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The use of the Bitters or Tonic will soon cause
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APPLIED EXTERNALLY,—It will cure all kind of Pains and Aches, such as Rhedmatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Chibbiains, Sprains, Bruises Frost Bites, Headaches, Pains in the Back and coins, Pains in the Joints or Limbs, Stings of Insects, Ringworm, etc.

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It is not necessary to take a handful of these Pills to produce the desired effect; two of them act quickly and powerfully, cleansing the Liver, Stomach, and Bowels of all impurities. The principal ingredent is Podophyllin, or the Alcoholic Extract of Mandrake, which is by many times more Powerful, Acting, and Searching, than the Mandrake itself. Its peculiar action is upon the Liver, cleaning it speedily from all obstructions, with all the power of Mercury, yet free from the injurious results attached to the use of that mineral.

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regulates the Liver, and gives strongth, energy, and vigor.

Keep your Bowels active with the Pills, and tone up the system with Bitters or Tonic, and no disease can rotain its hold, or ever assail you. These medicines are sold by all Druggists and dealers in medicines everywhere.

Recollect that it is Dit. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN REMEDIES, that are so universally used and highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggist to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Kennedles will be sent by Express to any locality, upon application to the PRINCIPAL OFFICE, at the GERMAN MEDICINE STURE, 631 ARCH ST, PHILADELPHIA.

Chas. M. Evans.

Proprietor.

I was on my way from Paris to Rome, and one morning in May found myself in the City of Marselles, where I had made up my mind to take the steamer. for Italy. The vessel I had intended to sail in had departed the day previous to my arrival, so there was nothing to do but to select the next best and commence my lourney. After noting the offer of my journey. After noting the offers of the various companies, I finally settled upon the General Abbertoci, of the Valery Liue, and after seeing my baggage aboard; and koking in vain for some one to whom I might say good-by, I followed suit, and was soon on deck.

I looked around me at our passengers; never was there a greater mixture of namerical companions.

I looked around me at our passengers; never was there a greater mixture of nations. French, Spanish, and above all Italian, was heard on every side, but I listened in vain for a sound of our good old English tongue. After numerous leave takings and kissings, such as only foreigners can indulge in, we managed to get off, and steamed from the harbor with a light breeze following, and as happy a company as was ever got together. There were several notables on board, the Consul General of France to Rome, and his wife, an accomplished and elegant woman; several Secretaries of Legation, besides many officers of the French Army, who, with a company of troops, were on sides many officers of the French Army, who, with a company of troops, were on their way to relieve a part of the garrison at Civita Necchi, then held by the French. As we sailed along many small boats followed us, the occupants shouting and waving their good byes until we were out of sight. Could they have seen what the next twenty-four hours would produce? Could they have known that their good byes were indeed farewells to those who, before the morrow's sun, would be in eternity, their gladness would have

een changed to sorrow and their rejoicing to tears.

As I said, we sailed on the morning of the 7th of May, 1869, and nothing occur red to mar our voyage up to 8 o'clock that night, when the wind changed, and a head sea set in, which quickly drove all the ladies and most of the men below.—As for myself—having spent nearly a year at sea, and never suffering from that malady called 'sea-sickness'—I walked the deek for some two hours partly for the year at sea, and never squerring from that malady called 'sea-sickness'—I walked the deck for some two hours partly for the fresh air, which I could not get in the salcon, and partly because a feeling of uneasiness and insecurity had taken hold of me, which I endeavored in vain to throw off. There were good grounds, however, for my feelings, for I had not been half an hour on board before I noticed a lack of discipline among the officers and crew, which boded no good in case of accident and which was afterward fully confirmed by their conduct. We were also heavily laden, including among our freight a deck-load of petroleum, upon the barrels of which the troops lay or sat smoking. I endeavored in vain, by signs, to make the Captain understand the nature of such inflammable material, but he treated the subject with the utmost indifference, and, shrugging his shoulders, went into his room, as if the fate of over sixty lives were of no possible consequence.

equence. Having remained on deck up to near-Having remained on deck up to nearly 11 o'clock, I went to my room and lay down, taking off my coat merely, for the horrid presentiment that something would occurr still clung to me, and made my sleep anything but quiet. It was about one o'clock when I was awakened by a fearful crash. followed instantly by two more shocks repeated in quick succession, while at the same moment shrieks end cries burst from all parts of the cabin, where terrified women and children rushed madly hither and thither. My first thoughts were that we had struck upon some hidden reaf or shoal—which this part of the Mediterranean abounds in—but on reaching the deck I soon saw my mistake, for a large brig soon saw my mistake, for a large brig— whose outlines I could just see in the

n eternity their gladness would have

darkness, was slowly diffting away from us, and I knew in a moment that we had crushed into her, and the only question now was—were we sinking or was she?

