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, FEBRUARY 14, 1850. NO. 36.

Newville Academy.

SELECT CLASSICAL AND SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL,

Newville, Cumberland County, Pa.

IT is confidently believed that few institutions offer greater inducements to students than the above. Located in the midst of a community proverbial for their intelligence, morality and regard for the interests of religion, this Academy can effectually guard its members from evil and immoral influences. Advantages are likewise offered to those desiring to pursue the study of the physical sciences, surpassing those of most similar institutions.

Those having sons or wards, and wishing to send them to a Seminary of learning, are respectfully solicited to visit Newville, and judge of the advantages for themselves, or, at least, procure a circular containing full particulars, by addressing

JAMES HUSTON, *Principal*.

Newville, Pa., Aug. 23, 1849—1y

Plainfield Classical Academy.

Four miles west of Carlisle, between the Newville State Road and the Cumberland Valley Railroad.

SEVENTH SESSION.

THE Seventh session will commence on Monday the 5th of Novb'r. 1849. The number of students is limited, and they are carefully prepared for College, Counting House, &c.

The situation precludes the possibility of students associating with the vicious or depraved, being remote from town or village, though easily accessible by State Road or Cumberland Valley Railroad, both of which pass through lands attached to the institution.

TERMS.

Boarding, washing, tuition, &c., (per sess.)	$50 00
Latin or Greek,	5 00
Instrumental Musi	10 00
French or German,	5 00

Circulars with references, &c., furnished by

R. K. BURNS, Principal.

October 3, 1849.—1y

COVERLY'S HOTEL,

MARKET SQUARE, HARRISBURG, PA.

SINCE the close of the last business season, this Hotel has been greatly enlarged, and undergone a thorough alteration, renovation, papering and refurnishing, thereby modernizing and making it decidedly the most comfortable, convenient and best arranged Hotel, at the seat of Government.

The location is peculiarly fine, and such as to add greatly to the comfort of guests, being in the most central and delightful part of Harrisburg.

The building contains 71 chambers; is three stories high; eighty feet front on Second street, and 50 feet front on Market Square, with two wings extending back 140 feet and a capacious court in the centre.

The DINING ROOM is capable of seating 125 persons.

HOT AND COLD BATHS have been added and comprise part of the new improvements.

The various departments of the House have been placed under such management as enables the Proprietor to guarantee to his patrons, friends, and the travelling community, that every possible attention will be given to their comfort.

After returning his sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, he most respectfully solicits a continuance of it.

WELLS COVERLY.

Harrisburg, Dec. 13, 1849—3m

The New Year

HAS brought with it, and added to our former stock of Glass & Queensware, a variety of fine China, Granite, and Blue Liverpool Tea Setts; besides, Dishes, Plates, Bowls, and every article suitable for Dinner Setts; Tumblers, Salts, Pitchers, Toilet setts, and a handsome selection of

Rich & Fancy China,

articles, useful as well as ornamental, making our present stock one of the finest assortments to select from—and to which the attention of our former friends, housekeepers, and others, are invited—at the OLD STAND nearly opposite the Post Office.

Carlisle, Jan. 10, 1850 J. W. EBY.

COFFEES. A lot of fresh Rio and Java Coffees of best quality, now in store—also a general assortment of the new crop of GREEN AND BLACK TEAS; a general assortment of Sugars, embracing the usual variety of Brown; also Crushed Sugars, at former low prices, and a fresh lot of Pure Spices, ground and unground, including Citron, Currants, &c.—as well as our other usual variety—all just received and for sale by

January 10, 1850 J. W. EBY.

Cedarware.

JUST received at the cheap Hardware store of the subscriber, in East High street, a complete assortment of Tubs, Buckets, Churns, &c.

Also, Dupont's Rifle and Blasting Powder. For sale very low by HENRY SAXTON.

January 24, 1850.

Cheap Clothing Store.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public in general, that he has removed his large and extensive assortment of

Ready-made Clothing,

to the room recently occupied as a store by George W. Hitner, on East Main street, directly opposite Elliott's Drug store, and within two doors of Ogilby's store, where he will keep constantly on hand, all kinds of Ready-made Clothing, and everything pertaining to gentlemen's wardrobes. The clothing he offers for sale is made up in his own shop, by experienced workmen, and under his own supervision.—He feels prepared to offer great bargains in the Clothing line, and to test this fact he would earnestly invite the citizens of this county to give him a call, and examine the quality of his stock and his prices, before purchasing elsewhere.

