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, MARCH 21, 1850. NO. 41.

Tavern License.

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply at the next term of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, for a license to keep a tavern or public house, at present occupied as such by me, at the old stand, Kreitzer's, in Hampden township.

JOHN REESER.

March 14, 1850.—3t

We the undersigned, citizens of Hampden township, in the county of Cumberland, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named John Reeser, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such Inn or Tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

John Rupp,	Christian Whisler,
Jacob Bretz,	Samuel Allbright
J. S. Snevely,	John Sherbahn,
J. C. Reeme,	Wm. H. Eckels,
B. Erb,	Samuel Eberly,
George Snively,	M. C. Eberly.
James Martin,	

Tavern License.

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply at the next term of the court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, for a license to keep a tavern or public house in the house I now occupy as such, in Hogestown, in Silver Spring township.

GEORGE DUEY.

March 7, 1850—3t*

We the undersigned citizens of Silver Spring township, Cumberland county, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named George Duey, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

Joseph Eichelberger,	Samuel Sensenman,
William M. Meiley,	Peter Bricker,
George Boltzhoover,	David Eminnger,
Christian Earley,	Jacob Mumma,
Jacob Whitman,	Edward Porter,
Wm. Culbertson,	Martin Herman,
John Kiever,	David Orris.

Tavern License.

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply at the next term of the court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, for a license to keep a tavern or public house in the house at present occupied as such by me in the Borough of Mechanicsburg.

ADAM SEIRER.

March 7, 1850—3t*

We the undersigned citizens of the Borough of Mechanicsburg, in the county of Cumberland, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named Adam Seirer, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such Inn or Tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

John R. Gosweiler,	Emanuel Lemman,
Martin Rupp,	Wm Faustemacher,
William R. Slyder,	Lewis Degal,
Joel Berlin,	Felix Huber,
Simon Arnold,	George Steinouer,
Samuel Dunlap,	John Myers.
Peter Lantel,	

Tavern License.

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply at the next term of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, for a license to keep a tavern or public house in the house I now occupy as such in the West Ward, in the Borough of Carlisle.

H. L. BURKHOLDER.

March 7, 1850—3t

We the undersigned citizens of the West Ward of the Borough of Carlisle, in the county of Cumberland, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named H. L. Burkholder, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

A. A. Line,	C. Inhoff,
Hugh Gaullagher,	George W. Hilton,
M. G. Ege,	John Noble,
M. M'Clellan,	R. Lamberton,
Robert Allison,	George Ege,
James F. Lamberton,	William Baker.

Tavern License.

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply at the next term of the court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, for a license to keep a tavern or public house in the house I now occupy as such in Newton tp.

WILLIAM PARKES.

March 7, 1850—3t*

We the undersigned citizens of Newton township, in the county of Cumberland, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named Wm. Parkes, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such Inn or Tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

Joseph Williams,	Samuel Snoke,
J. Irwin,	Michael Latshaw,
Christian Snoke,	Jacob Newman,
James W. Wiley,	David Ecker,
Samuel Garver,	John Halter,
Benjamin Brinker,	A. E. Johnston,
Skiles Woodburn,	Henry Dyarmond.
James Kyle,	

Tavern License.

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply at the next term of the court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, for a license to keep a tavern or public house in the house now occupied as such by James H. Hannon, in Jacksonville, 6 miles east of Shippensburg.

JACOB HIGH.

March 7, 1850—3t*

We the undersigned citizens of the township of Newton, in the county of Cumberland, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named Jacob High, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

A. E. Johnston,	James Kyle,
C. Snoke,	Abraham Seaver,
Elias B. Eyster,	Daniel Nagley,
John Kyle,	David Doldwell,
Robert Smith,	Samuel Parkes,
James H. Wiley,	John Halter,
Jacob Severs,	David Foroman.

PIANO FORTES.

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HARPS,
ORGANS,
SERAPHINES,
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OSCAR C. B. CARTER,
171 Chesnut st, Phila.

February 21, 1850—1y

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER,

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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

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

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

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

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

Poetical.

THE LOVER'S LIST.

