The American Volunteer.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1869. VOL. 56.--NO. 4.

e American Volunteer.

HED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

FICE--SOUTH BARRE SQUARE.

s:—Two Dollars per year if paid strictly ance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid three months; after which Three Dollars charged. These terms will be rigidly ad- o in every instance. No subscription dis- ued until all arrearages are paid, unless at tion of the Editor.

Professional Cards.

HUMRICH, | WM. B. PARKER
MRICH & PARKER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
e on Main Street, in Marion Hall, Car- Pa.
c. 21, 1868—

AS. E. MAGLAUGHLIN, ATTOR- EY AT LAW. Office in Building formerly ied by Volunteer, a few doors South of Wet- Hotel.
1, 1865

E. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. on South Hanover street, opposite Bentz's By special arrangement with the Patent attends to securing Patent Rights.
1, 1865.

HERMAN GOETZ,
TTORNEY AT LAW,
NEWVILLE, PENN'A.
nts, Pensions and other claims attended to. y 28, 1868.

OHN R. MILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Wetzel's Building, opposite Court House, Carlisle, Pa.
ov. 14 1867.

C. HERMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Rheem's Hall Building, in the of the Court House, next door to the "Her- Office, Carlisle, Penna.
c. 1, 1865.

M. J. SHEARER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, has removed his e to the hitherto unoccupied room in the th East corner of the Court House.
n. 28, '69—1y

KENNEDY, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Carlisle, Penna. Office same as that of Americ an Volunteer."
c. 1 1868

NITED STATES CLAIM AND REAL ESTATE AGENCY!
WM. B. BUTLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ffice in 2d Story of Inhoff's Building, No. 3 South nover Street, Carlisle, Cumberland county, nna.
Pensions, Bounties, Back Pay, &c., promptly ffected.
Publications by mail, will receive immediate tention.
Particular attention given to the selling or rent- g of Real Estate, in town or country. In all let- s of inquiry, please enclose postage stamp.
uly 11, 1867—tf

DR. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DEN- TIST. *From the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.* Office at the residence of his mother st Louther Street, three doors below Bedford arlisle, Penna.
Dec. 1 1865.

DR. J. S. BENDER, Homœopathic Physician, Office No. 6, South Hanover st., mediately occupied by John Lee, Esq.
June 1 1869—1 y.

Hats and Caps

FRESH SUMMER ARRIVAL OF ALL THE NEW STYLES OF HATS AND CAPS.

The subscriber has just opened at *No. 15 North Hanover Street*, a few doors North of the Carlisle Deposit Bank, one of the largest and best Stocks of HATS and CAPS ever offered in Carlisle.

Silk Hats, Cassimere of all styles and qualities, Stiff Brims, different colors, and every description of Soft Hats—now made.

The Dunkard and Old Fashioned Brush, constantly on hand and made to order, all warranted to give satisfaction.

A full assortment of MEN'S, BOY'S, AND CHILDREN'S HATS.

I have also added to my Stock, notions of different kinds, consisting of LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS, *Neck Ties, Suspenders, Collars, Gloves, Pencils, Sewing Silk, Thread, Umbrellas, &c*

PRIME SEGARS AND TOBACCO ALWAYS ON HAND.

Give me a call, and examine my stock as I feel confident of pleasing all, besides saving you money.

JOHN A. KELLER, *Agent*, No. 15 North Hanover Street.
May, 1869.

HATS AND CAPS!

DO YOU WANT A NICE HAT OR CAP? IF SO, DON'T FAIL TO CALL ON
J. G. CALLIO,
NO. 29, WEST MAIN STREET,
Where can be seen the finest assortment of HATS AND CAPS ever brought to Carlisle. He takes great pleasure in inviting his old friends and customers, and all new ones, to his splendid stock just received from New York and Philadelphia, consisting in part of fine SILK AND CASSIMERE HATS, besides an endless variety of Hats and Caps o the latest style, all of which he will sell at th *Lowest Cash Prices.* Also, his own manufactur of Hats always on hand, and HATS MANUFACTURED TO ORDER. He has the best arrangement for coloring Hats and all kinds of Woolen Goods, Overcoats, &c., at the shortest notice (as he colors every week) and on the most reasonable terms. Also, a fine lot of choice brands of TOBACCO AND CIGARS always on hand. He desires to call the attentio n persons who have COUNTRY FURS to sell, as he pays the highest cash prices for the same.

Give him a call, at the above number, his old stand, as he feels confident of giving entire satisfaction.
May, 1869.

Boots and Shoes.

DAVID STROHM,
W. D. SPONSLER,
JOHN W. STROHM,

EW AND POPULAR BOOT, SHOE, TRUNK AND HAT STORE.
NO. 13, SOUTH HANOVER STREET, CARLISLE, PENN'A.
A few doors South of Inhoff's building.

