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BY G. SANDERSON & E. CORNMAN.]

"NOT BOUND TO SWEAR IN THE WORDS OF ANY MASTER."—HORACE.

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POETRY.

TO ISABEL—Oh!—Shakespeare.

The weather is exceedingly hot,
The sky exceedingly blue,
Oh, tell me, lovely Isabel,
What shall I, shall I do,
I can't keep cool—I court the breeze,
But oh! the breeze is coy—
And like itself, disdains to come
And fill my heart with joy.
I slept in ice last night,
But when I awoke at day,
I floated in a tepid bath,
—And thought I'd run away!
Do what I will, I can't keep cool,
I'm roasted and done brown—
And I shall soon evaporate
Unless I love the town.
The bricks are hot, the pavements hot,
The side-walks hotter still—
Oh! for a cooling country breeze
Upon a country hill—
Oh, for the green and dewy turf,
The fountain dancing free,
Where I might sit and peetize,
My Isabel, with thee.
Nay, smile not on my sun-burnt brow,
Alas! it cannot smile again,
If not the wretchedest, I am
The sultriest of men;
Oh! for a shower-bath of tears,
Pray shed them Isabel,
But if you do, just recollect,
My love, to ice them well.

From the United States Gazette.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

A case of an interesting character to landlords and tenants, was decided at the last session of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
The plaintiff had been a lodger in a house, let as a boarding house, in which he occupied two rooms, furnished with his own furniture, of the usual amount and character, and in which he took breakfast and tea; dining elsewhere.—For these accommodations, he paid a stated sum per week. The tenant, his landlady, failing to pay her rent on the day appointed, her landlord distrained the plaintiff's furniture, to recover which, this suit was brought. The question "whether the goods of a boarder in a boarding house are liable for the tenant's rent," was accordingly brought directly before Court for decision. The District Court, (in which the suit was brought) having decided the question in the landlord's favor, the matter was removed to the Supreme Court, where, after having been fully argued by Mr. Hazelhurst and Holcomb for the plaintiff, and S. Perkins for the defendant, the opinion of the District Court was reversed, and the question settled in favor of the plaintiff, and against the right of a landlord thus to distrain the effects of a boarder in his tenant's house.
The Chief Justice, in delivering the opinion of the Court, declared that this case fell within a principle already established; that for the benefit of trade, a thing put upon rented premises by a customer in the way of tenant's business, is privileged from distress; and after proving, in opposition to the statements of some text-writers, that the ground of this exemption was, in all cases public convenience and policy, he showed that there was no difference in this respect between the present case and any of those in which the exemption was admitted, and more especially between the case of an inn, where confessedly the goods of a guest are not subject to distress for the tenant's rent.
The tone of the opinion, which was of some length, was restrictive of the right of distress, and the effect of the decision will be, to increase the security, with which an individual may occupy premises rented by another, by rendering him independent of the improvidence or irregularity of the person under whose roof he chances to be a boarder.
There are said to be 180,000,000 acres of land unlocated in Texas.

Extract from "The Far West."

THE MISSISSIPPI.

It is surely no misnomer that this giant stream has been styled the "eternal river," the "terrible Mississippi;" for we may find none other embodying so many elements of the fearful and sublime. In the wild rice-lakes of the frozen north, amid a solitude broken only by a shrill clang of the myriad water-fowls, is its home. Gushing out from its fountains clear as the air-bell, it sparkles over the white pebbly sand-beds, and breaking over the beautiful falls of the "Laughing Water," it takes up its majestic march to the distant deep. Rolling on through the shades of magnificent forests, and hoary, castellated cliffs, and beautiful meadows, its volume is swollen as it advances, until it receives to its bosom a tributary, a rival, a conqueror, which has roamed three thousand miles for the meeting, and its original features are lost forever. Its beauty is merged in sublimity! Pouring along in its deep bed the heaped-up waters of streams which drain the broadest valley on the globe; sweeping onward in a boiling mass, furious, turbid, always dangerous; tearing away, from time to time, its deep banks, with their giant colonnades of living verdure, and then, with the stern despotism of a conqueror, flinging them aside again; governed by no principle but its own lawless will, the dark majesty of its features summons up an emotion of the sublime which defies contrast or parallel. And then, when we think of its far, lonely course, journeying onward in proud, dread, solitary grandeur, through forests dusk with the lapse of centuries, pouring out the ice and snows of arctic lands through every temperature of climate, till at last it heaves free its mighty bosom beneath the uncontrolled admiration of its gloomy magnificence. And its dark, mysterious history, too; those fearful scenes of which it has, alone, been the witness; the venerable tombs of a race departed which shadow its waters; the savage tribes that yet roam its forests; the germs of civilization expanding upon its borders; and the deep solitudes, untrod by man; through which it rolls, all conspire to throng the fancy. Ages on ages and cycles upon cycles have rolled away; wave after wave have swept the broad fields of the Old World; a hundred generations have arisen from the cradle and flourished in their freshness, and, like autumn leaflets, have withered in the tomb; and the Pharaohs and the Ptolemys, the Cæsars, and the Caesars, have thundered over the nations and passed away; and here, amid these terrible solitudes, in the stern majesty of loneliness, and power, and pride, have rolled onward these deep waters to their destiny!

"Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury and your joy?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer!"

There is, perhaps, no stream which presents a greater variety of features than the Mississippi, or phenomena of deep interest, whether we regard the soil, productions, and climate of its valleys, its individual character and that of tributaries, or the outline of its scenery and course. The confluents of this vast stream are numerous, and each one brings a tribute of the soil through which it has roamed. The Missouri pours out its waters heavily charged with the marl of the Rocky mountains, the saffron sands of the Yellow Stone, and the chalk of the White river; the Ohio holds in its floods the vegetable mould of the Alleghanies, and Red rivers bring in the deep-died alluvion of their banks. Each tributary mingles the spoils of its native hills with the general flood. And yet, after the contributions of so many streams, the remarkable fact is observed that its breadth and volume seem rather diminished than increased. Above the embouchure of the Missouri, fifteen hundred miles from the Mexican gulf, it is broader than at New Orleans, with scarce one-tenth its water; and at the foot of St. Anthony's Falls its breadth is but one-third less. This forms a striking characteristic of the western rivers, and owes, perhaps, its origin partially to the turbid character of their waters; as they approach their outlet they augment in volume, and depth, and impetuosity of current, but contract their expanse. None, however, exhibit these features so strikingly as the grand central stream; and while, for its body of water, it is the narrowest stream known, it is charged with heavier solutions and has broader alluvians than any other.—The depth of the stream is constantly varying. At New Orleans it exceeds one hundred feet. Its width is from half of one mile to two miles; the breadth of its valley from six miles to sixty; the rapidity of its current from two miles to four; its mean descent six inches in a mile, and its annual floods vary from twelve feet to sixty, commencing in March and ending in May. Thus much for statistics.

Below its confluence with this turbid tributary, the Mississippi, as has been observed, is no longer the pure, limpid stream, gushing forth from the wreathe snows of the northwest; but it whirls along against its ragged banks a restless volume of heavy, sweeping floods, and its aspect of placid magnificence is beheld no more. The turbid torrents heaves onward, wavering from side to side like a living creature, as if to overleap its bounds; rolling along in a deep cut race-path, through the great expanse of lowland meadow, from whose exhaustless

*A name of Algonquin origin—*Mist* signifying great, and *shé*, a river.
Indian name for the "Falls of St. Anthony."

mould are reared aloft those enormous shafts shrouded in the fresh emerald of their tasselled parasites, for which its alluvial bottoms are so famous. And get the valley of the "endless river" cannot be deemed heavily timbered when contrasted with the forested hills of the Ohio. The sycamore, the elm, the cypress, and other trees of deciduous foliage, may attain a greater diameter, but the huge trunks are more spare and more isolated in recurrence.

