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. 36. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1849. NO. 17.

Election Proclamation.

WHEREAS, in and by an act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act relating to the elections of this Commonwealth," passed the 3d day of July, A. D. 1839, it is made the duty of the Sheriff of every county within this Commonwealth, to give public notice of the General Elections, and in such notices to enumerate:

1. The officers to be elected.

2. Designate the place at which the election is to be held.

I, JAMES HOFFER, High Sheriff of the county of Cumberland, do hereby make known and give this public notice to the electors of the county of Cumberland, that on the SECOND TUESDAY OF OCTOBER NEXT, (being the 9th day of the month) a General Election will be held at the several election districts established by law in said county, at which time they will vote by ballot for the several officers hereinafter named, viz:

ONE PERSON

for Canal Commissioner of the State of Pennsylvania.

TWO PERSONS

to represent the county of Cumberland in the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania.

ONE PERSON

for Sheriff of the county of Cumberland.

ONE PERSON

for Treasurer of the county of Cumberland.

ONE PERSON

for Commissioner of the county of Cumberland.

ONE PERSON

for Director of the Poor of the county of Cumberland.

TWO PERSONS

for Auditors, (one for three years and one for two years) to settle the public accounts of the county of Cumberland.

ONE PERSON

for Coroner, of the county of Cumberland.

The said election will be held throughout the county, as follows:

The election in the election district composed of the borough of Carlisle and the townships of North Middleton, South Middleton, Lower Dickinson, Lower Frankford and Westpennsborough, will be held at the Court House, in the borough of Carlisle.

The election in the election district composed of Silver Spring township, will be held at the public house of George Duey, in Hogestown, in said township.

By an act of the General Assembly, passed the 21st day of April, A. D. 1840, the election in the election district composed of Hampden township, will be held at the house formerly occupied by H. Bressler in said township. And by the same act, the election in the election district, composed of Lisburn and a part of Allen township, known as the Lisburn District, shall hereafter hold their elections at the public house now occupied by John G. Henry in Lisburn.

The election in the election district composed of Eastpennsborough township, will be held at the house now occupied by S. Renninger, at the west end of the Harrisburg Bridge.

The election in the district composed of New Cumberland, will be held at the public house formerly occupied by W. P. Hughes, in the borough of N. Cumberland.

The election in the district composed of that part of Allen township, which election was heretofore held at the public house of Wm. Hughes, in the Borough of New Cumberland, will be held at the Tenant House of George Hock, now occupied by Robert Coffey, in said township.

The election in the district composed of that part of Allen township, not included in the New Cumberland, George Hock and Lisburn election districts, will be held at the public house of David Sheaffer, in Shepherdstown, in said township.

The election in the district composed of the borough of Mechanicsburg, will be held at the public house of John Hoover, in said borough.

The election in the district composed of Monroe township, will be held at the public house of John Paul, in Churchtown, in said township.

The election in the district composed of Upper Dickinson township, will be held at the public house of Joseph Trego, in said township.

The election in the district composed of the Borough of Newville, and townships of Mifflin, Upper Frankford, Big Spring, and that part of Newton township, not included in the Leesburg election district hereinafter mentioned, will be held at the Brick School House, in the Borough of Newville.

The election in the district composed of Hopewell township, will be held at the School House in Newburg, in said township.

The election in the district composed of the Borough of Shippensburg, Shippensburg township, and that part of Southampton township not included in the Leesburg election district, will be held at the Council House, in the Borough of Shippensburg.

And in and by an act of the General Assembly of this Commonwealth, passed the 2d July, 1839, it is thus provided: "That the qualified electors of parts of Newton and Southampton townships, in the county of Cumberland, bounded by the following lines and distances, viz: Beginning at the Adams county line, thence along the line dividing the townships of Dickinson and Newton to the turnpike road, thence along said turnpike to Centre School House, on said turnpike, in Southampton township, thence to a point on the Walnut Bottom Road at Reybuck's, including Reybuck's Farm, thence a straight direction to the Saw Mill belonging to the heirs of George Clever, thence along Krysher's run to the Adams county line, thence along the line of Adams county to the place of beginning, be and the same is hereby declared a new and separate election district, the election to be held at the public house of John Reybuck, in Leesburg, Southampton township."

Agreeable to the provisions of the sixty-first section of said act, every General and Special Election shall be opened between the hours of eight and ten in the forenoon, and shall continue without interruption or adjournment until seven o'clock in the evening, when the polls shall be closed.

