The American Volunteer.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

OFFICE--SOUTH MARKET SQUARE.

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

The American Volunteer.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1870. VOL. 57.—NO. 4.

Professional Cards.

C. P. HUMRICH. WM. B. PARKER.
HUMRICH & PARKER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office on Main Street, in Marion Hall, Carlisle, Pa.
Dec 1 '68.—

UNITED STATES CLAIM AND REAL ESTATE AGENCY!
M. B. BUTLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in 2d Story of Inhoff's Building, No. 3 South Hanover Street, Carlisle, Cumberland county Penna.
Pensions, bounties, Back Pay, &c., promptly collected.
Applications by mail, will receive immediate attention.
Particular attention given to the selling or renting of Real Estate, in town or country. In all letters of inquiry, please enclose postage stamp.
July 11, 1867—tf

H. E. BELTZHOOVER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CARLISLE, PA.
☞Office on South Hanover Street, opposite Beatz's dry goods store.
Dec. 1, 1869.

WM. J. SHEARER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, has removed his office to the hitherto unoccupied room in the North East corner of the Court House.
Jan. 20, '69—1y

W. KENNEDY, ATTORNEY AT LAW Carlisle, Penna. Office same as that of "American Volunteer."
Dec. 1 1869

JAMES H. GRAHAM, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NO. 11 SOUTH HANOVER ST.,
CARLISLE, PA.
OFFICE—Adjoining Judge Graham's.
March 31, 1870—tf

M. L. SHRYOCK, Justice of the Peace. Office No 3, Irvin's Row, Carlisle.
April 29, 1869—1y

DR. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DENTIST. *From the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.* Office at the residence of his mother on Louther street, three doors below Bedford Carlisle, Penna.
Dec 1 1869.

WM. B. REYNOLDS, M. D.
Graduate of HAHNEMANN MEDICAL COLLEGE, Philadelphia.
Office, 25 West Louther St., at residence of his father, Carlisle.
June 9, 70—3m*

DR. I. Y. REED, Homeopathic Physician, has located in Carlisle. Office next door to St. Paul's Evangelical Church, West Louther street. Patients from a distance please call in the forenoon.
March 17, 1870—om*

EDWARD SHILLING, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
No. 26 East Pomfret street,
CARLISLE.
Dr. Shilling was associated with Dr. Zitzer, in this place, for a year or so, and has been practising in Dickinson township, for three years. All professional business promptly attended to.
April 7, 1870—3m

WM. B. HIRONS, ATTORNEY AND *COUNSELOR AT LAW,*
FIFTH STREET, BELOW CHESTNUT, Cor. Library,
PHILADELPHIA.
Oct 4, 1869—1y

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, Soft Drabs, 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,
have also added to my Stock, notions of different kinds, consisting of
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS,
Neck Ties, Suspenders, Collars, Gloves, Pencils, Thread, sewing Silk, 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 of *the latest style, all of which he will sell at the lowest Cash Prices.* Also, his own manufacture 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 attention to 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.

SHORM & SPONSLER,
No 13 North Hanover Street,
CARLISLE, PA.
Thankful for the patronage extended them heretofore, do now announce their usual large stock of SPRING STYLES of
BOOTS AND SHOES
FOR
LADIES' AND MISSES', GENTS' AND BOYS', YOUTHS' AND CHILDS',
which are unrivaled for comfort and beauty. Also
TRUNKS AND VALISSES,
MEN AND BOYS' HATS,
All of which will be sold at small profits. Call one and all and get a full equivalents, for your money.
April, 12 1870—1y

CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF!
The undersigned is always open for small favors, and will have no objection whatever to be a candidate for Sheriff, if his Democratic friends see fit to nominate him. In the meantime, as it is his custom to stay at home and attend to his own business, it will be impossible for him to call upon his friends in various parts of the county, and he requests them all to call *at his shop,* No. 4 East Louther street, Carlisle, where he is always prepared to furnish the neatest fits in Boots and Shoes, of any establishment in the county. He is now working up the very best of stock at the lowest prices. Extra heavy soles supplied to our country friends who don't want to be cheated with candidates.
March 31, 1870—3m. ADAM DYSERT.

Dry Goods.

CHEAP DRY GOODS,
CHEAP DRY GOODS,
AT THE
NEW STORE,
D. A. SAWYER, D. A. SAWYER,
Irvine's Corner. *Irvine's Corner.*
Bargains in
LAWNS, GRENADINES, HERNANIS, BEREGES, LACE POINTS, SUMMER SHAWLS, LACE CURTAINS, PARASOLS, FANS, &c.
Piques, Marsailles,
LOOK AT THE PRICES.