Every one was now on deck, and the onfusion and excitement was dreadful Men called aloud for their wives, and mothers for their children, while others on their knees called upon God to save I went to the forward part of the shin and saw enough to convince me that an hour would decide the case for us all, for our bows, which were made of iron—in fact, the ship was iron, and Clyde built—were all stove in, and the water fast pour-

were all stove in, and the water fast pouring in in great volumes at the apertures. But another sight I saw, which, for cowardice and unsailorlike conduct, could hardly be equaled. The Captain and crew, with only one or two glorious exceptions, had seized the only boat left uninjured, and in the indistinct light I saw them pulling away from the him. uninjured, and in the indistinct light I saw them pulling away from the ship, and leaving us to our fate. I rushed back to the stern, where the passengers, who had now caught sight of the boat, were vainly stretching forth their hands and begging for the love of God to take them in. The Consul, whom I have mentioned, shouted a reward of two hundred thousand francs, would they but take his wife. In his agony he beseeched and prayed them, but money in that hour had no temptation, and his words fell on ears deaf to all mercy.

had no temptation, and his words fell on ears deaf to all mercy.

Seeing one of the sailors, who yet bravely stood at the wheel, I asked, by signs, for life-preservers. He shook his head—they had none. I then tried to get two or three men together, who would help me wrench off doors or cut away the seats and benches which ran along the upper deck for a raft, but they would not stir; either they could not understand or fear had paralyzed them. And now the ship was settling by the bows and rapidly sinking; already the water was nearly amidships, and almost up to the fires. The engineer had left his post, with the engine at full speed, and it was pushing, us here and there as chance directed. I now began to look around to see how I might save myself. The time had passed when we might have passed together, and every one for himself was the thought of all.

Having taken off my clothing, I scized a small settee, it was almost good for nothing are a fleet yet more they one st

a small settee, it was almost good for nothing as a float, yet more than one attempted to take it from me, and it was only by threatening them all with my knife that I could keep possession. I knew that it was a chance, if it would hold but

one, and life was too dear to part with lightly.

As the water reached the boilers, the steam poured out in volumes, and many, thinking we were on fire, added to the scene by their cries. I had made up my mind to throw my settee overboard, and was about to put it into execution when my attention was drawn to the brig, which was approaching again with the evident intention of affording help. The ship had now sunk so far that her stern was raised some thirty feet above the waone, and life was too dear to part with was raised some thirty feet above the wawas raised some thirty feet above the water, and only the mizzen mast was clear of it. Every moment we could feel her settling lower and lower, preparing for her final plunge to the bottom. We were all huddled together in the stern, anxiously looking for boats, or at least a boat from the brig, when the Captain hailed us, asking what nation the ship was. He spoke in French, and we cried back, the Gen. Abbertoci, Italian; we are sinking; can you save us? "Then a silence ensued can you save us? Then a silence ensued and mothers husbed their children, and we all waited the words—the words of life or death. The answer came back clear and distinct: We cannot help you, we are sinking ourselves. Oh, the agony of that moment! Yet there was no more

other's bands in a farewell grip, and a dark, settled despair was on the face of alt. · I now determined to reach the brig, or

she sank. So, grasping my watch, and what money I had with me, which I had taken from my vest, I went up the rigging, and as the brig sank on the swells, below, I jumped down and across. The exact distance I sprang I could not say, but I struck her gunwale and fell in the passage way, between it and the after-cabin. I lay for a moment stunned, and then springing up, I came amidships. Here-everything also was in confusion, our steamer, having struck her on the starboard side near the bow, cutting a hole in her to the water, and carrying away a good part of her rigging.

The Captain and sallers, numbering

drawn in, but shouted for them to jump, and we would try and pick them up.

It was too late! One awful scream—one cry of agony—such as I pray I may never hear again—as she plunged to the bottom. And of all these cabin passengers I alone was left. The waters met and closed over her as peacefully and calmly as if nothing had occurred—and nearly sixty souls, men, women and children, were in eternity.

The day had fairly broken now, and with the new light we seemed to have

discovered, while in the boat, the masts and spars of the ship looming up on the horizon, and now she was in plain sight. We hoisted our flag as being in distress, and shouted, and almost cried with joy, as we saw her return the signal, and then came hearing down toward in came bearing down toward us. As she passed where the steamer sauk, she put out her boats, and picked up two passengers and then came to us. She proved to be The King bound from Norway to the coast of Africa: Her Captain, a buff old sallor, but a kind-hearted man, after a consultation with the Captain of Open coast of Africa. Her Captain, a out our sallor, but a kind-hearted man, after a consultation with the Captain of our brig, told him he would help him into the nearest port, which was Leghorn, or, as he called it, Lircano. Our vessel, although severely damaged, would still float, for being, as sailors have it, only in ballast, viz.: having no cargo we were enabled by constant pumping to keep the water out until we had stuffed the rent full of old cordage, sails, &c., and nailed a large lot of canvas over the side.

The Captain of The King had also picked up the Captain of the steamer and his crew in the boat which they had taken so basely, and, being rather short of provisions, with so many more thrown on their hands, all that could had to stay on the brig.

We found by observation that we were about 100 miles from Leghorn, and turn-

We found by observation that we were about 100 miles from Leghorn, and turned our prows in that direction: but now, one of these calms so frequent in this sea set in, and it was only after three days' and nights increasing labor at the pumps that we reached the port. The ship, meanwhile, keptclose by us, and at night our lamps answered each other's welcome light, while deck-watches of the two vessels sent across the water the loyful crystles.

since learned that the Captain of the Abertoci is serving out a term of eighteen years in the Government prison for not having his lights out, and cowardice in leaving his vessel.

