American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

AT $2 00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 35. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1848. NO. 23.

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER,

Is published every Thursday, at Carlisle, Pa., by JOHN B. BRATTON, upon the following conditions, which will be rigidly adhered to:

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For one year, *in advance*, ... $2 00
For six months, *in advance*, ... 1 00

No subscription taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid.

Twenty-five per cent. additional on the price of subscription will be required of all those who do not pay in advance.

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One square, one insertion, ... $ 50
One square, two insertions, ... 75
One square, three insertions, ... 1 00
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OFFICE.—The office of the *American Volunteer* is in the second story of James H. Graham's new stone building, in South Hanover street, a few doors from Burkholder's hotel, and directly opposite the Post-office, where those having business will please call.

Poetical.

THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

What need of all this fuss and strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why should we, in the crowd of life,
Keep trampling down each other?
Is there no goal that can be won,
Without a squeeze to gain it—
No other way of getting on,
But scrambling to obtain it?
Oh, fellow men, hear wisdom, then,
In friendly warning call—
"Your claims divide the world is wide—
There's room enough for all!"

What if the swarthy peasant find
No fields for honest labor,
He need not idly stop behind,
To thrust aside his neighbor,
There is a land with sunny skies,
Which gold for toil is giving,
Where every brawny hand that tries
Its strength, can grasp a living.
Oh, fellow-men, remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide—where those abide,
There's room enough for all!

From poisoned air ye breathe in courts,
And typhus tainted alleys,
Go forth and dwell where health resorts,
In fertile hills and valleys;
Where every arm that clears a bough,
Finds plenty in attendance,
And every furrow of the plow,
A step to independence.
Oh, hasten then, from fevered den,
And lodging cramped and small;
The world is wide—in land beside,
There's room enough for all!

In this fair region far away,
Will labor find employment—
A fair day's work, a fair day's pay,
And toil will earn enjoyment.
What need, then of this daily strife,
Where each war with his brother?
Why need we, through the crowd of life,
Keep trampling down each other?
From rags and crime that distant clime
Will free the pauper's thrall:
Take fortune's tide—the world so wide
Has room enough for all!

Miscellaneous.

A BEAUTIFUL CONTRAST.

Only two years after the birth of John Quincy Adams, there appeared in the Mediterranean Sea, a human spirit, newly born, endowed with equal genius, without the regulating qualities of justice and benevolence, which Adams possessed in such an eminent degree. A like career opened to both—born like Adams, a subject of a King—the child of more genial skies, like him became in early life, a patriot and citizen of a new and great republic. Like Adams, he lent his services to the state in precocious youth, and in its hours of need, and won its confidence.—But unlike Adams, he would not wait the dull delays of slow and laborious advancement. He sought power by the hasty road that leads to carnage, and he became like Adams, a supreme magistrate, a consul. There were other consuls—he was not content. He thrust them aside, and was consul alone. Consular power was too short. He fought two battles and was consul for life. But power confessedly derived from the people, must be exercised in obedience to their will, and must be resigned to them again, at least in death.

He desolated Europe afresh, subverted the republic, imprisoned the patriarch who presided over Rome's comprehensive See, obliged him to pour on his head the sacred oil that made the persons of Kings divine, and their right to reign indefensible.—He was an Emperor. But he saw around him a mother, brothers and sisters not ennobled, whose humble state reminded him and the world that he was born a plebeian, and he had no heir to wait impatient for the Imperial crown. He scourged the earth again, and again fortune smiled on him even in his wild extravagance. He bestowed kingdoms and principalities on his kindred—put away the devoted wife of his youthful days—another, a daughter of Hapsburgh's Imperial house, joyfully accepted his proud alliance. Offsprings gladdened his anxious sight, a diadem was placed on his infant brow, and it received the homage of princes, even in its cradle. Now he was indeed a monarch by divine appointment—the first of an endless succession of monarchs who held sway in the earth. He gathered new and great armies from his own land, from subjugated lands. He called forth the young and the brave—one from every household—from the Pyrenees to the Zuyder Zee—from the Jura to the ocean. He marshalled them into long and majestic columns, and went forth to seize the universal dominion, which seemed almost within his grasp. But ambition had tempted fortune too far. The nations of the earth resisted, repelled, pursued, surrounded him. The pageant was ended. The crown fell from his presumptuous head.

The wife who wedded him in his pride, forsook him in the hour when fear came upon him. His child was ravaged from his sight. His kinsmen were degraded to their first estate, and he was no longer Emperor nor consul nor even a citizen, but an exile and a prisoner, on a lonely island, in the wild Atlantic. Discontent tended him there. The wayward man fretted out a few long years of his yet unbroken manhood, looking off at the earliest dawn and in evening twilight, toward that distant world that had just eluded his grasp. His heart corroded.—Death came not unlooked for, though it came even then unwelcome. He was stretched on his bed within the fort that constituted his prison.

