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, NOVEMBER 29, 1849. NO. 25.

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER,

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

For one year, in *advance*, $2 00
For six months, in *advance*, 1 00
No subscription taken for a less term than six months and no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid.
Twenty-five per cent. additional on the price of subscription will be required of all those who do not pay in advance.

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One square, one insertion,	$ 50
One square, two insertions,	75
One square, three insertions,	1 00
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 FUTURE.

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

Earth has heard too long of battle,
Heard the trumpets voice too long;
But another age advances,
Seers foretell 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 strong.

But the sabre, in their contests,
Shall not put to 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 helmet, lance and falchion,
Sleep in silent dust!

Miscellaneous.

ONE OF THE WEDDINGS—A CONNUBIAL SKETCH.

A few days ago there arrived in Boston a couple from Rhode Island, who came to get joined, quietly, in the bonds of matrimony. As soon as they were fairly domiciled, the would-be bridegroom—who was a rough but apparently honest specimen of the country Yankee—sent for the proprietor of the hotel, who quickly answered his summons.

"Say, lan'lord," proposed the stranger, pointing to his modest dulcinea in the corner of the parlor, "this is my young 'ooman. Naow we've cum all the way from Rhode Island, and want to be spliced. Send for a minister, will yer? Want it done up, right straight off."

The landlord smiled and went out, and half an hour afterwards a licensed minister made his appearance, and the obliging host with one or two waggish friends were called in to witness the "scene."

"Naow, Mr. Stiggins," said the Yankee, "deu it up brown, and yer, money's ready," and forthwith the reverend gentleman commenced by directing the parties to join hands. The Yankee stood up to his blushing lady love like a sick kitten hugging a hot brick, seized her by the hand, and was as much pleased as a racoon might be supposed to be with two tails.

"You promise, Mr. A——," said the parson, "to take this woman—"

"Yaas," said the Yankee, at once.

"To be your lawful and wedded wife."

"Yaas—yaas."

"That you will love and honor her in all things."

"Yarae."

"That you will cling to her, and her only, as long as you both shall live."

"Yaas, indeed—nothin' else!" continued the Yankee, in the most delighted and earnest manner; but here the reverend clergyman halted, much to the surprise of all present, and more especially to the annoyance and discomfiture of the intended bridegroom.

"Yaas—yaas, I said," added the Yankee.

"One moment, my friend," responded the minister, slowly, for it occurred to him that the law of Massachusetts does not permit of this performance without the observance of a "publishment," etc, for a certain length of time.

"Wot'n thunder's the matter, mister? Doesn't stop—put 'er thru. Nothin's split, eh. Ain't sick, mister, be yer?"

"Just at this moment, my friend, I have thought that you can't be married in Massachusetts—"

"Can't?—wot'n natur's the reason? I like *her*, she likes *me*; wot's t' hindur?"

"You haven't been published, sir, I think."

"Haint a goin' tu be, nuther! 'at's what we cum 'ere for. On the slyi go on, go on, old feller."

"I really, sir—" said the parson.

"Railly! Wal, go ahead! 'Taint fair, you see; 'taint, I swaow; you've married *me*, and haint teched *her*. Go on—daon't stop 'cre! 'at aint jes' the thing, naow, by grashus 'taint!"

"I will consult—"

"No you wunt—no you don't—consult nothin, nor nobody, till this 'ere business is concluded, naow mind I tell ye!" said Jonathan resolutely—and in an instant he had turned the key in and out of the lock, amid the titterings of the witnesses, who were nearly choked with merriment.

"Naow say, mister, as we ware—" continued the Yankee, seizing his trembling intended by the hand again—"go on, rite straight, from where you left off; you can't cum nun o' this half-way business with this child; so put 'er threu, and no dodging. It'll all be right—goly!"

The parson reflected a moment, and concluding to risk it, continued—

"You promise, madam, to take this man to be your lawful husband?"

"Yaas," said the Yankee, as the lady bowed.

"That you will love, honor and *obey*—"

"Them's um!" said Jonathan, as the lady bowed again.

"And that you will cling to him, so long as you both shall live."

"*That's* the talk!" said Jonathan; and the lady said "yes" again.

"Then, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife—"

"Hoorah!" shouted Jonathan, leaping nearly to the ceiling with joy.

"And what God has joined together let no man put asunder!"