But one of the most striking phenomena of the Mississippi, in common with all the western rivers, and one which distinguishes them from those which disembogue their waters into the Atlantic, is the uniformity of its meanderings. The river, in its onward course, makes a semicircular sweep almost with the precision of a compass, and then is precipitated diagonally athwart its channel to a curve of equal regularity upon the opposite shore. The deepest channel and most rapid current is said to exist in the bend; and thus the stream generally infringes upon the bend-side, and throws up a sand-bar on the shore opposite. So constantly do these sinuosities recur, that there are said to be but three reaches of any extent between the confluence of the Ohio and the gulf, and so uniform that the boatmen and Indians have been accustomed to estimate their progress by the number of bends, rather than by the number of miles. One of the sweeps of the Missouri is said to include a distance of forty miles in its curve, and a circuit of half that distance is not uncommon. Sometimes a "cut-off" in the parlance of the watermen, is produced at these bends, where the stream, in its headlong course, has burst through the narrow neck of the peninsula, around which it once circled. At a point, called the "Grand Cut-off," steamers now pass through an isthmus of less than one mile, where formerly was required a circuit of twenty.—The current, in its more furious stages, often tears up islands from the bed of the river, removes sandbars and points, and sweeps off whole acres of alluvion with their superincumbent forests. In the season of flood the settlers, in their log-cabins along the banks, are often startled from their sleep by the deep, sullen crash of a "landslip," as such removals are called.

The scenery of Mississippi, below its confluence with the Missouri, is, as has been remarked, too sublime for beauty; and yet there is not a little of the picturesque in the views which meet the eye along the banks. Towns and settlements of greater or less extent appear at frequent intervals; and then the lowly log-hut of the pioneer is not to be passed without notice, standing beneath the tall, branchless columns of the grand forest-trees, with its luxuriant maize-fields sweeping away in the rear. One of these humble habitations of the wilderness we reached, I remember, one evening near twilight, and while our boat was delayed at the wharf, I strolled up from the shore to the gateway, and entered easily into conversation with a pretty, slatternly-looking female, with a mushroom, flanked-haired urchin at her apron-string, and an infant at the breast very quietly receiving his supper. On inquiry I learned that eighteen years had seen the good woman a denizen of the wilderness; that all the responsibilities appertained to herself, and that her "man" was proprietor of some thousand acres of bottom in the vicinity. Subsequently I was informed that the worth woodcutter could be valued at not less than one hundred thousand dollars; yet, *en verite*, reader mine, I do asseverate that my latent sympathies were not slightly roused at the first introduction, because of the seeming poverty of the dirty cabin and its dirtier mistress!

From the National Intelligencer.

STATE OF EUROPE—NEXT CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES.

"If we were to say that nearly the whole of Great Britain and Ireland, and the continent of Europe, are at this moment closely bordering on a singularly revolution, I should be saying nothing but the truth."

[London Cor. of National Intelligencer.]
Mr. ADAMS, according to the newspapers, said in the house of Representatives: "A member has spoken of consequences in the event of war, if it were a war of principle and justice, consequences are secondary."

[Cor. of the New York American.]

There are many persons who would not simply shrink with dread, but disgust, from the consequences of doctrines they are led to uphold, could they be made to anticipate the consequences of reducing their creeds to practice. One of the most dangerous symptoms of constitutional disorder in society, on both sides of the Atlantic, is, that, in opposition to principles, consequences are not only of secondary, but of no consequence.—In the abstract we ought to be able to reason, provided we clearly discern what is principles, and can rationally assure ourselves of salutary results. But, how fearful must be the prospect of future times, when an immense number of persons conceive they are in duty bound to take on themselves, and impose on others, the responsibility of consequences! Did such persons wait to consider how completely they throw themselves into the net of designing demagogues, they would pause. It is not yet very long since a large share of Europe was an aceldama, from men contending that they were obeying the decrees of Heaven, and acting under duties above all human laws. What has been acted may be imitated, and blood and ruin follow the footsteps of men rushing forward regardless of consequences.

But, quitting these reflections, let us for a moment glance on Europe—on that part of the earth which holds the destinies of the

nations within and without its limits.

Europe may be subdivided into the active and passive nations, with the exception of Russia, partaking, as occasion serves, of both characters. In activity, Great Britain and France stand pre-eminent; in the passive class, Austria sustains her character of centuries. On the three southern peninsulas of Europe, Spain torn by civil war, and Portugal of little consequence in general policy; Italy, direct or indirect, under the influence of Austria; and Greece, a kingdom in name, anarchy in fact. In northern Europe, Sweden and Denmark, respectable as nations for their scale of intelligence, but political monarchies, which in any great crisis must be moved by the impulse or attractions of large masses. Prussia, in many respects the most perfect government which was ever formed on earth, the first which made intellectual improvement a fundamental part of state policy, but which, from position and the alliance of their royal families, must yield to Russian influence. The German States, with people highly improved and civilized, and far more prone to peace than war, yet often forced into, and when so involved, terrible in war.

