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. 37. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1850. NO. 4.

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. additionalon 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.

BLESS GOD FOR RAIN.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

"Bless God for Rain," the poor man said,
And wiped away a grateful tear—
That we may have our daily bread,
He drops a shower upon us here.
Our Father. Thou who dwell'st in Heaven,
We thank Thee for the pearly shower,
The blessed present thou hast given
To man and beast and bird and flower.

The dusty earth, with lips apart,
Looked up where rolled an orb of flame,
As though a prayer came from its heart
For rain to come; and lo, it came.
The Indian corn with silken plume,
And flowers with tiny pitchers filled,
Send up their praise of sweet perfume,
For precious drops the clouds distilled.

The modest grass is fresh and green—
The brooklet swells its song again;
Methinks an angel wing is seen
In every cloud that brings us rain.
There is a rainbow in the sky,
Upon the arch where tempests trod;
God wrote it ere the world was dry—
It is the autograph of God.

Up where the heavy thunders rolled,
And clouds on fire were swept along,
The sun rides in a car of gold,
And soaring larks dissolve in song.
The rills that gush from mountains rude,
Flow trickling to the verdant base—
Just like the tears of gratitude
That often stain a good man's face.

Great King of Peace, deign now to bless;
The windows of the sky unbar;
Shower down the rain of Righteousness,
And wash away the stain of War!
And let the radiant bow of Love
In beauty mark our moral sky,
Like that fair sign unrolled above,
But not like it to fade and die.

Miscellaneous.

From the Baltimore Clipper.

DEATH UPON THE OCEAN.

By Miss E. De V****.

Of the Eastern Female High School.

The evening was calm and beautiful; the sun in all his glory was slowly sinking in his ocean bed, and gilding the waves with his beams, as they flowed in merry ripples along. The wind played softly with the snow white sails, as if it feared, by its gentle breathing to disturb the stillness around. Silence reigned throughout that stately ship as she glided swiftly through the glittering waters, bearing many loved ones far from their cheerful homes. The thoughts of the sailor, as he gazed upon the beautiful scene, wandered back to his own simple home in the vale, with its low roof "and vine clad walls," and imagination pictured it clothed in all the beauty of that hour "when the nightingale is warbling her anthem to the rose." Within the shaded porch he sees his aged father, and as the wind steals through the clustered leaves and stirs his silver locks, he wishes he might again be the innocent child that climbed his knee and listened to his gentle words of warning. But he wakes from his musings and finds himself far out upon the trackless deep.

The rosy tinge has fled from the waters, and the waves seem to murmur in sadness at its departure. Night has dropped her curtain "and pinned it with a star;" the moon has lifted her head from the bosom of the ocean, and is smiling in all her gentle beauty upon the waves as they lave the sides of the ship, and in their play send her onward, not knowing that within the bark that floats upon their bosom, there is one who will soon sleep beneath their snow white foam.

On a couch reclines a young and lovely maiden: the long black lashes rest upon her cheek, which is of such marble whiteness as to lead those who gaze upon it to think it that of a corpse; but as the emotion of some sudden thought sends the blood through the clear skin, it is tinged with a delicate hue, which tells that she still breathes. Slowly she opens her large dark eyes, and gazes out upon the moon lit sea and starry sky, as if to take a farewell of all she sees on earth. Then she turns to her mother, who stands gazing anxiously upon her, and whispers: "Mother! dear mother! do not weep for me when I am gone! do not mourn because I sleep not near you in our own bright land, for that I will never again see.—The grass will not grow over my grave, or the sunbeam rest upon it, but the green sea weed will wave over me and the red coral will mark my place of rest. Mother! God has called me and I must obey his voice! Oh! if you could know with what delight it filled me when I heard the sweet voice of angels calling me to join them, you would not weep tears of sadness, but of joy, to know that your child was going home to her Father in heaven. Mother! this beautiful scene fades from before me, and I see forms of lovely children floating round; they flutter their snowy wings and beckon me to follow. Let me rest my head upon your bosom, dear mother! and then I will fly away and be at rest."

The pale moon light trembled upon the bier, and the gentle breath of the wind stirred the folds of the shroud as if a sleeper breathed beneath: but all was still; death had settled his pallid hues upon the fair brow, and sealed the loving lips: all that looked like life, was the glossy black hair as it parted in waves upon the brow, whose blue veins used to swell with every passing thought.

When morning parted the dark clouds on the brow of night, and opened her eyes in the East, the coffin lid was sealed, and then, with heavy tread and hearts bowed down with grief, they lowered it, and the blue waves parted, and the young and beautiful "had found in the deep sea, a grave."

Gems of Advice.

