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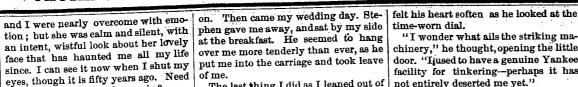
Biterary.

TWO LIVES IN ONE.

A Sister's Story of a Brother. More than fifty years ago my brother Stephen and I lived together, in a village about ten miles south of London, where he was in practice as a surgeon. Stephen was thirty-two, I eighteen .--We had no relations but a sister, five or six years older than myself, and wellmarried in London. Stephen was a solitary and studious man, living somewhat apart from his neighbors, and standing almost in a fatherly position towards me. Through the years we had lived together no one had thought of his marrying. Thus it was when the events I have to tell began. The house next to ours was taken by a Mr. Cameron, a feeble looking man, rather past middle age, with one daughter, Marian by name. How shall I describe her, the most beautiful creature I ever saw? She was perhaps twenty years old; I never knew precisely. A tall, slight form, fair complexion, dark chestnut eyes and hair, and an expression more like that of an angel than a human being.-Though I was much struck with her appearance, Stephen did not seem to notice it; and we might have remained unacquainted with them forever, but that he was required to help Mr. Cameron over an awkward stile opposite our house. Acquaintance once made, they soon grew familiar; for they had two feelings in common, a love of tobacco and Swedenborgianism. Many a summer evening did they pass, smoking the one and talking theother, Marian sometimes joining in, for she generally walked with them, while my chest, which was weak at that time, kept me at home. One day they quitted Stephen at the gate, and as he entered the door I said

to him: "How lovely Marian is! I am never tired of looking at her?"

"Look at her while you may," said he; "she has not three years to live." It was only too true. She had some dreadful complaint-aneurism, I think it was—which must carry her off in the flower of her days. Stephen told me that he had consulted the most eminent doctors without getting any hope; and the emotion, rare enough in him, that he displayed, told me that he loved Marian. I said no word to him about it, I knew better; but I saw with what dreadful doubts he was perplexed. Excitement might shorten Marian's lifesuch an excitement as a declaration of love from him might be of material injury; and even if it did not prove so, how could he condemn himself to the prolonged torture of seeing the life of a beloved wife ebb away, day by day ?-Besides, he did not think she cared for him. I, who had watched her ceaselessly, knew that she loved him with her whole heart. He struggled with himself fiercely; but he won the fight. He left home for six weeks, and returned, looking older and paler; but he ha learned to mention her name without his voice quivering, and to touch her hand without holding his breath hard. She was pining away under the influence of his changed manner, and l dared not help my two darlings to be happy. An unexpected aid soon came Mr. Cameron, who was in bad health when we first saw him, died suddenly Poor Marian's grief was terrible to see work, or sat opposite to her drawings Her father was dead; Stephen, as she thought, estranged; and there was no one else in the world who cared whether she lived or died, except myself. I brought her home with me, and wa with her hourly until Mr. Cameron's funeral. How we got through that time I hardly know. Then came the necessary inquiries into his affairs. He had died, not altogether poor, but in reduced circumstances, leaving Marian an annuity that would scarcely give her the luxuries her state of health required. And where was she to live and what to do? Stephen was the sole executor, the one advisor to whom she could look. He took two days and nights to consider, and then offered her his hand and home. At first she could not believe that his offer arose from anything but pity and compassion; but when he had told her the story of the last few months and called me to bear witness to it, a great light seemed to come into her eyes, and a wonderful glow of love, such as l had never seen, over her face. I left them to themselves that evening, till Stephen tapped at the door of my room, and told me all-nothing, in fact, but what I knew before. In their case there was little cause for delay. Trousseaux were not the important matters in my day that they are in my grandchildren's. and Marian was married to Stephen, in her black, within a month after her



The last thing I did as I leaned out of I say that I never saw her again? the carriage window was to tell him to I went to my sister's house, and began be sure to be my first visitor in my the fashionable life I used to wish for.-It was not all that I pictured it, though it own home. "No, Margaret," he said, with a sad was pleasant enough to occupy me in smile; "say good-bye to me now, my the daytime; but at night I longed sadwork is done.'

THE OLD CLOCK;

OR, Ralph Vanc's Wooing.

nd watching in vain.

meadows.

he loved me."

elf away from human ken.

lot, mother. Only look !"

ly for my darlings. Stephen wrote letters full of hope, and bade him, good-bye; and it was not until talked of returning after spending two my husband asked me what it meant, years in Italy. Marian, too, wrote fathat I remembered his strange look and vorably of herself, and my anxiety beaccent. I then felt half frightened gan to lessen. There was another reason for this at the same time-my late husabout him, but the novelty of my first band, the friend and partner of my visit abroad made me forget my fears. The rest is soon told. The first letter sister's husband, was at that time be-I received from England said that on ginning to pay his addresses to me; and the very morning after my marriage he the tender troubles of my own case made me careless of others. Summer came had been found dead and cold in his bed. He had died without pain, the round again ; 🦔 one day as I was half wishing for my country home again, a doctor said, with his right hand clasping his left arm above the wrist, and letter arrived from Stephen. Marian's holding firmly, even in death, a circlet complaint was at a crisis, and a great change would take place, one way or of Marian's hair. the other, in a few days. I was to go nome, put the place in order, and be eady to receive them. I did not know till afterwards that Marian had begged to be allowed to die at home, if the change was for the worse ; if it had been for the better, there would have been no

VOLUME 66.

eason for her staving abroad. Well, I went home, arranged every thing, and waited for them. Three weeks passed (the usual interval), and no letter ; a month, and I supposed they were travelling slowly to avoid fatigue. On the day five weeks after I had remer twilight.

