American Volunteer.

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

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THE VOLUNTEER.

John B. Bratton, Editor and Proprietor.

CARLISLE, THURSDAY, NOV, 8, 1849.

ELECTION OF JUDGES.

We are glad to observe, says the Washington *Examiner*, that the Democratic papers of the State, continue to impress upon the people the great necessity that exists for making Judges elective. At the same time we fear that the reform will be defeated, at the coming session of the Legislature. The opponents of the measure dare not meet it fairly and boldly. They dare not take open and manly ground against granting the people the power and privilege of electing their own judicial officers. Hence, covert action is resorted to. But, let the people be on the alert, and let their Representatives carefully guard every point at which this highly important measure may be assailed. For our own part we candidly confess that we fear the bill of last session will be so *clogged* during the approaching session, as to prevent its passage. In that event, the labor of the reformers of last winter will receive a check that might prove to be a serious burthen for many years to come. For one, we say let us have it just as it is. Its defects are not so numerous or so great as they might be. Certainly, its merits far outweigh its demerits. No bill can be drawn that would be regarded faultless in the estimation of all persons; and the intimations that have been given out in regard the objectionable features of the bill of last session, are merely designed as preparing the way for a systematic and cunningly devised opposition. Failing to accomplish their object by arguments, those who are opposed to an elective judiciary, will now seek to do so by means of intrigue and finesse. If they succeed it will be because professed friends of the measure lend their assistance to *modificitions*, which will assured prove fatal. Let the press and the people carefully watch the progress of the question at every step during the coming session.

In Search of a Wife.

The Lowell Journal says: Two or three years since a young merchant in the western part of New York, having formed a high opinion of the Lowell operatives, from the contributions of some of them in the Offering, came on to the city in search of a wife. As his purpose was made known to the girls at the several places which he visited, or for some other reason, he was not very successful in the object of his mission, and was compelled to return home without a lady-love. It happened, however, not long since, that one of the young girls remarked that "she wished *she* had known the object of so fine a gentleman's visit—that *she* would have had him." Another immediately made known this declaration to the gentleman—and, to come to the point at once, he came on last week—took the young girl to Rhode Island, or Connecticut, and married her—having seen her but once before. They are happy in each others society, and we hope will long enjoy the bliss of the wedded life.

LADIES FOR CALIFORNIA.—A young lady of Boston has accepted an offer of $400 per month to act as book-keeper in a merchantile house in San Francisco. We also learn that several young ladies are about leaving Boston for California.

ARRIVALS OF IMMIGRANTS.—An official statement has just been made out, showing the number of passengers that arrived at New York from foreign countries, during a period of six months, ending 30th of September last. The aggregate is *one million one hundred and fifty thousand five hundred*, a number equal to the resident population of the city nearly three times over. Ireland and Germany, of course, are responsible for more than half the new comers.

DANIEL WEBSTER is the only survivor of the ten children of his parents. He was born in January, 1782.

THURSDAY, the 29th of November, has been set apart by the Governor of Md., as a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

Elopements are becoming very fashionable. A gentleman writing from Frankfort, Ky., says that a marriage was celebrated on Tuesday morning, in the parlor of the Mansion House, between a runaway couple, (a Mr. Noland and Miss Redman) from Fayette which created some interest, and was attended by the President of the Convention, several officers of State and other distinguishables. The bridegroom is a middle aged gentleman of respectable standing, and the bride a beautiful girl of not more than 17 summers. The only opposition to the marriage was on the part of the bride's mother, who was inexorable. The father was not only willing to the nuptials, but actually took the girl off from the old woman, and accompanied the lovers in their flight.

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.—"The more I am acquainted with agricultural affairs, the better I am pleased with them; insomuch that I can nowhere find so great satisfaction as indulging those feelings, I am led to reflect how much more delightful to an undebauched mind is the task of making improvements on the earth, than all the vain glory which can be acquired from ravaging it by the most uninterrupted career of conquests.

Washington's Letter to Arthur Young.

As a lady was walking through one of the streets of the city of Paris, at midnight, a patrol called out, "Who's there?" "It's only I, patrol," she replied "don't be afraid!"

Poetical.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light,
The darkest wave hath bright forms near it;
And twinkles through the cloudest night
Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not all gloom,
The saddest heart is not all sadness,
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom
There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never quite despair:
Nor life, nor death the future closes;
And around the shadowy brow of Care,
Will Hope and Fancy twine their roses.

JUST SEVENTEEN.