Nearly two years have now passed since that night, but I can yet see those pale faces, and hear the shrieks as they sank. It will cling to me while I exist, for I am sure I can never forget while memory lasts—my lear for life.

mory lasts—my leap for life.

A SERSATION.

Louisville, Ky., is just now excited over a strange prediction by a young German lady, Miss Carrie Clien, residing there. She claims to have been under the influence of spirits, or mysterious influences, at intervals for twelve years.—She was thrown into a trance, she says, when seven years of age, and again when she was fourteen, lasting for several months, during which she predicted the Franco-German war and its result—Recently she had been thrown into a similar state, and on Friday last made the following prediction in the presence and hearing of a reporter of the Louisville Commercial:

'In seven weeks from to-day—March 24—a sign will appear in the heavens, fluences, at intervals for twelve years.

'In seven weeks from to-day—March 24
—a sign will appear in the heavens, which will last fifteen weeks and then cease. This will be the forewarning of a terrible war between the—whites and blacks in the United States. The first battle in the war of races will be fought in April, 1872, and the war will be brief but terribly bloody. After this war has ceased, in three years another sign will appear in the heavens, indicating a renewal of the present war in Europe,—This war will last about three years, and all Prussia will glorify. Nine years after this war ceases, another sign will appear in the heavens above the whole world, which will forewarn people all over the world of a religious war. This will be terrible, even unto one part as unto another of the whole face of the world. It will last nine years—and will temporarily cease for seven years—when beasts wearing seven horns each of the form of a huge sabre, will appear to the world in large numbers, and the people inhabiting the world will stand in fear. The oceans will become red—and no vessel can stand upon her face. Men will cape to write. Ten years after the fear. The oceans will become red—and no vessel can stand upon her face. Men will cease to write. Ten years after the appearance of this beast upon earth—a cross will appear upon the face of the sun, and although the people were surprised to see the moon cover the sun, they will still be more surprised when they see this. This cross will cover the sun for seventeen years, when God Almighty will destroy the earth. My friend, take warning.

warning.-The ugliness of the present fashion of women's street dress is the subject of general remarks among men. From head to foot it is a succession of deforming additions to the natural female figure. Trailing skirts covered with mud or dust, and those awful bustles, combine to make the fashionable attired woman a mass of ridiculous absurdities. Can it be that the overthrow of Paris as a goat THE DOS AND THE INDIAN.

The full-blooded bull dog is the most brutal and the least intelligent of his species; its depressed forehead, its underhanging jaws and bloodshot eyes, unite in forming the personification of the savage. Although capable of some attachment, it cannot be relied on as a friend. So utterly without intellect is the courage of the bull dog, that it will attack anything that gives offence. thing that gives offence.

Many years ago an English ship was at

Many years ago an English ship was at one of our docks, on board of which was a bull dog. The animal was so ferocious that he gained an extensive reputation. Chained at the gangway of the ship, he spent all the livelong day in the hopeless task of springing at every person who came along, either in pleasure or business. The owner, first mate of the vessel, would sit for hours and detail the wonderful feats of this mighty dog. Crowds of idlers daily collected, and there stood the hero, or rather there raved the insane of idlers daily collected, and there stood the hero, or rather there raved the insane creature at the multitude, each indulging the vague hope that he would-presently break loose and pitch into somebody, and thus show his prowess. Among the idlers was an Indian, who occasionally visited the city, and made a few pence by shooting an arrow at pennies stuck in the end of a stick. Upon the very appearance of the Indian, who took a malicious pleasure in tritating the animal. The mate-finally interfered, and told the Indian to go away, lest the dog might break loose and eat him up. The Indian, not in the least alarmed, in broken English announced to the crowd that if the dog was brought down to the ground, and chained to a post, he would, for five dollars, fight him with nothing but his hands and teeth. The money was raised, and the mate, after expressing much reluctance at the idea of having the Indian helled by the property The money was raised, and the mate, after expressing much reluctance at the idea of having the Indian killed, brought the dog down from the ship, and fastened him to a post. The Indian, putting away his bow and arrow and his knife, laid his neck bare, and rolled up his shirt sleeves. A ring was formed, and the battle commenced. The Indian approached the dog, crawling on all fours, barking and growling as if he was one himself. The dog, meanwhile jumped and foamed at the mouth, while his eyes beamed livid fire with irritation. The Indian, however, kept up his pantomime, and gradually brought his face in fearful proximity to the dog's teeth. The mate now interfered, for he felt confident the Indian would get killed; but the crowd had become excited, and insisted upon seeing the thing out. A, mutual silence ensued between the combatants. The dog strained his chain in his anxiety to reach the Indian, until it was straight as a solid bar of iron. Suddenly the Indian selzed the bull dog's under lip between his teeth, and in an instant whirled himself with the dog over his back. So unexpected was the attack, and so perfectly helpless was the ifter expressing much reluctance at the dea of having the Indian killed, brough

over his back. So unexpected was the attack, and so perfectly helpless was the dog, with his feet in the air, and his jaw imprisoned, that he recovered his astonishment only to give forth yells of pain; whereupon the Indian shook him as a cat does a mouse, and then let go his hold.—
The dog, once so savage, putting his tail between his legs, retreated from his enemy, and screamed with terror to get from within the reach of the chain.