Austria, holding a position which renders her the vanguard towards Russia, strong, even powerful, when called into action in conflict with the Western States of Europe or on the southward with Turkey; but, from their common Slavonic population, feebly opposed to Russia. No other European monarchy has so much power, however, to act as peacemaker as Austria. The policy of her Government, at least since the treaty of Hubertsberg, (1763), has been peace; though involved in the wars of the French revolution, and in the end a gainer by treaties, her ancient policy has been since renewed. Austria is, in our idea, a despotism; but it must be confessed to be the mildest of all despotisms. And another most honorable distinction is due to Austria; no other nation has ever appeared on our planet with a tribe of her physical force, which has encroached so little on contiguous States.

France now, as at distant periods since the age of Charlemagne, contains the most inflammable elements to set Europe—the world on fire. With all the parchments covered with diplomatic limits, the Rhine and the eastern border of the Swiss cantons is also the true eastern border of France. In that generous, gallant, and brave nation, there are too many who regard military glory the supreme good. It betrays ignorance of their national character to say that the French people are war-hungry, discontented with Louis Philippe. A character conspicuous under Clovis, Charlemagne, Philip Augustus, in the Crusades, under Louis XIV, and through and since their own Revolution, lies deeper based than politicians are able or willing to admit. In real power, France has changed the least of any existing State in Europe during the last two centuries.—Called into activity—and less is needed to produce such an effect in France than in any other nation of the Caucasian world—then is she felt like a well-pointed and two edged sword.

After the close of the American Revolution, Europe gradually, but France & Great Britain particularly, contained all the inflammatory elements of revolution, and from every feature of the times, it was the cast of a die which nation was to undergo the fiery ordeal. France took the lead and Britain the alarm; and now, at the end of fifty years, the attitudes of the two nations are not essentially different. In both nations, much of vague, undefined, but dangerous views of the present and future are indulged. On which soil the volcano will burst remains in the womb of Time. Taken apart—Great Britain, holding the extremes of the Eastern continent; mistress of Indostan, extending her power in Afghanistan, Persia, and Tartary, whilst her writers, and even her legislators, are abusing Russia for encroachments on Turkey; seizing Breshire in Persia, and Aden in Arabia, whilst accusing Russia of instigating the Schah of Persia to besiege Herat, a city on the table-land of Asia; with the most extended commerce and manufacturing power ever united in the hands of the same people; holding the fine northwestern archipelago of Europe as her seat of science, population, wealth, and grandeur; unequalled colonies in Asia, Africa, the West Indies, and in South and North America—no other nation had ever so much to risk in war, and yet she threatens Russia, and her Tory party, the United States.

Russia, seated with her back to the frozen and inaccessible regions of the north; dependent Sweden on her right, and the interminable Asia on her left; agitated Europe in front, with her right foot on Turkey and left on Persia, and, in fine, her never-closed eyes on the whole earth—what other nation can expect to gain by war with such a Power—a Power ruling, direct or indirect, over at least one hundred millions of people, with an army of EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN; and, according to British authority, the third, if not the second, most efficient fleet on earth? Interrogate the past, and it will answer by pointing to the names of Charles XII and Napoleon; it will point, on the maps of Europe and Asia; to Sweden, Poland, Turkey, Persia, and Siberia, and trace the lines of Russian marches over Germany into Italy; Switzerland, and France. We have paragraph-writers in the United States anticipating a successful war on the part of Great Britain against Russia. Can there be a sane-minded, well-informed person on either side of the Atlantic who sincerely wishes the Russian mass put in motion? The first cannon fired in such a war must be

the death-knell to the Turkish empire. Let Britain beware, and let us look well to our own household.