Pittacus being asked what was the best? he answered, to do the present thing well. He would say, what thou dost take ill in thy neighbor, do not thyself. Reproach not thy friend, though he recede from thee a little. He would say, that commonwealth is best ordered, where the wicked have no command; and that family, which hath neither ornament nor necessity. To conclude: he advised to acquire honesty, love discipline; observe temperance; gain prudence; mind diligence; and keep truth, faith, and piety. He had a brother who dying without issue, left him his estate; so that when Crœsus offered his wealth, he answered, I have more by half than I desire. He also affirmed, that family the best, who get not unjustly, kept not unfaithfully, spent not with repentance: and, that happiness consists in a virtuous and honest life, with *being content* with a competency of outward things, and in using them temperately. And to conclude, he earnestly enjoined all to flee corporal pleasure; for, says he, it certainly brings sorrow: but to observe an honest life more strictly than an oath; and meditate on serious things.—*No Cross No Crown.*

A Western paper announces the sitting of the court of common *fleas*. We suppose that, of course, the *big bugs* are also in attendance at the hotels.

Small Sweet Courtesies of Life.

Extract from a letter of the late William Wirt to his Daughter:

"I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others, is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, "who cared for nobody—no not he—because nobody cared for him." And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls, "the small sweet courtesies of life"—those courtesies in which there is no parade; whose voice is to still not to tease, and which manifests themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention—giving others preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting or standing. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life, and to your sex, its sweetest charm. It constitutes the sum total of the witchcraft of woman. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the Upas tree around you, in the same way, by the emanation of a poison which kills all the juices of affection in its neighborhood. Such a girl may be admired but for her understanding and accomplishments, but she will never be beloved.

The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners. Vivacity goes a great way in young persons. It calls attention to her who displays it; and, if it then be found associated with a generous sensibility, its execution is irresistible.

On the contrary, if it be found in alliance with a cold, haughty, selfish heart, it produces no further effect, and adverse one. Attend to this my daughter. It flows from a heart that feels for you all the anxiety a parent can feel, and not without the hope which constitutes the parent's highest happiness, may God protect and bless you. Your affectionate Father. WM. WIRT."

SHAVING A NOTE.

BY JOE MILLER, JR.

Old Skinflint was the most celebrated broker in Philadelphia; his "shaving" operations were famous, as he generally took not only beard and whiskers, but "a pound of flesh" in addition. Young Harry Scarum was one of those dashing chaps, who love wine and horses, and who form the majority of the great army of borrowers. Harry, having many wants, on various occasions borrowed of Skinflint, at three per cent. a month "off." At last he got tired of such constant borrowing and repaying. It would be six years before his estates could be sold, under the terms of his father's will, who had prudently postponed that event until Harry could reach the age of thirty, and concluded it would be better to make a heavy operation at once, and be rid of the bother of continual borrowings. Away to Skinflint he went, determined to procure a good round sum and be done with it.

"I want ten thousand for six years."

"Hem! what security will you give?"

"Oh, you may have my bond—that will bind my *property*."

"Hem! what discount will you give? You know my rule is, always to take the discount 'off.' Besides, you owe me a thousand, due to day, and I lent you a ten in the street the other day."

"I won't pay what I've been paying: one and a quarter per cent. a month is enough. You may take it 'off,' and take out what I owe you besides."

"Hem! well, here's a bond for ten thousand dollars at six years, sign it, and it will be all right."

No sooner said than done. Harry affixed his autograph, and hummed a tune, whilst Skinflint got out his check book and made a calculation.

"Have you got ten dollars about you?" said he, in a moment; "if so, let me have it."

"All right, my old boy," said Harry, supposing he wanted it to make change, "here it is."

"Hem!" said Skinflint, locking up his desk, and making preparations to shoot.

"Stop old fellow," said Harry, "where's my money?"

"Your money! oh! why, you've got it!"

"Got it! what do you mean?"

"Why, I was to take off the discount, wasn't I—and the thousand?"

"Yes; but I want my money."

"Why my dear fellow, you've got it. Ten thousand at one quarter a month, for six years, is *nine thousand—a thousand* you owed me—and you've just paid the *ten*; it's all right, my dear boy—*a fair business transaction!*"

The "Funeral of the Trench."

