# 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, MAY 9, 1850. NO. 48.



### New and Cheap Store.

THE subscribers respectfully announce to the citizens of Carlisle and the surrounding country, that they have just opened in the store room adjoining the store of Mr. J. G. Carmony, and directly opposite Monyer's Confectionary store, in North Hanover street, a splendid assortment of Dry Goods, consisting in part of

**Cloths, Cassimeres,**

Cassinets, Sattinets and Vestings; a great stock of Summer Goods for Men and Boys' wear, Mous. de laines, Lawns, Ginghams, Bareges, Alpachas, Barege de Laines, Calicoes, Checks, Ticklings, muslins, flannels, table and toweling drapers, table cloths, umbrellas, parasols, ribbons, stockings, gloves, linen, cambric and silk handkerchiefs, laces, edgings and insertings, cap nets, tarleton, swiss, book, mull, jaconet and cambric 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 at low prices, and will be sold cheaper than can be bought elsewhere.

We respectfully invite every body to call and judge for themselves, as we are determined to offer great bargains.

J. L. STERNER & CO.

April 4, 1850

**Spring and Summer Dry Goods,**

*At the Cheap Wholesale and Retail Dry-goods Store of*

**ARNOLD & LEVI,**

WHO are now opening the largest, handsomest, and cheapest assortment of Spring and Summer Goods ever brought to Carlisle, among which will be found a beautiful selection of

**Ladies Dress Goods,**

new styles; plain, changeable and striped Silks; Bareges, Silk Tissues, Borage de Laines, Lawns, Linen Lustres, Mouslin de Laines; French, English, American and Scotch Ginghams; French and English Chintzes; Figured, striped, bared & plain Swiss and Book Muslins; Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, French Worked Collars, Thread and Cotton Laces, and Edgings.

**Bonnets & Ribbons,**

of every kind, quality and price, Parasols & Sun Shades, a very handsome assortment.

*DOMESTICS! DOMESTICS!!*

Our stock of Domestics can not be excelled this side of Philadelphia. Purchased previous to the advance in cotton, we are enabled to sell 20 per cent. cheaper than those who purchased this spring. We have Muslins, Tickings, Checks, Osnaburgs, bleached and unbleached Table Diapers.

*CARPETS! CARPETS!!*

The largest assortment ever brought to Carlisle, which we are determined to sell 10 per cent. cheaper than the same quality can be purchased elsewhere. Mattings, Floor and Table Oil Cloths.

*Boots & Shoes*, for Men, Boys, Women and Children.

*A Fresh Supply of Groceries*, such as Sugar, Coffee, Teas, Molasses, &c., very cheap.

Persons wishing to purchase good and cheap goods, will do well to call and examine our extensive assortment before purchasing elsewhere.

Carlisle, March 28, 1850

**The Big Gun has commenced Firing!**

CHARLES OGILBY has commenced, and will be receiving for some days, his brilliant and very extensive stock of

**Fresh Spring Goods,**

and particularly invites all those who wish to lay their cash out to a good advantage to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere, as he is determined to distribute a great many good bargains this spring and summer. His stock consists in part of a large lot of fresh

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

Sattinetts, Tweeds Ky. Jeans, Velvet Cords, Beaverteens, linen and cotton Drillings, of every color and price. A general stock of Tickings, Checks, bleached and unbleached Muslins, Sheetings, Toweling, Osnaburgs, Drillings and Bagging in great variety.

**Ladies Dress Goods,**

such as Silks, Satins, Lawns, Linen Lustres, in great variety and of the latest importations. French, Scotch, English and American Ginghams, of various styles; Chintzes and Calicoes, a large and cheap lot; a great assortment of Laces, Nettings and Edgings; the best stock of Hosiery and Gloves that has been in Carlisle for years; no stock of *Ribbons and Bonnets* like ours; a large lot of Parasols and Sun Shades, well calculated to please the ladies; and hundreds of other articles to please both ladies and gentlemen of the most refined taste.

*Carpets.*—The largest stock of Three Ply Imperial, Ingrain, Venetian, Girthing and other Carpets.

*Boots and Shoes.*—Mens, Ladies, Boys, Girls and Childrens boots and shoes, in every variety, and very low.

*Groceries.*—A large assortment of Fresh Groceries, such as Coffee, Sugar, Tea, Spices, &c. Congress, Cavendish, Roll, Hand, and Cut and Dry Tobacco.

Come one, come all, and secure pretty and cheap goods at the lowest prices, and where you can have a stock of goods worth selecting from.

