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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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.

From the Pennsylvanian.

TO MY BOY.

Among his earliest words he has been taught to articulate "God bless me, and make me a good boy;" and morn and even he repeats this little prayer to his mother.

Lisp forth thy prayer, my darling boy,
Lisp forth thine infant prayer;
That God may send thee health and joy,
And bless thee free from care.

Thy artless words may chance invite,
Some cherub on his way;
To guard thy rosy dreams by night,
And guide thy feet by day.

If manhood stained with wrath and guile,
Petitions may declare;
Then surely angels sweetly smile,
On lisping childhood's prayer.

The import of thy words indeed,
My child thou can'st not reach;
But infant innocence may plead,
Without the ken of speech;

Thou art but yet a bud of life,
Unknowing blight or fears;
And little dream'st what toil and strife,
Await thy coming years.

Thine yet is but the path of flowers,
With brightning skies above;
And smiling mirth beguiles the hours,
Of innocence and love.

But still the time will soon revolve,
If God shall bless thy span;
When Childhood's dreams shall all dissolve,
And thou wilt be a Man.

A man, my boy! to take thy place
Within the ranks of life,
And bear thy burden in the race,
And mingle in the strife!

Oh! when I ponder this my child,
And recollect the snares,
And struggles fierce and passions wild,
And woes and haggard cares,

That compass manhood's weary way,
Along the march of Time;
I almost wish thy little day,
Might set in childhood's clime;

Might set ere sin or sorrow came,
Athwart thy growing years;
To sear the heart, and waste the frame,
And turn thy smiles to tears.

But still I trust to see thee live,
To act out manhood's part
And spite of ills thy lot shall thrive,
If virtue guard the heart.

And shall not virtue guide his way,
And grace to him be given;
Whose infant voice is taught to pray,
And ask the boon of heaven?

Then lisp thy prayer, my child of joy!
Nor cease through life's brief span—
That God may bless thee while a boy,
And bless thee when a man.

Philada., Nov. 21 1849.

Miscellaneous.

BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN, OR THE HERO'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF WHIG AND TORY WARFARE.

Do you remember this day? It was the 7th of October, 1780, nearly two months after the defeat of Gen. Gates, and after the annihilation of Sumpter.—Reader of the richest history of the world—the history of your own revolution—can you have forgotten it? Has it been buried in oblivious silence beneath accumulation of more pompous events? Have its lurid battlements been eclipsed by the meteoric splendor, the fiery glare of more gorgeous victories? Or has the muse of a continent yet found no son, who would stoop to sing the stormy deeds of hunters fighting without a copy, fed on parched corn, and receiving no pay but the golden coin of conscience and the promise of their country's good?

See! yonder on King's Mountain, a table eminence, with a level summit, six hundred yards long by sixty wide, lies the camp of Furguson—a hollow parallelogram of scarlet uniforms, black uniforms, and sharp bristling steel. The drum rolls. The red cross flies. The acclivities are defended by monstrous Titans of dark rocks. Veterans, hardened in the fires of a dozen campaigns, stand on the mountain's top. It is the "King's Mountain" too. Who shall think of storming its steep sides? We shall see presently.

Look! three parties are climbing over the rocks, ascending those old walks, of Nature's handiwork, built dim, distant; centuries ago perhaps in the morning of creation. One moves to assault the west end, another to the east, while the third will charge the centre. Is it not a brave sight? But you cannot see them very well; for a veil of blue mist shrouds the mountain through which the eye of the sun peers pale, as if sick at the carnage about to be.

The approach of freedom's warriors is covered by the thin mist and thick trees, and even now the black rocks aid them.

Suddenly on the three sides of the steel and iron parallelogram, nine hundred rifles roar, and a hundred shouts rise; and then a thousand English muskets answer back with hoarse thunders of death.

Furguson is not—cannot be surprised. With furious calmness, he attacks the assailants with fixed bayonets, and forces them to retire. But they only give a little, and instantly renew the combat. Every mossy rock becomes a battery, and every pine tree burns powder. The marksmen of the back woods holding their bullets in their mouths for swift reloading, and thus the torrent of fire never ceases.—The officers on both sides fight like common soldiers. It is more a wholesale murder than a battle by rule.