New York Journal.

ORIGIN OF THE ROSE. The rose has many fabulous origins.— Some state it to have sprung from the blood of Venus. The Mohammedans say that the sweat of their prophet was the source from which it grew; while the source from which it grew; while the Ghebers believe that when Abraham. their great prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into a bed of roses, upon which the child sweetly reposed. The Christian legend on the same subject is given by Sir John Mandevillee. It is to the effect that a fair maiden of Bethlehem effect that a fair maiden of Bethlehem was slandered, and condemned to be burned; but when the fire began to burn around her she prayed to our Lord that, as she was not guilty of that sin, He would help her; and make her innocence manifest to men. Then was the fire quenched, and the burning brands became red rose trees full of roses, while those that were not kindled became white rose trees full of roses. 'And thelse weren the first roseres and roses, bothe white and red, that ever any man saughe.' white and red, that ever any man saughe.'
Roses have always figured largely in Christian tradition, from the time they were found in the tomb of the Blessed Virgin until the institution of the rosary of St. Dominic, in the thirteenth century, the backs on the reserving the reservin

or St. Dominic, in the thirteenth century—the beads on the rosaries now in use having been symbolized by red and white roses. Of their connection with the 'Wars of the Roses,' it is unnecessary to speak; yet it may be mentioned that at Towton, in Yorkshire, where one of the most disastrous battles of that time was fought, there are groups of rose bythes. fought, there are groups of rose bushes in the 'bloody meadow,' which are said to mark the graves of the slain; and local tradition states that these roses will only grow in that field, and that it is impossible to make then grow if removed thence. It is stated, however, that a gardener at Tadeastle has had one growing in his garden for four or five years; so that the after part of this tradition is scarcely 'founded on fact.'

THE "FAT SHEEP." Some twenty-five years ago, when I was pastor of a church —, I took oc-casion one evening to attend a social meeting in the church in that place. As is their custom on such occasions, after one the other arose and gave in his or her experience. After a time a man in humble circumstances, small in stature, and with a very effeminate, squeaking voice, rose to give in a piece of his expe-rience, which was done in the following manner:

manner:
'Brethren, I have been a member of this church for many years. I have seen hard times—my family have been much affloted—but I have for the first time in my life to see my pastor or any of the trustees of this church cross the threshold of my door. No sooner had he uttered this part of

his experience than he was suddenly in-terrupted by one of the trustees, an aged man, who rose up and said in a firm loud 'My dear brother, you must put the 'My dear brother, you must put the devil behind you.'
On his taking his seat, the pastor in charge quiskly arose, and also replied to the little man as follows:
'My dear brother, you must remember that we shepherds are sent to the lost sheet of the house of Isreal.'
Whereupon the little man arose again and, in answer, said, in a yery loud voice: olce:
'Yes, and if I'd been a fat one, you

would have found me long ago.'
The effect upon the audience can be better imagined than described. A FARMER'S BLUNDER.—A farmer re-A FARMER'S Bloomer into Lexington, Kentucky, leaving her colt at home. On his return, which was after dark, he put ther out in the lot where the colt was, and thought it was all right. In the course of an hour or two, a servant can in and told him the mare was fighting her cold and would not allow it to partake of the maternal font. This irritated him so that he said he would fix her, and out he went to carry his threat into execution. He caught her and tied her head up to a tree as high as he could reach, and brought the colt up. But with all that he could do, the obstinate nag would kick the colt away. At last, after worrying for some time to no effect, and almost despairing of success, he happened to take another look at the beast, and found, to his astonishment, that he had inadvettently brought a horse belonging to some other man, and it was no wonder that he did not succeed in his undertaking. He had to make the trip back to town that night to make the exchange, and he did her_colt_and would not allow it to par perish attempting it, for I saw there was no hope for us, and I reasoned that the brig, being a wooden vessel would hold out the longest, or at least afford means of building a raft. At any rate it was death to stay where I was, for I knew I should be drawn in by the suction when SISTER BROWN GRATIFIES HER CURIOSITY.

We suppose everybody who lives in a city or large town has sometimes wondered what those curiously painted images are made of, that stand by certain shopdoors, with a bunch of cigars in one hand, while they invite the customer to enter with the other. Some of them are as hideous, as they are disgusting, and we often wonder why such leering, vulgar images are used to attract customers. Sister Brown was one of the primest and most correct maiden ladies, but she was very ourious, and prone to gratify her inquiring mind to the utmost, and that was why we were all glad when she We suppose everybody who lives in

Indian image that had been set up on the street, and which had puzzled her a good

and feeling certain she was not observed advanced, towards what she supposed to be the image standing in the shadow of a deep recess, but what, unfortunately, was a policeman!

Sister Brown gavo him a punch, and

me ?!

The policeman said he had seen a good many folks travet, but he never saw a woman measure the ground as Sister B. did when she went round the corner.