CALICOES,	6¼,	8,	10,	12½,
MUSLINS,	6¼,	8,	10,	12½,
GINGHAMS,	12½,	14,	15,	17,
TICKINGS,	14,	18,	22,	25,

Cheapest Pants Stuff in the town.
Cheapest Cloths and Cassimers in the town.
Cheapest Hosiery in the town.
Cheapest Gloves and Handk's, in the town.
Cheapest Notions, all kinds in the town.
DRESS GOODS,
Cheapest DeLaines in the town
Cheapest Poplins in the town
Cheapest Alpaccas black & col'd in the town
Cheapest Black & Fancy Silks in the town
Cheapest Japanese in the town
WHITE GOODS,
Cheapest Piques Fig. striped in the town.
Cheapest Marsailles in the town.
Cheapest Percales in the town.
Cheapest Chintzes in the town.
Cheap at Embroideries & Laces in the town.
Cheapest Collars & Cuffs in the town.
Cheapest Table Linen in the town.
Cheapest Napkins, &c. in the town.
A splendid article Pique 25 cts. All other goods in proportion. Come and examine for yourselves. No trouble to show goods. Our motto is *small profits and quick sales.*
These goods have been purchased for cash, at prices gold prices, and we can sell you new goods twenty-five per cent. less than they will charge you for old goods at other stores.
D. A. SAWYER.
June 2, 1870.

DRY GOODS! DRY GOODS!!
ATTRACTIVE SPECIALTIES,
AT
HARPER'S
POPULAR DRY GOODS STORE.
Purchased during the greatest depression in the market, and to be sold at correspondingly low prices.
DRESS GOODS,
comprising all the novelties of the season.
MOURNING AND
SECOND MOURNING GOODS,
BLACK SILKS, BLACK SATIN TAMISES, in extra quality. Pure Mohairs, Black Alpaccas (Specialty.)
WHITE GOODS,
Piques in great variety and latest styles.—French Muslins, Nainsooks, Cambrics, Bishop and Victoria Lawns, Tarletons, &c., &c.
HOSIERY AND GLOVES in great variety.
Guipure Laces—best and cheapest stock in town. Real Valenciennes. Thread Laces, Insertings, Hamburg Embroideries and Lace Collars.
LINEN GOODS,
Linen for suits, Linen Ducks and Drills,
Pillow Case Linens, Linen Sheetings,
White Holland for Blinds, Table Linens and Napkins,
Doylie Towels, White Spreads, &c., &c.
BOYS' CASSIMERES AND MEN'S WEAR,
newest styles, less than regular rates.
SPECIAL NOTICE!
Opening of
LLAMA LACE POINTS,
LLAMA LACE SOCKS,
BEDOUIN MANTLES,
SHETLAND SHAWLS.
THOS. A. HARPER,
Cor. of Hanover and Pomfret sts.
June 23, 1870.

GREAT COMMOTION
IN
DRY GOODS,
On account of the reduction in Gold, the Dry Goods Merchants who understand their business and the certain signs of the times, have reduced the price of their goods correspondingly. The subscribers have just received from the cities a large and full assortment of all kinds of
FOREIGN & STAPLE GOODS,
which they will sell lower than they have done since 1861.
SILKS,
Wool De Laines, Alpacas, Poplins, Serges, Bombazines, Tamise Cloth, Grenadines,
FLANNELS OF ALL KINDS,
Plain and Fancy, Linen Table Diapers, Cotton do., Checks, Tickings, Ginghams, Counterpanes
EMBROIDERIE
a full line; White Goods in great variety,
HOSIERY, GLOVES, TRIMMINGS
and a full stock of
DOMESTIC GOODS,
Calicoes, Muslins, by the piece or yard; Grain bags,
CLOTHS, CASSIMERS, &c.,
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,
Druggets, Window Shades, Matting
MILINERY GOODS
of all kinds, including Ladies and Childrens Hats and Sundowns, and the best assortment and best quality of fine Ribbons in the county.—Kid Gloves, (best make,) Jewelry, Fancy Goods and Notions in great variety. This
MAMMOTH STOCK OF GOODS
the largest in this section of country, is offered *at prices that defy competition,* and all we ask is a fair examination by good judges of goods to satisfy the public that this is the place to buy and save money.
LADIES' UNDER WEAR,
A nice assortment of Ladies' Under Clothing very handsomely stitched and trimmed at reasonable prices.
WOOL taken in exchange for goods.
At the old Dry Goods stand established February 1st, 1840.
March 3.—70

Poetical.

A KISS AT THE DOOR.

