# 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, DECEMBER 14, 1848. NO. 27.



### Newville Female Seminary.

THIS institution, under the care of Misses BELL and WHYTE, having completed its first term under favorable circumstances, is prepared to receive an additional number of pupils. In addition to the present teachers, a young lady, a graduate of Washington Female Seminary, is engaged as Music Teacer for the ensuing term, and every arrangement will be made to have music, Vocal and Instrumental, efficiently taught.

*Terms per Session of five Months.*

| | |
|---|---|
| For boarding, lodging, washing, lights, and fuel, | $50,00 |
| Tuition in Juvenile Department, | 6,00 |
| Primary Class, | 9,00 |
| Junior " | 11,00 |
| Senior " | 13,00 |
| Drawing or Painting, | 10,00 |
| Music on Piano, | 15,00 |
| Use of instrument, | 4,00 |

Payable one half in advance.

The next Session commences November 1st, and ends March 31st, 1849.

Newville, October 12, 1848—3t.

### HIGHLAND NURSERY.

THE subscriber desires to inform the public, and the lovers of good fruit in particular, that he has now on hand for sale, at reduced prices, the largest and best assortment of young trees ever offered in this county, embracing in part, Apple Peach, Plum, Pear, Nectarine, Apricot, and nearly all other kinds of Trees and Plants. He warrants his trees sound and free from canker, and of the best quality. They embrace nearly all kinds of the best fruit known in this country, and will be sold on accommodating terms. The trees are of large size, and in a lively condition. His Nursery is 3 miles east Carlisle, and ½ a mile south of the Railroad. All orders punctually attended to. Address the subscriber, post-paid, Carlisle.

DAVID MILLER, Jr.

October 12, 1848.—6t

### J. ELLIS BONHAM,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice in the several courts of Cumberland and Perry counties, and devote his time exclusively to his profession. Office in Harper's Row, immediately opposite the Episcopal Church.

Carlisle, Oct. 26, 1848.

### More New Goods!

THE subscriber has just returned from the city with a large and beautiful stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS. As would invite the attention of the public to call and see his goods before purchasing elsewhere. Recollect the store, on West Main street, a few doors west of Beetem's Hotel.

GEO. R. CROOKS.

October 19, 1848.

### Selling Off at Cost!

THE subscribers would inform their customers and the public generally, that they are desirous of quiting business, and will sell off at first cost their stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, &c.—The public is respectfully invited to call and get Bargains. They would also say to those who know themselves indebted to the subscribers by note or book account to call and pay up as soon as possible, as they intend to wind up their business in a hurry

MYERS & SHEAFER

Carlisle, Oct. 26, 1848.—3t

October 19, 1848.

### Read this Attentively!

DOCTOR HOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL effectually cure the Liver Complaint Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Indigestion, Flatulence, Asthma, Diabetes, Disease of the Kidneys, Pulmonary Affections, (arising from disease of the stomach and Liver,) and all diseases arising from a weak or disordered stomach in both male and female, such as Female weakness, dizziness, fullness of blood to the head, inward piles, fluttering of the heart, difficulty of breathing, constant imaginings of evil, great depression of spirits, dimness of vision, pain in the side, back, breast, or limbs, cold feet, &c.

They remove all acidity, and give tone and action to the stomach, and assist digestion; they contain no alcoholic stimulant, and can be taken by the most delicate stomach, and will in every case entirely destroy costiveness, and invigorate the whole system, removing all impurities from the body, and remnants of previous disease, and give health and vigor to the whole frame, thereby preventing frightful dreams, walking while asleep, &c., which often result in accident.

The functions of the stomach are of the utmost importance to every one, it constituting the source and fountain of life, which is nutrition. No organ possesses such remarkable sympathies, none such remarkable power in modifying every part of the system. A greater number of persons fall victims to the harrassing effects of Constipation and Dyspepsia, and more organic diseases commencing in the digestive system, than all other diseases combined. The many thousands who die with Yellow Fever, Cholera, Influenza, and other epidemics, is owing to disease or derangement there. If the digestive system is in perfect health, the nervous system and the circulation of the blood will be also, as upon it they depend, then epidemics loose all their terror.

Those living in, or visiting districts harrassed with Fever and Ague annually, will find that by the timely use of one or two bottles to renovate and strengthen the system, no excess of bile will accumulate, and they will not in one instance take the disease. Prevention is far better than cure.

The rare success in treating diseases of the stomach successfully, has not been so much a want of pathological knowledge of its functions, as the preparation of suitable vegetable compounds, so as to obtain not only their whole power, but as they would be most effectual and grateful.