He will also, as heretofore, continue to make up all kinds of Clothing according to order, and those who prefer it can have their measures taken, and their garments made up to their pleasement. Always on hand a large assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinets, Vestings, &c.

Don't forget the place—directly opposite Elliott's store, and within two doors of Ogilby's.

NATHAN HANTCH.

Carlisle, Nov 22, 1849—3m

Hardware.

JUST opened at the new and cheap Hardware store of JACOB SENER, a new assortment of Foreign and Domestic Hardware, consisting of a full assortment of locks and latches of every style and kind; hinges, screws, bolts, augurs, auger bits, chisels, broad and hand axes, hatchets, drawing knives, planes and plane bitts; hand, panel, and ripping saws; mill and cross cut saws of Roland's make, warranted good; a good assortment of circular saws, warranted; trace and halter chains of a superior quality that has never been in this market before, hoes, shovels, spades, forks and rakes; knives and forks; iron, japan, and brass candlesticks; an assortment of Britania and Glass Etherial Lamps, spoons, shovels, tongs, water and iron tea kettles, brass preserving kettles, Cedarware, anvils, vices, files and rasps, of every kind and price.

Watts' bar iron, hoop and band iron, cast, shear, spring and blistered steel, warranted good.

150 boxes window glass, lower than ever.
200 kegs Wetherill's pure white lead.
4 barrels Flaxseed oil, 100 galls. Turpentine.
150 kegs Duncan Nails, warranted good.
50 doz. prime warranted Corn & Grass Scythes

Please call at the well known store of Jacob Sener, North Hanover street, next door to Glass' hotel, Carlisle.

May 24, 1849

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER,

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

For one year, in *advance*,	$2 00
For six months, in *advance*,	1 00

No subscription taken for a less term than six months and no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid.

Twenty-five per cent. additional on the price of subscription will be required of all those who do not pay in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion,	$ 50
One square, two insertions,	75
One square, three insertions,	1 00
Every subsequent insertion, per square,	25

A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year, or for three or six months.

OFFICE.—The office of the *American Volunteer* is in the second story of James H. Graham's new stone building, in South Hanover street, a few doors south of the Court House, where those having business are invited to call.

Poetical.

MILTON ON HIS LOSS OF SIGHT.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind.
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not, that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee.

O, merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness to shun;
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Para ise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my Spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought:

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine.

Miscellaneous.

A NIGHT AMONG WOLVES.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

It was a night of January 17—. We had been to a fine quilting party, about two miles from our settlement of four or five houses. It was rather late, about 12 o'clock, I should guess, when the party broke up. There was a moon, a dull over head sky, and a few pale and sickly looking stars gave us their dull light as they shone through the dingy curtain. There was six of us in company—Henry Mason and four as pretty girls as ever grew on this side of the Green Mountains. There were my two sisters, and Harry's sister and his sweetheart, the daughter of our next door neighbor. She was a downright handsome girl, that Caroline Allen. I never saw her equal, though I am no stranger to pretty faces. She was so pleasant and kind of heart, so gentle and sweet spoken, and so intelligent besides, that everybody loved her, and she had an eye as blue as the hill violet, and her lips were like a red rose leaf in June. No wonder, then, that Harry Mason loved her—boy that he was—for we had neither of us seen our seventeenth summer.

Our path lay through a thick forest of oak, with here and there a tall pine raising its dark full shadow against the sky, with an outline rendered indistinct by the darkness. The snow was deeper a great deal than ever fell of late years—but the surface was frozen strong enough to bear our weight, and we hurried on over the bright pathway with rapid steps. We had not proceeded far before a long, low howl came to our ears.—We all knew it in a moment, and I could feel a shudder thrilling the arms that were close to my own, and a sudden cry burst from the lips of all of us—"The wolves! the wolves!"

Did you ever see a wolf—not one of your caged, broken down, show animals, which are exhibited for six-pence a sight, and children half-price—but a fierce, half-starved ranger of the wintry forest, howling over the barren snow, actually mad with hunger? There is not one of God's creatures which has got such a fiendish look as this animal. It has the form as well as the spirit of a demon.

