American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2 00 PR ANNUM.

VOL. 35. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1849. NO. 43.

New and Cheap Spring Goods At the New Store.

Corner of Hanover and Louther Streets, opposite Wm. Leonard's old stand.

THE undersigned respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have just returned from Philadelphia, with a large and well selected assortment of

New Spring Goods,

purchased at the very lowest prices, and which they are determined to sell at very small profits. Among these goods may be found Cloths & Cassimeres, Vestings, Tweeds, Pantaloon Stuff in variety, best American and India Nankeen.

Ladies Dress Goods,

consisting in part of silks, bereges, silk tissues, alpacas, &c. A fine lot of straw and braid

BONNETS,

Palm Leaf Hats, Ribbons and Lace Goods, an elegant assortment of Calicoes and five Chintzes, suitable for the approaching season, at our usual low prices. Checks, tickings, drillings, linens, and the usual variety of bleached and unbleached muslins.

Boots & Shoes.

A well selected assortment of Men's, Women's and Children's Boots and Shoes, good and handsome.

GROCERIES in all their variety, viz: Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, Pekin Tea Company's celebrated Teas. Spices, &c., and the best quality of Carpet Chain.

All the above have been purchased RIGHT and will be sold low. Please give us a call.

S. D. POWEL & CO.

Carlisle, March 29, 1849

New Spring Goods!

THE subscribers have just returned from the city with a large and general assortment of Spring Goods, consisting in part of blue, brown, green, and blue black

CLOTHS,

from $1,50 to $5 per yard, a beautiful French cloth for $3,50; a very cheap and handsome lot of all wool Cassimeres, from 12½ to $1,00 per yard, a bagain.—A great variety of

Ladies Dress Goods,

consisting of plain black and fancy colored Alpacha Lustres, plain shaded Mouselin de Laines, figured Mouselin de Laines, Lawns, Earleton Ginghams, Mohair Plaids, Silk Plaid Linens, Liten Lustres, Calicoes in great variety. Also,

BONNETS.

Braid Bonnets, from $1 to $3,50, Gimp, Straw, Lace, China Pearl, &c. CARPETS from 12½ to 75 cents per yard; Checks, Tickings, Flannels and Muslins, very cheap; Laces, Edgings, Gloves and Hosiery, in variety. *GROCERIES* and a large assortment of Goods not enumerated, to which we invite the attention of our friends and the public in general, satified that our goods are cheaper than they have ever been offered in this place. We are determined to close them out at very low prices, our motto being "*Short Profits and Quick Sales.*"

A. & W. BENTS.

March 15, 1849.

Spring Style Hats.

A FINE assortment of the Spring style of hats are now on hands and for sale at the cheap HAT and Cap store of Wm. H. Trout, No. 3 Bank Row, know as Harper's Row; also a fine lot of slouch hats, black and white, do.

WM. H. TROUT.

March 22, 1849.

NEW ARRIVAL!

THE subscribers would announce to the public, that they have just returned from the Eastern cities with a magnificent selection of

Spring & Summer Goods,

consisting of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, of the most varied and beautiful patterns, all of which will be made-up in the most approved style. They also keep superior

SHIRTS, BOSOMS, COLLARS, STOCKS,

Neck and Pocket Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Gloves, Hosiery, Hats, Caps and Boots; in short, every thing in a gentleman's furnishing line, which will be sold at the smallest profits. They will also sell goods by the yard cheaper than any similar establishment in the county. The cutting will be attended to by an experienced tailor from the city, who cuts his garments *a la moile.* Our work is all made under our own supervision.

Store in North Hanover street, 3 doors north of Mr. Haverstick's Drug store, and nearly opposite the Bank. ARNOLD & LIVINGSTON.

March 22, 1849.

New Clothing Store.

Corner of Hanover and Louther Streets, in the room formerly occupied by C. Inhoff, as a Grocery Store.

THE subscriber has received and is now opening a choice selection of Winter Goods, consisting of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, newest style at the lowest rates, which he wi l make up into

Frock and Dress Coats,

Over Coats, Sacks, Cloaks, Pants and Vests, Dress and Frock Coats of cloth from $6 upwards, Pants from $1,50 to $6, Vests from 75 cts. to $3, Cloaks from $8 to $20. He also keeps shirts, bosoms, collars, neck and pocket handkerchiefs, comforts, caps, gloves and hosiery, in short everything appertaining to a gentleman's wardrobe. As he is agent for an extensive house he will be enabled to offer fresh goods at least once a month. He will receive regularly the New York and Philadelphia

FASHIONS,

and will spare no pains in getting up his work in the most durable and fashionable manner. He will also make up work purchased at other stores in the most careful manner. He will pay particular attention to Children's clothing. He respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

W. B. PARKINSON,
Agent for the Proprietor.

Carlisle, December 21, 1848.

