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JOHN LEE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, North Hanover Street, Carlislo, Pa., reb. 15, 1866—19.

JOHN. C. GRAHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office formerly occupied by Judge Fraham, South Hanover street, Carliste, Penna. Dec. 1, 1865. TAMES A. DUNBAR, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Carlisle, Penns. Office a few doors

M. C. HERMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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IT MAY INTEREST YOU OR A FRIEND TO THE PUBLIC AND THOSE IN-TERESTED IN HORSES, CATTLE,

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On Each Pack and propared as above.
THESE POWDERS are prepared as above.
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Hidebound, Removes Worms, &c., &c., &c.
These Fowders by occasional use, say once or twice per week, will be a preventive of disease, when the animal does not come in contact with nestril 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 &t. REMEMBER THE BED HORSE ON EACH PACK. TAKE NO OTHER,
For Sale by CORNMAN & WORTHINGTON,
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Wholesale and Retail Manufacturing Establishment, NO. 704 ARCH STREET A. DYSERT, PHILADELPHIA. August 22, 1867—Ly No. 84 East LOUTHER street, Carlisle Penn's. April 9, 1868,—Sm

# The American Volunteer.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1868.

Perhaps I came in before you had

what you have to say."

The girl took a proffered chair, and

Poetical.

Three kings both great and high, And they ha's sworn a solemn oath John Barleycorn should die. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

Hoofland's German Tonic. Prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, PHILADELPÜIA, PA.

Medical.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

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GREAT DECLINE IN PRICES

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"Our OWN MAKE" of "UNION SKIRTS"
Eleven Tape Trails, from 20 to 50 springs, \$1.20 to
\$2.50. Plain, six Tapes, 20 to 50 springs, from 50
cents to \$2.00. These skirts are better than those
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and at much lower prices. "Our OWN MAKE" of "CHAMPIONS STRIFTS"

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MANUFACTORY AND SALES ROOM.

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RICKEY, SHARP & CO.

No. 727 CHESTNUT STREET. Have now the most complete and elegant stock

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Which they have ever offered, and invite special attention to their stock of SILKS, comprising a full line of HEAVY BLACK GROS GRAIN and LUSTERLISS SILKS, FOR SUITS.

MOHAIR AND ALPACA POPLINS, Of the choicest coloring, together with an Extensive Variety of DRY GOODS, embracing Cloths Cassimeres, House-Furnishing Goods, &c.

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NEW PRICES! NEW GOODS! RICH SILVER AND SILVER PLATED WARES,

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which for neatness and
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Including every style and

SEEING IS BELIEVING!

727 Chestnut Street, PRILADELPHIA.

Plain Brown and Mode Taffettas. Plain Brown and Mode Poulte de Soics.

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Next door to the Post Office, Carlisle.

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Nov. 7, 1867-tf

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Brocha Long and Square,

BREAKFAST SHAWLS in great variety

Fancy De Laines,
Plain and Fancy
Alpaccas
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LONG AND SQUARE WOOLEN

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Unbleached Muslins

Tickings, Checks, Towels, Napkins, &c

1868

AT THE NEW AND CHEAP CASH STORE.

GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS!

The Great Remedies for all Diseases

LIVER, STOMACH, OR

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Hoofland's German Bitters nally termed, Lx
Herbaand Barks,
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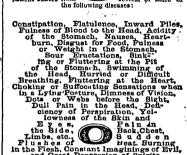
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HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,

Hoofland's German Bitters.

In cases of nervous depression, when some alcoholie HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIO

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



arrhea, Disease of the Ridneys, and all sing from a Diseased Liver, Stomach, or DEBILITY.

Resulting from any Cause whatevers PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM, induced by Severe Labor, Hardships, Exposure, Fevers, etc.

There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies in auch cases. A tone and viçor is imparted to the whole System, the ened, food is enjoyed promptly, the blood piezion he comer is given to the cheeks, and the weak and nerrous in-yalld 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 this BITTERS, or the TONIO, an elizir that will instil new life in o their veins, restore in a measure the energy and ardro 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 sell domin the enjoyment of youd heath; or, to use their own ex well." They are lan 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

TESTIMONIALS.