We have just opened the largest and best stock of BOOTS AND SHOES ever offered in Carlisle, and continue almost daily to receive such goods in our line as everybody wants. Our stock consists in all kinds and varieties of Womens', Misses and Childrens' strong Leather Shoes, Womens' Misses and Childrens' Lasting Gaitets; Womens' Glove Kid, Turkey and French Morocco; Mens' and Boys' Calf, Buff and Kid Boots; Mens' and Boys' Calf and Buff Congress Gaiters; Mens' and Boys Lasting Gaiters and Brogans; Mens' and Boys' Calf and Buff Oxford Ties; Gum Sandals, Buskins and Overshoes; Men and Womens' Goat, Welt and Carpet Slippers; Mens', Boys' and Childrens' Fur and Saxony Hats.

TRUNKS of all sizes and prices; Traveling Bags, Satchels and Valises, together with a fine lot of goods, which we will sell to suit the times. QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS, is our motto. Therefore, in issuing our card, it is intended as a personal invitation to all in need to call and look through our stock without feeling under obligations to buy unless suited in quality and price. We shall always try to deal with every one in a straight forward manner, and give every customer a full equivalent for his money. We hope all will avail themselves of their first opportunity to call and see us.
STROHM & SPONSLER.
April 8, 1869—1y

THE CARLISLE SHOE COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
BOOTS AND SHOES,
NO. 5, EAST MAIN STREET, CARLISLE, PENN'A.

Having commenced the manufacture of Boots and Shoes, the attention of the trade is invited to the large assortment of LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDRENS' SHOES. Now in store and especially adapted to the wants of the Retail Trade. We shall at all times have on hand a complete assortment of all the POPULAR STYLES, made by workmen of the greatest experience and skill. Members of the trade who may favor us with their custom are assured that no effort on our part will be spared to furnish good goods at THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Orders by mail shall receive the same attention that buyers would in person, and distant parties can rely on getting their goods on equally good terms by sending their orders, as by personally visiting us.

SHOE UPPERS FOR SALE.
April 22, 1868—3m JOHN IRVIN, *Treasurer.*

Furniture, &c.

A. B. EWING,
CABINET MAKER AND UNDERTAKER,
WEST MAIN STREET, CARLISLE, PENN'A.

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF NEW FURNITURE for the Holidays, comprising Sofas, Lounges, Rocking Chairs, Easy Chairs, Reception Chairs, Bureaus, Secretaries, Parlor, Chamber, Dining Room, Kitchen and Office Camp Stools, Centre Tables, Dining Tables, Card Tables, Ottomans, What-Nots, &c., &c.,

FURNITURE of the Latest Styles.
COTTAGE FURNITURE IN SETTS, Splendid New Patterns.
BEDSTEADS AND MATTRESSES, GILT FRAMES AND PICTURES, in great variety.

Particular attention given to Funerals. Orders from town and country attended to promptly and on reasonable terms.
Dec. 17, 1868—tf

CABINET WARE HOU SE
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 customers either by day or by night. Ready made COFFINS kept constantly on hand, both plain and orn mental. He has constantly on hand *Rich's Patent Metallic Burial Case*, 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 new Rosewood HEARSE 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 *Snell's Spring Mattress*, the best and cheapest bed now in use, the exclusive right of which I have insured and will be kept constantly on hand.

CABINET MAKING,

in all its various branches, carried on, and Beau Trams, Secretaries, Work-stands, Parlor Ware Upholstered Chairs Sofas, Pier, Side and Centre Tables, Dining and Breakfast Tables, Washstands of all kinds, French Bedsteads, high and low posts; Jenny Lind and Cottage Bedsteads, Chairs of all kinds, Looking Glasses, and all other articles usually manufactured in this line of business, kept constantly on hand.

His workmen are men of experience, his material the best, and his work made in the latest city style, and all under his own supervision. I will be warranted and sold low for cash.

He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. For the liberal patronage heretofore 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, Carlisle.
DAVID SIPE.
Dec 1 1868.

"BENTZ HOUSE."
Formerly the Cornan House.
NOS. 17 AND 19 EAST MAIN STREET, CARLISLE, PA.

The undersigned, having purchased and entirely re-fitted, and furni hed anc throughout, with first-class furniture, this well known and old established HOTEL, solicits the custom of the community and traveling public He is well prepared to furnish first class accommodations to all who desire to make a home their home, or pleasant temporary abode. The custom from the surrounding country is respectfully solicited. Courteous and attentive servants are engaged at this popular House.
GEO. Z BENTZ, *Proprietor.*

N. B.—A first-Class Livery is connected with the Hotel, under the management of Messrs. Jos. L. Sterner, & Bro.
April 29, 1869—6m

CARRIAGES.
A. B. SHERK
has now on hand, at his Carriage Factory, N. E. corner South and Pitt streets,
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SPRING WAGONS,
and everything in his line, on hand or made to order. He is determined to get up the best work turned out in this section of the country. Nothing but the very best stock goes into buggies or carriages of his manufacture.