In the ensuing year, the sixth decennial enumeration or Census is to be taken in the United States. In some measure, every census of the population of the U. States produces a revolution; a peaceable revolution, true, but a change in the balance of power. But the next census must show a change of more consequence than that produced by any previous enumeration. Upon the most rigid analysis of progressive population, the Atlantic and interior numbers will be equalized about 1843 or 1844; and, at the census of 1840-41, the aggregate ought to be about seventeen millions, eight in the central sections and nine along the Atlantic slope.

We frequently see, and often hear of persons in all the fulness of worldly prosperity committing suicide. The writer of this article has witnessed more than one such melancholy circumstance, and is not altogether without fear of living to see his country inflicting on itself such a calamity. Parties, shouting principle while reckless of consequences, are ready-made instruments of national suicide. "Time," says a profound French philosopher, "destroys every thing made without his assistance." In our country, most profound contempt of time, past or to come, has been expressed, even in our legislative halls. What time promises to do, and which no power without the aid of time ever did do, is expected amongst us to be reared, like the tower of Babel, to the heavens, and above all the deluges to which the moral as well as physical world is subject. We may thus build, until stopped in our aspiring plans by, if not confusion of tongues, a conflict of interests.

To conclude in seriousness, the most splendid destiny ever offered to any portion of mankind lies before the Anglo-Saxon population of North America, unless it is marred by national folly, by a rejection of those principles on which alone public prosperity ever has and ever must rest. Union and a judicious cultivation of our immense resources can place us amongst the most happy and morally influential national associations which ever rose on earth.

THE THREE SHARPERS.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

A peasant was conducting a goat to Bagdad; he was mounted on a mule, and the goat following with a bell hung to his neck.—Three young bucks observing him, one of them proposed an even bet that he would take the goat without the countryman's knowledge notwithstanding the tinkling of the bell.—"Done," said the second, "and at the same time I will lay you a wager that I will steal from the fellow the mule he rides upon without exciting his suspicion."—"That must be a difficult task, indeed," observed the third; but if you will double the stakes, I will engage to take from him all the clothes upon his back, and carry them off without his trying to hinder me!" These proposals being mutually agreed to, the first commenced his task, which was to steal the goat. Having dexterously loosened the fastening to the bell he slipped it from the goat's neck and tied it to the mule's tail, and made off with the goat undiscovered. The peasant hearing the tinkling of the bell never doubted that the goat followed. However, happening to look behind him sometime after, he was strangely surprised at missing the little animal, which he was to sell at market. He now made inquiry of every passenger in hopes of hearing of his strayed goat; at last the second sharper accosted him, and told him he had just seen a man make down the next lane precipitately; dragging a goat by the hind-legs. The peasant, thinking he could run faster than the mule could carry him, instantly dismounted, and requested the young fellow to hold his mule, while he set off at full speed in pursuit of the thief.—After exhausting himself in running without getting sight of the man or the goat, he returned quite spent and almost breathless, to thank the stranger for taking care of his mule, when to add to his misfortune, behold his mule and keeper were vanished.

The two successful rogues had gained a secure retreat, and were triumphing over their associate, while he waited for the countryman at the side of a well, in that part of the road he knew he must pass. Here he sent forth his lamentable cries, and made such bitter wailings, that the peasant was touched with commiseration as he approached him, and reflecting on his misfortunes, found himself disposed to listen to the afflictions of others, as he appeared to be overwhelmed with grief, he thus addressed him: "How can you take on so pitiously? surely your misfortunes are not so great as mine: I have just lost two animals, the value of which is more than half my substance; my mule and my goat might in time have made my fortune."—"A fine loss truly," said the man at the well, "(to be compared with mine) you have not, like me, let fall into this well, a casket of diamonds delivered into my hands, and entrusted to my care and discretion, to be carried to the Caliph of Bagdad; no doubt I shall be hanged for my negligence, which will be called an excuse for having clandestinely sold them." Why don't you dive to the bottom of the well, and fetch up your treasure?" said the peasant; "I know it is not deep."—"Alas," said the sharper, "I am quite awkward at diving, and had rather run the risk of being hanged, than meet inevitable death by drowning; but if any one who knows the well better than me, would undertake the kind office upon recov-

ering the jewels, I would give him ten pieces of gold."

