The American Volunteer.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1871. VOL. 58.—NO. 10.

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.

Rates for Advertising.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at Ten Cents per line for the first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Quarterly half-yearly, and yearly advertisements inserted at a liberal 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 charged accordingly.

JOB PRINTING.

CARDS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, and every other description of Job and CARD Printing.

Professional Cards.

UNITED STATES CLAIM AND REAL ESTATE AGENCY. WM. B. BUTLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Franklin House, South Hanover Street, Carlisle, Cumberland county, Penna. 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, 1870—tf

F. E. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CARLISLE, PA. Office on South Hanover Street, opposite Peale's dry goods store. Dec. 1, 1865.

HUMRICH & PARKER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on Main Street, in Marion Hall, Carlisle, Pa. Dec. 2 1868—

GEO. S. EMIG, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office with S. Hepburn, Jr. East Main Street, CARLISLE, PA. Feb. 2, 71—1y

W. KENNEDY, ATTORNEY AT LAW Carlisle, Penna. Office same as that of the "American Volunteer." Dec. 1, 1870.

DR. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DENTIST.—From the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. Office at the residence of his mother East Louther Street, three doors below Bedford Carlisle, Penna. Dec. 1 1865.

Hats and Caps

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

The subscriber has just opened at No. 15 North Hanover Street, a few doors North of the Carlisle Deposit Bank, one of the largest and best Stocks of HATS AND CAPS ever offered in Carlisle. Silk Hats, Cassimere of all styles and qualities, Stiff Brims, different colors, and every description of Soft Hats now made. The Dunkard and Old Fashioned Brush, constantly on hand and made to order, all warrant ed to give satisfaction.

A full assortment of GENTS, 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, Sewing Silk, Thread, Umbrellas, &c PRIME SEGARS AND TOBACCO ALWAYS ON HAND.

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

JOHN A. KELLER, Agent, No. 15 North Hanover Street. Oct. 1870.

HATS AND CAPS!

DO YOU WANT A NICE HAT OR CAP? IF SO, DON'T FAIL TO CALL ON I. 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 here 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 Woollen 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. Oct. 1870.

Plumbers, &c.

JAMES CAMPBELL. | W. F. HENWOOD.

CAMPBELL & HENWOOD, PLUMBERS, GAS AND STEAM FITTERS, No. 18 North Hanover St., CARLISLE, PA.

BATH TUBS, WATER CLOSETS, WASH BASINS, HYDRANTS, LIFT AND FORCE PUMPS, CISTERN AND DEEP WELL PUMPS, GAS FIXTURES, GAS SHADES AND GLOBES &c., &c.

Lead, Iron and Terra Cotta Pipe, CHIMNEY TOPS and FLUES, All kinds of BRASS WORK or Steam and Water constantly on hand.

WORK IN TOWN OR COUNTRY promptly attended to. Immediate attention given to orders for material or work from a distance. Having special advantages we are prepared to sell Sep. 1, 70—1y

NOTIONS WHOLESALE AT CITY PRICES, constantly on hand such as GLOVES, SUSPENDERS, NECK TIES and HOWS, SHIRT FRONTS, Cambric and Linen Handkerchiefs, Linen and Paper Collars and Cuffs, Trimmings Braids, Spool Cotton, Walletts Combs, Stationary, Wrapping Paper and Paper Bags, Drugs, Soaps and Perfumery, Shoe Black, Stove Polish, Indigo, Segars, &c., &c. COYLE BROTHERS, No. 24 South Hanover street, March 30, 1871—3m. Carlisle, Pa.

J. L. STERNER & BRO., LIVERY AND SALE STABLE, BETWEEN HANOVER AND BEDFORD STS IN THE REAR OF BENTZ HOUSE, CARLISLE, PA.

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

47th Dividend, Carlisle Deposit Bank, CARLISLE, PA., May 2, 1871.

The Board of Directors have this day declared a Dividend of five per cent. for the past six months, on the Capital Stock, free from State and National Taxes, payable on demand. J. P. BASSLER, Cashier. May 4, 1871—3m

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the undersigned, are hereby notified to call and settle the same before October 1, 1871, or the same will be given into the hands of a collector for collection. ISAAC LIVINGSTON. Aug. 3, 1871—tf

FOR SALE OR RENT.—A good two-story Brick House, No. 63 East North street. Apply to HENRY SNYDER, or GEO. WETZEL, Carlisle, Pa. April 27, 1871—tf

Medical.

