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, APRIL 4, 1850. NO. 43.

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 Nov'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

DRUGS! DRUGS!

I HAVE just received a fresh stock of Medicines, Paints, Glass, Oil, &c., which having been purchased with great care at the best city houses, I can confidently recommend to Families, Physicians, Country Merchants and Dealers, as being fresh and pure.

DRUGS.

Patent Medicines,	Herbs and Extracts,
Fine Chemicals,	Spices, ground or whole.
Instruments,	Essences,
Pure Essential Oils,	Perfumery, &c.

Cod Liver Oil—Warranted Genuine.

DYE STUFFS.

Indigoes,	Log and Cam Woods,
Madders,	Oil Vitriol,
Sumac,	Copperas,
Alum,	Lac Dye

PAINTS.

Wetherill & Brother's Pure Lead, Chrome, Green and Yellow, Paint and Varnish Brushes, Jersey Window Glass, Linseed Oil, Turpentine, Copal and Coach Varnish, and Red Lead. All of which will be sold at the very lowest market price, at the cheap Drug and Book store of

S. W. HAVERSTICK.

Carlisle, March 28, 1850

The Cheap Store!

THE subscribers have just returned from the city with the cheapest and best stock of DRY-GOODS, &c., ever brought to Carlisle. It consists in part of

Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinets,

and Vestings; a great stock of summer goods for Men and Boys' wear, Mous de laines, Lawns, Ginghams, Bareges, Alpachas, Barege de laines, lots of Calicoes, Checks, Tickings, Muslins, Flannels, Table and Towelling Drapers, Table Cloths, Oil Cloths, Umbrellas and Parasols, Ribbons, Stockings, Gloves, Linen Cambric and Silk Handkerchiefs, Laces, Edgings and Insertings, of different kinds, Cap Nets, Tarleton, Swiss, Book, Mull, Jaconet and Cambric Muslins, Dotted Swiss Muslins, an elegant assortment of

Cheap Bonnets,

of the most fashionable kinds, Palm Leaf, Straw, and Braid Hats, Groceries, Queensware, Carpet Chain, Hardware, &c., some handsome and cheap *CARPETS*, together with a variety of Goods in our line, which have all been laid in for cash, and will be sold at lower prices than they can be bought at in the county. We respectfully invite every body to call and *judge for themselves*, as we are determined to offer great bargains this season.

A. & W. BENTZ.

March 21, 1850.

At P. Monyer's

CARLISLE, PA.,

IS the place where country merchants and the public in general, will find the largest and best assortment of

Confectionaries,

ever offered in this county, manufactured of the best material express'y for the Holidays, and will be sold wholesale or retail at the Old Stand of the subscriber North Hanover street, a few doors north of the Bank, where all are invited to call and examine for themselves, as it would be impossible to mention all the varieties. He would also call attention to a large assortment of Fruits and Nuts of the latest importations, consisting of

ORANGES, LEMONS, RAISINS,

Figs, Prunes, Grapes, Citron, Dates, Almonds, English Walnuts, Cream Nuts, Filberts, Pea Nuts, Cocoa Nuts, &c. In connection with the above he has just received a large assortment of English, French, and American

Toys & Fancy Goods,

consisting in part of fine French Card and Sewing Baskets of entirely new patterns, Fancy Boxes of wood, paper and glass, Wax and other Doll-heads, Kid and Jointed Dolls; Basket, Bell Bone, and other Rattles, Games and Puzzles of the latest style; Furniture, tea setts, and nine in boxes, fiddles, guitars, pianos, accordeons, harmonicans, drums, guns, and other articles of war, Glass and China toys, mantle ornaments, Tools in boxes, woolly dogs, wagons and wheelbarrows, tubs, cradles, Noah's Arks, masks, marbles of all kinds, fancy soaps, cologne, ox marrow, shaving cream, hair and clothes Brushes, &c. He has also on hand a prime lot of FRESH GROCERIES, consisting of Coffees, Teas, Sugars, Molasses, Crackers, Cheese, Spices of all kinds, and in fact all articles in the Grocery line, which will be disposed of at the lowest rates.

Orders from a distance thankfully received and promptly attended to. P. MONYER.

Carlisle, Dec. 6, 1849.

Bargains!