The unwary dupe poured out his pious ejaculations in gratitude to Mahomet for having thrown in his way the means of repairing the loss of his mule and his goat.—"Promise me," said he, in an ecstasy, "ten pieces, and I will recover your casket."—The sharper agreed, and the countryman stripped himself and jumped with such alacrity into the well that the sharper saw he had no time to lose, and immediately took to his heels with the clothes. The poor peasant felt all round the bottom of the well, to no purpose, and then raising him to the brink to take breath, and recover strength for a second attempt, he found that the stranger had decamped with his apparel.—Grown wise too late by woful experience, he returned home by a lonely path to conceal his shame; and relating his tale to his affectionate wife, the only consolation he received from her was, "that from the king upon the throne to the shepherd upon the plains, two thirds of the human race owed the greatest part of the vexations of life to imprudent confidences." The next day he not only received back both his animals and his clothes, but in one of the pockets he found the full sum he so much coveted, to wit: ten pieces of gold.

From Kenrick's Silk Grower's Guide.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF SILK MANUFACTURES.

The cultivation of silk commenced in China 700 years before Abraham, and 2700 before Christ. The Emperor Hoang-ti "the Emperor of the Earth," who reigned over China more than 100 years, and whose name is rendered immortal for his noble and useful deeds—he who taught the Chinese to construct houses, ships, mills, carts, and other works of usefulness. He also persuaded his first consort Si-ling-chi, to bestow her attention on silk worms, as being his earnest desire that his empress also might contribute to the welfare of the empire.—Aided by the women of her household, the empress Si-ling-chi gathered the silk worms from the trees, and introduced them into the imperial apartments. Thus sheltered and protected, and abundantly supplied with the leaves of the mulberry, they yielded silk superior in quality to that produced in the forests.—She also taught them its manufacture, and to embroider.

Silk and its manufacture, and the weaving, continued to be the principle occupation of the succeeding empresses; apartments being especially appropriated to this purpose, in the imperial palace; and soon from the highest rank of females, it became the occupation of all ranks in China; and ere long the Emperor, the learned class, the princes, the mandarins and courtiers, and all the rich were attired in the splendid fabrics of silk, until finally, silk became the inexhaustible resource of the wealth of China.

At Rome and so late as A. D. 280, a silk attire of purple, was accounted by an Emperor as a luxury too expensive even for an Empress, and that empress his wife, Severa; its value being equal to that of gold, by weight. Others there were at Rome, and enough even at that day, who were by no means thus scrupulous in regard to price.—But it was not until long after the seat of the Roman Empire had been transferred to Byzantium or Constantinople, that the distinct and more perfect knowledge of the nature and origin of silk became known, and the mystery of the long sought "golden fleece," was revealed to Europe.

The whole value of the silks manufactured annually in France, in 1835, amounted by computation to 140,000,000 francs, and it was estimated in Europe, that in that year silks to the amount of 50,000,000 francs were exported from that country to the United States alone.

Yet in France, although they raise so much silk, they still import annually to the amount of 43,000,000 francs of raw silk, or nearly one third of all they consume, for the supply of their manufactures.

In England the climate, from its humidity or other causes, is found to be unsuited to its growth; for this reason alone, the trials to raise it there have failed. Yet from 1821 to 1828, according to a late and authentic work, on the silk trade, they imported of raw silk, 24,157,568 pounds, worth \$120,077,580. Of this amount \$50,881,283 came from Italy alone.

At the present day, the silks which were consumed in great Britain alone; so late as 1835, amounted to the enormous sum of \$28,282,582 annually, at the wholesale price, besides the whole amount of all they exported.

From the Harrisburg Reformer.

SERENADE.

BY THOMAS B. NELLEW.

Let me but see thee, once more, my love;
Let me but hear thee, once more, my love;
Let me but breathe the tender tale,
Beneath the summer's evening veil.
The flowers are blooming bright, my love,
Sweet are breathing the flowers; my love,
The silver moon beams bright, my love,
And calm is our trysting bow.
Then come with me, then come with me,
Joyous we'll gaze on the dark blue sea;
And then, as waits the southern gale,
I'll breathe to thee the tender tale.
Let me but see thee once more, my love,
Let me but hear thee once more, my love;
Oh! let us meet, and meet forever,
Living now and loving ever.