A few fast and faithful friends stood around with the guards, who rejoiced that the hour of relief from long and wearisome watching was at hand. As his strength was wasted away, delirium stirred up the brain from his long and inglorious inactivity. The pageant again returned. He was again a lieutenant, a consul, an Emperor of France. He filled again the throne of Charlemagne. His kindred pressed around him, again reinvested with the pompous pageantry of royality. The daughter of a long line of kings again stood proudly by his side, and the sunny face of his child shone out from beneath the diamond that encircled his flowing locks.

The marshal of the empire awaited his command. The legions of the old Guard were again in the field, their scarred faces rejuvenated, and their ranks thinned in many battles replenished. Russia, Austria, Prussia, Denmark and England gathered their mighty hosts to give them battle. Once more he mounted his impatient charger and rushed to the conquest.—He waved his sword aloft and cried "*Tete de Armee*," The feverish vision broke—the mockery ended. The silver cord was loosened, and the warrior fell back upon his bed, a lifeless corpse. This was the end of earth. *The Corsican was content.—Gov. Seward.*

POST OFFICE SCENE.—"Have you got a letter for my boss?"

"Who's your boss?"

"The one that I works for."

"What's his name, you idiot?"

"Robert Brown, sure."

"There's none here for him."

"It aint for him I wants it. Its a letter for myself; but I ask for him bekase his name is better known than mine."

FRANKLIN'S RESTING PLACE.

"Such was his worth, his loss was such,
We cannot love too well, or grieve too much."

In one corner of the burying ground, best known as Christ's Church yard, repose the remains of the philosopher Franklin. On entering the yard from Arch street, attention will unavoidably be directed to his humble tomb by a well trodden path which leads from the gate to the marble slab which bears the simple inscription, which will at once strike the beholder, viz: "Benjamin and Deborah Franklin." With wonder, I say, because we are accustomed to see the stones covering the tenements of great men, inscribed with eulogiums; but the one we are now beholding has nothing but the words above quoted, and the year in which it was placed there.

And this is the grave of a man who might once have been a runaway boy, in the streets of Philadelphia, seeking employment as a printer; and again as editor and proprietor of the United States Gazette, long so ably conducted by Mr. Chandler. Once trying experiments with a simple paper kite; again, astonishing the world with the discoveries made through its instrumentality. Once in England as a deceived journeyman printer; again as Minister from an Independent Republic. Once in his workshop as a laboring mechanic; again, in the halls of legislation, advocating the cause of freedom, and urging an oppressed people to rise and drive the British Lion from our forests. Yes, he was one of those who signed away their lives, fortunes and honors, if necessary, for the welfare of their fellow citizens. But all this could not save him from the hand of death.—Though the Philosopher and Statesman must lie, as low as the less favored, yet the circumstances connected with the lives of those whose motto was "*non sibli sed patre*," possess charms which all can appreciate, and all love to cherish. We can read his name on the marble slab—ponder over his virtues, and mourn his loss, as of a dear friend. We stand around his grave and think how many have gazed with reverence upon that stone, and our eyes become fixed upon it as though it possessed an endearing charm. We look back upon his life and deeds, and when we remember that a nation wept when Franklin died we cannot refrain dropping a tear over his last abode.

No towering monument rears its heads above the clouds, where the first beams of the rising sun will gild his name; but that name is inscribed in characters not easily to be erased, on liberty loving hearts; and so long as Philosopy continues to be a science, benevolency a virtue, and liberty the watch word of the American people, will his memory be cherished, and his name be honored.—*Bapt. Rec.*

An Incident of the Revolution.

[From the work of Mrs. Ellet on the "Women of the Revolution."]

RACHEL CALDWELL.—Some time in the Fall of 1780, a stranger stopped at the house of Dr. Caldwell, faint and worn with fatigue, to ask supper and lodging for the night. He announced himself an express bearing despatches from Washington to Gen. Greene, then on the Pedee. He imagined that he would be free from danger under the roof of a minister of the Gospel—but Mrs. Caldwell soon undeceived him on this point. She was alone, her husband was an object of peculiar hatred to the tories, and she could not tell the day or hour when an attack might be expected. Should they chance to hear of the traveller, and learn that he had important papers, he would certainly be robbed before morning. She said he should have something to eat immediately but advised him to seek some safer place of shelter for the night.

This intelligence so much alarmed the stranger, that his agitation would not permit him to eat. But a short time had passed before voices were heard without, with cries of "Surround the house!" and the dwelling was presently assailed by a body of Tories. With admirable calmness, Mrs. Caldwell bade the stranger follow her, and led him out at the opposite door. A large locust tree stood close by, and the night was so dark that no object could be discerned amidst its clustering foliage. She bade him to climb the tree, thorny as it was, and conceal himself till the men should be engaged in plundering the house. He could then descend on the other side and trust to flight for his safety. The house was pillaged, as she had expected, but the express made his escape, to remember with gratitude the woman whose prudence had saved him with the loss of her property.