ONE MILLION OF LIVES SAVED

It is one of the remarkable facts of this remarkable age, not merely that so many persons are the victims of dyspepsia or indigestion, but its willing victims. Now, we would not be understood to say that any one regards dyspepsia with favor, or feels disposed to rank it among the luxuries of life. Far from it. Those who have experienced its torments would scout such an idea. All dread it, and would gladly dispense with its unpleasant familiarities. Mark Tapley who was jolly under all the trying circumstances in which he was placed, never had an attack of dyspepsia, or his jollity would have speedily forsaken him. Men and women sometimes suffer its tortures uncomplainingly, but whoever heard of a person who enjoyed them?

Of all the multifarious diseases to which the human system is liable, there is perhaps no one so generally prevalent as dyspepsia. There are diseases more acute and painful, and which more frequently prove fatal, but none, the effects of which are so depressing to the mind and so positively distressing to the body. If there is a wretched being in the world it is

A CONFIRMED DYSPEPTIC.

But it is not our intention to discant on the horrors of Dyspepsia. To describe them truthfully is simply an impossibility, but it is possibly to point out a remedy. We have said that dyspepsia is perhaps the most universal of human diseases. This is emphatically the case in the United States. Whether this general prevalence is due to the character of the food, the method of its preparation, or the hasty manner in which it is usually swallowed, is not our province to explain. The great fact with which we are called to deal is this:

DYSPEPSIA PREVAILS almost universally.

Nearly every other person you meet is a victim, an apparently willing one, for were this not the case, why so many sufferers, when a certain, speedy and safe remedy is within the easy reach of all who desire to avail themselves of it? But the majority will not. Blinded by prejudice, or deterred by some other unexplained influence, they refuse to accept the relief proffered them. They turn a deaf ear to the testimony of the thousands whose sufferings have been alleviated, and with strange infatuation, appear to cling with desperate determination to their ruthless tormentor. But says a dyspeptic: What is this remedy? to which we reply: This great alleviator of human suffering is almost as widely known as the English language. It has allayed the agonies of thousands, and is to-day carrying comfort and encouragement to thousands of others. This acknowledged panacea is none other than

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

Would you know more of the merits of this wonderful medicine than can be learned from the experience of others? Try it yourself, and when it has failed to fulfil the assurance of its efficacy given by the proprietor, then abandon faith in it.

LET IT BE REMEMBERED, first of all, that Hoofland's German Bitters is a pure medicine, not a rum beverage.

They are not alcoholic in any sense of the term. They are composed wholly of the pure juices of certain principle of roots. This is not a mere assertion. The extracts from which they are compounded are prepared by one of the ablest German chemists. Unlike any other Bitters in the market, they are wholly free from spirituous ingredients. The objections which hold with so much force against preparations of this class, namely—that a desire for intoxicating drinks is stimulated by their use, are not valid in the case of the German Bitters. So far from encouraging or inculating a taste or desire for inebriating beverages, it may be confidently asserted that their tendency is in a diametrically opposite direction. Their efforts can be

BENEFICIAL ONLY in all cases of the biliary system. Hoofland's German Bitters stand without an equal, acting promptly and vigorously upon the Liver, they remove its torpidity and cause healthful secretion of bile—thereby supplying the stomach with the most indispensable elements of sound digestion in proper proportions. They give tone to the stomach—stimulating its functions, and enabling it to perform its duties as nature designed it should do. They impart vigor and strength to the entire system, causing the patient to feel like another being—in fact, giving him a new lease of life.

THEY PURIFY THE BLOOD, cleansing the vital fluid of all hurtful impurities and supplying them with the elements of genuine healthfulness. In a word, there is scarcely a disease in which they cannot be safely and beneficially employed; but in the most generally prevalent distressing and dreaded disease, Dyspepsia,

THEY STAND UNRIVALED.

Now, there are certain classes of persons to whom extreme bitters are not only unpalatable, but who find it impossible to take them without positive discomfort. For such

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC has been specially prepared. It is intended for use where a slight alcoholic stimulant is required in connection with the well-known Tonic properties of the pure German Bitters. This Tonic contains all the ingredients of the Bitters, but so flavored as to remove the extreme bitterness. This preparation is not only palatable, but combines, in modified form, all the virtues of the German Bitters. The solid extracts of some of Nature's choicest restoratives are held in solution by a spirituous agent of the purest quality. In cases of languor or excessive debility, where the system appears to have become exhausted of its energies,