Repairing and Painting promptly attended to.
May 20, 1869—6m

FINE CLOTHING.
ISAAC LIVINGSTON,
NO. 22, SOUTH HANOVER STREET, CARLISLE PA.

I invite the attention of my old customers and the public at large, to my large and Brilliant stock of
SUMMER GOODS,
for men, youth, and boys' wear. My custom department comprises the finest and most select of Cloths and Cassimeres, while my array of READY MADE CLOTHING is carefully and most tastefully gotten up. I cannot and will not be undersold.
ISAAC LIVINGSTON.
NO. 22, NORTH HANOVER STREET, Carlisle.

☞I am still selling the Florence Sewing Machine.
May 13, 1869—

NEW LIQUOR STORE.
JOHN HANNON
N. E. CORNER HANOVER AND POMFRET ST. (A few doors South of Bentz's Store.)

Pure Rye Whiskey,
Best Common Whiskey,
Pure Holland Gin,
Ginger Brandy,
Port Wine,
Sherry Wine,
Jamaica Rum,
Raspberry Syrup,
Champagne
R. TAYLOR'S BITTERS—INHOFF'S GEM BITTERS.
May 13, 1869—1y

J. L. STERNER'S
LIVERY AND SALE STABLE
BETWEEN HANOVER AND BEDFORD ST'S IN REA REAR OF BENTZ HOUSE, MAN HOUSE, CARLISLE, PA.

Having fitted up the Stable with new Carriages, &c., I am prepared to furnish first-class guests at reasonable rates. Parties taken to and from the springs.
April 25, 1867—2y

THE MARY INSTITUTE.
CARLISLE, PENN'A,
A BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

The Ninth Annual Session will begin on Wednesday, september 1st. For circulars or further information a dress
REV. WM. C. LEVERETT, M. A.
Carlisle, Penn'a.
April 22, 1869—1y

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the est will and testament of Samuel Kempton, Jr., late of the township of South Middleton, Co. of Cumberland, have been granted to me as Executor. All persons having claims against the estate will please present them immediately, and those indebted are requested to make payment.
June 10, 1869—6t SIDNEY KEMPTON, *Executor.*

HENRY HARPER,
520 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA,

Has a large stock, at low prices, of fine WATCHES, JEWELRY, SOLID SILVERWARE AND PLATED SPOONS, CASTORS, TEA SETS, &c.
April 8, 1869—3m

A WORD TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Being a short and practical treatise on the nature, causes, and symptoms of pulmonary Consumption, Bronchitis and Asthma, and their prevention, treatment, and cure by inhalation. Sent by mail free.
Address O. VANHUMMELL, M. D., 16, West Fourteenth Street, N. Y.
June 10, 1869—1y

FEMALE MEDICINES.—Diseases of women successfully cured by applying to ISABELLA MARIANNO M. D., 225 North 12th St. Philadelphia, Pa.
Oct 1868—1y*

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED by Dr. C. G. Garrison's *New Process of Treatment.* Call or address Dr. C. G. Garrison, 211 *South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.*

☞—Special attention given to THROAT and LUNG DISEASES.
March, 1869—1y

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed the Assignee o Joseph C. Green, of South Middleton township, Cumberland county, Penna., under a deed of assignment for the benefit of creditors. Persons having claims against said Joseph C. Green, are requested to present them, and those indebted to him to make immediate payment to the said assignee. JOHN BEETEM,
June 17, 1869—3t *Assignee*

Poetical.

THE DISOBEDIENT GOSLINGS.

The lordly old roosters had ceased their crowing,
The turkeys come home from their grasshopper search,
And the grim old gander was solemnly going
To his own snug corner beneath the porch.

The prim, speckled hen, with her one black daughter,
And the pert little bantams, with top-knots so red,
The ducks all adrip with the meadow-pond water,
Each put on her night-cap and went up to bed.

Went up to bed in the barn-loft so cozy,
Where the doves were sleeping in their tiny house,
The swallows were dreaming of June mornings rosy,
And awake 'mid the rafters sat one little mouse.

"But where is the old gray goose?" said the gander,
Ere he fell into slumber; "and where," said he,
"Are her seven fine goslings of white I wonder?
She should keep better rules in her family.

"And have them all safely in bed ere the shadows
Make the sly foxes bold to come out of their dens,
And prowl round the farm-yards that border the meadows,
And peep with their cunning eyes into the pens."