Carlisle, March 21, 1850.

**A CARD.**

**OWENS & RICHARDS,**

FROM PHILADELPHIA.

THE undersigned would most respectfully inform the citizens of Carlisle and its vicinity, that they have opened a

**Marble Yard**

in Carlisle, in South Hanover street, a few doors south of the Court House, and nearly opposite A. & W. Bentz's store, where they will be happy to wait on those who may favor them with a call. Having purchased a large stock of Marble for cash, they are determined to sell lower than any other shop this side of Philadelphia. They have some most beautiful designs for

**Monuments, Head Stones, Mantels,**

and every thing else in their line of business, which they will be pleased to show to any person that may be wanting them.

They are also the authorized agents of Mr. Robert Wood, of Philadelphia, and will furnish from his manufactory all varieties of Iron Railing for the enclosing of Grave lots and all other purposes, at the shortest notice and at Philadelphia prices.

They will also finish or manufacture all kinds of building work, such as Sills, Steps, and Platforms, &c., at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

Having had great experience, and being employed in the best shops of Philadelphia, they are therefore enabled to manufacture the most fashionable work, and respectfully ask a share of the patronage of Carlisle and the surrounding country.

Carlisle, Feb. 21, 1850—tf

**JOHN WILLIAMSON,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office in the house of Miss McGinnis, near the store of A. & W. Bentz, South Hanover street.

Carlisle, April 4, 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.

Selected for the "Volunteer."

### LOVED ONCE.

I classed and counted once
Earth's lamentable sounds—the well-a-day,
The jarring yea and nay,
The fall of kisses upon senseless clay.

The sad farewell—the greeting mourn fuller—
But all these accents were
Less bitter with the leaven of earth's despair
Than I thought these—"*loved once.*"

And who saith "I loved once?"
Not angels—whose clear eyes love, love foresee,
Love though eternity—
Who by "to love," do apprehend "to be."

Not God, called love—His noble crown-name—casting
A light too broad for blasting!
The Great God, changing not forever lasting,
Saith never "I loved once."

Nor ever I "loved once"
Wilt thou say, O, meek Christ, O, victim-friend!
The nail and curse may rend,
But having loved, thou lovest to the end.

This is earth's saying; (impotent to move
One spheric star above)
Some desecrate the eternal God-ward love,
With their "no more" and "once."

How say ye, "We loved once,"
Blasphemers! Is your earth not cold enow,
Mourners, without that snow?
Ah, gentle friend—and would you wrong me so?

And would ye say of me, whose heart is known,
Whose kisses met your own: [shown
Whose hands oft clasp'd with yours, whose smile hath
Your words—"*He loved him once?*"

Could ye "we loved him once"
Say cold of me, when dwelling out of sight?
When happier friends upright
(Not truer) stand between me and your light?

When like a flower kept too long in shade,
You find my colors fade,
And all that is *not love* in me decay'd,
Say ye, "*we loved him once.*"

Will ye "we loved him once"
Say, when you hear his dark and erring ways?
Your coldness gloomed his days—
Alas, when faith is dim, the soul in anguish strays!

Will ye "we loved him once"
Say, when his light of life and joy has flown—
When he walks drear, alone,
Weeping, with blighted heart, dreams sadly gone?

And when his eyes are closed on earth for aye,
Who named you as he pass'd away?
Who loved you finally in his dying day—
Will ye say "*we loved him?*"

Will ye "we loved him once"
Say, when you gaze upon his lonely tomb;
And know his early doom? [gloom?
*Came from your change*—which seal'd his soul with

Say never, "*we loved once,*"
God is too near above—the grave below;
And all our moments go
Too quickly past our souls for saying so.

The mysteries of life and death avenge
Affections light of range—
There comes no change to justify that change,
Whatever comes—"*Loved once.*"

And yet that word of "once"
Is humanly acceptive—kings have said,
Shaking a discrown'd head,
"We ruled once" idiot tongues, "we once bested."