We are all aware that too many preparations have been, and are now before the public, that act only as palliatives, and some that change the locality of the disease, or prevent it for a short period, then it returns more formidable than in the first instance. Such preparations have destroyed the public confidence. This article standing alone in its number of cures, and unrivalled, as thousands of our citizens can attest who have tested its virtues, can always be depended upon for the above named diseases. It will cure any case that can be cured by medicine, no matter who, or what else has failed; it will perfectly restore the diseased organic functions of the Stomach, Intestines, Respiration, Circulation, &c.

These Bitters and the Spikenard Ointment will cure any case of Inward Piles; it is a rare occurrence to require more than one bottle of each for the worst cases.

For sale at the GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, No. 278 Race st., one door above Eighth, south side, Philadelphia. In Lancaster, by John F. Long; in Harrisburg, by Daniel W. Gross; in Pittsburg, by Wm. Thorn—and by dealers generally throughout the United States.

Pamphlets containing cures and description of diseases, gratis.

Also for sale, his celebrated *Vegetable Rheumatic Pills*, for the cure of Gout, Rheumatism, Dropsy, and severe Nervous Affections.

*Spikenard Ointment*, for the cure of Piles, Tetter, Ringworms, &c.

March 30, 1848.—9m

CAPS—Just received a general assortment of Gentlemen's, Boy's and Children's Cloth Caps, and for sale by GEO R CROOKS

### Purify the Blood!

### DR. KEELER'S PANACEA,

FOR the removal and permanent cure of all diseases arising from an impure state of the Blood and habit of the body, viz:

Chronic bronchitis, catarrh, pleurisy, coughs, etc., scrofula in all its forms, tetter, scald-head, salt rheum, cutaneous eruptions of the head, face, body, and extremities, chronic diseases of the liver, stomach, and bowels, chronic rheumatism, chronic enlargement of the joints and ligaments, white swellings, hip-joint affections, abcesses, ulcers, syphilitic disorders, mercurial and hereditary predispositions, etc.

Spring and summer have pasted away, and autumn is once more with us. There is a melancholy sadness in the season and all nature seems to feel the change that is stealing silently on. Man seems to shrink from the coming winter and prepares himself to meet the changes which the seasons impose upon him. But how is it with the bed-ridden martyr to scrofula, liver diseases, chest affections, rheumatism, or any of the numerous disorders which take their rise in the organs of digestion and so soon dry up the springs of life. How does he feel the changes?—What gloomy forebodings lie in the future? The sear and yellow leaf of autumn remind him that "decay's effacing fingers" are already active in their work of desolation. He feels and knows that without relief

With him life's scenes will soon be o'er,
His beating heart will cease to beat.

But has the bounteous hand of nature scattered around us no remedy to drive disease from the system and bring again the bloom upon the cheek?—Must hours, days, weeks and months, be consumed in anguish and suffering? Our answer is emphatically no. The Panacea is a remedy of unsurpassed alterative powers, and will so far as human agency and foresight can go, drive disease from the system and restore it again to health. From the past we may judge of the future. What has once been done can be done again. From the many advantages conferred on the afflicted by the Panacea, all may reasonably hope for, and expect to derive benefits.

Read the following evidence:

PHILADELPHIA, June 9, 1847.

Having been appized of the nature of the Panacea, it affords me much pleasure to be able to recommend it as a valuable remedy for those chronic, constitutional and glandular diseases, to which it is especially adapted. Those who are afflicted and require medicine as an alterative, cannot obtain it in a more agreeable, active and uniform state, than is to be found in the Panacea. I have used it in several instances with decided success. Yours, &c.

D. ALLISON, M. D.

Prepared North-west corner 3d & South streets, Philadelphia. For sale by SAMUEL ELLIOTT, Carlisle, and by Druggists and Merchants throughout the county.

Price $1 per bottle or 6 bottles for $5. For particulars see pamphlets.

October 26, 1848.—6m

### To Butter Makers.

THE subscribers having purchased the right of Cumberland county for making Crowell's Patent Thermometer Churns, they would respectfully inform the Farmers and the public in general, that they will make and offer for sale these churns at the Cabinet Wareroom of George Spangler, in North Hanover street, next door to David Smith's office. The principal advantage this churn has over all other churns is, that it is so constructed that the top can be taken off so as to give free access to the inside of the churn, which makes it convenient to put in the cream and get out the butter. A thermometer is attached to the one end of the churn so as to show the exact temperature of the cream, which experience shows should be 60 degrees to make good butter. A chamber or space is arranged around the bottom of the churn for the purpose of admitting cold or warm water, so as to bring the cream to the desired temperature without mixing the water with the cream. The secret in churning butter is to have your cream at the proper temperature—it will produce more and better butter and take less time in churning—it churns equally well in cold or warm weather, no such thing as having scalded butter—all that is necessary to make good butter all seasons of the year is to get one of Crowell's Patent Thermometer Churns. We would most respectfully invite the public to call and examine for themselves.