THE subscribers respectfully inform the public that they are determined to close out the remaining stock of Winter goods, without regard to cost. Persons wishing to purchase cheap goods will save 20 per cent by calling at the cheap store of

February 7, 1850. ARNOLD & LEVI.

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.

10 TONS Hammered and Rolled Iron, just received at the cheap Hardware store of the subscriber in East High street. HENRY SAXTON.

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 Janies 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 FAMILY MEETING.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

The following piece was written, as the author informs us, on the occasion of the accidental meeting of all the surviving members of a family, the father and mother of which, one eighty-two, and the other eighty years old, had lived in the same house for fifty three years.

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled—we're all AT HOME!
To-night let no cold stranger come!
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearths we're found.
Bless then the meeting and the spot;
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle Peace assert her power,
And kind Affection rule the hour;
"We're all—all here.

We're not all here!
Some are away—the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour of guileless mirth.
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in and thinned our little band;
Some like a night-flash passed away,
And some sank, lingering, day by day:
The quiet grave yard—some lie there—
And cruel ocean has his share—
We're not all here.

We're are all here!
Even they, the dead—though dead, so dear,
Fond Memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How life like, through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears!
We see them as in times long past;
From each to each kind looks a cast;
We hear their words, their smiles behold,
They're round us as they were of old—
We are all here!

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said;
Soon must we join the gathered dead,
And by the hearth we now sit round
Some other circle will be found.
O, then, that wisdom may we know,
Which yield a life of peace below!
So in the world to follow this,
May each repeat in words of bliss;
We're all—all here!

Miscellaneous.

A YANKEE IN A SHOWER BATH.

Kind reader, did you ever take a shower bath? I mean a right cold one, and in cold weather? If you have, you will know how to appreciate the feelings of my friend, Tom C——, upon the momentous occasion of his first shower bath, in the city of Boston, and month of March, 184—.

Tom C—— hails from a long way "Down East," or, as he used himself to say, he "was *brought up as near to sunrise as he could get without burning*, and where the woods were so thick the moon could'nt *rise without help*." *He stands six feet two natural*, and six feet six when he stretches. His breadth is not quite in proportion, although his bones were gotten up for a giant. Had they been fairly covered with flesh, he would have been valuable to "Barnum." The truth is, Tom was very lean indeed, and this leanness annoyed him exceedingly. His clothes would be open at the elbows and knees in half the time of those of his fatter fellows, and Tom vowed *to get fat, if only for the sake of economy.*

Some kind friend recommended the *Gymnasium* as likely to be beneficial, and Tom forthwith enrolled himself at Sheridan's. It was there I first met him, and a right good fellow, with plenty of fun and wit in him, he proved to be, in spite of his unpromising exterior.

Among the gymnasts, Dr. W—— was conspicuous, not only for his skill in all athletic feats, but also *for his beautiful, compact form, and superabundant* muscle. When he "peeled," his arms and chest looked smooth as a woman's, and yet as muscular as those of a "pocket Hercules."

How our friend Tom envied the Dr.! Many questions did he put to him about regimen, exercise, &c., and their effect in producing flesh on the human frame. The Dr. attributed his redundancy to plenty of exercise, plenty to eat, and above all, to the daily use of the *shower bath.*

"Waal," said Tom one day, with his inimitable drawl, "I'm *sure I've skinned up and down these* ladders and ropes long enuff; as for eating 'taint to be expected that one man can eat enuff to fatten such an allfired skeleton as mine. I wish I may be darned if I don't try that shower bath, you tell so much about."

As Tom and I were as thick as two such thin men could be, I volunteered to show him where he could get one in short order. We accordingly started for the United States Hotel, then called Texas. In the basement story of this house were a large number of *bathing rooms, fitted up with hot, cold* and shower baths. The latter was temporary wooden *boxes standing on end, with doors bolting on* the inside, and a very capacious showering apparatus in the top.

I went in to take a warm bath, while Tom made ready for his cold one in the next room. As the partitions were very thin, I heard him soliloquising something after this fashion—

"Waal, now, that upright coffin with holes in the bottom, and a stove in the top, may pass for a shower *bath here, but I guess if we had it down East,* 'twouldn't be long afore we had it sot for eels!—Blast the thing! wonder how it works? *Here, you* Susan, Sally, what's your name?" calling to the servant girl, "just cum here and show me how the critter works. I don't see no shower."

"Oh! my!" cried the girl, "don't you know how? Why! 'tis easy enuff! You pull this here string, and I guess you'll see a shower, and feel it too."