"I can tell you where the gray goose is, sir, gander,"
Quacked a hoarse, sleepy duckling, turning her head;
"She's down in the field where the wild brooks wander,
And trying to hasten the goslings to bed.

"But they like their yellow legs wet in the water,
And like to sit up with the owls and the bats;
Though 'twas only last week that the white duck's daughter
Was cruelly murdered at night by the cats!

"And they will not come in, though the evening shadows
Are thick as the mimight is over the lea,
And fearful old fox lives there in the meadows
As wicked and cunning as cunning can be."

Then in came the gray goose, quacking and scolding,
But never a gosling would follow there!
They wou d sleep all night where the fire-flies were holding
Their tiny gold candles to brighten the air.

So the barn door was closed and the gander asleeping;
But the gray goose she wet all her 'kerchief through,
Over her wicked, naughty dang ters a weeping,
Out of doors where the fox prowled, and wild winds blow!

Well, what do you think in the morning early
They found where the goslings slept under a tree,
Only a small tuft of feathers so pearly,
And such great, ugly fox tracks over the lea!

Miscellaneous.

A QUAKER DETECTIVE.

We were five passengers in all; two ladies on the back seat, a middle aged gentleman and a Quaker on the middle, and myself on the one in front.

Two ladies might have been mother and daughter, aunt and niece, governess and charge, or might have sustained any other relationship which made it proper for two ladies to travel together unattended.

The middle aged gentleman was sprightly and talkative. He soon struck up an acquaintance with the ladies, towards whom, in his zeal to *do*, he rather *overdid*, the agreeable—bowing and smiling and chattering over his shoulder in a way painfully suggestive, at his time of life, of a "*crack*" in the neck. He was evidently a *gray* Lothario.

The Quaker wore the uniform of his sect, and confined his speech, as many a parliamentarian would save his credit by doing, to simple "yeas" and "nays." As for myself, I make it an invariable rule of the road to be merely a looker on and listener.

Towards evening, I was aroused from one of those reveries into which a young man, *without* being either a poet or a lover *will* sometimes fall, by the abrupt query from the talkative gentleman:

"Are you armed, sir?"

"I am not," I answered, astonished, no doubt visibly, at the question.

"I am sorry to hear it," he replied; "for before reaching our next stopping place it will be several hours in the night, and we must pass over a portion of the road on which more than one robbery is reported to have been committed."

The ladies turn d pale, but the stranger did his best to reassure them.

"Not that I think there is the slightest danger at present," he resumed; "only when one is responsible for the safety of ladies, you know, such a thing as a pistol in reach would materially add to one's confidence."

"*You* r principles, my friend," addressing the Quaker, "I presume are as much opposed to carrying as to using carnal weapons"

"Yea," was the response.

"Have the villains murdered any of their victims?" the elder lady nervously inquired.

"Or have they contented themselves with—with—plundering them?" added the younger, in a timorous voice.

"Decidedly the latter," the amiable gentleman hastened to give assurance; "and as none o us are prepared to offer resistance in case of attack, nothing worse than robbery can possibly befall us."

Then, after blaming his thoughtlessness in having unnecessarily introduced a disagreeable subject, the gentleman quite excelled himself in efforts to raise the spirits of the company, and had succeeded so well by the time night set in, that all had quite forgotten, or only remembered their fears to laugh at them.

Our genial companion fairly talked himself hoarse. Perceiving which, he took from his pocket a package of a newly invented "*Cough Candy*," and, after passing it first to the ladies, he helped himself to the balance, and tossed the paper out of the window.

He was in the midst of a high encomium on the new nostrum, more than half the efficacy of which, he insisted, depended on its being taken by *suction*, when a shrill whistle was heard, and almost immediately the coach stopped, while two faces, hideously blacked, presented themselves, one at each window.

"Sorry to trouble you," said the man on the right, acknowledging with a bow two lady-like screams from the back seat; "but 'business is business,' and ours will soon be over, if things go smoothly."

"Of course, gentlemen, you will spare, as far as may be consistent with your disagreeable duty, the feelings of these ladies," appealed the polite passenger, in his blandest manner.

"Oh! certainly; they shall be first attended to, and shall not be required to leave their places, or submit to a search, unless their conduct renders it necessary."

"And now, ladies," continued the robber, the barrel of his pistol glittering in the light of the coach-lamp, "be so good as to pass out your purses, watches, and suc other trinkets as may be accessible without too much trouble."

The ladies came down handsomely, and were no futher molested.

One by one the rest of us were compelled to get out, the middle-aged gentleman's turn coming first. He submitted with a winning grace, and was robbed like a very Chesterfield.

My own affair, like the sum I lost, is scarcely worth mentioning. The Quaker's turn came next. He quietly handed over his pocket-book and watch, and when asked if he had any other valuables, said, "Nay."

