The Franklin Repository.

BY M'CLURE & STONER. CHAMBERSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1865. VOL. 72...WHOLE NO. 3,709.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE FRANKLIN REPOSITORY is published every Wednesday morning by "THE REPOSITORY ASSOCIATION," at $2 50 per annum, IN ADVANCE, or $3 if not paid within the year. *All subscription accounts* MUST *be settled annually.* No paper will be sent out of the State unless paid for *in advance*, and all such subscriptions will invariably be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and TEN CENTS per line for subsequent insertions. A liberal discount is made to persons advertising by the quarter, half-year or year. Special notices charged one-half more than regular advertisements. All resolutions of Associations; communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages and Deaths exceeding five lines, are charged fifteen cents per line.

☞ *All Legal Notices of every kind, and all Orphans' Court and other Judicial Sales, are required by law to be advertised in the* REPOSITORY—*it having the* LARGEST CIRCULATION *of any paper published in the county of Franklin.*

JOB PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Hand-bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPOSITORY OFFICE has just been re-fitted with Steam Power and three Presses, and every thing in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

☞ Mr. John K. Shryock is our authorized Agent to receive Subscriptions and Advertisements, and receipt for the same. All letters should be addressed to

M'CLURE & STONER, Publishers.

Coal, Lumber, &c.

CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS!
ATTENTION!
The undersigned have now on hand, at their
PLANING AND FLOORING MILL,
a large supply of Sash, Shutters, Doors and Blinds for sale, or made to order.
Mouldings of all descriptions, from half inch to 8 inches, on hand.
Plain and Ornamental Scroll Sawing neatly executed.
Also—Wood Turning in all its branches. Newel Posts Banisters, Bed Posts, &c., on hand.
A large supply of Dressed Flooring for sale.
Also—Window and Door Frames on hand or made at short notice. HAZELET, VERNON & CO.,
febl tf. Harrison Avenue, Chambersburg, Pa.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.
100 TONS OF TIMOTHY HAY
Wanted by GEO. A. DEITZ.
200 WALNUT LOGS
Wanted by GEO. A. DEITZ.
100 ASH LOGS
Wanted by GEO. A. DEITZ.
100 LARGE CHERRY LOGS
Wanted by GEO. A. DEITZ.
WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS,
and all kinds of Produce bought by GEO. A. DEITZ, at his Warehouse above the Railroad Depot.
STOVE AND LIME COAL
for sale cheap, by the ton or half ton.
OAK AND HICKORY WOOD
by the cord or half cord.
OAK AND HICKORY WOOD,
sawed and split for stove use, by the cord or half cord.
WINDOW AND DOOR SILLS,
of Oak, Walnut and Pine, always on hand.
WINDOW AND DOOR-FRAME STUFF,
and all kinds of LUMBER, such as Oak and Pine Plank; Oak, Walnut, Pine and Hemlock Boards; Flooring Boards, Joists, Scantling, Shingles, Paling, Laths, &c.
BEST OF ROOFING SLATE
always on hand, and roofs put on by the best Slaters, who have drawn medals for their superior workmanship.
CALL AT DEITZ'S WAREHOUSE,
above the Railroad Depot, and *buy cheap.* [dec21

LEONARD EBERT & SON,
COAL AND LUMBER MERCHANTS.
We have on hand all kinds of Coal and Lumber, and are prepared to furnish Bill Lumber to order at short notice, all at the most reasonable terms. Our stock of Lumber consists of
White Pine 2 inch Plank,
" " 1¼ " select Plank,
" " 1¼ " Plank,
" " 1, select and Culling Boards,
" " ¾ " Boards,
" " ¾ " Siding (6 inch,)
" " Best River Shingles,
" " Worked Floring,
" " " Siding,
" " Joist and Scantling, all sizes,
Hemlock Joist and Scantling,
" " Boards,
Yellow Pine Boards, Joist and Scantling,
Paling and Plastering Laths.
We have also always on hand a good supply of all kinds of Coal for stoves and lime-burning. Also a superior article of Broadtop Coal for blacksmiths. The public are invited to give us a call, as we will endeavor to give satisfaction to all that call.
Coal and Lumber furnished on the cars to any station on the Franklin Railroad.
☞ Office on Second St., in the rear of the Jail Yard, Chambersburg, Pa. LEO. EBERT & SON.
july27-tf.