ceived that last letter, I was sitting alone, rather late in the evening, when a quick step sounded in the road outside, and Stephen came to the gate opened it, entered the house, and sat down in silence. He was dressed as usual, and looked tired and travel-stained; but there was no sorrow in his face, and I felt sure that Marian must be safe I asked him where she was. He said she was not with him. "Have you left her in Italy ?" I ask

"She is dead," he answered, without shadow of emotion. "How? Where ?" I was beginning

o question him, but he stopped me. "Give mesomething to eat and drink," he said : " I have walked from London. and want to sleep." I brought him what he wanted. He

bade me good night; and as I saw he wished it. I left him and went to bed, full of grief, but even more of wonder that he, who truly loved his wife if ever man did, could speak of her, not a month after her death, without his voice faltering or his face changing in the " To-morrow will solve the quesleast. tion," I said to myself. as. weary with crying, I felt sleep coming over me .--But to-morrow did not solve the question. He told me as before, without emotion, what he wished me to know,

"I wonder what ails the striking machinery," he thought, opening the little door. "Ijused to have a genuine Yankee oat. facility for tinkering-perhaps it has not entirely deserted me yet."

LANCASTER, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 21, 1865.

com.

the sofa.

husband's.

can speak pleasantly."

Not one fretful speech, not one com

covers taken from the furniture, Lizzie

thinking, "He shan't find any parlors

more attractive than his own, I am de-

Tea time came, and William came

with it. A little figure, in a tasty

oright, silk dress, smooth curls, and oh!

such a lovely blush and smile, stood

ready to Welcome William as he came

in; and tea time passed as the morning

meal had done. After tea, there was no

movement, as usual, toward the hat

rack. William stood up beside the

table, lingering, chatting, till Lizzie

also rose. She led him to the light.

warm parlors, in their pretty glow of

tasteful arrangement, and drew him

down beside her on the sofa. He felt

as if he was courting over again, as he

watched her fingers busy with some

fancy needle-work, and listened to the

cheerful voice he had loved so dearly

'What are you making, Lizzie?"

"A pair of slippers. Don't you re

two years before.

egiance; then she said:

as you did then ?"

hear the music."

it sounds.

say that again."

termined."

discontented expression. Her dress

was a neat chintz wrapper, but she wore

He drew out the dusty weights-they were wedged in by some stiff paper; he examined it more closely. "The very letter I wrote to Rache

Bensley, three years ago-the letter I entrusted to her father's care, with the seal unbroken still." Scarcely understanding what he said, I A flood of light seemed to break in

upon his throbbing brain. "Jacob Bensley !" he ejaculated between his set teeth ; "may Heaven forgive you for this deed of treachery, for eems to me that I never can !"

"How late is it. Rachel ?" "Six o'clock, mother. Are you better, ow ?' "Yes, but my head aches still."

"I will come and bathe it for you nother, when I have finished this piece of work.'

"You are tired, dear-I am afraid you over work yourself. If I could only help you—but my sight fails with every O, my daughter! what is to beday. ome of you when I am gone ! '

"God only knows !" sighed Rachel The sunset was piling its temples of fire and amethyst over the dark hills her fair head drooping over that endless basket of work. "Mother, I dare not that seemed to touch the flaming West ancy what the future may bring forth.' -the whipporwill, moaning its plain-She rose to open the door, as a gentle tive cadence on the ruinous fence beap sounded on the panels-a tall officer yond the old mill, was answered by the in the uniform of a captain in the Fed ripple of the stream in the glen below, eral army stood before her astonished and the whole landscape was wrapped in the sweet, dreamlike repose of a sumeves.

'Rachel!" "Ralph Vane!"

Ralph Vane had stood waiting at the "Nay, I scarcely wonder that you look nossy stile for two long hours-waiting oldly at me, Rachel, but I have been "She is coming at last-at last!" he true to you all these years. Here is the letter I gave your father for you, three muttered between his set teeth, as a years ago this very summer. When slight rustling in the bushes struck his you gave me no answer either by look or word, I fancied you had been playing No-it was but a robin darting homewith my affections. Now I see how erronward to its nest, half terrified at being out so late; and once more the deep, eously I have judged you. Rachel, will peaceful quiet brooded above the silent you read the letter now? Will you give me the answer I waited for, so long and "It is too late," he said, as the village vainly, the night before I enlisted?" She broke the seal with trembling church spire chimed nine. "She will not come now, and I have the ineffable hands, and glanced over the contents of satisfaction of knowing that I am a the time-vellowed note.

fool ! She never loved me-she never "Oh ! Ralph !" she murmured, bursting into tears, "can you ever forgive me cared for me, else she would have come here to tell me good-bye. It may be for the hard thoughts I have cherished the last time she will ever look upon owards you ?" "Then you will be my wife, now my face. Much she cares, the pretty, deceiving little coquette-yet I fancied Rachel ?'

"I cannot tell you how gladly-how blind blockhead that I have been, that villingly !" "Will you give her to me, Mrs. Bens-He dashed a suspicious drop of mois-

ture from his eyelashes as he spoke, ey ?" said the tall soldier, kneeling on one knee beside the widow's chair. and plunged in the dense, fragrant woods, as if he would fain bring him-"May God deal with you, as you deal with my child, Ralph Vane!" uttered "Such magnificent wild strawberries Mrs. Bensley, solemnly.

as I have found down in the pasture Late into the glorious moonlight of the August night they sat and talked. And Rachel Bensley held up her Rachel learned that riches and honor apron full of scarlet berries blushing had been showered upon her betrothed nd from forth

The Way to Keep Him. "Ballads, Lizzie?" "Out again to-night?" said Mrs. "Oh ! yes, I know you dislike operation Hayes, fretfully, as the husband rose nusic in a parlor." One song after another, with a nocfrom the tea table and donned his great turne, or lively instrumental piece, oc-