We were standing in the doorway—
My little wife and I—
The golden sun upon her hair
Fell down so silently,
A small white hand upon my arm,
What could I ask for more
Than the kindly glance of loving eyes,
As she kissed me at the door?

I know she loves with all her heart
The one who stands beside!
And the years have been so joyous
Since first I called her bride!
We've had so much of happiness
Since we met in years before,
But the happiest time of all was
When she kissed me at the door.

Who cares for wealth or land or gold,
Or fame, or matchless power?
It does not give the happiness
Of just one little hour
With one who loves me as her life—
She says she "loves me more"—
And I thought she did this morning,
When she kissed me at the door.

At times it seems that all the world,
With all its wealth of gold,
Is very small and poor indeed
Compared with what I hold!
And when the clouds hang grim and dark,
I only wait the more
Of "one" who waits my coming step
To kiss me at the door.

If she lives till age shall scatter
The frost upon her head,
I know she'll love me just the same
As the morning we were wed;
But if the Angels call her
And she goes to Heaven before,
I shall know her when I meet her,
For she'll kiss me at the door.

Miscellaneous.

THE WIFE OF GARIBALDI.

BY LAWRENCE LESLIE.

On the Western shore of the Adriatic Sea, near the mouth of the River Po, there is a lonely, unmarked grave—Rank weeds grow in profusion around it, tall grasses, bend over it, and wild flowers shed their perfume above it. The solitude is broken only by the song of birds, the sighing wind, or the mournful monotomy of the surf as it breaks upon the adjacent beach. Twenty summers have come and gone, and twenty times have the flowers dropped their withered leaves, since loving hands fashioned that lowly grave, tenderly covered the dead, and fled, weeping, from the place of burial.

The revolution of 1849 had run its course; Rome had surrendered to the armies of France, and the Roman Republic was no more. A remnant of the patriot army, disdaining to surrender, had shaken the dust of the Eternal City from their feet, and made a perilous march across the country to the Adriatic Sea, with the design of embarking at Cesenatico for Venice, which was still held by the revolutionists, though besieged by land and sea by a powerful Austrian force. The boats in which they had essayed this perilous journey were small and overcrowded, and the weather unpropitious. Besides, the swift cruisers of Austria swept the sea, rendering capture or destruction almost a certainty.

About two o'clock on a gloomy, misty night, late in July, 1849, General Garibaldi, his wife, and four or five of his associates in the struggle for Italian liberty, went on board one of these frail crafts, and steered in the direction of beleaguered Venice. The wife of Garibaldi was suffering from a protracted disease, and though she had to be carried most of the way in her husband's arms, she pleaded so earnestly not to be left behind that they could not refuse her, and such accommodations were prepared for her as their limited resources would allow.

The wind was fair, and under cover of the darkness the boat glided silently towards its destination. But when the sun rose and the mists cleared away, it revealed to their anxious gaze two Austrian frigates in dangerous proximity.—The wind, too, had changed, and they were making but little progress. It was hoped, however, that such a speck upon the ocean would not attract attention; and as the sun rose higher and higher, without apparent discovery, they began to regard their position as quite secured. But this illusion was soon broken. The sound of a gun came booming over the water, and its rumbling report had scarcely died away when the hostile vessels changed their course, and the patriots knew that they were pursued. It was *now a race for life.* The wind, as before stated, had changed, and was now favorable to their return, and they flew rapidly toward the shore. Their pursuers, however, gained steadily upon them; and when the boat touched shore the cannon shot were falling thickly among them, as the frigates discharged their broadsides at the escaping fugitives.

The poor suffering woman, who had grown rapidly worse under the danger and excitement, was tenderly lifted from the rude bed which had been made for her on the bottom of the boat, carried beyond reach of the plunging shot, languished a few hours, and then breathed her last in the arms of her husband.

A grave was hurriedly made in that wilderness solitude; and as the dark shadows of night were creeping along the shore, now scoured by the lurking soldiery, the loved form was laid to rest, and Garibaldi had only time to drop a few tears upon the humble grave, and then went forth, a weary, hunted fugitive.

The history of this beautiful, gentle and heroic woman, so full of adventure, danger and toil, her romantic life in South America and tragic death on the frontier of betrayed and bleeding Italy, forms a most interesting chapter in the history of that long oppressed but now free people. Garibaldi was an enemy of oppression from his earliest boyhood. When a youth he made his first visit to Rome, and was *soon* drawn into the membership of some of the secret republican societies which were just then springing into existence. The spies of the government were not long in discovering these revolutionary organizations, and its iron hand came down upon them with such *force* that they were crushed and scattered; and as young Garibaldi fled for life through the gates of Rome, he read his *own* sentence of death posted on the city. But Providence had a great work for the young fugitive to perform in the coming years, and the executioner pursued him in vain.