And the Judges of the respective districts aforesaid, are by the said act required to meet at the Court House, in the Borough of Carlisle, on the third day after the said day of election, being Friday the 12th day of October, then and there to perform the things required of them by law.

Given under my hand at Carlisle, this 13th day of September, A. D. 1849.

JAMES HOFFER, Sh'ff.

Sheriff's Office, Sept. 13, 1849.

BOOKS! BOOKS!

THOMAS M. MARTIN, desires to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has purchased the store formerly belonging to Jacob Erb, Esq., and is now ready to supply the reading community with Books of all kinds at city prices.—He has just received the following new works:

Lynch's Expedition to the Dead Sea and Jordan.
Montague's " " "
Philosophy of Religion.
Dobney on Future Punishment.
Rural Letters, by N. P. Willis.
Women of the Revolution, by Mrs. Ellet.
Thier's Consulate and Empire, Nos. 8 & 9.
Davy Copperfield, part 3.
Turnor, Fisher, and Davy Crockett, Comic Almanac's for 1850, together with all the cheap publications of the day. Books ordered twice a week and strict attention paid to orders from the country.

All the Daily and Weekly Papers, &c., to be had at the old stand next door to Burkholder's hotel.

Carlisle, August 16, 1849.

DR. Townsend's Sarsaparilla for sale at the Drug store of Henry A. Sturgeon.
August 16, 1849

DR. JAYNE'S Family Medicines for sale at the Drug and Variety store of Henry A. Sturgeon.
May 7, 1849

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.

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 south of the Court House, where those having business are invited to call.

Poetical.

THE MOTHERLESS.

God help and shield the motherless,
The stricken, bleeding dove—
For whom their gushes no rich font
Of deed and deathless love!
The saddest tides grief confers—
For who so lone as they,
Upon whose path a mother's love
Sheds not its holy ray?

No gentle form above them bends
To soothe the couch of pain—
No voice so fond as hers, essays
To calm the feverish brain.
O, other tongues may whisper love
In accents soft and mild;
But none on earth so pure as that
A mother bears a child!

Judge kindly of the motherless—
A weary lot is theirs,
And oft the heart the gayest seems,
A load of sorrow bears.
No faithful voice directs their steps,
Or bids them onward press,
"And if they gang a kennin wrag,"
God help the motherless!

And when the sinful and the frail,
The tempted and the tried,
Unspotted one! shall cross thy path,
O spurn them not aside.
Thou knowest not what thou hadst been
With trials even less—
And when thy lips would vent reproach,
Think, THEY WERE MOTHERLESS!

A blessing on the motherless,
Where'er they dwell on earth,
Within the home of childhood,
Or at the strangers hearth!
Blue be the sky above their heads,
And bright be the sun within,
O God, protect the motherless,
And keep them free from sin.

Miscellaneous.

A FRAGMENT.

BY THEOPHILUS FISK.

It was summer. The sun shone proudly down upon the gay mist that rose above the billows—the blushing charms of spring were passed, and the summer glow of loviness had succeeded. The woodlands were gay and beautiful—for nature had clothed them in all her surpassing splendors. The mountain stream, now run, now rippled, now curling with her silver eddies, glad sparkling in the sunbeam—now smoothly flowed along its ever-varying bed, towards its quiet home in the world of waters. The birds warbled as sweetly in their green bowers of bliss, as if sighs and tears were a thing unknown.

There was joy on earth—the twittering swallow, as it darted along in sunshine and in shade, heeded not the bitter wailling of affliction and distress—the wild bird, in its noiseless flight, softly silent as falls the snow flake, seemed unmindful of wo, as it flashed its wings across the vision, like a thought of a dream during the hushed hours of midnight, vanished as suddenly. To me the sight of their joyous felicity brought no gladdess—the sounds of their mirth fell cold upon the heart—it seemed but bitter mockery; and spoke of days departed. The bright laughing skies seemed insensible that they were smiling over ruin and decay, that one of hope's fairest, sweetest flowers had drooped and died; and that now—even now—was to be laid in the earth's cold bosom.

I had seen the child in its guiltless beauty, when it was a thing all glowing with health, innocence and joy—I had seen it folded in the arms of her that bore it, in all the overwhelming fondness of a mother's love. But now her first born blessing—her first, last and only one, slept, not on the soft bosom of a mother's tenderness—but with the quiet dead! Death, how lovely cans't thou be? Though pale and lifeless, it wore a smile passionless and pure, as the cherub of immortality—it had nothing of the corpse about it, but its whiteness—nothing of the grave but its silence. So beautiful it seemed—like the spertive lamb, decked with a flowery for the sacrifice—I could fain have lain down by its side in the cold bosom of our common mother, in the dark and silent valley.