Just seventeen! the sweetest age
That's entered in fair beauty's page;
Like the rose-bud cleft in twain,
With pearly gems the cleft to stain;
Eyes like twin stars beneath some cloud,
That comes their sparkling light to shroud;
Rich tresses of an auburn glow,
Free waving o'er a brow of snow;
And the bosom heaving, swelling,
Where tickling Cupid holds his dwelling;
Of woman's life, no year, I ween,
Like soft, sweet, pouting seventeen!

Miscellaneous.

BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

The following beautiful and touching sketch, we copy from the *Journal of Commerce*:

I have worshiped blue eyes and there is no radiance so heavenly as that which gleams from them. But black are more bewildering; and when a shadow of melancholly falls over the forehead, it softens their beauty, while it does not dim them:

* * * If you will go with me now to a glen in the highlands, and a willow shaded nook, I will point out to you the very spot where years ago, there stood a rude bench on which many times I have seen the fair girl I write of, sitting, and by which I once saw her kneeling. The cottage under the hill is occupied by strangers, and its broad hall and large rooms now ring to the laughter of those that knew not her whose gentle spirit haunts their very chambers.

She was beautiful as a dream. Never was holier forehead shaded by raven tresses; never were tresses so glorious as those. If I tell you that I loved Sarah D——, you will call me an enthusiast, and ascribe my admiration to my passion. I did love her, but only as a boy worships a being far above him. I used to lie at her feet on the grass, and gaze into her face, and watch the play of her exquisite features. It was there I learned at first how high, how pure, and worshipful, humanity may be.

She was young and beautiful. What need to add she was loved. Surely I need not add she loved, for such as live on affection, and die for lack of it. Her father devoted his fortune and his life to her; and she was heiress to a large estate. As might be expected, she had numberless suitors of every rank and variety. I cannot now remember all of them, although I then kept the run of them tolerable well. But of all, there were only two that appeared to have any prospect of success; and the village gossips were occupied in discussing their relative chances.

Frank R—— was the gayest, best hearted fellow in the world, and, had you seen him on his horse by the side of Sarah D——, you would have said he was made for her, so wild was his laugh and so joyous her response. Yet, had you been behind the closed shutter of the window in front of the large white house on the hill, as they rode by, and had you there watched the oppressed lip, the broad forehead, the pale face, and the speaking eye of Joseph S——, as he saw them passing, you would have prayed to God that that fair girl might belong to that noble man, even as I, a boy, then prayed.

God has answered my prayers. When the long way was travelled over, and the rugged and difficult steep surmounted, when her fairy foot was pressed on the rock at the summit of the hill of life, and her eyes gazed into the deep blue sky with longing gaze, there, even there, beyond the blue, his outstretched arms received her, and his embrace was Heaven!

Go preach to blocks and stones, ye who believe that love is of the clay! Go preach to the dead, ye who deny the immortality of the affections. Go reason with trees, or images of wood, or with your own motionless, lifeless, icy souls, ye who belive that, because there is no marrying yonder, there shall be no embracing, or because we may not use the gentle words "my wife," we may not clasp these sanctified forms in our own holy arms! I tell you, man, that immortality would be a glorious cheat, if with our clay died our first affections. I tell you that annihilation would be heaven, if I believed that when my head at length rests on its coffined pillow, and my lips shut to the silence and repose of death, those loving eyes will never look into mine again, this pure clasp never be around my neck, this holy caress never bless me more.

But see how I hasten in advance of my story.—And yet, like Canning's knife grinder, I remember now that I have no story to tell, or at the best it is a simple history.

She loved Joe. His calm and earnest way of loving her, won her whole soul. He did not say much to her in company, nor of her, but when they were alone, or only some of the children near, his low voice would be musical, and she sat entranced with its eloquence. I have seen them seated on the bench by the side of the stream, and have heard him lead her gentle soul step by step with him from earth to stars, and then from star to star, until she seemed to be in heaven with him, and listening to the praises of the angels.

I am unable to tell you how it happened that Joseph S—— left his profession, which had been law, and entered the ministry, nor am I able to state, though I might guess at the causes operating in his own mind. The father of Sarah D—— was not a religious man, and, I am sorry to say, was one of a small class of men, who not only deny the truths of our most holy creed, but take every oportunity to cast ridicule on its teachers. It was, therefore, with great pain that his daughter observed his coolness and rudeness to Joseph S——, and she was not surprised, however much she was grieved, when an open rupture rendered the suspension of his visits at the house absolutely necessary.