Another and another howl; and then we could distinctly hear the quick patter of the feet behind us. We all turned right about and looked in the direction of the sound. "The devils are after us," said Mason, pointing to a line of dark gliding bodies. And so, in fact, they were—a whole troop of them—howling like so many Indians in a powpow. We had no weapons of any kind, and we knew enough of the nature of these vile creatures who followed us, to know that it would be useless to contend with them.—There was not a moment to lose; the savage beasts were close upon us. To attempt flight would have been a hopeless affair. There was but one chance of escape and we instantly seized upon it.

"To the tree!—let us climb this tree!" I cried, springing forward towards a low boughed and gnarled oak, which I saw at a glance could be easily climbed into.

Harry Mason sprang lightly into the tree, and aided in placing the terrified girls in a place of comparative security among the thick boughs. I was the last on the ground, and the whole troop were yelling at my heels before I reached the rest of the company. There was one moment of hard breathing and wild exclamations among us, and then a feeling of calm thankfulness for our escape. The night was cold, and we soon began to shiver and shake like so many sailors on the topmast of an Iceland whaler. But there was no murmers, no complaining among us, for we could distinctly see the gaunt attenuated bodies of the wolves beneath us, and every now and then we could see great glaring eyes staring up at the tree where we were seated. And then their yells, they were loud, long, and devilish.

I know not how long we had remained in this situation, for we had no means of ascertaining the time, when I heard a limb of the tree cracking, as if breaking beneath the weight of some of us; and in a moment afterward a shriek went through my ears like the piercing of a knife. A light form went through the naked branches and fell with a dull and heavy sound upon the stiff snow.

"Oh, God! I am gone!"

It was the voice of Caroline Allen. The poor girl never spoke again. There was a horrid darkness and confusion on my brain, and I spoke not; and I stirred not, for the whole of that time was like an ugly, unreal dream. I only remembered that there were smothered groans and dreadful howls underneath. It was all over in a moment. Poor Caroline! she was literally eaten alive.—The wolves had a frightful feast, and they became raving mad at the taste of blood.

When I came to myself, when the horrible dream went off—and it lasted but a moment—I struggled to shake off the arms of my sister, which were clinging around me; could I have cleared myself, I should have jumped down among the raving animals. As for poor Mason, he was wild with horror. He had tried to follow Caroline when she fell, but he could not shake off the grasp of his terrified sister. His youth, and his weak constitution and frame, were unable to withstand the dreadful trial, and he stood by my side with his hand firmly clenched, and his teeth set closely, gazing down on the wrangling creatures below, with the fixed stare of a maniac. It was indeed a terrible scene. Around was the thick, cold night, and below the ravenous wild beasts were lapping their bloody jaws for another victim.

The morning broke at last, and our frightful enemies fled at the first advance of daylight, like so many cowardly murderers. We waited until the sun had risen before we ventured to crawl from our hiding place. We were chilled through—every limb was numb and cold with terror—and poor Mason was delirious, and raged wildly about the things he had witnessed.

We had gone but a little distance, when we were met by our friends from the settlements who had become alarmed at our absence. They were shocked at our wild and frightful appearance. They assisted us to reach home; but Harry Mason never recovered from this dreadful trial. He neglected his business, his studies anon murmuring to himself about that dreadful night. He fell to drinking soon after, and died a miserable drunkard before age had whitened his head.

For my part I confess I have never recovered from the terrors of the melancholy circumstances which I have endeavored to describe. Thoughts of it have haunted me like shadows, and even now the whole scene comes at times freshly before me in my dreams, and I start up with something of the same feelings of terror which I experienced when, more than half a century ago, I passed a night among the wolves.

REFLECTION.

"In order to learn, we must attend; in order to profit by what we have learned, we must think—that is, reflect. He only thinks, who reflects."

Coleridge's Aids to Reflection.

Coleridge, in his great work, unequalled for deep thought, and its profound insight of the human heart, most truly remarks upon the general indisposition of almost all persons to think—that is to reflect. A careful observer will find that the same dislike to reflection, of which Coleridge complains, exists not only among the illiterate, but in the most intelligent and cultivated minds. An accurate memory, united to opportunities for reading and study, give to a man the reputation of a well educated man and a scholar, and this reputation seems to be all that many, nay, all that most men desire.