HOOFLAND'S TONIC acts with almost marvelous effect. It not only stimulates the flagging and wasting energies, but invigorates and permanently strengthens its action upon the Liver and Stomach thoroughly perhaps less prompt than the Bitters, when the same quantity is taken is none the less certain. Indigestion, Biliousness, Physical or Nervous Prostration, yield readily to its potent influence. It gives the invalid a new and stronger hold upon life, removes depression of spirits, and inspires cheerfulness. It supplants the pain of disease with the ease and comfort of perfect health. It gives strength to weakness, throws despondency to the winds, and starts the restored invalid upon a new and gladsome career. But Dr. Hoofland's benefactions to the human race are not confined to his celebrated

GERMAN BITTERS, or his invaluable Tonic. He has prepared another medicine, which is rapidly winning its way to popular favor because of its intrinsic merits. This is

HOOFLAND'S PODOPHYLLIN PILLS, a perfect substitute for mercury, without any of mercury's evil qualities. These wonderful Pills, which are intended to act upon the Liver, are mainly composed of Podophyllin, or the VITAL PRINCIPLE OF THE MANDRAKE ROOT.

Now we desire the reader to distinctly understand that this extract of the Mandrake is many times more powerful than the Mandrake itself. It is the medicinal virtues of this health-giving plant in a perfectly pure and highly concentrated form. Hence it is that two of the Podophyllin Pills constitute a full dose, while anywhere six to eight or a handful of other preparations of the Mandrake are required. The Phodophyllin

ACTS DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER, stimulating its functions and causing it to make its healthy secretions in regular and proper quantities. The injurious results which invariably follow the use of mercury is entirely avoided by their use. But it is not upon the Liver only that their powers are exerted. The extract of Mandrake contained in them is skillfully combined with four other extracts, one of which acts upon the stomach, one upon the upper bowels, one upon the lower bowels, and one prevents any griping effect, thus producing a pill that introduces the digestive and alimentary system, in an equal and harmonious manner, and its action entirely free from nausea, vomiting or griping pains common to all other purgatives. Possessing these much desirable qualities, the Podophyllin becomes invaluable as a

FAMILY MEDICINE. No household should be without them. They are perfectly safe, require but two for an ordinary dose, are prompt and efficient in action, and when used in connection with Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, or Tonic, may be regarded as certain specifics in all cases of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, or any of the disorders to which the system is ordinarily subjec. The

PODOPHYLLIN PILLS, act upon the stomach and bowels, carrying off improper obstructions, while the Bitters or Tonic purify the blood, strengthen and invigorate the frame, give tone and appetite to the stomach, and thus build up the invalid anew.

Dr. Hoofland, having provided internal remedies for diseases, has given the world one mainly for external application, in the wonderful preparation known as

DR. HOOFLAND'S GREEK OIL. This Oil is a sovereign remedy for pains and aches of all kinds. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Chilblains, Sprains, Burns, Pain in the Back and Loins, Ringworms, &c., all yield to its external application. The number of cures effected by it is astonishing and they are increasing every day. Taken internally, it is a cure for Heart-burns, Kidney Diseases, Sick Headaches, Colic, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Pains in the Stomach, Colds, Asthma, &c. The Greek Oil is composed entirely of healing gums and essential oils. The principal engredient is an oily substance, procured in the Southern part of Greece. Its effects are destroyer of pain are truly magical. Thousands have been benefitted by its use, and a trial by those who are skeptical will thoroughly convince them of its inestimable value. These remedies will be sent by express to any locality, upon application to the Principal Office, at the German Medicine Store, No. 631 Arch St., Philadelphia.

—These remedies are for sale by druggists, storekeepers, and medicine dealers everywhere.

Chas. M. Evans, Proprietor.

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

Poetical.

THE THREE LITTLE CHAIRS.

They sat by the bright wood fire,
The gray haired dame and the aged sire,
Dreaming of days gone by;
The tear drops fell on each wrinkled cheek.
They both had thoughts they could not speak,
And each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes descried
Three little chairs placed side by side
Against the sitting room wall;
Old fashioned enough as there they stood,
Their seats of flag and their frames of wood,
With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,
And with trembling voice he gently said:
"Mother, these empty chairs;
They bring us such sad, sad thoughts to-night,
We'll put them forever out of sight,
In the small, dark room up stairs."

But she answered: "Father, no, not yet.
For I look at them and I forget
That the children are away;
The boys come back, and our Mary, too,
With her apron on, of checkered blue,
And sit there every day.

"Johnny still whittles a ship's tall masts,
And Willie his leaden bullets casts,
While Mary her patchwork sews;
At evening the three childish prayers
Go up to God from these little chairs,
So softly that no one knows.

"Johnny comes back from the billow deep,
Willie wakes from the battle field sleep,
To say good night to me;
Mary's a wife and mother no more,
But a tired child whose playtime is o'er,
And comes to rest at my knee.