They had never spoken of love. Each knew the secrets of the other's affection; and what need, then, of words to tell of it? It would have been but the repetition of hackneyed phrases; and yet there is no music in the world so sweet as those three words, "I love you," from the lips we love to kiss. But the father of our gentle friend had feared the existence of some bond between them, and peremptorily required his daughter to break it, if it did exist.

She replied to him, relating the simple truth, and he desired her to refuse thenceforward to see or speak to Joseph.

A month of deeper pain than can well be imagined succeeded this command, during which time they did not meet.

It was a moony night in August that she walked out with me, (then a boy three years her junior,) and sat down on the bench by the side of the stream.—The air was clear, the sky serene, and no sound disturbed us; but the soft voice of the wind among the tree tops made a pleasant music, and we listened and were silent. The stillness was broken by the voice of Joseph S——.

You will pardon me if I pass over that scene. I dare not attempt a description of it. It was my first lesson in human suffering; and though I have learned it over since then—though the iron has entered my soul and seared it, yet I have never seen, nor do I believe I have ever felt, more agony than those two felt as they parted that night to meet no more on earth.

He bowed his lips to her forehead, and murmured the solemn word, "Forever."

She awoke at that word and exclaimed, with startling vehemence, "No! no! there is no such a word, Joe."

"We shall not meet again on earth, my gentle one. And what is earth?"

Her tall form grew more queenly, and her dark eye flashed divinely, as she rose and exclaimed, in clear and silvery tones:

"And what is earth? These things must end. I will name a tryest, dear Joe, and you shall keep it. If you pass first into the other land, wait for me on the bank; and if I go hence before you, I will linger on the other shore until you come. Will you remember?"

"I will live and die in this memory."

She lifted her face to his, and her arms to his neck, and they clung together in a long and passionate embrace. Their lips did not separate, but were pressed close together, until he felt her form cold, and her clasp relaxed, and he laid her gently down on the cold seat, bowed over a moment in prayer, and was gone. I heard him say, "Take care of her, W——," and I strove to recall the life that had gone from her lips, and cheeks, and eyes. It came slowly, and she woke as we wake in the morning after death has entered our charmed circle with an oppression on the brain, and a swimming and swollen consciousness of soul.

At length she remembered all; and raised herself with a half articulated exclamation of agony, broken by a sob; then fell on her knees by the bench and buried her face in her hands, and remained thus for nearly half an hour.

When she arose, her face was as the face of an angel. It wore that same exalted look until she died.

I think she took cold that night. She was never well afterward; and the next winter she passed at the south, returning in the spring, very fragile, but very beautiful.

Joseph S—— was sent abroad by one of the boards of missions of the church; but his health failed; and he resigned his commission, while he travelled through the eastern world.

Three years fled with their usual swiftness. To Sarah D—— they were slow and painful years; yet she was happy in her quiet way, and no one dreamed of the strange tryest she was longing to keep on the other side of that dark river which men so shrink from. She grew feebler daily, as the summer and autumn advanced, and in December she was evidently dying.

One day her mother had been out of the house, perhaps making calls. She returned at evening, and among other incidents of news which she had learned, she mentioned to Sarah the death of her old friend, Joseph S——.

The fair girl was reclining in her large arm chair, looking out of the closed window at the snow on the ground, and the pure moonlight which silvered it.—There was no startling emotion visible as her mother mentioned the fact, which to her was the most solemn, yet the most joyful news the world could give; for now how much nearer was their meeting! I saw a smile flashed across her face as the joyful news reached her ear. I saw her forehead raised to feel the caress which I knew she felt. She was silent for many minutes, and then spoke in feeble, yet very musical accents, and I boyishly wept aloud.—Then she smiled, and said, "Wait a little longer, dear W——;" and then after a moment she said, "Mother, is the snow very deep?"

"Not very, dear. Why did you ask?"

"Because if it were very deep, I thought it would be difficult for old Mr. Smith to find our lot in the grave yard. Are all the head stones covered, mother?"

"What is the matter, Sarah? What if they are covered?"

"Mother, dear, it is useless to conceal it from ourselves, or from one another. You know, and I quite as well, that I am dying. I have not wished to live only for one thing. I did not long for life, and I dreaded to meet death all alone. But now I shall not. W—— will tell you what I mean when I am gone. Yes, gone, dear mother. I shall not be here any longer. This chair will stand here, and I not any where near it. You will be here, and father; and you will rise and walk about and visit, and go in and out, and so on, day after day, and I shall have no part any longer in your cares and joys, dear mother."