Kingstown Academy.

Situated 6 miles east of Carlisle, on the Central Turnpike.

THE vicinity in which the Academy is located, is proverbial for its healthfulness. The discipline of this school is, as near as possible, that of a well regulated family; so that all connected with it are prevented from associating with the depraved. Easy access can be had to the situation, either by the Carlisle and Harrisburg Turnpike, or the Cumberland Valley Railroad, which passes one quarter of a mile from the Institution.

Arrangements have been made to admit females. The spoond session, consisting of three months, will commence on the 15th of March, 1849.

Boarding can be had on reasonable terms in private families, residing in the village.

TERMS:

Latin, Greek & Mathematics, (per sess.) $5 00
English Branches, 3 00

A. W. LILLY, *Principal.*

For further information address T. D. HAMPTON, Hogestown, Pa.

March 8, 1849—2m*

J. B. PARKER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in North Hanover street, in the room formerly occupied by the Hon. F. Watts.

March 22, 1849.—tf.

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER,

Is published every Thursday, at Carlisle, Pa., by JOHN B BEATTON, 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 percent. additional 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.

GENTLENESS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted;
But on thy heart or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token!

If thou hast lost a bird,
Whose voice of song could cheer thee;
Still, still, he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee;
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that the wind or wave shall bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its clusters yet may grow
Thro' the leaves their bloom revealing,
But if thou hast a cup o'erflown
With a bright draught filled—oh, never
Shall the earth give back that lavished wealth,
To cool thy parch'd lip's fever!

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee;
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee;
And like the string of harp or lute
Whence the sweet sound is scattered—
Gently, oh, gently touch the chords,
So soon forever shattered!

Miscellaneous.

From the Pennsylvanian.

AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG MEN.

As the curious stranger passes by the gay crowds and glittering shops that have long made Chestnut street alike an evidence of the wealth of our merchants and the gaiety of our people, among the many interesting objects that attract his attention, are the noble edifice at the corner of Third street, and the granite building nearly opposite, just completed on the northern side of that great fashionable thorough fare. Each is five stories high, and both are located in the very heart of that busy tide, the current of which never ceases from dawn until midnight. And from dawn to night, and from night to dawn again, does the first of these imposing structures palpitate and respond to the motion of the little world within it. As the industrious artizan, basket and tools in hand, passes by the deserted street, on his way to toil, just as day breaks in the east, he will hear the hum of wheels in its subterranean chambers, and as the neighborhood goes to bed it is lulled to sleep by the same ceaseless and mysterious clatter. That building never sleeps. Its great eyes are always open. Its tireless energies are always in motion, whether it be in the broad noon of day, or in the stilly noon of night—whether it be evening or morning, work-day or holiday. The belated citizen stops on his way from the theatre to listen to its strange noises; and the foreigner, just landed at our wharves, seek in vain to penetrate the mystery. Let us disclose the interesting secret.

On the 26th of March, 1836, three journeymen printers—poor and friendless—determined to start a "penny paper" in Philadelphia. The experiment had been made before, and had failed. It had been made by men of wealth and by men of ability; but it could not be carried successfully into operation.—The public prejudice was against it. "A penny paper" was not respectable, or genteel, or aristocratical; whatever the cause, calamity had always been the bitter fruit of the tree. These three young men, however, were not to be daunted by this inauspicious welcome. They took hold of the enterprise firmly and fearlessly—in a word, they put their hands to the plow and never looked back. They had no money, but they had ENTHUSIASM, INDUSTRY and PERSEVERANCE. They worked day and night. They collected subscribers and advertisements, and acted in the capacity of editors, compositors, reporters, news gatherers; and all; and although their articles were not all written with the nervous eloquence of a LEGGETT, nor their reports equal to those of the *London Times*, yet they progressed, by slow degrees, it is true, but still sufficiently to encourage them in the work.

This was the beginning of the PUBLIC LEDGER.—After having labored long and zealously, the exertions of the proprietors, and their boldness and ability, too, began to be rewarded. One of the results of the latter did much to give impetus to their project. They dared to rebuke fearlessly and indignantly those nightly scenes of violence led on by the students in the different colleges of medicine—scenes which had become alarmingly frequent, which disturbed even the places of public worship, made it dangerous to walk the streets unguarded, and disgraced the public places of amusement and resort. The scorching denunciations of the Ledger at first awoke the ire of those imitators of the London Apprentices, but after a brief struggle, the Press achieved a victory which has been followed by the best results; and those who were formerly the cause of frequent and frightful disturbances, are now, though a temporary part of the community, generally a decorous and exemplary body of young men. This took place when the Ledger was published in a small and obscure room in the Arcade. Shortly afterwards the concern was removed to the corner of Dock and Second streets. It was published here when, in 1837, the populace rose *en masse*, and burnt Pennsylvania Hall, an act that it did not hesitate to denounce as a violation of the law and an outrage upon the rights of property.