The *Cleaveland Plaindealer*, in its account of the horrible catastrophe of the burning of the steamer Griffith, with the loss of near 200 lives, has the following:

"By far the saddest sight was the 'funeral of the trench.' On a small hillock, on the high bank overlooking the scene of death, where the night before so many struggled in vain against their fate, was opened a trench thirty feet long, six feet wide and eight feet deep. In this had been laid in promiscuous order, man, woman, child; husband, wife and daughter; the father and son, mother and infant, layer upon layer, until within four feet of the surface. What a horrid work! To see human beings arranged for compactness, the rough pile and larger bodies levelled up with children and lesser bodies, so that this vast grave should present an even surface to the brush and boards which were laid over their faces, and on which the earth which was dug out of the pit was thrown back. When we ascended the bank, we found two or three hundred people around the brink of this mound taking a last look and performing the last sad rites to the victims below. A clergyman or an exhorter was addressing the bystanders, and warning them in accents solemn of the uncertainty of life, and the fleetness and vanity of all things here below. Although there was no procession, no tolling bell, no coffined hearse or funeral array, the scene was solemn and impressing. Yet how soon will this event be forgotten."

The Home of Taste.

How easy it is to be neat!—to be clean! How easy to arrange the rooms with the most graceful propriety! How easy is it to invest our houses with the truest elegance! Elegance resides not with the upholsterer or the draper; it is not in the mosaics, the carpetings, the rose wood, the mahogany, the candelabra, or the marble ornaments: it exists in the spirit presiding over the chambers of the dwelling. Contentment must always be most graceful; it sheds serenity over the scene of its abode; it transforms a waste into a garden. The home lighted by these intimations of a nobler and brighter life may be wanting in much which the discented desire; but to its inhabitants it will be a palace, far outvieing the oriental in brilliancy and glory.

A VOICE OF WISDOM AND AGE.—In my apprehension, the best way to be useful and happy in this life, is to cultivate domestic affections—to love home and at the same time to be temperate and just—to pursue lawful business, whatever it may be, with diligence, firmness and integrity of purpose, and in the perfect belief that honesty is equally binding in the discharge of public as of private trusts; for when public morals are destroyed, public liberty cannot survive.

GRAVE YARDS.—Sir James Murray states that grave yards, near cities, are detrimental to health, because the decomposing going on in them deranges the electrical state of the atmosphere. In Belfast, Ireland, there was a grave yard where he frequently demonstrated the difficulty of producing sparks by a machine, and the people who resided near it could not be sufficiently electrified. A magnet that would support 50 lbs. in other situations, could with great difficulty support only 10 lbs. in such situations.—He believes that negative electricity pervades grave yards.

A village pedagogue, in despair with a stupid boy, pointed to the letter A and asked him if he knew it. "Yes, sir." "Well what is it?" "I knows her very well by sight, but swallow me if I can remember her name."

SONG OF THE EAGLE.

I'm king of the mountain,
I'm lord of the plain;
And my home is the mist
Where the whirlwinds reign.
On the snow bearded cliff,
On the lightning's red cone,
On the waves' plumy brow,
Is my throne—is my throne.

'Mid the stars, as they roll,
In their wildest career;
'Mid the haunts of the thunder,
I soar without fear.
And the gold tinted cloud,
As it follows me down,
To the dark mantled earth,
Is my crown—is my crown.

Where the avalanche grows,
In its youthful dominion;
Where the light silver snows
Fall like gems on my pinion;
Where the lightning lit peaks,
Stand like watchfires, to crave,
From the dark eyes of tempest,
A tear—there's my grave.

EDUCATION.

Thomas Jefferson said: Preach a crusade law against ignorance; establish a system for educating the common people. Let our countrymen know that the people alone can protect us against these evils; and that the tax which will be paid for this purpose is not more than the thousandth part of what will be paid to kings and nobles, who will rise up among us if we leave the people in ignorance. And say, finally, whether peace is best preserved by giving energy to the government, or information to the people. This list is the most certain and the most legitimate engine of government. Educate and inform the whole mass of the people. Enable them to see that it is their interest to preserve peace and order and they will preserve them. And it requires no very high degree of education to convince them of this. They are the only sure reliance for the preservation of our liberty.

"The education of our children," said John Adams to his wife, "is never out of my mind. Train them to virtue; habituate them to industry, activity and spirit; make them consider every vice as shameful and unmanly; fire them with ambition to be useful; make them disdain to be destitute of any useful or ornamental knowledge."

Affected Dignity.

There is a waif bosting about in the sea of print, without an owner—which is as full of truth as an egg is of meat:

"The best proof of a vulgar man is to be found in the quantity of dignity that he wraps himself up in. In the opinion of such men, the only way to set a proper value on yourself, is to treat with contempt every body else. Such men are generally rich and very ignorant. The biggest fooling man we ever know, was a swelling blockhead, who imagined that the tragedy of Hamlet was written by Damon and Pythias, and who could'nt tell, without consulting his *vade mecum*, whether Shakspeare was the author of Macbeth, or Macbeth was the author of Shakspeare. As a general thing your dignified men are great asses. They keep at a distance, that their neighbors may not discover what counterfeits they are. Across the street, a galvanic watch appears to be bullion. Men are like ships—the more they contain, the lower they carry their heads."