A Quaker's word is good even among thieves; so, after a hasty "good night," the robber thrust his pistol in his pocket, and, with his two companions, one of whom had held the reins of the leaders, was about taking his departure.

"Stop!" exclaimed the Quaker, in a tone more of command than request.

"Stop! what for?" returned the other, in evident surprise.

"For at least two good reasons," was the reply, emphasized with a couple of Deringers cocked and presented.

"Help!" shouted the robber.

"Stop!" the Quaker again exclaimed. "And if one of thy sinful companions advances a step to thy relief, the spirit will surely move me to blow thy brains out."

The robber at the opposite window, and the one at the leaders' heads, thought it a good time to leave.

"Now get in, friend," said the Quaker, still covering his man, "and take the middle seat; but first deliver up thy pistol."

The other hesitated.

"Thee had better not delay; I feel the spirit beginning to move my right forefinger."

The robber did as he was directed, and the Quaker took his place by his side, giving the new comer the middle of the seat.

The driver, who was frightened half out of his wits, now set forward at a rapid rate. The lively gentleman soon recovered his vivacity. He was especially facetious on the Quaker's prowess.

"*You're* a rum Quaker, you are. Why, you don't *quake* worth a cent."

"I'm not a 'Shaking Quaker,' if that's what thee means."

"Of the 'Hickory,' or rather of the 'Old Hickory's stripe, I should say," retorted the lively man; but the Quaker relapsing into his usual monosyllables, the conversation flagged.

Time sped, and sooner than we expected, the coach stopped where we were to have supper and change of horses. We had deferred a redistribution of our effects till we should reach this place, as the dim light of the coach lamp would have rendered the process somewhat difficult before.

It was now necessary, however, that it should be attended to at once, as our jovial companion had previously announced his intention of leaving us at this point. He proposed a postponement till after supper, which he offered to go and order.

"Nay," urged the Quaker, with an approach to abruptness, and laying his hand on the other's arm, "business before pleasure, and for business there is no time like the present."

"Will thee be good enough to search the prisoner?" he said to me, still keeping his hand, in a friendly way on the passenger's arm.

I did so, but not one of the stolen articles could be found!

"He must have gotten rid of them in the coach," the gay gentleman suggested and immediately offered to go and search.

"Stop!" thundered the Quaker, tightening his grasp.

The man turned pale, and struggled to release his arm. In an instant one of the Deringers was levelled at his heart.

"Stir a hand or a foot, and you're a dead man!"

The Quaker must have been awfully excited, so completely to forget both language and the principles of his persuasion.

Placing the other pistol in my hand, with directions to fire on the first of the two men that made a suspicious movement, he went to work on Lothario, from whose pockets, in less time than it takes to tell it, he produced every item of the missing property, to the utter amazement of the two ladies, who had begun, in no measured terms, to remonstrate against the shameful treatment the gentleman was receiving.

The Quaker, I need scarcely add, was no Quaker at all, but a shrewd detective, who had been set on the track of a band o desperadoes, of whom our middle-aged friend—who didn't look near so middle aged when his wig was off—was the chief. The robbery had been adroitly planned. The leader of the gang had taken passage in the coach, and after learning, as he supposed, our defenceless condition, had given the signal to his companions by throwing out the scrap of paper already mentioned. After the unexpected capture of the first robber, it was attempted to save the booty by secretly passing it to the accomplice, still believed to be unsuspected, who counted on being able to make off with it at the next stopping-place.

The result was that both, for a season, "did the State some service."

AN HEIRESS IN DISGUISE.—The St. Joseph (Mo.) *Gazette* of a recent date relates the following somewhat romantic story: Some time last fall a young lady came to St. Joseph from the East to spend the winter with a relative. Unassuming, handsome, graceful and intelligent, she created a most favorable impression with those who enjoyed the pleasure of her acquaintance, and formed an agreeable addition to the social circle in which she moved. She was remarkably retired and quiet in her manners, and studiously sought to avoid all ostentatious display in her apparel, but at the same time exhibited in her dress the most exquisite taste and in her manners the most elegant refinement. Shortly after the lady's arrival she was called upon by a young gentleman (a resident of this county,) who had formed her acquaintance in the East, and soon thereafter his visits became frequent and his attentions marked and devoted. It was noticed, as the friendship of the two ripened into intimacy, that the lady began to institute, in a very cautious manner, inquiries for the purpose of ascertaining whether the gentleman had the least idea of her history and condition, and particularly of her financial affairs. These inquiries were prosecuted for some time, and seem to have resulted satisfactorily. At least, after a courtship of some months, she committed her happiness and fortunes to the care of the gentleman alluded to, and the celebration of the nuptials were duly recorded in the early part of the present spring. The happy couple immediately started for the East, and are now residing at the former home of the bride. And now comes the sequel. The quiet and unassuming young lady was in reality the possessor of immense wealth and the undoubted heiress of an estate worth over $4,000,000—a fact wholly unknown at the time even to the gentleman who had sought her hand and heart. She had taken this method to test the sincerity of her admirer, and finding his heart the true gold, had committed unhesitatingly a golden treasure and a pure, warm heart to his keeping, without permitting the many gallant youths of St. Joseph to catch the faintest idea of the glittering prize apparently within their reach.

