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BY
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The American Volunteer

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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Table of advertising rates with columns for different advertising spots and their durations.

Practical

THERE'S DANGER IN THE TOWN.

There's John, hitch, Dobbin to talk to; come near my maid and all down;
Your mother wants to talk to you before you drive to town;
My hair is gray; I soon shall be at rest within the grave;
Not long will weather pilot you o'er life's tempestuous waves.
I've watched o'er you from infancy till now you are a man;
And I have always loved you as a mother could;
At midnight and at evening I have prayed the God of love
To bless and guide my darling boy to the home above.
A mother's eye is searching, John, old age can't see it;
When watching o'er an only child to see if he does right;
And very lately I have seen what has crossed my face;
And made my pillow hard at night, and moisture on my cheek.
I've seen a light within your eye, upon your cheek a glow,
That told me you are on the road that leads to blame and woe;
Oh, John, don't run away your head, and on my counsel frown;
Stay home upon the dear old farm; there's danger when the poet says—long years have proved it true.
That " Satan snags some mischief for idle hands to do;"
If you live on in idleness, with those who love the bowl,
You'll dig yourself a drunkard's grave, and wreck your endless soul.
Your father, John, is growing old; his days are nearly through;
Oh! he would rather have you home to save the farm for you;
But it will go to ruin soon, and poverty will frown,
If you keep hitching Dobbin up to drive into the town.
Your prospects for the future are very bright,
So don't leave your year start in life when you are twenty-one;
Your star, that shines so brightly now, is dark; soon will death's angel appear and say, " your time is done."
If you forget your mother's word and tarry at the wine.
Turn back, my boy, now, in your youth; stay by the dear old farm;
The Lord of Hosts will save, with His powerful right arm.
Not long will weather pilot you o'er life's tempestuous waves.
Then light her pathway with your love down to the silent grave.

WINTER PEARS.

A young cultivator wishes to know what varieties of winter pears will give a supply from the present time or about the first of winter, for two or three months—such sorts as have been successfully tried to be established character. He has a good supply of autumn pears, but has overlooked those for winter. In answer to this inquiry, we may state that we are now enjoying the Anjou, which is unquestionably the best of this season, the Winter Nells and the Lawrence. These will probably furnish a good supply till about the first of the year—sometimes the Lawrence lasts nearly into February. Very much depends on the manner in which these fruits are kept, and the fitness of the apartments for storing them. Keep the specimens in as cool a place as possible after they are gathered, and before they are placed in the cellar. A cool out-house, or a suitable apartment in a carriage house, fronting the north, answers a good purpose. A fruit room, built above ground on purpose, is best where there are large quantities to be stored; or in the absence of this building an apartment may be divided off by double boarding in some other building and covering the boxes in which the fruit is packed with chaff or fine straw. This protection will often be sufficient until the time has far advanced into December; and there will be no danger till intensely cold weather sets in, and it will be some days before the frost can pass the barrier of double partition and the thick stratum of chaff. After they go to the cellar, keep the apartment well ventilated and regulated to a low temperature above freezing by a thermometer.

We have mentioned the Anjou as the best variety of winter pear, if kept in a warm apartment, it will ripen in autumn, even as early as the first of October; but by keeping cool according to the mode just mentioned, they may be had even as late as the first of the year. There will be some variation in the different seasons. We have known the Winter Nells to ripen fully in November, when the autumn had been warm, but the period was retarded some weeks by keeping the pears in a cool place.
After the Anjou, Winter Nells and Lawrence, the Josephine de Malines is the best, ripening in January, and keeping until February. Doyenne d'Alencron ripens about the same time, but is not quite so good in quality. It is however, a hardy tree and good bearer, and is on the whole a desirable pear. The Easter Burre, when it matures well, will keep into April, and ripen into a delicious fruit, but on the whole it is rather an uncertain sort—Josephine de Malines is poor in some places, but is mostly delicious and excellent. It grows well on quince. We should not omit the name of the Vicar of Winkfield as an early or mid-winter pear of value. It is a free grower and a prodigious bearer—the fruit large and fair. It is occasionally when well grown may be divided into good quality for the table being pleasant and agreeable, although not rich; but its chief value is for baking and stewing. The principal reason why the fruit is so often poor is that it is allowed to overbear.—Country Gentleman.

POLISH FOR PATENT LEATHER.—The following is given by the London Chemist and Druggist:
Whites of two eggs,
Two largefuls of spirits of wine
Two largefuls of sugar,
Finely powdered Ivory-black,
When mixed are sufficient to produce the necessary blackness and consistence. To be laid on with a soft sponge lightly, and afterwards gently rubbed with a soft cloth.

TATTILING.

Where we might live and be forgot,
Where we might be marked with red or blue,
That when we were there we might know
That were no friend but were a foe.

A MISTAKE ALL AROUND.