Thus deprived of the ability of aiding his own countrymen in their aspirations for freedom, he wandered for some years an exile, when the struggle between the republicans of South America and the governments of Brazil and Buenos Ayres afforded him the first opportunity of drawing his sword in the cause of liberty. It was while in this hard, discouraging and perilous service that he first met the woman whose lonely burial we have previously described. Defeat and disaster had overtaken the little fleet which he commanded. Every one of his intimate personal friends had perished by shipwreck or in battle, and his great heart was heavy with sorrow and despair. To use his own words:

'I was left in a state of complete isolation, and felt alone in the world. Not one of the friends of my heart remained. And this change had been made in so sudden and terrible a manner that it was impossible to overcome the impressions it had made upon my feelings. I felt the want of some one to love me, and a desire that such a one might be very soon supplied, as my present state of mind seemed insupportable.'

In this frame of mind, Garibaldi arrived, with his shattered vessel, at the little town of Mariahos, in the province of Lagna. One day, while sorrowfully pacing the deck, thinking of lost friends and blasted hopes, his attention was attracted by the sweet voice of a woman who was singing one of the patriotic airs of the country. He turned his eyes in the direction from which the inspiring strains came, and beheld a beautiful woman, of light, graceful figure, and upon whose dark curls the suns of less than twenty summers had shone. For the first time in his life Garibaldi was touched with the 'tender passion.' By a power or fascination which he seemed unable to resist, he was drawn toward the fair singer, Lowering a boat, he was rowed to the shore, and soon stood before the lady's house, but dared not enter.—After hours of search, he found an acquaintance who was known to the family; and through him he soon obtained an invitation to take coffee at the house of the young lady's parents. A more intimate acquaintance only increased the regard her appearance first inspired. In a letter written to a gentleman in New York, *some years ago, he said:* 'I found that the hidden treasure I had discovered was a gem of rare and inestimable worth. But I have since reproached myself for removing her from her peaceful native retirement to scenes of danger, toil, and suffering. I felt it most deeply *on that bitter day when, at the mouth of* the Po, within reach of the Austrian shot, while still hoping to restore her to life, I took her pulse and was horrified to find her a corpse. Then I sang the hymn of despair, and prayed for forgiveness; for the sin of taking her from her peaceful home stood *more forcibly before* me.'

Such was the first meeting of Anna and the future hero of Italy. They were soon married; and from that time to her tragic death, in 1849, a period of ten years, she followed her husband in all of his campaigns—sharing the toils of the march, the dangers *of the battle, the perils of* the camp often pitched amid death-breeding marshes, fording rivers, crossing almost impenetrable forests, or fighting by his side, ever brave, hopeful and cheerful, aiding in his arduous labors and comforting him in the hours of adversity and defeat. An excellent rider, she was present in nearly every engagement, rallying and encouraging the dispirited troops, carrying orders to a distant part of the field, or ministering to the wounded or dying men.

On the occasion of a battle near Caritibani, she resisted every entreaty of her husband to seek a place of safety, and took upon herself the duty of serving out the ammunition to the soldiers. During the heat of the combat, seeing a portion of the line wavering and threatening to break, she rode rapidly toward the column, hoping to inspire the men with fresh courage. Before reaching them, however, they broke and fled, and a detachment of the enemy's pursuing cavalry closed around her. Insensible to fear, she refused to surrender, and spurring her horse forward, attempting to ride through their ranks. A volley was fired at her, and one ball went through her hat, cutting off a lock of her hair. Still she pushed on, and had nearly passed through their line, when another shot killed her faithful horse; and further exertion being impossible, she was obliged to surrender. The defeat of the republicans was most disastrous, and hardly a man escaped. As darkness came on the pursuers ceased; and Anna, believing that her husband had not survived the slaughter, sought and obtained permission to seek for his remains amid the piles of dead and wounded that covered the field. Assisted by two of her countrymen who had been taken prisoners, she passed the night among the dead, *looking for what else so dreaded to find,* yet peering into the glaks by faces for some mark of resemblance to him whom she sought. But she looked in vain, and at last abandoned the search.

