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 16, 1850. NO. 49.

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, Tickings, 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.

I. 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, Berage de Laines, Lawns, Linon Lustres, Mouslin de Laines; French, English, American and Scotch Ginghams; French and English Chintzes; Figured, striped, bared & plain Swiss and Book Muslins; Linen Cambric Handkherchiefs, 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 buy, there 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, bl ached and unbleached Muslins, Sheetings, Toweling, Osnaburgs, Drillings and Bagging in great variety.

Ladies Dress Goods,

such as Silks, Satins, Lawns, Linen Lusters 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 Pl. 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.

For the American Volunteer.

SABBATH EVENING.

BY ABELLARD.

Is there an hour blest above all others,
Hallowed more for peace? It is on Sabbath
Even, when the sun's low verge has tipp'd
The summit of the Western hills, and
Golden rays diffuses over Nature
Lovely hues; the clouds all tinged with gold,
Assume a beauty far more delicate
Than artist's pencil e'er portrayed; capp'd
With glorious light, each hill top rises
In the scene; and Nature's foliage seems
As dancing with delight; whilst hid beneath
Its covering, busy songsters hymn their
Praises to departing day. How sacred
Is the hour; and how near like Heaven;
Angels in their errands, halt to gaze;
And could we hear their anthems swelling
Every breeze, twould be like this. "how great
Art thou, O Lord! and great thy works!"
And "great thy works," would echo from ten
Thousand hills; "you glorious orb with
All the lesser lights display thy handiwork,
And earth, tho' thou hast frowned, yet thou
Hast made to smile beneath that frown."

This is the hour,
In which bereaved ones may taste a portion
Of that bliss, reserved, where fades not beauty,
And where blooms eternal friendship
Unalloyed. At peace with Heaven, because
From heaven heavenly crowned their lives; and
What seemed dark affliction, were to them as
"Favors in disguise;" at peace with man,
Because his brother man were mortal
With himself; and if he erred, he could
Forgive, for in to turn might err, and crave
His brother's sentence; musing on
Nature, its eloquence enchants their
Senses, and, forgetful of their loss
Weep tears of joy, instead of sorrowing.

But soon night's sable
Curtain draws still closer darkness, as
By stealth, envelops Nature's garden;
Leaving them to mourn again, that pleasure
Is so frail; that beauty is so passing;
And to wish the time were near, when their
Fond spirit bursting from its tenement,
Would scale the immortal hills, where
Sabbaths live eternal, and where scenes
Sublime forever glow.

Carlisle, May, 1850.

Miscellaneous.

From the Pennsylvania Inquirer.

THE SELF CONDEMNED.

Portraits from the crowd.

"He saw the sketch—its light and shade—
And trembling turned away dismayed."
"What exile from himself can flee"

It not unfrequently happens that we hear of individuals, who complain bitterly because their frailties and follies are, in a special manner, made the subject *of comment and condemnation. Nay*, they sometimes appropriate to themselves censure that is intended for others, and recognise their own portraits in sketches never designed for them, and nearly embodying *generalities and not individuals*. Artists, when painting loveliness and youth, even from the imagination, are, however, apt to transfer to the canvass, some vivid recollection, some outline of the living, seen, perhaps, but for a moment years before, yet never wholly effaced from the mind. Thus likenesses are sometimes drawn unintentionally. And so again, in their efforts to depict the peculiarities and passions. They may have no individual case in the eye or the mind—may draw, as they fancy, entirely from the imagination. And yet, unconsciously to themselves, likenesses may be traced to persons in real life—likenesses so strong, that they will arrest attention and excite remark. *Again—who, on reading* the admirable sketches of Dickens—such for example, as his "Kate Nickleby," "Paul Dombey," "David Copperfield," and *others equally graphic*, has not found "parallels" among friends or neighbors, individuals at least, marked with so *many of the peculiarities* caught by the genius of the author, that fidelity to nature was at once rendered distinct and apparent. The truth simply is, that Dickens, and every other gifted and observing writer, draws from real life and the human heart looks *inward* as well as *outward*, scrutinizes his own weaknesses, prejudices and propensities, as well as those of the world at large, and thus give to his pictures the semblance of reality. Human nature is so alike in many leading features, vice has so many striking affinities, and virtue so many harmonious and redeeming qualifications, that a portrait when sketched by the pen of a master, is sure to resemble not an individual but a class, and to embody not only the outline of one, but a thousand. How many Dombeys, for example, have we in city of Philadelphia—how many Oily Gammons—how many Tagns—how many Joseph Surfaces?