She was cured of her investigating spirit, greatly to the relief of the neighborhood where she resided, for the policeman described, her examination of his portly person in a manner that travel the residence.

There are more people than poor Sister Brown who would be benefited by well deserved ridicule, if nothing but ridicule will cure them of their impertinent and illustrated curricults.

Each horn of the dilemma has its advantages. One advantage possessed by a widow is, that she has graduated—has her eye teeth cut, and knows what's what. A virgin has everything to learn, and it requires patience and perseverence to instruct her. Our golden haired friend, George Center Brown, the sensational writer, preferred a widow. He pleked out the best one in the city—Jenny S. Jenkins—and on Saturday the twain were made one. The affections of the lovely widow have for some time centered in Center, and she was his'n from center to circum ference. Three exquisite children center, and she was his'n from center to circumference. Three exquisite children, ready made, assist materially in cementing the union. 'The sweet to be called papa' by cherub lips, on one's wedding day. The evening went off smoothly—skies serene—friends in good spirits, and

nobody hurt. We congratulate our sen-sational friend upon securing the mono-poly of so handsome an 'item.' Long may he wave. AARON BURR'S GRAVE.-The dying President of the United States, was, that he might, when dead, lie at the feet of his father, Aaron Burr, and of his grand-father, Jonathan Edwards. His wish was granted, and a place was made for him in the college division at Princeton. For a number of years his grave was visited by hundreds of travelers, yet there was nothing to mark it. Not one of all the friends of Burr was left who cared to mark the grave, until one night, in 1856 unknown to any one, a plain marble slab with the name of Aaron Burr upon it with the name of Agron Burr nion it, was placed at the head of his grave. That is the foundation for the finale of Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel of "The Minister's Wooing." So great was the interest in this one grave, that in 1860 nearly one-that the process and the process of the control o

deep and not very brilliant. When the uranium glass bottle is held in it, the bottle will appear to glow with great beauty, with all the brilliancy of a glowworm, as if white hot.

said he wanted his trunk checked to Rome. 'What Rome?' said the checkist. 'Rome, Italy,' was the reply, accompanied with a wink to the by-standers.—'Can you check here!'
"Certainly,' said the man of checks, going to the wardrobe where he keeps them and making a great rattle among the brass promises to give up a trunk.—Returning in a minupe, he said to the traveler: Rome, Italy, happen to be all out now.— Check you to Constantinople.' 'All right; give me a check to Constan-

inople.' 'Certainly. Let's see your ticket.' According to the strict rules of the company the check-ered man had him there. On Sunday two gentlemen were stand

ng on a street corner in Stonington Conn. engaged in conversation, when one of hom remarked to the other: 'How plain one can bear the ringing of the church bells in Mystic, this morning; did you ever notice 11? 'Yes,' was the reply; 'I have noticed of late that the sound of the bells could be heard more distinctly since be opening of the new road. You see but it has shortened between the two villages.' "That's so; I did not think of that till you spoke,' was the reply; and they-both walked on, mutually pleased with having solved the difficult question.

'Jenny, that's osculation.'

VOL. 57.--NO. 49.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF CARLISLE.

It may be of interest, to many of the

residents, and; especially, to those who were born and reared in Carlisie and

were born and reared in Carlisle and whose recollections extend to those periods I now record, to note past events and to call to mind reminiscences of its history. In front of the Stone house, now occupied by Wing-Bentz,-stood, in the winter of 1821, a large, frame tavern house, occupied by Robert McPherson, father of William. It was burnt down, with nearly all the contents that winter.

with nearly all the contents that winter and although a lad of but six years, re-

A NOTED PERSONAGE.

Molly McCaully or Molly Ritcher of Revolutionary fame, who, when her hus-band was killed at the battle of Mon-mouth, took his place at the cannon, lived at what was then called Laugher-

North Streets. During my mother's protracted illness summer of '22, Molly was my careful attendant. She was then nearly 70, very passionate, and as I then thought, cruel, judging from the

many switchings she gave me. She died many years afterwards and was buried as she deserved, with military

OTHER NOTED PERSONAGES.

remain. Loquacity was largely developed, an incessant talker, but no sense it it. She was of good disposition, fond o company and of friends, or of all whentertained her. Always on the walk from heave to have the state of the same terms of the same terms and the same terms.

from house to house. Botsy died at the

CASUALTIES.

CASUALTIES,

The 4th of July then was celebrated by men and boys, and doubtless, this annual festive occasion was rendered the more attractive, on account of the late war with Great Britain, having been ended with success to the American arms, only a few years before. July 4th 1824 was a sad day in Carlisle. The celebration was held at Sponsler's Grove, near Henderson's mill. An iron cannon bursted, and Frank Guest, a boy of my age, was killed and Gen. Edward Armor wounded in the foot, that malmed him

wounded in the foot, that maimed him for life. I saw Frank's terrible wound

in the head, a corpse and was at his fu-

in the head, a corpse and was at his funeral.