The Ledger now became a paper of mark. Its opinions were respected and influential. Its circulation was extended to all parts of this and adjoining States. Before this time it had absorbed the only penny paper of importance in existence when it started. In 1840, the same three journeymen printers—SWAIM, ABEL, and SIMMONS—erected the building at the corner of Third and Chesnut streets, since considerably enlarged, and now worth $40,000.—It is in that building the Ledger is printed, it is from that building the Ledger is published.

The edifice on the north side of Chestnut street, nearly opposite, built of Quincy Granite, is also owned by these enterprising gentlemen. It is thirty feet front by one hundred and eighty-one feet deep—is five stories high—and is connected in the rear with another building also five stories high. The different Telegraph offices are located in the second story; the remainder of the rooms being intended for stores and other purposes. This building and the ground upon which it is built cost over sixty thousand dollars.

These poor journeymen printers, too, are joint owners of coal lands in Schuylkill county, upon which they receive the interest of over $200,000 per annum!

And all this apart from the value, almost incalculable, of their newspaper property—presses, paper, types, and an unlimited circulation. We have heard their job office alone estimated at over $40,000.—Nor must the reader forget that one of the firm, Mr. Abel, is the active conductor of that enterprising and intelligent paper, the "Baltimore Sun," an enterprise in which both Swain and Simmons are also interested. It will be seen, that upon a rough estimate, these three journeymen printers, who were thirteen years ago without money, and almost without acquaintances, are worth near, if not quite (or that their property yields the interest of) half a million of dollars—the result of ENERGY, ABILITY, ENTHUSIASM, and PERSEVERANCE.

We call the attention of our young men to this proud and encouraging example. Let us not be understood as speaking of the enterprise of our neighbors only in a spirit of praise to them. For this impression would be most unfair. They make mistakes sometimes which we regret—such, for instance, as their attempt a few days ago, to deny the plain and historical relation between Whiggery and Democracy at present with the Federalism and Democracy of 1801 and 1812. But in the main they are right. We care nothing about their party politics, nor about their personal opinions or preferences. It is enough for us to know that their success is a proof how Fortune and Distinction will reward the men who labor upon sound principles to deserve them.

It is by being in the main, liberal, just, and fearless, that the Ledger has won its way to the confidence of the community, spreading its influence over contigious States, and penetrating into almost inaccessible corners. And the same may be said, in a great degree, of the Baltimore Sun.

Let the young men of our country read the lesson which this Example affords. In this country, he who fails, fails because he does not try to succeed. We have taken one of the thousand instances that prove the fact. As a sweet female poet paraphrases BULWER:—

"The proudest motto of the Young!
Write it in lines of gold
Upon thy heart, and in thy mind
Its stirring deeds enfold;
And in Misfortune's dreary hour,
Or Fortune's prosperous gale,
'Twill have a holy, cheering power,
There's no such word as FAIL!"

Extracts from the Notes of a Green Sportsman.

BUFFALO HUNTING.

The next morning, bright and early, we were up, rifle in hand, ready for the day's sport. At the distance of about three fourths of a mile from our camp a large band was feeding, to which S. decided that we should pay our matitutinal respects. Favored by a ravine, we, with great care, got them to the windward of us—for a buffalo trusts more to his sense of smelling than seeing—and commenced gradually to approach them, by dint of crawling sometimes on our hands and knees, and at others stretched at our full length, and pulling ourselves along by our hands. Being a "green 'un," as relates to such sport, I followed my file leader most implicitly, and possibly may have hugged mother earth a little closer than necessary, losing in the embrace several buttons besides my suspenders. After crawling in this manner for about half a mile, a low "hist!" from S. indicated that we were near the game. Making my way along side him, and peeping over a small ridge, such a sight presented itself to me as I never before witnessed. We were in the midst, and surrounded, by the most villainous looking set of monsters that it had ever been my lot to gaze on. I was half inclined to take to my heels, and run for life; had not a little pride come to my assistance, I verily believe I should have beat an inglorious retreat. There, within eighty yards of us, stood the huge monsters, with shaggy manes glaring eyes, ready, as it seemed, to me, to pounce down upon any living thing that should attempt to invade their soil.