As she uttered the last two words she put her arms around her neck and kissed her fondly, and sank back into her chair again. I sat at her feet, watching her matchless features. A smile was flitting across them—now there, now gone. Yet each time it lingered longer than before, until it became fixed, and so holy, so very holy that I grew bewildered, as I gazed, and a strange tremor passed through my body.

The breath of peace was fanning her glorious brow. Her head was bowed a very little forward, and a tress escaping from its bonds, fell by the side of her pure white temple, and close to her just opened lips. It hung there motionless. No breath disturbed its repose. She slept as an angel might sleep, having accomplished the mission of her God.

Two Ways to Tell a Story.

We hope there are many readers of the Daily Mail who have had practical evidence that a little kindness, however homœpathic the dose may be, goes five times as far towards making those around you happy, as cargoes of sour answers or surly rebukes. There are two very distinct ways of telling the same story. Some men will make hosts of friends, while others will find it impossible to discover one. Bluntness and frankness may do very well at times, but as a general thing it is prudent to study effects as well as causes. Jones may say to Smith:

"Smith, are you going to pay that note to-day?"

"No, I shan't; don't suit me, and I shan't do it."

"Then by thunder I'll see if you don't!" says enraged Jones. A lawyer gets a *case*, a squabble follows, and—they both pay dearly for a lesson in civility. How different Brown would fix it!

"Smith, what is the state of your finances this morning; do you feel as though you could let me have that $50 to-day?"

"Well, no, I can't," says Smith, "I'm very short; can't you wait on me a few days, it would be an accommodation?"

"Well," says Brown, "let it stand; do something for me as soon as you can, will you, Smith?"

"Certainly I will." They part—friends and brothers.

"Go away with that noise!" says some bullet-headed fellow to the poor itinerant organist and his monkey. The poor fellow goes away, mortified and soured against his species; how differently the good heart, the peace maker, does it—

"My man, your music is pleasant, but it disturbs us now; there are a few pennies, play for some others further on your way." The organist goes along, smiling at the man who has ordered him off. There is five times the *force* in kind words and generosity, than there is in morose sulkiness and arbitrary measures. We cannot live long nor happy among our species, without the aid of kindness and generosity. It is not necessary to knock a man down to convince him he is in error, or hold a knife at his breast to assure him his life is in your power. Politeness and civility are rare jewels; they render two-fold good, blessing him that giveth and him that receiveth. It is quite astonishing, when we calculate the entire safely and splendid per centage it yields—that so few invest in that capital stock—good humor and kindness.—*Boston Mail.*

Female Liveliness.

Few things are more liable to be abused in society, especially by young ladies, than the gift of liveliness. No doubt it gains present admiration as long as they continue young and pretty, but it leads to no esteem, produces no affection if carried beyond the bounds of graceful good humor. She, for instance, who is distinguished for the odd freedom of her remarks; whose laugh is loudest, whose wit is the most piquant, who gathers a group of laughters around her—of whom shy and quiet people are afraid; this is a sort of person who may be invited out—who may be thought no inconsiderable acquisition at parties of which the general opprobium is dullness; but this is not the sort of person likely to become the honored mistress of a respectable home.—[*Table Talker.*

THE MAN WHO HAD THE SMALL POX INTERNALLY.

The following case of hypochondria has never appeared in print. It occurred in the private practice of Dr. Todd, the first physician to the retreat of the insane, in Hartford, Conn.

The subject of it was a robust, hard working man; by trade a mason. He had, as he believed, been exposed to the contagion of the small pox. Under the impression that a spare diet would essentially mitigate the virulence of the disease, from a full diet, in which animal food formed a large share, he restricted himself to one entirely vegetable, and this in so limited a quantity as was hardly sufficient to sustain life. This change in his mode of living, combined with the depressing influence of fear; from anticipation of a fatal and loathsome disease, soon reduced his athletic frame, and involved him in all the horrors of hypochondria. The time soon arrived when, according to his calculations, the small pox ought to make its appearance, but not a pock or pimple could he find upon himself. A new cause of apprehension now took entire possession of his mind, viz: that he had the disease internally, and that it was preying upon and destroying his system. Under this impression he consulted a physician, who, after listening to the history of his case, and making a careful examination, assured him that his apprehensions were entirely groundless, and existed only in his imagination.