BY MRS. OSGOOD.

"Come sit on the bank so shady,
Sweet Evelyn, sit with me!
And count me your loves, fair lady—
How many may they be?"

The maiden smiled on her lover,
And traced, with her dipple hand,
Of names a dozen and over
Down in the shining sand.

"And now," said Evelyn, rising,
"Sir Knight! your own, if you please!
And if there be no disguising,
The list will out number these."

Then count them truly, rover!"
And the noble Knight obey'd;
And of names a dozen and over
He traced within the shade.

Fair Evelyn pouted proudly!
She sigh'd, "Will he never have done?"
And at last she murmured loudly,
"I thought he would write but ONE."

"Now read," said the fair youth rising;
"The scroll—it is fair and free!
In truth, there is no disguising,
That list is the world to me."

She read it with joy and wonder,
For the first was her own sweet name!
And again and again written under,
It was still—it was still the same!

It began with—"My Evelyn fairest!"
It ended with "Evelyn best!"
And epithets fondest and dearest
Were lavished between or the rest.

There were tears in the eyes of the lady
As she swept, with her delicate hand,
Off the river bank cool and shady,
The list she had traced in the sand.

There were smiles on the lip of the maiden
As she turned to her Knight once more,
And the heart with joy o'erladen,
That was heavy with doubt before!

Miscellaneous.

A SINGULAR STORY.

The Washington correspondent of the *Quaker City*, a paper published in Philadelphia by Mr. Lippard, communicates, says the Louisville *Courier*, the following curious account of a recent remarkable dream had by Mr. Calhoun. We have not much faith in supernatural appearances, but if anything could lead the ghost of the "Father of his Country" to revisit the realms beneath the moon, it would be the thought that his beloved country was in danger of *disunion*, which is but another name for civil war. We give the story for what is worth:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.

The other morning at the breakfast table, where I, an unobserved spectator, happened to be present, Calhoun was observed to gaze frequently at his right hand and brush it with his left, in a nervous and hurried manner. He did this so often that it excited attention. At length one of the persons composing the breakfast party, his name I think is Toombs, and he is a member of Congress from Georgia—took upon himself to ask the occasion of Mr. Calhoun's disquietude.

"Does your hand pain you?" he asked.

To this Calhoun replied in rather a flurried manner—"Pshaw! it is nothing! Only a dream which I had last night, and which makes me see perpetually a large black spot—like an ink blotch—upon my right hand. An optical delusion, I suppose."

Of course these words naturally excited the curiosity of the company, but no one ventured to beg the details of this singular dream, till Toombs asked quietly—

"What do you dream like. I'm not very superstitious about dreams; but sometimes they have a good deal of truth in them."

"But this was such a peculiar, absurd dream," said Mr. Calhoun, again brushing the back part of his right hand—"however if it does not too much intrude upon the time of our friends, I will relate it."

Of course the company were profuse in their expressions of anxiety to know all about the dream.—In his singularly sweet voice, Mr. Calhoun related it.

"At a late hour last night, as I was sitting in my room, engaged in writing, I was astonished by the entrance of a visitor, who entered, and without a word took a seat opposite me, at my table. This surprised me, as I had given particular orders to the servant, that I should on no account be disturbed.—The manner in which the intruder entered, so perfectly self possessed, taking his seat opposite me, without a word, as though my room and all within it, belonged to him, excited in me as much surprise as indignation. As I raised my head to look into his features, over the top of my shaded lamp, I discovered that he was wrapped in a thin cloak, which almost effectually concealed his face and features from my view. And as I raised my head he spoke.

"What are you writing, Senator from South Carolina?"

"I did not think of his impertinence at first but answered him involuntarily—

"I am writing a plan for the Dissolution of the American Union, (you know, gentlemen that I am expected to produce a Plan of Dissolution in the event of certain contingencies.)

"To this the intruder replied in the coolest manner possible:

"Senator from South Carolina, will you allow me to look at your hand, your right hand?"