GEORGE SPANGLER,
SAML. MYERS.

Carlisle, Oct. 12, 1848.

*CERTIFICATES.*

*Mr. George Spangler:*

Sir—We have been using the Thermometer Churn I got of you for some time and find it far superior to the old barrel churn for several reasons. First, great saving of time in getting butter the average time of churning being about fifteen minutes, (all weathers) we have got butter in the short space of ten minutes. Secondly, the butter when obtained is much firmer than when using any other churn. Finally, my folks say they would not exchange for any other churn and twice the original cost of the Thermometer churn. Yours, &c.

GEO. W. SHEAFER.

September 28, 1848.

*Mr. George Spangler:*

I have the Crowell Thermometer Churn you made for me in use at my place, and I do not hesitate to say that no farmer should be without it. Fifteen minutes is all the time required to make butter, and the value of this saving of time and labor consists in this—that it requires no more time at any one season than another, and that the temperature of the cream, necessary to make butter, is produced with certainty and without the admixture of warm or cold water with the cream itself. FREDK. WATTS.

August 17, 1848.

*To the Public:*

For the benefit of the better part of man (woman) I give this certificate after using the Thermometer churn made by Mr. George Spangler of this place, I would have none other in my family. We have been using the old barrel churn for thirty years past, and I must say it is not to be compared to Crowell's Thermometer Churn, either for speed of churning or convenience. In the old barrel churn it took generally from four to six hours to churn the churning—now in the Thermometer churn we can churn butter in from fifteen to twenty minutes, by bringing the cream to the proper temperature. I can recommend it to the public as no cheat.

JOSEPH SHROM.

September 4, 1848.

### WIGS AND BRAIDS.

WILLIAM WEBB, takes this method of returning his sincere thanks to his numerous friends and the public generally, for the liberal encouragement they have bestowed upon him, and would inform them that he has just received from the city a large and very superior lot of

**Metallic Wigs,**

Three quarter do., Scalp, Ladies' plain Frizettes, or front Braids; also a small assortment of Ladies' Curls, a splendid article, of late & improved style on combs,

**Brushes, &c.**

He has also received a select and superior lot of Hair, Tooth, Nail and Clothes Brushes; English and Buffalo Horn Combs, Dressing and Pocket do., articles that cannot fail to recommend themselves by their superior finish.

Ladies and others wishing to purchase anything in the above line, will find it to their advantage by calling and examining my stock, as I feel confident that the articles, and prices attached to them, will ensure general satisfaction.

Carlisle, Nov. 23, 1848.—3t



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. addition on the price of subscription will be required of all those who do not pay in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

| | |
|---|---|
| One square, one insertion, | $ 50 |
| One square, two insertions, | 75 |
| One square, three insertions, | 1.00 |
| Every subsequent insertion, per square, | 25 |

A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year, or for three or six months.

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.

### THE LAST INTERVIEW.

HERE, in this lonely bower, where first I won thee,
I come, belov'd, beneath the moon's pale ray,
To gaze once more, through struggling tears, upon thee,
And then to bear my broken heart away:
I dare not linger near thee as a brother;
I feel my burning heart would still be thine;
How could I hope my passionate thoughts to smother,
While yielding all the sweetness to another,
That should be mine.

But Fate hath willed it; the decree is spoken;
Now Life may lengthen out its weary chain,
For, 'reft of thee, its loveliest links are broken;
May we but clasp them all in Heaven again!
Yes, thou wilt there be mine, in yon blue Heaven;
There are sweet meetings of the pure and fond;
Oh, joys unspeakable to such are given,
When the sweet ties of Love, that here are riven,
Unite beyond.

A glorious charm from Heaven thou dost inherit;
The gift of angels unto thee belongs;
Then breathe thy love in music, that thy spirit
May whisper to me, thro' thine own sweet songs;
And though my coming life may soon resemble
The desert-spots, thro' which my steps will flee,
The round thee, then, wild worshippers assemble,
My heart will triumph if thine own but tremble
Still true to me.

Yet, not when on our bower the light reposes
In golden glory, will thou sigh for me:
Not when the young bee seeks the crimson roses;
And the far sunbeams tremble o'er the sea;
And when at eve the tender heart grows fonder,
And the full soul with pensive love is fraught,
Then with wet lids o'er these sweet paths thou'lt wander
And, thrilled with love, upon my memory ponder
With tender thought.