"So let them stand there, though empty now,
And every time when alone we bow
At the Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to meet the children above,
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,
Where no child goeth away."

Miscellaneous.

LOTTERY TICKET 3060.

We were a party of six, a West African governor and his wife, a commissary general and his wife, a chief justice, and your humble servant. A fever-stricken lot were we, and had just escaped with our lives from an epidemic, to recruit health and strength in the salubrious climate of Teneriffe, that beautiful island province of Old Spain.

We had money to spend; as why should we not, coming from the Gold and Ivory Coast? and only required health to enjoy it. We had great animal spirits, too, notwithstanding a manifest attenuation of our material persons, and were thoroughly determined, not a day should pass without its excitement, some excursion, or picnic, or supper party, or something.

We waited on the governor general, and were received with a flourish of trumpets, rather inconsistent with his excellency's occupation, as we came upon him, coat off, lopping the dead leaves of his favorate tree camellia. Then his excellency and suite returned our call, when we happened to be out; which was better luck, I must say, than a repetition of the painful interview that had taken place in the saloon of the Government House, where broken English, and worse attempts at Spanish, had almost confounded and angered us into something desperate.

Still, this was insufficient excitement for emancipated coast rovers. We required a fresh stimulant, something novel and startling and extravagant.

'I have it!' said the governor one morning, to our great relief, as we sat at breakfast, silent and moody around the *table-d'hote* of the only English hotel in Santa Cruz, 'just the very thing! What can be more wildly intensely delightful than —gambling?'

The ladies shuddered and looked dismayed.

'I don't mean that we should drop into the casino next door, and stake our sovereigns on the monte table; but why should we not go in for the lottery?'

'What lottery?' we all asked in a breath.

'Why, the Madrid great prize lottery; see here is all about it.'

And then he read aloud an English translation of a circular, setting forth the advantages and inducements of a ticket in the great lottery of the year; highest prize £20,000 sterling, and 150 other prizes, ranging downwards so low as £10, but nothing short of that amount, the ticket itself costing the moderate sum of £7.

'Now, there are six of us,' he went on; 'and if I can induce Mr. Robinson, our landlord, to take the seventh share, it will only come to a pound, each, not much to lose but so much to gain. What say you all?'

Of course we agreed; and our chief sallied forth to confer with our host and to purchase the ticket.

'It's all right, I have it, very well, I went in time, for it was the very last left; how lucky we are!' exclaimed the governor on his return, a few hours later; and he flourished the lottery ticket before our eyes.

'I hope it will stick to us,' remarked the judge, doubtingly.

'It is sure to be a prize,' prophesied our sanguine Irish friend, the commissary general.

'At all events, 'never venture, never have,' I added, hopefully; but the ladies remained silent.

'And now,' continued the governor, since we cannot possibly learn the result for some weeks, suppose we pass the time elsewhere than in this hot city. We have seen all that is to be seen; and, for my part, I am sick of the cathedral, and crowded piazza, and the mole, and Nelson's wound.* We want rest and refreshing breezes in the highlands; let us betake ourselves to the mountain brow, to Oratava, the Villa of the Peak.'

The proposition was hailed with the delight of people who had nothing better to suggest; but a difficulty presented itself at the outset, in the fact that none of us except the chief justice, understood a word of the language; and in a Spanish hotel we should be all adrift.

However, in our distress and perplexity, a *deus ex machina* presented itself in the person of an English speaking Spanish gentleman, who came to call upon us; and, on the case being stated to him, he informed us that he was himself desirous of visiting Oratava, and would gladly do so in our company.

Accordingly next day saw us wending our way across the island, in an omnibus drawn by a triangular arrangement, of first a mule, as leader, then two mules, and then two horses in the shafts. The day was bright, warm and exhilarating, the pace rapid, and the scenery exquisite and sublime; more especially when we reached an elevated plateau that commanded a full view of the far famed Peak, and the iron-bound coast line far as the eye could reach washed by mightiest breakers. But I have no intention of being descriptive, abler pens than mine have failed in the attempt, to word-paint this garden of the Hesperides; I am only lingering *en route* in a tantalizing mood, to pile up your agony as regards 'No. 3060.'

Our days passed pleasantly at Oratava. There were gardens to visit, ferns to collect, and an antediluvian tree to gaze wonderfully at in its grand decay. We took long rides, too, in the neighborhood; and actually handled the lava that in days of yore, had swept down the sides of the great mountain. We descended into the sultry lowlands, and we climbed the snow capped Peak, thus diversifying our temperature within the hour.