"Hoorah!" continued Jonathan. "Wot's the price?—haow much?—spit it eout—don't be afeared—you did jes like a *book*, old feller!—eres a V—never mind the change—send for a hack, landlord—give us yer bill—I've got her! Hail Columby, happy land!" roared the poor fellow, entirely unable to control his joy; and ten minutes afterward he was on his way to the Providence depot, with his wife, the happiest man out of jail.

We heard the details of the above scene from an eye witness of the ceremony, and we could not avoid putting it down as "one of the weddings."

ANGER.

It is the great duty of Christians to put off anger. It unfits for duty. A little jogging puts a clock or watch out of frame; so a little passion the heart.—A man cannot wrestle with God and wrangle with his neighbor at the same time.

From the Doublin Nation.

YET.

BY SPARTACUS.

Yet we labor, ever hoping,
Though misfortune mocks endeavor—
Down disaster's desperate sloping
Yet we struggle, hoping ever—
Wearily.

Even as the stream is flowing
To the sea with ceaseless motion,
Never wave its current knowing,
Pass our lives to sorrow's ocean,
Carelessly.

Weep'st thou Hope! unhappy mother,
O'er thy dead child Misery?
Let us sit by one another,
And our moan shall echo thee,
Drearily.

Yet, though Hope herself were dying,
In despite of Love and Glory,
Our crush'd lives beside her lying,
Should maintain the same high story—
Steadfastly.

Yet, oh Hope! thy giant shall lend us
Thro' the grave of Time's commotion,
Till the Eternal Watchers heed us,
Till they give to our devotion,
Victory.

THE KENTUCKY FORGER.

It is related of that unfortunate man, Martin Brown—who was once a prominent member of the Kentucky Legislature, but was confined in the Penitentiary for forgery—that when he first settled in Texas, the inhabitants were determined to drive him out of Austin's Settlement of San Felipe, because he had been a convict. Austin had forbidden such persons to settle on his ground, and the colonial law passed by him was strict in prohibiting an asylum to refugees and all persons rendered infamous by felonies, of whatever description they may be—a law which the father of Texas always enforced with the utmost of rigor. Hence as soon as the settlers informed the General of this new case, he immediately sent an order warning Brown to decamp within three days, on pain of summary punishment.

The messenger was William S——, Austin's private Secretary, a young man of cultivated intellect, a noble heart, and generous to a fault. He arrived at the Green Heart Grove, the residence of Brown and his family, one summer's noon, and found the family circle formed around their frugal table. It was the dinner hour.

S—— forthwith delivered Austin's written order, which Brown glanced over and then said mournfully:

"Tell General Austin that I shall never move from this spot until I move into my grave. It is true that I committed a great crime in my native State; but I also suffered the severe penalty of the law; and then with my dear wife and children, who still love me, I stole away from the eyes of society, which I no longer wish to serve or injure, to live in quiet and die in peace. I am ready and willing to die; but on my family's account I cannot and will not leave this spot."

His wife and daughter implored him to change his resolution. They avowed their willingness again to undergo the toils and privations of emigration, and if necessary prepare for a new home in the wilderness. But prayers, tears, and entreaties were alike in vain. To every argument Martin Brown gave the same answer in a calm and sad voice:

"I choose my place of burial the first day I set my eyes on my little grove, and I shall not now change my mind."

S—— returned, deeply smitten with the scene he had witnessed, related to General Austin the singular state of facts, and interceded urgently for a relaxation of the law, which rested in the discretion of the colonial chief.

"You have sufficed yourself to be smitten by the charms of the beautiful Emma," said Austin with a smile.

S—— tried to look indignant, which effort merely resulted in a burning blush.

"I will go and see Martin myself," added the General, "but he will have to make out a strong case to alter my determination."

When Austin arrived in the evening at his destination, the family of the grove were almost distracted with grief. Brown's countenance alone wore its usual mask of tranquility. His story told to Gen. Austin was simple as it was brief.

"It is true," he said, "I was in the Penitentiary of Kentucky; but I was in the Legislature before I was in the State Prison; and while a member of the Senate opposed with all my might the manufacture of so many Banks. Those Banks soon afterwards beggared thousands, among them me and my children. I was then tempted, in order to save my family, to perpetrate a forgery, or to do that on a small scale, which the State and Banks had so long been doing on a large one. I paid the forfeit of my crime.—While the grand swindlers rolled in affluence, I pined alone in a felon's dungeon. Having served out my time, I resolved never again to commit another wrong. I have kept my word, and have but one desire, to be let alone to die."

Gen. Austin did let the old man alone, cancelled the order for his banishment, and was ever after his steadfast friend.