Tom, who stood outside, caught hold of the string, and before the girl could interfere, gave it a *tremendous* pull, when down came a deluge of water, spattering them, and swimming the carpet.

"There, now you see!" said the girl indignantly.

"Yes, I see now," replied Tom very coolly.

All this amused me considerably, but I had a presentiment that the fun was not finished.

Tom adjourned to the room on the other side of mine, and the girl to wiping up the carpet. Before Tom had gotten ready to enter his bath, I was out of mine and nearly *dressed.* All had been still in his room for several minutes, except an occasional mut*tering of disconnected* sentences, such as—

"Wonder what there is about this to fatten a man? Never heard Noah was very fat, and he took one for forty days. Mighty small place to stuff my carcase into. Guess there isn't much danger of the waters coming up high enough to drown me. Wonder if 'twill tell anything as that blasted shower did down to Bath last summer," &c., &c.

I heard him after stepping into his closet, shut the door, which he carefully bolted; and the next minute there came a crashing "*slam bang*" on the floor that made the house shake, followed by the most terrific screams and shouts of "Oh! oh! oh! Lord! Oh! oh! Thunder and lightning! Murder! Fire! Water! Let me out! I'm drowning! Help! *for God's sake help!*" *and ending* by calling on me vociferously.

In an instant not only I, but every servant and all others within hearing, male and female, were in the room. Although he had not ceased shouting, nothing was to be seen of Tom, but in the centre of the floor laid the shower bath, door downwards, and the whole affair absolutely jumping from Tom's superhuman efforts to relieve himself. He rolled it over, the door flew open, and out tumbled the most astonishing mass of *arms*, LEGS, and body ever presented to the astonishing gaze of human eyes.

One moment was given to astonishment; the next the women scampered and then mortal risibles could *stand it no longer.*

We rolled on the floor in little short of convulsions. Tom raised himself up, too happy in his fancied escape to be very angry at us, but still evidently trying to assume some dignity. *Dignity* from such a *figure*, in such a *plite!!* We roared louder than ever, and Tom finding it was of no use, joined in the chorus, until we were compelled to stop from sheer exhaustion.

He then—*having hustled on a part of his garments*—answered our repeated enquiries of "how it happened?"

"Why, you see, when I got into that infernal man trap there, I bolted the door, and then it took me some time to screw up my courage. I knew it was *all fired* cold, and so I thought I would bring down the shower a little at a time. Waal, you see, I pulled the string—consarn it—kinder softly, about an inch to once. I had my shoulders drawn up, my head down, my eyes and teeth shut, and gave it another little pull, when *kerchouse!* came a *hull ocean* of ice water, right slap on my head, blinding me, *taking away my breath, and fairly quackling me.* I made one jump for the door, but the plaguy thing was bolted, and over went the hull machine *kerslap* on the floor! Then I got frightened, and thought I was drowing sure enuff. May be I didn't sing out and try to strike out, but 'twarnt no use. I filled the machine so full I couldn't stir enuff only to knock all the skin off my knees and elbows. Just then you came in and let me out, and you know all the rest. Plaguenation take the shower bath! I wouldn't take another if 'twas to make me as fat as Daddy Lambert."

Nor has poor Tom to this day, but remains a perfect Calvin Edson on a mammoth scale.

N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

Society in London.

That "there are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamed of" is the philosophy of the wisest of men, is proved by every day's experience.—A correspondent writes from London as follows of a new phase in life, at least new to us in the new world, though we doubt not some of the practical or progressive minds among us will take a hint from this new mode of life:

"We have many modes of getting a living in *London which you know scarcely by name*—viz; the vending of cat and dog meat. There are upwards of three hundred itinerant retailers of this article daily preambulating the streets of London and its environs. Upwards of five hundred worn out horses are slaughtered every week to supply these retail venders. Each yields on an average 2 cwt. of *flesh, when cooked by boiling. This is sold by the* wholesale dealer to the retailer at 14s. per cwt. in winter, and 16s. in summer; these retailers sell it to the owners of cats and dogs at 2d. per lb. Some retailers vend as much as a cwt per day, and the whole three hundred average about half a cwt.—the price is increased for all purchases below a pound in weight. Thus the furnishing of boiled horse flesh to the dogs and cats of London cost their owners not less that £50,000 a year. Humble as this mode of getting a living is, there are many instances on record where *individuals have, by pursuing it, acquired a com*fortable provision for old age. We wish that there *was no more degrading employment followed in our* great metropolis; the venders of cat and dog meat are gentlemen compared with tens of thousands of their fellow citizens.