"He rose, the cloak fell, and I beheld his face.—Gentlemen, the sight of that face struck me like a thunder clap. It was the face of a dead man, whom extraordinary events have called back to life. The features were those of George Washington; yes, gentlemen, the intruder was none other than George Washington. He was dressed in the revolutionary costume, such as you see preserved in the Patent Office.

Here Mr. Calhoun paused, apparently much agitated. His agitation, I need not tell you, was shared by the company. Toombs at length broke the embarrassing pause.

"Well, well, what was the issue of this scene?"

Mr. Calhoun then resumed: "This intruder, as I have said, arose and asked to look at my right hand. Although I had not the power to refuse, I extended it. The truth is, I felt a strange chill pervade me at his touch; he grasped it and held it near the light, thus affording me full time to examine every feature of his face; it was the face of Washington. Gentlemen, I shuddered as I beheld the horribly *dead alive* look of that visage. After holding my hand for a moment, he looked at me steadily, and said in a quiet way:

"And with this right hand, Senator from South Carolina, you would sign your name to a paper declaring the Union dissolved?"

"I answered in the affirmative. "Yes," said I, if a certain contingency arises I will sign my name to the Declaration of Dissolution." But at that moment, a black blotch appeared on the back of my hand, an inky blotch, which I seem to see even now. "What is that?" cried I, alarmed I know not why at the blotch upon my hand.

"That," said he, dropping my hand, "that is the mark by which Benedict Arnold is known in the next world."

"He said no more, gentlemen, but drew from under his cloak an object which he placed upon the table—placed it upon the very paper on which I was writing. That object, gentlemen, was a skeleton.

"There," said he, "there are the bones of Isaac Hayne, who was hung in Charleston by the British. He gave his life in order to establish the Union.—When you put your name to a Declaration of dissolution, why you may as well have the bones of Isaac Hayne before you; he was a South Carolinian, and so are you. But there was no blotch upon my right hand."

"With these words the intruder left the room. I started back from the contact with the dead man's bones and—awoke. Overcome by labor, I had fallen asleep and been dreaming. Was it not a singular dream?"

All the company answered in the affirmative.—Toombs muttered,

"Singular—very singular!" at the same time looking rather curiously at the back of his right hand—and Mr. Calhoun, placing his hand between his hands, seemed to be buried in thought.

Slanderers, Male and Female.

Blessings and bane are so closely coupled in all matters pertaining to the good things of life, that we need not wonder that many ills flow out of every abuse of the great gift of speech. Talk is spontaneous as breathing, as we have said, but it is far from being always as inoffensive. White handed Brinvilliers poisoned a few people who were soon out of their misery, and she has been for ages held up to execration. Have we never seen a woman who has poisoned twice as many, for life and death, and who yet passes for a good sort of a woman? "apt to speak her mind, but meaning no harm,"—with so little appearance of premeditation or evil intent do her cruelest stabs come. She does but report what she has heard—or she has it from good authority—or she did not say more than others said! In the course of a mornings visit, she will skewer a whole street of her friends' like a lunch of kibaubs, and all peppered for the most fastidious palate. And it must not be thought that women are the only sinners in this regard. There are men, too, who, without the excuse of vacuity or idleness, take a dreadful pleasure in stripping from their compeers the garb in which they appear to the world, and this under a pretence of love of truth and justice! Those disinterested champions of truth and justice are the last men to lay bare their own conscious secret faults to the public eye for the public good. Let us pray that the thing upon which we value ourselves most may never be mentioned in their hearing! Be it wit or wealth, beauty or good humor, humanity, steadfastness, sincerity, or delicacy; pre-eminence in fashion or in learning, success in literature, patience in sorrow, honest effort in adversity, or what not—though it be the immortal jewel of our souls, be cast down and we shall be demolished with greater coolness than will this favorite wing or turret of our character be by the cool breath of the habitual detractor. He speaks daggers and every other word stabs."—*Mrs. Kirkland.*

WASHINGTON.

Extract from Washington's code of manners, written in his early youth:

"Every action ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

Be no flatterer, neither play with any one who delights not to be played with.

Read no papers or books in company. Come not near the papers or books of another when he is writing.

Let your countenance be cheerful, but in serious matters be grave.