In order to reflect, a man must withdraw himself from the outer world and enter the inner region of self—that region so seldom visited. "For alas! the greater part of mankind are no where greater strangers than at home." This retiring as from the world, to hold converse with our own thoughts, is often an irksome thing. Perhaps we are not sure of a friendly greeting when we enter within to reflect upon the past and future; for here conscience holds her court, and her power is greatest over the reflecting mind. But be the cause what it may, it is certian that to many, nothing is more disagreeable than that which compels them to reflect. In reflection there is none of the excitement which accompanies debate, none of the charm which surrounds an entertaining book, none of the thrilling interest which often invests conversation. Calmly, seriously, deliberately, it must be done, if at all. The tumult of the passions must be hushed. Our bosom friend must not and cannot aid us; the work must be done in silence and in repose from outward excitements. Earnestly, truthfully, we must hold converse with ourselves. Not till we do this shall we know the inestimable value of even one hour of reflection.

When we consider that all true knowledge has its birth in reflection, we shall not deem it a light matter to disregard all its claims upon, and live on like the winged insect who flutters from flower to flower, seeking pleasure, but caring for nothing else. Whether thou art engaged in the study of the sciences—whether thou art listening to the eloquent words of a lecturer, or reading the thoughts of genius, or, still better, listening to the conversation of the wise and good—*reflect*. In this way alone canst thou become wise, though the volumes of history, from Herodotus to Macaulay, have been thy constant companions. To read history without reflection is like visiting Niagara blindfold, or listening to a symphony of Beethoven with cotton in one's ears. Certain facts may, it is true, be fixed in the memory, but like useless lumber they will only clog the mind, unless reflection discover the principles contained therein, and thus give to each fact its proper position and its right use.

There is another knowledge more important than the wisdom to be obtained from books—self knowledge. Truly this concerns thee most nearly, and thou must attain it before thou canst attain happiness. One word, one earnest word to thee, reader, before we part. Wouldst thou be wise? Wouldst thou be happy? *Know thy self! Reflect!*

Olive Branch.

THE BLUES.

The editor of the Bangor Mercury, who writes with a great deal of common sense on all subjects, gives the following prescription for a fit of the blues, whether indigo or otherwise:

"They are oftentimes the creatures of habit, and live only by toleration. Bad digestion, a cloudy day, a fit of sentimentality, begets them, and then, like spirits of ill omen, they flit around us, an invisible web, to check our progress. But a magic word dispels them as the crowing of the cock does the spectres of the night. An old gentleman once told me that he had made a discovery, which had been for many years of infinite value to him, and that was that Blue Devils never ride on horseback. So you will find, my friends, they never go on a brisk walk—they never visit a gymnasium—they play no wicket or foot ball—they never read Charles Lamb, or Theodore Hook, or Tom Hood. They may saunter along with you beneath the solemn elms, or through the quiet walks of the cemetery—they will bend with you over the pages of Byron, or Bulwer—they may inspire your solitary musings anywhere. But action—resolve—society—eager pursuit—healthy, vigorous thought—all these are their enemies, and from these they will always fly."

A SOFT PLACE.—During the reign of George II. at a ball given by his Majesty, he approached a beautiful woman, possessing a fine bust, and whose dress was low on the neck, and addressing her, said—

"Suffer me, my dear young lady, to put my hand upon that soft neck."

"Sire," said the young lady in reply, "give me your Majesty's hand, and I will place it on a much *softer* place." She took the King's hand, and placed it on his own *forehead*.

☞The mechanic who is ashamed of his apron, or the farmer who is ashamed of his frock, is himself a shame to his profession.

Correspondence of the Daily News.

RAMBLINGS IN MAINE.

Mortality among the Indians—Its Causes—Indian Courtship—Breach of Promise—An Original Verdict—Thomas Waban—A Cure for Quarreling.

OLDTOWN, Maine, Jan. 30, 1850.

The aboriginal inhabitants of this country have seemed to die out in proportion as the white population increased. Having nothing in common with it, the approach of cultivation and refinement seems to blast them like a pestilence. Providence has thus opened a way, by their extinction, for the march of civilization.

What are the secondary causes which have led to this great result, is an interesting question—a question which I would not undertake to answer. All other nations on the globe increase in numbers as they grow older. They obey the injunction given by God to our first parents—"be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth." This one seems to be inevitably destined to an utter extinction.

There is one cause which in the opinion of those who know them, has contributed much towards this state of things, namely, the intermixture of civilization and barbarism. Compelled by the state of the country to abandon their former active pursuits, of hunting and fishing, they are not sufficiently civilized to compensate for these by habits of industry and neatness. Hence they are much less healthy than before.