One little incident is characteristic. Among such articles as the housewife especially prizes, Mrs. Caldwell had an elegant table-cloth, which she valued as the gift of her mother. While the Tories on one occasion were in her house collecting plunder, one of them broke open the chest or drawer which contained it, and drew out the table-cloth. Mrs. Caldwell seized and held it fast, determined not to give up her treasure. When she found that her rapacious enemy would soon succeed in wresting it from her, unless she could make use of some other than muscular force to prevent him, she turned to the other men of the party, whose attention had been attracted by the struggle, so that they had gathered around her.

Still keeping her hold on the table-cloth, she appealed to them with all a woman's eloquence, asking if some of them had not wives or daughters for whose sake they would interfere to cause her to be treated with more civility. A small man, who stood at the distance of a few feet, presently stepped up, with tears in his eyes, and said that he had a wife—a fine woman she was too—and that he would not allow any rudeness to be practised toward Mrs. Caldwell. His interference compelled the depredator to restore the valued article.

A Good Daughter.

A good daughter! There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than her, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the hearts warm requitals more joyfully respond. There is no such thing as a comparative estimate of a parent's love for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. But a son's occupations and pleasures carry him abroad, and he resides more among temptations, which hardly permits affection that is following him perhaps over half the globe, to be unmingled with anxiety until the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one of his own, while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house. Her ideal is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside.—She is his morning sunlight and evening star. The grace, vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have there places in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes come to his mind with a new charm as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song doth not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent of those nameless, numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending, but expressive proofs of love.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE JUDGE DAVIS.—Not many months before the death of this great and good man, on the occasion of a dinner party at his house, at which Mr. Justice Story and other eminent jurists and lawyers were present, the conversation turned upon the advantages of the different periods of life. Some thought the season of youth and manhood the fullest enjoyment, and others gave the preference for solid satisfaction, to the period of age. Judge Davis did not state his opinion until he was invited to do so; and then, in a calm and benign manner for which he was remarkable, said: "In the warm season of the year it is my delight to be in the country, and every pleasant evening while I am there, I love to sit at the window, and look upon some beautiful trees which grow near my house. The murmuring of the wind through the branches, the gentle play of the leaves, and the flickering of light upon them, when the moon is up, fills me with an indiscribable pleasure. As the autumn comes on, I feel very sad to see those leaves falling one by one; but when they are all gone, I find that they were only a screen before my eyes; for I gaze through the naked branches at the glorious stars beyond."—*Boston Traveller.*

How a Major got into the Minority.

BY JOHN OF YORK.

Every body who "travelled" much in the Aztec capital, during its occupation by the American forces, knew the affable and clever Major of the Third Regiment of Dragoons. He was, perhaps, one of the happiest officers with us, always open for a joke, and the first in at the death of a good yarn, while there was no one who could tell one better. A man might campaign with P. a year and never learn from his lips that he was the near relative of a high dignitary in a very considerable grocery supposed to belong to Brother Jonathan, and he is certainly one of the most agreeable companions either in camp, at table, or on a scout. While on one of the latter with him, a few days previous to the arrangement of the armistice, we had the following yarn from his own lips, as a small party were seated around a cracking camp fire!

Shortly after the Major's arrival in the capital, he chanced to fall in with and be introduced to several officers of the regular army. He already knew them by reputation, and very naturally feeling that his relations at home, and the fact of his being a new appointment, might perhaps be no very weighty argument in his favor, he endeavored to be as modest as possible, and to make himself as agreeable as he could. To use his own words, he felt "a little quieter than usual;" but after some moments had passed in conversation, he began to grow more comfortable, and was fast gaining a footing, when a very awkward incident—for the Major, at least—occurred.

The party were standing directly in front of the Lafayette fonda, at that time a very popular resort for Americans, and from the comers and goers, some eight or ten officers had joined it. The Major, having the floor, was relating in his happiest manner one of his thousand and one stories of backwoods life, when he was suddenly interrupted by a thundering whack upon the back, and greeted by a rather enthusiastic "How are ye?" He turned around to see who the intruder was, but did'nt seem at first to recognize him.

The individual who had made such an abrupt *entree* into the party was, I take it, one of the Tennessee volunteers. He stood about six feet two—(they raise men as tall as their corn in Tennessee)—was broad shouldered, a little rounded, however, and had no flesh to spare—probably had spared too much already, for his butternut-colored jacket, and blue cotton terminations strongly advertised "room to let" in every part of them. Seeing that he was not recognized, the woodsman sung out in a voice that would'nt have sounded bad at a battalion parade—

"Why, dod dern it, Mage, ye don't 'pear to know a feller!"