DENOUNCEMENT OF MARRIAGE IN FASHIONABLE LIFE.—The Cincinnati *Dispatch*, of the 28th ult, says:—Every body will recollect the high wrought and gorgeous description of the wedding of Mr. T. B. *Lawrence, son of Abbott Lawrence, Minister of the* United States near the Court of St. James." The *descriptions were high wrought; penny a liners were* brought from the Eastern cities to note the bridal array, the brilliant *trosseau* of the bride—the magnificent jewels and the splendid dresses direct from Paris. Even the "bridal chamber" was thrown open to vulgar gaze, and the nuptial couch and Parian purity of the sheets submitted to gross criticism.—*The pick and choice of the "Upper Ten" of the* whole Union were present. Governors and ex-Governors were "as thick as hops." Members of Congress were as common as in the federal city in the term time; the bridal attendants numbered many beautiful representatives of every portion of the Union—blondes of the North and brunettes of the South. Every thing "went merry as a marriage bell." The parties went to their home in Boston.—*The honey moon had scarcely waned; when a flare* up occurred, and a separation follows. The follow*ing disgraceful sequel to the brilliant description* we have before noticed we find in the Louisville papers of Monday! Whatever just cause Mr. Lawrence may have for his course—and only those know where the shoe pinches who wear it—we think this sequel to the grandiloquent accounts of his marriage proves him to be a small potato indeed. Verily, let those who rejoice in "love in a cottage" ponder upon the vagaries of the blind god, when domiciled in a palace!—

NOTICE.—Whereas, my wife, Sallie W. Lawrence, *wilfully and without cause deserted me*, this is to caution all persons against harboring or trusting her *on my account*, as I hold myself responsible for no debts contracted by her. T. B. LAWRENCE.

Boston, Feb. 18, 1850.

AS GOOD AS IF IT WERE ESOP.—A mouse ranging about a brewery, happening to fall into a vat of beer, was in imminent danger of being drowned, and appealed to a cat to help him out. The cat replied—"It is a foolish request; for as soon as I got you I shall eat you."

The mouse replied, that fate would be better than *to be drowned in beer.* The cat lifted him out; but the fume of the beer caused puss to sneeze, and the mouse took refuge in his hole.

The cat called on the mouse to come out. "You, sir, did you not promise that I should eat you?"

"Ah," replied the mouse, "but you know I was in liquor at that time."

Mr. Clingman in his speech said that the amount *of loss in Delaware by the running away of slaves*, is $100,000 in each year. A Delaware Senator says that $50,000 will purchase *all the slaves in that State!*

One of the most beautiful gems in oriental literature is contained in the passage from a Persian poet *Sadi, quoted by Sir W. Jones, the sentiment of which* is embodied in the following lines:

The Sandal tree perfumes when riven,
The axe that laid it low;
Let man who hopes to be forgiven,
Forgive and bless his foe.

Girls! never run away from your parents till you are quite sure the young gentlemen you do it with don't intend to run away from you. This *advice* is worth a year's subscription but we give it gratis.

From the Baltimore Clipper.

OH! COME TO ME!

BY MISS V. E. FOWLER.

Oh! come to me when Spring is come—
When birds are gay, and flowers bloom—
When zephyrs lift *an airy wing*,
Made fragrant by the flow'rs of Spring—
When violets deck the verdant hills—
When music echoes from the rills—
When *all* is beautiful to see;
When nature smiles, oh! come to me.

Oh! *come to me when morning breaks*
In sunshine o'er the glassy lakes
And gay birds wake the merry strain;
That wonders o'er the budding plain—
When brighter grows each rising beam,
And earth's fairy spot doth seem—
When all is joyous harmony
With sunny smiles, oh! come to me.

Oh! come to me in the fancy bright;
When twilight deepens into night—
When moonlight lends its silver beams,
And stars are mirror'd in the streams—
When soft light revels in my bower
And memory sitHs the pensive hour;
And murmurs all of Hope and Thee—
In visions bright, oh! come to me.

INDOLENCE.

"They that waste their time in sleep,
And never sow, will never reap."