The next day the victors gave themselves up to the enjoyments of their triumph; and, profiting by their intemperance and lack of vigilance, Anna passed out of their camp and disappeared in the adjacent woods. It was sixty miles to the *nearest* friendly camp, over a broken, almost impassable wilderness, infested with robbers and swarming with the *scouts* of the enemy. On foot, destitute of supplies, undefended, and without a guide, the dauntless woman set out on *her perilous flight. Chance* threw a splendid horse in her way; and mounting it, *she dashed away along the mountain* pathway. A terrible storm had now *come on;* the night was pitchy dark, and it was only by the aid of the frequent flashes of lightning that she was enabled to pick her way *among the rocks* and ravines and avoid instant death. On reaching the Cauras River, she found it a roaring, maddened torrent, swollen by the heavy rains *to nearly a third of a* mile in width. Destitute of a saddle, she dared not trust herself upon her horse in the strong current, and adopted the unromantic but safer expedient of clinging firmly to his tail until the dangerous passage was effected. To increase her misfortunes, she lost her way, *and wandered about in the storm* for three days before finding any of her *friends, and during the whole time she* scarcely closed her eyes in sleep, and subsisted entirely upon roots and the few indifferent fruits which she could gather on the way.

Not long after this her first child was born—Menotti Garibaldi, who subsequently distinguished himself in the war between Italy and Austria, and more recently did some gallant fighting in the short but disastrous campaign against the Eternal City. When her babe was but a few weeks old, she set out with her husband and the republican army on a long, weary, and disastrous retreat through the forests and across the mountains of Brazil, carrying her babe in her arms. On the march they were overtaken by a severe storm. She became separated from her companions; and it was only through the most indomitable perseverance and heroism that she was enabled to save the life of herself and child. It was during the dreary hours she passed in that wilderness, divesting herself of almost every particle of clothing to keep her babe from perishing, that the seeds of that disease were planted which a few years after claimed her as its victim.

In 1848, when the gallant followers of Mazzini were gathering around the standard of Italian nationality, Garibaldi hastened back to his native land to join his fortunes with those of his struggling *countrymen.* The stirring events of 1849 followed; and when the patriot leader was shut up in Rome by the army of France, his faithful wife passed in disguise through General Oudinot's lines and joined him, rendering efficient service in encouraging the weak and wavering and nursing the wounded and sick. She devoted herself to these unfortunate men with such earnest and untiring zeal, that her health, already enfeebled, entirely gave way; and when the final catastrophe came, and the remnant of the patriot army passed out of the city in one direction, *at* the victorious French entered it from another, she was unable to walk, and had to be carried in the arms of her friends. In vain her husband insisted that she should not attempt so perilous and fatiguing a journey. But she begged so earnestly to follow them, saying that if she must die she could not bear the thought of breathing her last under the flag of the destroyers of Italian liberty, that Garibaldi yielded, and she set out with them on that famous retreat.—Her sufferings were acute; but she bore them bravely, gradually sinking, however, until the fatal moment when her brave spirit was released from its sufferings and passed to a happier land. She retained her consciousness almost to the last moment, sent loving messages to her children and other friends, and died, calmly and peacefully, in the arms of her husband.

Ten years ago, her remains were still resting in the humble grave which first received them, unmarked by any stone or inscription; nor up to that time had Garibaldi revisited the hallowed spot.—For ten years the chains of enslaved Italy clanked above her grave; but then, thanks to the arm upon which she had leaned so trustingly in life, the day of righteous vengeance came, and the Austrians were scourged from the land they had so long oppressed and deluged with blood and tears. Whether, since these happier days have come for Italy, any memorial has been raised to perpetuate the noble woman's memory, we know not. Nor does it matter. The solidest granite could not add to the immortality of her fame, nor could sculptured marble correctly portray the beauty of her life and death. In the heart of every true native of sunny Italy—in the bosom of ever lover of liberty, under whatever skies he may live—the memory of Anna Garibaldi will ever be kept fresh and green; and from her ashes shall spring innumerable defenders of the cause for which she sacrificed so much.

A WORD TO YOUNG WOMEN.

The readiness with which American girls accept the attention of comparative strangers is forever a matter of astonishment to foreigners. It would be as much a matter of astonishment to ourselves, if we once stopped to think about it. A stranger is casually introduced, a lively conversation follows, calls are made next day and for a week to come, rides, flirtations, and love-making entered upon, and oftentimes, after no more than a fortnight's acquaintance, confidences given that not less than half a year's acquaintance should warrant.

A case of this sort of eager intimacy occurred in a pretty inland town not a hundred miles from New York, which resulted most disastrously. A young man stopping temporarily in the town, saw and fancied a young lady upon the street, *ascertained her name, etc., forged a letter* of introduction, presented it with himself, and was most cordially received by the young lady and her parents. Walks, rides, and excursions ensued, and in less than a month the two were married. Almost immediately, the true character of the "handsome, agreeable, and intelligent young man" came to light. He was a rouc, a gambler, and had a wife in a distant State. He was arrested, tried for bigamy, and sentenced to Auburn State Prison for the term of five years. The girl died of a broken heart, and her mother, overwhelmed with grief, soon followed her to the grave.