"What do you think of that, Captain?" said S. as he throw forward his heavy rifle and set the hair-trigger—"anything of this kind in Mexico?"

"No; but I would feel as safe in front of a squadron of Mexican lancers as I do here."

"No danger," replied S. "a true eye and a steady hand, and we'll soon have more meat than we can pack home."

"Here goes for that fat cow yonder! Pick one out for yourself, and keep low," said S.

At a sharp crack of his rifle, the huge animals raised their shaggy heads, but did not seem seriously alarmed.

"D—n the luck," growled S. I've shot her through and through, but I'm afraid she'll escape us! See how they gather around her. It's a certain sign she's bleeding."

I now picked out a fine looking cow and fired; she dropped in her tracks, and died without a struggle. The band now became alarmed, some running for the bluffs, while others gathered around their fallen companion. Crack again went S.'s rifle, and down went another, falling almost across the one that I had already shot. Another discharge stretched a third buffalo along side the two already down. The whole band, with the exception of an old bull, who seemed desirous of staying to see the sport out, had now taken to their heels, and were scouring over the prairies as if the devil was after them.

The old fellow was facing us, and desirous of giving him a parting salute; I drew up my rifle and let drive. The ball struck him fair in the forehead, but instead of penetrating the skul, flew off in a tangent, *gyrating*, and whistling through the air as if it had struck the smooth surface of a rock. The bull merely shook his head in derision, and then turned and followed the retreating band.

"Never fire at a buffalo's head, Captain," said S. laughing; "a six pound shot would have no effect upon it. I recollect a year or two since, down on the Santa Fe trail, I wounded an old bull, and chased him into the Arkansas, when he came at bay on a small sand island about fifty yards from shore. I planted seven balls in his forehead in succession, and all in the same spot, and the old fellow appeared to improve every shot."

"Did you get him?"

"No, d—n him, I had no more powder, and had to throw away, so I left him to his own meditations, which, by the way, did not appear to be very disagreeable, for, upon looking back after having ridden some distance, I saw the scoundrel quietly cropping the rich grass on the opposite bank of the river."

P. S.—We know that old bull buffaloes are about as remarkable for the thickness of their sculls as genuine African negroes; but, nevertheless, it strikes us that S. has been drawing a long bow, because we have read, in authentic narratives, of buffaloes, of the largest size, being instantly killed by a rifle ball striking them in the centre of the forehead.

The rifle, however, for such a feat, must be of large calibre—the powder first rate—and the distance probably, not more than one hundred paces.

Conversational Powers.

Fluency in conversation must not be ascribed as a test of talent. Men of genius and wisdom have often been found deficient in its graces. Adam Smith ever retained in company the embarrassed manners of a student. Neither Buffon nor Rosseau carried their eloquence into society. The silence of the poet Chaucer was held more desirable than his speech. The conversation of Goldsmith did not evince his grace and tenderness that characterize the compositions. Thompson was diffident and often uninteresting. Dante was taciturn, and all the brilliancy of Tasso was in his pen. Descartes seemed formed for solitude. Cowly was a quaint observer; his conversation was slow and dull, and his humor reserved. Hogarth was absent-minded, and the studious Thomas Parker said that he was fit for no communication save with the dead. Our own Hamilton, Franklin, and a host of others, were deficient in that fluency which often facinates a promiscuous circle.

The Albany Knickerbocker gives the following rules of a boarding house in that city:

"Boarders are requested when they retire late to take off their boots before getting into bed.

"Making faces at the landlady not permitted.

"When a gentleman has eaten sufficiently he should leave the table without gluttoning until he is obliged to unbutton his vest.

"Whittling in the parlor prohibited when ladies are present.

"Any infraction of the above rules will lead to the suspension of the infractor's coffee at breakfast on the following morning!"

THE FUTURE.

Years are coming—speed thou onward!
When the sword shall gather rust,
And the hamlet, lance and falchion,
Sleep in silent dust!

Earth has heard too long of battle,
Heard the trumpet's voice too long;
But another age advances,
Seers foretold in song.

In the past, the age of iron,
Those who slaughtering met their kind,
Have too often worn the chaplet
Honor's hand has twined.

But the heroes of the future
Shall be men whose hearts are strong;
Men whose words and acts shall only
War against the wrong.

But the sabre, in their contests
Shall no part, no honor own;
War's dread art shall be forgotten,
Carnage all unknown.

Years are coming, when forever
War's dread banner shall be furled,
And the angel, Peace, be welcomed
Regent of the world!

Hail with song that glorious era,
When the sword shall gather rust,
And the hamlet, lance and falchion,
Sleep in silent dust!

THE THREE TRAVELLERS.

