of the permit grainted them. to visit Colonel North. M. M.

rative—so had that we almost hesitate to reproduce it:

The undersigned availed themselves of the permit grained them to visit Colonel North. M. M. "Carrol Prison," in obse confinement. They learned that Messrs, North and Colon had been confined together in one room and had not been permitted to leave it for a moment, during the four days they had been prisoners, for the purpose of answering the calls of nature. They had been supplied with meagre and course prison rations, to be eaten in their room where they constantly breathed the foul atmosphere arising from the standing odor. They had no vessel out of which to drink water, except the one furnished had also the colon and the standing of the four the continuance in the colon the colon of the colon only in the presence of an officer of the prison.

Brief, however, was this indulgence, for we read that "though for a time the prison brutalities were somewhat modified, they were soon taken to a room on the second floor, where they were confined with thirteen others, and were allowed to purchase food fit to eat, at a high price, of a person supposed to have intimate relations with the head keeper of the prison. On the 28th of November, the prison. On the 28th of November, for a purpose which will appear, they were taken thence and placed in solitary confinement to subsist on hard-tack and

fight the vermin which infested the p:ison."

After a time, the trial, before a military court of which the redoubtable hero, Abner Doubleday—the detractor of General Mende—was President, and Holt, of course, prosecutor. During this trial an incident occurred, which but that it is positively stated and proved, we might hesitate to believe. Holt, we infer findhesitate to believe. Holt, we infer, fluding the evidence against these gentlemen
falling, seems to have devised a plan of
most sinister ingenuity, using for his instrument an individual, Charles A. Dana,
Assistant Seeretary of War, who has,
throughout, shown a singular facility for
enterprises of the kind, and having for
one of his objects to make poor Mr. Lincoln do some of the dirty work on the occasion. And very dirty it was. Mr.
Cohn, one of the parties on trial, was taken to the White House, and in the presence of the President "pumped"—in vited
to turn State's evidence. The report from
which we quote goes on to say:

which we quote goes on to say:

To the desporate extremity to which the administration was driven, Mr. Cohn was sent for toy the President, who proposed to try on him the experiment of 'my plan." An interview was held at the presidential mansion, in presence of C.A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War; J. A. Foster, Judga Advocate of the military Commission, and Wood, the keeper of the prison, when Cohn was first given to understand that if he would frankly state "all that he knew about the illegal transactions of Colonel North, Mr. Jones, and others, in connection with the soidiers votes no harm should come to him," and it was intimated that he night the sconer be in the enjoy ment of his own ilberty—liberty which long inprisonment and hard fare had rendered doubly preclous and desirable. Howas also put through a course of "pumping," and alternate coaxing and builying—all designed to delict sometting which might convict North and Jones and compromise Governor Seymour.

We see, sometimes advertised, engrav-

elict something which night convict. North and Jones and compromise Governor Seymour.

We see, sometimes advertised, engravings of the "Republican Court, tempore Lincoln"—"Lincoln reading the emanct, pation proclamation," "Lincoln teaching his boy his lessons," &c.—but here is a tableau well worth some dark limner's art. The President, jocular of course, for "pumping" was to him a inerry scene—the half-starved prisoner—Foster in uniform, and above all, Dana, like the detective in "Oliver Twist," clinking the handcuffs ostentatiously, and representing faithfully his principals, Stanton, and Hott! Really, it is hidous. And yet this scene occurred in the nineteenth century and the Land of Liberty. The Presidential experiment failed. The prisoner was resolute: He knew nothing and could say nothing, and he was taken back to prison, and the trial went on, and on the sixth of January, 1865, Doubleday and Foster had to put their signatures to the following:

[Copy.]—The Commission was then cleared for deliberation, and, after due consideration, do find

(Copy.)—The Commission was then cleared for deliberation, and, after due consideration, do find the accused, Samuel North, Levi Cohn and Marvix M. Jones, as follows:

As to the charge-Not guilty.

And do therefore acquitsald Samuel North, Levi Cohn and Marvin M. Jones,

(Signed) Anner Doubleday.

(Signed) M. Jones,
ABRER DOUBLEBAY,
Major-General Volunieers,
President of Military Commission.
J. A. FOSTER, J. A. J. A. Foster, J. A.

This was on the 6th of January, but not until the 19th was it approved by Stanton, or allowed to be made public, and then Colonel North alone was discharged, though, as we understand, the fact of his formal acquittal was not communicated to him.

him.

Mr. Jones and the refractory Cohn were detained, and on the 80th, afrienda Member of Cougress from Buffalo, writes to Colonel North:

WASHINGTON, January 80, 1805. Colonel S. North.
MY DEAR SIR: I enclose you a certified copy of

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JOB PRINTING.

the order directing your release, saying you were a quited. The others are convicted and senience of to imprisonment for life. Bosays the Secretary of War.

Very truly yours, JOHN GANSON. "So says the Secretary of War!" If Mr. Ganson tells the truth, Mr. Stanton tomented the distant families of these poormen by a most atroclous falsehood. The

report thus ends:

Cohn and Jones were held in strict confinement, suffering the terments of suspense, and uncertain as to their fate. Stanton alone could heve been guilty of originating such refined cruelty as he alone could have taken the positionaring prisonaring the exchange of the positionaring prisonaring the exchange Holt may also come in for a full share of the infamy attaching to the ordeity practiced towards those innocent parties and their friends who were told, in answer to the anxious inquiries of the latter, that "they were convicied and sentenced to the State prison for life!" In the face of these inconsistencies, and the practice of such prospective intolerance, two weeks after Colonel North's release, Jones and Cohn were set at liberty, the prison doors were flung open and they were told to "go!" without bearing with them anything in the form of official discharge to show what had been the finding of the court of the reason of their discharge.