The Penobscot tribe is divided into two parties, the *old* party and the *new* party. The latter is in favor of conforming to the habits of their white neighbors and becoming civilized. The former, which is now in power, hold to their old customs and habits of life, and oppose every improvement. This they do from a sincere belief that their old customs are the best.

Hearing one of them argue upon the superiority of the Indian customs respecting courtship and marriage.

"White man court—court—may be one whole year! may be two years, before he marry! Well, may be then get very good wife—but may be *not!*—May be very cross! Well, now suppose cross—scold so soon as get awake in the morning! Scold all day! Scold until sleep! All one—he must keep *him*. White people have law that no throw away wife—he be ever so cross—must keep him always! Well, now, what Indian do? Indian when he see industrious squaw, which he like, he go to him—place his two forefingers together *so*—make *two* look like one—then look squaw in the face—see *him* smile, which is all one, *he* say *yes!* So he take him home—no danger he be cross! No—no—squaw know too well what Indian do if *he* cross! Throw him away and take another!"

No doubt some of your readers can appreciate the cogency of this reasoning. But with all this looseness of the marriage covenant, the Indian is not entirely free from the ills to which *white* flesh is heir, as the following incident will show:

A young Indian failed in his attentions to a young squaw. She made complaint to an old chief, who appointed a hearing and a trial. The lady laid the case before the judge and explained the nature of the promise made to her. It consisted of sundry visits to her wigwam, "many little undefinable attentions," and presents, a bunch of feathers, and several yards of red flannel. This was the charge. The faithless swain denied "the undefinable attentions" in toto. He had visited her father's wigwam for the purpose of passing away time when it was not convenient to hunt, and had given the feathers and flannel from friendly motives, and nothing farther.

During the latter part of the defence the squaw fainted. The plea was considered invalid, and the offender sentenced to give the lady a yellow feather, a broach that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen coon skins.

The sentence was no sooner concluded, than the squaw sprung upon her feet, and clapping her hands, exclaimed with joy, "Now me ready to be courted again."

I have said that the old party are, at present, in power. Their governor's name is Etienne; he is a descendant of Baron de Castine, who formerly lived at Major Biguyduce. John Neptune is their lieutenant governor. They send a representative to the legislature of the state. They have a system of trial by jury, and many other civil institutions, in imitation of the whites.

Not long ago John Tatson, an Indian, was found dead not far from a tavern, where he had been drinking pretty freely the evening before.

The Indians immediately assembled a jury of their own tribe, who, after examining the body of the defunct, unanimously agreed—"That the said Tatson's death was occasioned by the freezing of a large quantity of water in his body, that he had imprudently mixed with the rum he drank."

A number of years ago there lived an Indian by the name of Thomas Waban—he was very much respected as a magistrate. The following is a truecopy of a warrant issued by him:

"You, you, big constable, quick you catchum, Jeremiah Offecon, strong you holdum, safe you bringum afore me. THOMAS WABAN,

Justice Peace."

When Waban became superannuated, a younger magistrate was appointed to succeed him. Cherishing that respect for his age and experience which the Indians all accord to him, the new officer waited upon the old one for advice. Having stated a variety of cases and received satisfactory answers, he at length proposed the following:

"When Indians get drunk and quarrel, and fight, and act like Devil, what you do then?"

"Huh! tie um all up, and whip um plaintiff, whip um 'fendant, and *whip um witness!*"

I need not add that drunken broils very seldom occur in the tribe.

What is it to be Polite.

Politeness is a trait which every one admires, and which confers upon its possessor a charm that does much to pave the way of life with success. But it is very much misunderstood. Politeness does not consist in wearing a white silk glove, and in gracefully lifting your hat when you meet an acquaintance. It does not consist in artificial smiles and a pleasing, flattering speech, but in sincere and honest desires to promote the happiness of those around you; in the readiness to sacrifice your own ease and comfort to the enjoyment of others. The man who lays aside all selfishness in regard to the happiness of others, who is always ready to confer favors, who speaks in the language of kindness and conciliation, and who studies to manifest those little attentions which gratify the heart, is a polite man, though he may wear a homespun coat, and make a very ungraceful bow.—And many a fashionable who dresses genteel, and enters the most crowded apartments with assurance and ease, is a perfect compound of rudeness and incivility. He who has a heart flowing with kindness and good will towards his fellow-men, and who is guided in the exercise of those feelings by good common sense, is the truly polite man—and he alone.