Hon. Geo. W. Woodward.

"I find 'Hoofland's a good tonic, useful digeative organs, and cases of debility, and ton in the system. Yours truly, 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 reluable medicane in case of attacks of indigention or Dyapupals. I can excitly this from my experience of it.

Yours, with respect,

JAMES THOMPSON." From Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, D. D.,

Yours, very respectfully, J. H. KENNARD, From Rev. E. D. Fendall,

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoof-land's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to ro-commend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from damagement of the liver. Yours truly,

CAUTION. Gand's German Remedies are counterfeited. Goesselgnature of the wrapper to the wrapper of the counterfeited of the

CHARLES M. EVANS, German Druggist, Proprietor, Formerly C. M. Jackson & Co. Pruggists and Dealers in Medicine

PRICES. per bottle, or a half dozen for...... Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine. Jan. lats, -, y

## in." Yet, he continued, for he ascertained by trying that he had done so.

JOHN BARLEYCORN. BY RODERT BURNS. There went three kings into the East,

They took a plow, and plow'd him down. Put clods upon his head, And they ha's sworn a solemn oath John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on, And show'rs began to fall, John Barleycorn got up again And sore surpris'd them all,

The sultry suns of summer came

The sober autumn entered mild. When he grow wan and pale,
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His color sicken'd more and more, He faded into age, And then his encinies began To show their deadly rage. They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp, And cut him by the knee, They tied him fast upon a cart Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back, And endget'd him full sore, They hung him up before the wind And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit,

With water to the brim, They beaved in John Barleycorn There let him sluk or swim. And still as signs of life appeared

They toss'd him to and itb. They wasted or a scorehing flame The marrow of his bones
But a miller used him worst of all,
For he crushed him 'tween two stones. And they have taken his very heart's blood

And drunk it round and round And still the more and more they drank, Their 197 and more abound. John Barleycorn was a hero bold, Of noble enterprise, For if you do but taste his blood,

geance against his prosecutors. The night of the murder he had been seen near the hotel, and now that he was ar-rested, his conviction and death was

Presently she began her ascent on the

cord. It was a fearful situation, for there she hung upon that giddy height, sustained only by that which appeared to be a single thread. If that should break she must be dashed to pieces upon the pavement below.

ed: Matilda De Rodna! You here!"

seek for revenge?"

"But why did he kill my brother?"

"It was through mistake. The blow
was intended for you, Henri Desmolines."
"Well, are you through with what you 'Twill make a man forget his woe,
'Twill heighten all his joy,
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing, Tho' the tear were in her eye. Then let us toast John Barleycorn

"Yell, are you through with what you have to say?"

"No. I want you to save my father's life. You can and you must do it."

"You may retire now," replied Henri, as he raised and pointed to the door.—The girl sprang to her feet, and her eyes glittered as sho exclaimed:

"Henri Desmolting listen to my words And may his great posterity, No'er fail in old Scotland.

"My father is to die to morrow?

"He did."
"You confess it, then?"
"I do. Hie escaped from the galleys
almost a maniac. Smarting under the
public wrongs which had been inflicted
upon him, is it a wonder that he should
week for revence?"

And may his great posterity,
No'er fail in old Scotland.

A CONVICT AND HIS DAUGHTER.

A terrible murder had been committed, and the Hotel de Barren, situated on the Rue Saint Saviour, in Paris, was in a terrible ferment. A thousand reports were in circulation, but they all differed very materially. Some declared that during the night a dozon savage looking men had entered the hotel, armed to the teeth, had bound the servants, and then committed, had bound the servants, and then committed, had bound the servants, and then committed, had bound the servants, and then committed that a bind of immortals had made the visit upon some mission of vengeance, and had taken a soul away with them, leaving an inanimate body behind.

But there was one among the number who gave an account with some degree of calmness. He said that early in the evenling he had seen a strange, but beaufulful looking woman, evidently belonging to the poorer classes, enter the hotel, and although he bad kept a close and constant watch, he had not seen her come

execution arrived, and soon she knew that she was fatherless—the guillotine had done its horrible work.

constant watch, he had not seen her come forth again. Once hesthought he had seen her form flit by the window of the apartment where the murder had been committed. But this information was very indefinite, for the woman could not be found—neither had any one else observed such a character. All that was positively known, was that Jerome Desmolines had been stabbed in his bed, and was now a cold and bloody corpse.