How Does a Fly Buzz?

How does a fly buzz? is a question more easily asked than answered. "With its wings to be sure," hastily replies one of our readers. "With its wings as they vibrate on the air," responds another with a smile, half of contempt, half of complacency with his own more than common measure of philosophy. But how then can the great dragon fly, another similar broad pinioned, rapid flying insect, cut through the air with silent stillness, when not upon the wing at all? Rennie, who has already put this posing query, himself ascribes the sound partially to air as it plays on the edge of their wings at their origin, as with an Æolian harp string, or to the friction of some internal organ at the root of the wings of nerves. Lastly, how does the fly feed? The busy, curious, thirsty fly, that "drinks with me," but does not "drink as I," his sole instrument for eating or drinking, being his trunk or suck; the narrow pipe, by means of which when let down upon his dainties, he is enabled to imbibe as much as suits its capacity. This trunk might seem an instrument convenient enough, when inserted into a saucer of syrup, or applied to the broken surfaces of an over ripe blackberry, but we often see our sippers of sweets quite as busy on a lump of sugar, which we shall find on close inspection, growing "small by degrees" under his attack. How without grinders, does he accomplish the consumption of such crystal condiment? A *magnifier will solve the difficulty, and show how the fly dissolves the rock.* Hannibal fashion, by a dilutant, a salivary fluid passing down the same pipe, which returns the sugar melted into syrup.—*Episodes on Insect Life.*

HANDLING MOLTEN LEAD AND IRON.—The *Boston Traveller* says experiments similar to those recently made in France, by which molten lead and iron are handled with entire impunity, the hands and arms being boldly immersed in the boiling liquids, have been tried with equal success at the scientific school, Cambridge. A fortuitous circumstance discovered that the apparently wonderful results were nothing but the simple effect of what is called the spheroidal condition of water or moisture. The theory of the thing is, that when the metal has attained a high degree of heat, it changes the moisture on the hand, or even the tongue, into globules or spheroidal forms, which prevent the immediate contact of the iron with the skin. The experiments are to be repeated before the Natural History Society of Boston, soon. If so, they will be duly reported.

METHOD OF OBTAINING FLOWERS OF DIFFERENT COLORS, &c.—Split a small twig of elder tree lengthways, and having scraped out the pith, or soft part of the wood, fill each of the apartments with seeds of flowers, of different sorts, but which blossom about the same time; surround them with mould, and then tying together the two bits of wood, plant the whole in a pot, properly prepared. The stems of the different flowers will thus be incorporated so as to exhibit to the eye only one stem, throwing out branches covered with flowers analogous to the seed which produces them.

"THAT'S VERY LIKELY."—A man brought up by a farmer and accused of stealing some ducks. The farmer said he should know them anywhere, and went on to describe their peculiarity. "Why," said the counsel for the prisoner, "They can't be such a very rare breed—I have very much like them in my yard." "That's very likely, sir," said the farmer; "these are not the only ducks of the sort I have had stolen lately."

JOE PENTLAND says he knows a youth who every time he wishes to get a glimpse of his sweetheart, has to "holler fire" right under the window. In the alarm of the moment, she plunges her head out of the window, and exclaims "where?" when he poetically slaps himself on the bosom and exclaims: "here, my Hangelina."

"Touching, isn't it?"

The human heart is like a feather bed—it must be roughly handled, well shaken, and exposed to a variety of turns, to prevent its becoming hard and knotty.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—On a sailor's grave stone, in the Brooklyn navy yard, are the following words to be seen: "Nobly he did his duty below, and now he has gone aloft."

A WHARF LECTURE.

Under the caption of "Town Facts and Fancies," the city reporter of the *Pennsylvanian* gives the following humorous account of a Wharf Temperance Lecture:

A free lecture, on the subject of Temperance, was delivered, on Sunday afternoon, by a weather-proof looking man, on the first wharf above Dock street. The speaker had his coat off, as if he meant to go at it in earnest; his voice was powerful, his action vehement, and, as he spoke and gesticulated, the perspiration rolled off his face in streams. He was an orator; for he spoke *home* to his audience, which consisted of about two hundred persons, principally "hard cases," who had been drawn by his trumpet-toned eloquence from the neighboring houses of refreshment. The following short specimen will show *how* he touched his hearers to the quick:

"It's much worth my while to be putting myself all in a reek of sweat, preaching the temperance reform to *you*; and in less than ten minutes after I am done, two-thirds of you red eyed scoundrels will be back again into the rum holes, making hogs of yourselves, just as bad as ever. Joe Snyder—I see your flashy red face sticking there between the heads of them two nigger gentlemen, like a bolt of scarlet *flanging* between two pieces of black bombazet. I tell you what, Joe, my old bruiser, you'll find yourself, cheek-by-jowl, one of these days, with some other black gentlemen, hob nobbing over a bowl of hot brimstone punch; and much good may it do you, you eternal old sot! *You* needn't to grin, Tom Wagner, for you're tarred with the same stick, and a bigger vagabond ain't to be found along South Wharves—that's a fact. And there's another rum-pimpled beauty! Don't dodge your head, Dave Johnson; I seed you before you dipped behind that barrel of lasses. It was n't you I meant;—but the cap fits you, you nasty beast,—and so you may on with it. Oh, ho! Bill Myers—there you are, you miserable varmin! I'm told you've got your wife to guzzling as hard as yourself. They say you both get tipsy, and make a pair of blue spectacles of yourselves every afternoon. But you never signed the pledge, Bill, and took to drink again, like Sam Wiggins there. You'll pass for a gentleman along side of him—but put you any where else, and no creditable rag-tag-and-bobtail, that had any respect for his own character, would look at you."

In this way the orator went on, particularizing his audience, with many of whom he appeared to have been on terms of great intimacy. The discourse seemed to be received with much good humor by his hearers, each writhing a little when it came to his own turn, but joining heartily in the laugh, when the speaker transferred his attention to some other member of the congregation.

A RICH LOVE LETTER.—The following admirable bit at those love-sick swains who indulge in an extravagant prodigality of honeyed words and hyperbolic phrases, when addressing their dulcineas, we take from the Aberdeen (Miss.) Independent. Such a rich piece of literature should be preserved:

APRIL 1st, 1850.

Most transcendent and egregious Miss:

Would that my pen were dipped in the dyes of the rainbow, plucked from the wings of an angel and mended with the prayer of an infants wit; then I might expect to paint the burning brightness of that flame which thy thrilling eloquence has kindled. Thou sunbeam of sentiment, and source of light, of loveliness! thy school is as gentle as the first stirring of an infant's dream—thy step is as light as the silken-footed zephyr which fanned with the wing of perfume the new born paradise—thine eyes are two brilliants, stolen from a seraphic crown—thy lips are riven rose-buds, moistened by the honey dew of affection—thy words are like drops of amber—thy teeth are snow-flakes set in a bed of verbena. Sweet spirit of camphor, double distilled essence of homœpathy, sour-krout of my hopes, sauce of my thoughts, butter-milk catsups of my fancy, tiger lilly of innocence, logwood of perfection—thou art the julep of my dreams, ginger-pop of my walking visions, and cherry-bounce of my recollection. Thou art as harmless as a tiger, handsome as an elephant, melodious as the lion, meek as the hyena, spotted as the leopard, bright as the struggling, sneezing sunlight, passing the mortal cracks of an old barn loft, or a greased streak of blue lightning churned to consistency in the milky way, and peppered with a shower of turnip tops, comets, and percoon roots from the crust of eternity. The onion of the soul, pickled pumpkin, preserved crab of the garden of Hesperides, thy dance is as melting as old butter in summer time—thou art a drop of water from the cup of the gods, or the juice of a rotten pine apple. GREGORY.

BE A GOOD NEIGHBOR.—Some men are always in hot water and are never on good terms with their neighbors. What is worse than to quarrel with a neighbor? The toothache is nothing to it. You cannot bear anything from one of his family. If his children are in your yard, or on your fence, they must be driven away with harsh words—poor innocent little things who have not learned the ways of the world. You forbid your wife—who is perhaps disposed to forget—ever to borrow or lend to the adversary—not to speak to his children, or have anything whatsoever to do with the family. Does not a man feel badly who has such a disposition and quarrels with his neighbors?

We pray you to be a good neighbor. Overlook the faults and foibles of your friend. If he is morose and sour in his disposition, there is more necessity for you to be forbearing, mild and persuasive. You have but a short time to live, then spend your days in peace.

IS THE RIGHT.—The motto of David Crockett—an admirable one—was, "be sure you are right, then go ahead." If one is in the right, whatever path he may pursue, he cannot fail of success; or if perchance he fail, he can lie down with his clear commending conscience, and sleep sweetly by the wayside, though *his head rests upon a stone. Right is a principle* allied to those happy combinations, which in the great aggregate of life are certain to triumph. Right is the light and truth, indestructable, eternal.