Thou weepest, childless mother. Ah, well thou may'st—the son of God wept at the tomb of his friend—and thou mournest thy first born. Hard it is for the to lay thy loved one in the damp earth; beneath the clods of the valley—hard it is to reflect that this, thy child of peerless beauty, will never more raise its rosy lips to thine, in all the fondness of childhood's warm affection. Ah! these are recollections that weigh upon the soul, even to overpowering. Memory tells thee that thou art desolate—it tells too of playful smiles; of a thousand soft and winning ways that twine around a mother's heart; it tells of the sweet wild throbbings of unspeakable bliss, that were thine when softly soothing it to slumber and repose. Now the foliage of the cypress will be its shelter, and the narrow house its abiding place; the nursery will no more resound with its gladsome mirth; the cradle in which it has so often reposed in quiet is now desolate. Thou weepest childless mother.

The last look. The time has come when she may gaze once more upon her sleeping boy; ere the pall is settled upon his lifeless brow. Oh! the bitter agony of that moment; one long agonizing kiss upon his marble forehead, and he is shut from view. In the fullness of her grief she says—

No more, my babe, shalt thou lie,
With drowsy smile and half shut eye—
Pillowed upon thy mothers breast,
Serenely sinking into rest.

Thou wert lovlier than the morn of May,
Possessed the brightest charms that youth adorn,
But all these beauties now have passed away,
And all who knew them once are left to mourn.

The opening rose bloomed here a little while—
Smiling serene beneath a summer sky—
But can no more a mother's sigh beguile,
Or wipe the tear from pale afflictions eye.

For God hath laid the down to sleep,
Like a pure pearl beneath the deep.

Look abroad, fond mother, upon the ways of sinful men, and repine no more that God hath made thy child an angel in the regions of bliss. Now his song is mingled with the thanksgiving of the blest!—sanctified, safe, and secure from the stormy blast of iniquity with him who is from everlasting!

The long train of weeping friends gathered around the fresh dug grave. The coffin was lowered to its final resting place, in the vale of solitude and silence; the spirit of him who was loved here, had, long ere this, crossed the dark waters; and is safely landed upon the flowery coast of a world of fadeless bloom.

☞ Those smiles which we assume when go into public, are more frequently wanted at home than abroad.

Woman, according to a German poet, is an "exquisite production of nature, between a rose and an angel."

THE HAPPIEST TIME IS NOW.

AS SUNG BY THE BAKER FAMILY.

Talk not to me of future bliss,
Talk not to me of joys gone by,
For us the happiest time is this,
When love bids time to fly;
Though future doubts may overcast
To shadow hope's young brow,
Oblivion's pall may shround the past,
The happiest time is now.

Though flowers, in spicy vases thrown,
Some odors yet exhile,
Their fragrance, when in air 'tis blown,
Breathes sweeter on the gale,
Like faded flowers, each parted bliss
Let memory keep, but how
Can by gone joys be like this!
The happiest time is now.

Unmarked our course before us lies
On time's eternal tide,
And soon the sparkling ripple die,
As o'er the waves we glide;
Like birds which weary of the wing,
Lit gentle on the bough,
Then let us gaily sail and sing,
The happiest time is now.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

BY MRS. CHILD.

There is a false necessity with which we industriously surround ourselves; a circle that never expands; whose iron never changes to ductile gold. This is the presence of public opinion; the intolerable restraint of conventional forms. Under this despotic influence, men and women check their best impulses, suppress their noblest feeling, conceal their highest thoughts. Each longs for full communion with other souls, but dares not give utterance to its yearnings. What hinders? The fear of what Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Clark will say; or the frown of some sect; or the fashion of some clique; or the laugh of some club; or the misrepresentation of some political party. Thou art afraid of thy neighbor, who knowest not that he is equally afraid of thee. He has bound thy hands and thou hast fettered his feet. It were wiser for both to snap the imaginary bonds and walk onward unshackled. If thy heart yearns for love, be loving; if thou wouldst free mankind, be free; if thou wouldst have a brother frank to thee, be frank to him. But what will people say?

Why does it concern thee what they say? Thy life is not in their hands. They can give thee nothing of real value, nor take from thee anything that is worth having. Satan may *promise* thee all the kingdoms of the earth, but he has not an acre to give. He may offer as much as the price of his worship, but where are all his little deeds. Eternal and sure is the promise; "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

But I shall be misunderstood and misrepresented.