This conclusion was far from being satisfactory to the hypochondriac. He was not thus easily to be reasoned out of his senses. The physician was dismissed as one wanting in skill to discover and understand the nature of his complaint. A second and third was called, and both concurred in the decision of the first one. But the patient, as is common in such cases, would sooner believe the whole fraternity at fault than himself. The subject of mental hallucination rejected all medical advice, confined himself to his room, and resigned himself to his fate. In the meantime his robust form had become attenuated almost to skin and bones. His friends now became seriously alarmed at his condition. The reputation of Dr. Todd, then residing at Farmington, although in early life had spread into the neighboring towns, and his peculiar talent for the management of mental diseases, which so eminently qualified him to take charge of the insane, had in numerous instances been manifested.

A brother of the patient called on Dr. Todd and stated his case, and assured him that his confidence in the faculty was gone, and that it was without his knowledge that he was consulted. A plan was soon arranged by which the doctor should happen to pass the house of the patient, and be called in as if by accident. The next day Dr. Todd was seen driving at his usual rapid rate through the street where the patient lived. He was hailed by the messenger, and in a tone of voice overheard by the sick person, requested to call and see his brother, who had for some time suffered from ill health. The doctor alighted, and was soon introduced to the patient, but was received without any recognition of act of civility, not even raising his eyes to look at him; nor could he, by any kind of attention or inquiries, elicit a word from his sullen and despairing patient.

With a tact peculiar to himself, the doctor commenced a very minute and careful examination of the patient—first looking carefully into his ears, his nose, and his eyes; then rising hastily from his seat, he commenced walking the room, as if in the utmost astonishment, and could hardly credit his senses, at the same time ejaculating in an under tone—

"Is it possible? Who could ever have thought it? Can it be?"

Then resuming his place by the side of the patient, he went through an examination still more minute. Again leaving his seat, he continued his colloquy—

"It is a fact! There can be no mistake, and yet the like is not to be found in the records of medicine."

By this time the patient's attention was aroused, and, breaking through his taciturnity, he exclaimed—

"What! what! what is it, Dr. Todd?"

"Why, sir, something very singular in your case; but as I am not under any obligations to you for the discovery, I will keep it to myself. More than that, it is as much as a physician's reputation is worth even to advance such an opinion."

"Doctor," said the patient, "I must know it. I will do anything in my power you ask of me, if you will only tell me!"

"Well, sir," replied the doctor, "If I tell you, it must ever be a profound secret between ourselves."

To this the patient readily assented.

"Then, sir," continued the doctor, "you must know that you have the *small pox internally!*"

In an instant, with all the strength he could command, the patient sprang from his chair, and seizing the doctor by the hand, he exclaimed—

"You are the doctor for me? This is just what I have been telling the doctors, but not one of them would believe a word of it. Now, is there any remedy in such a case? Is there any hope for me?"

"I think there is," said the doctor. "But mark me, everything depends upon closely adhering to my directions.

There are three ways by which this disease may be eradicated. One is by insensible perspiration; another by internal remedies; and the third by bringing it out upon the surface, in the form of an eruption."

"Let it be the last one," was the quick response of the patient. "Let me have ocular proof of the fact, and I shall be satisfied."

The patient was ordered to resume a course of nutritious diet, by which he rapidly regained health and strength, at the same time taking some harmless medical preparation; which the doctor assured him would, in due season, bring forth the eruption.—When the specified time arrived, the doctor directed the house keeper to strew the patient's bed with cowhage, an article known to most persons for producing an eruption, accompanied with an intolerable itching when applied to the skin. His bed was thus prepared on the night in which the doctor's skill was to be tested, and the patient retired to rest. He had not been long in bed, when, to his great satisfaction, the itching commenced; but wishing to be fully assured that all was right, he immediately called for a light, and found the surface of his body an entire blotch. Satisfied with the proof, he endured the suffering patiently until morning. Soon after, he resumed his business, and was never again troubled with the small pox internally.—*Hartford Chronicle.*

MEETING OF THE WATERS.—The New York Mercury tells the following story—

"We sat down upon the curbstone and laughed *some* the other night—we did—to witness the operations of Tommy S. with a pump, which he mistook for a former friend of his, with whom he was anxious to make friends. The night was rather dark, and Tommy more than usually *tea'd*.

"Hulloo!" said Tommy addressing the wooden, faithful servant of the public, "I thought it was you when I first seen you standing on the corner. You hain't nothin' agin me, have you? Did I ever injure you in the least? Have I ever said anything agin your character as a man and a good citizen? You don't say yes or no, eh? Now, look here, Frank—let's shake hands and make up."