TEMPTATION AND VICTORY.—Temptation assails us in every form, from the low and sensual appetite upon the baser feeling of our nature, to the high and lofty, but no less sinful passion of ambition, which leaving the more sordid minds as unworthy of attack, assails only the noblest nature, and unless manfully withstood, but too surely snares a being but little lower than the angels to sink from his proper sphere, and by the abuse of his talents, prostrate his highest hopes for the mere applause of man. The greatest victory of man is that achieved over the difficulties and trials that beset him; and he who overcomes the worldly feeling within him, is mightier than the conqueror of armies, even could he subjugate the whole earth.

☞The parent who would train up a child in the way he should go, must go in the way in which he would train up the child.

Why is a lady getting married in an error? Because she is *miss* taken.

DUELLING.

History and Practice of Duelling—Debate in the Kentucky Convention.

There is no community which will better illustrate the practice and extreme folly of duelling, than the State of Kentucky. In the debates of the Kentucky Convention we observe that some of the ablest men there have arrayed themselves against that foolish as well as wicked practice. Among them is the Hon. Ben. Hardin, from whose speech we extract the following correct account of this extraordinary practice:

In the course of my readings as to the history of mankind, I have turned my attention some little to this subject; and sir, from the days of Nimrod, the mighty hunter of Babylon, down to about three hundred years ago, I have not found a single instance where a private quarrel was settled by a duel. In every case where there were personal combats, they were for public and not private considerations. The private combats before the walls of Troy, and the walls of Jerusalem, were fought by men in each of the armies opposed to each other, and in behalf of each army. Such is the character of the case referred to by the gentleman, (Mr. Nutall,) between three brothers of the Horatii and the Curiatii. There the fate of the battle, it was agreed, should turn upon their success. There is no instance of the modern duel presented until we come down to the time when Francis I., of France, gave the challenge to Charles V., King of Spain and Emperor of Germany. There the practice took its origin, and it has been in existence ever since. And why is it? Because there is a notion, a ridiculous kind of opinion going abroad, invisible, intangible, and which no man can touch, called the code of honor, which compells a man to fight in certain cases. Thus: do you want to kill me? No. Do I want to kill you? No. But there is some imaginary insult—some supposed injury, and some sickly sensibility feels itself insulted, and asks for an explanation. The man who is asked feels a little too proud to give it, and the parties correspond a little, and finally fight—and all about nothing.

We know that duelling does not stop killing in the streets, or assassinations on the highways. No, sir, this is a mistake, and nothing will stop it but a sense of certain, positive, and speedy punishment.—And how are we to stop the practice of duelling? We are to furnish men who are in doubt as to a point of honor, with a competent apology for avoiding a duel. This is all we want. There is not a man in the world, enjoying health, and has friends and connexions around him, that does not love life. Look at the man in the last agonies of death, and see how he clings to life. And why? Because he loves life. And yet a false notion of honor, or rather a false public opinion, will force the man in fine health to hazzard his life to a false notion of honor. Frederick the Great of Prussia, was one of the ables and bravest men who ever fought at the head of an army, and yet what did he say to the duellist? Why, that if a duel was fought, he would hang all concerned in it, and if he could find out where was the place of meeting, he would go there himself with his hangman, and hang the survivor without a trial. Has not Great Britain lately hung up several men who killed others in duels. A Col. Campbell there, killed a man in a duel, not long since, and was hung. And other instances might be mentioned.

And Kentucky is the only country where no man has ever been punished for giving, accepting, carrying a challenge, or killing his antagonist in a duel. What inroads have been made in the family of Alexander Pope, my old friend with whom I practiced law until he died, by the duelling propensities of those two young men, Henry and Fountain Pope.—One was killed in Arkansas, and the other near Louisville, without any cause, if the parties had understood each other. The parties fought at a distance of thirty yards, with shot guns. Did I not know, while in Washington, Barron and Decatur, two of the first men at that period in America, came up in mortal array within sixteen feet of each other, because one was nearsighted, and the rule was that both should take deliberate aim before the word to fire was given? They both fired and fell with their heads not ten feet apart from each other. And before they were taken from the ground each expected both to die; they spoke to each other, and a reconciliation took place. They blessed each other, and declared that there was nothing between them. All that was required to have prevented the meeting was an explanation between them.

