The American Volunteer.

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October 3, 1867—6m*

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Dec. 1, 1865.

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Dec. 1 186

UNITED STATES CLAIM AND *REAL ESTATE AGENCY!* WM. B. BUTLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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Dec. 19, 1867.—1y

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April 11, 1867—1y

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All in first-class Mortgages, Government Securities, Cash and Real Estate!!!

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The main element to be desired in Insurance Companies is

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If wealth, experience, intelligence and probity exist, perpetuity and honorable dealing will be likely to ensue.

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Members of the Company having policies about to expire, can have them renewed by making application to any of the agents.

Dec. 1 1865

City Advertisements.

READ THIS THROUGH!

IT MAY INTEREST YOU OR A FRIEND.

TO THE PUBLIC AND THOSE INTERESTED IN HORSES, CATTLE, HOGS, &c., &c.

THAT THE CELEBRATED DR. BARBER'S HORSE, CATTLE AND HOG POWDERS,

Prepared and sold by CYRUS BROWN, Druggist and Apothecary, Broadway, Upper Milton, Pa., is the

BEST IN THE WORLD.

When the Horse is in very bad condition, use the following Physic first:

Two Tablespoonsful of the Powder and One Quart of Linseed Oil. Mix and Drench.

REMEMBER THE RED HORSE,

On Each Pack and prepared as above.

THESE POWDERS are prepared from the original Dr. Barber's Recipe, with additions from the Recipes of the Best Horse Farriers in Europe and America, together with the experience of the Proprietor of over Twenty Years with Horses and Medicine. The following diseases are cured with their use:

All Stages of Coughs and Colds, Even First Stages of Glanders and Farcy, Distemper, Gripes, Colic, Inflamations, Jaundice or Yellow Water, Hidebound, Removes Worms, &c., &c., &c.

These Powders by occasional use, say once or twice per week, will be a preventive of disease, when the animal does not come in contact with nostril of the diseased Horse.

THESE HORSE POWDERS

are a sure preventive and cure for diseases so common with chickens—Gapes, &c. DIRECTIONS.—Mix in corn meal. ALSO—MIX with the water they drink. Feed it to your Stock and they will be healthy and fat.

REMEMBER THE RED HORSE ON EACH PACK. TAKE NO OTHER.

For Sale by

CORNMAN & WORTHINGTON, *No. 7 East Main St., Carlisle Pa.*

Jan. 23, 1868.—6m

SEEING IS BELIEVING!

AT 704 ARCH STREET, NEW PRICES! NEW GOODS!

RICH SILVER AND SILVER PLATED WARES, Including every style and description, made expressly for the winter trade, which for neatness and durability cannot be surpassed at

JOHN BOWMAN, Wholesale and Retail Manufacturing Establishment, NO. 704 ARCH STREET, *PHILADELPHIA.*

☞Re-plating at short notice.

August 22, 1867—1y

J. S. McCLELLAN, WITH PARHAM & WORK, Wholesale Dealers in HATS, CAPS, FURS AND STRAW GOODS, NO. 531 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

July 18, 1867—tf

GREAT WATCH SALE!

2000 WATCHES, Patent Lever Movements, full jewelled, Hunting Cases, Sterling Silver, Beautifully Engraved and in every respect first class Watches. To be sold at six dollars each, being less than three-fourths the cost of manufacturing.—These watches are retailed by Jewelers at from $15 to $18, the actual cost to the manufacturer being $9 each. This stock of watches was purchased at a bankrupt Sale in London, and are now offered at such extremely low figures, that all may possess a correct Time-keeper at a merely nominal sum. Every watch warranted for 2 years. Parties ordering them sent by mail, must enclose 30 cents extra to repay postage. Money enclosed in a well sealed letter may be sent at my risk.

Address all orders to MARLIN CONNOR, ALBANY, N. Y.

May 16, 1867—1y

CONSUMPTIVES READ!