"Yes, I have an engagement with casionally, between them, filled up Moore; I shall be in early; have a light another hour pleasantly. in the library. Good night;" and with The little mantle clock struck eleven a careless nod, William Hayes left the "Eleven! I thought it was about

nine.—I ought to apologize, Lizzle, as I "Always the way," murmured Lizused to do, for staving so long; and I can truly say, as I did then, that the time zie Hayes, sinking back upon a sofa. 'Out every night. I don't believe he has passed so pleasantly I can scarcely cares one bit about me, now, and yet believe it is so late.' we've been married only two years. No The piano was closed, Lizzie's work

man can have a more orderly house, put in the basket, and William was ready to go up stairs; but, glancing back, I am sure, and I never go anywhere, he saw his little wife near the fire-place am not a bit extravagant, and yet I don't believe he loves me any more. her hands clasped, her head bent and large tears falling from her eyes. He Oh ! dear, why is it ? I wasn't rich, he didn't marry me for my money, and he was beside her in an instant. "Lizzie, darling, are you ill? What is must have loved me then-why does the matter?"

he treat me with so much neglect?" and with her mind filled with such fret-"Oh! William, I have been such a ful queries, Lizzie Hayes fell asleep on bad wife! I heard you tell Mr. Moore last evening, how I had disappointed you: but I will try to make your home Let me paint her picture as she lay there. She was a blonde, with a small, pleasant, indeed I will, if you will forgraceful figure, and a very pretty face. give and love me.

The hair, which showed by its rich "Love you? Oh! Lizzie, you can' waves its natural tendency to curl, was mess how dearly I love you! orushed smoothly back, and gathered As the little wife lay down that night into a rich knot at the back ; " it was he thought, such a bother to curl it," she said ; her

"I have won him back again! Bet cheek was pale, and the whole face wore ter than that, I have learned the way to keep him !'

Physiological Economy.

neither collar nor sleeves; "What's the use of dressing up just for William?" From some statistics recently pub Lizzie slept soundly for two hours, and then awoke suddenly. She sat up, glanced at the clock, and sighed drearilished with reference to Massachusetts one gets some suggestive facts. Amon some figures in relation to births, w ly at the prospect of the long interval find that the number of children born of purely American parents is about 13,000, and those born of foreign parents still to be spent alone before bed time. The library was just over the room in something over 14,500. The figures als show that the number of births amon which she sat, and down the furnace flue, through the register, a pice came native Americans is steadily decreasin to the young wife's ears; it was her while that of the foreign population

as steadily increasing. There is a comforting assurance in the "Well, Moore, what's a man to do? I contemplation of these, facts that goes vas disappointed, and I must have far towards dissipating the fear, enter-tained by many, that Puritanism is about to inundate this continent. One pleasure somewhere. Who would have fancied that Lizzie Jarvis, so pretty, can notice in this decrease in the native sprightly and loving, could change to New England stock the working of one of nature's wisest provisions. We find the fretful dowdy she is now? Who of nature's wisest provisions. We find in examination the economy of annual reproduction that fecundity in a species is in the reverse proportion to its harmwants to stay at home to hear his wife whining all the evening about her troublesome servants, and her headis in the reverse proportion to its harm-fulness. Lions, tigers, elephants, hyenas, and other beasts of destructive natures, propagate with difficulty and only at long intervals. On the other hand, ache, and all sorts of bothers? She's got the knack of that drawling whine so pat, 'pon my life I don't believe she animals whose existence is of value to the world multiply with rapidity and to an extent that defies extinction. Lizzie sat as if stunned. Was this

true? She looked in the glass. If not Man is only a sort of superioranimal exactly dowdy, her costume was cerand there is no reason to doubt that tainly not suitable for an evening, with nature has embodied in the economy of only William to admire. She rose, and the human race the same provisions which are used to regulate the increase softly went to her room with bitter sorof inferior species. It may be that prerowful thoughts, and a firm resolution cisely the same means are not employed in the case of rapacious and destructive o win back her husband's heart, and then, his love regained, to keep it. aces of men that are used to hinder the

The next morning William came undue increase of the same types among the lower orders of animal life into the breakfast room, with his usual Thus, while the constitutional characcareless manner, but a bright smile eristics of the blood thirsty tiger or the came on his lips as he saw Lizzie. A destructive elephant prevent procrea-tion beyond a certain and limited expretty chintz with neat collar and sleeves of snow muslin, with a wealth

The Revealed Testimony.

sanford Conover vs. James W. Wallace---Affidavits of the Beal Wallace---Five Hundred Dollars Reward Offered Doffered arrest of Conover-- Winst Thompson Said About a Proposition to Desiroy Water Works in Northern Cities-In-teresting Depositions.

From the Montreal Evening Telegraph June 10.1 To the Editor of the Evening Telegraph: STE: Please publish my affidavit now handed you, and the advertisement subjoined. I will obtain and furnish there for available protection to the subjoined of the sub-

others for publication hereafter. I will add that if President Johnson will send me a safe conduct to go to Washington and return here. I will proceed thither and go before the militæry court and make *profert* of myself in order that they may see whether or not I am the Sanford Conover who swore as stated. JAMES W. WALLACE.