S——, the private Secretary, made another visit to the Green Heart Grove, and the beautiful Emma is now the wife of an eminent lawyer, and a "bright particular star" of fashion's sphere at Galveston.

Martin died at last in peace, and was buried in his beloved grove, (at his special request,) in a most fantastic manner—standing erect, in a full hunter's costume, with his hand raised towards heaven and his loaded rifle on his left shoulder.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Where they Learn it.

"I don't see where my children learn such things," is one of the most common phrases in a mother's vocabulary. A little incident which we happened to be an eye witness to, may perhaps help to solve the enigma. We smiled a little at the time, but we have thought a good deal of it since, and we trust not without profit.

"Bub," screamed out a little bright eyed girl, somewhat under six years of age, to a younger one who was seated on the curbstone, making hasty pudding of the mud in the gutter; "Bub, you good-for-nothing little scamp, you come right into the house this minute, or I'll beat you till the skin comes off."

"Why, Angelina, Angelina, dear, what do you mean?—where did you learn such talk?" exclaimed her mother, in a wondering tone, as she stood upon the steps, courtesying to a friend.

Angelina looked up very innocently, and answered, "Why, mother, you see we are playing, and he's my little boy, and I am scolding him, just as you did me this morning, that's all."

"*Dey does say*, that way down in Georgia, they makes nigga work 25 hours ebbery day. Now look'e hea, I'se been told that a day hasn't got no more nor 24 hours, and I wants you, Mr. Johnsing, to 'splanify to dis chile, how dey make 'em work 25 hours."

"Golly mighty, what ignorammusses nigga you is, Solplo; why way down there, they make poor nigga get up one hour *afore* day—doesn't that make up 25?" Sclpio was convinced.

A HINT FROM LIFE.—"Your father would not have punished you, my child, if you had not used profane language."

"Well, father swears."

"I know he has been in the habit of it, but he leaves off now."

"It's a pity he hadn't done it before he taught Bill and me to swear, and then we should have been saved many darn'd licksens!"

"Mother," said Jemima Spray to her maternal relative, "Sam Flint wants to come a courting me tonight."

"Well, what did you tell him?"

"Oh, I told him he might come. I wanted to *see how the fool would act!*"

☞ Time is a fortune, on the proper use of which depends our success in this world and our happiness in the next.

SINCERITY.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

If there is any quality which excites at the same time our confidence and love, it is sincerity. Other traits may dazzle us for a time, and excite our admiration by their brilliancy, but this has something which continues to interest, long after superficial attractions have ceased to fascinate.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God." This truth finds an echo in every breast. Watch such a man in his dealings with the world. See him as he pursues his path straight forward in spite of the many intricate and devious ways which might lead him more speedily to fortune's goal. Other men by some slight deviation from perfect honesty, become suddenly rich, and look with compassionate interest upon their poor neighbor, who sacrifices wealth and honor rather than obtain them at the expense of his own integrity. In business transactions, the shrewd knave laughs in his sleeve, as he thinks how much better and quicker he can make his fortune than the honest plain dealing man, who would as soon over reach himself as his neighbor. But what cares he for the laughter of fools? He knows that within him he bears a jewel worth priceless gold—the jewel of a clear conscience.

Nor is this all. Mark with what feelings the honest man is regarded by his acquaintances. Wherever he goes he possesses the watch-word to the confidence of all. His look of perfect sincerity is in itself the "open sesame" to every heart. The icy barriers of distrust and reserve melt away before the clear glance of that eye, and the smile of an unwrinkled brow. Say, then, has this regard of the fellow man any value? Is it a light matter to possess the confidence of thy fellow? the approval of thy conscience, and the approbation of thy God? Fame, wealth, honors, what are they compared to these? Will gold purchase the esteem of one heart? In vain will its hoards be expended to purchase either love or esteem. Can honors bring happiness, or fame secure content? No, no. None of them can be purchased by aught which wealth or fame can offer. But sincerity obtains unpaked these treasures. Happiness within, respect from without, are its sure rewards, and were this the only life, this world all, still would we say, "my friend, be sincere. Be honest in all thy words and dealings."