A Physician, who had consumption for several years, with frequent bleedings of the lungs, cured himself with a medicine unknown to the profession, when his case appeared hopeless. He is the only physician who has used it in his own person, or who has any knowledge of its virtues; and he can ascribe the degree of health he now enjoys to nothing but the use of this medicine; and nothing but utter despair and entire extinction of all hope of recovery, together with a want of confidence in all others, induced him to hazard the experiment. He has treated more cases successfully than generally follows the treatment of this class of cases, and feels a pride, only excelled by the performance of his duty, that he is able to diminish suffering and prolong life. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M., daily. Call on or address

DR. E. BOYLSTON JACKSON, *No. 230 N. Tenth Street, Phila.*

Dec. 5, 1867—1y

ONE DOLLAR A PIECE!

A GOOD GOLD PEN AND EBONY HOLDER *FOR ONE DOLLAR.*

Manufactured by the American Gold Pen Company. These pens are now being used extensively throughout the Eastern States and are warranted in each and every case. Parties purchasing who are not satisfied can return them and receive their money back. All orders must be accompanied with the cash as we send no goods C. O. D.

Address all orders to E. M. CONNER, Agent American Gold Pen Company,

May 16, 1867—1y TROY, N. Y.

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A BEAUTIFUL PAIR OF FALSE MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS, of French manufacture, so perfect they cannot be detected from the genuine, will be sent post-paid by mail to any address. Great attention is paid in the manufacture of these articles by one of the best artists in Paris. M. L. FOUCHE, who is the best manufacturer in Europe. Moustaches, $1.00; Side Whiskers, $3.00; Full Beard, $5.00.

Address, H. DORR, ALBANY, N. Y., sole Agent for the United States.

May 16, 1867—1y

O C

It is the best chance ever offered to Agents!

One or two days' time will secure a good SEWING MACHINE, WATCH, SILK DRESS, REVOLVER, or some other article of equal value, FREE OF COST?

Agents wanted everywhere, male and female for the best One Dollar Pawnbroker's Sale in the country. Send for Circular.

S. C. THOMPSON & CO. *30 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.*

Jan. 2, 1868.—3m*

SWEET BREATH FOR ALL!

DR. FONTAINE'S BALM OF MYRRH!

Is a sure remedy for the cure of bad breath, no matter from what source the disease may arise. What young lady or gent will not make an effort to remove this disagreeable evil when it can be done for ONE DOLLAR, sent to your address postpaid, by mail, and a cure guaranteed, or money refunded. All orders must be addressed to H. DORR, Albany, N. Y., sole Agent for the United States.

May 16, 1867—1y

Medical.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, AND Hoofland's German Tonic. Prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Great Remedies for all Diseases OF THE LIVER, STOMACH, OR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

Hoofland's German Bitters

Is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medicinally termed, *Extracts*) of Roots, Herbs and Barks, making a preparation, highly concentrated, and entirely *free from Alcoholic admixture of any kind.*

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,

Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the purest quality of *Santa Cruz Rum*, Orange, etc., making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.

Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcoholic admixture, will use

Hoofland's German Bitters.

In cases of nervous depression, when some alcoholic stimulus is necessary,

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC

should be used.

The Bitters or the Tonic are both equally good, and contain the same medicinal virtues.

For Stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, etc., is very apt to be deranged. The stomach is the patient suffers from Nervous Debility, have its functions deranged. The stomach is the patient suffers from several or more of the following diseases:

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.

These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Chronic Diarrhœa, Disease of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

DEBILITY,

Resulting from any Cause whatever; PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM, induced by Severe Labor, Hardships, Exposure, Fever, etc.

There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies in such cases. A tone and vigor is imparted to the whole system, the Appetite Strengthened, food is enjoyed, the stomach digests promptly, the blood is purified, the complexion becomes sound and healthy, the yellow tinge is eradicated from the eyes, a bloom is given to the cheeks, and the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being.

Persons Advanced in Life,

And feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of the BITTERS, or the TONIC, an elixir that will instil new life into their veins, restore in a measure the energy and ardor of more youthful days, build up their shrunken forms, and give health and happiness to their remaining years.

NOTICE.

It is a well-established fact that fully one-half of the female portion of our population are seldom in the enjoyment of good health; or, to use their own expression, "never feel well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite.