"For there may be snow on the mountain top,
While there's heat in the valley below."

Time passed unnoticed by all except by two of us, myself and our worthy friend and interpreter, the Spaniard. Properly speaking, this gentleman was not a Spaniard, although he wished to be considered one, nor even was he a native of Teneriffe. He was a settler from Gibraltar, and, as all the initiated know, such individuals are yclept 'Rock Scorpions;' as a Rock Scorpion therefore, I shall spent of him henceforth.

With him I concocted an abominable scheme. It was the day that the news of the lottery might arrive from Madrid, *and why should we not anticipate it?*

It was a vile, unfeeling, disgraceful undertaking, as you should see; but once the devil took possession of us (and in no other way can I account for it), we entered heart and soul into carrying out the details of the plot, as completely as our means would permit of.

Imprimis, we required official paper, and in the ill-supplied shops of Oratava, none was to be had; no paper was, in fact, procurable, except 'gold edged post,' quite unfit for our purpose. However, we made the best of it. I snipped the edges with a pair of scissors, and, when folded lengthwise, the document assumed a formidable shape. But even this fictitious resemblance to 'an official' was denied us, as the largest envelope in the stationary establishment was not so large as some I had myself, and they were small enough. On the subject matter and style of composition we were, therefore, compelled to rely, and in this respect we are not mistaken.

I was aware that it had been arranged by the governor, with Mr. Robinson, of the English hotel in Santa Cruz, that the steamer arrive at any unusual hour so as to prevent him sending the news by the ordinaty post, and should our ticket, No. 3060, be the winner of a prize, a special messenger should be despatched with the happy intelligence.

Accordingly, the Rock Scorpion and I invested in a small boy mounted on a mule, and we instructed the imp in what manner he was to act.

These preparations, made to our entire satisfaction, we joined our party, and sat down composedly to the *de la podrida* set before us.

'Good gracious!' this is actually the 1st of April!' exclaimed the governor, as he helped the dish, 'the day the steamer from Lisbon is due; I wonder shall we hear anything? I don't think Robinson will disappoint us if we have had any luck.'

'You are too sanguine, dear; do be less hopeful, and we may win something,' said his wife.

'For my part I have never given the thing a second thought,' boasted the chief justice; 'the chances are a thousand to one against us; besides, I put little faith in these government managed lotteries. Indeed, I disapprove of such gambling sources of revenue for any respectable country.'

'Thank you for your opinion of us,' returned the Rock Scorpion, sarcastically; 'but still, I don't suppose you would object to win a prize from us, would you?'

'I shouldn't, at any rate, put in the commissary general.'

'Nor I, dear,' whispered his better half; 'for I should know what to do with such a godsend.'

'O, don't desecrate the name; remember this is a gambling transaction,' cried the governor's wife, who caught the expression. I really believe I should tremble to touch money won so easily. I agree with the judge, it cannot be right or proper, it's ne canny.'

'Halloa! what's the row below?' I cried, on recognizing the clatter of a mule's hoofs entering the paved *patio* of the establishment. An unintelligible shout now resounded in the quadrangular courtyard, and involuntarily we all started to our feet, then, impelled by irresistible curiosity, I rushed to the balcony overlooking the yard, and craned our necks to catch sight of the indubitible 'special messenger.' But almost immediately; dignity and decorum returned to us, and we resumed our seats silently at the table.

I noticed that we all closed our lips very closely (I did so, I suppose, from sympathy, and that a pallid hue seemed to pervade our faces.

It certainly seemed an age until our lugubrious waiter slowly entered the room, and handed a broadly sealed letter to the governor.

'El Gobernador de——y los estrangerous Ingleses,' he read aloud; 'yes, there is no mistaking the Pillars of Hercules,' his Excellency went on, glancing at the dollar impressed seal; and then in the corner he is a memo. from Robinson—'Please pay the messenger a dollar and a half.' Certainly, certainly; here, Juan' money for the messenger, fed him, too, and he placed a handful of silver in the waiter's hand. 'And now I think I have earned the right to open this official from the lottery office at Santa Cruz; but I am sorry to say that I cannot read it; however, it is certain that we have won a prize, and, great or small, it is entirely my doing. I shall, therefore, claim you all as my guests for another month, and we shall spend it in Maderia. Do you consent?'

'O yes, yes!' we all cried; but do open the letter.'

He broke the seal rudely, abstracted the documents within, and flung the envelope under the table. Our excitement became intense.

'Well, what is it?' asked one of the ladies, impatiently.