SMALL, BENDER & CO.,
York and Goldsborough, Pa.,
LUMBER DEALERS
AND MANUFACTURERS OF
SASH, DOORS, SHUTTERS, BLINDS,
DOOR AND WINDOW FRAMES, &c.,
Keep constantly on hand a well selected stock of seasonable Lumber, viz:—Joist and Scantling, Weatherboarding, dressed Flooring, Siding, Laths, Shingles, Palings and Fencing.
☞ White Pine and Oak Bills, sawed to order at the shortest notice. All communications should be addressed to YORK, PA. [apr22-1y

STEAM SAW MILL.—The undersigned have erected and in operation a Steam Saw Mill at the South Mountain, near Graffenburg Springs, and are prepared to saw to order Bills, of WHITE OAK, PINE, HEMLOCK or any kind of timber desired, at the shortest notice and at low rates. One of the firm will be at the Hotel of Sam'l Greenawalt, in Chambersburg, on Saturday the 24th inst. and on each alternate Saturday thereafter for the purpose of contracting for the delivery of lumber. LUMBER DELIVERED at any point at the LOWEST RATES. All letters should be addressed to them at Graffenburg P. O., Adams Co., Pa.
dec14-tf MILTENBERGER & BRADY.

BUILDING LUMBER.—The undersigned is prepared to saw all kinds of Building Lumber at the lowest market price. R. A. RENFREW,
GREENWOOD MILLS, Fayetteville P. O. dec22-1y

50,000 GOOD CHESTNUT SHINGLES for sale. Apply immediately. GEO. FLECK,
may17-4t* adjoining Fair Ground.

Boots and Shoes.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.
JACOB HUTTON'S BOOT & SHOE STORE.—The undersigned takes this method of returning his thanks to his numerous customers, and the public generally, for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, and hopes, in his present misfortune in common with nearly every business man in town, that he will still continue to be remembered. He has the pleasure of informing the public that he has opened his *Store in the Basement of J B. McLanahan's Dwelling, on Second Street*, four doors North of the Methodist Church, where he is prepared to offer a general assortment of Men's, Women's and Children's Boots and Shoes, embracing his own and City manufacture, which, for excellece of style and durability are superior to and of his former stock, and will be offered at prices to suit all. He is in Weekly Receipt of Goods from Philadelphia, which for beauty and excellence cannot be surpassed South of the Susquehanna.
CUSTOMER WORK of every variety done with promptness.—As he employs none but superior workmen, he feels justified in guaranteeing all work made at his establishment. Don't forget the place, *Four Doors North of the Methodist Church, Second Street, East Side.*—TRUNKS, of the latest style, from approved makers, always on hand, and for sale at a very small advance on original cost. [aug24] JACOB HUTTON.

REMOVED.—The undersigned has the pleasure of informing his old customers and the public generally, that he has removed his BOOT & SHOE STORE to the *New Brick Building of George Ludwig*, on Main Street, one door south of Greenawalt's Hotel, where he is now opening the largest assortment of Boots and Shoes ever brought to the county. His stock embraces every variety of Youths', Ladies' and Men's BOOTS & SHOES, which for style of finish, and durability of wear, cannot be surpassed in the county, and which will be sold at prices to suit the times. Having purchased THE LATEST STYLE OF LASTS, he is prepared to make Customer work, at short notice, by the best workman in the county. With a disposition to be obliging and accommodating, he hopes to merit a liberal share of patronage—without a desire to monopolize, as his motto is, in our common calamity, to live and let live.
Particular attention paid to all kinds of Repairing.
TERMS CASH, AND PRICES UNIFORM, WITHOUT EXTORTION.
He has also on hand, and for sale, cheap, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Sacks, Linen and Paper Collars, Paper, Envelopes, Ink-stands, Steel Pens, &c., &c.
may 10 P. FELDMAN.
N. B.—All persons knowing themselves indebted will please call and make immediate settlement, that I may be enabled to meet my former liabilities in the City.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL!
ROPES & TWINES.
The undersigned having purchased the entire Stock and Fixtures of the Rope and Twine Manufactory of J. P. Grey, dec'd, respectfully announces to her friends, and the former patrons of the establishment, that she will continue to carry on the business, in all its various branches, at
THE OLD STAND,
on Franklin street, Chambersburg, where she will be pleased to receive the calls and orders of the public. All kinds, sizes, and qualities of
ROPES, CORDAGE, TWINES, &C.,
always kept on hand or made to order of the best material, and furnished at reasonable prices. In connection with the above business, she is also prepared to manufacture
HAIR, HUSK, AND OTHER
MATTRASSES,
as well as Horse Blankets and Fly Nets of superior quality and style. Persons in want *of superior articles* in the above line are requested to call, or send their orders, which will be attended to promptly.
dec21-1y MARY E GRAY.

Silver-Mining Company.

THE McCLEAN SILVER MINING
COMPANY OF MONTANA.

CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

100,000 SHARES AT $10 EACH.

FULL PAID UP $5 EACH.