And not until February 12, 1865, more

discharge to show what had been the indice of the court or the reason of their discharge.

And not until February 12, 1865, more than two years after the original arrest, did these injured men even succeed in procuring a glimpse of the record. It at last sees the light, and goes into history.

American reader—pause and meditate on all this. Think of it calmly if you can, but at least without the temper which party prejudice may excite. Think of the arrest—the torture in prison—the forty days' trial—the attempt by the President of the United States to extort a confession—the reluctant acquittal—the holding back of reparation—and then say if we are not a patient, long-suffering generation. We are sick to death of hearing of Mr. Lincoln's good nature and gentleness. He was an actor in this scene. To him we owe Seward and Stanton and Holt and Dans, and he is after all responsible, for he could have conquered the South without it, for the great guilt and heresy of "the end justifying the means"—his end being the preservation of a political union, his means the disregard of all constitutional restraint. "You ask me," said Cardinal Pole to Henry VIII, "what crime you have committed. I answer the greatest a man can committ—you have destroyed a Constitution."

#### How Rothschild Made His Fortune.

Rothschild Made His Fortune.

Rothschild's greatest achievement in over-reaching and distancing his fellow-speculators was in 1815. He was near the Chatacau d'Hougoumont on the 18th of June, watching, as eagerly as Bonaparte and Williugton themselves, the battle of Waterloo. All day long he followed the fighting with strained eyes, knowing that on its issue depended his welfare as well as Europe's. At sunset he saw that victory was with Wellington and the Allies. Then, without a moment's delay, he mounted a horse that had been kept in readiness for him, and hurried homewards. Everywhere on his road fresh horses or carriages were in waiting to help him over the ground.—Riding or driving all night, he reached Ostend at day break, to find the sea so stormy that the boat-men refused to trust themselves to it. At last he prevailed upon a fisherman to make the venture for a reward of £80. In that way he managed to reach Dover. At Dover and at intermediate stages on the road to London to ther horses were waiting, and he was in London before midnight. Next morning, the morning of the 20th of June, he was one of the first to enter the Stock Exchange. In gloomy whispers he told those who, as usual, crowded round him for news that Blucher and his Prussians had been routed by Napoleon before Wellington had been able to reach the field; that by himself he could not possibly succeed, and, therefore, the cause of England and her allies was lost. The funds fell as they were meant to fall. Every one was anxious to sell, and Rothschill and his accredited ugents scoffed at all who brought them sorip to purchase. But scores of unknown agents were at work all that day and all the next. Before the Stock Exchange colosed on the afternoon of the second day, when Nathan Rothschild's strong boxes were full of paper, he announced an hour or so before the news came through other channels, the real issue or the contest. Very soon the funds were higher than they had been during sue or the contest. Very soon the vinus were higher than they had been during many previous weeks; and Rothschild found that he had made something like a million pounds by his quick traveling and clever misrepresentation. Other millions were collected, rather more slowly, the state of the like party.

# by other transactions of a like nature.— "Nathan Meyer Rothschild." By H. R., Fox Bourne.—

A Marriage in Dresden. A correspondent of the Boston Adver-

tiser writes:

tiser writes:

I came to Dresden to witness the marriage of an American lady with a Norwegian. We arrived in season to be present at the festival of the betrothal, called the "polterbend." On entering tea and cake were handed to us, the supper being reserved till later hours, before the dance. Then come all sort of little surprises.—Curtain rises, and two ladies appear—one dressed in a housewifely manner, knitting vigorously, the other holding a book.—The first insists on practical duties: implores the bride not to allow her husband's soup to burn. The other insists that she The first insists on practical duties: implores the bride not to allow her husband's soup to burn. The other insists that she must read Schiller, &c. Various plays and conceits succeed, and then comes the supper, which we took sitting, and which opened with soup and finished with leccream and fruits. At the supper little speeches were made, for the Germans and Norwegians, unlike ourselves and the English, in their hours of happiness, sing aloud. Sweet sentiments and hearty toasts passed around; the latter were responded to by all rising and striking their glasses together. The marriage of Miss H. R. A—n was conducted in Lutheran style at church, with the exception of a Norwegian custom, viz: in Norway the bridegroom first enters the church with some brother or dear friend who places him for the ceremony; then follows the bride with father, brother or guardian, who places her by the side of the bridegroom. The semi-circle of the altar was adorned with flowers interspersed with lighted candles. The bride and bridegroom sit, during the discourse, just in front of the altar; their immediate friends have chairs placed around the semi-circle of the chancel. Two embroidered cushions, gifts of friends, are placed on the of the chancel. Two embroidered cushions, gifts of friends, are placed on the first steps of the altar for the bride and bridegroom to kneel upon while they are pronounced man and wife.

FRANKLIN'S TOAST.-Long after Washrkanklin's Toast.—Long after Wasnington's victories over the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Dr. Franklin had chanced to dine with the English and French ambassadors, when, as nearly as we can recollect the words, the following toasts were drank: By the British ambassador: "England—the sun whose bright bears were drank: By the British ambassador:
"England—the sun, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth." The French ambassador, glowing with national pride, but too polite toadispute the previous toast, drank—"France—the moon, whose mild, steady and cheering rays are the delight of all nations; consoling them in darkness, and making their drearlness beautiful." Dr. Franklin then arose with his usual dignified simplicity, and said:
"George Washington—the Joshua who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

A good joke took place in a courtroom down East. A woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore that
he had worked on a farm ever since he
had been born. The lawyer who crossexamined her said:
"You assert yourson worked on a farm
ever since he was born?"
"I do."

"What did he do the first year?"
"He milked."

Bnooks says the reason he does no