Montreal, June 8, 1865. PROVINCE OF CANADA, District of Montreal

James Watson Wallace, of the city and district of Montreal, counsellor at law, being duly sworn upon the Holy Evangelist, doth depose and say: I am the same James Watson Wallace who who gave evidence on the subject of the St. Albans raid, which evidence appears on page 212 of the printed report of the d case. I am a native of the county of Loudon, in the Commonwealth of Virginia. I arrived in Montreal in the month of October last past. I resided during a portion of last winter and spring in houses in Craig street and Montague street, in the city of Montreal. I have seen and examined the report of what is the suppressed evidence be-fore the court-martial now being holden at Washington City on Mistress Sur ratt. Paine and others: and I have lookratt, Paine and others; and I have look-ed carefully through the report of the evidence in the New York papers of a person calling himself Sanford Conover, who deposed to the facts that whilst in Montree her next by the new configuration Montreal he went by the name of James Watson Wallace, and gave evidence in the St. Albans raid investigation; that the said Sanford Conover evidently per onated me before the said court-mar tial; that I never gave any testimony whatsoever before the said court-martial at Washington city; that I never had knowledge of John Wilkes Booth except seeing him upon the stage, and did ot know he was in Montreal until I saw it published, after the murder of President Lincoln; that I never was a correspondent of the New York Tribune; that I never went under the name of Sanford Conover; that I never had any confidential communication with Mr. George N. Sanders, Beverly Tucker, Hon. Jacob Thompson, General Carroll, of Tennessee, Dr. M. A. Pallen, or any of the others therein mentioned. That my acquaintance with every one of these gentlemen was slight; and in fine I have no hesitation in stating that the evidence of the said Sanford Conover personating me is false, untrue, and un unded in fact, and is from beginning to end a tissue of falsehoods. I have made this deposition volun-

tarily, and in justice to my own char-acter and name. (Signed) J. WATSON WALLACE. Sworn to before me at Montreal this sworn to before me at Montreat this eighth day of June, 1865. G. SMITH, J. P. I, Alfred Perry, of Montreal, do here-by certify that I was present when the said James Watson Wallace gave the

ne signature. * * *

-James Watson Wallace.

testimony which

West, am now, an Kemptville, Canada, fi a resident of Montreal.

from

above deposition, and that he gave it of his own free will; and I further declare tent, the same result is reached different, but not less sure means, by in

person calling himself Sanford Conover pefore the military commission at Wash ington city for the trial of Harrold, At-zerott, Paine and others, respecting the killing of President Lincoln, which is published in the New York papers of the 5th of June instant; and, likewise what purports to be a full report of said testimony, contained in the same news-papers of the 6th and 7th of June inst. I have noticed that in the said testimony it is stated that said Sanford Con-

Jas.

Watson Wallace who has made an affi-davit denying that said testimony is true and deposing that some person hath personated him, and that said pretended testimony is false and forged. I am satisfied that the Wallace who made aid affidavit is thesame James Watson Wallace, who gave his evidence before the Hon. Judge Smith in the St. Albans raiders' trial as he states. He told me in February, March and April he gave his evidence in the raiders' case. My attention has been directed to various allegations contained in the testi-mony of Sanford Conover, respecting Hon. Jacob Thompson, Hon. Clement Hon. Jacob Thompson, Hon. Clement C. Clay, George N. Sanders, Esq., John Porterfield, Esq., Gen. Carroll, Doctor Montrose, A. Pallen, Commodore Ma-gruder, Doctor Blackburn, J. W. Booth, and others, and especially to that part re-lating to myself. I declare that so far as I know, and believe the entire states I know and believe the entire state-ment made by said persons, who hath so falsely assumed (as I believe) the frame of Conover, is an utterly untrue and malicious fabrication from the be-

ginning to the end, and that I have no doubt said person was bribed and su-borned to make it, or else made it under threats, compulsion and terror. So far as relates to what is said to have been sworn to by said person calling himself Conover, I have to say that ing directly or indirectly to implicate any of the persons named in said deposition, or any others, in burning any Northern cities or towns, orkidnapping or killing any body, or poisoning any reservoirs or water works, or spreading any infectious or contagious disease. I never heard of J. W. Booth till after Mr. Lincoln's death, and I do not believe any person in Canada was con-cerned in or had any knowledge that Booth intended anything of the kind have heard at different times several of the Southern gentlemen referred to and above named speak on different topics, but I never heard anything or saw anything to justify the slightest suspicion of any one of them being con-cerned in or of having any knowledge of the burning of cities or towns, or oisoning cisterns or reservoirs, or kid apping or killing anybody, or introlucing infectious or contagiou and I never told Conover nor Wallace. nor any one else, that I was to get some compensation for aiding, abetting, or as-

sisting in any such infamous deeds or anything of like character. At differ-ent times in February, March and the first part of April last, I heard Confederates, refugees in Canada—escaped pris-oners of war—allude to practicability of expeditions being made upon towns on A Yankee side of the lakes, and of the St. Lawrence river, and I agreed with them who thought such expeditions his own free will; and i intrife declate declate intent who and especially as to an dence before the Honorable Justice attack on Ogdensburg. I never heard Thompson

NUMBER 24. last. I went on my own private affairs, Miscellaneous.

square of ion lines; ion percent increase for fractions of a year. REAL EATATE, PERSONAL PROFERET, and GEN-ERAL: Appropriated, 7 cents a line for the first, and 4 cents for each subsequent inser-tion. ATENT MEDICINES and other adver's by tae column: One column, 1 year,... Haif column, 1 year, Third column, 1 year Quarter column, BUSINESS CARDS, of ten lines or less one year, Business Cards, five lines or less, one year, LEGAL AND OTHER NOTICESrators' notice Assignees' notices, Auditors' notices, Other "Notices,' ten lines, or less .50

among which was to ascertain the prac-ticability of running medicines into the

Southern States. I sympathized strong-ly with the Confederate cause. I have

read what purports to be a synopsis of testimony said to have been given by a

over passed in Montreal by the name of las. Watson Wallace. I know James

BATES OF ADVEBTISING.

EMENTS, \$12 a year ten per cent, increase

The next few months were a happy time for all of us. Marian's health improved greatly. The worried, frightened look she used to wear left her face as she recovered from the depression caused by her constant anxiety about her father, and the loss of rest she suffered in attending upon him at night. It seemed as if she was entirely recover ing; and Stephen, if he did not lose his fears, at least was not constantly occupied with them. How happy we used to look forward to the future, for Stephen was beginning to save money; and many were our day dreams about professional eminence for him, and fashionable life in London, partly for Marian, but mostly for me. I have tried fashionable life in London since, but I never found it so happy as our days in that dear old Surrey village.

father's funeral.