President,
EDWARD E. JONES, Philadelphia.
Vice President,
COL. S. McCLEAN, Montana Territory.
Secretary and Treasurer,
WILLIAM M. BARLOW, Philadelphia.
Directors,
EDWARD E. JONES, Philadelphia,
COL. S. McCLEAN, Montana Territory,
JACOB HAY, Easton, Pa,
GEORGE H. ROBERTS, Philadelphia,
WILLIAM W. LEDYARD, Philadelphia.
J. G. GILL, Montana Territory,
J. C. DELACOUR, Camden, N. J.

OFFICE, 428 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The Eaton and Aurora Silver Lodes, the property of this Company, are situated on the Rattlesnake Creek, a never failing mountain stream, which empties into the Beaver Head River, a tributary of the Jefferson Fork of the Missouri, in Beaver Head County, in the Territory of Montana, and contain twelve hundred feet each.

The width of the Eaton Lode is five and one-half and of the Aurora three and one-half feet, running to unknown depths, and increasing in richness as they go down. These two lodes are only forty feet apart, and probably run together at some distance from the surface.

An estimate hereto appended, based upon actual assays made in the ordinary form, and in bulk, will show the immense yield of these mines and their great value as Silver producing Lodes. These assays were made by Prof. A. K. Eaton, Prof. Forrey of the New York Assay Office, and Prof. Gunth, of this city.

EATON LODE.

Sample No. 1	Silver per ton	$102 33
	Gold Trace.	
Sample No. 2	Silver per ton	93 75
	Gold "	81 72
Sample No. 3	Silver per ton	467 23
	Gold Trace.	
Sample No. 5	Silver per ton	1,677 70
	Gold "	1,251 35

AURORA LODE.

Sample No. 1	Silver per ton	$198 21
	Gold Trace.	
Sample No. 2	Silver per ton	73 90
	Gold "	21 10
Sample No. 3	Silver "	201 10
	Gold Trace.	
Sample No. 4	Silver "	314 52
	Gold small quantity	

NEW YORK, January 21, 1865.

PROF. A. K. EATON—DEAR SIR: The sample of ore that you left with me, marked "Discovery E," gave by assay, in Silver $164 56-100 Silver per ton.

Yours truly, JOHN TORREY.

PHILADELPHIA, April 3, 1865.—The sample of silver ore from Montana Territory examined at your request, contains 172,22 ounces of Silver in 2000 lbs. of ore; value $234,22 Gold per ton. The above ore is said to come from the Eaton Lode. F. A. GENTH.

Messrs. Adelberg and Raymond, mining Engineers, New York, say:

"We assume that the Lead ore will yield $75 in Silver to the ton, and the Silver ores $500. These figures are moderate enough, since, according to our assays, the Silver ores contain from $913 to $2040 specie value."

From the above assays, some idea may be formed of the immense value of this property, and of the certainty of a large yield. But even that idea will be merely approximative, without a due consideration of the following facts: The celebrated Comstock Silver Lode, in Nevada, worked by the "Gould and Curry," "Empire," "Yellow Jacket," "Ophir," "Crown Point," "Savage" and some other companies, sold on the 8th of April, 1865, at prices averaging over *Two Thousand Dollars* per foot.

These mines yield an average of about $65 to the ton, which includes first, second and third classes of ores.

Now, the average yield of the three classes of ore of the Eaton and Aurora Lodes will certainly be more than $65 per ton; indeed, from the large number of assays thus far made, not only here, but in the actual workings of the mine, it will probably reach $75 or $80 per ton. The 2400 feet owned by the Company, would, therefore, be worth, at the price of the Comstock Lode, nearly *Five Millions of Dollars.*

The Company have sent a mill of twenty-four stamps to the mines, and expect returns in silver in September. This will be able to crush thirty tons of ore per day, at an expense for mining, crushing and smelting of ten dollars ($10) per ton. Then, taking the yield at only $60 per ton, the result would be as follows:

30 tons per day, at $60	$1,800
Cost, $10 per ton	300
Net daily profit	$1,500

or $450,000 per annum, payable, not in currency, but in the coin itself.

The property of the Company is amply sufficient for a dozen companies, and could not be exhausted in a lifetime. Prospectors are also engaged by the Company, taking up other Lodes for them.

The operations at the mines are under the superintendence of the Hon. Samuel McLean, Delegate to Congress from the Territory, whose thorough acquaintance with mining renders it certain that the interests of the Company will be pushed in the most energetic manner.

Only Twenty Thousand Shares for sale.