"Recollect your face, very well," responded the Major, "but the name must be on leave of absence, for I can't call it to mind."

"Well, o' all things, Mage, I would'nt a thought *that*. Wy don't ye rec'lect when you used to come down to Squire Akinses electioncerin." Wy dod dern it, I've voted fer you twice, and for Jim tu.—S'pose you don't rec'lect the time we all slep in the barn; down at Squire Akinses huskin, and drinkt so much of that 'old Tennessee'—*thunder*, wa'nt it fiery, though—and Squire Akins, he played the fiddle—yea a!"

The Major very modestly replied that he had a vivid recollection of the affair of the corn-husking, and of Squire Akins and the fiddle, and was about saying something more when his friend brought down his big hand with another slap—

"Squire Akins, *he's* dead, you know?"

"Had'nt heard of it before," replied the Major.

"Q ye-a-s! died of the measles, tu. Never had 'em in his youth, you know, and so bein' old aged, he tuck it uncommonly hard, and—and then died, you know. There wa'nt a cleverer fellow on God's yearth, than that same Squire Akins, Mage—"

How far he would have gone, nobody could guess—for he talked with the rapidity of a mill tail—but the Major finding the thing was getting a little too fat, proposed drinks, by way of shortening the interview.

The two entered the fonda, which was rarely ever frequented by soldiers, and as they walked up to the bar and called for liquor, the Tennesseean very naturally drew considerable attention. The party outside, who were enjoying a silent laugh at the Major's expense, had quietly followed him and his friend in.

"What will you have?" inquired the Major.

"Wa-al—I don't care of I sample a little of that big bottle thar marked 'Old Monongahaly'—it looks putty good and nat'ral," said his friend.

The bottle was produced and the Major very politely shoved it to the other. The Tennessean quickly picked up a common sized bar tumbler, filled it to the brim with clear whiskey, and with a hero's tu yo, was about putting it under his jacket, when the Major tapped him on the shoulder, and with a quiet curl in the corner of his left eye, inquired—

"How many *fingers* do you generally take, my friend?"

The back-woodsman very coolly took the glass in his left hand, and putting the index of his right into a perpendicular position, replied—

"*Wa-al*, Mage, I calculate I don't often take more'n one, but (here he thrust the end of his long bony finger into the glass till it touched the bottom,) *but I gen'rally measure it so!*"

The Major paid the score, and coming to "one" left suddenly, with a pretty strong conviction that his Tennessee friend had rather the majority.—*Pennsylvanian.*

ON BREVITY IN ORATORS.—The Boston Transcript justly observes that the French far surpass us in this respect. Our public speakers must be taught to shun the besetting sin of prolixity and irrelevancy. In reading the debate in the French National Assembly, published in full in the Courier des Etats Unis, we have been struck with one admirable feature—the speeches are all of them models of sententious brevity. The most effective speeches of Lamartine would not occupy two columns in the Washington National Intelligencer, and Toqueville, Thiers, Coquerel, and in fact all the most influential speakers at the tribune, say what they have to say in a space which would not serve Senator Benton or Foote for a preliminary flourish. There is the utmost compression of thought and argument in the phrases of these French statesmen. The consequence is they produce effects which few of our orators can ever achieve.

A DRUNKARD'S SOLILOQUY.—"It would be a comfortable thing if I knowed just where I was bound for. Up street is got mixed with down street, and there's no such thing as cross street at all. The moon's cross-eyed, and keeps winkin' and blinkin' as if she had her eyes full of Macaboy. Now, what am I to do? If I stand still, there 's a very pleasant chance of going to sleep standing. If I goes to stir, hang me if I knows which way I am travellin'."

A GOOD FELLOW NOBODY'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN.—If man grew to a rock like a limpet, then might he happily be his own enemy without any great harm to his neighbors; but he who liveth in society, and faileth to perform his part aright in the station assigned to him, doth all that in him lieth to destroy the body politic. He who is delivered over to vice and drunkenness—for such being interpreted in the meaning of a good fellow who is only his own enemy—setteth a bad example to his dependents; squandereth his fortune on unworthy objects, to the neglect of all that he might and ought to have done towards the relief and advance of the deserving; plungeth his family into difficulties; grieveth, shameth and perhaps starveth them; ruineth his health so as to make himself a burthen to those about him; and, finally, after being a bad citizen, a bad master, a bad husband, a bad father, sinketh into the grave with a soul irrecoverably poisoned by habits of sensuality and gross earthliness, that it would rather seem to rot with its putrefying companion than to enter into any region of spiritualizing existence. And this man, who hath fulfilled no one duty, but, on the contrary, hath spread around him a dark atmosphere of sin, is called a "good fellow," merely because he hath done all this with an air of reckless gayety, which showed an utter absence of any feeling for the being he was rendering miserable.