Well, our happy time did not las long. Marian caught a cough and cold as the winter came on, and was soon s ill as to be taken to London for advice. Stephen came back alone, with a weary deathly-looking face. Marian had bro ten a small blood-vessel on the journey -not anything serious in itself, but omnious enough. They were to go at once to a warmer climate-not a day to be lost. Sorrowfully I packed up the neces sary things, and went with Stephen to London the next day, to bid good-bye to Marian, who had been forbidden to return home. The same afternoon they were on board a trading vessel, bound to Leghorn. Luckily, Marian was a good sailor and well used to ships, for she had made more than one voyage to Madeira with her father. Much as I wished to go with them, and much as they wished it too, it was out of the question. Stephen had saved but little mo

ney, and could hardly see how he and Marian were to live, unless he could make practice somewhere among the English abroad, and his taking me also was not to be thought of. I was to live for the present with my married sister. It was very sore to part with Stephen with whom I had lived almost all my life; it was sorer still to part with Ma rian, who had been more than a sister

ough silver-green leaves and from that moment we shoke he She was a pretty, rosy girl, with more on that subject. In every respect but this he was my own Stephen of old chining black hair, and brown eyes that had the velvet softness of a gazelle's -as kind and thoughtful as ever, only -a rustic beauty, whose sunbonnet was altered by a rather absent and abstract ied as coquettishly under her chin as ed manner. I thought at first that he if it had been a French chip hat that was stunned by his loss, and would reahad cost forty dollars. lize it more painfully afterward; but "Put them down, daughter," said months passed on without a change.-Mrs. Bensley. "Widow Moore has He used Marian's chair, or things of her just been here, and what do you think

without seeming to notice them; indeed, she says ?'' "I don't know." it was as if she dropped out of his life "She says that Ralph Vane has enentirely, and left him as he was before isted and gone off to the wars. He left he knew her. The only difference was

he village last night." that he, a man of sedentary habits, took Rachel sat down, the rosy bloom dya great deal of exercise, and I knew that ng out of her cheeks and leaving a he kept laudanum in his bedroom. At this time my lover was pressing hastly pallor behind. "Mother," she wailed, me to marry him, and with much diffilieve that it is true ?"

culty I consented to tell Stephen about "I am afraid so, daughter. Do not t, though I had no intention of leaving ret-he isn't worth it, to leave you in him. To my surprise he seemed pleased. this sort of way-you that he was as I told him that I would never leav good as engaged to! Oh, Rachel, him alone, not for all the husbands in ouldn't have believed it !" world: but he would not hear me. Rachel laid aside her bonnet, and be-" I think it is your duty to marry him ran mechanically to pinch the green Margaret," he said " you love him and tems from her strawberries, but she have taught him to love you, and you said no more. From that moment she have no right to sacrifice him to me." never mentioned Ralph Vane's name: " My first duty is to you, Stephen. all the tears she shed were wept in se

will not leave you alone." "I see that I must explain to you," ret. "When you he said, after a pause. the porch pillar, drew a long breath of leave me I shall not be alone." "Who will be with you?" I asked relief. "She don't take it very hard after all, ondering.

" Marina' I started as if I had been shot, for rood husband for her." thought he must surely be mad; but he continued, quite calmly and as usual without emotion. "She died at mid-day. Till night did not know what I did. I felt stun when suddenly he stopped. ned and broken and dying myself; but a last, worn out as I was with watching and sitting up, I fell asleep; and by

God's mercy she came to me in my dreams, and told me to be comforted.-The next night she came again, and from that time to this has never failed -hallo ! there it is !" me. Then I felt it was my duty to live that if my life was valueless to myself it was not so to you. So I came home I dare say it is only a freak of my imagination. Perhaps I even produce an net. allusion by an effort of my will; but however that is, it has saved me from roing mad or killing myself. How does she come? Always as she was in that first summer that we spent here, or in our early time in Italy; always cheerful and beautiful, always alone, always dressed as she used to dress, talking as she used to talk-not an angel, but herself. Sometimes we go through a whole day of pleasure, sometimes she only omes and goes; but no night has ever

sayin' prétty fair." yet been without her; and indeed think that her visits are longer and dearer as I draw nearer to her side again I sometimes ask myself which of my wo lives is the real one. I ask myself murmured to himself. now, and cannot answer. I should think that the other was, if it were not that while I am in this I recollect the other, and while I am in the other I know nothing beyond. And this is why my sorrow is not like that of others in my position. I know that no night will bass without my seeing her; for my health is good enough and I never fai to sleep. Sleeplessness is the only earthly evil I dread, now you are pro No. – Barker street. vided for. Do not think me hard to you in not having told you this before. It is too sacred a thing to be spoken of without necessity. Now write to your the little clock under his arm. husband that is to be, and tell him

to come here." I did so, and the preparations for my

marriage began. Stephen was very of Rachel's mother being destitute and want. When I heard of Farmer kind; but his thoughts wandered fur Bensley's death I never fancied they ther and further every day. I spoke to a doctor, a friend of his, about him, but would be left in indigent circumstances it seemed that nothing really ailed him. How strange the wooden clock looked I longed, almost to pain, to ask him on the carved marble mantel of his elemore about Marian ; but he never gave gant parlor at the St. Ambrose Hotelhow singularly its solemn "tick, tick," me an opportunity. If I approached the subject he turned the talk in another

blended with the silver chime of bells direction, and my old habit of submis- and the rumble of omnibusses on the to me ever since I saw her. Stephen sion to him prevented me from going pavement below. Yet Captain Vane posed to have been the work of an incer

of soft full curls, had re liberal han since he had left the little New Engphosed her; while the blush her husland village and "gone soldiering," and band's admiring glance called up to her he in his turn listened to the sad story cheek did not detract from her beauty. of old Jacob Bensley's failure and death At first William thought there must be and his widow's poverty. a guest, but glancing around he found