WM. M. BARLOW, Secretary & Treas.
D. B. OAKS,
may17-4t] *Agent for Franklin County and vicinity.*

Legal Notices.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Peter B. Houtsum, late of the borough of Chambersburg, dec'd, that the account of John Miller, Administrator of the estate of said decedent, has been confirmed by the Orphans' court of Franklin county, and that the undersigned has been appointed by *said court to distribute the balance on said account to* and among the persons entitled by law to receive the same. The Auditor will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office, in the borough of Chambersburg, *on Wednesday, the 7th day of June*, A. D., 1865, at 10 o'clock, A. M. [may24-3t] JOHN STEWART, *Auditor.*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned was appointed by the Court of Common Pleas for the county of Franklin, at the January Term, A. D., 1865, Committee of the Person and property of George Jones, a Lunatic, who resides in Metal township, Franklin County. All persons are hereby notified to cease doing business with said Lunatic, and any that have settlements to make, to call and transact the same with the committee.
may 31-3t JOHN E. JONES, Committee.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—The partnership heretofore existing between David C. Brant and Samuel Detrich, under the style, firm and name of Brant & Detrich, was dissolved by mutual consent on the first day of May. The Books of the late firm are in the hands of David C. Brant. All persons knowing themselves indebted are requested to make immediate payment. DAVID C. BRANT,
SAMUEL DETRICH.
The business will be continued by the undersigned.
may17-6t DAVID C. BRANT.

ESTATE OF DAVID LYTLE.—The undersigned, appointed Auditor to make distribution of the balances, in the hands of J. M. Lytle, Executor of David Lytle, deceased, to and among the heirs and legatees of the said deceased, will for that purpose meet at his office, in the borough of Chambersburg, *on Thursday, the 15th day of June*, at 1 o'clock, P. M., all persons who may think proper to attend. GEO. W. BREWER,
may24 *Auditor.*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT George W. Portz, of Waynesboro, on the 5th day *of April*, 1865, made a *voluntary assignment of all his* estate and effects, real and personal, in trust for his creditors to Joseph Douglas.
All persons indebted to said Portz will please make immediate payment, and those having claims present them properly authenticated for settlement to
may3-6t JOSEPH DOUGLAS, Assignee.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the Estate of Jacob Smith, late of Antrim township, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned.
All persons knowing themselves indebted to said Estate will please make immediate payment; and those having claims present them properly authenticated for settlement.
may21 JACOB R. SHANK, Adm'r.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration, on the Estate of James W. Lane, *late of Guilford* township, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned.
All persons knowing themselves indebted to said Estate will please make immediate payment; and those having claims present them property athenticated for settlement.
may3 ELIZABETH LANE, Adm'rx.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration, D. B. N. C. T. A., on the Estate of Margaret L. Campbell, late of Chambersburg, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned.
All persons knowing themselves indebted to said Estate will please make immediate payment; and those having claims present them properly authenticated for settlement.
may3 PATRICK M'GARVEY, Adm'r.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary to the Estate of Elizabeth Saylor, late of Greencastle, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned.
All persons knowing themselves indebted to said Estate will please make immediate payment; and those having claims present them properly authenticated for settlement.
may3 GEORGE ILGINFRITZ, Ex'r.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary to the Estate of Jacob Burkholder, late of Lurgan township, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned residing at Newburg, Pa.
All persons knowing themselves indebted to said Estate will please make immediate payment; and those having claims present them properly authenticated for settlement.
may 3 DAVID WHERRY, Ex'r.

Candidates' Cards.

COUNTY TREASURER.—MAJ. JOHN HASSLER, offers himself as a candidate for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Union Nominating Convention.
St THOMAS, March 22 1865

COUNTY TREASURER.—At the solicitation of a number of my friends, I announce myself a candidate for the Office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Union Nominating County Convention [QUINCY, March 22.] WM FLAGLE.

A. M. CRISWELL will be a candidate for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Union Nominating County Convention.
GREEN TOWNSHIP, May 3d, 1865.

TREASURER.—Samuel F. Greenawalt offers himself as a Candidate for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Union Nominating Convention. CHAMBERSBURG, March 15.

SHERIFFALTY.—At the solicitation of a number of my friends, I offer myself as a Candidate for the office of Sheriff of Franklin County, subject to the decision of the Union Nominating Convention.
GUILFORD TOWNSHIP, March 23. F. W. DOSH.

SHERIFFALTY.—Encouraged by a number of my friends, I offer myself as a Candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Union Nominating County Convention. DAVID EBY.
HAMILTON TOWNSHIP, March 22.

SHERIFFALTY.—I offer myself as a Candidate for the office of Sheriff of Franklin county, subject to the decision of the Union Nominating Convention. THOMAS M'AFEE.
MERCERSBURG, Pa., March 22, 1865.

SHERIFFALTY.—Encouraged by a number of my friends, I offer myself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Union Nominating County Convention. D. M. LEISHER.
CHAMBERSBURG, March 15.