Show not yourself glad at another's misfortunes.

Let your discourse with others, on matters of business be short.

It is good manners to let others speak first.

When a man does all he can, do not blame him, though he succeeds not well.

Take admonitions thankfully.

Be not too hasty to believe flying reports to the injury of another.

Let your dress be modest, and consult your condition. Play not the peacock by looking vainly at yourself.

It is better to be alone than in bad company.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy.

Urge not your friend to discover a secret.

Break not a jest where none take pleasure in mirth.

Gaze not on the blemishes of others.

When another speaks, be attentive.

Be not apt to relate news.

Be not curious to know the affairs of others."

BOARDING SCHOOLS.—Holmes describes fashionable boarding schools very truthfully in the following lines:

They sent her to a stylish school;
'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."
They braced her back against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, and starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinched her foot, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins—
Oh! never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins!

GOOD SENTIMENTS.—Agriculture is the nursery of patriotism.

A wise government will not be slow in fostering the agricultural interests.

Let every farmer who has a son to educate, believe and remember, that science lays the foundation of every thing valuable in agriculture.

Science must combine with practice to make a good farmer.

The opposition against book farming rests on the shoulders of two monsters, ignorance and prejudice.

If you separate science from agriculture, you rob a nation of its principal jewel.

A skilful agriculturalist will constitute one of the mightiest bulworks of which civil liberty can boast.

Maine Farmer.

A DANDY'S BRAINS.—A couple of fellows in New York, happened to take a fancy to a young lady, and one of them sent the other a challenge, which was accepted, and accordingly they proceeded to the Jersey to try the cold lead. The seconds loaded the pistols with nothing but powder. The one who received the challenge put a rotten egg in his pocket; and when the pistols were discharged, the dandy, standing ready to fall from the fright, received the egg plump in his forehead, which knocked his spindle shanks to the ground; and applying both hands to his face, scraping off the moving matter, and turning his eyes fully towards Heaven, exclaimed, "See! O, see my brains!"

A gentleman in his eagerness at a table to answer a call for some apple pie, owing to the knife slipping on the bottom of the dish, found his knuckels buried in the crust, when a wag, very gravely observed, whilst he held his plate—

"Sir, may I trouble you for a bit, whilst your hand's in?"

The highest offices are like tops of high rocks—seldom reached except by eagles and reptiles.

BOOKS.

BY E. P. WHIPPLE.

"Books—light houses erected in the good sea of time—books, the precious depositories of the thoughts and creations of genius—books, by whose sorcery time present, and the whole pageantry of the world's history moves before our eyes; these now visit the firesides of the humble, and lavish the treasures of their intellect upon the poor. Could we have Plato, Shakspeare, and Milton, in our dwellings, in the full freshness of their hearts, few scholars would be affluent enough to afford them physical support; but the living images of their minds are within the eyes of all. From their pages their mighty souls look out upon us in all their grandeur and beauty, beauties undimmed by the faults and follies of earthly existence, consecrated by time. Precious and priceless are the blessings which books scatter round our daily paths. We walk in imagination with the noblest spirits, through the most sublim and enchanting regions—regions—regions, which to all that is lovely in the forms of colors of earth,

"Add the gloam,
The light that never was on sea and land."

A motion of the hand brings all Acadia to sight. The war of Troy can at our bidding, rage in the narrowest chamber. Without stirring from our firesides, we may roam to the most distant regions of the earth, or of unearthly beauty, flock to meet us, where angels peal in our ears the choral hyms of paradise. Science, art, literature, and phylosophy—all that man has thought or done, the experience that has been bought by the sufferings of a hundred generations—all are garnered up for us in the world of books. There, among realities, in a 'substantial world,' we move with crowned kings of thought.—There our minds have a free range, our hearts a free utterance. Reason is confined with none of the partitions which trammel it in life. The hard granite of conventionalism melts away as a thin mist. We can call things by their right names. Our lips do not give the lie to our hearts. We bend the knee only to the great and good. We dispise only the dispiceable; we honor only the honorable. In that world, no divinity judges a king, no accidents of rank or fashion ennobles a dunce, or shields a knave. There, and almost only there, do our affections have free play. We can select our companions from among the most richly gifted of the sons of God, and they are companions who will not desert us in poverty, or sickness or disgrace. When everything fails; when fortune frowns, and friends cool, and health forsakes us—when the great world of forms and shows appears a two edged lie, which seems, but is not," when all our earth clinging hopes and ambitions melt away into nothingness,