And then he told them how the an they were alone. tique fingers of the little old-fashionod "Come, William, your coffee will be clock had guided him back to the heart stone cold," said Lizzie, in a cherry whose constant love was to be his wife's pleasant voice. "It must cool till you sweeten my sunshine henceforward and forever. And the most treasured ornament in breakfast with a kiss," said her hus-

Mrs. Captain Vane's exquisite boudoir is a wooden clock, time-stained, and rudely carved. Yet she would not exed the old lover's tone and manners. change it for the costliest time-piece of plaint fell upon William's ear through alabaster and gold, that ever sparkled through Tiffany's plate-glass windows. the meal. The newspaper, the usual

The Doctor and His Patient.

"do you b Of all the professions, trades and oc cupations that engage the minds of nen, that of a physician is the most diversified. In locating he has to find she said as he went out. out the constitution of those he is called on to visit, for it is frequently the cas that success may be owing more to a leep and thorough knowledge of the for I don't expect to dine. Good bye,' constitution of the patient than mere and the smiling look, warm kiss and common place application. As an illus lively whistle, were a marked contrast tration of this, we will relate an anecdote to his lounging, careless gait the previof one of our physicians, who "If he ous evening. finds physic will not cure, tries other

means as the means may require." And Farmer Bensley, leaning against Dr. D. had long been attending phy sician of a lady long past her teens, af fected with certain disorders incident to a want of occupation and careof a famihe muttered, "I'm glad it's well over ly. She sends for the doctor in season Ralph Vane never would have made a and out of season; he rushes out in . 2.40 pace, and finds his patient, physi Three years passed away, and Captain cally, perfectly well, but sad and lonely ane was walking up a crowded city and, of course, afflicted with the blues street, absorbed in his own meditations All he can do is to administer a "tinc ture." with a few drops of peppermint.

" Now what was it brought the wide and the patient is well for a day. old kitchen at Farmer Bensley's so sud-On the occasion, a cold, blustering denly to my mind just then ?" he night, the doctor had just turned in, thought. "I could take my oath I saw wrapping himself snuggly in his blanthe old clock, just as it used to stand kets, with the hope of a quiet sleep, above the chintz-covered settee. And when a loud rap aroused him. "Who is sick?" inquired the doctor There it was-ticking monotonously

murmuring. away in the window of a dingy little "Miss Sally Strickland, sir, she's econd-rate pawnbroker's establishment most dead; expect she'll die before you on the corner where two narrow street get there.'

"I'll be along," says the doctor, and Following the first impulse of the mo exclaiming to himself, "I'll try to cure ment, he opened the door and went in her this time." "What is the price of that old fash-The doctor plods along through mud ioned clock in the window ?" he asked. and mire, cold and rain, studying his "That clock?" said the Jewish-look application. When he arrived at the ing individual in attendance. "Well

dwelling of Miss Sally he found her, as you can have that clock cheap, bein isual, in a rather depressed state of there's somethin' ails the striking ap mind. paratus, and it was such a shackly old " Doctor," she said, feebly, "I expect thing we didn't care to have it over

to die every moment. I am very low. hauled. Two dollars for that clock is Can you do anything for me?" The doctor felt her pulse: nothing "I should think so," observed Capt the matter, merely wanted company. The doctor become communicative. "Miss Sally, I was having a terrible Vane. "as it probably cost no more than than that when new. However, I'll take it-for the sake of old times," he ream when your servant awoke me.

"I dreamed I was dead," continued "Yes, sir; I'll do it up directly." the doctor, "and descended into the

"By the way, where did youget it?" lower regions, where I met the Old he asked, with an affectation of care Scratch, who invited me to view his lessness which he by no means felt. dominions. The inmates were engaged "Well, sir, it was left here by a re in different occupations—some playing ards, others swindling their neighbors : spectable old female, about six weeks ago. I believe I've got her address if fine, all the pursuits they followed during life they continued there. When somewhere, for they've brought a good he got through he proclaimed to the many little items here one time and another. Oh, here it is-Rebecca Bensley, four quarters of his dominions that all hould go to bed, 'for,' said he, 'Sally

Strickland will be here directly and Ralph Vane laid down his two-dollar here'll be nosleep in hell for a month.' hill and walked out of the store, with The doctor's speedy departure was increased to flight by the sight of a broom-"Why did I ask any questions?" he stick flourishing actively in his rear nuttered. "What are they to me? And yet it gives me a keen pang to think

but the remedy was effectual. ----

- Donald McShorb, formerly in the rebe service, and captured while trying to escap to Scotland, has been pardoned by the President before the promulgation of the sentence of the court martial by which he has been tried.

- Thirty buildings-nearly all the busi ness portion of Brantford, C. W.-were de stroyed by fire yesterday. The property i estimated to be worth from \$100,000 to \$125, 000. Insured for \$50,500. The fire is sup The fire is sup the cases of destructive classes of man ind. If we take the case of the Ashantee raiders.