From the Goshen Democrat.

Evening Lectures of Mrs. Hetty Jones—Concerning Newspapers.

Well, Jones, you are a pretty fellow—here you've come again as drunk as a biled owl, and you don't know yourself from four dollars and a half. The children is crying for bread—their clothes worn out, and here I have to slave—slave—slave—slave—the whole blessed day, till I have not a rag to my back, and what there is sticks as tight to me as the skin does to the Model Artists, old Mrs. Smith tells about.

We must retrench! Retrench indeed—I'd like to see what you'd retrench about this house; except vitals and clothes, and I'm sure we've none to spare in them respects. You would'nt want your own flesh and blood to go naked and hungry, would you? You're too much of a man if you be an old brute, Jones, for that. If you'd keep to work, and mind your business, be steady and stop your drinking all day and spreeing all night, times would be a heap better for us—you ain't the man, Jones, you was when I gave you my virgin affections, you don't come into the house modestly and lift off your hat, and say good evening, Miss Hetty, and draw your chair close up to mine and then take hold of my hand and kinder blush, and then hitch up a little closer and—

Don't make a fool of yourself! I ain't a going to Jones, but it sort does my old heart good to call up those, remissnesses, and wish it had always a been so. But you're as tender hearted as a turtle dove—and just as sensible when you have any sense, as any body—set down, Jones, and eat your supper, and tell me all the news a flying—

You've stopped the paper! You lie, Jones, you know you lie—you'd stopped your wind first—you'd stopped the children's bread—you'd a—

You couldn't afford it! Ain't you got a conscience, Jones, to let on so! The paper costs you four cents a week, and the printer takes all kind of truck for pay—and here it's Saturday night and I would like to know how much money you've thrown away this week—I'll count it up—I'll give you a blessing afore I get through. It ain't often I ketch you at hum, and when I do you'll take it up for better or for worse, as the saying is. There's a gallon of whiskey on Monday morning cost 37½ cts.—there a half a gallon of beer on Tuesday cost eighteen pence—there a shilling to treat that old flummix with that come along and said he knowed you when you was a boy—and the lord only knows how much you have spent to day—it must have took a heap of change, for you ain't an old sponge Jones—you don't get drunk on any body's money but your own—and I reckon it must took at least a quarter to make a man drunk enough to go and stop his paper—well, now I'll count it all up—three shillings—and eight pence—and one shilling—and a quarter, makes just fifty cents, in my opinion, as good as that very sum thrown into the fire, and better too, and that would'uv paid for the Goshen Democrat for three months—and I expect the printer needs the money as bad as most folks. There's a power of 'conomy in such doings; why what would a body know if it warn't for the paper—and now, too, when there's a great election coming, and a body wants to know how to vote?

Wimmin don't vote! Well, I know it, and it's a great pity they don't, they'd revolutionized the world and have a provisionary government everywhere as they call it, and they'd—they—they wouldn't kill off all the men, not quite, case they're useful in their places, mind I tell you, Jones. But as I was saying about the printer, we must have news—visey versey we must have printers, and if they can live without nothing to eat then they're the critters that's in advance of the age for the people of this generation make a god of their knowledge and belief—another thing, I shouldn't wonder if you'd stopped the paper and never paid for it—and then you'll be published on the black list, and you're wife's reputation be ruined—and your children go to the plenipotentiary—it won't do—and here she broke off, for Jones was asleep!

REFLECTIONS.

There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden—but, oh! how many that are beautiful and good. The world teems with beauty—with objects which gladden the eye and warm the heart.—We might be happy if we would. There are ills that we cannot escape, the approach of disease and death, of misfortune, the sundering earthly ties and canker work of grief; but a vast majority of the evils which beset us might be avoided. The curse of intemperance, interwoven as it is with all the ligaments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy.—There is not one bright page upon the record of its progress—nothing to shield from the heartiest execrations of the human race. It should not exist—it must not. Do away with all this—let wars come to an end, and let friendship, charity, love purity and kindness, mark the intercourse between man and man. We are too selfish—as if the world was made for us alone. How much happier should we be were we to labor more earnestly to promote each other's good. God has blessed us with a home which is not all dark. There is sunshine everywhere—in the sky, upon the earth—there would be in most hearts, if we look around us. The storm dies away, and a bright sun shines out. Summer drops her tinted curtain upon the earth, which is very beautiful, even when autumn breathes her changing breath upon it. God reigns in heaven. Murmur not at a being so bountiful, and we can live happier than we do.

BAD LUCK.—There are many persons among us with whom fortune has dealt rather harshly, according to their own account, and who constantly bemoan their inauspicious fate, attributing all their misfortunes, both real and imaginary, to "bad luck." To all such we commend the following article from Rev. H. W. Beecher's lectures to young men:

"I may here, as well as any where, impart the secret of good and bad luck. There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age, the misfortunes of their lives. Luck forever ran against them and for others."