But tell me—who are those two standing foremost among the Tennesseeans on the western edge of the mountain top, disdaining shelter, refusing to yield an inch of ground defiant all of Britain's bayonets? Do you not know, copy the old man—how dark is his silver hair with war's sable smoke—how dim looks the white paper on the black gun's muzzle—heavens! how beautifully it blazes now, as death copies a tory's or a tyrant's funeral in every peal—with that bold grandson still as ever, beside him! His eye flashes destructive joy; matchless ecstasy of battle; and yet he is not satisfied. He groans: "Oh God of justice where is Mary's murderer? Shall I not find—shall any other hand than mine slay him!"

Now look on the other side of the mountain. You behold a giant of evil aspect in fiery red hair. He leads a company of tory riflemen. They, too, are mountaineers, and do execution as their brother foemen of their own land, who struggle for liberty.—That captain is Tom Bell; the robber before the war, and since the murderer of Mary. Oh let him not cross the muzzle flecked with its snowy paper!

Still on goes the bloody work. Columns repeatedly charge and break—form and charge again.—Campbell, Cleveland, Sevier, Shelby, and the gallant Lacy rule America's tide of war, bursting up the mountains chifted side. Furguson's blue eye shines like a star, and Tom Bell's red face burns like a comet, above the surging sea of red coats.

At length there comes a turn. Furguson shapes a huge wedge like column of solid, gleaming, blood-dripping bayonets, and slowly pushes the Americans in the eastern foot of the eminence.

Is all then lost? No. See a terrible band of the good and true from the cane breaks of French Broad, four hundred miles away over the Alleghanies have moved round the mountains from the west. They are headed by the rifle with the white paper on its muzzle, and they discharge a cataract of flame into the British flank. Look now how the scarlet uniforms roll backwards up the acclivity faster than they came, leaving many a red cross behind them!

See again—the freemen have learned to charge, too, without bayonets. They charge in coalesced columns, with fire and hot lead, and drive the slaves down the western slope in disorder to the deep base. Then the breeze springs up and clears the mountain of mist and battle smoke, and the broad sun of heaven smiles on the living and the dead.

As a last resort, the brave Furguson forms his entire force into columns, to cut his way out of that awful circle of fire. He flings his sword wildly on high. He shouts in thunder, "Forward—charge!" The next instant he is a corpse. A rifle ball from the muzzle wreathed with snowy paper, has gone through his heart. The British, panic stricken, throw down their arms and cry for quarter. A number equal to the whole American army are prisoners. And now the old man raises a hoarse yell that sounds the pæan-shout of nine hundred strong throats; "King's Mountain is ours forever?"

Thus terminated gloriously an engagement in many respects the most important waged during the war. It struck the savages of the frontier with terror from Ohio to Florida. It laid in the dust Britain's grand scheme of Tory co-operation. Lord Cornwallis heard of it, paused in his triumphant career, and ordered a hasty retreat to Winnsborough, eighty miles in his rear. Marion and Sumter heard of it, and renewed their deadly ambuscades.

The battle shock was over, and the sun shone brightly on the dead and dying, on broken arms and bleeding bosoms, when a jury, martial, sat to decide a question of avenging justice. Ten atrocious Tories were summarily arraigned, to answer the charge of fifty murders.

Among these pale wretches pleading for mercy, Tom Bell, the Hercules, in red hair, was the most object of all, and so earnest were his prayers and promises for the future, that he was on the point of being acquitted, when an old man, with streaming white locks, broke through the circle of guards and confronted the shivering culprit.

"Do you remember French Broad, and the 16th of August?"

"Save me from him!" cried the Tory captain, stretching forth his chained hands for help, to the astonished bystanders.

"Have you forgot Mary Copeland?" asked the old man, grinding his toothless gums till the blood ran out on the foam of his lips.

"I did not kill her—oh! you cannot say that I killed her!" exclaimed the coward, falling on his knees, and seeking to embrace the feet of his enemy.

"No—but you forced her to kill herself, as the sole means of salvation from foul dishonor!"

"Oh! I did not intend to harm her," persisted the false Tory, writhing in the dust like the meanest reptile.

"Then rise and swear it," answered the other, with a grim smile.

The wretch sprung up and, pledged oaths wild enough to wake the dead.

"Do you see this dagger?" inquired the aged hero, pointing at a silver hilt glittering in his belt.

"Mercy! mercy!" shrieked the murderer.

The eyes of the old man shot sparks of living fire, as he said in a hoarse, hissing whisper—"This dagger, on the night of the 16th of August, was in the heart of an angel. But now it is in yours, devil," he added, striking home the sharp steel with a motion prompt and powerful like lightning.