And what if thou art? They who throw stones at what is above them, receive the missils back again by the law of gravity; and lucky are they who bruise not their own faces. Would that I could persuade all who read this to be truthful and free; to say what they think, and act what they feel, to cast from them, like ropes of sand, all fear of sects and parties, of clans and classes.

What is there of joyful freedom in our social intercourse? What meet to see each other; and not a peep do we get under the thick, stifling veil which each carries about him. We visit to enjoy ourselves, and our host takes away all our freedom, while we destroy his own. If the host wishes to walk or ride he dare not, lest it seems impolite to the guest; if the guest wishes to read or sleep, he dare not, lest it seems impolite to the host; so they both remain slaves, and forgiat a relief to part company. A few individuals, rightly in foreign lands, arrange this matter with freedom. If a visitor arrives, they say, "I am busy to-day; if you wish to ride there are horses and saddles in the stable; if you wish to read there are books in the parlor; if you want to work, the men are raking hay in the fields; if you want to romp, the children are at play in the court; if you want to talk to me, I can be with you at such an hour. Go where you please, and while you stay, do as you please."

At some houses in Florence, large parties meet without invitation or without the slightest preparation. It is understood that on some particular evening of the week, a lady or gentleman always receives their friends. In one room are books and flowers; in another pictures and engravings; in a third music. Couples are ensconced in some shaded alcove, or groups dotted about the room, in mirthful or serious conversation. No one is required to speak to his host, either entering or departing. Lemonade and baskets of fruits stand here and there on the side tables, that all may take who like, but eating, which constitutes so large a portion of all American entertainments, is a slight and almost unnoticed incident in these festival of intellect and taste. Would'st thou like to see such social freedom introduced here?—Then do it. But the first step must be complete indifference to Mrs. Smith's assertion that you were enough to offer only one kind of cake to your company, and to put less shortening in the undercrust of your pies than the upper. Let Mrs. Smith talk according to her light; be thou assured that all living souls love freedom better than cakes or undercrust.

A Cool Operation.

"Halloo, there, Capting!" said a brother Jonathan to a captain of a canal packet on the Erie canal "what do you charge for passage?"

"Three cents per mile and boarded," said the captain.

"Wall I guess I'll take passage capting seein' as how I kinder gin out walking so far." Accordingly he got a board just as the steward was ring the bell for dinner.

Jonathan sat down and began to demolish the "fixins" to the utter consternation of the captain, until he had cleared the table of all that was eatable, when he got up and went on deck, picking his teeth very comfortably. "How far is it, captaing, from here to where I came aboard?"

"Nearly one and a half miles," said the captain.

"Let's see," said Jonathan, "that would be just four, and a half cents; but never mind capting, I won't be small; here's five cents, which pays my fare to here; I guess I'll go ashore now, I'm kinder rested out."

The captain vamoos for the cabin, and Jonathan went ashore. The captain did not take anymore way passengers the remainder of the summer.

A Woman's Advantage.

A woman can say what she likes to you without the risk of being knocked down for it.

She can take snooze after dinner, while her husband has gone to work.

She can dress herself in neat and tidy calicoes for a dollar, which her husband has to earn and fork over.

She can paint her face if she is to pale, or flour it to if too red.

She can stay home in time of war, and wed again if her husband is killed.

She can wear corsets if too thick, and other fixins if too thin.

She can go into the street without being obliged to "treat" at every coffee house.

She can eat, drink and be merry, without costing her a cent.

She can run in debt all over until her husband warns the public, by advertisement not to trust her on his account any longer.

Home.

The pain that is felt when we are transplanted from our native soil—when the branch is cut from the native tree, is one of the most poignant that we have to endure through life. There are after griefs, which wound more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced—which bruise anew, and sometimes break the heart, but we never feel so keenly the want of love, the necessity of being loved, and the sense of utter desertion, as when we first leave the heaven of home, and push off upon the stream of life.

A SCENE AT CAPE MAY.

BY "OUR CHARLEY."

The following picture was witnessed by our associate "Charley," who caters for the Wit and Humor column of the *Farmer*. The actors were, a newly married couple of the Lize and Jakey order.

"Is my old man in the bar room, s-a-y?"

"I think not madam," replied the gentleman to whom the inquiry was addressed."

"Yes he is; I saw him go in; he veare a vite rocky mountain beaver. Go tell him his vife vants him."