The next celebration, in 1825, was held at the Garrison. In company with my father and younger brother, I saw Michael Dawson, a candidate for Sheriff, astride acannon, when it was discharged, and, saw the charge put in that caused the death of Dr. John Given and of Wm. Bell. And, such a charge, loaded to the muzzle with mullein leaves, clay and brickbats; my father said to us, 'you had better go home, I am afraid the caunon will burst,' and it did. We left quickly and had not reached the end of the Garrison lane when I heard the shrill, deadened rode hastily past for a physician add said, 'two men were killed!' We returned and met a wagon, containing the lifeless

'two men were killed!' We returned and met a wagon, containing the lifeless body of Wm. Bell and saw the wound in his breast that took his life. The indented locust tree, struck with a piece of the exploded cannon, marked for many years, where Dr. Given was killed and where my father imprudently sat, leaning against the tree and caught the injured man as he fell. In the evening I saw the corpse of this esteemed, promising young man, brought in on a bearer to Jaines Given, his father's residence, and I was at the funeral.

Jefferson Worthington lost his arm, a few years afterwards, on a similar occa-

Jenerson Workinigton fost his arm, a few years afterwards, on a similar occa-sion, while engaged, either loading or swabbing the cannon, at a Democratic celebration, hold up the spring. Thus ended the casualties of 4th of July and

thus ended the recklessness of politicians; for, on the occasion of the bursting of both camous, many were almost insens-ibly drunk, especially at the Garrison.

A FOOL, a barber, and a-bald-headed

A Fool, a barber, and a-baid-headed man were travelling together. Loosing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air, and to avert danger it was agreed to watch by turns. The lot first fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he wassleeping. He then awoke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed: 'Here's a pretty mistake; you have awakened the baid-headed man instead of me.'

There is a man in Dacotah, Iowa, so penurious, that when shelling corn, a kernal flew into a wood-pile, and he removed several cords of wood to find it.

A neighbor, standing near, dropped a kernal near where the searcher was looking but when he found it he said: 'You

ing, but when he found it he said: 'You can't fool me with that small kernel; the

That was a delightful economy of the rishman in the pit of a Dublin theatre,

who, seeing some people about to throw an obstroperous fellow in the gallery over the railing, and, being much exasperated by a bad orobestra, cried out at the top of-his voice: 'Don't waste him; kill a fid-dler with him!'

A SHORT time ago Mr. Thomas Carlyle

lost was a larger one !'

it. alas! is too true.

Williamsport Pa, April 29, '71

More anon.

ember well this conflagration

ADVERTISEMENTS WIll be inserted at Ten Cont: per line for the first insertion, and dve cent per line for each subsequent insertion. Quartily half-yearly, and yearly advertisements inserted at altheral reduction 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 enarged accordingly.

Rates for Advertising.

JOB PRINTING. CARDS, HANDBILLS, CHOULARS, and every other er description of Job and Card Printing.

Gods and Ends.

Wouldn't is the only female in oreation

How long does a widow mourn? For second.

Our creditors, it is said, are the most tendfast followers of our fortunes! A NEW Parisian dictionary defines ches as a human substitute for hard labor.

'No, I am not lazy,' said a vagabond on hotday; but, you see, I was born tired. MANKIND should learn temperance from the moon—the fuller she gets, the shorter her horns become.

WHEN is a Chinese the most like a vegetable? Why, when a cue cumbers his head, of course. A PAPER out West has for its motto:— Good will to all men who pay promptly. Devoted to news and making money. A MAN in Portland wanted to gain admission to a panorama at half price the ground that he had but one eye!

A MAN in Council Bluff is both a liquor saloon keeper and an undertaker. One business hels the other, WHEN a married man becomes 'corn-

George Baggs, a large, heavy, muscular man, lived with James Noble, father of John. He too was a butcher. He was HARSH words are hallstones, which, if elted, would fertilize the tender plantshey batter down. WE are told there is nothing made in vain. But how about a pretty girl? Isn't she maiden vain?

WHY is a man never knocked down gainst his will? Because it is impossible o fall unless inclined.

man, lived with James Nobes, lather of.
John. He too was a butcher. He was
somewhat deranged, caused by a stroke
on the head, fond of whiskey and of tobacco, a slave to the latter. Twist tobacco, then principally used, was yery cheap
and was sold by the yard. Every simil
shopkeeper had a yard's length measured
off on the counter to measure tape and
tobacco. George usually had a foot of
twist hanging from his mouth and was
very filthy; his breast and clothing always besmeared with the saliva. At
periods of his worst hallucinations, he
walked the middle of the streets, never
on the pavements, singing his favorite
song—'gliddy, glaw, glaw, glaw,' sometimes a monotone, at other times with
great'emphasis, his 'glaw, GLAW, GLAW!'
At such times, we boys were afraid of
him, for he became vicious. Every one,
whom he did not know, he called' Bill'. I
do not remember when or where he died.
The next was Isaac Hildebrand, a tall,
erect, vicious looking man and also de-IT is said that hunters, after shooting a duck, may, by jumping into the river af-ter it, get two ducks!

So !—A Chicago widow who has buried wo husbands, insists that the law of the and entitles her to a third. ALL efforts to make hay by gas light have failed; but it is discovered that wild outs can be sown under its cheerful rays. A PAPER called The Tobacco Plant has recently been started in Liverpool. It must be a good paper for 'puffs.'