There was a moan, and then a gurgle, and the victim lay a corpse at the avenger's feet.

Five minutes afterwards, nine others, equal traitors and homicides—hung dangling from the swinging limbs of oak and pine trees, there on the summit of King's Mountain, which no king should again call his own, any more for ever.—*Am. Mechanics Adv.*

Peter the Great.

This great monarch, in order to promote literature in his empire, ordered a number of foreign works to be translated into Russian. Among the many important works selected for this purpose, Puffendorf's Introduction to his History of the European States, was one; the translating of which Peter confined to a learned monk. The task being finished, the monk presented the manuscript to the Czar, who, in his presence began to turn over the leaves, reading a few passages to himself. Having stopped at a chapter toward the end of the book, the attending officers observed that his face changed color, and exhibited strong marks of displeasure. "Fool," said the Czar, turning to the monk, "What did I bid you do with the book?"

"To translate it, sire."

"Is this then a translation?" replied the sovereign, pointing at the same time to a paragraph in the original, where the author had spoken harshly of Russia and of the character of the inhabitants, but which the good monk had in part omitted, and in part softened down in the most flattering manner to the nation. "Hence," added the incensed monarch, "and be careful that thou translate the work faithfully. It is not to flatter my subjects that I bade thee put the work into Russian and print it; but rather to correct them, by placing under their eye the opinion which foreigners entertain of them, in order that they may at length know what they once were, and what they now are through my exertions."

Energy.

Energy is omnipotent. The clouds that surround the houseless boy of to-day are dispersed, and he is invited to its palace. It is the work of energy. The child is a beggar this moment, in a few years to come, may stand forth, the admiration of angels!—Who has not seen the life giving power of energy! It makes the wilderness to bloom as the rose! whitens the ocean; navigates our rivers; levels the mountains; paves with iron a highway from State to State; and sends through with the speed of lightning, from one extremity of the land to the other. Without energy, what is man? A fool—a clod.

A MODEST GENTLEMAN.—There are several good stories told of Judge C——, one of the associate judges of F—— county. He is remarkably deliberate and pompous in his style of conversation, wears a white cravat with a huge tie, a very high shirt collar, and is altogether (as he thinks) a great man. Among other offices, the judge holds that of superintendent of one of the Sunday schools, and not long since startled his auditory by the following touching appeal: "My dear children, you will remember that in a short time you must all die, and stand before a great Judge; yes, a far greater judge than the one that now addresses you!"

"Make way, gentlemen," cried a Massachusetts representative to the populace who were crowding him out of his place in the procession on election day, "make way, we are the representatives of the people." "Make way, yourself," replied a sturdy member of the throng, "we are the people themselves."

AMIABLE FORETHOUGHT.—A gentleman, advertising in the Waterford *Mail* for a wife, says; "It would be well if the lady were possessed of a competency sufficient to secure her against the effects of excessive grief in case of accident occurring to her companion."

THE GRANERY:

A TALE FOR EVERYBODY.

BY A. C. THOMAS.

Do not defraud thy neighbor.—Johnathan Homespun having purchased an extensive farm, and provided himself with every requisite to prosperous husbandry, proposes to furnish subscribers with one quart of wheat weekly, for one year, at the low price of two dollars a year in advance, or two dollars and fifty cents, if payment is made after six months.

The facilities afforded by the government for the trasportation of wheat to every section of the Union and the adjacent provinces, are such as must prove satisfactory to every subscriber, and the proprietor of the Granary assures all who may patronize him, that he will exert himself to supply an article of the best quality.

N. B.—Agents will be allowed a generous percentage. Address (post paid) the proprietor of the Granary, Hopewell.

Such was the prospectus issued by my friend Mr. Homespun. Feeling a lively interest in his welfare, I visited his farm, although it was a long journey from my home, and was pleased to find everything in nice order. He informed me that he had contracted a large debt in the premises, stock and implements of husbandry, but he had no doubt of his ability to discharge every obligation in a few years. He also stated that he had received many hundred subscribers, and that in four or five weeks more he could commence the delivery of the wheat according to his proposals.

The scheme appeared plausible—and my friend was so confident of success, that I had not the slightest doubt of his prosperity. I entered my name as a subscriber, and when I left him he was making quart sacks.