BY JULES JANIN.

Early one delightful morning in April a young man stopped at the door of a little roadside inn, situated near Paris. Though he had not reached his eighteenth year, yet his person was tall and vigorous, his large black eye was full of fire, and his countenance at once open and agreeable. On his entrance, he accosted the landlady with a cheerful "Give me some breakfast, my fair hostess, for I have been walking since daybreak, and I am very hungry."—While he was speaking, there came in another traveller, more youthful in appearance than the first.—Like him he was on foot, and apparently much fatigued. He was small in stature, with a complexion of red and white, and possessed the voice and hands of a young girl. "Madam," said he with great timidity, "will you give me some breakfast?"

On hearing this the first comer advanced towards him, saying, "Monsieur, let us breakfast together; you are travelling on foot, so am I; you are hungry, so am I; you are going to Paris, so am I. Let us then sit down at the same table, drink each other's health, then enter Paris together, shake hands and separate. Do you agree?"

The modest stranger, still with the same sweet low voice, replied, "You honor me sir; and I consent with great pleasure." There is something so pleasing in the contemplation of frank, generous youth, that even the most careless are often influenced by it; and thus the mistress of the inn, contrary to custom, served these poor tired pedestrians first.

The table, set in the best place before the open window, was quickly covered with provisions, the young men took their seats, their plates and glasses were filled, when a third traveller passed the window, and looked in. This last was dark, rather stout, the expression of his features calm, grave and composed; his fine forhead shaded with tresses of long wavy brown hair. The manner of this comer was very different from the vivacity of the first, or the timidity of the second. "Gentlemen, cried he to the others, will you not wait for a poor fellow like me? But I fancy I am come just in time; a little later and I must have contented myself with the remains of that magnificent smoking omelette I now see." Hardly had he spoken when the first comer, with his ready smile, held out his glass through the window. The stranger took the glass, emptied it, squeezed the other's proffered hand, then entering the inn, placed himself at the end of the table, the bashful youth being in the middle, apparently astonished that so many pleasant acquaintances should be picked up, on the road to Paris.

Their repast was soon finished, and they pursued their journey. They were all travelling the same road, and they walked on together. At last they arrived at the barriers of Paris—they stopped by mutual consent. Till then, the conversation had been light and cheerful, but they now became grave and thoughtful; it was time to part. It was once more the first traveller who broke silence. "My name," he said, is Portal; I am going to Paris with the intention of becoming a member of the Academy of Science, and first physician to the king." "And I," said he of the brown hair, "am going to Paris to become Advocate general." They waited for the modest stranger to speak. "And I," he answered, with his soft voice and air of timidity, "I visit Paris to become a member of the French Academy, and Cardinal." "Then," said the others, gravely pulling off their hats, it is you, my lord, who must pass first." At that moment, the clock of a neighboring church struck, and they entered Paris. Let us follow the fate of these three men. The last mentioned became the Abbe Maury, an eloquent orator, member of the French Academy, and Cardinal; he died honored and esteemed. The other was Count Troillard, minister of State, and friend of the Emperor; he is still living, and has not forgotten his first entry into Paris. And the tall vivacious Portal, he became the glory of his profession, member of the Academy, Profession—(he was all except physician to the king. Louis XVI. perished on the scaffold while Portal was yet a student. The Republic had no physician; the Emperor had one who was his friend; besides, Portal would be attendant on a king, and he was. He became principal physician to Louis XVIII. Portal died lately, and this narrative was related in the funeral oration pronounced in the Academy of Sciences.

MARRIAGE.

BY HON. ELLIS LEWIS.

Marriage is a wise regulation, in harmony with nature and religion; and is the only efficient preventive of licentiousness. The happiness of the parties and the interests of society require that it should be free from either coercion or restraint. Bonds to procure and contracts and conditions to restrain are alike forbidden. It is the appropriate regulation of that great instinct of nature which was designed by the creator to replenish the earth. It is upon this authorized union that all civilized nations depend for their prosperity in peace and their defence in war.

The principle of reproduction stands next in importance to its older born correllative, self-preservation, and is equally a fundamental law of existence. It is the blessing which tempered with mercy the justice of expulsion from Paradise. It was impressed upon the human creation by a beneficient Providence to multiply the images of himself and thus to promote his own glory and the happiness of his creatures.—Not man alone, but the whole animal and vegetable kingdom are under an imperious necessity to obey its mandates. From the lord of the forest to the monster of the deep—from the subtlety of the serpent to the innocence of the dove—from the classic embrace of the mountain balmia to the descending fructification of the lilly of the plain, all nature bows submissively to this primeval law. Even the flowers which perfume the air with their fragrance and decorate the forests and fields with their hues, are but "curtains to the nupital bed."