Sincerity in social intercourse is as important, we think, as honesty in business transactions. Perhaps there is nothing more difficult than under all circumstances, with all persons to be perfectly sincere. The desire to be well thought of, the temptation to make ourselves agreeable to those we meet, is very great. Sometimes a word of flattery will accomplish what long interviews would not do. How easy to give that word, and win the favor of the listener! But give it not, if perfect sincerity does not warrant it.—Be not more friendly to a man's face, than you are behind his back, nor overwhelm with protestations of interest one whom thou dost not really hold among thy friends. These instances of insincerity are so common, that we must guard against them with an eagle's eye, or before we are aware we shall have deviated from the strict sincerity which should be the object of every man, who would respect himself and be respected by others. Be sure that nothing will insure more lasting esteem, nothing bring more entire self approval than the constant practice of sincerity in word and deed.—*Olive Branch.*

"THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH GOLD HUNTER."—A poetical miner thus writes in the Alta California, of July 19th:

"I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Away up in the mince,
A looking out for lumps of gold,
And pockets all I finds.

But the lumps I find are precious small,
And very few at that,
And I feel that I have been, Mary,
A most almighty flat."

A *flat* he is, most undeniably, to be sitting *on a fence* "a looking out for lumps of gold"—the lazy dog—let him get down, and take up the "shubble an' de hoe."

A STORY FOR THE LADIES.—When I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's day I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder.

"My little fellow, has your father got a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir."

"You'r a fine little fellow—will you let me grind my axe upon it?"

Pleased with his compliment of "fine little fellow," I answered—

"Oh, yes, sir! it's down in the shop."

"And will you my little man," tapping me on the head, "get me a little hot water?"

How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettle full.

"How old are you? What is your name? I am sure that you are one of the finest lads I ever saw. Will you just turn a few minutes."

Tickled with his flattery, like a fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was tired almost to death. The school bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered and it was not half ground. At length however the axe was sharpened and the man turned to me with—

"Now, you little rascal you have played the truant—scud to school or you'll rue it."

Alas! thought I, it was hard enough to turn the grind stone, and then to be called a "little rascal," was indeed too much.

It sank deep into my heart and I have often though of it since.

When I have seen a man of doubtful character patting a pretty girl on the cheek, praising her sparkling eyes, and ruby lips, and giving her a light squeeze—beware my girl, thinks I, or you will find to your sorrow, that you have been turning the grindstone for a villain.

LACONIC EPISTLE FROM CALIFORNIA.—A gentleman who left Chicago, for California, last spring writing from a neighboring city, where he had arrived from the Eldorado, to a friend, thus expresses himself:

DEAR H——:

Just arrived. California be d—d. Particulars in my next. Yours, &c.

L——.

☞ "Say, Sam Johnsing, you're a literatum nigga answer me dis:

"Why am apples like printor's types?"

"I gibs dat up."

"Ah, you nemconlighted brack man; because they are often in pie. Yah, yah, yah!"

AH! MA!—As a lady was viewing herself in a mirror, she said to her daughter—

"What would you give to be as *handsome* as I am?"

"Just as much," replied the daughter, "as you would give to be as *young* as I am."

AN OATH REFLECTED ON.—Mr. Romaine, hearing a man call upon God to curse him, offered him half a crown if he would repeat the oath. The man stared.

"What sir? do you think I would curse my soul for half a crown."

Mr. Romaine, answered, "as you did it just now for nothing, I could not suppose you would refuse to do it for a reward.

The poor fellow was struck with the reproof and said—

"May God bless you, and reward you, whoever you are. I believe you have saved my soul. I hope I shall never swear again."

Some "queer fish," at St. Louis, in allusion to the "bill for the benefit of married women," when before the Missouri Legislature, asked if it would not be better for the members to do something for the benefit of the single ladies, and not trouble themselves so much about other men's wives.

ARISTOCRACY.

We are very aristocratic here in our goodly city of Cincinnati. Exclusiveness is fashionable—coteries are formed, who fancy they comprise all the taste, fashion, and talent existing. If a daring intruder presumes to enter the charmed circle, he meets with a rebuff which tells him he is looked on as an inferior, no matter what his personal worth and merits may be. It serves the fool right. What business has any one to suppose that sterling character and cultivated intellect could constitute a claim to be received into fashionable society? Fashionable—laugh! The children of cobblers and tinkers putting on airs, aping the manners of foreign aristocrats, and claiming to give tone and character to society. Fashionable—quotha! Why they still smell of leather and prunella.

A gentleman passenger on a steamboat from New Orleans to Cincinnati on the trip up, was introduced to a young lady on board by a gentleman relation of hers. We give a brief description of the two. The young lady was charmingly lovely, and amiable in manners; the gent was witty, sentimental and amusing, his manner noble, his figure manly—such an one as would catch a lady's eye.