Every week for the space of two years, I received my quart of wheat, and concluded from its excellence and prompt delivery, that everything was prosperous with Jonathan Homespun and his farm. So I gave myself no uneasiness about my indebtedness to him—for, thought I, to a farmer so extensively patronized as he is, the small pittance of two years' arrears would be but a drop in the bucket. It is true there was occasionally printed on the sacks a general notice to delinquents—but I never suspected that this was intended to his friends. The notice, however, became more and more frequent, and having leisure, I concluded that I would visit my friend, the proprietor of the Granary.

He greeted me cordially—but I saw there had been trouble. He was evidently worn with toil and anxiety, and in the conversation of the evening, he gave me the particulars.

"Here I have been laboring day and night almost two years, and am more in debt now than when I began. My creditors are pressing for payment. I am conscious of my inability to meet their demands, and I cannot perceive no result but bankruptcy."

"But you have a large list of subscribers?" said I.

"Yes, a very large list," was the reply.

"Then why don't you succeed?" I asked.

"Because too many of them are like you," said he.

"Me!" I rejoined in amazement, "too many like me!"

"Pardon me," said my friend in a melancholy tone, "pardon me, for oppression will make even a wise man mad. You have had a quart of wheat weekly for two years—I have a large list of the same kind of patrons, scattered here and there over a thousand miles. If they would pay the trifles they severally owe me, I should be directly freed from embarrassment, and go on my way rejoicing. But they reasoned as you reason, and among you I am brought to the door of poverty and ruin."

I felt the whole force of the rebuke, and promptly paying arrerages at the increased price named in the prospectus, and also a year in advance, I shortly bade adieu to the worthy and wronged farmer, resolved to do everything in my power to repair the injury I had done from delinquency.

O, ye patrons of Jonathan Homespun! whoever ye are!—ye who have eaten the wheat from his Granary without making payment! ye are guilty of a grievious sin of omission. Therefore, repent; pay him what you owe him. Uncle Sam's teamsters bring the sack of wheat every week to you, and they will carry the money safely back again to Jonathan Homespun.

Reader, if you are in arrears to this paper, do not apply the above to your neighbor, for *it is meant for YOU.*

A SCRUPULOUS WITNESS.

An eminent lawyer was employed in an action against the proprietors of the Rockingham Coach.—On the part of the defendant the coachman was called. His examination in chief being ended, he was subject to the leader's cross examination. Having held up the fore finger of his right hand to the witness, and warned him to give a precise answer to every question, and not to talk about, what he might think the question meant, he proceeded thus:

"You drive the Rockingham coach?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Why man, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"Now, sir, I put it to you—I put it to you on your oath—do you not drive the Rockingham Coach?"

"No, sir, *I drive the horses!*"

Fighting on equal terms.

I will tell you a little incident that occured in Georgia many years ago. Judge T., a celebrated duellist, who had lost a leg, and who was known to be a dead shot, challenged Colonel D., a gentleman of great humor and attainments. The friends tried to prevent the meeting, but to no effect. The parties met on the ground, when Col. D. was asked if he was ready.

"No, sir," he replied.

"What are you waiting for, then?" inquired Judge T's second.

"Why, sir," said Col. D., "I have sent my boy into the woods to hunt a bee gum to put my leg in, for I don't intend to give the Judge any advantage over me. You see he has a wooden leg!"

The whole party roared with laughter, and the thing was so ridiculous that it broke up the fight.—Col. D. was afterwards told it would sink his reputation.

"Well," he replied, "it can't sink me lower than a bullet can!"

"But," urged his friends, "the papers will be filled about you."

"Well," said he, "I would rather fill fifty papers than fill a coffin!"

No one ever troubled the Colonel after that.

NOT ENGAGED BUT MARRIED.—Some ridiculous mistakes occur among foreigners at times, owing to the different meanings applied to the same word in our language. During the absence of a physician of our acquaintance the other day, a gentleman called to see him, and rang the bell at the door. The summons was answered by a Dutch servant girl, of whom he inquired if the Doctor was in.

"No."

"Was his lady in?"

"Yes."

"Was she engaged?"

The girl looked at him a moment, while a curious expression settled on her features, as she replied,

"Why, no, she is *already married!*"

The gentleman sloped.

TO YOUNG MEN.—Never marry a girl that is fond of being always in the street—who is fond of running to night meeting—who has a jeweled hand and an empty head—who will see her mother work and toil while she lays in bed and reads novels or feigns sickness—who is ashamed to own her!

From the Flag of Our Union.

PICKING UP AN ACQUAINTANCE.

BY THE "YOUNG 'UN."