Cripples once danced! the vines, and warriors proved
To nurse's rocking moved:
But love strikes one blow—Love! *Those never loved*
*Who dream that they loved once.*

## Miscellaneous.

### A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

Fifty to-day! Fifty; little chance now of my having a wife and house full of "little responsibilities," as Fanny Wright calls them. Heigho! I'm getting to be—no, not a "middle aged gentleman," for I've been that, any time the last ten years; no, I'm a gentleman declining in years, and may advertise for a housekeeper without giving a handle to scandal to make free with my character. Twenty-five years ago, and I should have affronted the man who foretold this: that I should be sitting this day in an arm chair, newspaper in hand, breakfast before me, one foot on a cushion, and only one cup and two eggs on the table. Newspapers are stupid things: I'd much rather chat over my morning meal. Why the deuce am I not married! Nobody makes tea fit to drink now; and the toast never comes up to mo hot, What capital tea Lucy Smith used to make. Poor Lucy; I wonder what made me think of her? People said Lucy and I would certainly make a match, and so we should, I suspect, if it hadn't been for that infernal cousin of hers. I'm sure she would have married me if I had asked her: but I kept putting it off day after day, and he—cut me out, and he hanged to him. I was a young gentleman then, and thought I could marry whenever I liked. They went away to the west and got rich; he's a member of Congress, and she has grown fat, and rides about in her carriage, with two or three grown up daughters; pretty girls, too, as I'm told, but they'll never be like their mother. I've a ribbon of hers, that she used to wear round her slender waist, that I bribed her little brother to steal for me, with the loan of my fowling piece; and sometimes, when it rains, and I feel sentimental, I take it out of my writing-desk, and look at it awhile, and think I'll throw it in the fire—but I don't, though, and there it is yet in the secret drawer with my mother's picture, and the last lock of my own hair. They make capital wigs now, by the way; nobody seems to suspect that my curls are not the natural crop. Lucy used to say that my hair was beautiful, and I'm almost certain she cut off a lock once, when I was asleep on the sofa. I wonder whether she's lost any of her splendid teeth; mine have stood it out pretty well, but they're going. Parmly said here would last a long time, and he ought to know. I must go to him, and get him to make me a couple of new ones. What shall I do with myself to-day! I've given up business and made money enough to last me my time. I've no one to leave it to when I'm gone. Where's the use of going on adding dollar to dollar, and acre to acre, unless one has children to set up? Nine marriages in the paper to-day! Nine husbands and wives created since yesterday morning. I dare say they'll all have young sprouts—say four apiece on the average; that's thirty six little mouths to be stuffed with bread and butter, and seventy-two little feet to buy shoes for, and two hundred and eighty-eight little fingers to wash and keep clean! No fool of a job that for the nine papas and mammas? I was always remarkably fond of children.

There is a new married couple moved into the house over the way, on purpose to plague me, I do believe; they seem to be very fond of each other, and dreadfully happy. There's a gig comes to the door every afternoon, and he hands his wife in it so carefully, and she smiles at him so brightly as they drive off, that I'm almost tempted to wish they might break their necks before they come back. That's a nice looking girl that has come to stay with them, during the honey moon; she's the bride's sister or something, I dare say; the prettiest foot, and the most roguish eyes I've ever seen—except Lucy Smith's. I wonder if she's engaged to be married; I don't see any very suspicious young men come to the door, and—. But what the deuce is it to me whether she is or not? I'm an old bachelor, and must go down to the grave without leaving anybody to cry for me. I should like, though, to see the girl nearer; it's easy enough to get introduced into the house, and though I'm too old to marry, there's no reason that I know of, why an old fellow like me shouldn't do the polite thing to a new-comer into the neighborhood. I've a new coat coming home, that, my artist says, will make me look fifteen years younger—rather impertinent, by the way. And I'm not so amazingly old, after all. When I sat down to breakfast, I felt rather bluish, and thought myself quite a Methusaleh. Poh, no such thing; I can walk as briskly as ever—almost—I can ride, sing, dan—, no, I'd better leave out dancing; but what of that? I'm a good looking middle aged man, tired of living alone, and hang me but I'll make one more try for the ring, if I die for it.—There's a pretty girl over the way, and I'll send over a basket of grapes with my compliments.