Thrown together in each other's society, and mutually attracted, it is not to be wondered that they grew quite familiar. They had *tete-a-teles* on the guards promonaded the decks arm in arm, the gentleman whispering soft nonsense in the lady's ear.—The passengers pronounced it a case of love at first sight, the ladies were more respectful to one who they thought was soon to be a matron, and chambermaids (a chambermaids always do,) waited upon no one else but the bride. Miserable prophets—it was not fated to be a match.

The boat at length arrived at her place of destination, the association of the two loving ones was at end, and they were obliged to separate. Whispered adieus with a soft entreaty from him, was answered by her thrusting a card into his hand and thus they parted—she to her father's marble halls, and he to the East, whither business imperatively called him. The hope of seeing her on his return filled his heart with joy.

She made an astonishing discovery shortly after her return home. A friend of hers who sported mustachios and a goatee, quizzed her unmercifully for losing her heart to a mechanic who was going to Washington to get a patent for a new plough. This was very provoking to her. She protested that she thought he was a gentleman, or she never would have accepted his attentions.

Six weeks flew by, and the young mechanic was on his return home. His heart bounded with joy as he approached Cincinnati. Visions of grace, beauty, and loveliness floated through his brain. Oh, what pleasure to meet La Belle of the Queen City. Her charms had made a deep impression on his susceptible heart. His foot touched the wharf, and away he flew to the mansion of his beloved. He was ushered in, and his name announced. The young lady floated into the room. Oh, how lovely! But what is the matter? She does not know him, bestows no glance of recognition upon the face lit up with pleasure at seeing her again.

"You do not recollect me," said he, timidly, and mortified to think the impression—if one he had made—was so evanescent.

"I do not, sir," replied she, in a cold tone and with an air of hauteur such as a tragedy queen effects.

He reminded her of their previous acquaintance on board the steamer.

"Oh, yes, yes—a steamboat acquaintance! Good morning, sir," and with this answer she left the room.

Her old pops had heard the name of his visiter when announced, but thought his presence would be *mal apropos* at their first meeting, so the good natured old gent remained in his room. He knew the position and standing of his visiter, and hugged himself at the prospect of Julia marrying the Hon. Mr. C., rich and distinguished. Mustachious had humbugged Julia. She, because he was a mechanic, had given him an unpardonable insult.

The reader may fancy Julia's mortification, and her father's rage, when they had a mutual explanation.—*Cin. Nonpareil.*

A Fair Bet Fairly Won.

Said Bill to Richard the other day, "Did you ever hear how tough-hided I am?"

"I never did," replied Dick, "tougher than common folks?"

"I reckon 'tis a few—why, I'll bet you a drink Dick, that you may take a cowhide and lay it upon my bare skin as hard and as long as you like, and I wont even flinch."

"Done—I'll take that bet. If I don't make you squirm like a half-skinned eel the first cut, I'm sadly mistaken."

"You take the bet then."

"I do."

"Well, wait till I go up stairs and bring my bear skin, and"—

"O, ho! your bear skin. No, no, I mean"—

"I don't care what you meant—it's a fair bet fairly won. My bare skin is my bear skin, and nothing else."

"I'll give in," said Richard, looking foolish and flabergasted—"let's adjourn to the pewter mug, and say no more about it."

A PRETTY CONCEIT.—Some one says of the roses—how they become red:

They were all of a pure and spotless white when in Eden, they first spread out their leaves to the morning sunlight of creation. Eve, as for the first time she gazed upon the tintless gem could not suppress her admiration of its beauty, but stooped down and impressed a warm kiss upon its snowy bosom. The rose stole the scarlet tinge from her velvet lip, and yet wears it.

It would be too bad to mar the beauty of so sweet an idea; but it is said that white hankerchiefs are frequently made *red* now-a-days by rubbing them over rosy cheeks.—*Sunday Globe.*

Two Irishmen were travelling together to York, happening to pass by a gallows. "Barney," said one, "where would you be if the gallows had its due?"

"Faith," said Pat, "and I'd be walking to York by myself to be sure."

"Why don't you wear your ring, my dear?" said a father in a ball room to his daughter.

"Because, papa, it hurts me when any one squeezes my hand."

"What business have you to have your hand squeezed?"

"Certainly none; but then you know, papa, one would like to keep it in squeezable order!"