To this class of persons the BITTERS, or the TONIC, is especially recommended.

WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN

Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure every case of MARASMUS, without fail.

Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will allow of the publication of but a few. Those, it will be observed, are men of note and of such standing that they must be believed.

TESTIMONIALS.

Hon. Geo. W. Woodward.

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pa., writes: Philadelphia, March 16, 1867.

"I find 'Hoofland's German Bitters' is a good tonic, useful in dyspepsia, and in cases of debility, and action in the system." Yours truly, GEO. W. WOODWARD."

Hon. James Thompson.

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, April 28, 1866.

"I consider 'Hoofland's German Bitters' a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect, JAMES THOMPSON."

From Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, D. D.,

Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, *for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation.* In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully, J. H. KENNARD, Eighth, below Coates St.

From Rev. E. D. Fendall,

Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia.

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility or from disease arising from derangement of the liver. Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. See that the signature of C. M. JACKSON is on the wrapper of each bottle. All others are counterfeit. Principal Office and Manufactory at the German Medicine Store, No. 631 ARCH Street, Philadelphia.

CHARLES M. EVANS, German Druggist, Proprietor, Formerly C. M. JACKSON & Co.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

PRICES.

Hoofland's German Bitters, per bottle $1 00
" " " half dozen 5 00
Hoofland's German Tonic, put up in quart bottles, 1 50 per bottle, or a half dozen for 7 50

☞ Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

Jan. 9, 1868.—1y

Poetical.

THE LADY'S DREAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Alas! I have walked through life,
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm,
And fill the burial sod—
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmarked of God!

I drank the richest draughts;
And ate whatever was good—
Fish and flesh, and fowl and fruit,
Supplied by hungry mood;
But I never remembered the wretched ones
That starve for want of food!

I dress'd as the nobles dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,
In many an ample fold;
But I never remembered the naked limbs
That froze with winter's cold!

The wounds I might have heal'd!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part;
But evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart!

She clasp'd her fervent hands,
And the tears began to stream
Large and bitter, and fast they fell,
Remorse was so extreme—
And yet, oh, yet, that many a dame
Would dream that Lady's Dream.

Miscellaneous.

OUR GAL.

I must write it; if nobody ever reads a line of it, I must, while it is all new and fresh in my mind, write out the history of the last two weeks and the description of 'our gal,' as Harry calls her.

Our gal first made her appearance in the house two weeks last Monday, and I hailed her broad face and stout figure with most heavy welcome. Little did I realize—but to begin at the beginning. I was, I am a very young housekeeper, yet theoretically I do know something of the arts and sciences thereunto appertaining. I was married about two years ago; but we have always boarded until now, and when started in my pretty house, with two girls and everything new, I fancied that other work would be a mere wandering vagrant compared to the regularity of my proceeding.

'Twas on a Sunday morning,' as the song says, that my troubles began. I was dressing for church, when my chambermaid came up with a rural countenance.

'If you please, Mrs. Harvey, I'm going.'

'Going!' I exclaimed, 'where?'

'To leave, ma'am. Home I've got a spell of neuralgia coming on, and I'm going home to lay by.'

'But you can lie down here if you are sick.'

'Well, ma'am, I ain't to say sick, exactly, but I'm fixing for a turn.'

'A turn?'

'Yes. I have neuralgia in spells, and I always feel 'em coming.'

Words were vain. Go she would, and go she did. I went into the kitchen to explain to the cook that she must do double duty for a time. She was a perfect termagant, and to my utter amazement she wheeled round with the cry—

'Gone! Jane gone! Will you get another girl?'

'Certainly.'

'To-day?'

'How can I get another girl on Sunday?'

'And to-morrow wash day! Well, I am not going to stay to do all the work. You'll either get another girl early to-morrow or I'll leave!'

'You'll leave now in the shortest space of time it takes to go from here to the door,' cried Harry from the sitting room, where he had overheard us.

With many insolent speeches she departed, and, inconvenient as it was, I was glad to see her go.