And when at times thy bird-like voice entrances
The listening throng with some enchanting lay,
If I am near thee, let thy heavenly glances
One gentle message to my heart convey;
I ask but this—a happier one has taken
From my lone life the charm that make it dear,
I ask but this, and promise thee, unshaken,
To meet that look of love—but, oh! 'twill waken
Such raptures here!

And now farewell! I dare not further lengthen
These sweet and moments out; to gaze on thee
Is bliss indeed, yet it but serves to strengthen
The love that now amounts to agony:
This is our last farewell, our last fond meeting;
The world is wide, and we must dwell apart;
My spirit gives thee, now, its last wild greeting,
With lip to lip, while pulse to pulse is beating,
And heart to heart.

Farewell! farewell! Our dream of bliss is over,
All, save the memory of our plighted love;
I now must yield thee to thy happier lover,
Yet oh, remember, thou art mine above!
'Tis a sweet thought, and, when by distance parted,
'Twill be upon our hearts a holy spell,
But the sad tears beneath thy lids have started,
And I—alas! we both are broken hearted!
Dearest, farewell!

AMELIA.

## Miscellaneous.

### HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE.

(We extract the following account of heroism and self-devotion from "Twenty-four years in the Argentine Republic," by Col. Anthony King. It will bring the story of Damon and Pythias vividly to the mind of the reader.)

It is now about three years since some persons from Buenos Ayres went to England, carrying with them specimens of ore from certain valuable mines in the province and vicinity of Rioja. These mines they represented as belonging to them; and by operating with persons this side, they succeeded in disposing of them for immense sums of money. The English purchasers formed a joint association, and sent out, at vast expense, men and machinery for the purpose of working the mines; but on their arrival, they found they had been duped into the purchase of land belonging to the government. Quiroga who was then governor of the province, was applied to, and finding there was a possibility of turning their operations to his own account, gave them permission to work the mines, but withheld the title of possession. They accordingly proceeded with their work, expending large sums as they progressed, until all was staken in this one enterprise. They had begun to reap a realization of their hopes from the product of the mines, when Quiroga commenced throwing obstacles in their way and exacting large amounts for the privilege that he had granted them, flogging and imprisoning the workmen, and annoying them to such a degree that at length the operations were suspended and the whole company were totally ruined. There was no means of redress, and those who could obtain the means returned to Europe; but there were many who were compelled by necessity to remain; and among them were two Germans, whose christian names were Frederick and Wilhelm. These two were devotedly attached to each other, and might always be seen together, sharing their means, and striving for each other's comfort and enjoyment.

Tyrants are always suspicious of those about them and Quiroga, to be in the fashion, imagined that a conspiracy was on foot against *his* life. Many persons were arrested under this suspicion; and as he knew that none could be more likely to entertain hatred towards him than the poor foreigners whom he had ruined, our friend Wilhelm was arrested and imprisoned with the rest. It was in vain that his more than brother, Frederick, pleaded the innocence of his friend, and begged his release. Quiroga only smiled, and told him he wasted his words. The poor fellow became almost distracted; and in this state of mind was one morning informed that his friend was to be shot in the afternoon. Those who knew him, feared that this announcement would drive him to madness; but it was no sooner made him than a change of a very different nature came over his mind in an instant. He had entreated, worried and fretted himself into a feverish excitement, going from person to person, and from place to place, to obtain influence, and often, too, with tears in his eyes; yet all had been without avail. But when he heard the irrevocable sentence of death, a deliberate calm seemed to take possession of his soul; and with it came, as will be seen, a settled determination to save his friend, even at the sacrifice of his own life. He immediately procured a fleet horse, and riding to the guard-house, where Wilhelm was confined, and which stood near the residence of Quiroga, he dismounted, and leaving his horse with the captain of the guard, said calmly,

"Captain, I am going to the Governor to obtain a reprieve for my friend; should the Governor send an order to that effect, you will please to give him my horse."

Having obtained a promise of compliance, he proceeded to the house of Quiroga, and passing the guard at the entrance, found him alone.

"Governor," he said, "you may know the object of my visit: it is to intercede once more for my friend. You have been misinformed respecting him; he is not capable of joining in this conspiracy, and is innocent of this charge. I beg of you to release him."

Quiroga looked upon him, and with an infernal smile, said—

"You must forget your friend—he has but a few hours to live. Do you know that when I condemn a man, I seldom forgive him?"

"But he is my only friend!" exclaimed the poor fellow, falling upon his knees and bursting into tears; "he is my only friend, and if you kill him you will kill me. Senor! senor! he is incapable of this act! He has not the heart! he has not the power. Even now he cannot speak the Spanish language. Senor! I entreat you, spare him!"