SHERIFFALTY.—Capt. JNO. DOEBLER, of Chambersburg, will be a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Union Nominating County Convention. march15.

D. WATSON ROWE WILL BE A candidate for the office of DISTRICT ATTORNEY, subject to the decision of the next Union County Convention. may31.

Hotels.

EASTERN INN.—The undersigned having lately purchased the large and commodious Brick Building of Rev. S. R. Fisher, in connection with his present place of business, on the corner of Main street and Ludwig's Alley, is prepared to accommodate BOARDERS by the day, week or month. He is amply provided with STABLING to accommodate the traveling public. Having a large LIVERY STABLE connected with the Hotel, guests and the public generally can be furnished with Horses and Carriages at any moment. Persons visiting Chambersburg with their families will find this the most comfortable Hotel in the county, as it has been refitted with entire new Furniture, and the rooms are large and well ventilated. The TABLE is amply supplied with all the luxuries of the season, and the BAR, which is detached from the Brick Building, will always be furnished with choice and pure liquors. Every attention paid to the comfort of guests. [oct12[S. F. GREENAWALT.

BROWN'S HOTEL.—This Hotel, situated on the corner of Queen and Second Streets, opposite the Bank, Court Room, and County Offices, and in the immediate neighborhood of Stores, Shops, and other places of business, is conveniently situated for country people having business in Chambersburg. The Building has been greatly enlarged and refitted for the accommodation of Guests.
THE TABLE will always be furnished with the best the Market can produce.
THE BAR will be supplied with pure and choice Liquors.
THE STABLE is large and attended with a good and careful Ostler.
Every attention will be rendered to make Guests comfortable while sojourning at this Hotel.
febl. JACOB S BROWN, Proprietor.

UNION HOTEL.—This old and well established Hotel is now open for the accommodation of Guests
The Proprietor having leased the three-story block of buildings on Queen Street, in the rear of his former stand, is prepared to furnish GOOD ROOMS for the traveling and transient custom.
HIS TABLE will sustain its former reputation of being supplied with the best the market can produce.
HIS BAR, detached from the main building, will always have choice and pure Liquors.
Good warm STABLING for fifty horses, with careful ostler.
Every attention will be made to render guests comfortable while sojourning at this Hotel.
Jan18 JNO. FISHER, Proprietor.

DAVID H. HUTCHISON has become the Proprietor of the UNITED STATES HOTEL, near the Railroad Depot at HARRISBURG, PA. This popular and roommodious Hotel has been newly refitted and furnished throughout its parlors and chambers, and is now ready for the reception of guests.
The traveling public will find the United States Hotel the most convenient, in all particulars, of any Hotel in the State Capital, on account of its access to the railroad, being immediately between the two great depots in this city. [Harrisburg, june 17, 63-tf.

STATES UNION HOTEL, OPPOSITE the Lebanon Valley and Pennsylvania Railroad Depots, Harrisburg City, Pa. This convenient and pleasant Hotel is now kept by the undersigned, late of the Indian Queen in Chambersburg, and he invites the patronage of his old friends and the public generally. Terms moderate.
oct5-tf JOHN W. TAYLOR.

NOTICE.—A certificate in my favor for five shares of stock in the HARRISBURG BANK having been lost, application has been made to the Bank for a new certificate in place thereof.
ELIZABETH F. PATTERSON.
Mercersburg, May 17th, 1865-4t

Franklin Repository.

CLOVER BLOSSOMS.

There's a modest little blossom
Blooming closely to the ground,
While its wealth of sweetest perfume
Thrills through all the air around.
White and pure a field of clover,
In the sunny summer day,
Brings a calm my spirit over,
Sweet as music far away.

In the rich man's terraced garden
Many a fair exotic twines;
Many a gaily tinted flower
'Neath the glossy foliage shines.
By the poor man's lowly cottage,
Violets' sweetest odors yield;
Yet I love the air of freedom
Blowing from a clover field.

Lilies in the Valley growing,
Roses in their blushing pride,
These may wreathe their regal beauty,
Fitly for the youthful bride.
Laurel wreaths may suit the poet,
Forest flowers may lure the child.
I would only ask the clover,
Meek and modest, brave and mild.

Little cares my hardy flowers,
Though the soil be poor and dry:
Blooming by the dirty wayside,
Blessing all who pass thereby.
Let me learn the gentle lesson,
Even in my lowly way,
Working bravely, like the clover.
In the sultry summer day.

THE SOLDIER-BRIDE.