Some years since, the Rev. Dr. B——, a distinguished clergyman of this city, preached what his congregation regarded as a very superior sermon.—It was remarkable not only for eloquence and power, but for searching and scathing rebuke. He pictured some of the follies of the day in vivid language, sketched some of the mercenary evil doers, and appealed to his hearers with a tone and manner at once earnest and impressive, asked if they were not within the sound of his voice to whom his language would apply? Pausing for a moment, as if for an answer, he cast a searching glance around, and concluded with a few words of stirring and startling rebuke and admonition. It was remarked that more than one cheek flushed and more than one eye quailed. The hundreds who were present, were at once awed and thrilled by the extraordinary declamation *of their gifted and fearless pastor*. It so happened, however, that an influential member of the congregation—an individual of great wealth, marked liberality and unbounded friendship for the clergyman, appropriated the pith of the discourse to *himself*—supposed, indeed, that *he* had been especially singled out and held up to the rebuke and contempt of all present. He was sadly troubled. He proceeded home in a state of high agitation, conversed earnestly with one or two members of his family, and said that "such a personal insult," for so he regarded it, "at such a time, and within the hearing of so many friends, was not only improper and unjust, but it was harsh and cruel." He admitted his errors, conceded that the clergyman had drawn a faithful picture of his infirmities—but he continued—"*Why* did he not address me in private? Why did he not appeal to me in the language of a *friend*? *Why* lacerate my feelings so wantonly, and before a crowd of listeners and gazers?" He passed a sleepless night, *and in the morning found that his agitation had* rather increased than diminished. The more he dwelt upon the subject, the more he became excited, and at last, "unable to shake off the troubled spirit," he determined to call upon Dr. B——, and frankly complain to him of his unkind course. On arriving at the dwelling of the clergyman, he sent up his name, and was speedily ushered into the library. He was welcomed in the most cordial manner, and without the slightest embarrassment. Hesitating for a few seconds, and mustering all his courage for the effort, he *commenced*.

"Dr. B——, some of your congregation hold the opinion that you were rather severe last evening—nay, that you were harsh and unkind towards some of your oldest and best friends."

The Doctor was evidently taken by surprise, and asked for an explanation. The other, somewhat abashed, but warming with his theme, contrived at last to state the case as it was, and to say, that he "had not expected so severe, so public and so personal an assault from one to whom he had always looked up with such admiration, friendship, and esteem."

The Doctor was at once amused, pained, and astonished, and hastened to disabuse the mind of his friend. He assurred him that he labored under a gross mistake, that the discourse was *general*, and that he had not intended it for *any* particular individual. Indeed, he had not for a moment supposed that the complainant was liable to such censure, and hoped that his self application, and self rebuke in this instance, were unjust.

The effect may be imagined. The excited and self condemned member was at once confused and relieved—confused at the indirect acknowledgment of his own weaknesses and vices, and relieved because he had not been singled out and rebuked in the harsh spirit he had supposed. His good humor was at once restored. He asked as a favor that the Doctor woul say nothing upon the subject, and took his departure in the best spirits. On his way home, however, he met another member of the same congregation—Mr. B.—when a conversation, somewhat to this effect, occurred:

"Good morning, friend A——, what did you think *of the sermon last night?*"

"Sermon—Oh—Dr. B's., (evidently confused,) I thought it rather severe."

Mr. B—"*Severe*—Yes! It was outrageous.—The application was entirely too personal. The Doctor has no right to make his allusions so distinctly. He forgot himself, and should be told of his *error*."

Mr. A.—"Indeed! Why, to whom do you think he alluded?"

Mr. B.—"To whom? Why, to *me* to be sure.—The whole congregation must have recognized his sketch. I feel myself grossly insulted, and am about to call upon him and ask an explanation."

Mr. A.—"You had better not. The fact is, I think you are mistaken. The Doctor did *not* mean you—I am convinced of it."

Mr. B.—"How are you convinced?"