YANKEE MERCHANT.—A *native born* down Easter who is now "out West" selling dry goods, advertises his stock of prints as follows:

"The largest and most extensive stock of French, English and American ever west of Milwaukie. To save time in describing this vast stock of prints, we'll just cut the story short by giving you the dimensions as measured by our *Civil Engineer*; "Commencing at the southeast corner of said pile of prints, running due north 24 feet; thence at right angles, 4 ft; thence south, 24 feet; and thence north 4 feet to the place of beginning—being 3 cords more or less—it being understood that said pile of prints is 4 feet high."

That man will *go ahead.*

Dow, jr., in one of his recent patent sermons, says as follows: Never run to catch a falling star in your hat, nor attempt to re-seat a king upon his throne, whom his subjects have tumbled to the bottom—it were useless. Never give a boy a shilling to hold your shadow while you climb up a tree to look into the middle of next week—it is money thrown away.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

THE UNCLAD HORSEMAN.

BY MAJOR JOSEPH JONES.

Widowers should look out for breakers. Absalom Nippers was a widower, and one of the particularest men, perhaps, that ever lived, though some people said, that when his wife was alive he used to dress as a common field hand, and did'nt use to take any pains with himself at all. Everybody knows how he spruced up about six weeks after Mrs. Nippers died, and how he went to church regular every Sunday; but they did'nt have no confidence in his religion, and used to say he only went to church to show his new suit of mourning and to ogle the gals.

With such a character among the wimmin, it aint to be supposed that he stood any chance of getting another Mrs. Nippers near home, and whether he was as bad to his first wife as they said he was, or not, one thing is certain, he had to look abroad for some one to fill her place.

Mr. Nippers was very lucky in finding a gal just to his mind, what lived about ten miles from his plantation. Nancy Parker was rich, and though she was'nt very young nor very handsome, she belonged to Mr. Nippers church, and filled his eye exactly; so he sot in courtin' her with all his might. Ten miles was a good long ride, and as he was an economical man, he used to ride over to old Mrs. Parker's plantation every Sunday morning to go to church with the family, take dinner with them, and ride back in the cool of the evening. In that way he managed to kill two birds with one stone; that is, to advance the prospect of his happiness on this earth and the world to come at the same time, without losing any of his week day time.

A ride over a dusty road is apt to soil a gentleman's dry goods, and make him and his horse very tired. However, Mr. Nippers did'nt mind the fatigue as much as his horse; but in a matter of sich as he had in hand it was very important that he should make as good an impression as possible, so he adopted a plan by which he was able to present himself before the object of his affections in order, with his Sunday coat as clean, and his blooming ruffles as fresh and neat as if they had just come out of a bandbox. This was a happy expedient, and nobody but a widower lover would think of it. He used to start from home with his new coat and shirt tied up in a pocket handkerchief, and after riding within a quarter of a mile of Mrs. Parker's plantation, he would turn off into a thicket of chinkapin bushes and there make his rural toilet.

One bright Sunday morning Mr. Nippers had arrived at his dressin' ground. It was an important occasion. Every thing was promisin', and he had made up his mind to pop the question that very day. There was no doubt in his mind that he would return home an engaged man; and he was reckonin' over to himself the value of Miss Nancy's plantation and niggers, while he was settin' on his horse makin' his accustomed change of dress.

He had dropped the reins on his horses neck, what was browsin' about, making up his last night's scanty feed from the bushes in his reach, and kickin' and stompin' at such flies as was feedin' on him in return.

"I'll fix the business, this time," see Mr. Nippers to himself. "I'll bring things to a pint this time," see he, and he untied his handkerchief with his clean clothes, and he spread them on his saddle-bow.

"Wo, Ball," see he—"I've jist got to say the word, and—wo!" see he to his horse what was kickin' and rearin' about. "Wo! you cussed old fool!—and the business is settled jist like fallin' off a log."

He was drawin' his shirt over his head, when Ball gave a sudden spring what like to made him lose his ballance. "Wo," see he—but before he could get his arms out of the sleeves Ball was wheelin' and kickin' like rath at something that seemed to trouble him behind. Down went the clean clothes, shirt and all, on the ground.—"Blast your infernal pictur—wo now!" see Mr. Nippers, grabbin' at the reins. But before he could git hold of 'em Ball was off like a streak of lightnin', with a whole swarm of yellow jackets round his tail.

Mr. Nippers grabbed hold of the mane and tried to stop the horse, but it was no use. Away went the infuriated Ball, takin' the road he was used to travelin', another moment brung him to the house. The gate was open, and in dashed the horse with the almost naked Nippers hangin' to his neck hollerin' "Stop him! hornets!" as loud as he could scream.