"Like snow flakes in a river,
One moment white, then gone forever,"

we are still without friends to animate and console us—friends in whose immortal countenances, as they look upon us from books, we can discern no change; who will people solitude with shapes more glorious than ever glittered in palaces; who will consecrate sorrow and take the sting from care, and who in the long hours of despondency and weakness, will send healing to the sick heart, and energy to the wasted brain. Well might Milton exclaim, in that impassioned speech for Liberty of unlicensed printing, where every word leaps with intellectual life—"Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image: but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye."

An educated mind only can properly appreciate this eloquent picture.

Where is the Wilderness?

At the beginning of this century it was in Ohio and Indiana. Twenty five years afterwards it was in Michigan, Wisconsin, and so forth. Last year it was in Minesota Territory. Next year we shall have to seek it in Nebraska and around the Lake of the Woods.

Where the steamboat goes, there the wilderness disappears. And the steamboat is soon to startle the Indian and wake the echoes of the forest above the Falls of the St. Anthony; for a boat is now building there which the St. Paul "Chronicle and Register" of the 19th of January says "is rapidly progressing." The time of launching her has even been fixed—"as soon as the river is clear of ice." The builder hails from Bangor, Maine, the opposite extremity of the Union due east, and is said to be a "highly skilful workman." The dimensions of the craft are 108 feet keel, 120 feet deck, 25 feet beam, and will draw twelve inches light. The machinery is in course of construction at Bangor, and will be at the Falls by the opening of navigation.

Steam navigation "river trade" above the Falls of St. Anthony! POETRY may as well gather up its garments and emigrate from *this* land, unless it can be content to find its thones in the crowded street.

Cincinnati Gazette.

A CLEVER TRICK.

An account is given in the English papers of a shopkeeper, who invented a plan to detect the dishonest propensities of his customers. He procured a newly coined half sovereign, and with a particle of gum affixed it to the inside of the top of the glass show-case on the counter, in such a manner that it appeared to be lying on the outward surface, and by frequently observing the conduct of customers on various occasions, was enabled to determine with a degree of certainty, whose intentions were upright and whose the opposite. It was no less strange than alarming to note the number of those who attempted by various strategy to appropriate it to their own use. Now a lady would carefully lay her handkerchief upon the case immediately over the covered coin, and in removing it cautiously, with her thumb and finger, would nip that portion of it supposed to contain the prize. Another would cover the spot with her muff, and, while pretending to examine some article with one hand, endeavor to secure the little innocent with the other. Some would anxiously inquire for goods on the shelves behind, to divert attention from the object of their cupidity, while others scrupulously emptied their purses, when making payment, immediately over and around the unsuspecting coin, that in gathering up again it might be harvested. They all looked terribly disappointed, but never again visited the shop. Served him right! No man should thus lead any one into temptation.

TELEGRAPHIC.—The Buffalo *Commercial* told the following good one, on the colored population of Wisconsin:

A colored "possum" in business at Milwaukie, who had left his affairs in the hands of his partner, while he should take a short trip East, recently telegraphed back from Detroit, in the following words:

"How is things going on?"

The reply he received was—

"Things is workin'."

This was satisfactory. But when he returned to Milwaukie, the unfortunate man found that his partner had sold out the stock, and appropriated the proceeds, and ran away with his absent friend's wife!

Things had worked!

A Greek maid being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, replied: "I will bring him what gold cannot purchase—a heart unspotted, and virtue without a stain, which is all that descended to me from my parents."

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun; the brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dull reflection—itself a broader shade. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws itself. The stars arise, and the night is holy.

"Pa, can corn hear?" "No, child, of course not." "Whats it got ears for then?" "Jane put that boy to bed."