Some months since, a joyous, courageous young woman, residing in this city, the daughter of highly respectable parents, found herself somewhat unintentionally detained at the house of a friend, not far distant from her father's house, one evening, and before she was aware of the fact, scarcely, night had set in. The distance to her own home was but a few blocks, however, and as she expected a little gathering of ladies and gentlemen that evening at her father's, she determined on returning home unattended; and bidding her friends good night, she hurried along upon the walk towards her residence, into which her family had quite recently removed, from another part of the city.

Upon turning the first corner, she was suddenly startled by the approach of a well dressed young man, who accosted her with a "good evening," and offered his services to escort her home! Alarmed for an instant, she would have avoided the stranger; but as he advanced to her side, she ventured to turn towards him, and a glance satisfied her—she recognised the young gentleman as a familiar acquaintance. Disguising her voice, and replying in a timid tone, she accepted the proffered gallantry, determined at once to administer a lesson to her young friend, which he should not forget. The conversation which passed was brief, and the beau suspecting nothing, as he was not aware that the family had changed their quarters, tripped along at the young lady's side, apparently very well pleased with his companion. In a few minutes they halted before a modest brick house, in a somewhat retired street at the west end, and the lady relinguished her attendant's arm.

"Will you come in?" whispered the lady softly.

"Thank you," was the reply, and his fair companion opened the front door. Closing it carefully, they found themselves in the entry, in total darkness.

"Wait a moment," said the young woman, "and be perfectly quiet. I will return instantly," and with these words, she ascended the stairs which led to the parlors.

The first thought of the young man, as he retired, was to open the front door and move! for he suspected all was not as he at first anticipated. He returned to the door, it was fast. He fumbled for the latch, or lock, or whatever secured it, but it was not to be found; and an instant afterward, he heard footsteps approaching in the darkness. His heart thumped against his ribs, and he began to wish himself safely out of doors again; but he was quickly reassured by the encouraging whisper of his new made acquaintance, who approached him apparently with great caution.

"Hush!" she said, "all is safe. Be quiet now, a moment—remove your boots from your feet—I will return in an instant."

Our hero was content, and drawing off his boots, he secured them together, and held them in his hand, to await the return of his lady friend, who had again ascended the front stairs.

Entering the parlor a moment afterwards, the female rogue found some half a score of young lady friends, with their brothers and beaux present to whom she quickly and briefly communicated the adventure.

"I've got him in the entry, down stairs," she said, "Put out the lights, keep perfectly still, don't betray the slightest breath of sound, and I will show you some sport in a moment."

The lights were removed, the party arranged themselves around the room—the bulk of the company knew the victim intimately—and the lady descended the stairs and approached her friend.

"Softly, now," she added, taking the hand which was unoccupied with the boots, "softly. All is quiet up stairs—all is arranged—come!" and she led her gallant shyly along the stairway. His boots dangled against the railing—"Ah!" exclaimed the fair one; "for pity's sake make no noise, or all is lost!"

The beau moved on, grasped his boots more securely at his side, nor dreamed of aught save bliss. Least of all did he suspect the existence of a huge rent in his stockings—but he was a bachelor, and this was but a trifle.

They entered the parlor. All was darkness and silence. The lady closed the door behind them, and led her companion into the centre of the room. Not a breath was heard, and little did the gentleman suspect that he was at that moment surrounded by a dozen of his acquaintances.

"Remain here, one moment," said the girl, "I will get a light—"

The gallant raised the soft hand which had conducted him thus far toward—he knew not what—and ventured to press upon it a kiss; but it was dexterously withdrawn at the very "nick of time," and his lips came in contact with his own fingers!

"Wait a moment," added his inamorata, leaving him quickly—and then passing through a door at the further extremity of the room, she disappeared. A minute had scarcely elapsed, but it seemed a month to the little party, who were nearly choking with suppressed merriment; it was an age to the victim. But the gentle footsteps were heard again, the beau gazed anxiously towards the direction of the door—it opened with a single movement—a blaze of light rushed into the parlor, and behind it the face of an old and familiar acquaintance!

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said, "this is Mr. Smith."

Such a "ha! ha!" as went up from that little coterie at that moment was seldom heard in the neighborhood before or since. Poor Smith stood for a moment, not exactly paralysed—that would be a faint term of expression, he was frozen—actually statu-ized in his tracks; and he hugged his boots to his side, coughed, sneezed, choked—then grinned a ghastly smile.

As soon as the paroxism of laughter was over, the lady brought forth a chair, and placing it before the victim, said:

"Pray, be seated Mr. Smith."