### COURTING.

And old paper says:—"Courting is a subject which, always important, is becoming peculiarly so, and we design to call the attention of young people to it occasionally, in hope of arresting an alarming and destructive evil. Young ladies are bound to fall in love as soon as possible, and bound to get a partner for life as soon as the necessary preliminaries are made—such as getting a lover, fascinating him thoroughly, being courted, having the question popped, getting the wedding garments in array, and inviting friends to see her prettily married. The young man is bound to be gallant and polite, and to admire without any stint, all the pretty young girls known and unknown, to doff the beaver, offer his arm, invite to ride, pleasant saunter, in short to all and sundries, indeed to show his devotion and gallantry towards the sex until some enchantress throws her spell around him, and he sinks, subdued into a common place, indifferent, careless Benedict. Now out of these things grow difficulties. A young man admires a pretty girl, and must manifest it; he cannot help doing so for the life of him. The young lady has a tender heart, reaching out like vine tendrils for something to cling to; she sees the admiration, is flattered, begins soon to love, expects some avowel, and perhaps gets so far as to decide that she will choose a white satin under a thin gauze, at the very moment the gallant that she sees is popping the question (good! ha! ha!) to another damsel ten miles off. Now the difficulty is, not precisely understanding the difference between polite attentions and the tender manifestations of sighing love." Admiring a beautiful girl, and wishing to make a wife of her, are not always the same; and, therefore, it is necessary that a girl should be on the alert to discover to which class the attentions paid her by a handsome and gay young gentleman belong. First, then—if a young fellow greets you in a loud, free, hearty voice—if he knows precisely where to put his hat, or hands—if he stares you straight in the eye with his own wide open—if he tells you who made his coat—if he squeezes your hand—if he eats heartily in your presence—if he fails to talk very kindly to your mother—if he sneezes when you are singing, or criticises your curls, or fails to be very foolish in fifty ways in every hour, then don't fall in love with him for the world; he only admires you, let him do what he will.

### Philosophy of Sneezing.

Some writer, who professes to be a connoisseur, thus gives his views on the subject of sneezing.—They are not to be sneezed at:

"We hope we may not be branded presumptuous, if, in the matter of sneezing, we pretend to be connoisseurs. As a proof of our taste, we hate one of your sniveling, dry, half frightened-to-death sneezes; but for one of your full, clear sonorous, detonating, reverberating explosions—one of those reports that set the wine glasses on the sideboard a jingling and wake pussy; we say, for one of those earthquake sneezes, we have a love, inferior only to that which we bear for woman and—our favorite dog. A sneeze—to be in good taste—should crack like a rifle in a clear morning. A receipt for a sneeze of this genius is as follows: When you feel a tickling at the root of your proboscis, just jump up, if you be seated, run to the window through which the sun shines, throw your head back until the bump of philoprogenitiveness presses on your coat collar, open your mouth, snarl like a half starved hyena at a piece of fresh meat, and then—blaze away. The effect will be prodigious; an echo will salute you from the house top over the way; the good house wives will order the clothes taken in; the game cock will turn up the red of his eye at the sun, and you will have the assurance that you have not sneezed in vain."

WHO WILL MAKE A GOOD WIFE?—When you see a young woman who rises early, sets the table and prepares her father's breakfast cheerfully—depend upon it she will make a good wife. You may rely upon it that she possesses a good disposition and a kind heart.

When you see a young woman just out of bed at 9 o'clock, leaning with her elbow upon the table, gaping and sighing, "Oh dear how dreadful I feel"—rely upon it she will not make a good wife. She must be lazy and moplish.

When you see a girl with a broom in her hand sweeping the floor, or with a rubbish brush, or a clothes line in her hand, you may put it down that she is industrious and will make a good wife for somebody.

When you see a girl with a novel in her left hand and a fan in her right, shedding tears, you may be sure she is not fit for a wife.

Happiness and misery are before you; which will you choose?

At Washington, on Sunday, a drunken man, with a child in his arms, attempted to step on deck of a steamboat, when both fell into the river, and both would have been drowned, had it not been for the timely assistance rendered by the bystanders.

A man named Allen, confined in jail at Boston, awaiting his trial for robbing the mail, swallowed a dose of laudnum on Sunday with the intention of self-destruction. His purpose was frustrated by a fellow prisoner, who gave the alarm, and the poison was extracted by means of a stomach pump.

A Frenchman being troubled with the gout, was asked what difference there was between that and the rheumatism.

"One very good difference," replied Monsieur. "Suppose you take one vice, you put your finger in, and you turn the screw until you hear him no longer—*dat is rheumatics*; den spose you give him one turn more—*dat is de gout.*

In Court, a short time ago, the crier endeavored to disperse the crowd by exclaiming, "All ye blaguards that isn't lawyers, quit the court."

"Have you ever broke a horse?" inquired a horse-jockey. "No, not exactly," replied Simon, but I've broke three or four wagons."

An Englishman has been arrested in New York for having three wives.

☞ Father Mathew is pursuing his good work at New Orleans with great success. At the latest dates, the number who had signed the pledge was upwards of 4000.

Kindness is one of the most beautiful elements in the character of a gentleman.

Why is a restless man in bed like a lawyer? Because he *lies* on all sides.

### LINES.

BY D'ISRAELI.