☞ A gentleman sent a lad with a letter to the Post Office, and money to pay the postage. Having returned with the money, he said "Guess I've done the thing slick; I've seen a good many folks puttin' letters in the Post Office through a hole, and so I watched my chance and got mine in for nothing."

A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master one morning, a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other.

"How comes it, you rascal, that these boots are not of the same length?"

"I really don't know, sir—but what bothers me the most is, that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

Speaking of the ancient Romans, Johnson said, "they were a people, who, while they were poor, robbed their neighbors, and when they became rich robbed one another."

THE LAST SUNDAY OF CHARLES II.

"His palace had seldom presented a gayer or more scandalous appearance than on the evening of Sunday, the first of February, 1685. Some grave person who had gone thither, after the fashion of that age, to pay their duty to their Sovereign, who had expected that, on such a day, his court would wear a decent aspect, were struck with astonishment and horror. The great gallery at Whitehall, an admirable relic of the magnificence of the Tudors, was crowded with revellers and gamblers. The King sat there chatting and toying with three women, whose charms were the boast, and whose vices were the disgrace of three Nations. Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, was there, no longer young, but still retaining some traces of that superb and voluptuous loveliness which twenty years before overcame the hearts of all men. There, too, was the Duchess of Portsmouth, whose soft and infantine features were lighted up with the vivacity of France. Hortensia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, and niece of the great Cardinal, completed the group. She had been early removed from her native Italy to the Court where her uncle was supreme. His power and her own attractions had drawn a crowd of illustrious suiters around her.—Charles himself, during his exile, had sought her hand in vain. No gift of nature or of fortune seemed to be wanting to her. Her face was beautiful with the rich beauty of the South, her understanding quick, her manners graceful, her rank exalted, her possessions immense; but her ungovernable passions had turned all these blessings into curses. She had found the misery of an ill assorted marriage intolerable, had fled from her husband, had abandoned her vast wealth, and, after having astonished Rome and Piedmont by her adventures, had fixed her abode in England. Her house was the favorite resort of men of wit and pleasure, who, for the sake of her smiles and her table, endured her very frequent fits of insolence and ill-humour. Rochester and Godolphin sometimes forgot the cares of State in her company. Barillon and Saint Evermon found in her drawing-room consolation for their long banishment from Paris. The learning of Vossius, the wit of Waller, were daily employed to flatter and amuse her. But her diseased mind required stronger stimulants, and sought them in gallantry, in basset, and in usquebaugh. While Charles flirted with his three sultanas, Hortensia's French page, a handsome boy, whose vocal performances were the delight of Whitehall, and were rewarded by numerous presents of rich clothes, ponies and guineas, warbled some amorous verses. A party of twenty courtiers were seated at cards around a large table, on which gold was heaped in mountains. Even then the King had complained that he did not feel quite well. He had no appetite for his supper; his rest that night was broken; but on the following morning he rose as usual, early."

The introduction of the Roman Catholic Priest, by the Duke of York, and the last moments of the King, are thus described:

"The Duke's orders were obeyed; and even the physicians withdrew. The back door was then opened, and Father Huddleson entered. A cloak had been thrown over his sacred vestments, and his shaven crown was concealed by a flowing wig. "Sir," said the Duke, "this good man once saved your life; he comes now to save your soul." Charles faintly answered, "He is welcome." Huddleson went through his part better than had been expected. He knelt by the bed, listened to the conversation, pronounced the absolution, and administered extreme unction. He asked if the King wished to receive the Lord's Supper. "Surely," said Charles, "if I am not unworthy." The host was brought in. Charles feebly strove to rise and kneel before it. The Priest bade him lie still, and assured him that God would not require the humiliation of the body. The King found so much difficulty in swallowing the bread that it was necessary to open the door and procure a glass of water. This rite ended, the Monk held up a crucifix before the penitent, charged him to fix his last thoughts upon the sufferings of the Redeemer, and withdrew. The whole ceremony had occupied about three quarters of an hour; and, during that time, the courtiers who had filled the outer room, had communicated their suspicions to each other by whispers and significant glances. The door was at length thrown open, and the crowd again filled the chamber of death.

"It was now late in the evening. The King seemed much relieved by what had passed. His natural children were brought to his bed side, the Dukes of Grafton, Southampton, and Northumberland, sons of the Duchess of Cleveland, the Duke of St. Albans, son of Eleanor Gwynn, and the Duke of Richmond, son of the Duchess of Portsmouth. Charles blessed them all, but spoke with peculiar tenderness to Richmond. One face which should have been there was wanting. The oldest and best beloved child was an exile and a wanderer. His name was not once mentioned by his father.