He turned upon his tormentor a look of comical recognition, and like Falstaff, his wits coming to his relief, he replied:

"Did you think, Cally, I did'nt know you?"

Another roar followed this remark, and the company were soon upon good terms.

This was his first and last effort at picking up an acquaintance; and it proved a cure for "sparking" with him. Within six months he made ample apology for his error by making Miss Cally—Mrs. Smith!

The Boston *Transcript* states that on Friday last a lady in that city received the following letter, containing the sum of $56:

"I herein enclose the amount of a sum of money which I dishonestly took from your former husband several years ago. I have been on the sea many years, and about six months ago I was in great danger of going to the bottom, when all my sins stared at me, and I resolved to repent if God spared my life. When I came ashore I found your husband was dead. I have searched for you and am thankful to find where you lived. I hope you will forgive me, as I think God has. The way of the transgressor is hard. THE PENITENT THIEF."

"Blessed are they who do not advertise, for they shall rarely be troubled with customers." Sensible paragraph, that.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

At the great Railway Convention held in St. Louis, to consider the practicability of a communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the Hon. Thos. Hart Benton made a speech of immense length, but of intense interest throughout, concluding with the following lofty and inspiring conceptions of the future glory and destiny of the United States:

"We live in extraordinary times, and are called upon to elevate ourselves to the grandeur of the occasion. Three and a half centuries ago, the great Columbus—the man who was afterwards carried home in chains from the New World which he had discovered—this great Columbus, in the year 1492, departed from Europe to arrive in the East by going West. It was a sublime conception. He was in the line of success, when the intervention of two continents, not dreamed of before, arrested his progress. Now, in the nineteenth century, mechanical genius enables his great design to be fulfilled. In the beginning, and in the barbarous ages, the sea was a barrier to the intercourse of nations. It separated nations. Mechanical genius, in inventing the ship, converted the barrier into a facility. Then land and continents became the obstruction. The two Americas intervening have prevented Europe and Asia from communicating on the straight line. For three centuries and a half this obstacle has frustrated the grand design of Columbus. Now in our day mechanical genius has again triumphed over the obstacles of nature, and converted into a facility that which had so long been an impassible barrier. The steam car has worked upon the land, and to a degree far transcending the miracle which the ship in barbarous ages, worked upon the ocean. The land has now become the facility for the most distant communication, the conveyance being invented which annihilates both time and space. We hold the intervening land; we hold the obstacle which stopped Columbus; we are in the line between Europe and Asia.

We have it in our power to remove that obstacle, to convert it into a facility, and to carry him on to his land of promise and hope with a rapidity, a precision and a safety unknown to all ocean navigation. A king and a queen started him upon his great enterprise. It lies in the hands of a Republic to complete it. It is in our hands—we, the People of the United States, of this nineteenth century. Let us raise ourselves up. Let us rise to the grandeur of the occasion. Let us complete the grand design of Columbus, by putting Europe and Asia into communication, and that to our advantage, through the heart of our own country. Let us give to his ships, converted into cars, a continued course, unknown to all former times. Let us make the iron road, and make it from sea to sea. Let States and individuals make it east of the Mississippi, the nation make it west. Let us now, in this convention, rise above every thing sectional, personal, or local. Let us beseech the National Legislature to build the great road upon the great national line which unites Europe and Asia—the line which will find, on our continent, the Bay of San Francisco at one end, St. Louis in the middle, the national metropolis and great commercial emporiums at the other; and which shall be adorned with its crowning honor, the collossal statue of the great Columbus, whose design it accomplishes, hewn from the great mass of a peak of the Rocky mountains, overlooking the road—the mountain itself the pedestal, and the statue a part of the mountain—pointing with outstretched arm to the western horizon, and saying to the flying passenger, *there is the East! there is India!*

A CHANGE OF BOOTS.