On came the dogs, and after the horse they went round the house scatterin' the ducks and chickens, and terrifyin' the little niggers out of their senses. The noise brung the wimmin to the door.

"Don't look, Miss Nancy! hornets! Wo! ketch him!" shouted the unclad Nippers, as, with spent breath, he went dashin' out of the gate agin', with the dogs after him, and his horses tail switchin' in every direction like a young hurricane. Miss Nancy got one glimpse of her forlorn lover, and before she could get her apron to her eyes, she fainted at the awful sight, (!) while his fast recedin' voice, cryin' "Hornets! stop him! hornets!" still rung in her ears.

HINDOO WIT.—We find the following in a foreign newspaper: "A Hindoo having been summoned to give evidence before the court of judicature in Calcutta, deposed that such a circumstance happened in her presence. The judge asked her where it happened. She replied, in the verandah of such a house. "Pray my good woman," said the judge, "how many pillars are there in that verandah?" The woman not perceiving the trap which was laid before her, without much consideration said, "that the verandah was supported by four pillars." The counsel for the opposite party immediately offered to prove that the verandah contained five pillars, and that consequently no credit could be given to her evidence. The woman, perceiving her error addressed the judge: "My lord," said she, "your lordship has for many years presided in this court, and every day that you come here ascend a flight of stairs. May I beg to know how many steps these stairs consist of?" The judge confessed he did not know. "Then," replied she, "if your lordship cannot tell the number of steps you ascend daily to the seat of justice, you cannot be astonished that I should forget the number of pillars in a balcony which I have never entered more than half a dozen times in my life."

The judge was much pleased with the woman's wit, and decided in favour of her party."

WHO CAN BEAT IT?—We had sent to us on last Thursday, by Thomas Updegraff, Esq., of Lycoming tp., a turnip measuring 31 inches in circumference, 11 inches in diameter, and weighing 10 pounds! We have another turnip sent to us from the farm of the same gentleman, which weighs 8½ pounds.—*Lycoming Gazette.*

Fine turnips them—they are. We should like to have a "peck, a peck and a half, or two pecks," of them.

Experience is a torchlight in the ashes of our illusions.

At a parish examination, a clergyman asked a charity boy if he had ever been baptised. "No, sir," was the reply, "not as I know of, but I've been *wax-inated.*"

The Housewife.

WARM CAKES FOR BREAKFAST AND TEA.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Buckwheat Cakes.

Take a quart of buckwheat meal, mix with it a tea-spoonful of salt, and add a handful of Indian meal. Pour a large table-spoonful of the best brewer's yeast into the centre of the meal. Then mix it gradually with cold water till it becomes a batter. Cover it, put it in a warm place and set it to rise; it will take about three hours. When it is quite light, and covered with bubbles, it is fit to bake. Put your griddle over the fire, and let it get quite hot before you begin. Grease it well with a piece of butter tied in a rag. Then dip out a large ladle full of the batter and bake it on the griddle; turning it with a broad wooden paddle. Let the cakes be of a large size, and even at the edges. Ragged edges to batter cakes look very badly. Butter them as you take them off the griddle. Put several on a plate, and cut them across in six places. Grease the griddle anew, between baking each cake.

If your batter has been mixed over night and is found to be sour in the morning, melt in warm water a piece of peal-ash the size of a grain of corn, or a little larger, stir it into the batter, let it set half an hour, and then bake it. The pearl-ash will remove the sour taste, and increase the lightness of the cakes.

FLANNEL CAKES.—Put a table spoonful of butter into a quart of milk, and warm them together till the butter is melted; then stir it well, and set it away to cool. Beat five eggs as light as possible, and stir them into the milk in turn with three pints of sifted flour; add a small tea-spoonful of salt, and a large table-spoonful and a half of the best fresh yeast. Set the pan of batter near the fire to rise, and if the yeast is good, it will be light in three hours. Then bake it on a griddle in the manner of buckwheat cakes. Send them to the table hot, and cut them across in four pieces. This batter may be baked in waffle irons. If so, send to the table with the cakes powdered with white sugar and cinnamon.

INDIAN BATTER CAKES.—Mix together a quart of sifted Indian meal, (the yellow meal is best for all purposes,) and a handful of wheat flour.—Warm a quart of milk, and stir into it a small tea-spoonful of salt, and two large table-spoonfuls of the best fresh yeast. Beat three eggs very light, and stir them gradually into the milk in turn with the meal. Cover it, and set it to rise for three or four hours. When quite light, bake it on a griddle in the manner of buckwheat cakes. Butter them, cut them across, and send them to the table hot, with molasses in a sauce boat.