The Yankee.

Somebody, speaking of his character, says: "Place him upon a rock in the middle of the ocean, with a pen knife and a bunch of shingles, he would work his way to shore. He sells salmon from the Kenebec, to the people of Charlestown; haddock, fresh from Cape Cod, to the planters of Mantanzas; raises coffee in Cuba; swaps mules and horses for molasses in Porto Rico; retails ice from Fresh Pond in Cambridge, in the East Indies; takes muston from Brighton to New Orleans, and to South America; manufactures mucalis for the Governor of Jamaica; becomes an admiral in a foreign nation; starts in a cockleshell craft of fifteen tons, loaded with onions, mackerel, and "notions" for Valparaiso; baits his trap on the Columbia river; catches wild beasts in Africa for Macomber's caravan; sells granite on contract to rebuild St. Juan de Ulloa; crosses the Rio Grande, and takes daguerreotypes of dead Mexicans; he is ready, like Leydard, to start for Timbuctoo to-morrow morning—exiles himself four years from home, to sketch in their wilderness the wild men of the woods, and astonishes refined Europe with the presence of the untutored savage."

Gold Hunting.

An incident was related to us yesterday, of an old man from Syracuse, New York, who had been taken sick at the mines out on the Sacramento, and who, after having exhausted all his provisions, was in a most deplorable state. He went about from tent to tent, among the miners, to beg a mouthful to keep him from starvation.—The miners, in scattering out, generally take a rod square, which is considered the limits of their diggings. Entering a camp one day, the old man begged for a meal, and told his story of adversity. "Let's give him a chance," said the men, "he's an old man and is sick; what say you? let's help him out." "Well, agreed," replied the party. "Here, old man," said one of them, "you may have that spot over yonder what you see that rock; so take your pick and go to work'" The old man started out, and the first day realized the sum of sixty dollars. This gave him new hope, and his friends rejoiced with him at his good luck. The next day, however, the old man was unlucky, and did not realize a cent. They told him to try it again, and he did so. In picking under the rock, after the exertion of a whole day, the old man found what is called a "hen's nest," from which in one week, he realized the handsome sum of $17,000. His friends told him he had better stop now, as he was old, and start home. So he adopted their advice, and went on the steamer at Chagres, for New York city. We hope the old gentleman may live to enjoy his good fortune.

N. O. Picayune.

HAYNE AND WEBSTER.

Our object is to give a sketch of Congress, as it is—its members and its manners, but we must be pardoned if we travel a little out of the record to a point of time removed some years back. We refer to the great South Carolina debate upon the tariff question of 1833. We were in the gallery. The nullification fever had arisen almost phrenzy high. Members of all parties had deserted the lower House to witness the splintering of lances between Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, and Daniel Webster. When we entered the hall Gen. Hayne was speaking. He was a man of general youthful appearance, with his shirt collar turned over his cravat, and his hair smoothly brushed across his forehead. He was of middle stature, and well made. He was speaking energetically; his eyes were peculiarly brilliant, and his face was extremely pale; he moved up and down the aisles formed between the desks, with a rapid and agitated step; his gestures were vehement, and he appeared to be under a high state of excitement. We were peculiarly struck with his whole appearance, and the tone of feeling evident in the chamber. Mr. Calhoun, then Vice President, was in the chair.—With his large, steady and vigilent eyes witnessing the first great battle of his doctrine, he seemed the very spirit of embodied interest; not a word, not a gesture escaped his lion-look. The Senate was deeply interested, as a matter of course. The language of Gen. Hayne was rich and vigorous, and his powerful sketch of the effect of the import law on the South—the description of her people—his own bold and hazardous elocution and impetuous bearing—were evidently making a strong impression on the body! From time to time, attention would be directed from him to the gentleman who was expected to answer him, and whom General Hayne attacked, under the cover of a terrible and galling fire.