Mr. Mackey, a recent traveller in the U. States, gives the following graphic account of a trick played in Carolina, and which, it appears, is by no means an uncommon one:

"Having had but little rest on board the steamer the previous night, I slept soundly in one of the hotels the first night ashore. How far into the morning my slumbers would have carried me I know not, but at a pretty early hour I was aroused by a noise which for the few moments elapsing between the deep sleep and perfect consciousness, I took to be the ringing of the sleigh bells in the streets of a Canadian town. I was soon undeceived, the intense heat, even at that early hour, driving all notions of winter, sleighs, and sleigh bells, out of my head.—But though in Caroline, there was still the jingling of the bells to remind me of Canada. Every bell in the house seemed th have become suddenly bewitched but my own, and anxious to know what was the matter, I soon made it to join in the chorus. Even in the ringing of bells one can trace to some extent the difference between characters, and for some time I amused myself watching the different manifestations of temper on the part of those that pulled them, which they indicated. Some rang gently, as if those pulling them shrunk from being troublesome; others authoratively, as if the ringers would be obeyed at once and without another summons; and others again angrily, as if they had already been frequently pulled in vain. Very soon all became angry, some waxing into a towering passion; for although all might ring, all could not be possibly answered at once. I had a brief time, to notice these things ere the waiters were heard hurrying up and down stairs and along the wooden lobbies which echoed to their footsteps. Things now appeared to be getting serious, and jumping out of bed I opened my door just as a troop of black fellows were hurrying past each with a bucket of water in his hand. I immediately inferred that the house was on fire; and as American houses generally on such occasions go off like gun cotton, I sprang back into my room, with a view to partly dressing myself and making my escape. A universal cry for "boots," however, mingled with every variety of imprecation on that functionary's head, from the simple ejaculation to the elaborate prayer, soon convinced me that the case was less urgent than I had supposed, and on further investigation it turned out that the unusual hubbub had been created by some one playing overnight the old and clumsy trick of changing the boots before they were taken from the bed room doors to be cleaned, so that on being replaced in the morning each guest was provided with his neighbor's instead of his own. I had lain down the happy possessor of a pair of Wellingtons, which, in the morning, I found converted into unsightly highlows. After some search my Wellingtons were discovered in another hall, standing at a lady's door, whose shoes had been placed before that of a Texan volunteer on his way to Mexico and glory. It was not the good fortune of all so readily to discover their property, the majority of the guests having to breakfast in slippers, during which the unreclaimed boots and shoes were collected together in the great hall, each man afterwards selecting, as he best could. Until the nature of the joke was discovered, the poor Boots had a narrow escape of his life, and it was amusing to witness the the chuckle of the black waiters, as, on discovering the trick, they quietly returned with their unemptied buckets, to their respective posts."

Here is what some rusty, crusty, old bachelor says of the ladies. What shall be done with the incorrigible old sinner?

A STUBBORN FACT.—The Brooklyn Advertiser says: "Dip the Atlantic Ocean dry with a teaspoon—stop this journal from going ahead—twist your heel into the toe of your boot—make postmasters perform their promises, and subscribers pay the printer—send up fishing hooks with balloons and fish for stars—get astride of a gossamer and chase a comet—when a rain storm is coming down like the cataract of Niagara remember where you left your umbrella—choke a musquito with a brickbat—in short prove all things hitherto considered impossible, to be possible, but never coax a woman to say she *will*, when she has made up her mind to say she *won't*.

Go to strangers for charity, acquaintances for advice, and relatives for nothing—and you will always have a supply.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

THE MONEY MARKET.

In almost every resolution passed by the Convention of Manufacturers, held at Trenton, last week, for the purpose of urging upon the attention of Congress, through higher duties, more protection of domestic manufacturers, we find an assurance of how much better off the farmers are under a system of high duties than when allowed the freedom of the market of the world. Considering that the Convention was composed exclusively of manufacturers, the farmers, merchants and mechanics not having been honored by even mention in the call, this declaration by the Convention is modest, to say the least. The patronising manner in which the manufacturers propose to quietly insinuate their fingers into the pockets of those employed in agricultural pursuits, patting them the while encouragingly, on the back, with the assurance how advantageous it is for their interest, might be taken as a good joke, but for the more serious consequences that may grow from permitting it to pass unrebuked. The farming interests of the Union is awake to this matter of markets, and understand the effects of protection and prohibition upon their own pursuits quite as well as the manufacturers can tell them, and will, we have no doubt, take the care to be fully heard in Congress. Some idea of the character and value of the Lake trade, which is only one of the agricultural outlets to the market of the world, may be formed from a paragraph in the Buffalo Commercial of Nov. 6; which states that on the evening previous, 15 steamers, 2 popellers, 2 brigs and 21 schooners had arrived in that port, bringing 160,000 barrels of flour, 49,000 bushels of wheat, 800 live hogs, 2500 boxes of cheese, and large quantities of other produce. This is something for one day. It is also noticed that the propeller Illinois, at the same time, was on her way down, with 4,445 barrels of flour and 2,114 bushels of wheat, equal to 580 tons of merchandise; and the steamer Empire State was on her way down, with 7,000 barrels of flour, said to be the largest cargo ever brought by one vessel. So large an interest as is indicated by these movements, it is not probable will be trusted to the guardian protectionship of the manufacturers of New Jersey.