There were wild flowers in profusion, in boquet and garland, scattered about the small but gentle mansion of Widow Stonington. Mirrors and antique picture frames were wreathed with them; windows were garlanded, and even the very goblets—saving a sufficient number to accommodate the excited guests—were made to serve the purpose of vase. The long table with its snowy cloth, the side board, and the parlor ornamental-piece, bore a score of their fragrant ornaments, yet queen above them all was the pure white boquet syringas and white thorn blossoms that lay upon the dressing table in one of the neatest little boudoirs in New England.

What a stir! what a tumult! what a running here and there! what a pattering of slippered feet up and down the stairs! what a flying of nimble fingers among bits of ribbon and tarleton and illusion! And why not? Sweet Lucy, the only surviving child of the widow, was that morning to marry Capt. Edward Burnett, a young and handsome officer, who had already distinguished himself in the Union service.

Lucy is not handsome but very pure and lovely in her bridal dress of pearl white gauzy texture, looped up here and there with boquets of the fragrant syringa; while among her golden curls peep out the white violet and moss rose-bud just opening its petals to the light.

And Lucy looked dreamily happy that morning, yet astonishingly indifferent—so that the bridemaids protested—to her own personal appearance. She had not once raised her eyes to the mirror before which they were turning from one side to the other as if she were but a moving wax figure, placed there to show the advantage the gauze and laces with which they were adorning her.

A light rap is heard at the door.

"This is Edward—let him come in," said Lucy, the lightest perceptible flush mounting her cheeks at the well known sound.

"Oh! no, no!" chimed half a dozen voices "not till this loop of ribbon is fastened and the veil properly adjusted."

But Edward did come in, though he paused for a moment on the threshold to contemplate the loveliness of the group. The next instan the was by Lucy's side, rumpling veil, tissues, ribbon, and flowers in one confused mass as he caught her in his arms and pressed his lips to her now burning cheeks.

"Goodness me!" "Oh my!" "Did you ever!" "The bear!" The Hottentot: to swallow her at a mouthful!" and various other exclamations of disgust escaped the group of bridemaids, who looked with dismay on the havoc the sunburnt but still *handsome captain* was making of the bridal finery of their pet Lucy.

"I beg pardon, ladies, but I couldn't resist the temptation," said Edward; "there Lucy, shake *yourself, and you'll be just as new.* Who shall say the beauty of a bird is not enhanced by ruffling its plumage?"

Just at this moment Mrs. Stonington entered to say that "the guests had all arrived and that the minister was getting *impatient.*"

"Not more so than myself," said Edward, resigning his bride elect to her uncle, who was to give her away.

While the ceremony was being performed a *silent prayer goes up from the heart of the widow* and tears drop thick and fast upon her furrowed cheeks, for her home will now be desolate indeed; and when at last the two are made one the mother presses her daughter to her bosom—now hers no more forever—one, long moaning sob, which she tries to repress, escapes her, and she feels that the light has gone out from the hearthstone when the carriage containing the newly married couple rolled away from the door.

A month had passed Captain Burnett's absence having expired, he joins his regiment taking his young bride with him—much against his better judgment—to that desolate portion of Eastern Virginia which was soon after the scene of a terrible battle.

But though he presented camplife and marches in their dreariest aspect to her, her reply was:

"'Where thou goest I will go.' Had I thought you would refuse to let me bear you company in your perils, I would not have married you."

"Lucy dearest, how can a delicate form like yours bear the tedious marches which many a hardy soldier sinks under? and then to subsist for weeks on hard, dry, often times repulsive food—what a change from the delicacies you have been nurtured on."

"Let me but try, Edward; I am strong and brave and healthy, and will cheerfully bear all the privations you mention, nay, more so, I may be *your companion.*

And thus it was that the brave captain yielded to his young wife's entreaties.

The bride was for some time charmed with the *novelty of camp-life*, and while listening to the stirring beat of the drum, as the different companies went through their drills, she almost wished herself a "brave soldier boy." No prouder sight *had her eyes ever* witnessed than that of her gallant husband as, at the head of his brave band of cavalry he set out for the battle field.

"*And I am to be left behind!*" she asked as Edward sprang from his saddle and entered the tent to give her a parting kiss.

"Certainly dearest. What could we do with a woman on the battle-field."

"I feel as it I could fight too, Edward. Pray let *me accompany you.*"

"Not for the wide world can I consent. Some ill would most assuredly befall you; and you would be, at least, but a stumbling block in our way. I have given Stanton the charge of affairs here, and until I return or you hear from me, follow implicitly his directions. Should I fall, dear *Lucy*," and his voice trembled slightly, "go back to your mother without delay."

Lucy's eyes were dim with tears, but she soon wiped them away to watch the little band which her husband led as they galloped across the wide plain.

The battle-field was not far distant, and soon she heard the roar of artillery. The loud booming of cannon and the fiendish hissing of the shells, that sped fiercer than thunderbolts through the air, set her nearly frantic.