Later in the day it was announced that an arrest had been made by the people. Some time before a man by the name of Jean De Rodna had heen arrested by the officers of justice, at the instigation of the Desmolines family. He had been found coifcelled to the had been found coifcelled to the had been found an attempt at robbery and sentenced to the galleys. But he had escaped, and was known to have breathed dire vengence against his prosecutors. The

be disappeared.
Quickly did Matilda silde down her cord. She gazed into the apartment, and she saw Henri examine every corner where a human being could be possibly concealed. Then he locked and bolted the door, and retired to his couch. The avenger watched him until she thought he was sleeping, and then she entered and approached his side. She took up his revolver, which was lying upon the table, and cocked it for use. The click of the hammer aroused him, and starting up he cried: near the notel, and now that he was arrested, his conviction and death was beyond a question.

The trial came, and De Rodna was condemned to be guillotined.

A young girl had watched the progress of the trial, with a pale and anxious face. When the death penalty was proclaimed, she left the court with a faltering step, and proceeded to an obscure apartment in an obscure street. Here she sat until darkness came on, but she was buslly engaged during all this time. She was weaving a sliken cord of considerable length, but quite small; yet a sufficient strength to sustain, suspended in the air, the weight of any ordinary sized person. About every twelve inches the rope was knotted, which would prove a great advantage to any person wishing to ascend or descend it, in climbing by its aid, up or down a high wall.

As detalease came on they young girl enof the hammer aroused him, and starting up he cried:
"Here again! My God! How did you enter?"
The only reply was the leveling of the weapon at his head. He yelled for help, but with the sound of his voice came the pistol's report, and the betrayer fell back dead. In a moment after, the avenger leached the roof, and returned from thence to her bome.
Of course there was another terrible

cend or descend it, in climbing by its aid, up or down a high wall.

As darkness came on the young girl entered the street having concealed the walked rapidly until she reached the Rue Saint Saviour. She entered a dwelling without even knocking, but as she was ascending the stairs, she was met by aid woman, who asked:

thence to her frome.

Of course there was another terrible caffair remained shrouded in mystery.—
Six months after, a poor creature died in a lonely attic, of a broken heart. Her name was Matlida de Rodna, and dying she gave to a friend the secret of her revenge, which until that moment had remained unexplained. was ascending the stairs, she was met venge, which until the by ald woman, who asked: mained unexplained. by ald woman, who asked:
"Does he come here to-night, Matil-

A WITNESS.—A Yankee told an englishman that he shot on one occasion, nine hundred and ninety-nine snipe.—
His interlocutor saked him why he didn't make it one thousand at once.

"No." said he, "not likely I'm going to tell a lie for one snipe."

Whereupon the Englishman, rather than be outdone, began to tell a long story of a man having swam from Liverpool to Boston.

"Did you see him?"

"Why, of course I did. I was coming across and our vessel passed him a mile out of Boston Harbor."

"Well, I'm glad that ye saw him, stranger, 'cos yer a witness that I did it. That was me!" "I expect him," was the brief reply.
"I thought that affair ended matters between you."
"It may be so; but I will wait."
"Very well."
The old woman continued her descent, The old wman continued her descent, while the girl passed on upwards. She did not stop on the third or even the fourth flour, but passed on through the scuttle to the roof. Then she crept cautiously forward until she came to the last building in that row of houses.

She approached the very eaves, having first affixed her silken cord around a chimney, and clinging to it to prevent falling. For two hours she remained in this position, and by this time the street was dark and sileut below. She could see that a light was burning in one of the rooms of the third story, and upon the window of this apartment her gaze was fixed.

gor The managers of a country theatre looked into the house between the acts, and turned with a face of dismay to the prompter with the question:

"Why good gracious, where's the auditors." ence?
"Sir," replied the prompter, without

"Sir," replied the prompter, without moving a muscle, "he is just gone to get some beer."

The manager wiped the prespiration from his brow, and said, "Will he return do you think?"