You have a very striking countenance, as the donkey said to the elephant, when he hit him over the back with his trunk. THE man who got wise by eating sage cheese, has a brother who proposes to be-some skillful in the fashionable dances

TRUE.—Dr. Walkingpest is a Cincinnati physician. He might have his name. changed to running sore, or falling sickness, if he considered it an improvement. An old Greenland fisherman said he could readily believe that crockediles hed tears; for he had often seen whales

A voice comes from the Washington erritory, saying, 'Send us wives!' And thousand unhappy Benedicts respond,

alowly and erect, was indifferent, inoffensive and very reticent. She would seldom speak to any one and answer no questions and always wore a melancholy countenance. Jenny always wore her favorite colored duess, white, and as inventions for giving dress a set, exceeding the proportions of the wearer, were then wholly unknown, hers hung loosely, without ony appendages or other outside cavering; generally bare-headed or wore an old straw hat. She died many years afterwards at Comberland co. Poorhouse. The last was Betsy George, also deranged. She was a short, fleshy woman and rather too social and good-natured for most people. Wherever she was acquainted she visited often, an imposition on those who let her come in and remain. Loquacity was largely develop-'MR. SMITH, is your customer D—— a man to be trusted?' 'I know of no one more so. He is to be trusted forever—he Some ingenious biped has a machine to make a man rise eafly in the morning. A young Benedict says a six months old haby can beat it to death.

A*WELL KNOWN and lively lady nov-elist of rank is said to be about to publish a fresh book, with the amusing but most decidedly novel title, 'Naughty, Naugh-ty, but So Nice.'

AT a spiritual circle the other evening a gentleman requested the medium to ask what amusement was the most popular in the spiritual world. The reply was, 'Reading our own obituary notices.' 'My brethren,' said a country of we cannot sufficiently marvel at the wiso forethought of Divine Providence in placing death at the end of life, in order to give us time to prepare for it.'

A LITTLE boy three years old, who has a brother of three months, gave as a reason for the latter's good conduct: 'Baby doesn't cry tears because he doesn't drink any water, and he can't cry milk.'

A PRECOCIOUS boy, in a public school out West, who stands high in geography, was recently asked by his teacher where Africa was located. He promptly anawered, 'All over the United States.'

Two fashionable young ladies of Harti-ford, Conn., have been laid up for repairs from wearing high-heeled shoes, and the doctor thinks he has got a job that will last him a year.

A FELLOW, who fell in love with a very beautiful girl last winter, was cured by visiting her lately and inding her factorevered with freekles as big as chocolate drops. Such love is only skin deep. Upon receiving the \$3,000 life insurance upon a school teacher recently deceased upon a school teacher recently deceased in Massachusetts, his legal heirs at once handed over the amount to a young lady to whom he was engaged to be married.

'BILL JONES,' said a bullying urchin to another lad, 'next time I catch you alone I'll flog you like anything. 'Well,'said Bill, 'I ain't often much alone; I com-monly have my legs and flets with me.' THE 'eternal fitness of things' is again-illustrated by the purpose of affixing Mr. Grant's 'phiz' to the custom house stamp on cigars. It is only meet that Ulysses

should go down to posterity in smoke! Young lady (to Mr. Septimus Softing-ton,)—'Oh, Mr. Saptimus! It was too bad of you not to accept our invitation to din-ner on Sunday. We only had a piece of roast beef, but if you had come we should

have had a goose! A GENEVA lady, whose husband had to go to the lodge every night, because he was on an important committee, followed him to a masquerade ball the other night, and led him home by the ear. This item is going to open the eyes of lots of mar-ried women,

QUITE a large number of the cadets who have just graduated at West Point have already entered into the bonds of matrimony. Their excuse is that they are so used to discipline and order that they can not get along without it.

Ar a charitable meeting recently held n St. Louis, a lugubrious committeeman ead a report on the condition of destitute widows. 'Are you sure, brother,' asked the chairman of the meeting, 'that you have embraced all the widows?' The brother rather thought he had.

How TRUE!—Persons who are always cheerful and good-humored are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live about them. Therefore always cultivate a cheerful temper, and you will be gay and happy: MR. CONSTANT, of Michigan, 'soaked'

THE Detroit papers have discovered a new and effectual method of driving the poor organ grinders away from their inland town. Every day or two they have a sonall paragraph like this: "The organ grinders in Memphis make about \$10 a day, and the gentlemen from Italy flock to that devoted city.

A citizen of Harrichurg, being unex-pectedly called upon to address a Sunday school, rose to his feet in some confusion,

MR. COSTANT, of michigan, soaked, his bed clothing with kerosene, got in, covered himself up, and then set fire to it. This was his Constant habit till he died very shortly after he lit the first match. How true it is that 'all the fools are not dead yet?'

startied an admiring American by telling him that "you are rushing down to hell with a fearful velocity; the seum of the world has got possession of your country, and notbing can save you from the devil's clutches." Not a very cheerful idea, but and after several desperate but vain at-tempts to say something appropriate, he hearsely murmuaed, 'Dear children, nev-

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1871.

and carrying away a good part of her rigging.