Of course there was no church and I began to get dinner. Harry, like a masculine angel as he was, took off his coat and came down to help me, with an assurance that he actually could not sit still and hear the cook use the tones she did one instant longer. It was a merry day. Harry raked the fire till his glossy brown curls were powdered with gray, which premature sign of age was produced, he assured me, by 'care, and not the weight of years.' He pealed potatoes so beautifully that they were as big as bullets after he had taken off the skin about an inch thick all around. Pies were the only article of cookery with which I was particularly acquainted, so I made a meat pie, two apple pies, and short cakes for supper, which we ate with the dinner at six o'clock. It was late enough when we cleared up, but at last all was done but one thing. Harry was in the bath room refreshing himself, when I discovered that the coal was all gone. I hated to call him down, for he had worked hard all day, so I took the scuttle and went down into the cellar myself, laughing to think how he would scold when he know it. I am a wee woman, and not over strong, but I filled the big scuttle, and tugging away with both hands, started up stairs.

I was at the top, my labor nearly over, when, somehow, I cannot tell how, I lost my balance. I reeled over and the heavy thing came with me, down to the bottom of the stairs. I felt it crushing my foot. I heard Harry's call, then fainted. I know now, though I did not then, how he lifted me in his strong arms and carried me up stairs, and the touch of the cold water which he poured over me is the next thing I remember. As soon as I was conscious and able to speak, I let him go for a doctor, lamenting that mother and Lou were both of town for the summer.

Well, well; it was a weary night; no time to scold, Harry said, so he petted, nursed, and tended me, till my heart ached with its fulness of love and gratitude. Morning found me, my fractured ankle in a box, lying helpless in bed, and Harry promised to send me a girl immediately. So after all this long prelude I come to "our gal." Oh, I must tell you how Harry made me a slice of buttered toast for breakfast, by buttering the bread on both sides, and then toasting it.

It was about nine o'clock when my new girl came. Harry had given her a deadlatch key, so she entered and came up to my door. Her knock was the first peculiarity that startled me. One rap, loud as pistol shot, and as abrupt.

'Come in.'

With a sweep the door flew back, and in the space stood my new acquisition. Stop a moment! I must describe her.—She was very tall, very robust, and very ugly. Her thick black hair grew low on her forehead, and her complexion was uniformly red. Her features was very large, and her mouth full of her only beauty, white, even teeth. Still, the face was far from stupid. The mouth, though large, was flexible and expressive, and the big black eyes promised intelligence. But, oh, how can I describe her "ways," as Harry calls them? She stood for an instant perfectly motionless, and then she swept in a low, and really not ungraceful courtesy.

'Madam,' she said in a deep voice, 'your most obedient.'

'You are——' I said, questionably.

'Your humble servant.'

This was not 'getting' on a bit; so I said—

'You are the girl Mr. Harvey sent from the intelligence office?'

'I am that woman,' said she with a flourishing of her shawl; 'and here is my certificate of merit,' and she took a paper from her pocket. Advancing with a step, a stop, another step, and stop, until she reached my bed-side, she handed me the paper with a low bow, and then stepping back three steps, she stood waiting for me to read it with her hand clasped and drooping, and her head bent as if it were her death warrant.

It was a written, properly worded note from her former mistress, certifying that she was honest and capable, and I had really had no choice but to keep her, so I told her to find her room, lay off her bonnet, and then come to me again. I was half afraid of her. She was not drunk, with those clear black eyes shining so brightly, but her manner actually savored of insanity. However, I was helpless, and then Harry would come as early as he could, and I could endure to wait.

'Tell me your name,' I said, as she came in with the stride and stop.

'My name is Mary,' she said in a tone so deep that it seemed to come from the very toes of her gaiters.

'Well, Mary, first put the room in order before the doctor comes.'

Oh, if words could only picture that scene! Fancy this tall, large, ugly woman, armed (I used the word in its full sense) with a duster charging at the furniture as if she were stabbing her mortal enemy to the heart. She stuck the comb in the brush as if she were saying, 'Die, traitor!' and piled up the books as if they were fagots, for a funeral flame. She gave the curtain a sweep with her hand, as if she were putting best tapestry for a royal possession, and dashed the chairs down in their places like a magnificent bandit spurning a tyrant in his power.