With that he caught the handle of the pump and with a perpendicular shake, caused a few drops to trickle from its spout.

"It's a fryin' time, I know," said Tommy, "but there's no use shaddin' tears on the occasion, we're just as good friends now as we ever was."

Partially recovering from our laughing fit, we rose and begged of him to cease molesting a harmless, unoffending pump.

"Then that's a pump, is it?" remarked Tommy, with evident surprise; "well, skin me if I did'nt begin to think it a—pump, and *nobody else*."

"Give me a kiss, my charming Sall,"
A lover said to a blue eyed gall;
"I won't," said she, "you lazy elf,
Screw up your lips and help yourself."

TRIUMPH OF LEARNING.

Mind constitutes the majesty of man—virtue his true nobility. The tide of improvement, which is now flowing through the land like another Niagara, is destined to the latest posterity; and it will bear to them on its bosom, our virtues, our vices, our glory or our shame, or whatever else we may transmit as an inheritance. If, then, in a great measure, depends upon the present, whether the sloth of immorality, of ignorance, and the vampire of luxury, shall prove the overthrow of the republic; or whether knowledge and virtue, like pillars shall support her against the whirlwind of war, ambition, corruption, and the remorseless tooth of time.

The cynic may smile at the idea, but there is, perhaps, many a germ of genius now in America, destined to rise to the pinnacle of human glory. Go search the records of renown. It is not to colleges alone we are to look for great and good men. The Saviour of mankind chose his companions from the fishing boat; and many of the most illustrious characters that ever illuminated the world, rose by the aid of some humble means. Dr. Herschel, who, with the eye of a philosopher, searched out and added another world to the solar system, was a fifer boy in the army; Ferguson, the very son of science, was a poor weaver, and learned to read by hearing his father teach an elder brother. Search the records of the revolution, and the names of Sherman, of Franklin, and many others, may be adduced as evidences of the truth of this position. Active education is ever on the increase; like money, its interest becomes compound—doubles, and in the course of years forms a vast national treasury. Give your children fortune, without education, and at least half the number will go down to the tomb of oblivion, perhaps to ruin. Give them education, and they will accumulate fortunes; they will be a fortune to themselves and to their country. It is an inheritance worth more than gold, for it buys true honor—they can never spend nor lose it; and through life it proves a friend, in death, a consolation. Give your children education, and no tyrant will trample over your liberties. Give your children education, and the silvershod horse of the despot will never trample in ruins the fabric of your freedom.

STRANGE INSTINCT OF THE DEER.

The large American panther has one inveterate and deadly foe, the black bear. Some of these immense bears will weigh eight hundred pounds, and their skin is so tough that a musket ball will not penetrate it. As the panther invariably destroys all the cubs which come in her path, so does the bear take great pains to destroy the panther, and fortunate indeed is the animal who escapes the embrace of this black monster. The following exciting and interesting scene is related by an eye witness:

A large deer was running at full speed, closely pursued by a panther. The chase had been a long one, for as they came nearer I could perceive both of their long, parched tongues hanging out of their mouths, and their bounding, though powerful, was no longer elastic as usual. The deer, having discovered in the distance a large black bear playing with her cubs, stopped a moment to snuff the air, then coming still nearer, he made a bound with his head erect, to ascertain if Bruin kept his position. As the panther was closing with him, the deer wheeled sharp around, and turning back almost upon his own trail, passed within thirty yards of his pursuer, who, not being able at once to stay his career, gave an angry growl and followed the deer again; but at a distance of some hundred yards; hearing the growl, the bear drew his body half out of the bushes, remaining quietly on the lookout.—Soon the deer again appeared, but his speed was much reduced—and as he approached towards the spot where the bear lay concealed, it was evident that the animal was calculating his distance with admirable precision. The panther now expecting easily to seize his prey, followed about thirty yards behind, his eyes so intently fixed on the deer that he did not see Bruin at all. Not so with the bear. She was aware of the close vicinity of her wicked enemy, and she cleared the briars and squared herself for action, when the deer with a beautiful and powerful spring, passed clean over the bear's head and disappeared. At the moment he took the leap the panther was close upon him and was just balancing himself for a spring when he perceived to his astonishment, that now he was faced by a formidable adversary, not the least disposed to fly.—He croched, lashing his flanks with his long tail, while the bear, about five yards from him, remained like a statue looking at the panther with her fierce glaring eyes.