The gentleman after so polite a request informed her old man, who at once exclaimed:

"Heavens! again, O golly, yot vill become of me; I vish I could sell out, I vould sell out cheap, and go to California. Vell! I suppose I must go to her!" and off he trotted, followed by our friend, who was anxious to see the fun.

The "vife," upon seeing her "old man," at once rushed frantically to him, and commenced;

"Vy did you leave me, s-a-y; you know I didn't vant you to go vay from me you are always in there drinkin' and leaven' me alone by myself—so you are You'll kill yourself some of these days a drinkin', and leave me a widder, so you vill. Bo-boo-boo!"

"Come now, don't cry, be a good girl, vipe your eyes on your vapron; give me a kiss, and let's make up, come now, that's a dear!"

"Yes, that's the vay you always do, you loat in that hasty bar room all the time, and leave me all alone, and then, ven I can't stand it any longer, and my heart's a breakin', you impose on my good nature and vant to make up; and venever I does you begin a drinkin' agin."

"Only try me once more, and make up this time; come now, say yes."

"Vell, then I vill, if you promise to quit drinkin' and never leave me again."

"Certainly, my love. I promise everything you vant me to do."

"Vell, then, I'll call you my "old man" agin, and now you've kissed me, and you've made up, go get me a port wine sang, *mind, I want it strong.*"

At this sudden change of the scene, Charley's nerves were shocked, and as he hastily retreated, he heard poor Jakey soliloquize:

"Yes, she don't vant me to drink, but she's mighty fond of it herself."

WEIGHING THE GALS.

Sumbody see it ain't a fair question to ax a gal her age. The old maids, I reckon, sed that. Now I think it's fully as unfair to ax a gal her weight as it is to ax her her age—'cause it's a tuff question, it is; and when you hears about weighin' Sally Greeny, you will say so too.

You know cusen Jeff; he's a rale staver among the gals, he is, and he don't care a straw what he ses to any on 'em, he don't.

Cus Jeff cum over to our house one Sunday, and he ses to me, "Pete, let us go to see squire Greeny's gals." "Agreed," sed I. And so out we struck, I felt orful old when we first started but sum how, the nearer we got to squire Greeny's, the worse skeered I was. I wished we had never started; but it was too late now—so in we went. Squire Greeny's got two gals, Sally and Betsey, as nice gals as you ever seed, they is. They all seemed mighty perlite, and me and cusin Jeff thought we was gettin' on first rate, we did. Sally looked dreadful nice, I tell you; I'de gin' the [illegible] if I could only found something to say to her. I had studied over everything I had heard or thought about it in my whole life, but not the first thing I could I think of worth saying.

"Queen [illegible] fair natur to Betsey." After a while Sally she proposed we should all go and weigh us.—When Sally's turn cum, Squire Greeny he looked sorter frightened.

"Why, Sally," says he, "you way a hundred and fifty."

"Law! Par," sed Sally.

"Aint it Jeff," sed Squire.

"Yes, sir-ee," sed Jeff. And sure enuff, Sally weighed a hundred and fifty; the heveyest critter in the whole gang of us.

Well, we all went back to the house, and arter a while, ses Squire Greeny, ses he, "old 'oman Sally weighs a hundred and fifty."

"No she don't sed the old lady.

"Yes, but I tell you she duz," sed the Squire don't she Jeff?"

"Yes, sir ee, she duz," sed Jeff.

"I don't believe it," sed the old lady.

"Well we'll weigh Sally again, and show you," sed the Squire.

"Oh, no, don't," sed Sally?

"Why not Sally?"

"Oh, 'cause its Sunday."

"But I will, though," sed the Squire. So Sally was strung up again, and the Squire he balanced the stilyards to the last kickup place; and he then commenced lookin' over his specks and countin his fingers. Jeff he looked over the Squire's shoulder.—"*One hundred and thirty seven,*" sed Jeff.

"Yes," ses the Squire, "one hundred and thirty seven."

"Thar, now," ses the old lady, "did you Sally did'nt weigh a hundred and fifty."

"Well, how on yearth, did we make such a mistake?" sed the Squire.

"I know," ses Kate, Sally's little sister.

"Hush!" sed Sally, shaking her fist at Kate, and turning as red as a beet, in the face.

"How?" sed the Squire.

"*Ef you do,*" sed Sally stampin her foot.

"But I will though," sed Kate.

"Yes, tell," sed the squire.

"*Sally took her bustle off.*"

Bring the camphor here, quick!

An Affectionate Spirit.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded with its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of these families.