But when she came to the invalid she was gentle, almost caressing in her manner, propping me up comfortably, making the bed at once easy and handsome, and stroking my hair and dress with a perfect preception of my sore condition. And when she dashed out of the room, I forgave the air with which she returned and presented a tray to me, for the sake of its contents. Such delicious tea and toast, and such perfection of poached eggs, were an apology for any eccentricity of manner. I was thinking gracefully of my own comfort, and watching her hang up my clothes in the closet in her own style, when the bell rang. Like lightning she closed the closet door, caught up the tray, and rushed down stairs. From my open door I could hear the following conversation, which I must say rather astonished even me, already prepared for any eccentricity.

Dr. Holbrook was my visitor, and of course his first question was—

'How is Mrs. Harvey this morning?'

In a voice that was the concentrated essence of about one dozen tragedies, my extraordinary servant replied—

'What man art thou?'

'Is the woman crazy?' cried the doctor.

'Lay not that flattering unction to your soul!'

'M'm cried Mary,—you—' said the doctor, musingly. Then in his own cheery, brisk tones he added: 'You are the new servant, I suppose?'

'Sir, I will serve my mistress till chill death shall part us from each other.'

'M'm. Well, now, in plain English, go tell her I am here.'

'I go, and it is done!' was the reply, and with the slow stride and halt I heard her cross the entry. She was soon a tiny door. 'Madam, the Doctor waits!' she said, standing with one arm out in a grand attitude.

'Let him come up,' I said, choking with laughter. She went down again.

'Sir, from my mistress I have lately to bid you welcome, and implore you to ascend. She waits within yon chamber for your coming.'

Is it to be wondered at that the Doctor found his patient in perfect convulsions of laughter, or that he joined her in her merriment.

'Where did you find that treasure?' he asked.

'Harry sent from the office.'

'Stagg-struck, evidently, though where she picked up the fifth-cut-extreme manner remains to be seen.'

The professional part of his visit over the Doctor stayed for a chat. We were warmly discussing the news of the day, when—whew! the door flew open, and in stalked Mary, and announced, with a swing of her arm,

'The butcher, madam!'

I saw the doctor's eyes twinkle, but he began to write in his memorandum book with intense gravity.

'Well, Mary,' I said, 'he is not waiting?'

'The dinner waits,' she replied. 'Shall I prepare the viads as my own judgment shall direct, or will your inclination dictate to me?'

'Cook them as you will, but have a good dinner for Mr. Harvey at two o'clock.'

'Between the strokes I will wait his appetite.' And with another sweeping courtesy, she left the room, the door as usual, after her exit, standing wide open.

She was as good as her word. Without any orders from me, she took it for granted that Harry would dine up stairs, and set the table out in my roo n. I was beginning to let my keen sense of ludicrous triumph over pain and weariness, and I watched her, strangling the laugh, until she was down stairs. To see her stab the potatoes and behead the celery, was a perfect treat, and the air of a martyr preparing poison, with which she poured out the water, was perfect. Harry was evidently prepared for fun, for he watched her as keenly as I did.

Not one mouthful would she bring to me until she had made it as dainty as could be; mashing my potatoes with the movements of a saint crushing vipers, and buttering my bread in a manner that fairly transformed the knife into a dagger. Yet the moment she brought it to me, all the affectation dropped, and no mother could have been more naturally tender. Evidently, with all her nonsense, she was kind-hearted.

I often questioned her about her former places; discovered to my utter amazement that she was never in a theatre, never saw or read a play, and was entirely innocent of novel reading.

I had become so used to her manner, and no longer feared she was insane, when one evening my gravity gave away utterly, and for the first time I laughed in her face. She had been arranging my bed and self for the night and was just leaving the room, holding in one hand an empty pitcher and in the other my wrapper. Suddenly a drunkenman in the street called out, with a yell that really was startling, though by no means mysterious. Like a flash, Mary struck an attitude. One foot advanced, her body thrown slightly forward, the pitcher held out and the wrapper waved aloft, she cried out in a voice of perfect terror:

'Gracious heavings! What hideous screams is those?'