race in Africa, we find that in place of putting the limit to increase in the physical constitution of this as been placed in their own barbarity and in the hostility of man-kind. The Ashantee mother brays her children in a mortar and them with all the gusto that attends the swallowing by civilized people of a toothsome bonbon or a bouillon contoothsome bonbon or a bouillon con-structed by a first-class artist of the kitchen. By thus eating a majority of the children, and by a continuous sys-tem of internicine strife, Ashauteeism band, crossing the room to her side, and enuine. Lizzie's heart bounded, as she recogniz-

prevented from assuming proportions that would inflict injury upon the hucretary of War? A-Yes, sir. man race. In somewhat the same manner is be-

neficent nature providing for the re-pression, and possibly the extinction, of a subdivision of civilization which, solace at that hour, lay untouched, as Lizzie chatted gaily on every pleasant subject she could think of, warming by naving performed all the good of which it was capable, has latterly become ag-gressive, noxious, destructive. This manner differs from that adopted to his grateful interest and cordial manner. 'You will be at home to dinner? wards Ashanteeism; for, while "Can't to-day, Lizzie; I have businale of the latter race eats her offspring ess out of town, but I'll be home early to tea. Have something substantial

and thus prevents increase the same end is reached in the case of the other by the absence of births. What might District of Montreal William Hastings Kerr, of the be called positive processes are used to prevent the spread of Ashanteeism and district of Montreal, esquire, ad and district of Montreal, esquire, au-vocate, being duly sworn, doth despose and swear that he knows James Watson Wallace, late of Virginia, but now and for the last seven months resident of the city of Mon-treal, counsellor at law; that he, this that is, children are born, butare served up as a ragout for the maternal parent. In the case of the other, negative pro-cesses are made use of—that is, children "I am in the right path," said Lizzie are not born because there is a decrease in marriages, in powers of reproduction, and in a desire for a union of the sexes. in a low whisper. "O! what a fool I deponent, was one of the counsel en-gaged for the defense in the affair of the have been for two years !" "A fretful dowdy." "William, you shall never In place of putting "rats and mice" in her front hair, and cultivating her Investigation before the Hon. Judge Smith into the St. Albans raid; that he was present in court and examined the said James Watson Wallace whilst the back-hair, and her appearance and emo-Lizzie loved her husband with real tions with reference to securing a hus-band, the Massachuests miss puts on a pair of spectacles, and cultivates theology and philanthropy with reference to the amelioration of the condition of the odorous bondmen of the south. In place wifely devotion, and her lips would aid investigation was going on and resaid investigation was going on and re-port of whose testimony appears at page 212 of the printed case, published by John Lovell, of the said city of Montreal; that this deponent has frequiver as she thought of his confidence b his friend Moore; but like a brave little woman she stifled back the bitter feelings, and tripped off to perfect her quently seen the said James Watson Wallace on private business, and has of gravitating towards maternity, the Puritan daughters tend towards schoolplans. The grand piano, silent for acted as the said James Watson Walmonths, was opened, and the linen

teaching. Instead of anxiously anticipating the acted as the said James Walson Wal-lace's professional adviser in Montreal; that this deponent yesterday saw the said James Watson Wallace in the said city of Montreal; that he was present time when she shall love, care for, and educate her own children, the New England maiden looks forward to the time hen she shall be permitted to superwhilst the said James Watson Wallace denied that he, the said James Watson intend a few dozen young niggers some Wallace, was the person who, under the name of Sanford Conover, gave before the military commission or court martial now and for some time past assembled where in the sunny south. It is by a substitution of school marm instincts in place of those of maternity institutes in place of those of maternity that nature has provided for a repres-sion, and possibly the extinction, of Puritanism. In the estimation of the women of New England, a man is not regarded in the light of a husband and a possible father; but rather as a reform-tory event of an institution with an in Washington, evidence which has since been published as the suppressed evidence in the New York papers.— He, the said James Watson Wallace, then and there declaring that some person had personated him, the said atory sort of an institution, with an umbrella, and his hair behind his ears, Iames and his thoughts mainly intent upon given ginning to end, was a tissue of falsehoo some sort of a missionary enterprise to the barbarians outside of Boston and its dependencies. Men with broad shoulthat this deponent was present whilst the statements and denials of the said Jas. Watson Wallace were reduced to ders, deep chests, clear eyes, and who develop muscularity and perpendicu-larity, are unappreciated and usually writing in his presence, and signed by the said James Watson Wallace, and sworn to by him before G. Smith, Esq., at a discount in New England. The man with spectacles, and a "pallid brow," and an intellectual "stoop" in his nar-row shoulders, is the beau ideal of the one of her Majesty's justices of the peace; that the said James Watson Wal-lace then and there declared that he

Massachusetts woman, as in some dis-tant southern school room she reflects a made the said affidavit voluntarily, and in order to clear himself from any suspicion of being the Sanford Conover in question. And this deponent saith that little upon manly men and a good deal upon the future of the woolly flock that no force or violence was used toward the said James Watson Wallace, nor surround her. We warn the Puritans that they have by their aggressiveness excited the hos-tility of nature, and that nature is alwere any menaces or threats made use of toward him by any one, but he seem-ed to be anxious to make the said affi-

network of destruction. They must cease to be aggressive and destructive, davit, and to use all means in his power to discover the person who had so per-sonated him, the said James Watson Wallace, before the military commisor they will speedily cease to exist. Let the men quit reform as a profession, and cultivate muscle; and let the women sion; and further, this deponent saith not, and hath signed. WM. H. KERB. take more to maternity and their own children, and less to spectacles and the children of southern darkeys; or in less Sworn before me at Montreal, this ninth day of June, eighteen hundred and sixty-five. JAS. SMITH, J. S. C. be a soli

tary descendant of the original cargo o the Mayflower left upon this continent Five given for the arrest, so that I can bring to punishment in Canada, the infamous and perjured scoundrel who recently -Chicago Times.

for the coming commencement of this sion at Washington. JAMES W. WALLACE. institution :

Baccalaureate address by Prof. John . Stayman, A. M., June 26th, 8 o'clock, M. Oration before the Literary Societies

y Hon. John W. Forney, June 28th, l o'clock, A. M. Oration before the Alumni Associan by Rev. Henry B. Ridgaway, A. June 28th, 8 o'clock, P. M. Commencement June 29th, 10 o'clock

Alfred Perry. Montreal, June 9.