How can they expect it? The bee must be busy among the flowers, or he will be badly off *for honey*; we must be busy with our books, or we shall never get wisdom; and we must be active with our needles, or we shall never get our work done. King Solomon says, "I went by the field of the slothful man, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down." What a frightful picture! Who would ever be slothful? The very thought is shocking. Solomon was the wisest of men; let us profit by what he says of the slothful man.

"We must work as well as play,
And grow wise every day."

Indeed we must, or else we shall be very ignorant. Patient Job said, "shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" And the Apostle Paul said, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith be content."—There never were better men than Job and the Apostle Paul, and we must try to do as they did.

P. Gazette.

The Dark Ages.

The dark ages of superstition and ignorance have passed away, and we are now a happy and prosperous people, living in an age when man has immerged from the night of heathenism, into the light of civilization. We were formed by the great Architect of the world, to accomplish his grand design of wisdom. But in the early history of the world, we find man but a degree above the state of nature; having no traits of rationality, save a human form and organs of speech. But the mind—the most noble part in man, remained darkened, and no rays of intelligence illumined the midnight of its gloomy halls. Man merely existed, moved and ate, and lived for no other purpose. Man was slain by his brother man, and conscience worked no remorse in his stony heart. Time went on; and by *degrees* religion found its way into the hearts of the *human family, dimly at first*, but with a *sure* purpose. A few at first embraced it—*a very few, and those were compelled to undergo the severest* ordeals, but they were firm and unwavering in their faith—even sacrificing their lives, for their religions sake. The consuming fires of the *stake* glowed with the innocent blood of murdered christians; yet the work of holy reformation gradually kept gaining way, and the sun of christianity began to disperse the shadows of heathen darkness, which hung around the human family, and the dark and bloody reign of Nero, no longer had power to manacle the limbs and minds of the millions of the human family. The moral darkness which caused them to worship at the altars of *brass* and *golden* idols, and caused them to bow ignominious to stalks and stones, has been penetrated by the rays of intellectual truth, and man has risen to his proper scale in creation. He has thrown off the fetters which bound him, and stands before the world a rational and accountable being.

The Rich Banker.

CHRISTOPHER BULLEN.—Christopher Bullen, of the banking firm of Leyland, Bullen & Co., recently died at his residence near Liverpool. Mr. Bullen was probably one of the wealthiest men in Europe, for he has, it is confidently stated by the English journalists, left behind cash to the amount of £5,000,000 or £7,000,000. *Although so very rich*, he was parsimonious to an extreme degree. He resided *in a house of his uncle, Mr. Leyland the founder of* the bank, but although a comparatively small man *sion*; he occupied only two or three apartments, and allowed the remainder to fall into decay—so much so, that the parlors and drawing rooms were tenanted by sparrows, swallows and bats, the unglazed windows affording them free ingress and egress.

*He saw no company, courted no society, and in*dulged only in one taste—the purchase of pictures. *His paintings are numerous*, but he never hung them up, never exposed them; they now remain as they did during his lifetime, piled up, their faces turned to the wall. For years his health has been bad and some time ago he paid a visit to Malta, Smyrna, &c., and returned greatly improved in constitution, but the expenses distressed him, and it was only by threat of legal proceedings that he was induced to pay the physician who accompanied him £700.—Some time ago, a *merchant in difficulties was la*menting to him the state of finances, when he observed: "*You are happier than I am, you have got* no money, but you have good health; I have plenty of money, but I have bad health; I wish I could exchange with you."

A MAN EATEN BY WOLVES.—The New York Courier extracts from the Republique, published at Tarbes, *High Pyrinees, France, the following* horrible account of a man being destroyed by wolves near that place:

On the night of the 4th ult., a terrible drama, *without a precedent, perhaps, in the annals of our* country, occurred in the valley of the Aure. A pedlar was *returning from* the village of Sarracelin, about nine o'clock in the evening, to his *home, when* in a sharp turn of the road, the miserable man found himself face to face with *five wolves*, which the snow had driven from the mountains into the valley, to obtain something to eat. Imagine the fright, the terror of the unfortunate man. He was without arms; except his walking stick, which was found broken, the mud in the road, which was much stirred up, all seemed to indicate that he had made a desperate, though useless resistance. How long a time the combat continued, and all the details of this horrible drama, are wrapt in mystery. All that is certain is that the wolves, after having killed their victim, dragged his body some steps from the road, and there entirely devoured it. The next day they found his shoes and *fragments of* his clothes; these, with a human skull, drowned in a sea of blood, being all that *remained of the* unfortunate man.