Cold, serene, dark and melancholy, that man thus assailed, set apart, bleak and frowning as a mountain rock, he evidently felt the gigantic influences that were at work around him, but his profound mind was strengthening itself for the contest. And how deeply solemn was that hour, that moment? how grand that scene, and what were the meditation and spirit rallyings of that dark man? His countenance wavered not during the whole of that tremendous speech. Assault after assault was made upon him, but yet he neither turned to the right nor left, but calmly and gallantly like a soldier waiting the signal, he bided his hour. That time of retaliation came, swift as the thoughts of vengeance, to Daniel Webster. Who will forget the exordium of that remarkable effort, the lashing sarcasm, the withering tones of that voice, and the temper of his language? "Gen. Hayne, we remember distinctly, changed color and appeared to be disconcerted. But who that heard him will permit the peroration to be forgotten?—those closing passages of grandeur, the majestic allusion to the flag of freedom and his country. Looking with his dark and lustrous eye through the glass dome of the chamber, over which he could see the banner flowing, he delivered an apostrophe, which has never been surpassed, and seldom equalled. It composed a figure of the most thrilling interest—a burst of solemn and pathetic feeling; and coming from such a source, (a man generally esteemed phlegmatic,) it was electric. It was like the beam of sunset, or the gleam of summer lightning, radiating the brow of the cliff to which we have above alluded.

But these scenes are past, and the country has the benefit of these speeches; but the memory of them, and the incidents that attended them, are forcibly impressed on our mind.—*National Magazine.*

PHYSIC vs. LAW.—In a case before the Mayor on Saturday, in which an M. D., who has a favorite Newfoundland dog, charged some parties with the commission of a felonious assault upon him in the street at night, the counsel for the defence—a clever tyro in the legal profession—asked the complainant what his dog was doing all the while the accused were assailing him. The doctor replied that Towser appeared to be keeping the scoundrels at bay; adding, that he would not pretend, however, to tell what the canine was really at, for he was only eighteen months old, and had not yet acquired quite the sagacity of some of the young members of the Philadelphia Bar!

The election of a Speaker cost the United States eighty thousand dollars. An exchange says that "Corn ought to be high when a *Cobb* bears such a price."

Xenophon tells of an Egyptian who being sent by his wife to purchase perfumes, brought her a jar of fresh water.

Widows have been compared to green wood, which while it is burning on one side, is weeping on the other.

It is estimated that forty millions of dollars are annually expended in the United States for quack medicines.

"ON, STANLEY, ON!"

In the National House of Representatives, a few days since, Mr. STANLEY, a Whig Member from North Carolina, made a right clever little speech on the Slavery question. From it we take the following extracts:

Mr. STANLEY said—Gentlemen speak of aggression upon the South. We have a President who owns 200 negroes—a slaveholder, and an excellent gentleman, was elected speaker of this House. We have a good share of Southern men in the Cabinet. The Supreme Court stands 5 to 4. The South have many of the Foreign Ministers, and yet we hear nothing but aggression; and Gen. Taylor received more votes in the free States than Gen. Cass, and only a majority of two million five hundred and eighty-three thousand six hundred and fourteen votes over this terrible horde of abolishtionists.

He would say to Mr. Stevens, who had drawn such horrible pictures of slavery, that he would not have spoken to a decent negro, especially if he had gray hair, as the gentleman had spoken to the House. (Laughter.) When he arrived at man's estate, sixty voters out of three hundred in Newbern, were free negroes; but in 1830 the constitution was amended to exclude them, by a vote of 60 to 65. Not one man now could be found in that State to advocate such a proposition. Slavery cannot be emancipated.

There, now, make your speeches, and if you have got any shame, let the blush appear on your cheek. He who has knowledge, without the refinement of heart, if he have not this, though he preach fine things, he is sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. But for your efforts, hundreds of thousands of slaves would have been emancipated in that State now—would have had the education they should have received, and in the language of the Psalmist, we would have seen Ethiopia herself stretching her hands to God for joy. Stick to your lectures. He would say utter smart things—advertise them, and sell them—write about the killing of Morgan, but let us alone. (Laughter.) Let these fellows say that slavery is an agreement with hell. Let them die and cast them forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem. (Laughter.) Are we to prevent California, Oregon, and Minesota, from coming into the Union? Are we to have another foreign war to propagate slavery? Gentlemen say they of the South will be hemmed in by free States.—How are they to help it? Has not Mexico abolished slavery? New Mexico can have slavery or not, as she pleases. As to California, it is for her people to decide that right. He had no idea, by refusing her admission, to compel her to set up for herself. Are we to reject a State because she does not tolerate slavery? If no Southern man but one votes for her admission, I will. (Applause.)