If the batter should chance to become sour before it is baked, stir in about a salt-spoonful of pearl-ash dissolved in a little lukewarm water, and let it set half an hour longer before it is baked.

INDIAN MUSH CAKES.—Pour into a pan three pints of cold water, and stir gradually into it a quart of sifted Indian meal which has been mixed with half a pint of wheat flour, and a small tea-spoonful of salt. Give it a hard stirring at the last. Have ready a hot griddle, and bake the batter immediately, in cakes about the size of a saucer. Send them to the table piled evenly, but not cut. Eat them with butter or molasses.

This is the most economical and expeditious way of making soft Indian cakes; but it cannot be recommended as the best. It will be some improvement to mix the meal with milk rather than water.

JOHNNY CAKES.—Sift a quart of Indian meal into a pan; make a hole in the middle, pour in a pint of warm water. Mix the meal and water gradually into a batter, adding a small tea-spoonful of salt. Beat it very hard, for a long time, till it becomes quite light. Then spread it thick and even on a stout piece of smooth board. Place it upright on the hearth before a clear fire, with a flat iron or something of the sort to support the board behind, and bake it well. Cut it into squares, and split and butter them hot.

INDIAN FLAPPERS.—Have ready a pint of sifted Indian meal, mixed with a handful of wheat flour and a small tea-spoonful of salt. Beat four eggs very light, and stir them by degrees into a quart of milk, in turn with the meal. They can be made in a very short time, and should be baked as soon as mixed, on a hot griddle; allow a large ladle full of batter to each cake, and make them all of the same size. Send them to the table hot, buttered, and cut in half.

INDIAN MUFFINS.—Sift and mix together a pint and a half of yellow Indian meal, and a handful of wheat flour. Melt a quarter of a pound of fresh butter in a quart of milk. Beat four eggs very light, and stir into them alternately (a little at a time of each) the milk when it is quite cold, and the meal; adding a small tea spoonful of salt. The whole must be beaten long and hard. Then butter some muffin rings; set them on a hot griddle, and pour some of the batter into each.

Send the muffins to table hot, and split them by pulling them open with your fingers, as a knife will make them heavy. Eat them with butter, molasses, or honey.

WATER MUFFINS.—Put four table spoonfuls of fresh strong yeast into a pint of lukewarm water. Add a little salt; about a small tea-spoonful; then stir in gradually as much sifted flour as will make a thick batter. Cover the pan, and set it in a warm place to rise. When it is quite light and your griddle is hot, grease and set your muffin rings on it, having first buttered them round the inside. Dip out a ladle full of the batter for each ring, and bake them over a quick fire. Send them to table hot, and split them by pulling them open with your hands.

COMMON MUFFINS.—Having melted three table spoonfuls of fresh butter in three pints of warm milk, set it away to cool. Then beat three eggs as light as possible, and stir them gradually into the milk when it is quite cold; adding a tea spoonful of salt. Stir in by degrees enough of sifted flour to make a batter as thick as you can conveniently beat it; and lastly, add two table spoonfuls of strong, fresh yeast from the brewery. Cover the batter and set it in a warm place to rise. It should be light in about three hours. Having heated your griddle, grease it with some butter tied in a rag; grease your muffin rings round the inside, and set them on the griddle. Take some batter out of the pan with a ladle or a large spoon, pour it lightly into the rings, and bake the muffins of a light brown. When done, break or split them open with your fingers; butter them and send them to the table hot.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.—Miss Mary Hughes, a daughter of Mr. Lloyd Hughes, of Ritchietown, near Wheeling, Va., committed suicide on the 16th inst., by throwing herself from the Bridgeport bridge into the swollen stream below. She was a promising young lady of 17, and while crossing the bridge with some young companions, when about midway, she remarked, "I am going to the bottom of that river," and immediately removed her bonnet and shawl, and raised herself on the railing. Her companion caught hold of her and commenced screaming; but her strength failing her, the determined girl escaped over the railing, and got on the projecting portion of the abutment, from whence she made the fatal leap.—After she struck the water she floated for some distance, and then sunk to her long, last sleep.

Our ancestors' virtues will not honor us if we do not imitate them.

☞ "Isn't your hat sleepy?" inquired a little urchin of a gentleman with a shocking bad one on.—"Why?" "Because I think it's a long time since it had a nap," was the answer.