"Most certainly; he expressed himself highly satisfied with the play, and applauded as one man.

"Then let the business proceed," exclaimed the manager proudly; and it did ment below.

Carefully the girl crept down on the rope, and at length she placed her feet upon the window ledge. It was a summer night and the window was open.—She gazed in, and saw a young man seated in an easy shair, puffing his cigar at his ease. He had not discovered her, as his back was towards the window, and had attracted his attention. In a moment after the girl was standing by his side, and leaping to his feet he exclaimed:

Mr. Clay was Secretary of State at the ime Mr. Randolph was a Senator from "Ah, I suppose so. But what do you want?"
"I want to talk with you, Henri Desmolines."
"Very well; be seated and let me hear The girl took a proffered chair, and fixing her eyes upon the young man, said:
"Henri Desmolines, when I met you three years ago I was an innocent and happy girl. I believed all the world to be good and truthful. When you came to me you represented yourself to be a poor first. I received you. Had I known that you were one of the rich and proud men of the city, I should have refused to receive your addresses, because my father was only a tradesman, and the wealthy never stoop to wed daughters of such. But as a poor man, I loved you, and I firmly believed you intended to make me your wife. Innocent and confiding, you deceived me ere the echo of your promises died away; you forsook me, and then I learned all. I did not reproach you, but on the contrary I endeavered to shield you with all my bears.

air. Clay was Secretary of State at the time Mr. Randolph was a Senator from Virginia. John Quincy Adams was President of United States. John Randoph, to prone to believe evil of all men, and especially of his political opp-neuts, was persuaded that Henry Clay Imal gained the office he then held by a corrupt bargain with the President. He firmly believed that Mr. Adams had said to Mr. Clay in 1821, when the election of a President devolved upon the House of Representatives:

"Make me President, and I will appoint you Secretary of State, and adopt you as my successor."

Thus believing, it was hard for a man of Mr. Randolph's unscrupulous fluency to avoid betraying his belief. Accordingly, in April, 1825, in the course of one of his wandering, sarcastical harangues, after insinuating that Mr. Clay had forged a public document, Randolph concluded with the folfowing words in reference to a recent vote:

"After twenty-six hours' exertion, it

ed a public document, Randolph concluded with the following words in reference to a recent vote:

"After twenty-six hours' exertion, it was time to give in. I was defeated, horse, foot and dragoon—cut up and clean broke down by the coalition of Bliffl and Black George—by the combination, unheard of till then, of the Puritan with the blackieg."

Bliffl and Black George are two characters in Fieldings' celebrated novel of Tom Jones; Bliffl being a sniveling hypocrite, and Black George an audacious robber. Every one who heard Mr. Randolph use these words understood Bliffl to be the Yankee President John Quincy A lams who, however, was no Puritan but a Unitarian, like his father before him. Black George could be no other than Mr. Clay, who early in life was known to have been a gambler, as most gentlemen of the time were. The passage of Mr. Randolph's speech relating to the alleged forgery was as follows:

"A letter from the Mexican Minister at Washington submitted by the Executive to the Senate, bore the ear-marks of having been manufactured by the Secretary of State."

On reading the report of this most insulting and most unjustifiable speech. nie, and then I learned all. I did not reproach you, but on the contrary I endeavored to shield you with all my heart. I
tried to keep my father in ignorance of
my betrayal. But he learned it from auother. Then I begged him not to injure
you. He promised me that he would
not, but he determined to see you. He
called at your hotel, but you denied him
admittance to your presence, and ordered
your servants to thrust him into the
street, which they did. But, bent upon
his purpose, he returned again, and you street, which they did. But, bent upon his purpose, he returned again, and you caused his arrest. Your menials sware falsely at your instigation, and I became the ruined daughter of a convict. You thought by this step you could be rid of him—myself you did not fear."

"You have sung this all in my cars before," was the heartless response.

"I will soon sing you a new song,"

"Well, go on, and hasten the conclusion."