I hate distrust and suspicion, and I should be the last to counsel such a feeling in anybody toward mankind.—But I also hate to see girls die broken-hearted, or their lives blasted by the rascality of some heartless, unprincipled villain, when all the evil might have been averted by mere womanly, sensible prudence. A man, whether honorable or dishonorable, admires a girl all the more for the exercise of discretion and care in regard to her associates. It is an established fact that a man may *seem* to be all that is worthy and desirable, and yet in reality not be fit to step across the outer threshold of an honest man's house, much less permitted to open his abominable lips in courtly speech to an innocent, unsuspecting girl.

Now that the summer has come, and tourists and city bred fellows are straggling around through the country, let the girls hear this sad story in mind. Be civil and courteous, but don't open the door of your heart to everybody who happens to dress well, and can turn compliments more smoothly than the honest and perhaps awkward country boys of your own neighborhood. Be too proud to become a prey to these gormandizers of human hearts, who give gratuitous love lessons during the summer, and then laugh all through the autumn at your wonderful aptness. It is hard and ugly to be so particular, I know, but it pays in the end; and haven't you read, time and again, that all that glitters is not gold?

"ONE-AND-TWENTY."

With youth no period is looked forward to with so much impatience, as the hour which shall end our minority,—when in manhood, none is looked back to with so much regret. Freedom appears to a young man as the brightest star in the firmament of his existence, and is never lost sight of until the goal for which he has been so traveling, is reached. When the mind and the spirit are young, the season of manhood is reflected with a brightness from the future, which nothing can dim but its own cold reality.

The busy world is *stretched out before* our boyhood like the exhibition of mechanical automata—we behold the merchant accumulating wealth, the scholar planting his foot upon the pinnacle of the temple of fame, the warrior twining his brow with the laurel wreath, and we yearn to struggle with them for supremacy. In the distance we see nothing but the most prominent part of the picture, which is success—the anguish of disappointment and defeat is hidden from our view; we *see not the pale cheek of* neglected merit, or the sufferings of real worth.

But we gaze not long, for the season of youth passes away like a moon's beam from the still water, or like dew drop from a rose in June, or an hour in the circle of friendship. Youth passes away, and we find ourselves in the midst of that great theatre upon which we have so long gazed with interest—the paternal hands, which in binding have upheld us, are broken, and we step into the crowd with no guide but our conscience to carry us through the intricate windings of the path of human life.

The beauties of the prospective have vanished—the merchant's wealth has furrowed his cheek, the acquirements of the scholar were purchased at the price of his health; and the garland of the conqueror is fastened upon his brow with a thorn, the rankling of which shall give him no rest on this side of the grave. Disappointment damps the ardor of our first setting out, and misfortune follows closely in our path, to finish the work and close our career. How often, amid the cares and troubles of manhood, do we look back to the sunny spot on our memory, the season of our youth; and how does a wish to recall it escape from the bosom of those who once prayed fervently that it might pass away. From this feeling we do not believe that living man was ever exempt. It is twined around the soul; it is incorporated in our very nature, and will ever cling to us.

'WHO are you,' inquired the magistrate in a New Orleans court, of a wild looking fellow brought before him.

'Your father, sir.'

'What!' exclaimed the astonished judge.

'I said your father'

'Why I've got none.'

'Are you sure?'

'Quite certain.'

'Then I reckon I am quite mistaken; but your ears deceive me.'

'My ears! Why, how could that be?'

'All my children have long ears, sir; very long ears; there are but three classes of this species, sir; my children, the rabbits and the donkeys.' You are not a rabbit.'

The outraged Judge could endure no more, but shouted at the top of his voice to the officers to take him down.

'Oh, sir I hear you bray!' and the poor fellow was sent to the asylum.

UNCLE SAM had a neighbor who was in the habit of working on Sunday, but after a while he joined the church. One day he met the minister to whose church he belonged.

'Well, Uncle Sam,' said he, 'do you see any difference in Mr. P., since he joined the church?'

'Oh, yes,' said Uncle Sam, 'a great difference. Before, when he went out to mend his fence on Sunday, he carried his axe on his shoulder, but now he carries it under his coat.'

A WINTER VIGIL.

In the winter of 186—, it fell to my lot to investigate one of the most touching stories of a white man's endurance and an Indian's vengeance I ever came across in the whole Northwest. As some of the more curious portions of the official note book of an Indian agent, I transcribe the memoranda relating to it.