There was the case also of McCarty and Mason, own cousins, who fought one of the most murderous duels on record, because McCarty voting for another man, Mason being a candidate, felt aggrieved, and challenged his vote on the ground of not being twenty one. McCarty first proposed they should sit over a keg of powder and set fire to it, but Mason declined. Next he proposed they should go to the top of the capitol and hand in hand jump from the parapet wall to the ground, a distance of ninety feet. This Mason also declined. Then McCarty proposed they should fight with muskets with three balls apiece, which Mason accepted, and then they went out and fought eight feet a part—about nothing. M'Carty has told me that the duel was forced on him by one of Mason's seconds. Such are the bloody scenes which illustrate this code of honor, as it is styled.

NANTUCKET BOYS.—A few days since a number of boys were amusing themselves by skating on one of the neighboring ponds, when, one of the number, a daring little fellow, who was the delight of his companions, suddenly broke through and disappeared. He soon rose to the surface, struggling for life, but in vain, for the ice continually broke at every attempt to gain its surface. The case was desperate; when suddenly a cry was raised among the anxious boys who were witnesses to the exertions,—"Off with your skates! off with your skates, every one of you, and tie them in a line by the strings!" This was but the work of a moment. "Now down on your stomachs, and keep within reaching distance of each other." The pioneer took the string of skates, and approached as near as was prudent on account of the weakness of the ice, and then throw the line of skates to the boy, reserving one end in his hand. It was fortunately caught, the line of prostrate boys, skates, and strings was now perfect, and the order resounded through the line, "Now haul for life!" This was done and the noble fellow was rescued, with only a few slight cuts on his face from the ice.—*Christian Citizen.*

☞A country chap the other day, for information asked a Hibernian, who was busily engaged in the street, driving down stone,

"Pat, when will you get this street done?"

"How did you know my name was Pat?" inquired the Irishman.

"Why, I *guessed* as much."

"Then," replied Pat, "Since you're so good at guessing, you may guess when the street will be finished."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—I have heard some very extraordinary cases of murder tried. I remember, in one where I was counsel, for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last the surgeon was called, who stated that the deceased had been killed by a shot, a gun shot, in the head, and he produced the matted hair and the stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and as the blood gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared—the wadding of the gun—which proved to be half of a ballad. The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged.—*Lord Eldon's Note Book.*

A hog was recently killed in Berks county, which weighed, after being cleansed and dressed, 942½ pounds.

AN AFFAIR OF CONSCIENCE.—The Secretary of the Treasury acknowledges the receipt of *twenty dollars*, "justly due the United States," which have been paid into the U. S. Treasury.

THE HAMMER.

The hammer is the universal emblem of Mechanics. With it are alike forged the sword of contention and the ploughshare of peaceful agriculture—the press of the free and the shackles of the brave. The eloquence of the forum has moved the armies of Greece and Rome to a thousand battle fields, but the eloquence of the hammer has covered those fields with victory or defeat. The inspiration of song has kindled high hopes and noble aspiration in the bosoms of brave knights and gentle dames, but the inspiration of the hammer has strewn the field with tattered helm and shield, decided not only the fate of chivalric combat, but the fate of thrones, crowns, and kingdoms. The forging of a thunder bolt was ascribed by the Greeks as the highest act of Jove's omnipotence, and their mythology beautifully ascribes to one of their gods the task of presiding at the forge. In ancient warfare the hammer was a powerful weapon, independent of the blade which it formed. Many a stout skull was broken through the cap and hemlet by a blow of Vulcan's weapon. The armies of the Crescent would have subdued Europe to the sway of Mahomet, but on the plains of France their progress was arrested and the brave and simple warrior who saved Christendom from the sway of the Musselman, was Martel—"the hammer." The hammer, the saviour and Bulwork of nations. By it are forged the ponderous engine and the tiny needle. It is an instrument of the savage and the civilized. Its merry clinks point out the abode of industry. It is a domestic deity, presiding over the grandeur of the most wealthy and ambitious, as well as the most humble and imporerish. Not a stick is shaped, not a house is raised, a ship floats, a carriage rolls, wheel spins, an engine moves, a press squeaks; a viol sings, a spade delves, or a flag waves without the hammer. Without the hammer civilization would be unknown, and the human species only as defenceless brutes; but, in skilful hands, directed by wisdom, it is an instrument of power, greatness and true glory.