"Stanton?" she cried, going to the door, where he was busy putting things in marching order.

"Is there a horse here?"

"Yes, ma'am, a couple."

"Then saddle the swiftest for me. I am going out for a ride.

"But ma'am, the captain said—"

"No matter what the captain said, I must have the horse at once."

"*I have no lady's saddle.*"

"No matter; a saddle of any kind will do."

"But, madam——!"

Stamping her little foot.

"Look yonder!" And she pointed to the northeast. "A heavy rebel force is coming unexpectedly, upon our troops. With a swift horse I can reach my husband's column and give the alarm in that time to circumvent them. Now do my bidding at once!"

Stanton in fear and wonder obeyed; and when he led forth the high mettled steed Lucy appeared in a regular military suit of her husband's, with her curls so nicely stowed away beneath the close fitting cap, that the man in waiting could scarcely believe the boyish looking soldier before him was no other than the captain's wife.

"Shall I not accompany you madam?" he asked, as she sprang lightly into the saddle.

"I want no retainers, Stanton; stay where you are, and follow the captain's orders."

Lucy did not wait for him to finish the sentence, but putting spurs to her steed, took the route her husband had taken, and was after an hours' fatiguing ride in full view of the battle. She paused but a few moments and looked back. The enemy were advancing rapidly. She looked before at the contending armies. Shells shrieked past, and the force of the artillery caused the very ground to tremble beneath her feet. Her steed curved his proud neck and pawed the ground, impatient to proceed. She gave him the rein, for she saw where the dense volume of smoke was slowly rising, the form of Edward. At all events it was a cavalry company, and she dashed boldly forward.

Nearly deafened by the roar of artillery, and stifled by the smoke, she still kept on, until having reached Kilpatrick's division, she was dismounted by the stumbling of her horse.

"Will you put me to Captain Burnett's company?" she asked.

To the left, replied the soldier addressed, but it is impossible for you to reach him.

"I must see him or die in the attempt," she cried.

And she did see him, leading on his brave but thinned company into the *conflict.*

She called him once, twice, thrice ere he heeded her, and then gave her but a passing glance.

"The enemy are coming in large force from the west. Make haste and they may be taken in the gorge; tarry till they reach the brow of the hill and the day is lost to you."

Her voice must have been strangely altered, for her husband did not recognize it. He left his company in charge of his first lieutenant, sought Kilpatrick, and in a few minutes, with his own company and reserve corps, was soon galloping off in the direction pointed out by his own brave little wife.

"He did not recognize me and it is well. It might have deterred him from going," she said to herself, yet a dizzy sensation crept over her when she looked upon the wounded, the dead and dying who lay in masses about her. She thought she heard a groan; she listened; yes she was not mistaken; half buried among the slain was a form familiar to her. She removed, as well as she was able, the weight that oppressed him, and asked if he was hurt much.

The soldier addressed turned his face toward her with a groan, saying, "I feel very faint and thirsty. In the name of Heaven give me a drink of water, and I shall die easy."

It was a terrible task that the captain's wife imposed upon herself—that of unstrapping and opening the knapsack of the dead Several times a mist came before her eyes, as the ghastly upturned faces of the dead met her view; but well was she repaid when she returned and placed a canteen to his lips.

She seated herself, raised his head to her lap, and with her own handkerchief sought to staunch the wound in his temple. A moment after her arm dropped powerless by her side; she felt a sharp cutting pain about her elbow, then she sank insensible by the side of the poor soldier, who was too weak to render her any service; nor did she recover conciousness again until tramp of soldiery announced the return of Captain Burnett and his corps, who had succeeded in totally routing the enemy.

When they reached the point from whence they had started, Kilpatrick and his forces were in possession of the field.

The enemy leaving their field pieces behind them and flying in all directions.

"How did you get information of the approach of the rebs?" asked Kilpatrick after having congratulated Burnett on his success.

"That is just what I have been trying to make out myself General," replied Burnett. "As near as I could discern through the smoke, it was a boyish face and figure in a captain's uniform.

Suddenly he paused; for his eye fell on the pallid face of one of his own loved soldiers, and beside him—great Heaven! could he believe his eyes?—the drooping figure of his own wife, his Lucy, her long golden tresses, escaped from the cap, falling like a sunshine about her, were dabbed in blood—a sacred baptism of *the good deed* she had that day done.

Never had Edward Burnett's cheek paled so before the enemy, as when he raised his wounded wife to his arms, and turning to Kilpatrick he said: "General, the mystery is solved. This is the *boy captain* who warned me of the approaching rebel force.