BY A. F. HILL.
"A lie," said Mr. Warden to his charming daughter, as the family sat at breakfast, " I wish you to understand that you are misapprehending the attentions of a young man. I do not like." Mrs. Warden blushed copiously. " He is not the kind of person to whom I could think of sending you married, and from this moment I wish you to discountenance him, in fact, reject. Do you hear?" " Yes," she answered, timidly, while she blushed more deeply; but—" But I want no but, nor is nor any thing of the kind. It is completely unbecoming in you, and I forbid you having anything to do with him! There's an end of it." But after a pause, as if to upset his own theory about that being an " end of it," he added: " He is a worthless fellow—a scapegrace!" Alice looked up indignantly, as if to speak. " Alice!" said her mother reproachfully. Poor Alice did not finish her breakfast, but stole away from the presence of her too exacting parent and went not only to her father's evinced his indignation at her lover, but had resolved him. That was too hard. " What can he have against Robert?" she sobbed. When Alice had left the dining room, Mrs. Warden asked her husband whom he alluded to. " Jack Carpenter," he replied, indignantly, " who is he?" " He is a boy of some talents, and I only yesterday learned that he saw her home from the party last week." " It must be looked after," he rejoined. Alice Warden had a lover—an industrious energetic young man, than whom none in the neighborhood gave brighter promise. The two were very much devoted to each other. His name was Robert Ogden—no, not Jack Carpenter. There was a misunderstanding. Young Carpenter had happened to be in Miss Warden's several times of late, and she had treated him pleasantly because they were old schoolmates. He had conducted her home from the party, but not with a slight accident, and was obliged to be helped home himself. Jack Carpenter, though of good family, and himself a good-hearted fellow, was a little inclined to rakishness, and was not a desirable match for a young girl, when it came down to the matter of marriage. Mrs. Warden realized this, and, coming to the knowledge of his friendship toward Alice, jumped to the conclusion that he was her accepted lover. So it was Jack Carpenter she meant when she warned her against " that fellow," but she naturally thought it was Robert Ogden. " It's too bad!" she said to herself, a hundred times that day. It was very cruel! There isn't a stain on his character; and yet—oh, I'll not stand it! Her resolution was formed. She determined to resist parental authority. Her first course was to go to her father and ask him to reconsider—not to decide hastily—to hear her—

SOME THINGS ALL SHOULD KNOW.

A knowledge of simple remedies to be used in cases of sudden illness or accident is very valuable. It is well for every one to understand what are the readiest antidotes to various kinds of poisons, what applications will soothe or burn, how a severe cut should be bound up, how cramps should be treated until the physician arrives, and other things of a similar nature. Without some such knowledge one is indeed helpless and useless in the emergencies which are constantly arising in the family. There are many remedies for scalds and burns; one which we have lately seen is a very good one. It is an embrocation of lime-water and linseed-oil. These simple agents combined form a thick, cream-like substance, which effectually excludes the air from the injured parts and allays the inflammation almost instantly. This remedy leaves no mark on the skin, and it is a very softening the parts and allaying the pain; it is the readiest and most expeditious manner. The mixture may be procured in the drug stores; but if not so accessible, stack a lump of quick-lime in water, and as soon as the water is clear mix it with the oil and shake well. If the case is urgent, use a boiling water over the lime, and it will become clear in five minutes. The preparation may be kept ready bottled in the house, and it will be as good when six months old as when first made.

A SHOCKING DEED.

Particulars of the Murder of Two Small Children by their Father, in Ohio.
[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]
COLUMBIANA, Dec. 31.—One of the most inhuman and brutal murders ever perpetrated in this portion of the State was committed yesterday morning at 7 o'clock, about three miles southeast of this place. Eeben G. Porter, the perpetrator of this horrible deed, and his family, consisting of wife and two little daughters, aged three and one years, resided in the same house with his father-in-law, who was a respectable farmer. Mrs. Porter and her three brothers, Jacob, John and Solomon, and her sister Lydia, were in the house, and all except Mrs. Porter, were engaged in cracking walnuts. Eeben Porter after going up stairs and putting on three shirts, came down with a hatchet, and after closing the door, he struck the child three blows with the edge of the sharp hatchet, cutting a terrible gash at each stroke on the top of the head, either of which would have produced almost instant death. He then opened the door leading into the room in which the other members of the family were seated, and seized his youngest child, dragged it into the room and struck it two blows on the top of the head, burying the hatchet deep into the brain at each stroke. He then walked into an adjoining room and threw the hatchet all covered with blood and brains, into a wood-box, put on his hat and started out of the house, passing, as he did so, his wife, who, on hearing the shriek uttered a pitiful cry as she struck it the first blow, had come down stairs to see what was wrong. On seeing her husband throw down the hatchet, she asked him what he had done. His answer was that he had done what he ought to have done before, and he could not help it. She hurried to the room where the deed had been committed and seeing her children lying in their own blood, ran out into the yard and gave the alarm to the neighbors, several of whom lived near, and were on hand in a few minutes. Porter, after leaving the house, made his way at a rapid rate direct to this place, and thence to Leetonia, where he hid himself in the residence of his neighbors. Despatches were sent in every direction, and a large number of persons started in pursuit of him. Immediately on the receipt of the despatch at Leetonia, it was placed in Marshall Rollin's hands, who, in about twenty minutes, had a horse and carriage, and started on the railroad track, and started across the country, admitting that he had committed the deed, and asked the officer to protect him from those who were in pursuit of him. The Marshall brought the prisoner to this place on the 9.55 P. M. train, and he was immediately committed for a hearing, when he pleaded not guilty to the charge of wilful murder. After hearing the testimony in the case, the justice committed him, for trial at the next term of the Court of Common Pleas, and sent him, under a strong escort, to New Lisbon.