My heart is like a silent lute
Some faithless hand hath thrown aside,
Whose chords are dumb, whose tones are mute,
That once sent forth a voice of pride;
Yet even o'er the lute neglected,
The winds of Heaven will sometimes fly,
And even thus the heart dejected,
Will sometimes answer with a sigh.

And yet to feel another's power
May grasp the prize for which I pine;
And others now may pluck the flower
I cherished for this heart of mine:
No more! no more! the hand forsaking,
The lute must fall and shiver'd lie,
While my poor heart, in silence breaking,
Responds not even with a sigh.

### The Flower that Looks Upwards.

A group of young and light hearted girls sat together in the twilight, busily arranging the flowers they had been gathering in the pleasant woods and fields.

"What beautiful things flowers are!" said one.—"And what a pleasant amusement it would be, now that we are all sitting here so quietly, if each were to choose which flower she would rather be like."

"Just as if there could be any choice," exclaimed Laura Bennet, a little proudly—and holding up a moss rose as she spoke. "Among all the flowers that grow, there is none to vie in beauty with the rose. Let me be the queen of flowers or none!"

"For my part," observed her sister Helen, "I should like to resemble the luxuriant rhododendron, so beautifully described in our book of flowers.—When any one, in passing, shakes it roughly, it scatters, as we are told, a "shower of honey dew from its roseate cups, and immediately begins to fill its chalices anew with transparent ambrosia;" teaching us to shower sweetness even, upon the hands that disturb us, and to fill again with pure honey drops the chalices of our inward thoughts. Oh! who would not wish to be meek and forgiving like the rhododendron, if they could? But it is very difficult," added poor Helen, with tears in her eyes.

"It is, indeed," said Lucy Neville, gently, "if we trust only in our own strength. And who is there to help us? It is only when my father looks at me in his grave, kind manner, that I have the slightest control over myself. What a pity it is," said Lucy, simply, "that we cannot always remember that the eye of our Heavenly Father is upon us?"

"I wish I could," replied Helen.

"I have heard my mother say," observed Lucy, "that praying is better than wishing."

"Now, Clara," interrupted Laura Bennet, turning impatiently toward a fair, gentle looking girl by her side, "we are waiting for you."

Clara smiled, and immediately chose the pale convolvulus, or bindweed, winding so gracefully in and out among the bushes, and flinging over them a graceful covering, an emblem of meek beauty and loving tenderness. "The only pity is" said she, "that it should so soon close up and fade."

"But what says our dear Lucy," exclaimed Helen.

"I think that I can guess," said Clara Seymour, "either a violet or heart's ease—am I right?"

"Not quite," replied Lucy, with a deep blush, "although with the flowers that you have mentioned are great favorites of mine. But I should like to resemble the daisy most, because it is always *looking upwards.*"

"Do tell me," said Helen, as they walked home together, carrying the flowers which they had gathered to adorn their several dwellings; "do tell me why you wish, just now, to be always looking upward like the daisy."

"O, Helen, can you ask? What more do we require for happiness than to be able, let the cloud be ever so dark, to look upward with the eye of faith, and say, 'It is the Lord's will, and therefore it is best?'"

"Do you always think thus?" asked Helen.

"Alas, no!" replied poor Lucy, while the tears fell fast; "but I am trying, and praying to God to teach me."

### Preaching an Easy Business.

A minister had a deacon in his congregation who was rather disposed to undervalue the duties discharged by the minister. "What an easy life our minister has! He has little else to do besides preaching! And preaching is a very easy thing to do! In fact, any one could preach that tried!"

These, and such like remarks, having often come to the minister's ear, he called on the deacon one Saturday, and thus addressed him:

"Well, deacon, they tell me you think that preaching is so very easy."

"Yes, so it seems to me!"

"Would you have any objections to try to-morrow?"

"None in the world."

Accordingly, the next day the congregation was surprised to behold the deacon occupying the pulpit: and all anticipated a rich treat from one who regarded preaching as a very easy performance. But sadly were they disappointed. A very small trial convinced the deacon of his mistake. After bungling and stumbling for a short time, he abruptly finished his discourse with the following honest and eloquent peroration:

"Well my friends, I thought, *until now*, that preaching was a very easy thing! All I have to say is, that if any of you think so, just come up and try it!"