On reading the report of this most

On reading the report of this most insulting and most unjustifiable speech, Mr. Clay wrote a challenge and sent it by his friend, General Jesup. General Jesup called upon 'Randolph, informed him that he was the bearer of a message from Mr. Clay, in consequence of an attack mostly made upon the in the Samue both as a private and a public man. "I am aware," said General Jesup, "that no one has a right to question you out of the Senate for anything said in debate, unless you choose voluntarily to waive your privilege as a member of that body."

waive your privilege as a member of that body."

Mr. Randolph replied that he would never shield himself under the protection of the constitution, and held himself accountable to Mr. Clay.

"I am ready to respond to Mr. Clay," said he, "and will be obliged to you if you will bear my note in reply, and in the course of the day I will look out for a friend."

Gen. Jesup declined bearing the note, saying that he thought Mr. Randolph owed it to himself to consult his friends before taking so important a step. Mr. Randolph selzed General Jesup's hand, and said:

and said:

"You are right, sir. I thank you for the suggestion; but as you do not take my note you must not be impatient if you should not hear from me to-day. I now think of only two friends, and there are circumstances connected with one of them which may deprive me of his services, and the other is in bad health. He was sick yesterlay, and may not be out was sick yesterday, and may not be out

was sick yesterday, and may not be out to-day."

General Jessup requested him to take his own time, and bade him good morning. This was Saturday, April 1, 1825.

Mr. Randolph immediately went to the lodgings of Col. Benton, of Missouri, and upon finding him, asked him bluntly, without giving him any reason for the question:

question:

"Are you a blood relation of Mrs.
Clay's"

"I am," said Colonel Benton.

"That," rejoined Randolph, "puts an end to a request which I had wished to make of you." He then related to Colonel Benton the particulars of the interview with General Jesup, and as he was taking his leave he told Colonel Benton that he would make told Colonel Benton that he would make his bosom the sole depository of an important secret. He said that he did not intend to fire at Mr. Clay, but meant to keep this intention a secret, and enjoined secrecy upon Colonel Benton until after the duel. In the course of the day Colonel Tatnall, of Georgia, conveyed Mr. Randolph's acceptance of the challenge, which was couched in the following terms:

lenge, which was couched in the followling terms:

"Mr Randolph accepts the challenge
of Mr. Clay. At the time he protested
against the right of any minister of the
executive government of the United
States to hold him responsible for words
spoken in debate as Senator of Virginia,
in crimination of such minister, or the
administration under which he shall
have taken office. Col. Tatnall, of Georgia, the bearer of this letter, is authorized
to arrange with General Jesup (the bearer of Mr. Clay's challenge) the terms of
the meeting to which Mr. Randolph is
invited by that note."

Some further correspondence took place

invited by that note."

Some further correspondence took place between the parties, relative to the correctness of the report upon which Mr. Clay's action was founded. Mr. Randolph admitted its substantial correctness. He acknowledged that he did apply to the administration the epithet puritanic, diplomatic, black-legged administration; but he peremptorily declined to give any explanation whatever as to the, meaning or application of those words. meaning or application of those words. Owing to the several causes the duel did

meaning or application of those words.
Owing to the several causes the duel did not occur until exactly one week after the sending of the challenge, during which the triends of the parties did all that was possible to promote a reconciliation but in vain.

Col. Benton had been for some time estranged from Mr. Clay, owing to political difference, but on Friday evening, the night before the duel, he called on his old friend and political chief, to show him, as he says, that there was nothing personal in his opposition. The secret had been well kept, and no one in the house knew of the impending event.

"The family were in the parlor," Col. Benton relates, "company present, and some of it stayed late. The youngest child, I believe, James went to sleep on the softs. Mrs. Clay was, as always since the death of her daughters, the picture of desolation, but calm, conversable, and without the slightest apparent consciousness of the impending event.

When or leaveth, the family and the

without the slightest apparent consciousness of the impending event.
When, at length, the family and the company had all retired, Col. Benton approached Mr. Clay, and assured him that his personal feelings towards him remained the same as formerly, and that in whatever concerned his life or honor, Mr. Clay had his best wishes. The Secretary of State responded cordially, and at midnight they parted. The next morning Col. Benton called upon Randolph, chiefly ankious to learn whether he still retained his intention not to fire. He told him of his visit to Mr. Clay the night, before—of the late sitting—the

looked up from writing in his will:"

"I shall do nothing to disturb the sleep of the child or the repose of the mother."