"One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time in fishing when he should have been in his office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck with his hot temper, which provoked his employers to leave him. Another, with his lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at every thing else but his business. Another, who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle.

Another, who was honest and constant at his work, erred by perpetual misjudgment; he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck endorsing; by sanguine expectations; by trusting fraudulent men; and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early rising, hard working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, strictly honest, who complained of bad luck.

A good character, good habits and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalion, creeping out of a grocery late in the afternoon, with his hands stuck in his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in; I know he has had bad luck, for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave or a tippler."

A FACT.—The ready wit of a true-born Irishman, however humble, is exceeded only by his gallantry. A few days since, says an exchange paper, we observed a case in point. A sudden gust of wind took a parasol from the hand of its owner, and before one had a chance to recollect whether it would be his etiquette to catch the parasol of a lady to whom he had never been introduced, a lively Emeralder dropped his hod of bricks, caught the parachute in the midst of its Ellsler gyrations, and presented it to the loser, with a low bow, which reminded us of poor Power. "Fith, madam," said he, as he did so, "If you were as strong as you are handsome, it wouldn't have got away from you." "Which shall I thank you for first, the service or the compliment?" asked the lady, smilingly. "Troth, madam," said Pat, again touching the place where once stood the brim of what was a beaver, "that look of your beautiful eye thanked me for both."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

The plaything of child is a doll—the God of a man is a doll-ar.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.

EXTRACT FROM THE PROTEST OF GEN. JACKSON, TO THE U. S. SENATE.—"The resolution of the Senate contains an imputation upon my private as well as upon my public character; and as it must stand forever on their journals, I cannot close this substitute for that defence which I have not been allowed to present in the ordinary form, without remarking that I have lived in vain, if it be necessary to enter into a formal vindication of my character and purposes from such an imputation. In vain do I bear upon my person, enduring memorials of that contest in which American liberty was purchased—in vain have I since perrilled property, fame and life, in defence of the rights and privileges so dearly bought—in vain am I now, without a personal aspiration, or the hope of individual advantage, encountering responsibilities and dangers, from which, by mere inactivity in relation to a single point, I might have been exempt—if any serious doubts can be entertained as to the purity of my purpose and motives. If I had been ambitious, I should have sought alliance with that powerful institution, which even now aspires to no divided empire. If I had been venal, I should have sold myself to its designs. Had I preferred personal comfort and official ease to the performance of my arduous duty, I should cease to molest it. In the history of conquerors and usurpers, never, in the fire of youth nor in the vigor of manhood, could I find an attraction to lure me from the path of duty; and now I shall scarcely find and inducement to commence a career of ambition, when grey hairs and a decaying frame, instead of inviting to toil and battle, call me to the contemplation of other worlds, where conquerors cease to be honored, and usurpers expiate their crimes. The only ambition I can feel is, to acquit myself to Him to whom I must soon render an account of my stewardship, to serve my fellow men, and live respected and honored, in the history of my country. No; the ambition which leads me on is an anxious desire and a fixed determination to return to the people unimpared, the sacred trust they have confided to my charge; to heal the wounds of the constitution and preserve it from farther violation; to persuade my countrymen, so far as I may, that it is not in a splended government, supported by powerful monopolies and aristocratical establishments, that they will find happiness, or their protection, but in a plain system void of pomp—protecting all, and granting favors to none—dispensing its blessings, like the dews of Heaven, unseen and unfelt, save in the freshness and beauty they contribute to produce. It is such a government that the genius of our people requires—such an one only under which our States may remain for ages to come, united, prosperous, and free. If the Almighty Being who has hitherto sustained and protected me, will but vouchsafe to make my feeble powers instrumental to such a result, I anticipate with pleasure the place to be asigned me in the history of my country, and die contented with the belief that I have contributed, in some small degree, to increase the value and prolong the duration of American liberty."

What Education Should Be.

Education, unaccompanied by moral training, is like a sword in the hands of a madman—and yet grieved am I to utter it, much of the education of the country is of this sort. The schools of most reputation are eagerly sought—the colleges of richest endowments are greedily visited—*knowledge, knowledge* is the cry, while not a thought is spent upon the moral education which may be going on during the acquisition of that knowledge—of the knowledge that our children may be drinking in—the poison of immorality, of infidelity. Rather let your children lack the accomplishments of life—rather let them be behind in the knowledge of the day, than procure them at such a cost. But no schools, however well conducted, no college however strict the discipline, can achieve anything for your children, unless yourselves train them up in the homestead, to obedience, self-government, to courtesy, to virtue. It must be "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little"—it must be daily instruction in the word of God—it must be earnest prayer for them, and with them; and accompanying all this must be a free use of the rod of correction: for "folly is bound up in the heart of a child," and nothing else can take it out. This is education, and it is the want of this which has made our schools and colleges, rather engines of evil than instruments of good.