"A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who, that has experienced the joys of friendship and knows the worth of sympathy and affection, would not rather loose all that is beautiful in natural scenery, than be robbed of his heart? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave than entomb his parental affection?

Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love—love is God—love everybody and everything that is good.

Teach your children to love—to love the rose, the robin, to love their parents, to love their God. Let it be the studied object of domestic culture, to give them warm hearts and ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords."

THE DIFFERENCE.—A gentleman from Boston happening to find himself among a little party of young ladies away down east, last summer, and while in the enjoyment of some inpocent social play, he carelessly placed his arm about the slender waist of as pretty a damsel as Maine can boast of, when she started and exclaimed, "Be done, sir! Don't insult me!"

The gentleman instantly apologized for the seeming rudeness, and assured the half offended fair one that he did not intend to insult her.

"No!" she replied, archly. "Well, if you didn't, *you may do so again,*"—she added, to the small amusement of the company.

☞ A young man aged 17, and a girl age d13, belonging to Providence, were married last week.

Beware of him who speaks ill to you of others. He will speak evil to another of you.

THE FARMERS DAUGHTER.

There is a world of buxom beauty flourishing in the shades of the country. Farm houses are dangerous places. As you are thinking of sheep or of curds, you may be shot through by a pair of bright eyes, and melted away in a bewitching smile that you never dreamed of till the mischief is done. In towns and theatres, and thronged assemblies of the titled fair, you are on your guard, you know what you are exposed to, and put on your breast plate, and pass through the most terrible onslaught of beauty safe and sound. But in those sylvan retreats, dreaming of nightingales, and hearing only the towing of oxen, you are taken by surprise. Out steps a fair creature—crosses a glade—leaps a stile. You start—you stand lost in wonder and astonished admiration! You take out your tablets to write a sonnet on the return of the Nymphs and Driads to earth, when up comes John Topkins, and says:

"It's only the farmer's daughter.

"What! have farmers such daughters, now a-days?"

Those farm houses are dangerous places. Let no man with a poetical imagination, which is only another name for a very tender heart, flatter himself with the fancies of the calm delights of the country with the serene idea of sitting with the farmer in his old fashioned chimney corner, and hearing him talk of corn and mutton; of joining him in the pensive pleasures of a pipe and a jug of brown October; of listening to the gossip of the comfortable farmer's wife, of the parson and his family; of his sermons and his pigs; over a fragrant cup of young hyson; or wrapt in the delicious luxuries of custards and whipt cream. In walks, a fairy vision of wonderous witchery, and with a curtesy and smile of winning and mysterious magic, takes her seat just opposite.—It is the farmer's daughter, a living creature of eighteen; fair as a lily, fresh as May-dew, rosy as the rose itself, graceful as the peacock perched upon the pales there by the window, sweet as a posey of violets and clove gillivers, modest as early morn, and amiable as your imagination of Desdamona or Gettrude of Wyoming. You're lost. It's all over with you. I would not give an empty filbert, or a frog-bitten strawberry for your peace of mind, if that glittering creature be not as pithful as she is fair. And that comes of going into the country, out of the way of vanity and temptation, and fancying farm houses, nice, old-fashioned places of old established contentment.

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

It strikes me as the most impressive of all sentiments that, "It will be all the same a hundred years after this!" It is often uttered in the form of a proverb, and with the levity of a mind that is not aware of its importance. A hundred years after this! Good heavens! with what speed, and with what certainty will those hundred years come their termination! This day will draw to a close, and a number of days make one revolution of the seasons. Year follows year, and a number of years make up a century. These little intervals of time accumulate and fill up that mighty space which appears to the fancy so big and so inmeasurable. The hundred years will see the wreck of whole generations. Every living thing that now lives on the face of the earth will disappear from it. The infant that now hangs on the mother's bosom will only live in the remembrance of his grand children. The scene of life and of intelligence that is now before me will be changed into the dark and loathsome form of corruption. The people who now hear me, they will cease to be spoken of, their memory will perish from the face of the country; their flesh will be devoured by worms, the dark and creeping things that live in the holes of the earth will feed upon their bodies; their coffins have mouldered away, and their bones be thrown up in the new made grave. And is this the consummation of all things? Is there nothing beyond time and the grave to alleviate the gloomy picture? to chase away these dismal images? Must we sleep forever in the dust, and bid adieu to the light of heaven.—*Dr. Chalmer's Sermons and Posthumous Works.*

THE CHURCH LOAFER.