A few minntes after he sent his manservant to the United Sjates Branch Bank to get uine pieces of gold—a scarce commodity at that day as at present.—
The man soon returned, saying that the bank had no gold. Instantly, the master's shrill voice was heard exclaiming:

"There name is legion! and they are liars from the beginning! Johnny, bring me my horse."

A few minutes after he was at the hank-

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have it.

"I want money?" roared Randolph.
The teller a little puzzled, said, "You want silver?"

"I want my money," replied the irritable Senator. table Senator.
The teller then lifting some boxes to the counter, asked him, in his politest one: "Have you a cart, Mr. Randolph, to

put it in?"
"That is my business, sir," said the Virginian.

At this moment the cashier came for-ward, and ascertained what Mr. Ran-dolph wanted, and gave him the nine pieces of gold, which he condescended to

pieces of gold, which he condescended to take, and returned with them to his lodgings. There he gave Col. Benton a note, requesting him, if he was killed, to feel in his left breeches pocket, and take out this gold. Three of the pieces were for Col. Benton himself, for a seal, and the other six were to be divided among two other friends, for the same purpose.

It was about sunset, in a thick forest, on the Virginia shore of the Potomac, that the antagonists met to decide their difference by exchanging shots. A pistol was handed to Mr. Randolph, loaded and set with a hair trigger, and it was acand set with a hair trigger, and it was ac-cidently discharged, while the muzzle was pointed to the ground. Ran-Joiph was exceedingly mortified at the acci-

"I protest against that hair trigger," "I protest against that hair-trigger," said he.
Mr. Clay instantly remarked, "It was Mr. Clay instantly remarked. "It was clearly an accident," and every one on the ground confirmed the assertion.

Mr. Randolph, it seems, had changed his mind and was now determined to direct his pistol so as, if possible, to disable his antagonist without doing him any serious injury. He came to this determination after hearing that Mr. Clay objected to the shortness of time allowed by the seconds for firing, saying that he did not think he could discharge his pistol in the time specified. Randolph misunderstood the remark, and considered it indicative of the determination on the part of Mr. Clay to inflict a fatal wound. "He was determined," he wrote, in a pencified note to Benton, "to get time to kill me. May I not then disable him? 'Yes, if I please."

The men we're placed. The pistols was disabated, and each builet came. clearly an accident,'

bly well aimed, and each bullet came within a few inches of its mark. Col. Benton instantly went forward, and offer-ed to mediate between them. Mr. Clay waved his hand, as though putting away a trifle and said:
"This is child's play I demand anoth-

And so he did, taking great care, too, And so he did, taking great care, too, to get upon them the correct armorial bearings. On the Monday after the duef, the antagonists exchanged cards, and they remained on terms of civility during the rest of their lives. Seven years after, when Mr. Clay was in the Senate, and was expected to deliver an important speech, poor Randolph, who was near his end, went to the Senate chamber to hear once more the voice of the near his end, went to the Senate chamber to hear once more the voice of the great Kentuckian. As Mr. Clay rose to begin his speech, Randolph said:
"Help me up, help me up. I came here to hear that voice."
When the session was over, Mr. Clay offered his hand, and they had a brief but cordial interview.

I recollect returning from school one evening when a child, and finding myself, as I entered the door yard, at home, in the midst of a group of visitors, who were taking leave of the family. A very old lady, in a neat black "scoop shovel" because the grant of her old lady, in a neat black "scoop shovel" bonnet, was leaning on the arm of her daughter, who was also an aged woman. Several others were standing about—my own dear grandmother, among the restand all of them seemed to be old enough to be daughters of Methuselah.

I stood peering at them curiously, sunbonnet in hand, when the very old lady came slowly forward toward me.

"How old are you little girl?" she asked.

diction.