☞Six women have recently been admitted to the University of London, having passed successful examinations.

A Midnight Adventure,

BY A DETECTIVE.

'I will tell you nothing, sir!'

'But you must!'

'I will not!'

The young head was flung back with an imperious gesture, while the fierce blue eyes met mine full of scorn.

It was a strange case. It baffled us.—Both my mate and myself had wasted weeks upon it. We were no nearer the solution now than when we began. The boy was obdurate. He would tell us nothing, yet we were sure this was the abode of the criminal. Time again had we traced him to this old rickety house, built near a century ago, and romantic with many a tale of the olden time. The moonbeams played upon its dome like fire, and the trees in the avenue and lawn caught a silver sheen from the weird beams that strayed in among their foliage. The dark shadows seemed instinct with life, as the waving leaves fashioned them in curious form on the dark grass.

Underneath these trees we had waited for that night. It was known that Charley Wynne was in the city; a policeman had seen him enter here. But we had searched the house from bottom to roof, and only this boy was seen—a child almost, with sunny hair and a face like a girl's. There was a witching grace in the lithe slender limbs, and the willowy frame, grace in every motion, courage in the fierce, blue eyes; and as we searched the house the boy followed our movements, a smile of scorn upon his lips, but a look of anxiety in his eyes.

At last I had asked him if he knew the murderer of Mr. Hill, one Charley Wynne. He flushed redly as the question was repeated, and his lips trembled with emotion.

'Do you know him?' I repeated.

'I will not tell you, sir!'

'But you must!'

'I will not!'

'Very well, then, you are my prisoner. I shall have to arrest you for harboring a fugitive,' I replied. Still I had no intention of doing so. I only meant to play upon his fears in the hope that it would elicit some information.

But the boy thought me in earnest.—A frightened look swept over his face, and he trembled like an aspen. I noticed, too, a restless, uneasy glance of his eyes that we sometimes see in one who means being in the office of spoken words upon one he fears may hear them.

That look assured me that my prisoner was near at hand.

I went on to tell him that if he refused me the information I sought, that, much as I disliked to, I should have to lock him up among common criminals, in a police cell.

Where was the boy's courage now? His knees trembled—his face was livid with fear, and sinking into his chair, he cried out amid sobs and fears:

'Oh! Charley, Charley, save me!'

The words had barely left his lips, when a concealed door in the old parlor wall opened, and Charley Wynne stepped into the room.

'I surrender!' he said, 'let the boy alone!'

The next moment the boy sprung to his feet gave one passionate glance at Char ey, full of sorrow and regret, and then murmuring—

'What have I done; what have I done,' sank fainting to the floor.

'Why, this young man,' said Mr. L., regarding him rather contemptuously, 'seems inclined to make a scene.'

'Yes; it appears so,' I replied, but feeling all the time a strange fear working at my heart. As hastily as I could, I applied remedies to revive the fainting boy. Soon his eyes opened, and resting on our prisoner, he cried out.

'Oh, Charley! Charley! is it I who destroyed you?'

'Your fears have.'

'Then I'll die with you. I too,' he said, turning to me, 'am equally guilty I planned the deed; I helped to execute it; I will not be separated from him.'

'This is strange devotion in a boy'

'Boy no longer. I am this man's wife,' and shaking loose her bright, yellow golden curls disclosed the features of one of the most noted, as well as beautiful decoys in the city—an outlaw's daughter, and a murderer's wife. Charles was sentenced to prison for life. I never knew what became of his wife.

I was arrested on the morning of the 15th of April, 1865, and with Ritterspaugh (also a scene shifter) taken to the police station on E street, between Ninth and Tenth. The sergeant, after questioning me closely, went with two policemen to search for Peanut John (the name of the boy who held Booth's horse the night before) and made to accompany us to the headquarters of the police on Tenth street, where John and I were locked up. Ritterspaugh was released. After four hours' confinement I was released, and brought before Judges Olin and Bingham, and told them of Booth bringing his horse to the theatre on the afternoon of the 14th of April (1865.) After this investigation I said: "What is to be done with me?" and asked: "We know where to find you when you are wanted," and ordered my release. I returned to the theatre, where I remained until Saturday, when the soldiers took possession of it; but as the officer of the guard gave in attache and myself a pass to sleep there, we retired at 10 P. M., and at 1 A. M., a guard was placed over me, who remained until 9 A. M. Sunday morning, when I was released. I did not leave the theatre until Sunday evening, and on our return this attache (Carland by name) and myself were arrested by Detective Larner. Instead of taking us to the guard-house he said he would accompany us home to sleep there, but we all went to Police Headquarters on Tenth street and when Carland asked if we were wanted, an officer sharply said "No." I returned to the theatre that night and remained the next day till I went to dinner, corner Seventh and G streets. That over I remained a few minutes, when Ritterspaugh (who worked at the theatre with me) came, and meeting me, said: "I have given *my* evidence, and would like now to get some of the reward."