One minute they remained thus; the panther, its sides heaving with exertion, agitated, and apparently undecided; the bear perfectly calm and motionless. Gradually the panther crawled backwards, till at a right distance for a spring, when, throwing all his weight upon his hind parts, to increase its power, it darted upon the bear like lightning and fixed its claws into her back. The bear, with irresistible force, seized the panther with her two fore paws, pressing it with the weight of her body, and rolling over it. I heard a heavy grunt, a plaintive howl, a crashing of bones, and the panther was dead. The cub of the bear came to ascertain what was going on, and after a few minutes examination of the victim, it strutted down the slope of the hill, followed by its mother who was apparently unhurt.—*Pittsburg National Reformer.*

OUT I SINK!—The Philadelphia correspondent of the Boston Age and News, in a late letter, tells the following story:

I heard a case of extreme modesty the other day, so extreme that it could not be understood. A lady went into Thornley's indian rubber store, and enquired of the fascinating Mr. T:

"Have you any indian rubber *elegy encirclers*."

"What did you say, ma'am," said the storekeeper slightly confounded.

"Elegy encirclers," repeated the lady with a blush.

Thornley looked round the store, first at the great piles of indian rubber, then at gutta percha, then at the indian rubber cloth, and so on, but without seeing any thing corresponding to the name.

"You're sure it's made out of indian rubber," said Mr. T., inwardly declaring that there was nothing of that article which he had not seen.

"Oh yes," replied the lady.

"Do you see any thing like it," at length returned the bewildered fellow.

The lady looked around the well filled store, at length her eye rested upon a box, which she blushingly pointed to. What do you suppose it contained?

G-a-r-t-e-r-s.

She was soon helped to a pair; and as she took her leave, it all at once occurred to Mr. Thornley, that garters were *Leg encirclers*.

Zeus and the Sheep.

The sheep was doomed to suffer much from all the animals. She came to Zeus and prayed him to lighten her misery. Zeus appeared willing and said to to sheep—

"I see, indeed, my good creature, I have made thee too defenceless. Now chiefly in what way I may best remedy this defect. Shall I furnish thy mouth with terrible teeth, and thy feet with claws?"

"Ah! no," said the sheep, "I do not wish to have anything in common with the beasts of prey."

"Or," continued Zeus, "shall I infuse poison into thy spittle?"

"Alas!" replied the sheep, "the poisonous serpents are so hated."

"What, then, shall I do? I will plants horns in thy forehead, and give strength to thy neck."

"Not so, kind Father. I might be disposed to butt like the he goat."

"Ah yet," said Zeus, "thou must thyself be able to injure others, if others are to beware of injuring thee."

"Must I," sighed the sheep, "Oh, then kind Father, let me be as I am. For the ability to injure will excite, I fear, the desire. And it is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong."

Zeus blessed the poor sheep, and from that time forth she forgot to complain.—*Lesson.*

A VISIT TO THE SULTAN.

BY LIEUT. LYNCH, U. S. N.

We were led to the entrance of the southern wing of the palace of Cleirghan, on the Bosphorus; and again throwing off our over-shoes, entered a lofty and spacious hall, matted throughout, with two broad flights of stairs ascending from the far extreme to an elevated platform or landing, whence uniting in one, they issued upon the floor above. On the right and left of the hall were doors opening into various apartments; and there were a number of officers and attendants on either side, and stationed at intervals along the stairway, all preserving a silence the most profound.

The secretary, who had gone before, now approached and beckoned us to follow. But here an unexpected difficulty was presented. The chamberlain in waiting objected to my sword, and requested that I should lay it aside. I replied that the audience was given to me as an officer of the United States; and that the sword was part of my uniform, and that I could not dispense with it. My refusal was met with the assurance that the etiquette of the court peremptorily required it. I asked if the custom had been *invariably* complied with, and inquired of the dragoman whether Mr. Carr, our minister, had, in conformity with it, ever attended an audience without his sword; but even as I spoke, my mind, without regard to precedent, had come to the alternative, no sword no audience.

Whether the secretary had, during the discussion, referred the matter to a high quarter, I could not tell, for my attention had been so engrossed for some minutes, that I had not noticed him. He now came forward, however, and decided that I should retain the sword. At this I truly rejoiced; for it would have been unpleasant to retire after having gone so far. It is due to Mr. Brown, the dragoman, to say that he sustained me.