A MODERN VIRGINIUS.

In these disordered times, the current history of Europe offers many incidents no less full of interest than the most thrilling of ancient history, finely touched as are the latter with the charm of classical associations.

Virginius slew his daughter to save her from the haughty patrician whose passions she had unconsciously excited by her beauty, and who claimed her as his slave. A spirit similar to that which thus prompted a father to one of the noblest acts in antiquity, has, in our age, lately led a husband to slay his wife in order to save her from outrage worse than death on the part of the Spanish troops who are now in Italy. It seems, says a narrator of the incident, that at Zagarolo, one of the Italian provinces, a young married woman, having just budded into womanhood, whose hand had been sought by contending suitors and given to the man she loved, became the object of desire to this lawless band. Gold, stratagems, and intrigues, were resorted to, in order to get posession of the prize. They were baffled in every attempt—at length they forced an entrance into the house, and found her sheltered in her husband's arms.—They rushed to tear her from his grasp—in that fearful moment all was lost; and in the wildness and energy of despair, to save her from dishonor, more dreadful far than death, the wretched husband plunged a dagger in her heart. It was the Roman story enacted in modern times.

NATURE THE BEST LOGICIAN.—The instincts of animals are stronger arguments to establish truth, than can be elaborated in all the schools of logic ever founded by man.

ANIMAL INSTINCT—THE SWINE.—The following fact illustrates the efficiency of the water treatment of disease, and the almost infallibility of animal instinct.

Mr. Curtis Black, a farmer in Becket, Massachusetts, had several large swine, which sickened, and refused food, until they became emaciated to mere skeletons and one of them had died; when the remaining ones were turned out to die. They wandered away, and disappeared, and were supposed to have died. Several days afterwards, they were found under a ledge of rocks, in a large spring of cold water, entirely covered with water and mud, except their noses. The next day they returned to their sty, restored to health, and fattened finely. Such had been their fever, however, that every bristle and hair, of the bodies fell off.

It should be observed, that these swine were not confined to a close pen, with a floor, but had a large enclosure connected with the sty, and had free access to the ground.

DESPERATE PROCEEDINGS.—At a certain farm house, where we were slightly acquainted, lived a large tow-headed youth, who had been employed as "help" to assist in the usual work about the farm. Said youth bore the cognomen of Josiah, and was unfortunately posessed of an enormous appetite. We say unfortunately, for be it known, that the good dame who superintended the domestic matters of the establishment was rather close, and of a saving nature, and saw with horror what inroads Joe was making upon her larder. She therefore provided the plainest food, and finally, Joe's principal dish was bean porridge. Notwithstanding it was bean porridge often for breakfast, dinner and supper, Joe never murmured, the beans began to diminish in quantity, till at last, they were like angel's visits "few and far between." It so happened that Joe came as usual to dinner, and as usual found his porridge ready, but wofully deficient in regard to beans. The old lady watched him as he slowly stirred the compound, with his pewter spoon, when suddenly, he started up and laid aside his jacket, then off came his vest, he then slowly unbuttoned his shirt risbands. "Why Joe," exclaimed the dame, who had regarded these proceedings with the utmost astonishment, "Joe, what on airth are you a going to du?"

"Do!" said Joe with a desperate air, "why I'm goin' to dive for beans!"

It is almost needless to add that Joe, having proved that he "know beans," never after lacked a full supply.

CHARACTER.—We may judge of a man's character by what he loves—what pleases him. If a person manifests delight in low and sordid objects—the vulgar song and debasing language; in the misfortune of his fellows, or cruelty to animals, we may at once determine the complexion of his character. On the contrary, if he loves purity, modesty, truth; if virtuous pursuits engage his heart and draw out his affections, we are satisfied that he is an upright man.

SLANDERERS.—"If there is any body under the canister of Heaven that I have in utter excresence," says the amiable Mrs. Partington, "it is a slanderer, going about like a vile boa-constrictor, inserting his calomel about honest folks. I always know one by his [illegible] mahogony. It seems as though Belzebub [illegible] had stamped him with his private [illegible] signal, and everything he looks at appears to turn yellow."

Some hardened villain robbed the missionary box of the Lewistown Sunday School recently.