He did not wish to go with the propagandists. South Carolina and Virginia had passed resolutions, casting reflections on North Carolina, because she would not go with them. The North State stands on her own hook, and when the Southern confederacy comes, she will stand against "the rest of mankind." (Laughter.)—He had heard of rumors as to attempts made to break up the organization of the House, and the use of knives and pistols; and it was said that one-fifth could stop the wheels of government. He had a process to prevent that. He did not believe that any such scheme was contemplated. We don't come here for that purpose. We have two hundred and thirty-two members. The constitution provides that two thirds may expel a member. Don't you think that they can put into the penitentiary a fellow who makes the attempt? (Laughter.)

He recommended to those who have ever had this in contemplation, to read Burr's trial, and they will see that treason can be committed without a man being present at the time. When persons go to Nashville to hold a convention, he should advise them to read extracts from Jackson's message of 1833. When the people of the State of Tennessee, where is Jackson's grave, have not forgotten their duty, they will drive the traitors into the Cumberland river.

He believed in special Providence. Washington had two horses shot from under him, and Gen. Jackson saved the Union in 1833, and Gen. Taylor will save it now, and his name will go beautifully to posterity. The Union must be saved and will be saved. Let gentlemen carry on their schemes—the great mass of Southern people are right. He said in the name of the people of the good old North State—this Union cannot be dissolved. Those "whom God has joined together, no man can put asunder."

"New York by Gas Light."

A FASHIONABLE OYSTER SALOON.—The oyster cellars, with their bright lamps casting broad gleams of light across the street, are now in full tide, and every instant sees them swallow up at one door a party of rowdy and half drunken young men, on their way to the theatre, the gambling house, the bowling saloon, or the brothel—or most likely all in turn—while another is vomiting up the other stair way, having already swilled their fill of oysters and brandy, and garnished their reeking mouths each with an atrocious segar, which the bar keeper recommends as "full flavored." If we step down one of these wide entrances we shall see a long counter, gorgeously decked with crystal decanters and glasses, richly carved and gilt, and the wall ornamented with a voluptuous picture of a naked Venus—perhaps the more seductive from being exquisitely painted. Before the long marble bar are ranged some dozen or score of individuals, waiting their turn for liquor—while on the other side, a man with his shirt sleeves rolled up and his face in a fiery glow, seems to be pulling long ribbons of julip out of a tin cup. At the other end of the room is a row of little stalls, each fitted up with its gas-burner, its red curtain, its little table and voluptuous picture, and all occupied with busy eaters. In the rear of these boxes range of larger apartments called "private rooms," where men and women enter promiscuously, eat, drink and make merry, and disturb the whole neighborhood far beyond mid night. The women, of course, are all of one kind—but among the men, you would find, if you looked curiously, reverend judges and juvenile delinquents, pious and devout hypocrites, and undisguised libertines and debauchees. Gamblers and fancy men, high-flyers and spooneys, genteel pickpockets and burglars, even, sometimes mingle in the detestable orgies of those detestable caverns; and the shivering policeman who crawls sleepily by at the dead of night, mechanically raps his bludgeon upon the pavement as he hears the boisterous mirth below, may be reminding a grave functionary of the city, that it is time to go home to his wife and children after the discharge of his "arduous public duties."

If you will properly regulate the quantity of what you eat, you may indulge a little—nay, a good deal in the quality.

The Hungarians, now in New York, have issued an address very ably written, in which the past and present position of Hungary is stated; and earnest thanks are rendered for the sympathy that has always been extended to them by the citizens of this country.

Ridicule must be a very easy thing, for we see so many young men excel in it who never succeed in anything else.

Four boxes govern the world—the cartridge box, the jury box, the ballot box, and the band box.