"And the *boy captain* has won for you a colonelcy, and for herself lasting fame, and the thanks of all the *true hearted Unionists,*" *replied the* General. And being as gallant as he is brave, it is said, though I will not touch for the truth, that he gave the fair lady, at parting, a kiss on either cheek as a token of his just appreciation of her courage.

Lucy was placed in an ambulance, and with the soldier she had saved from death, borne to the camp where both with care and good nursing soon became convalescent.

Edward Burnett is still in the service of his country. Step by step he is ascending the ladder of fame, winning for himself laurels which shall neither wither nor decay.

THE LAST DAYS OF BYRON.

I passed the winter of Byron's death in Greece, and in the latter part of February went to Missolonghi to see him. He was then suffering from the effect of a fit of epilepsy, which occurred in the middle of February. The first time I called at his residence I was not permitted to see him; but in a few days I received a polite note from him at the hand of a negro servant, who was a native of America, and whom Byron was kind to, and proud of, to the last.

I found the poet in a weak and irritable state, but he treated me with the utmost kindness. He said, that at the time I first called upon him, all strangers and most of his friends were excluded from his room. "But," said he, had I known an American was at the door, you should not have been denied. I love your country, sir; it is the only spot of God's green earth not desecrated by tyranny."

In our conversation, I alluded to the sympathy at the time felt in America for the struggle in Greece. All he said at the time in reply was—

"Poor Greece! poor Greece! once the richest on earth. God knows I have tried to help thee!"

He then referred in rapturous terms to Bozzaris, then just fallen, and showed me a letter from the chief.

In a few days after I had left him, I received another note from him, requesting me to call and bring with me Irving's Sketch Book. I took it in my hand, and went once more to the illustrious author's residence. He rose from his couch when I entered, and pressing my hand warmly, said—

"Have you got the Sketch Book?"

I handed it to him, when, seizing it with enthusiasm he turned to "The Broken Heart."

"That," said he, "is one of the finest things ever written on earth, and I want to hear an American read it. But, stay, do you know Irving?"

I replied that I had never seen him.

"God bless him!" exclaimed Byron, "he is a genius; and he has something better than genius—a heart! I wish I could see him, but I fear I never shall. Well, read 'The Broken Heart'—yes, 'The Broken Heart.' What a work!"

In closing the first paragraph, I said—

"Shall I confess it? I believe in broken hearts."

"Yes," exclaimed Byron, "and so do I, and so does every one but philosophers and fools."

So I waited, whenever he interrupted me, until he requested me to go on, yet I cared more for the commentary as it came fresh from Byron's heart. While I was reading one of the most touching portions of the mournful piece, I observed that Byron wept. He turned his eyes upon me, and said—

"You see me weep, sir. Irving himself never wrote that story without weeping, nor can I hear it without tears. I have not wept much in this world, for trouble never brings tears to my eyes; but I always have tears for 'The Broken Heart.'"

When I read the last line of Moore's verses, at the close of the piece, Byron said:

"What a being that Tom is, and Irving; and Emmet, and his beautiful love! What beings all! Sir, how many such men as Washington Irving are there in America? God don't send many such spirits into this world. I want to go to America for five reasons. I want to see Irving; I want to see your stupendous scenery; I want to see Washington's grave; I want to see the classic form of living freedom; I want to see your government recognize Greece as an independent nation. Poor Greece!"

These were the last words of Byron.

A STORY OF ANDREW JOHNSON.

Mr. Lincoln told us this story of Andy Johnson, as he was familiarly in the habit of calling him. It was a few weeks prior to the Baltimore Convention, before it was known that Governor Johnson would be the nominee for the Vice-Presidency. Said he—'I had a visit last night from Colonel Moody, 'the fighting Methodist parson,' as he is called in Tennessee. He is on his way to the Philadelphia Conference, and being in Washington over night, came up to see me. He told me," he continued, "this story of Andy Johnson and General Buell, which interested me intensely. Colonel Moody was in Nashville the day that it was reported that Buell had decided to evacuate the city. The Rebels, strongly reinforced, were said to be within two days' march of the capital. Of course, the city was greatly excited. Said Moody, 'I went in search of Johnson at the edge of the evening, and found him at his office, closeted with two gentlemen, who were walking the floor with him, one on each side. As I entered they retired, leaving me alone with Johnson, who came up to me manifesting intense feeling, and said: 'Moody, we are sold out! Buell is a traitor! He is going to evacuate the city, and in forty-eight hours we shall all be in the hands of the Rebels.' Then he commenced pacing the floor again, twisting his hands, and chafing like a caged tiger, utterly insensible to his friend's entreaties to become calm. Suddenly he turned and said, 'Moody, can you pray?' 'That is my business, sir, as a Minister of the Gospel,' returned the Colonel.