The Captain and sailers, numbering about ten men, were endeavoring to get a small boat, which lay keel upward on her deck, free from the entangled rigging and launch it. It was only after working with a will that we were enabled to get it over the side, and jumping in as best we could, we pulled away from the brig toward the steamer, but we dare not approach too near for fear of being drawn in, but shouted for them to jump, and we would try and pick them up.

with the new light we seemed to have new hope. Finding that the brig, which had crifted some way off, was still floating, we steered for her, and, clamoring up, threw ourselves upon the deck worn out and exhausted. I think, had our vessel then sank, that not a man could have saved himself, so utterly were we sed up. But help was near at hand. We had

light, while deck-watches of the two vessels sent across the water the joyful cry of 'All's Well!' I was quite used up and unfit for duty after the second day, for my feet were swollen and purple, and my left wrist sprained from my jump, but it was not until cramps set in that I gave up taking my turn at the pumps, for there was many a poor fellow worse

The moment we arrived the news spread like fire, and soon a crowd of many hun-dreds were about us asking questions and pr ssing upon our acceptance food and money, and in fact, like many others of our species, we needed both, for a more sorry looking crowd it would be hard to find. Our wardrobe was made up of the odds and ends belonging to the Captains of the two vessels, and was anything but comfortable, but we little thought of that for life had been spared us, while so many had met a watery grave. Of my journey to Rome, and the reception I received there, I will not speak—suffice it to say that a more kind-hearted people than the Italians, or ones more really to han the Italians, or ones more ready to nelp those in actual distress, do not live. I made a statement of the affair before an American Copsul at Leghorn, and have lince learned that the Captain of the Ab-

Fearful Predictions by an Entranced Lady-Wrestling with the Spirits,

that was why we were all glad when she met with the following contretemps:

She was going home from an ovening lecture rather late at night for a single lady to be upon the street alone, when it occurred to her that it would be a good opportunity for her to available here. opportunity for her to examine the new

street, and which had puzzled her a good deal.

She had often asked of what it was made, but had received no satisfactory answer; and had determined, when an opportunity did present itself, to examine the curious figure.

The opportune moment had arrived. Sister Brown looked in every direction, and feeling certain she wasnot observed.

Sister Brown gave him a punch, and pinched his arm; then she gave another pinch, all of which the policeman bore in silence. Then she attempted to take his hand to feel for the cigars, when, to her horror, he returned the pressure with right good will. The astonishment of the maiden lady can be imagined but not described, when a grayn vice order out. escribed, when a grum voice cried out:
"Sister Brown, what do you want of

person in a manner that turned the poo woman to great ridicule.
Sister Brown says when she looks at shop windows now that if there is anything in the world she hates, it's Injurs and the perlice! The next was Isaac Hildebraud, a tall, erect, vicious looking man and also deranged. He often came to Carlislo with a large drove of dogs, tied in pairs, of all kinds, sizes and colors. It was amusing to witness Isaac leading his dogs, along the streets, and especially, when the town dogs attacked his; then, with his long pole he carried, with a horn on the end, for their protection, would heat off intruders successfully. Strange dogs were afraid of him, for he was dressed oddly and he used his pole without any compassion. Hildebrand made a business of stealing, trading and selling dogs, but would buy none. When he passed along the streets with his herd of canines, the owners of all decent dogs, would shut them up.

Next, was Jenny White, a victim of plighted affection. She was tall, walked slowly and erect, was indifferent, inoffensive and very reticent. She would sealed to the part of the policy and the part of the proposed and the proposed and the policy was all, walked slowly and erect, was indifferent, inoffensive and very reticent. She would sealed the part of the proposed to any one and engage to the part of the proposed to t

TIP TOP, a "local" in St. Louis, has een getting married, and his brother local of the Democrat gives him the following "good notice;"
"Some people get married and some don't. Some prefer maids and some prefer widows—that is a matter of taste.—
Each horn of the dilemma has its advantage.

this one grave, that in 1800 nearly one-half the gravestone had been chopped off by visitors and carried away. The stu-dents took up a subscription and caused the erection of a wire cage about the stone, which was thus preserved in its broken

EXPERIMENT WITH LIGHT.-Choose a com where the sun shines in through he window, and then block out all the ight by means of a shutter or otherwis night by means of a shutter or otherwise, taking care that all cracks are stopped. Then cut a hole about six inches square in the shutter, and stop the hole with two or three thicknesses of rich deep blue or bluish purple glass. A broad beam of or bluish purple glass. A broad beam of deep blue or purple light from the sun will thus stream down into the otherwise dark room. Then hold in the deep blue light a bottle or other article made of uranium glass. Ornamental bottles made of this glass, which is sometimes called "canary" glass, because of its light yellow color, are commonly on sale in the chemist's shops. They are made to hold smelling salts, and may cost sixpopes to three shillings each. The blue light should be illings each. The blue light should be

GETTING A CHECK.—There is a check-man at the Little Miami Railroad Depot who won't admit but that they can check aggage to any point desired. The other ay a traveler came to the check-man and aid he wanted his trunk checked to Rome

Sorry for it, sir, but our checks for

'CHARLEY! what is osculation?' I put my arm, thus, round your walst, You need not fear— There's no one here-