In all the towns and cities we have ever visited we have discovered a class of bipeds whose distinguishing trait of character is comprehended under the term of "church loafers." Your genuine church loafer is rarely over twenty years of age. He generally patronizes with his presence the Methodist Churches. These generally assemble in great numbers in front of the church about a half an hour before the commencement of the services, and form a lane through which all comers have to pass, subject to the critical remarks, upon person and apparel of these shameless assailants. The church loafer is generally dressed in flashy brass buttons, long soap locks, and a hat set jauntingly upon the bump of combativeness. Add to these personal attractions, a countenance expressive of the "one idea" of assurance and impudence, and you have the church loafer in your mind's eye. After the services have fairly commenced the fraternity enter, one at a time, at intervals of one minute, walk up the steps and through the gallery as though animated by a scientific desire to ascertain how much sound can be extracted from the contact of wood and sole leather. Before the service is quite ended the loafer leaves his seat, and rushes out to assume his place in the ranks of his brethren, who again marshal themselves into the human lane through which the dismissed congregations are to pass, subject to a variation of the remark before alluded to.

Two in a Bed.

Ned and Charley were two room mates but they occupied different beds. Ned's sleeping apparatus was so situated that he could get in at either side—that is to say that there were two fore sides to be had; and no back side—which Ned found very convenient on certain occasions.

One night Ned and Charley had been out, and on returning, which they did near morning, both were considerably elevated. However they walked up to their rooms with an air that seemed to say, "not so very darned drunk after all," and sought long and patiently for matches and a lamp. After knocking the pitcher off the washstand and smashing the looking glass, they finally gave up the search and went to bed.

Went to bed—yes, that's the word, but owing to the darkness, and the confusion of their senses they made a slight mistake. In short Ned's bed had the honor of receiving two friends—Charley getting in on one side and his companion rolling in on the other.

"I say, Ned," cried Charley touching somebody's calf, "there's some fellow in my bed!"

"Wonderful coincidence!" exclaimed Ned, feeling a strange elbow in the region of his ribs, "there's somebody in my bed too."

"Is there, though?" cried Charley, "let's kick them out!"

"Agreed," said Ned.

And accordingly the friends began to kick. It lasted about a minute and a half, and Ned was sprawling on the floor; Charley was left in possession of the bed. For a moment all was silent.

"I say Ned," cried Charley.

"What?" asked Ned sulkily.

"I've kicked my fellow out!"

"You are a devolish sight luckier than I then," said Ned, "for mine has kicked me out."

MEHEMET ALI, PACHA OF EGYPT.

We have already noticed the death of the late Pacha of Egypt, on the 2nd of August, at Alexandria, and on the following day his body was taken up to Cairo, where he was buried on the 4th, in the new alabaster mosque built by himself in the citadel.

The procession from the palace at Rasecteen to the canal was attended by a great concourse of people—the European consuls in uniform, with many of the European residents, and a great number of troops with arms reversed. On emerging from the palace, the coffin was laid at the foot of the grand marble staircase. The attendants gathered round, and the chief mufti, a venerable old man, advanced, raised his hands, and amidst profound silence, repeated three times, with a pause, for mental reflection between each, *Allah hookbar;* (God is great;) after which he twice repeated, *Salem a leykoun;* (Peace be with you;) and then the procession started—the principal officers and grandees emulating each other for the honor of carrying the coffin on their shoulders. On passing the harem, a separate building to the north of the place, the shrieks and lamentations of the women were most piercing. Twenty six buffaloes were killed and distributed among the poor, with twenty six camel loads of bread and dates and a considerable sum of money. Mehemet Ali commenced life as a tobacconist in his native town, but he afterwards volunteered into the army, to which his taste was most congenial. In his new career, he soon obtained high favor with the Governor of Cavalla, by his efficient assistance in quelling a rebellion and dispersing a band of pirates; and on the death of his commanding officer, he was appointed to succeed him, and married his widow.

After the evacuation of Egypt by the French, in September, 1801, the Sultan appointed Mohamed Khosrew, Viceroy of Egypt who has since been several times minister at Constantinople, and between whom and Mehemet Ali there always existed an inveterate hatred.