'I cannot make it out, the figures are many, but the amount is stated in *fuertes*, dollars; do read the letter, judge.' And his excellency handed the missive across to the imperturbable chief justice, who translated it slowly with all his circumlocution, pausing for a moment as he came to the figures. It was merely a stiff and formal announcement from the secretary, to inform his excellency and the other English strangers sojourning in the island, that their ticket in the Madrid lottery, 3060, was the successful holder of a prize which, reduced to England currency, amounted to the round sum of £9,000 sterling.

Stunned we were at first and utterly confounded; then, as the Irish commissary general found his voice and uttered a whoop of joy, we all joined in a jubilant shout, and madness ruled the hour.

Of course I was bound to be especially extravagant.

'Well, say what one will, the love of pelf is only human nature after all,' remarked the chief justice sententiously. 'I must congratulate you, my dear friends, on our exceeding great good fortune.' And the judge gravely stretched forth his hand to grasp us all in turn. 'It isn't every day that you and I, (addressing me) come in for £1,285, 14s 3½d.; that is our share and Mr. Robinson's you know,' (for he had made a rapid mental calculation, while some of us were going through the slow process of pencil and paper. Of course you married folks are entitled to double shares.'

'What?' exclaimed Mrs. ——, to her husband, the commissary general,' can it indeed be possible that we are actually in possession of—of, let me see of—O, delightful! £2571 8s. 4d.? Now, John, you must promise me one thing at once,' and she drew her head down lovingly, so as to impart her proposition whisperingly, 'you must put one thousand in the Bank of England, for Tommy, and let the interest accumulate until he comes of age. Won't you promise, dear?'

The words reached me, and for the first time, strange as it may appear, the villainy of the trick I was playing, struck me as with its open palmon, the cheek, and I felt the very roots of my hair grow red. Tommy was their little boy, eight years, old, at school in England.

But the ball had been set a rolling down hill now, and for the life of me I could not stop it. I could not find the words to tell them it was all a cruel, wretched, merciless imposture. I became for the once a speechless hypocrite, and kept up the farce with a nervous eagerness, that must have been quickly detected had they been in their sober senses.

All I could do was to jump about and clap my hands like a driveling idiot, but in their present state of delirum, any passionate excess was unheeded.

It was soon felt by all, that the dinner table was no place to discuss private intentions, and as of course, no one could eat, we separated into natural groups.—The governor and his wife entered the big sitting room, and seated themselves in close conference on a sofa in a remote corner. The commissary general and his spouse retired to their rooms, to talk of little Tommy and that bargain about the the housand pounds, while the chief justice, who had at length caught the prevailing enthusiasm, seized me closely by the arm and muttered, gutturally:

'Come out and walk, I want air! Hang it, man!' he went on, as we gained the street; 'I despise wealth, and only regard money for the comfort it brings; but to give away a pound haphazzard, and to get back £1,285 14s. 3½d., all for nothing! come, step out!'

He was tall, and I was short, and his strides were long. I tell you I had to keep at a run by his side during that six mile walk, up hill and down dale.

He spoke not again until we reached the hotel; no doubt his thoughts were give up to the contemplation of our wonderful luck, and he was mentally reviewing the thing at the table.

Suddenly we encountered the waiter. 'I wish I had seen that messenger, where is he? Did you give him the money?' asked the judge, in Spanish.

'No, senor,' was Juan's reply; 'the *muchacho* had disappeared, he (Juan) had returned the *dinero* to his excellency, and the latter had allowed him to keep so much,' and the lugubrious creature displayed to our view five bright shillings.

'Very extraordinary!' murmured the judge, appealing to me, and his face fell in a fearfully portentous manner. I felt a cold shiver run down my back and a strange huskiness in my throat, but I was not obliged to say anything, so we hurried up stairs.

The messenger has gone back to Santa Cruz without his douceur,' said the governor, in a reassuring tone, advancing to us. 'Poor boy! he could not of course read Robinson's memo., and perhaps thought he was not to be paid until his return. It don't matter much, but let me tell you what does. I have just been relating to my wife a circumstance that happened to me in Spain, years ago.—This is not the first time, I should tell, that I have dabbled in lotteries, and on one occasion when my brother and I were staying at Madrid, we took a ticket in a small lottery. The ticket was only a couple of dollars, and the highest prize was one hundred pounds. We won it! This is perhaps why my ambitious thoughts made me imagine there was a chance of the twenty thousand pounds now. But we have done well, and I should not grumble. When we went into the office next day to be paid, what do you think they offered us? Coppers, sir, coppers! 'Gold and silver have we none,' they told us, 'take the coppers or leave them.' They were piled up in bags in a corner, ready counted for us, and what were we to do? Of course we took them; but gracious, what a job it was!—I had first to go to the alcalde to obtain from him a guard of soldiers, then we hired men and wheelbarrows, and in this way conveyed our hundred pounds of coppers to our hotel. Now think of it for a moment, if they played us the same trick here, nine thousand pounds of coppers! Gold, as you are aware, is at a high premium; so are bills of exchange; no chance of our being paid by either medium. My belief, then, is that they pay us in silver, and my idea is this: As the Secretary directs us to attend at the office to-morrow, to present our ticket and receive our money, I propose that you and I (addressing me) should quietly steal away after this that I arranged to return to Santa Cruz, with the idea of having the duel over at once, one way or the other, and I rode across the country all alone, arriving at nightfall at the hotel.