"If he does not understand the Spanish language," said the cold-blooded tyrant, "he will not need to learn it now. Go—leave me; you can say nothing that will alter my determination, or save his life."

"Is it so, Monsieur?" exclaimed Frederick, springing to his feet, and levelling a pistol at the breast of Quiroga. "Speak one word and you die! I have come to liberate my friend and I will do it!"

He then approached the door and turned the key. The tyrant saw resolution in his eye, and trembled.

"See," continued the German, "I have saved you the trouble of drawing the order for his release; it is all ready, together with his passport, and wants only your signature, which you will please affix to it instantly."

Quiroga knit his brows and hesitated.

"Come, senor, there is no time to lose. My life you may have, and you shall be welcome to it, but you *must* sign these papers! Hesitate one moment longer, and I swear that I will deprive you of the power to commit more murders."

There was no alternative; the papers were signed. The German went to the door, still keeping Quiroga at bay, beckoned one of the guard, and handing him the paper, said calmly—

"Here's the Governor's order for the release of the foreigner, Wilhelm; he commands you to deliver it instantly to the Captain of the guard."

Then returning, he again fastened the door, and taking a seat, said, in the most quiet manner possible:

"Now, Governor, I will have a half hour's conversation with you."

Upon the margin of the order of release, Frederick had written a few words, in the German language, directing his friend to take the horse which the Capt. would deliver to him, and escape, without a moment's delay from the province.

This self-sacrificed man conversed with Quiroga for a full hour. He spoke of the injuries that himself and his companions had so unjustly suffered at his hands, and entreated him to adopt a different course of conduct towards his fellow men. "By humanity and goodness," said he, "you will win their confidence to such a degree that you need fear no conspiracy against your life; but by pursuing your present course, he asserted that the sword of Damocles will forever hang above you, ready at any moment, even as it is now, to fall and destroy you."

Wearied with his imprisonment, Quiroga at length said—

"Well, Senor Frederick, you have accomplished your object—your friend is secure, and I suppose you are ready to retire."

"After I have obtained from you a single promise," he replied.

"Well, what is that?"

"I wish you to promise on your honor as a Spanish American, that you will order no pursuit within an hour from this moment."

"I promise it," said Quiroga, taking out his watch. "Go—if you can escape within that time you shall not be harmed."

Bowing politely, the German retired; but he had been more thoughtful in behalf of his friend than himself. He had provided no horse for his own escape; and rather than lose the time necessary to obtain one, trusted in his ability to reach the hills and thus elude pursuit.

As I before stated, the Spaniard regards his word as more sacred than life, and even Quiroga would not break his.

With his watch in his hand, continued my informant, he paced his apartment in frantic impatience, and on the moment when the hour expired, he sprang to the porch, exclaiming—

"Pursue the foreigner! A hundred ounces to him who brings me the head of the foreigner, Frederick!"

Pursuit was instantly made in every direction, and it was not long before the poor fellow saw the hunters on his track. He had just reached a passage in the hills as they perceived him. Entering the first recess that presented itself, he ran forward and took refuge in the narrow cleft of a huge rock—hoping they would pass without discovering him. But it was a vain hope. There he was found; and there, fighting for his life, he fell, pierced with a dozen of weapons.

Wilhelm escaped into the provinces of Catamarca, and finally returned to Europe.

The substance of the interview between Quiroga and Frederick was made known by Quiroga himself, who often laughed over it, saying that it was the best managed affair he ever witnessed.

### Henry Clay's Mother.

We copy from Mrs. Ellet's Memoirs of the Women of the Revolution, the following sketch of Henry Clay's mother:

Our country offers abundant examples of men who have attained its highest eminence, ascribing all to early maternal influence and training. For the mother of Henry Clay, that great man—has ever professed feelings of profound affection and veneration.—Though her life offered no incident of striking or romantic interest, she was what expresses the perfection of female character—an excellent mother.—She was the youngest of two daughters, who were the only children of George and Elizabeth Hudson. Her name also was Elizabeth; she was born in the county of Hanover, in Virginia, in 1760. Her education such as attainable at that period in the Colony. In her fifteenth year she was married to John Clay, a preacher of the Baptist denomination, and become the mother of eight children. Mr. Clay died during the war of the Revolution.

Some years afterwards Mrs. Clay contracted a second marriage, with Mr. Henry Watkins, and in course of time eight children more were added to her family. The cares devolving upon her in the charge of so many children, and the superintendence of domestic concerns, of course occupied her time to the exclusion of participating in matters of public interest.