Mr. A.—"The truth is, friend B., the sermon must have been a very capital one. It touched tender points in the infirmatics of at least *two* of us. In brief, I was silly enough to suppose that the Doctor alluded especially to *me* and my sins of *omission* and commission, and under this impression I became so excited, that I have just returned from a visit to his dwelling! He assured me that the sermon was general in its tone and scope, that he intended no *particular* or *personal* allusion whatever—that he had no particular *individual* at the time in his eye or mind!"

Mr. A.—"Indeed! That alters the case.—We have evidently made ourselves somewhat ridiculous, and the less we say upon the subject the better."

Comment is scarcely necessary. We all have our faults and follies, and when they are exposed, or rebuked directly or indirectly, we should not take offence or regard the censure as personal, but strive to *eradicate the weakness or the vice* and thus in the spirit as well of wisdom as reform, avoid all similar error and liability for the future. In the language *of an old adage*, "it is common for men to err, but fools only persist when satisfied that they are on the wrong path."

Powerful Reasoning.

At a young men's debating society, somewhere down in Indiana, the question for discussion was, "Which is the greatest evil, a scolding wife or a smoky chimney." After the appointed disputants had concluded the debate, a spectator rose and begged the privilege of "making a few remarks on the occasion." Permission being granted, he delivered himself in this way:

"Mr. President, I've been almost mad a listening to the debate *of these 'ere youngsters. They don't* know nothing at all about the subject. What do they know about the evils of a scolding wife? Wait *till they have had one for twenty years, and been* hammered and jammed, and slammed all the while; and wait *till they have been scolded because the baby* cried, because the fire wouldn't burn, because the oven was too hot, because the dog kicked over the milk, *because it rained, because the sun shined*, because the butter wouldn't come, because the old cat had kittens, because they came too soon for dinner, because they were a minute too late, because they sung, because they tore their trowsers, because they invited a neighbor woman to call again, because they got sick, or because they did anything else, no matter whether they couldn't help it or not, or be*cause they didn't do* something else, no matter whether they could or not, before they talk about the evils of a scolding wife; why Mr. President I'd *rather hear the clatter of hammers and stones on* twenty tin pans and nine brass kettles, than the din, *din, din, of the tongue of a scolding wife. Yes sir*ree, I would; to my mind, Mr. President, a smoky chimney is no more to be compared to a scolding *wife, than a little nigger to a dark night*."

EVIDENCES OF FOLLY.—To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty.

To believe that your relations are the best friends *you will ever meet with.*

To ask the publisher of a new periodical how many copies he sells per week.

To make yourself generally disagreeable, and wonder that no one will visit you unless they gain some palpable advantage by it.

To get drunk and complain next morning of the headache.

To judge people's piety by their attendance at church.

To keep your clerks on miserable salaries and wonder at their robbing you.

Not to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy because it is not bed time.

To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterwards be *angry because they tell lies for themselves.*

To tell your own secrets, and believe that other people will keep them.

To render a man voluntary service, and expect him to be grateful for it.

To give a school boy pocket money and tell him not to spend it.

To buy a child a drum and punish him for beating it.

"As I was going," said an Irishman, "over West*minster Bridge the other day, I met Pat Hewins;* 'Hewins,' says I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well, I thank you, Donley,' says he: says I, 'that's not my name.' 'Faith no more is my name Hewins,' says he. So we looked at each other, and faith it turned out to be neither of us."

A TOMB STONE.—A pair of Irishmen who were recently travelling towards the Iron City, come upon a mile board standing by the way side, with this inscription upon it: "43 miles from Pittsburg."—Supposing it to be a tomb-stone, one of them gently tapped the other upon the shoulder, and in a low sepulchural tone, said:—"Tread lightly Jammy, here lies the dead; 43 years ould, an' his name is Miles, from Pittsburg."

A MUTE'S ANSWER.—A gentleman visiting a deaf and dumb institution, asked one of the pupils—

"What is eternity?"

The answer was—"It is the life-time of the Almighty!"

☞ Ma'am, your shawl's dragging in the mud." "Well suppose it is, isn't it fashionable?"

We were Boys Together.

BY G. P. MORRIS.

We were boys together,
And never can forget
The school house near the heather
In childhood where we met—
Its sorrows or its joys,
When woke the transient smile or tear,
When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,
And castles built in air;
Your heart was like a feather,
And mine weighed down with care,
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To me it brought alloys—
Foreshadowing in the primrose time,
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together;
The friends we loved of yore,
With leaves of autumn weather,
And *gone forever more.*
How blest to age the impulse given—
The hope time never destroys—
Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven,
When you and I were boys.