Gravity was gone. I fairly screamed with laughter, and her motionless attitude and wandering face only increased the fun.

'Go down Mary, or you will kill me!' I gasped at last.

Apparently unconscious of the cause of my merriment, she went slowly from the room, waving alternately the pitcher and the wrapper.

To see her flourish the dust brush would strike terror to the heart of the most daring spider; and no words of mine can describe the frantic energy with which she punches pillows, or the grim satisfaction on her face at the expiring agonies of a spot of dirt she rubs out of existence. The funniest part of all is her perfectly stolid unconsciousness of doing anything out of the way.

Harry found out the explanation. She had lived for ten years with a retired actress and actor, who wished to bury the knowledge of their past life, and who never mentioned the stage. Retaining in private life the attitudes and tones of their old profession, they had made it a kind of sport to burlesque the passions they so often imitated, and poor Mary had unconciously fallen into the habit of copying their peculiarities. When they left for Europe she found her way into the intelligence office, where Harry secured her. Long, long may she remain 'Our Gal.'

☞ Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

IMPEACHMENT.

SPEECH OF HON. A. J. GLOSSBRENNER, OF PENNSYLVANIA, IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, MARCH 2, 1868,

On the Articles of Impeachment Reported from the Committee.

Mr. GLOSSBRENNER, Mr. Chairman, If I could permit myself to disregard the grave consequences to the country that may, and in all human probability must, follow the consumation of what is manifestly the purpose of the majority of this House, I might contemplate with pleasure the unmistakable indications that the ultra Radicals are about to overcome all opposition in the consels of the Republican party.

If I could look with mere partisan eyes upon the events now passing before us in historic march I would be inclined to rejoice at this self-destruction—this political *hari kari*—of the party which has so long and successfully maintained internal dissention and estrangement throughout the land, and kept alive, by wicked appliances contrived with devilish ingenuity, a war which the American people hoped they had witnessed the termination when the confederate forces under Generals Lee and Johnston were disarmed, surrendered, and disbanded.

So far, indeed, from attempting to prevent the effort to impeach the President on the flimsey pretext presented—disgraceful to its inventors, even if it were not a mere pretext—I would, as a partisan merely, aid in clearing the way, and in facilitating the progress of the now dominant Radicals to their doom.

What is this latest pretext for impeachment? The President will not consent, until it is ruled by the judiciary that he must submit to such insult and humiliation, to have thrust upon him, in intimate official relation, in close personal association, as confidential adviser, a man who has permitted himself to be guilty of what a distinguished Radical Senator has declared "a gentleman" or "a man of honor" to be incapable. This judgment of Senator Sherman is, by the way, accepted by all who possess a spark of manly instinct. The attempt to foist this man into the Cabinet of the President against the will of the latter will find speedy condemnation at the hands of the people, who are always just, and who instinctively love fair play. It does not require profound learning or much consumption of oil in midnight lamps over books of law or ethics, to reach the common-sense conclusion that the President, who is held responsible for the acts of his Cabinet, should be permitted to select its members. In the merest fairness to him this should be a rule without an exception. His counsellors should be friends, not enemies; they should be supporters, not opponents; they should be not only trustworthy, but trusted; certainly they ought not to be acknowledged spies in the interest of his personal and political enemies; nor should they be persons so devoid of all honorable instinct as to be willing to remain an hour in such a position after an intimation from the President that personal association with them is to him distasteful and offensive.