The English mail steamer had come into port, and, anxious for letters, I went at once to Mr. Robinson's office.

'You are still in time for dinner, if you you hurry, sir,' he said, 'a large number of passengers came ashore to dine here, and you may know some of them.'

I hastened to the table, but as I was advancing along the corridor to the door of the dining room, I was arrested by hearing my own name mingled with shouts of laughter from the company, and one voice clear above the others, as though causing the mirth by some witty recital.

It was the governor's, and he was in the act of narrating, with embellishment, and in his own quaint and irresistible manner, the lottery trick and its consequences.

I stood in the doorway.

'And there he is, the villain! cried his excellency, pointing at me with a theatrical flourish. 'There stands the horrid contriver of this detestable practical joke; gave us nine thousand pounds, gentlemen; and then 'robbed us of that which not enriches him, and makes us poor, indeed.'

I was received with cheers, long and loud; and, amid it all, the chief justice, who was present, held out the hand of good fellowship, and 'there was peace once more in the land.

CHEAP BUT HONEST.—Many years ago when Judge Robert M. Charlton, of Savannah, Georgia, was quite a young man, he, in company with his father, the Hon. U. P. Charlton, spent every summer in the delightful little village of Clarksville, northeast Georgia. One day Robert was passing along the street in Clarksville, and it happened to be the election day, (members of Congress were then elected by what was called the general ticket system, and not by districts, as they now are) when he was met by a verdant but honest voter of the mountains, who accosted him thus:

'Mr. Charlton, are you the man that is running for Congress?'

'No, sir, I am no candidate—my father is, however. But may I ask you why this inquiry?'

'Nothing, only I haven't voted yit.'

'If it is consistent with your feelings, I would like if you would vote for my father.'

'I would just as soon vote for him as anybody.'

Mr. C. thanked him, and thinking, perhaps, his friend was seeking a treat, invited him into a neighboring tavern.

'What will you take?'

'I never drink anything, but I see they have some ginger cakes. I would as lief take one of them with you as not.'

'Very well. Give us a cake.'

'My brother is in town with me.'

'All right. Take him a cake with my respects.'

Another cake was purchased and paid for, and the two friends parted, 'Greeny' to find his brother, and Mr. Charlton to join in the merry dance with his young friends in a parlor hard by. 'The golden hours on angels' wings' passed rapidly away with Mr. Charlton. His friend was soon forgotten. Late in the evening, when there was a pause in the dance, our verdant friend, very much to the surprise of every one, stalked into the parlor and inquired for Mr. Charlton. Of course all eyes were directed to our friend as he approached Mr. Charlton. Drawing from his bosom a four by six inch cake, he said: 'Mr. Charlton, here's your cake. My brother had voted afore I seed him.'

THE LUXURY OF LAZINESS.—Some few years ago a "Lazy Man's Society" was organized in London, England, and one of the articles required that no member should ever be in a hurry. If he violated this article he was to stand treat to the other members. Now it happened on a time that a member, a doctor, was seen driving post haste through the streets to visit a patient. The members of the society saw him and chuckled over the idea of a treat, and on his return reminded him of his fast riding and violation of the rules. 'Not at all,' said the doctor, determined not to be undone; 'the truth is, my horse was determined to go, and I was too lazy to stop him.' They did not catch the doctor that time.

MIDSUMMER.

It is midsummer, the sweet midsummer—
Poor Daffodil blossom! what's that to thee?
Thou hast no part in its golden glow—
Thy time of blooming was long ago;
Thou hast no share in its silver dew—
It will not wake thee to life anew,
What sadder fate can the Autumn bring
Than Summer does to a flower of Spring?

It is midsummer, my life's midsummer—
My sorrowing Heart! what's that to thee?
Its joys are things that I can not share—
'Tis not for me that it's days are fair;
For Love for me was an April flower,
Whose beauty went with the passing hour.
What sadder fate can the Autumn bring
Than Summer does to a flower of Spring?