"During the night, Charles earnestly recommended the Duchess of Portsmouth and her boy to the care of James; "and do not," he good naturedly added, "let poor Nelly starve." The Queen sent excuses for her absence by Halifax. She said she was too much disordered to resume her post by the couch, and implored pardon for any offence which she might unwittingly have given. "She ask pardon, poor woman!" cried Charles; "I ask her's with all my heart."

"The morning light began to peep through the windows of Whitehall; and Charles desired the attendants to pull aside the curtains, that he might have one more look at the day. He remarked that it was time to wind up a clock which stood near his bed. Those little circumstances were long remembered, because they prove beyond dispute that, when he declared himself a Roman Catholic, he was in full possession of his faculties. He had been, he said, a most unconscionable time in dying; but he hoped that they would excuse it. This was the last glimpse of that excellent urbanity so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation. Soon after dawn, the speech of the dying man failed. Before ten his senses were gone. Great numbers had repaired to the churches at the hour of morning service. When the prayer for the King was read, loud groans and sobs showed how deeply his people felt for him. At noon on Friday, the 6th of February, he passed away, without a struggle."

POETIC GEMS.

'Twas in the ball-room's mazy round
A beauteous form we saw,
The sweetness of her countenance
Around did many draw.
She spoke in silvery accents low
And with a Syren's tongue—
I heard her whisper to a friend—
"Sal, go it while you're young!"

A SHREWD REPLY.—A young friend of ours was undergoing an examination for admission to the bar. Judge S—— had pushed his question pretty closely, but the candidate was never at fault. Finally, the Judge pounced upon him as follows:—"Suppose that a Boston importer would come to you with a case like this?"—and here the Judge went on to state one of the most complicated questions that arise in regard to marine insurance. It was a poser. Our friend intending to practise in the country, was not "posted up" on this topic. But he was a Yankee, and he never was at a loss for an answer. So soon as the Judge had summed up his case, and closed off with the inquiry, "What would you say?" our friend promptly replied, "I should tell him to sit down Sir, until I could look at my books." "The best thing you could do—the very thing you ought to do," rejoined the Judge, "you are admitted, Sir."

NATIONAL PECULIARITIES.—It has been said that an Irishman, is at peace, only when he is in a quarrel; a Scotchman is at home, only when he is abroad; an Englishman is contented only while finding fault with some thing or somebody; and let us add, that a captious, busy, blustering, impetuous American is at the height of felicity, only while he is in all these tumultious conditions at the same time.

The Character of Aaron Burr.

If Blennerhasset had been the only person ruined by Burr, in the prosecution of his enterprise, clearity would suggest a burial of our remembrance of the exile's desolation. But the victims of Burr are to be numbered by hundreds. The base and the peaks of society alike show the scathing marks of his fiery visitation.

He cherished no friendship; he returned unhonored the drafts of gratitude; he kindled by the very fireside of hospitality the flame of lust, and felt little pleasure in bidding adieu to the *Lares* of his host, until the dearest that flourished in their shadows were sacrificed.* The man's whole being centred on the pivot of selfishness. But for the affection he manifested toward his daughter, his sole moral merits seem to have been courage and coolness; and yet, clustering as were the laurels which they wedded to his brow, his baser passions so predominated, that he held it more glorious to seduce a woman† than to glitter in the field of letters, to scale the steeps of philosophy, or to wave a banner victoriously in battle.

He courted the man to corrupt his wife, the statesman to profit by his influence, the millionaire to obtain his money, and the world to gratify his desires. He was the most dangerous from the possession of an intellect, massive, piercing, brilliant, united to a frame at once handsome and vigorous. His mind was but the keen and resistless weapon with which his passions hewed a way to conquest. That weapon was Protean. But few could escape its ever-changing attack. If the victim came fully under the gaze of an eye—whose sharp light resembled lightning imprisoned and forever playing in a cloud as black as night—he was lost. Burr's conversation was irresistibly fascinating—his hand swept over every chord of the human heart. He strewed the rosy path of the happy with flowers of a still brighter hue; he arched the troubled sky of the desponding with the rainbow of hope; he conjured up before the wrapt visions of the avaricious, mountains of gold; and to the aspiring, he pointed out the shadowy vistas of glory.

Thus he stood, gifted, unprincipled, ruthless and terrible. The want of fortune alone prevented his presenting in one lurid, dreadful and overwhelming mass, that evil which he accomplished but too successfully in many details. Chance confined to valleys, comparatively humble, a tempest which only waited for a release to devastate continents.