A NEW TITLE.—During a temperance festival at Charleston, Father Matthew obtained a new title by the following toast:

"The Mississippi of Men—*The Father of Waters*—*Father Matthew.*"

It is to be presumed that the giver of this sentiment had no intention of including "strong waters" in it.

THE AFFIANCED.

BY OUR MARY.

With a bounding step and a beaming eye
He flew to the plum tree grove,
Where the silver stream ran murmuring by
And the oak tree towered above.

But it was not the redd'ning plums he sought,
Nor the life of the 'frighted deer;
A higher aim—more ravishing thought
Impelled the young pioneer.

His *heart was light as the buoyant air*
As he passed by shrub and flower,
For Fanny had promised to meet him there,
Alone, in the grape vine bower.

Ah little, I ween, his steps delayed
To gaze at the bounding deer,
Nor long sat she in the grape vine shade
Awaiting the young pioneer.

His glowing cheek to hers was pressed,
His arm around her neck was thrown,
His hand lay on her heaving breast;
That bounding heart was all his own.

He, kissing, whispered vows to prove
Forever faithful and sincere;
And Fanny, trembling, owned her love
For him, her bold young pioneer.

From the Cleveland (Ohio) Plaindealer.

J. C. FREMONT.

*The history of this young man is highly inter*esting. John Charles Fremont is young in years, but has seen and studied much. For him I predict a more brilliant career than has ever attended any man in the Senate Chamber, notwithstanding the distinguished positions that have been attained by the dead as well as some of the living. He was born in South Carolina in 1814, and graduated at the Charleston College. In 1838 he was appointed by Mr. Van Buren a lieutenant in the army, and an attache to the Corps of Topographical Engineer, his business *called him to Washington, where he became ac*quainted with the second daughter of the Hon. Thos. H. Benton in 1841. Young, vivacious, and ambitious, this stripling in epaulettes had the temerity to ask the young lady's hand in marriage, notwithstanding he knew those much higher in authority had solicited the same in vain. Miss Benton most readily consented, as far as she was concerned, but intimated that she had a father who had manifested some degree of interest in her welfare, and might want to be consulted in the matter; she laid the pro*posal before the old gentleman.* He objected to the proposition in toto. "His daughter, educated for a *Prinke, was not going to marry a Corporal.*" Fremont was forbidden to enter his council, and Miss Benton was put under guard. "Old Tom" had overacted the matter. He did not then know the young Lieutenant. His daughter, too, took that occasion to show her *Benton*, and as "Old Tom" had stuck to the "Expunging Resolutions" she was bound to stick to her young lover against all the world. The next the anxious father knew of his once devoted daughter, *she had escaped her keepers*, and in a private parlor at Gadsby's Hotel was interchanging *vows before a magistrate with the banished Lieu*tenant.

At first the old man raged, but soon was made acquainted with the *metal* of his new son in law; a reconciliation took place, and in Old Tom Fremont has not only had a friend, but an admirer ever since.

His travels, researches, scientific explorations, and feats of valor and suffering in the far West are *events known to the world, and we may say without* a parallel.

In 1844, during the administration of President Tyler, he was brevoted, in one day, both to a lieutenancy and a captaincy. In '47, when the regiment of mounted men was raised he was appointed by the late President Polk to the lieutenat colonelcy; but he never joined his regiment, from his service in California; from whence he was sent home a prisoner by Gen. Kearney.

His collision with Kearney in California brought *him before the country in a new light.* He was accused of disobeying the commands of his superior, and technically was so convicted on trial by a Court Martial demanded by himself. But the country acquitted him, and although reprimanded by the President, he was applauded by the people. We were present at his trial in Washington, and saw him confront the witnesses for the government in the most frank and gallant style.

"*Old Tom*" sat by *him as counsel*, and "solitary and alone" he encountered the craft of Kear*ney and the contumely of a Naval and Military* Court, prejudiced against the young Lieutenant, then luxuriating with the rank of Colonel. Dismissed from the army he scorned to be reinstated, but he recommenced his explorations in California by a new route, with "Kit Carson," *his famous old guide*, at their head. Ten of his men he lost in the mount *ains, by being imbedded in the snow, and literally* starving and freezing to death. With the remnant *he reached San Francisco, and has been spending* the summer in the mines. In the meantime a commission reaches him, superceding Col. Weller as boundary commissioner under the late treaty with Mexico. This he declines, and the next we hear of him he is elected a U. S. Senator from the new State of California.