Albert Black was an honest English gentleman, whose adventures in search of fortune led him away from Regent street to wander in western wilds, and this is the way he "put through" a portion of the winter of that year. He was residing with a single companion in a little log cabin at the Indian village of Bella Coola, on the coast of British Columbia. There was no white man nearer than one hundred miles, but the villages of many Indian tribes were situated in the immediate vicinity. The winter was only half through; few natives came trading about the post, and as time lay heavily on their hands, Black and his companion resolved to go hunting for a few days. A canoe was accordingly fitted out with a *stock of provisions* and ammunition, and with an Indian as steersman and pilot, they proceeded to cruise about *among the islands, now and then landing* and stalking deer, or shooting the ducks and wild geese which assembled in countless flocks by the mouths of the northwestern rivers in winter. The season was mild, but with a *thin coating of snow on the* ground, so that each night they encamped in the open air, and slept well wrapped up in their blankets around the blazing log fire. Few old explorers in these countries ever think of carrying a tent with them, and our hunters were not possessed of one, even had they cared to avail themselves of its shelter. *So they had been* cruising about in this manner for several days, when, as usual, they encamped one night on an island, with the canoe drawn up on the beach. Their provisions they built up around them, to guard them from the attacks of any prowling Indians or other mishaps. Their Indian pilot had informed them he was just about out of powder and bullets, *at the same time* begging to be supplied with some exhibiting his pouch, which contained but two charges. The hunters were too tired to open their packages, and notwithstanding his solicitations, they put him off until morning. They then, as usual, loaded their rifles, the Indian doing so also; and all three men lay down to sleep, and all slept save one.

How long they slept Black could not say, but all that he remembered was being awoke by the report of a rifle, a low scream, and then a moan by his side, told him that all was over with his companion. The Indian's place was vacant; and before Black could fully become conscious of his situation, he was fired at from the dark, and a bullet struck his thigh. He attempted to rise, but was unable; his leg was fractured. Instantly he grasped his revolver, and he had scarcely done so, before he was conscious of a figure crouching towards him in the darkness.

He immediately fired, but the shot did not take effect, and his would-be murderer retreated behind some rocks. He now staunched the blood flowing from his wound, as well as circumstances would permit, tying a handkerchief around it. All doubt was now at an end, and it was apparent that the Indian guide, tempted by the property, had murdered his companion, and was only prevented by want of ammunition from despatching him too. All night long—it seemed a year—he kept awake, too excited to sleep, although he was faint from loss of blood. Sometimes he would relapse into an uneasy sleep, from which he would be startled by the barking of his little dog, when he would grasp his revolver, only to see a figure again skulking into the darkness. Daylight at last came, and he had now time to contemplate his situation. Helpless, badly wounded, far from white men, or even from friendly Indians, he was alone, with an enemy watching every moment to destroy him, as he had done his companion, whose glassy eyes stared up at him. Provisions enough were lying scattered around; but none were accessible as food, save the bag of sugar, and on this his chief chance of subsistence lay. He knew enough of science to know that Magendie's dogs, when fed on sugar, soon grew emaciated, but he also knew that it supported life for a time. Before night, snow fell, and covered the dead body out of his sight. Sometimes he would relapse into a half waking sleep, when again the ever faithful dog, who seemed almost conscious how matters stood, would warn him of the approach of his enemy. It was in vain that Black attempted to get a shot at him; and had it not been for the watchfulness of his dog-friend, the wretch would have been able to despatch with his knife the guardian whose trusty revolver intervened between him and the coveted property. And so they kept their dreary vigils, and the snow fell heavily; *and though his leg pained him exceedingly,* he managed to keep warm in his blanket lined burrow. The Indian would sometimes disappear for hours, and even for a day, apparently looking after food. The poor hunter would then imagine that he had got clear of his blood-thirsty enemy, when again the barking of Flora would warn her master. On one or two occasions the Indian managed to come within a few feet of his intended victim before his presence was detected; and as both murderer and hunter were equally intent on each other's destruction, their escapes were sometimes narrow. Several days elapsed in this manner, until at last the Indian seemed to have grown tired, and left the island, in the canoe; for they were no longer alarmed. The sugar bag was getting nearly empty, and the poor dog now so weak with hunger, that, even when it did not absent itself in the search of food on the shore, it was scarcely able to give an alarm. If Black could survive hunger and his wound, which was now very painful, the Indian, he knew, would soon return to accomplish his purpose. With such thoughts, his prospects were gloomy enough, and so he dozed away the hours, half frozen and faint. It was the tenth night (he had long lost count of time, but found so afterwards,) since the murderous attack, when he was awoke by a loud talking on the beach.