Death in the Bridal Bed.

"Comes to the bridal chamber, death—
* * * and thou art terrible."

There was something appalling in the account briefly communicated to us by telegraph a few days since, of the death of Mr. Wilson, on the night of his wedding, and of the circumstances under which it was first revealed to his terror stricken bride.

It seems that the bride was a Miss Little, of C street in Washington. Mr. Wilson was attached to the Coast Survey Office in Washington city. They were married last Wednesday evening, and retired to bed at 11 o'clock. *In the morning*, at about seven, the bride spoke to him, but he made no answer. She arose and attempted to awaken him, when she experienced the frightful conviction that her husband was dead, and that she was in the arms *of a corpse.*

A coroner's jury was immediately summoned to investigate the case. It appears from the verdict of the jury that the real cause of his death was intemperance; that he had been in a state of helpless intoxication for some two weeks preceding his marriage, and that within the twenty-four hours previous to his death, he had showed symptoms of delirium tremens.

The following is a literal copy of the verdict of the jury.

"That the deceased was a man of intemperate habits, and had been, for the two weeks previous to his death, constantly under the influence of ardent spirits, and on the night preceding the morning of his death he manifested strong symptoms of delirium tremens, and while in that state, about 10 o'clock *at night, he was married* and retired to bed about 11 o'clock; that after he got in bed, he exchanged a few words with his wife, and then fell asleep, and *was found dead in his bed* on Thursday morning about day-light; and the jury believe, from the evidence, that the deceased came to his death by congestion of the brain and stomach, produced by the habitual use of intoxicating drinks."

What a commentary to be spread out on the judicial records of the country, is this, upon the conduct of the parties who have taken it upon themselves to conduct such a creature to the altar, and to clothe him with the holiest attributes and responsibilities of a husband!

A Strange Race.

A frightful crime, which could never have happened out of France, and which bespeaks reckless selfishness, morbid feeling, and an utter absence of religion, courage and morals, has just horrified St. Lo. A rich proprietor, and a *maire* for several years passionately loved a young girl. The family lies were, like the parents in "Romeo and Juliet," at war and could not agree. But after several years of pressing solicitations, he obtained the hand of his mistress. They were married. A grand party celebrated the nuptials and the reconciliation. The happy couple retired. At six in the morning a pistol shot was heard. The husband was found dead in an ante-chamber, the young wife asleep. A letter explained the suicide. It was written evidently before the marriage. He said in it that he had reached the highest point in human felicity, and could not descend. He could not bear to live to be less loved or to love less. "I die from excess of happiness."

"Never be a politician and want to get an office," said Mrs. Partington to her nephew, as she abstractedly stirred her tea without sugar in it, for emotion made her absent minded. "It is a great keer on mind, dear; and you will make inemies, that depend on it won't be no friends to you; and you will come in collusion with bad people that will verify and abuse you. I know all about it, and I told Paul when he got erected a hogticefer—says I, Paul depend on it no good won't come of it, and it didn't I believe, though I can't remember distinctively anything about it—says I Paul remember that pride was the downfall of old Colo's horse!—Now I can't bear that you should be a politicianer, for you may act like them proporganders out South that are making such geese of themselves." Here the old lady run down like an eight day clock, and looked long and tenderly at the knob on the top of the waterpot, without speaking.—*Pathfinder.*

AN ILLUSTRATION.—Elder Knapp occasionally gets off a good thing, notwithstanding his many bad ones. He was one evening speaking of the prevailing tendencies of some religionists to long prayers, and remarked that no examples for these could be found in the scriptures. "The prayers of our saviour were short and to the point, The prayer of the penitent publican was a happy specimen.—When Peter was endeavoring to walk on the water to meet his master, and was about sinking, had his supplication been as long as introductions to our modern prayers, before he got half thro' *he would have been fifty feet under water.*"

IN COURT, lately a juryman, on the oath being administered, address ing the clerk, said: "Speak up, I cannot hear what you say."

Judge: "Stop, are you deaf?"

Juror: "Yes, of one ear."

The Judge: "Then you had better leave that box, for it is necessary that jurymen should *hear both sides.* The *bon mot* created a good deal of laughter.