HINTS TO YOUNG MEN.—One of the most disagreeable characters on earth is that of the grasping, avaricious, penurious man. Generosity is perfectly compatible with economy; and the most noble-hearted, generous men, who do so much to benefit mankind, obtain means, not by close-fisted penuriousness, but by *economy*. The distance is not greater beneath the zenith and the nadir, than between the covetous and economical man—the first banishes every just and honorable feeling from his heart, while the latter fosters and ministers to them all.

TRUTH.—Truth is a subject which men will not suffer to grow old. Each age has to fight with its own falsehoods; each man with his loving of saying to himself and those around him pleasant things and things serviceable for to day, rather than things which are. Yet a child appreciates at once the divine truth; never asks, "What harm is there in saying this—thing there is not?" An old man finds in his growing experience wider and wider applications of the great doctrine and discipline of truth.

"Pa, what makes the people go to hear Webster if they have all to be put in irons?" "To be put in irons, Simon, what do you mean?" "Why, the papers say that at his great speech, t'other day, the entire audience were chained to the spot." "Susan, give that boy a lump of sugar, and put him to bed as quick as possible."

Musicians at the gambling houses at San Francisco get $16 a day.

LAWRENCE DIVORCE CASE.

The following particulars of this remarkable case are given by the editors of the Miners' Journal. We give them more for the object of showing the folly of making money an object in marriage. Miss Ward was like her eastern lover, immensely rich:

"T. B. Lawrence, the 'hubby,' is a son of the Hon. Abbot Lawrence, the celebrated millionaire of Boston, at present the American Minister at the Court of St. James. Mrs. Lawrence, previous to her marriage, was extensively known as 'the belle of the West.'—Besides being very rich, she is said to have been one of the most beautiful in the wide 'wo'rald.' She used to create an immense sensation in the polished circles of New Orleans, St. Louis, and Cincinnati. Shortly after marriage, and upon taking up her residence with her husband in Boston, the Hon. Abbot Lawrence, with the express view of introducing her into the fashionable society of that city, gave a magnificent, superb, unequalled, and unapproachable *soiree*. Notwithstanding the entertainment was given expressly in her honor, she could hardly be persuaded to go, and when she did, finally, consent, she surprised every body by appearing in a *plain calico dress*, without any ornament, trimmings, or 'extras' whatever! The Hon. Abbot Lawrence, and all his family and friends, were *mortified* and confused.

She left Boston some months ago, on account of impaired health, and scarcely had she reached the house of her father, in Louisville, before an advertisement appeared in the newspapers, signed by her husband, 'warning all persons not to trust his wife, Sallie, on his account, as, whereas, she had left his bed and board without any just cause, he was determined to pay no debts of her contracting!' This was very delicate—very polite—very loving!—particularly as Mrs. Lawrence has *proved* that she had never received a cent from her husband, and that all her debts were contracted in her own name, and liquidated with her own money. The divorce was granted without opposition, and the 'belle of the West' is again free!

This case suggests points worthy of consideration. The parties, although rolling in wealth, flourishing in the seventh heaven of upper tendom, and surrounded with all the luxuries of their high position, were still all the time hopelessly, entirely and excruciatingly *unhappy*. We are of the clear opinion that *mutual* wealth is a fatal barrier to the happiness of domestic life. And why? Because it destroys the chords of *sympathy* which links one to the other in mutual dependence, mutual deference, and mutual regard. Instead of Mr. Lawrence, Miss Ward should have married a poor *gentleman*. The proper mate for beauty is a *man*—not a money-purse. Thus husbanded, her life might have been prolonged and happy. But as it is, we find her sinking away in consumption, and all her hopes nipped in the bud!"

Trial for Seduction in Eaton, Ohio.

An intensely exciting trial, in which Michael Keever was plaintiff, and Dr. William R. Winston defendant, came off at the last term of Court in Eaton, Preble county, Ohio. The action was to recover damages from defendant for debauching plaintiff's daughter, Harriet Keever. It appeared from the evidence, that the parents of the young lady placed her, by the solicitation of the Doctor, under his charge, to be treated for club, or reel feet. The young lady was removed to the residence of the physician for treatment. The patient was operated upon for the lameness, after which the Doctor went to his patient's room every morning to wash and dress her feet, in the course of a few days, while washing her feet, the defendant made improper advances to his patient, but was repulsed, and desisted from further attempts for a time. But it appears, the defendant afterwards repeated his advances, and finally, by force, and against the will of Miss Keever, and while she was scarcely able to turn in bed, accomplished his infamous design, and sent her forth to the world a ruined and dishonored woman. After this, the defendant had frequent criminal intercourse with plaintiff's daughter, but without force, and on the 20th of May, 1849, evidence of such connection was produced. The young lady is about nineteen years of age. From evidence given, this was an aggravated case, and after argument from counsel and charge from the Court, the jury retired, but shortly returned, giving a verdict of $15,000 damages for plaintiff. Judge Crane, of Dayton, and A. Haines, Esq., were counsel for plaintiff, and J. E. Hawkens, of Eaton, and Charles Anderson, of this city, for defendant.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

SCENE IN A DISTRICT SCHOOL.—First class in geography—step out, close your books. John Johns—how many kingdoms are there in nature?