It may be asked, "Is not his valor on the battle fields of his country to be remembered." The answer must be "Yes!" That was a redeeming trait. No matter from what motive his military talents were exercised, our land reaped some benefit. But there are many persons who will doubt the real patriotism of one who was so ready to forswear his allegiance, who trampled on so much that was sacred, and who held even his exploits against tyranny as less glorious than the moral destruction of a human being.

Age is expected to subdue; but with Burr the winter of time brought no snows to cool the lava of passion. At fourscore and six, the crater wore a glow as ardent as at twenty. His faculties mocked at a century. Age should bring the soothing calm of religion, to enable the bark which has been tossed by the storms of life, to prepare for a worthy entrance into the sea of another world. Burr died as he lived, practically an atheist. Age should bring respect; Burr died as he had lived, without the respect of the good. His hoary hairs went down to the grave, floating on the breeze of infamy.

In cunning an Iago; in lust a Tarquin; in patience a Catuline; in pleasure a Sybarite; in gratitude a Mauvlay; and in ambition a Napoleon; he affords the world a powerful example of powerful intellect, destitute of virtue. His portrait would fitly appear in a circle of Dante's Inferno.

Let no one accuse me of stepping with unsandalled feet through the solemn vaults of the sepulchre. Aaron Burr belongs to History. *Such was the lot he chose.*

*He seduced the wife and daughter of the man who gave him shelter after the duel with Hamilton.

†His own assertion.

‡He wished to claim his right as a British subject when in London. Lord Liverpool rejected the offer with contempt.

GETTING A BERTH.

A short time since, a couple of friends of ours—one belonging to Jersey City, whoin we call "Joe," and the other to Salem, Massachusetts, whom we will designate by the name of "Ned"—after spending a few days in this city, took their departure in the steamer Vanderbilt, for Boston. On going on board the boat, Ned discovered that Joe had not secured his berth for the night, and that they were all taken; consequently, his friend would be obliged to lie on the settee. Joe was a great stutterer, and likewise fond of playing practical jokes.

"Well," said Ned, "what are you going to do? You say you are determined to have a berth—how do you intend to get it?"

"Wa-wa-wait and s-s-see, Ned. W-w-hat no-number is your b-b-berth?"

"One hundred and twenty-nine," said Ned.

"V-v-very, we-we-well," replied Joe, "I w-w-will have one hundred and t-t-twenty-eight."

Accordingly, Joe got the berth book and discovered that Mr. William Caball had secured it.

"Th-th-that's my b-b-berth; anyhow, Ned," exclaimed our stuttering friend.

Shortly after supper, Ned told Joe he was going to bed; and Joe prepared to accompany him, and actually turned into berth one hundred and twenty-eight.

Ned lay awake, expecting to hear something of a row, and it was not long before his expectations were realized. Mr. William Caball soon came along, and demanded of Joe what right he had in his berth.

"You b-b-be hanged," he replied—"I'm in m-my own b-b-berth."

"You are not," said Caball; "for I secured this berth myself, this forenoon."

"Don't c-c-care if you d-d-did," said Joe; "it's m-m-my b-b-berth, anyhow."

"Well, I will see the clerk of the boat, and find out whether I am to be cheated out of my berth in this manner," replied Caball.

It was but a short time before Caball returned with the clerk, who demanded of Joe by what right he had taken number one hundred and twenty-eight.

"B-b-because it's m-m-my b-b-berth," replied Joe.

"Ah!" said the clerk—"pray, what may your name be?"

"*W-W-William Ca-Ca-Caball,*" replied Joe.

"Curse the fellow!" replied Caball, as he gave up in despair—"he's not satisfied with stealing my berth, but he must also steal my name!"

THE HORSE'S EYE.—I will now inform you how far certain you may know whether a horse has a strong and good eye, or a weak eye, and likely to go blind. People in general turn a horse's head to a bright light to examine his eyes. You can know very little, by this method, what sort of an eye the horse has, unless it be a very defective one. You must examine the eye first, when the horse stands with his head to the manger. Look carefully at the pupil of the eye, in the horse; it is of an oblong form; carry the size of the pupil in your mind, then turn the horse about, bring him to a bright light, and if the pupil of the eye contracts, and appears much smaller than it was in the darker light, then you may be sure the horse has a strong good eye; but provided the pupil remains nearly the same size as it appeared in the darker light, the horse has a weak eye, therefore have nothing to do with him.

THE CONSTANT FIRES, and the uncertainty of human life at New Orleans, have attracted the serious attention of the press of that city, and the Bee candidly confesses that the Cresent City deserves the reproach, so long urged against it by northern men, that crime is rife there and murder is an every day occurrence.