### The Upper Regions.

In speaking of Mr. JOHN WISE's work on Æronautics, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* derives the following interesting facts with regard to the upper regions of the atmosphere:

"In one place he makes us acquainted with the *still quiet of the heavens*, thus: a bee was let off at 8,000 feet, which flew away making a humming noise. At the altitude of 11,000 feet a grey linnet was liberated, which flew away directly, but soon feeling itself abandoned in the midst of an unknown ocean, it returned and settled on the stays of the balloon; then mustering fresh courage, it took a second flight and dashed down to the earth, describing a tortous yet perpendicular track. A pigeon let off under similar circumstances afforded a more curious spectacle. Placed on the car it rested awhile, measuring as it were, the breadth of that unexplored sea which it designed to traverse; now launching into the abyss, it fluttered irregularly, and seemed at first to try its wings on the thin element; and after a few strokes it gained more confidence, and whirling in large circles or spirals, like the bird of prey, it precipitated itself into the mass of extended clouds, where it was lost from sight. In one of his ascents, he held a distinct conversation in the clouds with Mr. Paulin, who ascended with another balloon about the same time."

☞ The Amesbury manufacturing company have purchased a library of 600 volumes of valuable books, for the use of their operatives.

George Busick has been convicted of the murder of Samuel Hamilton, in Cincinnati, and sentenced to be hung on the 6th of Sept.

FOR THE LADIES.—Tight sleeves are again in fashion. Between the shoulders and elbow there is worn a double row of bullion fringe.

The grand jury of a town in Ohio, has presented the "Sewing Society of that place as a nuisance." Shocking ungallantry.

THE DEBT OF NATURE.—No Englishman dies exactly poor, for he leaves his share in the national debt to his children!

### CODFISH ARISTOCRACY.

There is more meaning in this term than is usually credited for, says a writer. It is supposed by many to be a slang term used only by low, vulgar, ignorant people. It is significant not only in the use, but in its application; and however much certain birds may sneer at the use of it, it fits, and will stick to them like feathers to tar, for the very reason that it is applied exactly where it belongs. Yankees sometimes make bad use of the English language, but they are in the habit of using very expressive words and phrases, and it would be very strange if they should not use a phrase which would sufficiently express their contempt for a certain class of people, who are of no use to society, to themselves, or anywhere except to serve as a laughing stock for those who have less vanity and more common sense.

"Codfish Aristocracy" can be, and is applied to a large portion of society, and usually means any and all of those men and women who make pretensions to be something not real. Those who make false pretentions belong to this class. The motive is created by a desire to do as other people do, and a love of fashion—the lowest and meanest motives for actions, and prompted by the most frivolous causes.—Honor and true dignity are never sought by them.—If there is a custom among their superiors which is honorable, they imitate it, as near as they can in mere imitation, and call it honor; if they learn that an eminent man in their vicinity is called dignified, they put on some airs which they call dignity, and come as near to the real, as the monkey does to good equestrianism, and appear as well. It is amusing to see what airs these people will put on to 'keep up appearances.' Their whole life is a ridiculous farce in two acts, and filled up between scenes with sericomico burlesques, but with hardly a note of music for change. Fashion rules in their—it will not do to say hearts, for they have but miserable apologies for hearts—fashion rules in their heads, and vanity shows in every expression of their countenance.—They pray morning and evening that they may be informed of the newest fashion as soon as their neighbors. Their deepest theme of meditation at church is how they may imitate a richer neighbor in some new notion. They walk, eat, drink, and wink like some of their superiors. They look with contempt upon better people than themselves who do not think so much of fashion as they who have no ideas above a footstool; but their contempt is not half so deep as the pity felt for them. They betray the direct and most disgusting servility in the presence of their superiors and are heartily despised by the latter. In short, they are a queer set of folks—too ignorant to be scamps, too insignificant ever to disturb good society, too mean to have a lasting influence, too verdant to trouble men of common sense, too much puffed up with false pride ever to be noticed too much. And as they are not exactly rascals, fools, "greenhorns," hypocrites, toad eaters, boot licks, or lick spittles, but a little of all these, why let us call them Codfish Aristocracy.

### AN INDIAN DUEL.

In the summer of 1806, the following extraordinary circumstances occurred in the neighborhood of Natchez.