I walked out with Ritterspaugh for half an hour, and on returning to lie down left word that if any one called for me to tell them that I was lying down. Two hours after I was called down stairs to see two gentlemen who had called for me. They said that I was wanted down street. On reaching the sidewalk they placed me in a hack and drove rapidly to Carroll Prison, where I was confined a week. Three days afterwards Detective, or Colonel Baker came to my room, and questioned me about the sale of a horse and buggy (which belonged to Booth), and I told him all about it freely and readily. On the day following I was called into the office of the prison in order to be recognized by Sergeant Dye, who merely nodded his head as I entered and then he left. (Dye subsequently testified that he was sitting on the steps of the theatre just before Booth fired the shot and to seeing mysterious persons about.) I was allowed on the fourth day of my imprisonment to walk the prison yard, but from that evening I was closely confined and guarded until the next Saturday at midnight, when I was again taken to the office to see a detective, who said: "Come, Spangler, I've some jewelry for you." He handcuffed me with my arms behind my back, and guarding me to a hack I was placed in it and driven to the Navy Yard, where my legs were manacled and a pair of Lillie handcuffs placed on my wrists. I was put in a boat and rowed to a monitor, where I was taken on board and thrown into a small, dirty room, between two water-closets, and on to a bed of filthy life preservers and blankets, with two soldiers guarding the door. I was kept there for three days. I had been thus confined three days on the vessel when Captain Munroe came to me and said: "Spangler, I've something that must be told, but you must not be frightened. We have orders from the Secretary of War, who must be obeyed, to put a bag on your head." Then two men came and tied up my head so securely that I could not see daylight. I had plenty of food, but could not eat with my face so muffled up. True, there was a small hole in the bag near my mouth, but I could not reach that, as my hands were wedged down by the iron. At last, two kind-hearted soldiers took compassion on me, and while one watched and the other fed me. On Saturday night a man came to me and after drawing the bag so tight as to nearly suffocate me, said to the guard. "Don't let him go to sleep, as we will carry him out to hang him directly." I heard them go up on the deck, when there was a great rattling of chains and other noises; and while I was trying to imagine what was going on, and what they intended to do, I was dragged out by two men, who both pulled me at times in opposite directions. We, however, reached a boat in which I was placed, and were rowed a short distance, I could not say then where we stopped, for my face was still covered. After leaving the boat, I was forced to walk some distance, with the heavy irons still on my legs. I was then suddenly stopped and made to ascend three or four flights of stairs, and as I stood at the top waiting, some one struck me a severe blow on the top of the head, which stunned and half threw me over, when I was pushed into a small room, where I remained in an unconscious condition for several hours. The next morning some one came with bread and coffee. I remained here several days, suffering torture from the bag or padded hood over my face. It was on Sunday when it was removed and I was shaven. It was then replaced. Some hours after General Hartranft came and read to me several charges; that I was engaged in a plot to assassinate the President, and the day following I was carried into a military court and still hooded before all of its members. I remained but a short time, when I was returned to my cell for another night and day and then again presented in this court. Mr. Bingham, Assistant Judge-Advocate, read the charges against me, and asked if I had any objections to the court, and I replied "No," and made my plea of "not guilty." They then wished to know if I desired counsel, and, when I answered affirmatively, General Hunter, the president of the court, insisted that I should not be allowed counsel. He was however, overruled; but it was several days before I was permitted legal aid, the court in the meanwhile taking evidence with closed doors. On every adjournment of the court, if only for an hour, I was returned to my cell and the closely-buttoned hood replaced over my head. This continued till June 10, 1865, when I was relieved from the torture of the bag, but my hands and limbs remained heavily manacled.

On one Sunday, while I was confined at this place (the Washington Arsenal,) I was visited by a gentleman of middle stature, rather stout, with full beard and gold-framed spectacles. He noticed my manacles and padded head. I afterwards learned that he was Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of war. It is proper to state that when the hood was first placed on me, Captain Munroe said it was by order of the Secretary of war. My first thought was that I was to be hung without trial, and the hood was preparatory to that act.