A BASHFUL LOVER.

A Green Mountain boy fell in love with a pretty girl, and determined to court her. To that end he dressed himself in his "Sunday go to meetings," went to her father's house and found her alone.

"How d'ye du," says Johnathan.

"I'm nicely," says the girl.

Johnathan took a chair and seated himself in the fartherst corner of the room, as though the beauty was a thing to be feared rather than loved.

"Aint you cold—had'nt you better sit up to the fire," says Sally, supposing he would of course, if he was going to make love at all, too do it in a proper manner.

"No, I thankee; I reckon I'm comfortable," returned Jonathan.

"How is your marm?" said Sally.

"Well, she's complainin, a little," said Jonathan. Here a pause of ten minutes ensued, during which time he amused himself by whittling a stick.

"There's nothin' new up your way, is there?" said Sally, which Jonathan might understand as applying to his present situation, or to his father's domicil.

"Here! oh—yis, you meant to hum, well no—that is yis—our spotted cow's got a calf!" said Jonathan.

Sally would undoubtedly have laughed at this queer piece of information, only she was too much vexed at the speaker. At length after much protracted silence, Sally got up a very large edition of a scream, and in a loud voice exclaimed,

"Let me alone!"

"Why," says Jonathan, dropping his knife and stick in astonishment, "Why I ain't a touchin' on yo."

"Well," said Sally, in a voice which might be indicative of fear, but sounded very like a request, "aint you goin' tu?"

Jonathan thought a moment of this equivocal reply, and then placing his knife in his pocket and blowing his nose, he drew his chair by side of pretty Sally, gently encircled her waist and—the next week they were married.

ORIGINALITY.—If we study great men, we shall find that they were not so much distinguished by originality as by range or extent of thought. If we require of them that absolute originality which consists its weaving, like the spider, their web from their own bowels, we shall not succeed in obtaining it.—No great man was original. Least of all does originality consist in unlikeness to other men. A great man is a centre of things—seeing the wants of other men, and sharing their desires—adds also strength of arm to come at their point. The greatest genius is the most indebted man—the greatest poet is a man in unison with his time and country. The great man does not wake up and say, I will square the circle—ransack botany and discover another food for man. I have a new architect in my mind—I will foresee a new organic power. No, he is forced on by the genius of his cotemporaries. He stands where all the eyes of men look, and their hands all point to the direction in which he should go. He finds the materials ready to his hands—they have sunk the hills and bridges the rivers for his road. Men, poets, women, have all worked for him, and he has entered into their labors. Great general power, we might almost say, consists in not being original at all, but to the greatest extent receptive.—*Emerson.*

AN ELOQUENT FIGURE.—The Mecklenburg Jeffersonian, says:—"Like one of those wondrous rocking stones reared by the Druids, which the finger of a child might vibrate to its centre; yet the might of an army could not move from its place, our constitution is so nicely poised and balanced, that it seems to sway with every breath of opinion, yet so firmly rooted in the hearts and affections of the people, that the wildest storms of treason and fanaticism break over it in vain."

Modes of Salutation.

Greenlanders have none, and laugh at the idea of one person being inferior to another.

Islanders near the Philipines take a person's hand or foot and rub it over their face.

Laplanders apply their noses strongly against the person they salute.

In New Guinea they place leaves upon the heads of those they salute.

In the Straits of the Sound they raise the left foot of the person saluted, pass it over the right leg, and thence over the face.

The inhabitants of the Philippines bend very low, placing their hands on their cheeks, and raise one foot in the air, with the knee bent.

An Ethiopian takes the robe of another and ties it about him, so as to leave his friend almost naked.

The Japanese take off a slipper, and the people of Arracan their sandals, in the street, and their stockings in the house, when they salute.

Two Negro Kings on the coast of Africa salute by snapping the middle finger three times.

The inhabitants of Carmene, when they should show a particular attachment, open a vein and present the blood to their friend as a beverage.

If the Chinese meet after a long separation they fall on their knees, bend their face to the earth two or three times, and use many other, affected modes. They have, also, a kind of ritual, or "Academy of Compliments," by which they regulate the number of bows, genuflexions and words to be spoken on any occasion. Ambassadors practice these ceremonies forty days before they appear at court.

In Otaheite they rub noses together.

The Dutch, who are considered great eaters, have a morning salutation, common amongst all ranks, "*Smaakelyk eeten!*" (May you eat a hearty dinner!) Another is, "*Hoe vaart u wel?*" (How do you sail?)—adopted, no doubt, in the early periods of the republic, when they were all navigators and fishermen.

The usual salutation at Cairo is, "How do you sweat?"—a dry, hot skin being a sure sign of a destructive; ephemeral fever.