Scientific American.

Making Love to the Wrong Person.

A Cincinnati paper is responsible for the following:

A young gentleman, who had been paying his addresses in *propria persona* to a young lady in this city, left a few months ago and went down the river on business. A correspondence was immediately opened between the enamored pair, and after exchanging several letters, the young lady was mortified to find that her letters were unanswered, and consequently she ceased writing. But the real secret of her not receiving letters, was the fact that another young lady of the same name, supposing they were intended for her, took them from the post office and opened a correspondence with her proxy lover. Some two months passed away when the young man wound up by a direct proposal, and insisted on an immediate answer avering at the same time that he thought the tone of her letters very different from those received when he first left Cincinatti, and upbraided his fair love with inconsistency. This last epistle was too much for our incognito, and being conscience smitten for the part she had been acting, and fully pursuaded that some other lady had been pining for the man she was wooing, sought her but and delivered up the letters to their rightful owner. The matter was speedily arranged and the real lovers have since become united in the bonds of wedlock.

From the Berkshire Culturist.

Ashes and Lime for Plum Trees.

Friend Reed:—I have in my garden a plum tree, which for three or four years past, has borne very full: but not till this year has one of the plums been sound.

They all were bored, or rotted, and fell from the tree before they were ripe. Two or three other plum trees, of a different kind, which have borne, have shared the same fate. Last year, a young tree, which stood near an ash leach, and which had never borne before, produced a solitary plum and that was sound. This suggested the idea, that its preservation was owing to the ashes which had been scattered around the roots of the tree. Following out this hint thus given, I last spring spread ashes and lime, with manure and salt, around all my trees. The result has been that they have all borne, this year, more than usual, and most of the fruit has been sound.—The result I ascribe, in part, to the ashes and lime. The same, I find, is recommended by "An Old Digger." And the conclusion is obvious, that alkali enough will destroy the young insects as they lie burrowed in the ground, or attempt to emerge from it in the spring. If in this way sound plums can be raised, it will be found a very easy way. Let some of your readers try the experiment and note the result. H. GOODWIN.

S. Canaan, Ct., Oct., 1849.

FREE BANKING LAW.—A public meeting of the citizens of Allentown, (Pa.) was held on Friday evening last, at which resolves were passed calling on the Legislature to pass a Free Banking law. Petitions were directed to be prepared, and circulated, for signature, throughout the county.—*North American.*

The county of Lehigh is celebrated for bank frauds, and we suppose those who have heretofore cheated the people are anxious for another opportunity to carry on their system of swindling—hence their anxious desire for the passage of a "free banking law."

THE NEGRO MARKET.—We copy the following brief review of the negro market from the Forsyth (Georgia,) *Bee*, of the 2d inst. In this meridian, where we have no such *merchandise*, the "quotations" may appear rather singular:

Negro fellows, (common field hands,) sold in this place yesterday, at public sale, for over $1000. One sold for $1080. This is higher than negroes have sold for a number of years. We would admonish the planters against paying such exorbitant prices for negroes, for if cotton were suddenly to decline, they would decline with it, and the most disastrous consequences would ensue. Our advice is, never buy negroes when they are selling high, for there are ten chances of their falling, to one of their rising."

Five and a half pounds of gold were recently taken from a mine in Randolph county, N. C., by two men in twelve days.

TO DRESS RICE.—A lady recommends the following:

"Soak the Rice in cold salt and water for seven hours; have ready a stew pan with boiling water, throw in the rice, and let it boil briskly for ten minutes; then drain it through a cullander, cover it up hot by the fire for a few minutes, and then serve.—The grains are double the usual size, and quite distinct from each other.

IRISH AND DUTCH.—It is generally admitted that the Irish are most famous for making bulls; but we think the Dutch can go ahead for making pigs, for instance:

I've got a pig cat and I've got a pig dog,
I've got a pig calf and I've got a pig hog,
I've got a pig baby so pig and so tall,
And I've got a pig vife date pigger as all.

The King of Sweden and his court have become active in the temperance cause.

A Young Lady from the country being invited to a party, was told by her city cousin to fix up and put her best foot foremost in order to catch a beau, "she looked so green in her country attire." The country lass looked comically into the face of her rather faded relative, and replied, "better green than withered."

It is more difficult to prevent being governed, than to govern others.