The first time I ever saw Mrs. Surratt was in the Carrol Prison yard, on Capitol Hill. I did not see her again until we were taken into court the first day at the arsenal. My cell was on the same corridor with hers, and I had to pass it every time I was taken into court. I frequently looked into her cell, a small room about four feet wide by seven feet long. The only things in her cell were an old mattress laid on the bricks and an army blanket. I could see the irons on her feet, as she was generally lying on the mattress, and was the last one brought into court. She occupied a seat in court near the prison door. The seat was twelve inches high, and the chains between the irons on her feet were so short that she always had to be assisted to her seat. She was so sick at one time that the court was compelled to adjourn.

On the 17th of July, about midnight, I was conveyed to a steamboat, and arrived the next day at Fortress Monroe, and was thence taken to the gunboat Florida. The irons on my arms were temporarily removed, but Captain Dutton, in charge of the guard, ordered heavy Lillie irons on my legs, and, when General Dodd, chief officer in charge, more humanely commanded this order and had the irons again removed from my arms. I was placed for security in the lower hold of the vessel, and compelled to descend to it by a ladder. The rounds were far apart, and, as the irons on my feet were chained to a few inches apart, my legs were bruised and I cerated fearfully. The hold where I was confined was close and dirty, but after two or three days I was allowed on deck in the daytime, but was closely guarded. I was allowed to speak to no one of the crew. We arrived at Fort Jefferson, on the Dry Tortugas, and were handed over to Colonel Hamilton, commanding, who placed me until the next day in a casemate. The next day I was brought before Colonel H., who informed me that he had no more stringent orders concerning me than other prisoners confined there.

I managed to get along comfortably for a while, though to some of the prisoners the officers were very cruel. One man by the name of Dunn, while helping in unloading a government transport, got hold of some liquor and imbibed too freely; for which he was taken to the guard house and tied up to the window frame by his thumbs for two hours. General Hill then ordered him to be taken down and be made to carry a thirty-two pound ball, but as the hanging had deprived him of the use of his thumbs, he was unable to obey. The officers, however, put two twenty-four pound balls in a knapsack and compelled him to carry them until the sack gave away from the weight of the iron. He was then tied up by the wrists and gagged in the mouth by the bayonet from 8 P. M. till the next morning. He was then taken down and thrown into the guard-house, but was so exhausted that he had to be removed to the hospital. It was decided to amputate three of his fingers, but this was recon-idered. He lost, however, the use of his thumb and two fingers. This punishment was inflicted by Major McConnell, officer of the day, and was carried out by Sergeant Edward Donnelly.

Another poor prisoner named Brown, was once excused by the doctor from work on the plea of illness, but the Provost Marshall insisted and finding him too ill and lacking strength made him carry a thirty-two pound ball. He staggered under the weight and was compelled from weakness to put it down. He was then taken to the wharf and with his legs tied together and his hands tied behind him, a rope was placed around him and he was thrown into the water and then dragged out! This was done three or four times, he begging for mercy most piteously. He was finally jerked out of the water and ordered to return to his ordinary work. The poor wretch crept off apparently thankful for any escape from such torments. Captain Jos. Rittenhouse was officer of the day, and his orders were carried out by Corporal Spear.

During the later part of last October I was placed in irons and compelled to work with an armed sentinel over me. I did not know the reason for this, for I was unconscious of having given offense, and had conformed to every regulation; I was then closely confined and allowed to communicate with no one for four months. The pretence for this, I afterwards learned, sprang from an attempt of Dr. Mudd to escape.

Colonel St George Leger Grenfel, aged 65 years, was taken sick and went to the Doctor to get excused from work. The Doctor declined to excuse him. He then applied to the Provost-Marshall, who said that he could not excuse him if the Doctor couldn't, Grenfel then tried to work and failed. They then took him to the guard-house, tied him up for half a day, and then took him to the wharf, tied his hands behind him, tied his legs together, and put a rope around his waist. There were three officers, heavily armed, who drove spectators from the wharf; I could see and hear from my window. The Colonel asked them if they were going to throw him into the water, and they answered, "Yes," He then jumped in, because he could not sink, they drew him out and tied about forty pounds of iron to his legs, and threw him into the water again; and after he had sunk twice they pulled him out again, and then compelled him to go to work. The officers who had him in hand were Lieutenant Robinson, Lieutenant Pike, and Captain George W. Crabb, assisted by Sergeant Michael Gleason, and Assistant military storekeeper G. T. Jackson, who tied the iron on his legs. Captain Samuel Peebles tied up Grentel for saying that he was capable of doing anything." Colonel Grenfel was forced to scrub and do other mental work when he proved he was so ill as to have refused to eat his rations for a week. All of the officers hated Grenfrel on account of a letter which appeared in a New York paper, which they said Grenfel wrote, about tying up the prisoner Dunn which letter was truthful, as others and myself were witnesses to