Mehemet Ali was installed in the Pashalalic of Egypt in 1806, on condition that he should send to the Sultan 4,000 purses which represented at that time the sum of about £24,000 sterling. The Pashalic of Egypt was then commonly called the Pashalic of Cairo, and it extended only to Middle Egypt and the Delta; but by the indomitable energy of his character, he extended it until it comprehended all Egypt, and many countries adjacent, and under his sway it was more an independent country than the territory of a vassal. He conquered and dispersed the Wahabees, a fanatical sect, who had long been a scourge to the Mahometan pilgrims to Arabia; subdued Dongola, Berber, Shendy, Sannaar, and Kordofan and took possession of Syria, but was ousted from the latter by the English inciting the Sultan against him. His activity was very great. He slept little in the night, and invariably rose before sunrise. He received daily the reports of his ministers, dictated answers, and frequently visited any improvements or changes going on in the public works. He learned to read only at the age of fifteen years. He principally studied history, and was particularly interested with the lives of Napoleon and Alexander the Great.

The only language he spoke was Turkish; he understood Arabic, but did not like to speak it. The late Viceroy did not observe the tenants of the Mahommedan religion with any rigor, and never cared about fasting in the month of Ramazan. He was the first Mahommedan ruler who granted real protection to Christians, raised them to the highest ranks, and made some of them his most intimate friends. His freedom from superstition was as remarkable as his toleration in religion.

"Will you have a *Daily Sun?*" said a newsboy to Mrs. Partington.

Will I have a *daily son?* Why you little scapegrace! How dare you insinuate against a lone woman from home? No, indeed—I guess I won't have a *daily son.* My dear poor man used to complain awfully when I presented him with a *yearly son. A daily son,* indeed! Begone you little upstart imp!"—and the old lady called for the old turkey-fan to keep her from swooning.

BOSTON CURE FOR THE CHOLERA.—Take two ounces of pigeon's milk, half an ounce of hen's teeth, put it in a hog's horn, and stir it up with a cat's feather; then divide the mass into pills as big as a piece of chalk, about as long as a stick, and swallow them cross wise—frequently.

☞ "I guess I have cut a dash," as the horse said when he threw his heels through the front of a buggy.

"Oh Doctor," said an elderly lady recently to Dr. H—, the celebrated bone setter, in describing the effects of a diseased spine—

"I can't neither sit nor stand!"

"I should recommend then," he replied, "the propriety of roosting."

Father Mathew's Valedictory.

Father Matthew left Boston for Lawrence on Saturday morning. A procession formed at the Adams House, and escorted him to the depot. Previous to his departure, he addressed a letter to the Mayor of the city, thanking the citizens eloquently, through him, for the generous hospitality which had been extended to him. In it he alludes to his visit to the institutions for the Blind, the Hospital at Deer Island, and other public establishments, and says:

"When I think, dear sir, of the historic associations connected with your city, justly termed the cradle of American Independence, and the nurse and handmaid of art, science and commerce—when I look over the catalogue of bright and illustrious names which it has added to American Literature, and which have earned for it a classic as well as historic celebrity—when I think of my privilege in becoming personally acquainted with men, whom to know is to esteem and honor—when I recollect that my mission in your city was by special invitation, opened, in that hall, sacred to freedom and independence, and that in the prosecution of my arduous labors I have met the generous sympathy and cordial co-operation of men of all sects and of all parties, it is, I assure you, honored sir, with feelings of no ordinary regret, that I bid adieu to the citizens of Boston, whose extreme kindness, courtesy and attention, I will ever gratefully remember."

VIOLENT TORNADO, DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY.—The Conneaut, Pa. Reporter gives an account of a tornado which occurred on Thursday last, and by which great damage was done. Its approach was across the lake; and it raised a water spout, which on striking the shore, threw torrents of water on the farms near at hand, destroying crops and creating great damage. Every thing within range of the tornado was levelled, and in the village of Conneaut very extensive injury was inflicted upon the buildings. A hail storm broke thousands of panes of glass, and the course of the tornado, after it passed east of the village, was marked by entire desolation; buildings were overthrown, or unroofed, barns and sheds lifted from their places and destroyed, whole acres of forest trees uprooted, and large, sound trees, two and three feet in diameter, twisted off and blown a considerable distance.

CENTRAL RAILROAD.—The Chief Engineer of the Central Railroad gives notice that the Proposals will be received from the 1st to the 12th of October, for 26 miles of the road west of Johnstown. This work is progressing in the right manner. Operations are confined to short sections, and every additional section finished is made at once to contribute to the profit of the road.

There is a man up the country who always pays for his paper in advance. He has never had a sick day in his life—never had any corns, or tooth-aches—his potatoes never rot—the weevil never eats his wheat—the frost never kills his corn in the night, and his wife never scolds. Reader have you paid the printer in advance?