LONGEVITY.—The Meredith Bridge Gazette states *that there are now living in the town of Northfield*, N. H., nearly sixty persons, whose individual ages exceed 70 years. Eleven of this number reside in *one school district, and within one mile of each other.* Of the eleven, several are more than eighty years old—one is between ninety and a hundred, a hale, hearty, old man as can be found anywhere, and bids fair to live to see a century or more.

"HIT HIM AGAIN."—Three students at college met an aged countryman, and wishing to have a little sport with him, thus accosted him. The first said, "Good morning, father Abraham," the second "Good morning, father Isaac," and the third, "Good morning, father Jacob." The old gentleman replied, "I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob; but I am Saul the son of Kish, who went to seek his father's asses, and lo! I have found three of them."

It is estimated in England that the *life* of a loco *motive* is one hundred and fifty thousand miles. If the value of an engine is $10,000, it follows that every mile it runs costs 6⅔ cents.

"This is what they call a fellow feeling for a man," as the loafer said when the watchman was *groping* for him in the dark.

"Illustrated with cuts," reiterated the schoolmaster, as he drew his cane across the back of the young urchin.

ECHO AND THE LOVER.

The following elegant bagatelle was the production of Dr. JOHN M. HARNEY, who died at Bardstown, Ky., in 1825:

Lover—Echo! mysterious nympth declare,
Of what you're made and what you are—
Echo— Air!
Lover—Mid airy cliffs and places high,
Sweet Echo! listening, love, you lie—
Echo— You lie!
Lover—Thou dost resuscitate dead sounds—
Hark! how my voice revives, resounds!
Echo— Zounds!
Lover—I'll question thee before I go—
Come answer me more apropos!
Echo— Poh! Poh!
Lover—Tell me, fair nymph, if e'er you saw
So sweet a girl as Phœbe Shaw?
Echo— Pshaw!
Lover—Say, what will turn that frisking coney
Into the toils of matrimony?
Echo— Money!
Lover—Has Phœbe not a heavenly brow?
Is it not as white as pearl—as snow?
Echo— Ass no!
Lover—*Her eyes! was ever such a pair?*
Are the stars brighter than they are?
Echo— They are!
Lover—Echo, thou liest, but can't deceive me;
Her eyes eclipse the stars, believe me!
Echo— Leave me!
Lover—But come, then saucy, pert romancer,
Who is so fair as Phœbe? Answer!
Echo— Ann, sir!

My Courtship of an Arkansas Girl.

Reader, if you have lived or stayed much in the tall State of Arkansas, you must have remarked that the women are not of the ordinary stamp in regard to personal courage and spirit. Their very nature seems imbued with the greatness and the pride of created things that God has placed around them. When I first went there I was acquainted with as fine a specimen of women—of Arkansas women—as you ever saw. "I came—I saw"—I loved her, and once thought I had "conquored" her. My visits were frequent to her, and, generally kept up till a pretty late hour of the night. Her mother—as fine a lady as you could wish, but rather large in dimensions—slept in an adjoining room, the evening to which I refer (especially.) Log cabins are not very compactly built, and sounds can easily be distinguised from one room in another. Betty, for that was the name of my sweetheart, had reciprocated my ideas upon certain points, to my content, and I had resolved to start for home. Taking out my watch I expressed surprise (as I always did) at the lateness of the hour. She said she knew it must be late from the sounds.

"Sounds," said I, listening attentively, but hearing nothing that interpreted her meaning, "sounds! I don't hear any." Again I listened, but without success.

"Why Mark," said she, "don't you here ma *snore?*" and her face colored 'twixt anger and pride, at what she deemed my jesting.

"*Is that* your mother *snoring?*" exclaimed I, in utter astonishment. "I swear I have been all this time thinking it the puffs of an up-river boat, and was wondering what the deuce made it so long coming around the bend! Your mother!" I was going on to say, but I didn't say it, stranger, for as true as gospel, there was Bet making right at me with her fists ready for the attack. I ain't no coward, but I can't fight women, and so I just incontinently sloped. I have never forgotten Betty, and I love her yet, but I darn't go nigh her since that unfortunate night. No sir, I am no coward, but I will agulze to fear from the girls of Arkansas.—*Spirit of the Times.*

John Brown—A Tale Never Told Before.