Mr. Fremont is hardly of medium size, spare and light, with dark hair and eyes. His temperment is *nervous*, his countenance highly intellectual and pleasant, and his manners agreeable. He will be the youngest member of the Senate, his age being thirty-six. With the exception of Sam Houston, no Senator in that body can boast so eventful a life.

The Poison of the Viper.

The poison of the viper consists of a yellowish liquid secreted in a glandular structure, (situated immediately below the skin on either side of the head,) which is believed to represent the parotid gland of higher animals. If a viper be made to bite something solid, so as to avoid its poison, the following are the appearances under the microscope: At first nothing is seen but a parcel of salts nimbly floating in the liquor, but in a very short time, these saline particles shoot out into crystals of incredible tenuity and sharpness, with something like knots here and there, from which these crystals seem to proceed, so that the whole texture in a manner represents a spider's web, though infinitely finer and more minute. *These* spicules or darts, will remain unaltered on the *glass for some months. Five or six grains of this* viperine poison, mixed with half an ounce of *human blood, received in a warm glass, produce* no visable effects either in color or consistence, *nor do portions of this poisoned blood*, mixed with acids alkalies, exhibit any alteration.—When placed on the tongue, the taste is sharp and acrid, as if the tongue had been struck with something scalding or burning; but this sensation goes off in two or three hours. There are only five cases on record of death following the bite of the viper; and it has been observed that the effects are most virulent when the poison has been received on the extremities, particularly the fingers and toes, at which parts the animal, when irritated, (as it were by an innate instinct,) always takes its aim.—*F. T. Buckland.*

"How does the thermometer stand?" asked a *father of his son.* "It don't stand at all, sir, it hangs," was the reply.

"Well, but I mean how high is it?"

"Just about five feet from the floor."

"Pooh, you fool—how does the mercury range?"

"Up and down—perpendicularly."

The little bug crawled off as fast as possible.

"My lad," said a lady to a boy carrying newspapers, "are you the mail boy." "You doesn't think I'ze a female boy, duz ye?"

EXCITEMENT IN THE U. S. SENATE!

In the Senate of the United States, on Tuesday of last week, a very exciting, and we may say a *very disgraceful, debate took* place between Messrs. Benton and Foote. From the reported proceedings we take the following:

Mr. Foote moved that the bill organizing Territorial Governments of Utah and New Mexico, be taken up, for the purpose of making it the special order for an early day.

Mr. Benton, as the friend of California, gave notice to those who *desired her admission, that they* must now stand by her. California was entitled to *the consideration of the Senate*, and her right was not to be postponed. Her bill was first reported; and as her friend, he gave notice that from this time, henceforth, he intended to have the subject pressed and urged upon the Senate until definitely acted upon. He objected to giving the territorial bill precedence.

The State was entitled to the precedence in every aspect of the right to act independently upon the boast of the Pacific. She is not able to borrow a dollar to carry on her Government, because of her *anomalous position.* Six hundred thousand dollars of her money had been taken from her, while nothing affording her protection, or augmenting her prosperity and resources, had been given her. The people had been, were, and would be, suffering from want of protection, until the Senate should decide whether she shall be longer postponed. As a friend of the admission of California, he would not cease to struggle for that object.

Mr. Foote replied with much *warmth, indulging* in a personal attack upon Mr. Benton's course—im*puging the motives of his action*, and intimating that this new born friendship for California was not *for the sake* of her people, but because of the presence here of her Senators, whose admission, to back him up and sustain him in the Senate, he was looking for with most feverish anxiety. He also contended that the California question had no precedence, by right. About the admission of the new State there was no doubt whatever—while the territorial bill, it was known, would give *rise to much* discussion. In this state of things he considered it *highly proper that the latter bill should be taken up.* His motion was not hostile to the admission of California, although he admitted that he did not want that measure adopted, until certain other questions shall have been settled. The air and manner of the Senator from Missouri was a slander upon the Senate, in the insinuation that he alone was the friend of California. What did he mean by the friends of California?