'Four.'

'Name them.'

'England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.'

'Pass to the next—Smith.'

'Four—the animal, vegetable, mineral and kingdom come.'

'Good, go up head.'

'Hobbs—What is meant by the animal kingdom?'

'Lions, tigers, elephants, rhinocerosses, hippopotamusses, monkeys, alligators, jackasses, hack drivers, and school masters.'

'Very well—but you'll take a licking for your last remark.'

'Giles—What is the mineral kingdom?'

'The whole of California.'

'Walk straight up head.'

'Johnson—What is the vegetable kingdom?'

'Garden sarse, potatoes, carrots, ingyons, and all kinds of greens thats good for cooking.'

'And what are pines, and hemlocks, and clims—aint they vegetables?'

'No, sir-ee—you can't cook 'em—them's saw logs, and framing timber.'

'Boys, you can have an hour's intermission—except Hobbs.'

BIGOTRY ILLUSTRATED.—The venerable William Jay, in one of his sermons at Surroy Chapel, a few years since, illustrated his view of bigotry among different branches of the "household of faith," by the following anecdote:

"I was exceedingly terrified, sir, this morning. I was going down to a lonely place, and I thought I saw at a distance a huge monster; it seemed in motion, but I could not discern the form of it. I did not like to turn back, yet my heart beat, and the more I looked, the more I feared; but as we approached each other, I saw it was only a man, and who do you think, sir, it was?"

"I know not."

"Oh! it was my brother John."

"Ah!" said I to myself, passing away from him, as he added that it was early in the morning and very foggy—"ah!" said I, "how often in a lonely place and in a foggy atmosphere, has brother John been taken for a foe! Only approach nearer each other and see clearer, and you will find in numberless instances what you have dreaded as a monster was a brother—and your own brother."

ORIGINAL LOVE TRICK.—Some scamps have been sending fictitious marriage notices to the Wilmington (Del.) Chicken. One of them, however, has another object in view than the usual one of wantonly annoying or injuring the feelings of the parties. He was paying his addresses to a young lady in Maryland, but several other suitors making him jealous, he thought that publishing her marriage to himself, they would give it up as a "gone case," and that then having the field clear, he would walk in and win the lady himself. The Chicken thinks that though the end he was desirous to obtain did not justify the means, still it was some palliation. That is very doubtful, as the circumstances may be such as to make it a still greater outrage. But all is fair in love, war and politics, say some.

☞To expect to be great without having enemies, is to expect trees to shed their fruit without being "pelted."

"What are you writing such a big hand for Pat?" "Why, you see, my grandmother's deaf, and I'm writing a loud letther to her."

Cruel Method of Branding Camels in Africa.

I was a witness to day of the barbarous manner in which the Dankalli brand the camel. It seems two different marks are required, both of which are made with a red hot iron. One intimates the tribe of the owner, the other his private mark. Two camels had been purchased by another Ibrahim, a cousin of Ebin Izaak, a young, quiet looking fellow, and less violent in his manner than is usual among his countrymen. He, however, did not practice the less forbearance towards his new purchase, but proceeded at once to stamp them as his property. The fore legs of one of the camels being first secured by a strong leathern thong, another was afterwards fastened around the hind ones in a similar manner. A rope attached to the former was then made to run through the loop of the latter, and, this being pulled by three or four men, the feet were all drawn together, and the consequence was, that the poor animal fell with tremendous force to the ground, uttering the most horrible cries. A piece of iron, about half an inch thick, and some two feet long, being heated red hot, was then applied to the shoulder, nearly the whole length, and three successive marks were thus inflicted. The iron being heated afresh each time, remained until it was quite cold upon the skin, which curled up in a most sickening manner as the rude instrument was taken off. Three similar marks were also made upon the rump, after which the animal was liberated, and allowed to get up. I was glad there were only these two to be operated upon, for I never heard such bellowing shrieks that disturbed the camp during the operation, such only as camels can produce when suffering bodily pain.

SINGING.—We find the following very sensible observations relative to singing among the young, in an Eastern paper:

All children can learn to sing if they commence in season. I do not say that all will have the same sweet voice of the nightingale—for some have naturally sweet, mild and soft voices, when they talk while others speak in loud, strong and masculine tones. The same is true in regard to singing.