How honored we all felt by her presence! No one was spoken of lora week; and we childred all left that it would be very pleasant to live a hundred years longer, and to be still good natured, and to have everybody proud of us. Let me live to an old age, but let me not outlive the free use of all my faculties, should be the prayer and aspiration of every child. Let us point him to that goal and bid him seek to win the race. Heaven often forces us to answer our prayers; and we must undoubtedly do so 'in this case, or they remain unanswered. We ought to live for old age in the spirit, we are constantly exhorted to live for haven, that is to think of it, take measure to attain it, and provision for it.

I do not mean merely the laying up of

in mining Col. Benton called upon Randolph, chiefly anixious to learn whether he still retained his intention not to fire. He told him of his visit to Mr. Clay the night before—of the late sitting—the child asleep—the unconscious tranquility of Mrs. Clay.

"I could not help thinking," added Col. Benton, "how different all that might be the next night."

Mr. Randolph quietly replied as he looked up from writing in his will:"

"I shall do nothing to disturb the sleep of the child or the repose of the mother."

A few minutes after he sent his manservant to the United States Branch Bank to get nine pieces of gold—a scarce commodity at that day as at present.—The man soon returned, saying that the bank had no gold. Instantly, the mas-Atlantic Monthly.

### Rates for Advertising.

ADVERTISEMENTS WILL be inserted at Ten Cents per line for the first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Quarterly, half-yearly, and yearly advertisements inserted at a liberal roduction on the above rates. Advertisements should be accompanied by the CASH. When sent without any length of time specified for publication, they will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

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### "ONE HEART HAPPY."

"Mother, Mother, I have made one heart happy to-day," said little Willie, as he canie bounding in from school one lovely afternoon, and threw his arms about her neck, imprinting a sweet kissupon her pale cheek. "Yes, mother, I have made one heart happy to-day"—and hits little bosom heaved with an honest pride and delight, which caused his bittle bosom heaved with an honest pride and delight, which caused his bright eyes to sparkle, and a rosy smile to play upon his dimpied cheek.

Little Willie was a bright, active boy, on whose loving countenance seven summers had smiled, leaving new beauties as their visible impress, and a reward for the warm heart beating beneath. His widowed mother, on, whom the whole care of his training from infancy devolved, was called to exercise great discretion properly to crub his hasty temper, and to bring it into due subjection to whole-some restraint, and thus mould it for the accomplishment of some noble end in life-to love rather than hate—to do good rather than evil. And well had the mother done her task. He was a child of many prayers and much faithful instruction, and the good seed thus sown unsparingly, and watered with a mother's tears, had fallen in good soil, and was just beginning to spring up with a promise of an abundant harvest. The oft-repeated counsel that he ought always to try to make some heart happy each day had for once been heeded, and she rejoiced in the thought, and inwardly thanked her heavenly Father that she had lived to see her darling boy so loving and dutiful as he had been of late, and especially that happy day.

"Are you sure, Willie," she said after a slight pause, "you have made one heart happy to-day ""

"Yes, mother; she said so, and thanked me, oh! so many times!"

"Who was it you made happy? and what did you do for her?"

"It was Aunty, mother—Aunty Wilson who lives in the house by the brook. I went in there when I went to school, and she said she had been looking out of the window to see the beautiful flowers and the little children plucking t

went and got all the prettiest ones I could find and carried them to her; and she was so glad, and said God would bless was so glad, and said God would bless have for I had an a poor heart happy; that the flowers were very sweet; but she was going to a land where there are far sweeter flowers that never fade.—Did she mean paradise mother."

"Yes my dear."

"May I get flowers for her eyery day, mother, and some of these nice ones from our nice little garden, that I may make her happy again?"

"Yes, my child, as often and as many as you wish; and I trust the rememberance of this day may cause you ever to strive to make some heart happy daily, and then it cannot be said you lived wholly in vain."

"I will try, mother," he said, and his blue eyes filled with tears, tears of mingled sympathy and joy; sympathy for the disconsolate and suffering, and joy that even he could be of some service—little boy that he was—in making earth'e

white in mind, as locally patterns away a trifle and said;
"This is child's play I demand another of fire."