Mr. Benton—Mr. President, I mean *by the friends* of California, those who were in favor of her relief—*her admission without remanding her back to the* territorial condition, or dissolving the Union on account *of her admission.* Now, sir, I think I am understood. I believe, this is the American Senate. I believe, by the laws of the Senate and the rules of decorum, personalities, aspersions, and attacks upon motives are forbidden. This much I believe. Now, sir, I tell you what I know—I know that the attacks which have been made upon my motives to-day, and heretofore, in this chamber—are false and cowardly. That is what I know, sir. (Excitement.)

Mr. Foote, after some remarks *for the purpose* of showing that the objection by the *Pater Senatus* to *personalities* was entirely inconsistent with his own course, replied to the charge of cowardice as follows: I, sir, am much in the habit of dealing in personalities, and never have insinuated that the Senator was cowardly. I never make allegations that I cannot prove. I feel bound now to say, that, when the Senator dares, in his place or elsewhere, *to remove certain stains which cling to his es*cutcheon, about which I know the history, as well *as any man in Christendom*—allusions to which ought to cause his cheek to be suffused with the color of the deep blush of shame—or if the Senator remains in his present attitude without that special discredit with which he knows I am familiar, and which that pallid cheek—that blushing countenance—acknowledges, as well as the terrific fear which he knows I have *witnessed. Whenever he* comes out frankly and boldly instead of shielding *himself behind his established cowardice*—whenever he is prepared to hold himself amendable to the *laws which govern gentlemen*, I am prepared to meet him on that footing.

Mr. Benton—I pronounce it cowardly to give insults where they cannot be chastised.

Mr. Foote rose—Loud cries of "order."

Mr. Benton—Is a Senator to be blaguarded day in and day out?

Mr. Foote, (in his seat)—*If he is a blaguard!* (Cries of "order!" "order!")

Mr. Benton, (resuming)—Is language to be used here, which could not be used in an oyster cellar, *grocery or tavern?*

Mr. Foote called to order.

The Vice President—The Senator is called to order.

Mr. Benton, (continuing)—Are such things to go on? Sir, it is time to stop them; *and if persons* use such language here, in a place where a cudgel *cannot be applied to them, the voice of public indig*nation must be brought to bear upon them, until public sentiment can make them behave with the manners which are due to the Senate.

The Vice President repeated the call to order.

Mr. Benton—Well, sir, let the words objected to be taken down in writing, in accordance with the rule.

After some further colloquy, Mr. Foote said, if the door was not thrown open to him by Mr. Benton, he could not proceed further. He intimated, however, *that he stood by all he had said*, and if Mr. Benton would proceed in the matter, he was ready to meet him.

Mr. Dickenson moved to lay the motion pending on the table, which was agreed to.

GARDENING.

None but those who have enjoyed a garden can appreciate the satisfaction of sitting to a table *spread with the fruits of one's own planting and* culture. A bunch of radishes—a few heads of lettuce—taken from the garden of a summer's morning for breakfast; or a mess of green peas of sweet corn, is quite a different affair from getting them from market in a dying condition; to be put away in the cellar for use. And a plate of strawberries or raspberries lose none of their peculiar flavor by passing directly from the border to the cream without being *jolted about in a bas*ket until they have lost all form and comeliness;

"Did thee receive the remittance, Nathaniel, *my dear son?*"

"Yes, father."

"Then why did thee not buy a new coat? Thy person is rather fragile."

"Why—the fact, that—I left all my money—in bank at New Orleans."

"Ah, thy economy is certainly commendable. In what bank?"

"I don't exactly remember what bank, father—I know it was a very good one, as it had a scripture name. It was—um!—let me see, it was the *Pharaoh Bank*, I think."

MIND YOUR POINTS.—"Woman—without her, man would be a savage."

The Boston *Post* thinks the punctuation erroneous, and should be corrected thus:

"Woman, *without her man*, would be a savage."

Fact!

REMOVAL OF FREE NEGROES FROM VIRGINIA.—The bill which had previously passed the Virginia House, appropriating $30,000 *per annum to the colonization* of free negroes of that State in Africa, is now a law, *having passed the Senate*, with an amendment which imposed an annual tax of $1 upon every male free negro in the State from 21 to 50 years of age. The fund arising from this source to be appropriated in like manner with the $30,000, unless the Legislature otherwise prescribe.