About two o'clock, P. M., an Indian was discovered by the family, entering the south end of Col. Girault's lane. He drew their attention, being painted in an uncommon manner; his whole body appeared red. He held in his right hand a gun, which he brandished with many gesticulations; in his left hand a bottle. He was attended by two other Indians in rather sober pace. At the opposite end of the lane some Indians were discovered, among whom was a man painted in like manner, but unarmed.—He was held and detained by a woman; but when the one brandishing his gun came within about twenty steps of him he burst from the embraces of his wife, and pushed towards his antagonist. About four yards distance they both halted, when the unarmed one presented his naked breast to the other who took deliberate aim; but appeared to recollect himself, he dropped his gun and took a drink from the bottle which was tied to his wrist—the other patiently waiting, holding his breast open and presented all this time. Having finished his draught, and giving a whoop, he took fresh aim, and in an instant the other dropped almost at his feet. This done, he loaded his gun with all possible speed, gave it to a bystander, (son of the deceased,) and then in turn, bared and presented his breast and was instantaneously sent into eternity.

The dead bodies were carried each the way they had come, and by their respective friends interred, one at each end of the lane.

The wife and relatives of the unarmed one—who was first killed—howled over his grave three days and nights. They then disappeared. On Friday last, says the account, they returned again, fired several guns on approaching the grave, gave a general howl, about a quarter of an hour, and retired.

We learn says the same account from one among them, who speaks broken English, that they quarrelled over a bottle some considerable time ago, when the Indian, who was first killed, had his finger bitten by the other in such a manner, that his arm became inflamed. He declared he was "spoiled," and they must both die. They agreed, and formed the arrangement as here related.—*Frost's Adventures.*

### THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.

If the experiment announced in the following paragraph be successful, the inventor will be justly hailed as one of the greatest benefactors of mankind:

THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.—Mr. Phillips, the inventor of this new apparatus, recently gave an exhibition of its powers to a large company assembled at the London gas works, Vauxhall. After some preliminary remarks on the vast losses from fire, amounting, annually in three kingdoms to $2,000,000, and the inefficacy of water in quenching a furious conflagration, he set fire to a compartment of a large open building, filled with partitions and temporary joisting of light wood, daubed with pitch and turpentine, and hung with rags soaked in the same combustibles. The flames ascended, roaring with such vehemence as to repel the spectators to a distance of forty feet, reaching apparently beyond all remedy by water; when Mr. F. with one of his hand machines, somewhat larger than a good sized coffee pot, from which a volume of gas and vapor was discharged, extinguished the flames "in half a minute;" and then, to prove that there was no noxious quality in the resulting air, immediately walked through the building with a lighted candle in his hand. A company has been formed to manufacture these new styled fire engines; which, if they answer as well in practice as they seem to do in experiment, will soon make their way to this country, and find their field of operation in subduing flames, and perhaps fire riots.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—A lady was crushed to death at Scipio (Indiana) on Thursday week by the train of cars from Madison. The train having stopped about four minutes several passengers had landed among whom was the husband of the lady, who left her and the infant. Just as the signal was given to start, and the train had begun to move, the woman appeared on the platform of the car with her infant; and, on being asked if she wished to get off, and replied affirmatively, she was told to hold on till the train would stop. As the brakeman turned to reach the bell-rope she stepped down one step, and was immediately caught between the car and the platform, and fairly rolled into a narrow space of not exceeding ten inches. The motion of the car was stopped, but not until she had been ground the entire length of the car. She died in about thirty minutes after the accident. She was from Kentucky and her name was Ashworth.

I have noticed that the prayer of every selfish man is, "forgive us our debts," but he makes every body pay him who owes him, to the utmost farthing.

### Romance in Real Life.

The Lewisburg (Pa.) Chronicle announces the marriage on the 14th ult., of John Johnston and Mrs. Maria Miller, of Chillisquaque township, and tells the following romantic story respecting the happy pair:

"The groom, who now works at the boat-yard here, was formerly a sea-faring man. The bride is from South Carolina; and her father and her former husband, both of whom have been dead many years, were wealthy planters. Some five years ago, the young widow made a visit to England, in company with her brother, a Southern gentleman of fortune, and on the return voyage they embarked in a vessel in which the groom was serving as a common sailor. By some accident she was knocked overboard in the harbor of Liverpool, sank to the bottom, and was given up for lost. Our hero, however, did not abandon the search. A slight change in the position of the vessel discovered her, the water being remarkably clear, lying on the ground, twenty feet below the surface, and apparently dead. He instantly plunged to the bottom; seized her by the hair; and brought her to the top; a large lock of her hair being pulled out in the attempt, and which is still preserved. After some hours of persevering exertion, she was finally brought to and perfectly restored. She was deeply grateful to the preserver of her life, and on the homeward voyage she formed a strong attachment for him, and a union for life was resolved upon. Their plans were, however, frustrated, and for several years they never met.—In the meantime her fortune became impaired. Some three or four months ago she heard of his location here, and immediately came on from Charleston to see him. Her uncle, however, overtook her and carried her back. She came on again, some three weeks ago, but was confined to bed for some time by sickness. Recovering, on last Sabbath evening the long deferred nuptial knot was tied, and the rescuer and rescued are now united in a life-partnership, for better or for worse."