Mr. Randolph also demanded another exchange of shots. While the pistots were leading, Col. Benton took Randolph aside, and implored him to consent to an accommodation, but he found him restive and irritable. He evidently having regretted having almed at the antagonist, and he now explained to Col. Benton why he had done so. He declared that he had aimed below Mr. Clay, s knee; "For," said he, "it is no mercy to shout a man in the knee, and my only object was to disable him." He then added, in his most impressive manner:

"I would not have seen him fall mortally or even doubtfully wounded, for all the fand that is watered by the king of floods, and all his tributary streams."

The men were placed a second time, and the word was given to fire. Mr. Clay's bullet passed through Randolph's coat. Randolph raised his pisto, discharged it in the air, and, as he did so, said:

"I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay."

With these words he advanced, and off-red his hand, which Mr. Clay took with the codiality which became him.

"You owe me a coat, Mr. Clay," said Randolph gaily.

"I am glad the debt is no greater," was Mr. Clay's happy reply.

The parties now all returned to the city with light hearts. On reaching his lodgings, the eccentric Randolph took the nine pleces of gold from his pocket, and said to the three friends for whom he had designed them:

"Gentlemen, Clay's bad shooting slan't rob you of your seals. I am going to London, and will have them made for whom he had designed them:

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"Gentlemen, Clay's bad shooting slan't rob you of your seals. I am going to London, and will have them made for whom he had designed them:

"Gentlemen, Clay tle heaven below-every hous

of praise, and every heart an exhaustless fountain of joy!
Let all live, then, so that each night they may say: "I have made one heart happy to-day."—Congregationalist,

THE REJECTED STONE.—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, thus appropri-ates a well-known Musonic tradition: "I have heard a story-I cannot tell wheth-er it is true or not-out of some of the have heard a story—I cannot tell whether it is true or not—out of some of the Jewish rabbis; it is a tale concerning the text: "The stone which the builders refused, the same is become the headstone of the corner." It is said that when Solomon's temple was building, all the stones was brought from the quarry ready cut and finished, and there were marked on all the blocks the places where they were to be put. A mongst the stones was a very curious one; it seemed of no describable shape, it appeared unfit for any portion of the building. They tried it at this wall, but it would not fit; they tried it at another, but it could not be accommodated; so, weed and angry, they threw it away. The temple was so many years building that this stone became covered with moss, and grass grew around it.— Everybody passing by laughed at the stone; they said Solomon was wise, and doubtless all the other stones was right; but as for that block, they might as well send it back to the quarry, for they were course was real tweet was meant for nothing. I stood peering at them curiously, sunbonnet in hand, when the very old lady came slowly forward toward me.

"How old are you little girl?" she asked.

"Six years old."

"Are you? I was six years old a hundred years ago."

"Are you? I was six years old a hundred years ago."

"An an one hundred years older than you are;" and as she added, "My dear child, I am one hundred years older than you are;" and as she kissed my forehead, and laid her thin hand tenderly on my bare head, I felt even then that it was a benedict on.

How honored we all felt by her presence! No one was spoken of fora week; and we children all leit that it would be very pleasant to live a hundred years longer, and to be still good natured, and to have everybody proud of us. Let me live to an old age, but let me not outlive in the season and season and season and season and season and season and season of the corner. So it is with Christ Jesus. The builders cast him away. He was a plebian; He was a man acquainted with singer, and meanan; He was a man acquainted with sin-ners, who walked in poverty and mean-ness, hence the worldly-wise despised Him. But when God shall gather to-gether in one, all things that are in heav-en and that are in the earth, then Christ shall be the glorious consumation of all things.

things. "Christ reigns in heaven the topmost-stone, And well deserves the praise," He shall be exalted; He shall be honored; His name shall endure as long as the sun, and all nations shall be blessed in Him, yea, all generations shall call Him blessed.

BG A Young lady and a Good Templar in a California town entered into a lively discussion, in the Lodge of which she was a member, on the subject of cider-drinking. She was very fond of sweet cider, on no account could she be persuaded to shun it. Addressing an anni-cider drinker, she said: "I love oider; it is a necessity with me, I must have it. If this Lodge decides we must not drink it, I shall eat apples, and then get some good looking fellow to squeeze me—for I tell you I cannot live without cider."

liars from the beginning! Johnny, bring me my horse."

A few minutes after he was at the bank-re manned.

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in and the beauty of action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in and the beauty of action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.