THE HISTORY OF A WIFE.

And have you never discovered what becomes of the poor girl?" she finally asked. " Never. I know neither the name of the village where it was married, nor do I recollect the station where I stopped. At the time, my culpably frivolous parent seemed to me a matter of so little moment that as soon as there was no longer any pursuit for me, I went to sleep in the sleigh, and did not awake till I arrived at another station. The servant whom I had with me was killed in battle; all my efforts to find out the position which drove us proved unavailing, and so every clue seems indeed lost by which I might again find the scene of that, for which I have now to suffer so heavily." " If an year's wife," said Maria, " toward him, and took both his hands. The lieutenant gazed thunder-struck into her eyes; a dim foreboding awe in his breast, a fall suddenly dropped from his eyes. " Marie! God of Heaven, how can I have been so blind! Marie! was it indeed you?" " I love you, who sank fainting into his arms." A SHOCKING DEED. Particulars of the Murder of Two Small Children by their Father, in Ohio.

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A GRAND OLD POEM.

We shall judge a man from manner,
Whom shall know him by his dress;
Fingers fit for smoking leas;
Crumpled shirt and dirty necktie;
May belittle the golden ore
Of the deepest thought and feeling—
Satin vest could do no more.

MARRIED IN A SNOW-STORM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF
ALEXANDER PUSHKIN.
About the year 1811, memorable in Russian history, there lived upon his estate of Nematado, a rich landowner and proprietor, Gabrielovitch by name, noted for his affability and hospitality. His house was always open to his friends and neighbors, who used to congregate there every evening—the older ones to enjoy a game of cards with the host and his wife Petrowna, the younger ones to the hope of winning the favor of Marie, a beautiful girl of seventeen, the only daughter and heiress of Gabrielovitch. Marie read French novels, which naturally rendered her very sentimental and romantic. Under these circumstances, love was not long in coming. The object of her affection was a Russian cadet, and with scarcely a penny in his pocket, and was then at home on a leave of absence. As a matter of course, he returned in love with the beautiful girl. Marie's parents had strictly prohibited her from thinking of such a union and they treated the lover, when they met him, with just as much friendliness as they would have shown an ex-collector of taxes. The amorous pair maintained a correspondence, and met clandestinely beneath the shade of the pine grove, or behind the old chapel. As will readily be supposed, they here vowed eternal fidelity to each other, contemplated the severity of fate, and devised beautiful plans for the future. After some time they naturally came to think that, should their parents persist in opposing the union, it might in the end be consummated secretly and without their consent. The young gentleman was the first to propose this, and the young lady soon saw the expediency of it. The approach of winter soon put an end to these stolen interviews, but their letters increased in frequency and warmth. In each of them Vladimir Nikolovitch conjured his beloved to leave the paternal roof, and consent to a clandestine marriage. " We will remain for a short while," he wrote, " come back and cast ourselves at the feet of our parents, who, touched by such constancy, will exclaim, ' Come to our arms, dear children!'" Marie was less irresolute. At length it was agreed, however, that she should not appear at supper on a day appointed, but should not remain in her room under a pretext of indisposition. Her maid had been let into the secret. Both were to escape by a back door, in front of which they were to wait. The moment came to convey them five wrosts, to the chapel of Jadriuno, where Vladimir and the priest would await them. Having made her preparations, and written a long, affectionate letter to her parents, Marie retired betimes to her room. She had been complaining all day of headache, and her father, who only more pretext, for the nervous excitement had in truth indisposed her. Her father and mother nursed her tenderly, asking her again and again: " How do you feel now, Marie? Are you no better?" This loving salutation of the girl to the heart, and with the approach of evening her excitement increased. At supper she ate nothing, but rose betimes and bade her parents good night. The latter kissed and blessed her, as was their wont, while Marie could scarcely suppress her sobs. Having reached her room, she threw herself into a chair and wept aloud. Her maid finally succeeded in comforting and cheering her up. In the evening a snow storm arose. The wind howled about the house, causing the windows to rattle. The landowner had hardly gone to rest, when the young girl, wrapped herself in her clothes and furs, and followed by the servant with a portmanteau, left the paternal roof. A sleigh drawn by three horses, received them, and away they went at a furious speed. Vladimir had also been active throughout the day. In the morning he called upon the minister at Jadriuno to arrange for the ceremony, and then he first took up the required wrosts. The first acquaintance to whom he applied was an officer on half pay, who expressed himself quite ready to serve him. Such an adventure, he said, carried him back to the days of his youth. He determined Vladimir to remain with him, taking upon himself to procure the other two witnesses. There accordingly appeared at dinner surferoy Smith, with