Her son Henry was seperated from her when only thirteen years of age, having before that period been occasionally absent from home for months in going to school. In 1792 his step father removed with his mother and family, from Hanover county to Woodland county, in Kentucky, leaving him in Richmond, Virginia. He did not again see his mother until the fall of 1797, when he himself emigrated to Kentucky. His estimable and beloved parent died in 1827, having survived most of her children, of whom there are but four remaining—two by the first and two by the last marriage.

### Life and Literature in Arkansas.

The Fort Smith Herald of October 18, gravely records the following remarkable incidents:

On Friday morning last a scene was enacted at the academy in this place, which we are bound to chronicle as a matter of history connected with our town, as follows: One of Mr. Stedham's sons, a small boy, complained to his parents of having been ill-treated in some way by Mrs. Sabine, teacher of the smaller scholars, and sister of the principal, Mr. M. A. Lynde.

On the morning above mentioned, about the hour when school is taken in, Mr. and Mrs. Stedham proceeded to the academy; the former went into the larger room, where the principal was engaged, and the latter went into the room where the infant school is taught, and immediately drew out from under her shawl, a cowhide and gave Mrs. Sabine, who did not suspect any such design, several stripes with it about the body and neck, which caused great alarm and confusion among the scholars. The lady with the cowhide, however, was taken away, and peace was soon restored to the school.

In the afternoon of the same day, Mrs. Stedham was arrested and brought before Justice Pearson, and fined fifty dollars and costs of suit, and held to bail to keep the peace. We understand an appeal has been taken by the defendant to the Circuit Court.

### WEARING THE BREECHES.

The estimable and respected wife of the Arch Duke John, the present Regent of German confederate States, made a conquest of her royal husband while bumping before him on the back of a post-horse, in the disguise of a boy. The romantic incident, resulting in her marriage to the brother of an Emperor, and to one of the best and greatest men of modern times, thus befell. We copy from the Home Journal.

In a most solitary and insolated post-house in the mountains of Styina, an old man and his daughter were left in charge of the establishment, while the post-boys, usually in waiting, were employed in gathering in the harvest. The girl sat sewing in a back room. Suddenly there was a great cracking of whips, and a post carriage rolled up rapidly to the door.—The old man, almost helpless from the gout, hobbled into his daughter's room:—

"I am lost," he said, "here is the Archduke John, and all my boys are away! What are we to do?"

Without giving her father time to say more, the stout girl ran up stairs to her chamber, slipped on a post-boy's trowsers and short tailed coat—a dress in which she had masqueraded in the holidays—and, by the time the horses were put to by the postillion who had come on, she presented herself, seized the whip, jumped into the saddle and trotted rapidly on.—Through the glass windows in front of his carriage, the Archduke noticed the trim figure and charming proportions of the new postillion, and soon, by some difference from the ordinary symmetry of post-boys, detected the sex:

"You are a girl!" said his Royal Highness, smilingly, as she unloosed the traces from his carriage at the end of the post.

"There was no postillion at home," she said, blushing, "and your highness could not wait."

In the conversation which ensued, Prince John discovered that she was as intelligent as pretty, and on seperating, he said,

"Since you have made yourself a man for me, I must re-make you to a woman."

In these mysterious words was expressed a design, which he soon carried out by demanding from the Emperor his brother, permission to marry her. It was not an easy thing. The romantic folly of the Archduke John was freely laughed at, at court, and it was the opinion of many that he was only amusing himself, and had no serious design of wedlock. The pretty post boy, however, was soon created Baroness de Brandhof, and immediately after married to the Prince.

Humble as was this connection, it probably assured the present position of the Archduke John upon the intermediate eminence he at present occupies, the aristocrats voting for him as the descendant of the royal house of Hapsbourg, and the democrats as the son in-law of the tavern keeper of Styria.

### CHEAP AMUSEMENTS IN GERMANY.

What now, amongst the Germans, strikes every liberal lover of his country, every man who has no motives but to see truth and spread it, especially in our own beloved country? He sees a simple and less feverish state of existence. He sees a greater portion of popular content diffused by a more equal distribution of property. He sees a less conclusive straining after the accumulation of enormous fortune. He sees a less incessant devotion to the mere business of money making, and consequently a less intense selfishness of spirit, a more genial and serene enjoyment of life, a more intellectual embellishment of it with music and domestic entertainment. He sees the means of existence kept by the absence of restriction on the importation of articles of food, cheap and easy of acquisition. He sees, wherever he goes, in great cities or small towns, every thing done for the public enjoyment. Public walks, beautifully planted, and carefully accommodated with seats at convenient distances for the public to rest at leisure. He sees these walks laid out wherever it be possible. Old town walls and ramparts are converted into promenades, commanding by their elevation the finest prospects over town and country. The whole of a city or town is encircled by them. Thus the old as well as the young can ascend from the heat, and dust, and hurry from the streets, and enjoy the freshest air, and the most lively and soothing scenes in the streets, below on one hand, or gaze into the green fields and hills around.