In Germany, every child is taught to use his voice while young. In their schools all join in singing, as a regular exercise, as they attend to the study of geography, and in their churches the singing is not confined to a choir, who sit apart from the others, perhaps in the corner of the house—but there is a vast tide of incense going forth to God from every heart, which has utterance in this language of the soul.

Children, sing! sing with your whole hearts!—David sang before the Lord, and it is meet you should do the same; and always when angry feelings rise in your breast, curb and check them by singing sweet and cheerful songs.

AN INDIAN SPEECH.—The Minnesota *Register* contains the following report of a speech made by NAH HAKEKAH, *alias* Jim Two Bits, a Winnebago Chief, to his people, on the 16th of May last:

"We have come to a poor country. There is no game here but bugs, frogs and mosquitoes. We can no longer live by hunting. I can hear the frogs and mosquitoes around me now. We must go to work, or we shall starve. We must live as the white men do. The women must no longer do all the work.—The men must come out and help their wives and sisters to plant the corn. Another thing I wish you to hear. Our children must all be sent to school.—If the older boys and girls are wanted just now to help plant, the little ones must be sent. It is a great thing to know how to read and write well. It is what gives the white men such an advantage over us. Take all the little children that are old enough to walk, and push them into the school house, where they can learn to be skilful, and industrious; and more, besides that, they will bring home bread and pork. The pork will afford you something to grease your hands with, when they have become sore by hard work."

A PORTRAIT.—Love smiled on her dimpled lips; it reposed on her open brow; it played in the profuse, and careless ringlets of darkest yet sunniest auburn that breeze could lift from her delicate and virgin cheek. Love, in all its tenderness, murmured in her low melodious voice; in all its kindness, unsuspecting truth; love colored every thought in all its symmetry and glorious womanhood; love swelled the swan-like neck and moulded the rounded limb.

She was just the kind of person that takes the judgment by storm; whether gay or grave, there was so charming and irresistable a grace about her. She *seemed born not only to captivate the giddy, but to* turn the heads of the sage. In her arch smile, the pretty toss of her head, the half shyness, half freedom of her winning ways, it was as if Nature had made her to delight one heart and torment all others.

The man with a wheelbarrow, who is emigrating all alone overland to California, appears to be getting along finely. A letter from Fort Laramie says:

The most distinguished character who has yet made his appearance in these parts this spring is the "wheelbarrow man," who dropped in upon us yesterday. He left St. Joseph about twenty-five days ago, carrying his all in a light wheelbarrow, and has outstripped almost every thing on the road. He appeared in high spirits, and felt confident that he would be the first man in the "diggins" by this route. When he came up to us he stopped as he said "we," and inquired how the *grass* was ahead, but reckoned his animals wouldn't want much, and then pushed on to the tune of Yankee Doodle towards the setting sun. Such a man must succeed.

THRILLING INCIDENT.—The Richmond (Va.) Times says: One of those extraordinary circumstances which border upon the miraculous, occurred in this city last Saturday evening. Our townsman, Capt. C. Q. Tompkins, was returning from the Steel Works, and in the act of crossing the bridge over Messrs. Haxwell & Co's Canal, when his horse, attached to a vehicle containing himself and three little children, became frightened at a hole in the bridge, and instantly backed, the carriage until it was precipitated over the side of the bridge, dragging after it the horse! Several persons in the vicinity saw the spectacle with horror, without being able to arrest the catastrophe. For a moment the carriage and its inmates were entirely submerged—the horse soon extricated himself—fragments of the carriage rose to the surface, and in the next moment, through the friendly and intrepid aid of Messrs. Hunter, Liscomb, and others, Captain Tompkins and his interesting little trio were rescued from danger. Strange to relate, not one of the party sustained serious injury, though the vehicle was broken to atoms and the horse severely wounded.

"Ma," said a little girl to her mother, "do the men want to get married as much as the women do?"

"Pshaw! what are you talking about?"

"Why, ma, the women who come here are always talking about getting married, the men don't do so."

CROSS-EXAMINATION.—A witness, examined in one of the courts of Illinois, upon a trial concerning a horse trade, was asked by the counsel for the defendant, how the plaintiff generally rode? Witness—He generally rides a-straddle, sir.—Counsel—How does he ride in company? Witness—If he has got a good horse he always keeps up. Counsel—How does he ride when he is alone? Witness—Really, sir, I cannot say, for I never was in comphy with him when he rode by himself. Counsel—You may stand aside, sir.

The Western papers state that the Mississippi has raised one foot. When it raises the *other foot*, it will very probably run.