### Ruins of an Ancient California City.

Antiquaries will feel deeply interested in the discovery of vast regions of ancient ruins near San Diego, and within a day's march of the Pacific Ocean, at the head of the Gulf of California. Portions of temples, dwellings, lofty stone pyramids (seven of these within a mile square,) and massive granite rings or circular walls round venerable trees, columns and blocks of hieroglyhics, all speak of some ancient race of men, now forever gone, their history actually unknown to any of the existing families of mankind. In some points, these ruins resemble the recently discovered cities of Palenque, &c., near the Atlantic or Mexican Gulf coast; others, the ruins of ancient Egypt; in others, again, the monuments of Phœnicia, and yet in many features they differ from all that I have referred to." I observe that the discoverers deem them to be antediluvian, while the present Indians have a tradition of a great civilized nation, which their ferocious forefathers utterly destroyed. The region of the ruins is called by the Indians, the "Valley of Mystery."—*Wilmers Cronicle.*

### Pat's Letter.

A short time ago, an Irishman inquired at one of the post offices in Denvers, if there was a letter for him there. The postmaster asked him his name and the reply was "Patrick." "Patrick what?" inquired the officer. "Shure, you will find that on the letter," was all the answer he could elicit from Pat. Being unable to obtain any satisfaction on this point, and withal of an accommodating disposition, the postmaster proceeded to overhaul all the Patricks in his office, reading the names as he came to them, until finally he pronounced Pat's own, and the delighted Irishman at once acknowledged the corn. But the postmaster's mission was not yet accomplished. "Faith, sir," says Pat, "and will ye rade it to me?"

The postmaster's good nature yielded, and he complied with that request, puzzling out the hieroglyphics as well as he was able, and to the satisfaction of his listener. Having concluded, he was again put to his trumps by Pat, who insinuatingly asked, "Plase, sir, my mem'ry's short, and won't you rade it once more, so that I shun't forget it?" The postmaster humored him, and, at the second conclusion, Pat capped the climax of his requests, by desiring the officer to fold up the letter, lay it on one of the shelves, "and kape it safe, for may be he'd call for it again!" Pat mizzled, and the postmaster grew fat in his enjoyment of the humor of the scene.

*Salem Register.*

DRESS.—Speaking of dress, the editor of the Scalpel says: So much, in our opinion, is due to an incorrect and servile taste in dress, that it is one of the principal causes of the early decay of our country women. Our climate demands, during one-third of the year, absolute warmth and dry feet; and our fashionable country women would consider themselves disgraced by appearing in public with a dress and shoes that every intelligent English woman wears as a matter of course."

CURE FOR VANITY.—We had been busy during the day running a line through a dense piece of woodland. The old woman gazed on us for some time in silence. We all saw she wanted to enter into conversation, and none, with the exception of myself, wished to gratify her. I soon commenced a dialogue on various subjects and things, and, as a matter of course, I put my *best leg forward.* Struck with my language, she exclaimed, in a tone quite flattering to my vanity—"La, how larned you are." But the compliment received a death blow. "If I was as high larned a scholar as you," continued she, "I'd quit logineerin' and go to keepin' a little grocery!"

*Western Paper.*

VEAL CUTLETS.—Some persons have deprecated the practice of beating meat, but it is essentially necessary in veal cutlets, which otherwise, especially if merely fried, are very indigestible. They should be cut about three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and beaten until every fibre is separated; they will then, when fried, taste like sweet bread, be quite as tender, and nearly as rich.

Professor Webster continues in good health and spirits, and daily receives his meals from Parker's, a privilege granted to all prisoners who can pay for it. His spiritual adviser, Rev. Dr. Putman, a Unitarian clergyman from Roxbury, visits him occasionally in his cell, and his wife and daughters twice a week regularly.

Flattery is like an empty tomb on which friendship is inscribed.

Why is a dead duck like a dead doctor? Because they have both stopped quacking.

A RESEMBLANCE.—Colonel W. is a very fine looking man, isn't he?" said a friend of ours the other day.

"Yes," replied another, "I was taken for him once."

"You! why you're as ugly as sin!"

"I don't care for that; I was taken for him once—I endorsed his note and was taken for him by the sheriff."