It is delightful to see, on fine days, the greyheaded fathers of a city thus seated on these airy walks, beneath their favorite limes, and enjoying their chat together over old times; while within a few steps of home, the eyes can still wander over these distant scenes whither their feet can no longer carry them. If there be an old castle in the suburbs of any of their towns, it is not shut up, but its gardens, and its very walls and courts, and fosses, are laid out in lovely walks, and the whole place is made the favorite resort and enjoyment of the whole population. There a coffee house or cassino is sure to be found; and there beneath the summer trees, old and young, rich and poor, sit and partake of their coffee, wine, and other refreshments; while some old tower near is converted into an orchestra, and sends down the finest music for the general delight. He sees all sorts of gardens; even to the royal ones; and all sorts, of estates, kept open for the public observation and passage through them; he sees the woods and the forests all open to the foot and spirit of the delightful lover of nature and of solicitude. He sees all public amusements and enjoyments, as theatrical and musical representations, the very highest of this kind, kept cheap and accessible to all.

There are no operas there, with boxes let at £300 per annum, with seats in the pit at half a guinea each. Twenty pence is the price of gentility itself; and for five pence may be heard and in a good place, the finest operas performed, by the finest singers in the country. For four pence may be attended the finest out of door concerts of Strauss and Lanner in the capital of Austria itself. He sees education kept equally cheap in school or university, kept within the reach of all, for the free use of all; and the school so systemized, as to answer the various requirings of every varied class and profession. He sees the church kept cheap, and the church open and free to one man as well as to another, without pews and property, where all should be open, the common meeting place of the common family before the common Father.—He sees no church rates imposed on stubborn and refractory consciences, but a voluntary contribution left the voluntary attender of divine service. He sees these civilizing and refining influences extend over the open air enjoyments of Sunday and holiday of the common people in city and country.

THE FIVE CRADLES.—A man who had recently become a votarary to Bacchus, returned home one night in an intermediate state of boziness. That is to say he was comfortably drunk, but perfectly conscious of his unfortunate situation. Knowing that his wife was asleep, he decided to attempt gaining his bed without disturbing her, and by sleeping off his inebriation, conceal the fact from her altogether. He reached the door of his room without creating much disturbance, and after ruminating a few moments on the matter, he thought if he could reach the bed-post, and hold on to it while he slipped off his apparel, the remainder of the feat would be easily accomplished. Unfortunately for his scheme, a cradle stood in a direct line with the bed-post, about the middle of the floor. Of course, when his shins came in contact with the aforesaid piece of furniture, he pitched over it with a perfect hoseness, and upon gaining an erect position, ere an equilibrium was established, he went over it backwards in an equally summary manner. Again he struggled to his feet and went headforemost over the bower of infant happiness. At length with the fifth fall, his patience became exhausted, and the obstacle was yet to be overcome. In desperation, he cried out to his sleeping partner, "Wife! wife! how many cradles have you got in the house? I've fallen over five, and here's another before me!"

☞ We see an account, in one of our exchanges, of the marriage, by the Rev. John Gates, of Mr. John Post, to Miss Sophia Rails. If this match don't make a fence of the first quality, we should like to know what will.

### HIGH, LOW, GAME.

If any man can read the following aloud, and not augh, we will send him a copy of the American Volunteer, gratis:

(SCENE IN FRONT OF A FASHIONABLE HOTEL.)

Gentlemen (dismounting from his horse.)—"Stabler attend—refrigerate my beast by allowing him thrice to circumambulate yonder fountain; that accomplished, to imbibe a moderate quantity of nauseous pattiticles; conduct him then with care to the repository for wearied beasts; and, having clothed in lustre his dusky skin by a gentle application of the vegetable material vulgularly called straw, suffer him in quiet to partake food which shall afford nourishment and generate repose.

Stabler, (laughing)—Wha-a-a-t, sir?

Gent.—"What, sir! Stand ye thus like one who has not reason in his soul, while this poor beast whose every pore's a fount of gushing strength grows valetudinary 'neath Sol's oppressive rays? Ye volatile barbarian!"

Stab. (Laughing still more unrestrainedly.)—"I can't understand a word you say sir; but I 'spose you want your horse put up."

Gent.—"Stupidity unequalled! Landlord fulminate your censures against the tardy churl, who thus manifests oppugnation to my desire; and conduct me to secluded apartments, and bring restoratives of the most vivic character, to reinstate in their former power the varying energies of my exhausted frame!