Some author has observed, in contrasting the haughty Spaniard with the frivolous Frenchman, that the proud, steady gait and inflexible solemnity of the former were expressed in his mode of salutation, "*Como esta?*" (How do you stand?)—whilst the "*Comment vous portez-vous?*" (How do you carry yourself?) was equally expressive of the gay motion and incessant action of the latter.

The common salutation in the southern provinces of China, amongst the lower orders, is, "*Yafan?*" (Have you eaten your rice?)

In Africa a young woman, an intended bride, brought a little water in a calabash, and kneeling down before her lover, desired him to wash his hands. When he had done this, the girl, with a tear of joy in her eyes, drank the water. This was considered as the greatest proof she could give of her fidelity and attachment.—*Young People's Mirror.*

CURING HAMS AND PORK.

After dressing, the carcass should be allowed to hang till perfectly drained and cold, when it may be cut up and salted. The usual way is to pack the pork in clean salt adding brine to the barrel when filled. But it may be dry salted, by rubbing it in thoroughly on every side of each piece, with a strong leather rubber, firmly secured in the right hand.—The pieces are then thrown into heaps and sprinkled with salt, and occasionally turned till cured; or it may at once be packed in dry casks, which are occasional rolled, to bring the salt in contact with every part. Hams and shoulders may be cured in the same manner, either dry or in pickle, but with differently arranged materials. The following is a good pickle for 200 pounds. Take fourteen pounds of Turk's Island salt, half a pound of saltpetre, two quarts of molasses, or four pounds of brown sugar, with water enough to dissolve them. Bring the liquor to a scalding point, and skim off all the impurities which rise to the top. When cold pour it upon the ham, which should be perfectly cool, but, not frozen, and closely packed; and if not sufficient to cover it, add enough pure water for this purpose. Some extensive packers in Cincinnati and elsewhere, who send choice hams to market, add pepper, allspice, cinnamon, nutmeg, or mace and cloves. The hams may remain six or eight weeks in the pickle, then hung up in a smoke house, with the small end down, and smoked from ten to twenty days, according to the quantity of smoke. The fire should not be near enough to heat the hams. In Holland and Westphalia, the fire is made in the cellar, and the smoke carried by a flue into a cool dry chamber. This is undoubtedly the best method of smoking. The hams should at all times be dry and cool, or their flavor will suffer. Green sugar maple chips are the best for smoke; next to them are hickory, sweet birch, corn cobs, white ash, or beach. The smoke house is the best place to keep hams till wanted. If removed they should be kept cool, dry and free from flies. A canvass cover for each, saturated with lime, which may be put on with a white wash brush is a perfect protection against flies. When not to be kept long, they may be packed in dry salt, or even in sweet brine, without injury. A common method is to pack it in dry oats, baked saw dust, &c.

VALUABLE PAPERS.—A Washington letter in the New York Journal of Commerce says:

"Under the late acts of Congress the Jefferson and Madison papers have been offered to the Secretary of State, and they are to be published by the Government. The Jefferson papers are voluminous. Besides territorial and political disquisitions and correspondence, they embrace treatises on moral and religious topics, and particularly a comment on the life and character of St. Paul.

"Mr. Jefferson was, perhaps, more careful of papers than any man that ever lived, except the late John Q. Adams. Mr. Jefferson kept copies of every paper that he ever wrote, even on the most trifling subject. He invented a copying press, and had several made in France. One, that he much used is now extant, and, in the hands of a gentleman in Richmond.—Equally careful he was in preserving every paper that he ever received. His papers, and those of Mr. Madison, are in admirable order.

"The Madison papers lately purchased, and soon to be published, are, by far, the most valuable of any which the Government have yet obtained, or can obtain. They are replete with valuable information concerning the origin and principles of our Government, and will show, if, indeed, any further evidence is wanting of the fact, that to Mr. Madison, we are chiefly indebted for the adoption of our happy frame of Government.

"The Hamilton papers, also authorized to be purchased, have not yet been placed at the disposal of the Secretary of State.

"The papers left by the late ex-President Monroe have been collected and prepared for the press, and their publication will, no doubt, be encouraged by the Government. They are said to be very valuable and interesting. They embrace a treatise on the elementary principles of Government, as written by Mr. Monroe in retirement, and not long prior to his death; and an auto-biography of his public life up to the year 1808."

THE GREAT MYSTERY OF NATURE.—Of all the undefinable things in nature, Time is the most mysterious and the most paradoxical. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight, and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death. It is the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition. It is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; but, like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even the sages discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late.

A TOUGH YARN.—There is a place so rocky, that when the down-easters plant corn they look for crevices in the rocks, and shoot the grain in with a musket.

The way to gain fame or notoriety is, to do very little, and make a tremendous noise about it, as lean women make themselves look like somebody by the aid of a *bustle*.