My distinguished friend and collengue from the Luzerne district, (Judge Woodward,) with an ability so marked as to be worthy even of his exalted character as a profound and conscientious jurist, has with inexorable logic exposed and pitilessly demolished the small and shallow facilities of those who assail the legality of the President's effort to unseat the Stanton incubus. My excellent friend from Indiana, (Mr. Kerr,) whose clear perceptions of right and whose legal ability and acumen the members of this House, on all sides, when partisan prejudice does not obscure judgment, all acknowledge, has shown that "the wise and philosophic purpose of the framers of the Constitution was to keep the several great departments of the Government as distinct and separate from each other as possible, to the end that neither should invade the functions of the other or usurp the powers of that other in order to strengthen itself, and erect a centralized despotism on the foundations of the Republic." The history of the formation of the Government amply sustains these views. Other gentlemen of the legal profession on this side of the Chamber, among the ablest of the House, have shown how utterly destitute of a decent semblance of legal support is this legislative assault—I was about to say conspiracy, but that might not be parliementary, and I therefore term it assault—upon a constitutionally coordinate branch of the Government. With these arguments upon the legal aspect of this question—far, as exceptional cases in the debate so far, they do indeed rise to the dignity of argument—I feel that the Conservatives may safely go before the people, our masters, and, gentlemen of the Radical party, your masters as well.

But, in addition to the impregnable positions taken by able members of the legal profession, we have the unerring, sober second thought of the people upon which to rely for a righteous judgment upon what you are doing here this day. Hope not to escape that judgment. Clothe the pretended offense of the President in what garb of language you may; envelope it if you will in clouds of pompous and stilted lexicographical mystification, still will it not escape the discernment of the people. As little will the popular judgment fail to preceive the motive that prompts this prosecution in form, this persecution in fact.

It is commonly known with "all the people of the United States," in whose name the perpetration of this great political crime is audaciously and most unwarrantably to be urged, we must bear our share of the national shame which even the attempt without the consumation must bring; and, in common with all mankind, our portion of the incalculable injury to republican institution that must be involved in this measure, if, in God's wrath against this nation, it should become more than an attempt, the little band of Democratic Representatives with which it is my pride to be numbered and associated on this floor have opposed this unrighteous movement step by step.—Outnumbered, our rights as a minority trampled upon, every barrier established in the rules of the House by our predecessors for our protection swept away at the behest of party impatience or party convenience, we cannot prevent, and under the recently emasculated rules of the House we can no longer even postpone, this wrong. It is destined to prevail so far as this House is concerned.

The best interests of the country must undoubtedly suffer by an affirmative vote on the question before us. But within an hour this House will pass the articles of impeachment. Commerce, manufacturers, all the interests of labor, mechanical and agricultural, will feel the baleful influence of this measure. Yet party malignity will not be restrained by any such considerations. The finances of the Government and the people will be ruinously embarrassed and deranged by this day's work. I can hardly conceive it possible that the majority do not perceive this to be inevitable. But not a moment will this consideration delay the passage of this indictment, nor will it affect a single vote on the opposite side of the House.—The traditional and habitual trust of the American people in the security and stability of republican institutions may be impaired if not eradicated, and the hopes of civil liberty in all lands may be crushed and extinguished by the deed initiated in this House, and now only awaiting the formality of a recorded vote. Yet there will be no pause in the proceedings here. All appeals to reason, all sense of justice, all considerations of the national welfare, will be lost in the clamor for impeachment.

Why, sir, but a few days ago, the less unscrupulous members of the Republican party in this House, a majority of that party, indeed, declared formally, under and by vote, after months of search by diligent, eager, able and impeachment-seeking committee, who spare no pains to find some act, or suspicion of an act, of the President on which to hang a pretext for his impeachment, that no such act had been discovered. The President's words and actions had been subjected to examination as with a microscope, with a degree of minuteness that permitted absolutely nothing to escape rigid scrutiny—his private conversations and private bank account not being exempt from impertinent and ill-mannered discussion—yet nothing was found involving him, even by unfriendly inference, in any act or deed that would warrant impeachment.

What has the President done since that verdict of acquittal, a verdict wrung by stubborn facts from the reluctant judgment of his enemies? Nothing more than to exercise a constitutional power that has existed and been exercised by every President, from the days of the first, greatest, wisest, and best, down to the present hour. These gentlemen of the Republican party at that time demanded triumphantly of the friends of impeachment, as Pontius Pilate did of the accusing high priests more than eighteen hundred years ago, "What hath this man done?" They could only imitate those ancient impeachers by clamorous reiteration of their demands, substituting the cry, "Impeach! impeach!" for that of their prototypes in Jerusalem, which was, "Crusify! crusify!" I make no