Landlord, (laughing,)—"I will, sir."

Gent.—"Preposterous! and you, sir unite in the disgraceful merriment of your minion! I should really surmise myself the first of the species you had ever beheld.

Landlord—(Laughing still more.) "Indeed you are sir."

Gent.—"Terminate this prolix scene, and officiate as my guide to apartments. At the hour of dinner summon me; if weariness should have caused me to be recumbent in repose, gently reanimate me with the breath of a fan."

(SCENE 2—THE DINNING HALL.)

Gent.—(Seating himself at the table—dinner over—others standing in the room.) "I should judge veracity and ignorance the prevailing characteristics of this mansion. I see nothing amid these reeking ruins worthy the regard of a gentleman's palate.—Waiter, I desire a female fowl, sufficiently but not abundantly made elible by fire." (It is brought.)—Waiter, dissect with care the same; do not violently separate the parts, lest my joints suffer dislocation from the discordant sound." (It is done.) "Waiter, place a tender portion of the breast upon my plate, with the necessary accompaniments." (It is done as ordered, and the gentleman commences his dinner.)

(A wag, who with others had observed these proceedings, seats himself at the table opposite our hero.)

Wag.—"Vaiter, furnish me with a female fowl; be sure of her virginity."—(The waiter understands the joke and does as he is bid.)

Wag.—"Vaiter, dissever now her component parts." (It is done.)

Wag.—"Vaiter, divide these parts into portions suited to my labial capacity."

Wag.—(Opening his mouth and throwing himself back in his chair.). "Vaiter, place one of them within the orifice before you." (Our hero begins to understand the quiz, and is evidently disconcerted.)

Wag.—"Vaiter, wag my jaws!" (Amid roars of laughter, and with curses on his lip, our hero rushes from the room.).

### Character of Washington.

—*No matter what may be the birth place of such a man as Washington. No climate can claim, no country can appropriate him. The boon of providence to the human race—his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, we almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm was passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared—how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied, by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the policy of his cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his councils, that to the soldier and statesman, he almost added the character of the sage. A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood—a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and a country called him to the command—liberty unsheathed his sword—necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had passed here, history might doubt what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers—her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowned his career, and banished hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having freed a country, resigned her crown, and retired to a cottage rather than remain in a capital? Immortal man! He took from the battle its crime, and from the conquest its chains, he left the victorious the glory of his self denial, and turned upon the vanquished only the retribution of his mercy. Happy, proud America! The lightning of heaven could not resist your sage—the temptations of earth could not corrupt your soldier.*

*English Paper.*

### JACOB AND RACHEL.

Jacob kissed Rachael, and lifted up his voice and wept.—*Scripture.*

If Rachael was a pretty girl and kept her face clean, we can't see that Jacob had much to cry about.

*N. Y. Globe.*

How do you know but that she slapped his face for him.—*N. O. Delta.*

Weeping is not unfrequently produced by extreme pleasure—joy—happiness; it may have been so in Jacob's case.—*Whig.*

Gentlemen, hold your tongues. The cause of Jacob's weeping was the refusal of Rachel to allow him to kiss her again.—*Taylor Flag.*

It is our opinion Jacob wept because he hadn't kissed Rachel before and he regretted the time he had lost.—*Age.*

Green, verdant, all of ye. The fellow boohooded because the gal did'nt kiss him.

*Manchester American.*

ROMANCE AND FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.—A romantic incident occurred on board the U. S. ship North Carolina the other day. One of the hands who had enlisted in the navy service, and been on board the North Carolina at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, for some months, was sentenced to receive a dozen with the cats, for disobedience of orders. When brought to the gangway the sailor refused to strip, as is usual, on such occasions. The boatswain's mate stood ready with cats in hand, and the quarter masters were provided with their lashings to drag the culprit to the gangway. Thereupon the sailor was stripped of all his clothing but his pantaloons, when, lo! the he was suspected by certain unmistakable indications of being a *woman*, and so *he* proved. She was reprieved and ordered into confinement to wait the decision of the Secretary of the Navy, whether she shall be discharged from the service or not. We gather the above from the Brooklyn Advertiser. This is the first instance that we ever heard of a woman enlisting in our naval service, though it is by no means an uncommon occurrence in the commercial service.

THE LARGEST CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.—The new St. George's Church, now near completion in the city of N. York, is said by the Commercial Advertiser to be the largest and most substantial house of Protestant worship in the United States, having an extreme exterior length of 170 feet, while the width in front is 94 feet.

☞ Mrs. Broughs, of Camden, New Jersey, has been cured of hydrophobia, mainly by the use of chloroform.