The moon, sailing over the leaden and snowy sky, enabled him to recognize the figures of several Indians hauling a canoe on to the beach. He grasped his revolver, determined to sell his life dearly, for he was now fully persuaded that it must be his murderer returned with assistance. It was strange, however, it struck him, that they had landed in such an exposed situation. "Who are you?" he inquired. In the Chinook jargon—the trading language of the coast. A low, surprised cry came from them. They were apparently unaware of the presence of any one but themselves. Again he shouted more cheerily, and they approached him, when he was delighted to recognize the familiar faces of several Bella Coola Indians—old acquaintances of his. He told them his story; and as they listened he uncovered the body of his murdered companion, they every now and again bursting into a cry of horror. Food was prepared, and every attention paid to him. The dead body was buried, and Black conveyed to the Indian village, where he was carefully nursed, until news reached the nearest white man's abode. The solitary colonist hurried down, and happening to have been in earlier days an officer in the army, he knew a little about surgery.—He dressed Black's wounds, and had him conveyed back to the settlements, where, under medical treatment, he slowly recovered. But it was many months before he could walk without crutches, and to the end of his life he will bear the marks of that fearful experience of "parling through" the winter in the dark days of 186—. As we hear a good deal (in novels) of the generous savage, I may as well say that my poor friend had to pay well for all the hospitality he received. The water he drank, the ground he lay on, the wood that warmed him, the food he ate, everything was charged for, but most cheerfully paid.

It is, however, a greater pleasure to relate that, after the bill was paid, the Indians threw in the execution of the murderer into the bargain. The noble avengers of blood found him in his lodge, comfortably awaiting the death of Black by starvation or cold, either of which he, no doubt, thought would save him all trouble. He seemed rather to exult when charged with shooting the white men, but the Bella Coola warriors took a different view of the matter, and with a summary justice, which would have done honor to a California vigilance committee, they shot him where he sat.

As for poor Black, I saw him dancing at a Christmas party not very long ago; but a terrible limp, which caused his fair partner to afterwards style him an "awkward sort of a colonial fellow," told me another tale.

"Yaller Dogs"—The Canine Ishmaelite.

BY MARK TWAIN.

When Noah disembarked at Ararat he had scarcely touched the pier when he proceeded to tally his passengers. He had just checked his last item in the list—a Mr. and Mrs. Bedbug—when the cringing figure of a quadruped came sneaking down the gang-plank with his tail between his legs. 'Dat it, if there ain't that yaller dog!' says Noah, aiming a vicious kick with his brogan at the brute. But, with a facility born of long and bitter experience, the brute dodged the projectile, and ejaculating 'ki-yi,' which is Syriac for 'declined with thanks,' or 'not for Jo,' disappeared, while Noah, who had his sea-legs on, was unable to recover his equilibrium, and sat down with emphasis on the back of his head.

Noah arose, and in accordance with the style prevalent among the patriarchs he proceeded to soothe his affronted dignity by pronouncing a variegated anathema upon the yaller dog, which had characteristically sneaked unobserved on board, in the confusion of putting to sea, and upsized the captain at the first port. He cursed that dog in body, limb, back, hide, hair, tail and wag, and all his generations, relations and kindred, by consanguinity of affinity, *and his heirs and* assigns. He cursed him with endless hunger, with perpetual fear, with perennial laziness, with hopeless mange, with incessant fleas, and with his tail between his legs. He closed his stock of imprecations by sparkling display of pyrotechnics, from the demoralizing effect of which the yaller dog has never recovered.

With this curse sticking to him like a revenue stamp, the yaller dog can't help being 'cursed.' He don't try to help it. He follows Noah's programme with unshaking fidelity. He is an Ishmaelite among dogs. He receives the most oppressive courtesies in the form of brick bats, boots and hot water, which makes his life an animated target excursion. He boards around like a district school teacher, and it is meal time with him twenty-four hours in the day. The rest of the time he hankers after something to eat. He is an epicure. Cram him at Delmonico's, and he would hunger for desert from an Albany boarding house.

He can't be utilized. He is too tired. As a swill cart locomotive, a hunter or a sentinel, he is an ignominious failure.—The dog churn was a strategic attempt to employ his waste energies, and butter had too much self-respect to 'come' at his persuasion. So the dog churn was dropped.

No sausage maker dare foreclose his lien on the yaller dog, lest his customers—no longer 'soothed and sustained by an unfaltering trust'—transfer their patronage to some less audacious dealer.—The savages, who admire baked dog, and who can even attack tripe and explore the mysteries of lobster without dismay, acknowledge the yaller dog to be too much for their gastric intrepidity.

He always manages to belong to a ragged, tobacco chewing, whisky drinking master, whose business is swapping dogs