Brown—John Brown, vulgarly Johnny, commonly Jack—has nothing to do. He has often endeavored to persuade himself to arouse a firm coviction in his own mind that to be able to do nothing, and to do it nor leave the task to others, called for as much continual exertion of a man's mental and physical abilities as could possibly be expected of any reasonable human being. Brown *had a consciousness however* that when a poor man does nothing, he falls into the ranks of the great army of vagrants. Notwithstanding the idea of becoming a private in such a corps, sent horror tingling through the most infinitesimal nerves of Brown's body, he could not rouse himself to abandon his favorite occupation—doing nothing, and accordingly he continued doing it. In the childish simplicity of his soul he believed that as long as he molested nothing, nothing would molest him. He had forgotten Charley. Charley has a legal horror of the fat, idiotic and its disciples. He met Brown. Brown was sauntering, sidling, slipshodding along, his hands lazily reposing in his pocket, his eyes lost in abstraction and distant contemplation of life. "I say, Brown," said Charley severely. Brown stuck to his principles and sauntered on. "What are you doing?" said Charley more severely. "Nothing," fell from Brown. "That's agin the law," replied Charley pompously. "What is?—nothing—can't help it," laconicized Brown. "Come along here to the calaboose," exclaimed Charley, indignant. "I refuse, sir," replied Brown, *firmly, and folding his arms majestically.* "I object to the calaboose. I am opposed to the system in toto. It's *ruining the country*, sir. I am a free born American; I pay no taxes because *I have no property. I have a right to do nothing.* I say I have a right to do it. I will do it. I have always done it. I still do it. I shall continue to the last moment of my existence to do it." Charley remained a moment astonished. He had no idea of such a display of eloquence from a loafer. His answer was Demosthenes' precept: *Action.* Brown was in his grasp.—"Benighted individual, treacherous specimen of the descendants of Adam," exclaimed Brown, "I call on the American eagle. I invoke the star-spangled banner." "Shut up your gab," said Charley, dragging his victim after him, "Charley," said Brown, in supplicating tones, "Charley, my dear friend, I protest to you I'm *not guilty. I didn't do it, I was doing nothing. If you'll only let me go this time, I promise you on my word of honor as a gentleman and a citizen. Charley, never to do it again.*" Charley was inexhorable. Brown is now "doing" in the *work-house.*

CARLYLE.—A critic commenting upon Carlyle, *says very happily*—"A *reformer Mr. Carlyle is not*, nor is he a conservative; but he is a sublime grumbler."

It is stated that the berries or balls of the China tree, if spread on the garden in great profusion, in the spring time of planting, will drive out the insects and cut worms which are so pernicious to all gardens.

W. W. Goddard, of Cincinnati, who has been a confirmed *infidel* for a number of years, has been converted by the preaching of Rev. Mr. Stockton.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S LATEST.—Hearing that a young man had set up for himself—poor fellow, said she, has he no friend that will set up for him part of the time; and she sighed to be young again.

Gulls and their Young.

Every bird watches over and cares for her own nest, though the numbers are so great and the tumult so excessive that it is difficult to conceive how each gull can distinguish her own spotted eggs, placed in the midst of so many others, exactly similar in size, shade and color; and when at length the young are hatched, and are swimming about on the loch, or crowded together on some grassy point, the old birds as they come home from a distance with food fly rapidly amidst thousands of young ones exactly similar to their own, without even looking at them, until they find their own offspring, who, recognising their parents amongst all the other birds, receive the morsel without any of the little hungry creatures around attempting to dispute the prize, each waiting patiently for its own parent, in perfect confidence that its turn will come in due season.—*St. John's Note Book.*

Passports for the Isthmus.

There having been much inquiry among the travellers bound to California, as to the necessity of obtaining passports from the New Grenadian Consul, at New York, application was made by Livingston, Wells & Co., to the Department of State, for information on the subject. A letter has been received in reply, from Hon. John M. Clayton, April 13, which says:

"The treaty between the United States and New Grenada of the 12th December, 1846, places our citizens resorting to and residing in that country, upon a footing of equality with New Grenada citizens, but requires from them obedience to the laws of that Republic. If, therefore, the laws of New Grenada make it imperative upon their citizens abroad, who may be about to return home to obtain passports from the New Granadian Consul at the port where they may embark, citizens of the United States cannot, according to the terms of the treaty, claim an exemption from this. The 35th article of the instrument, however, which gives us the privilege of passing across the Isthmus of Panama upon the same terms as the citizens of New Grenada, imposes upon us the obligation to guarantee to that republic the neutrality of the Isthmus. This obligation would seem to be a sufficient equivalent for perfect freedom of transit for our citizens across the route referred to; and as it is quite probable that it was the impression of those who had an agency in the treaty on behalf of this government, that it secured that privilege, this department will instruct the Charge d'Affairs of the United States at Bogota, to remonstrate against the requisition of passports for such of our citizens as may embark for the Isthmus, and to endeavor to obtain the removal of any restriction upon the communication by that route between our ports on the Atlantic and those on the Pacific."

"P. S. It is to be observed, that the passport which this government recognizes as the evidence of the citizenship of the bearer, is the passport issued by this Department."

A WET AND DRY STORY.—Dickens tells the following good story of an American sea captain:

On his last voyage home the captain had onboard a young lady of remarkable personal attractions—a phrase I use as one being entirely new, and one you never met with in the newspapers. This young lady was beloved intensely by five young gentlemen passengers, and in return she was in love with them all very ardently, but without any particular preference for either. Not knowing how to make up her determination in this dilemma, she consulted my friend the captain. The captain, being a man of an original turn of mind, says to the young lady, "Jump over board, and marry the man who jumps after you." The young lady struck with the idea, and being naturally fond of bathing, especially in warm weather, as it then was, took the advice of the captain who had a boat ready manned in case of accident. Accordingly, next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking very devotedly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea head foremost. Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and her four lovers were got out again, she said to the captain, "What am I to do with them now, they are so wet?" Says the captain, "Take the dry one." And the young lady did, and married him.

THERE is a class of persons whose vanity induces them to claim the honorable title of MAN, and who aspire to the dignified prerogative of his estate, whose pigmy souls have never vibrated with a single feeling devoid of selfishness, whose hearts are as void as Sahara, and as incapable of thrilling with generous emotions as a rock of adamant. Creatures who grow fat on the misfortunes of others, and whose sensibilities are so blunted that they neither seek nor require sympathy.

"They live and are despised;
They die, nor more are named;"

and to manifest any of the finer feelings of humanity towards them would indeed be "casting pearls before swine."

WEBSTER AND LITTLEFIELD.—The nature of the occupations of Webster and Littlefield, says a contemporary, immediately after the alledged murder of Dr. Parkman, presents some striking and curious contrasts. Webster, one hour was engaged in cutting up, concealing or burning his victim, and, the next hour he was playing whist in Cambridge. Littlefield himself, swears that, suspecting that the body of Dr. Parkman was in the vault beneath Webster's room, he set to work to break through the wall, *but left off to go to a disreputable hell. Webster murdering and playing whist—Littlefield* digging and dancing.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.—We sometimes busy ourselves in conjecturing the employment of our fair readers within doors. Woman is never so attractive as when fulfilling social duties, and those who deem her more engaging when she has artfully managed to avoid the performance of their duties, have yet to learn in what consists the true dignity of her sex. The "good old times" are long since gone, when the production of a piece of embroidered tapestry was considered a sufficient compensation for days and months of toil, and the praise it elicited almost the highest that could be courteously rendered. To be actively good is the duty of every woman, and those who will not appreciate her when giving a portion of each day to domestic tasks, neither understand or reverence her.

TELEGRAPH TO CALIFORNIA.—Mr. O'Reilly has published in the St. Louis papers a plan for a line of telegraph from that city to San Francisco. He proposes that the government shall establish a line of stockades along the route, at suitable distances, which shall serve as telegraph stations, and, at the same time, afford protection to emigrants to California, and the transmission of the mails.

MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE.—The worst of all mockeries is a marriage without love; yoking together, but not a union; bondage without a bond; a multiplication of all the burdens of life for both parties, without a mutual life interest; and like the offering of a whole family to false gods whose demands are never satisfied, because, whatever the sacrifice, there is still no atonement. Too many matches are made in confusion; they have no faith in their composition, and, therefore an abundance of sin. There may be sincerity enough in them, but too often it is sincere selfishness.

An editor in Illinois gives notice that "there will be no paper this week," as his wife is using the scissors to half sole his cassimeres with.