DUKE AND SENTINEL.

The late Duke of Brunswick used to relate the following anecdote with great glee:

On a certain occasion, one of the heaviest of German soldiers had the duty of mounting guard at one of the ducal hunting seats; and, not to perplex the poor fellow with more ideas than he could conveniently carry, and a single 'notion' was with some difficulty, rammed into his noddle—viz, that he *must present arms* to the Duke, should his Highness pass that way. He was left to his cogitations, which, we need hardly say were of that class described by the renowned author of "Knickerbocker's History of New York" as appertaining to the pilot of the Good Vrow, who, we were informed, sat at the helm, thinking of nothing either *past, present, or to come.* Tired at last of this transcendental monotony, our sentinel had recourse to the universal German solace—his sausage and schnapps. While thus agreeably employed, he saw an unpretending-looking person approach the place where he was seated, dressed in the common German hunting-dress—a sort of queer smock-frock, leather breeches, and continuations.

'Good appetite to you!' said the newcomer. 'What is that you're eating?'

'Guess!' gruffly answered the peasant soldier.

'Oh! perhaps rothwurst,' said the Duke, for it was no less a personage.

'No; something better than that.'

'Then I suppose that it is lebberwurst?'

'No; something better than that.'

'Probably then it is metterwurst?'

'Yes.'

(The three terms, rothwurst, lebberwurst, and metterwurst, are the positive, comparative, and superlative degrees of the German sausage.)

'And now that you know all about my sausage, pray who are you?'

'Guess,' said the Duke.

'Oh! perhaps you're one of the Duke's pages?'

'No; something better than that.'

'Then you're probably one of the Duke's aids-de-camp?'

'No; something better than that.'

'Perhaps you're the Duke himself?'

'Yes.'

'Der teufel! Hold that sausage, for my orders are to present arms to you!'

A SHORT COURTSHIP.—A Cincinnati paper relates an incident which develops a new feature in railroad traveling, and shows that courting can be done at thirty miles an hour. It occurred on the Little Miami railroad. A lady, somewhat past that period of life, which the world would term young, was on her way to that city. At a point on the road a traveler took the train. A gentleman got up and down between the seats, the gentleman found no unoccupied seat, except the one-half of that upon which the lady had placed her precious self and crinoline. As the train flew along at express speed, the strangers entered into a cozy conversation. The gentleman pleaded and the lady certainly did not pout. After other subjects had been discussed and worn threadbare, the lady made inquiry as to the price of sewing machines, and where such an article could be purchased in the city. The gentleman ventured the opinion that a husband "better secure a husband first." By the time the train arrived at the depot in Cincinnati, the proposal had been made and accepted. The party separated; the gentleman, in good earnest, started for a license, and the lady made her way to a boarding-house on Broadway, above Third, for a dinner. At two o'clock the gentleman returned with a license and a justice, to the great astonishment of the fair one, and, a few tears and half-remonstrative expressions, she submitted with becoming modesty, and the squire performed the little ceremony in a twinkling. The happy couple departed for Louisville, *en route* for New Orleans and California.

COURT GOSSIP.—The marriage of the young Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne was not, according to English gossip, by any means the love match it has popularly been supposed to be, and the wedded pair are now far from happy together. The story is, that the Princess inherits her mother's quick and imperious temper, and the two women had such frequent quarrels that the peace of the royal domestic circle was quite destroyed. The marriage of the Princess and her residence elsewhere being then the only resource in the emergency, a number of young noblemen were selected and invited to Windsor Castle, and the Princess required to chose a husband from among them. She obeyed, and her choice fell on the young Marquis, but there was no more love between them than usually attends such business-like arrangements. The result has been, that the Princess's temper is as bad as ever, only it is now exercised on a new object. The exclusion of the Marquis from the royal circle, and the consequent separation of him from his wife on state occasions, is said to be owing to these conjugal differences, and not to any law of etiquette. It is even reported that not long ago the Queen was sent for, and went down to Claremont, the residence of the young couple, to prevent a complete rupture. All this accords so well with what is known of the relations between Victoria and Albert that it is probably true.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.—R. D. Munson is a persistent Yankee, and a native of Williston, Vermont, who has devoted ten of his fourscore years to the achievement of making a clock that is much more complicatedly ingenious than the famed Strasburg time piece, and vastly more serviceable. It runs eight days, and the dial marks the second, minute, hour and day of the week, month and year; a thermometer rests against its pendulum, giving the state of temperature; the ball of the pend