Mr. Thompson, Mr. Chay, Mr. Sanders, General Carroll, Dr. Pallen, Dr. Blackburn, or Commodore Magru-der say anything on such a subject. It was understood that Mr. Thompson and Extract from suppressed testimony given at Washington before the mili-Mr. Clay had something to do with the raids on Lake Erie and at St. Albans, ry commission by Sanford Conover, lias J. Watson Wallace, on the first as agents of the Confederacy; but it was notorious that the others above named, two days of the proceedings, as pub-lished in the New York papers: Q-State whether you did testify on and many other Southerners, howeve Q-State whether you did testify on the question of the genuineness of that were opposed to and discountenand all such raids. I heard several of them express such sentiments after I returned home. I do not conceal that I favored signature of Seddon? A-I did. Q-In what court? A-I testified before Judge ----- the signature ome of the raids talked about, and was willing to join them. I carried a letter to Mr. Thompson some time Q-State to the court whether you are whose name I decline to state, sug-gesting the destruction of some water acquainted and familiar with the hand writing of James A. Seddon, the rebe Q-State to the court upon your oath here whether the signature of the blank

gesting the destruction of some water works of a Northern city. After Mr. Thompson had read the letter, he asked me if I knew the contents of it, and when I said "Yes," he replied, "Is the man mad? is he a fool?" and he ta-booed the proposition. I further state that when I went South in September, in 1964 Dr. Blackburn was not in comcommission you saw was the genuine signature or not? A—It was his genu-Q-Did you go to Canada by the name of Sanford Conover? A-No, sir. in 1864, Dr. Blackburn was not in com-pany with me at any time on the voyy with me at any time on the voy-I never was in Bermuda. I never O-What name did you go there by PROVINCE OF CANADA,

heard the Doctor say anything about yellow fever, never was employed by him, or any one else, to introduce infeohim, or any one ease, to introduce inter-tious clothing, as Conover is made to state. That I was not in Canada in January, 1865, when Conover says I was the employed; and that the whole statement by Conover in reference to myself and yellow fever of Dr. ourn, is an infamous fabrication and alsehood.

I further state that in February, 1865 an acquaintance who claimed to be a Confederate, took me into room No. 4, St. Lawrence Hall, to introduce me to an elderly gentleman, who he stated was the counsel from the States for the St. Albans raiders, and, while there, al-lusion was made by my acquaintance to raids, and, I believe, to one talked of to raids, and, I believe, to one takked of on Ogdensburg, when the gentleman to whom I was introduced appeared to get out of temper and used harsh language to my acquaintance, swearing quite hard and saying he did not want to hear about such matters, and that if made known to him he would inform the Caadian authorities, or something to that effect. I recollect afterward as we retired observing he was quite crusty and not

very polite. I have not concealed anything respecting myself at any time, and I have been approached by several persons to worm something out of me to the pre-judice of some of the gentlemen I have mentioned, and have heard of misrepesentations of what I have said in respect to them. Consul General Potter, and Mr. Bernard Devlin, lawyer for the United States in this city, have both sought to get me to go to Washington Watson Wallace, and had sought to get me to go to ity to give testimony before the mili ary court martial there, but I refused. ecause I knew nothing of the slightes relevancy or consequence to the case or

The provided and the second se founded. I suppose some base man has gathered a batch of suspicions and con-jectures and rumors and reports and hearsay and gossip of streets and grog-geries and gone off to Washington and assumed the false name of Sanford Conover, and made oath to such budget, and sold such testimony to the prosecu-tors in that case. I have heard some of the trash contained in Sanford Conover's testimony in circulation here which, as well as projects of raids and the like, I was satisfied was manufac-tured and put afloat by Yankee detec-tions to make the tives to make their employees think they were doing great things. JOHN CAMERON, Jr.

Sworn and subscribed before me this ninth day of June, 1865. J. SMITH, J. S. C. hundred dollars reward will be

-The rebel prisoners at Point Lookout ated me under the name of Sar re being released as rapidly as possible. ford Conover, and deposed to a tissue of Many of them have reached Washington oods before the military commis in a sick and destitute condition.

- A portion of Clarke's wharf, in East PROVIENCE OF CANADA, DISTRICTOR MONTR'L. City of Montr'le Sct. Boston, tumbled overboard on Tuesday night the underninning being rotten. Some I, John Cameron, being duly sworn on 40,000 bushels of salt, stored in small wooden the Holy Evangelist, do, on my solemn oath, deposeth and say: I am about enements, were lost. The total damage estimated at \$75,000.

23 years of age. I am a native of West, am now, and have been Kemptville, Canada, for some time - Gen. Ed. Johnson and P. T. Moore, A. O. P. Nicholson, Arnold, the Mayor of Savannah, Gen. J. R. Anderson, of the Tredegar During the year 1864 I went into the so-called Southern Confederacy from Canada by sea, and returned here Iron Works, and many other leading rebels are applicants for pardon under the Am nesty Proclamation. by land about the middle of February

neart, gradually weaning it from its al-"I wonder if you love music as much "Of course I do. I often drop in at Mrs. Smith's for nothing else than to The following is the order of exercise

" I can play and sing better than Miss Smith," said Lizzie, half pouting. Junior Prize contest June 25th, 'clock, P. M. " But you always say you are out of

practise when I ask you." "I had the piano tuned this morning. Now, open it, and we will see how William obeyed joyfully, and, tossing aside her sewing, Lizzie took the piano stool. She had a very sweet voice, not

powerful, but most musical, and was a A. M. very fair performer on the piano.

member how much you admired the pair I worked for you, oh! ever so long ago?" "I remember; black velvet with flowers on them. I used to put my feet on the fenders and dream of ready at work environing them with blue eyes and bright curls, and wished time would move faster, to the day when I could bring my bonnie wee wife home, to make music in my house," Lizzie's face saddened for a moment, as she thought of the last two years, and how little music she had made for this loving

than a century there will not

Dickinson College.