The discussion being at an end, we ascended the stairway, which was covered with a good and comfortable, but not costly carpet, and passed into the room more handsomely furnished and more lofty, but in every other respect of the same dimensions as the one immediately below it. A rich carpet was on the floor, a magnificent chandelier, all crystal and gold, was suspended from the ceiling, and costly divans and tables, with other articles of furniture were interspersed about the room; but I had not time to note them, for on the left hung a gorgeous crimson velvet curtain, embroidered and fringed with gold; and toward it the secretary led the way. His countenance and his manner exhibited more awe than I had ever seen depicted in the human countenance.—He seemed to hold his breath, and his step was so soft and stealthy that once or twice I stopped, under the impression that I had left him behind, but found him always by my side. There were three of us in close proximity, and the stairway was lined with officers and attendants; but such was the death-like stillness that I could distinctly hear my own foot fall, which unaccustomed to palace regulations, felt with untutored republican firmness upon the royal floor. If it had been a wild beast slumbering in his lair, that we were about to visit, there could not have been a silence more deeply hushed.

Fretted at such abject servility, I quickened my pace toward the curtain, when Sheffic Bey, rather gliding than stepping before me, cautiously and slowly raised a corner for me to pass. Wondering at his subdued and terror-stricken attitude, I stepped across the threshold, and felt without perceiving it, that I was in the presence of the Sultan.

The heavy folds of the window-curtain so obscured the light that it seemed as if the day were drawing to a close, instead of being at its high meridian.

As with the expanding pupil the eye took in surrounding objects, the apartment, its furniture, and its royal tenant, presented a different scene, from what, if left to itself, the imagination would have drawn.

The room, less spacious, but as lofty as the adjoining one, was furnished in the modern style, and, like a familiar thing, a stove stood nearly in the centre. On a sofa, by a window, through which he might have looked upon us as we crossed the court, with a crimson tarbouch, its gold button and blue silk tassel on his head, a black silk handkerchief round his neck, attired in a blue military frock and pantaloons, and polished French boots upon his feet, sat the monarch, without any of the attributes of sovereignty about him.

A man young in years, but evidently of delicate and impaired constitution, his wearied and spiritless air was unrelieved by any indication of intellectual energy. He eyed me fixedly as I advanced, and on him was my attention no less riveted. As he smiled I stopped, expecting that he was about to speak; but he motioned gently with his hand for me to approach yet nearer.—Through the interpreter he then made me welcome, for which I expressed my acknowledgements.

The interview was not a protracted one. In the course of it, as requested by Mr. Carr, I presented him, in the name of the President of the United States, with some biographies and printed illustrative of the character and habits of our North American Indians—the work of American artists. He looked at some of them, which were placed before him by an attendant, and said that he considered them as evidence of the advancement of the United States in civilization, and would treasure them as a souvenier of the good feeling of its government towards him. At the word civilization, pronounced in French, I started; for it seemed singular, coming from the lips of a Turk, and applied to our country. I have since learned that he is a student in French, and presume that by the word "civilization" he meant the arts and sciences.

When about to take my leave he renewed the welcome, and said that I had his full authority to see anything in Stamboul I might desire.

While in his presence, I could not refrain from drawing comparisons and moralizing on fate.—There was the Sultan, an eastern despot, the ruler of mighty kingdoms and the arbiter of the fate of millions of his fellow creatures; and face to face, a few feet distant, one, in rank and condition, among the humblest servants of a far distant republic; and yet, as little as life has to cheer, I would not change positions with him, unless I could carry with me my faith, my friendships, and my aspirations.

My feelings saddened as I looked upon the monarch, and I thought of Montezuma. Evidently, like a northern clime, his year of life had known two seasons only, and had leaped from youth to imbecility. His smile was one of the sweetest I ever looked upon—his voice almost the most melodious I had ever heard—his manner was gentleness itself, and everything about him bespoke a kind and amiable disposition. He is said to be very affectionate, especially to his mother, and is generous to the extreme of prodigality. But there is that indiscribably sad expression in his countenance which is thought to indicate early death. A presentiment of the King, mingled, perhaps, with a boding fear of the overthrow of his country, seems to pervade and depress his spirits. In truth, like Damocles, this descendant of the caliphs sits beneath a suspended fate. Through him, the souls of the mighty monarchs who have gone before, seem to brood over the impending fate of an empire which once extended from the Atlantic to the Ganges, from the Caucasus to the Indian ocean.