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 18, 1850. NO. 6.

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.

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, Berage 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 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 Cheap Store!

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

Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinets,

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

Cheap Bonnets,

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

A. & W. BENTZ.

March 21, 1850.

New and Cheap Store.

THE undersigned most respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore, and is now opening at the corner of North Hanover and Louther streets, at the stand formerly occupied by N. W. Woods, a well selected assortment of new

Spring Goods,

purchased at the lowest prices, and which I am determined to sell at small profits. Among these may be found

Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings,

Tweed and Pantaloon Stuff at various prices. DRESS GOODS, new *styles, and at low prices.* Also Groceries in all their variety, viz: Sugar, Coffee, Teas, Molasses, Spices, &c., which will be sold low for cash. Please give me a call.

A. C. PETTER.

Carlisle, April 11, 1850

Carpets.

ARNOLD & LEVI have just received another large assortment of Carpets, which we are determined to sell 10 per cent cheaper than the same quality can be purchased elsewhere.

April 25, 1850

White-Washing out Done.

Who would White-wash a Room when they can buy Paper at 9 cents a piece?

HAVING made arrangement with the manufacturers at the East for a constant supply of Wall Paper, Borders, Prints for Fire Boards, and Window Blinds, I can sell them as low as they can be bought in Phiaildelphia. Persons wanting Paper are requested to call and examine my stock, where they can be suited with any pattern of Room or Hall Paper and Borders in the greatest variety at least 20 per cent. less than any other place in town.

JOHN P. LYNE.

Carlisle, May 30, 1850.

BAREGES and Silk Tissues. The subscriber is selling off his stock of Bareges and Silk Tissues at greatly reduced prices.

Calicoes in great variety at the store of

N. W. WOODS, Agt.

July 11, 1850

BLANK DEEDS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

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.

DREAMS.

Oh I have had dreams, I have had sweet dreams
Of childhood's bright and sunny hours,
When I wandered all day by the sparkling streams,
And culled for my mother the gay wild flowers;
When I wove her a wreath of the green woodbine,
And twined in its berries and buttercups gay,
And I crowned her pale forehead and she kissed mine;
Ah! she, like the flowers, has faded away!
She has faded away—faded away!

I've had bright dreams of the old elm tree,
Beneath whose branches, spreading wide,
I have sported away in childish glee
The fleet-winged hour of eventide;
I have dreamed of the friends once gathered there,
To frolic away the live long day,
Untrammeled by fear, unwearied by care;
But they, like the rest, have faded away!
They have faded away—faded away!

I have had sweet dreams of a fairy form
That was ever around me there,
Of her bird-like voice, with its silvery charm,
Floating away on the evening air;
But alas for the flush and the wasting breath!
Alas for thy power, Decay!
An angel beckoned her home from the earth;
Like the morning star she faded away!
She faded away—faded away!

I have had bright dreams as I wandered alone,
When still midnight in silence reigned,
When my own pale star shone bright from its throne,
And in visions of hope my soul was chained;
But the cares of earth would come again,
The heart would grow sick with Hopp's delay,
And the visions I wove of my destiny then,
Ah! they, like the rest, have faded away!
They have faded away—faded away!

Miscellaneous.

THE GRAVE OF THOSE WE LOVE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The grave is the ordeal of true affection. It is there the divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulses of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the presence of its object; but the love that is seated in the soul can live on long remembrance. The mere inclinations of sense languish and decline with the charms which excited them, and turn with shuddering and disgust from the dismal precincts of the tomb; but it is thence that truly spiritual affection rises purified from every sensual desire, and returns, like a holy flame, to illumine and sanctify the heart of the survivor.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affection to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affection we brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child who would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though but to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?

No—the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear *of recollection—when the sudden anguish and the* convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living.

Oh, the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies beneath him.

But the grave of those we love—what a place of meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene, the bed of death! with all its stifled grief! its noiseless attendance! its mute, watchful assiduities! the last testimonial of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh! how thrilling—pressure of the hand! the last fond look of the gazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshhold of existence! the faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection.

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never, never return to be soothed by the contrition.

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt for one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; *if thou art a friend that* hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet, then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action will come thronging back upon thy memory, knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down, sorrowing and repentant, on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour out the unheard and unavailing.

Then weave the chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, and take warning by the bitterness of this, thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

A JOLLY LIFE.—Insects generally must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lilly. Imagine a palace of ivory and pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never arose from a human censer. Fancy again the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of the rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of the summer air, nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a dew drop, and fall to and eat your bed clothes!

THE CHURCH AND THE TAVERN.

BY LAURIE TODD.

In the year seventeen hundred and ninety-three, when Louis the Sixteenth was beheaded, and the French revolution was in full blast, I was a thoroughgoing radical. With seventeen more of our club, I was marched under a guard of the King's officers, and lodged in Edinburg jail. After a summary hearing, I got *liberty to banish myself*, and accordingly I took passage in the good ship Providence, and landed in New York in June, 1794. I was then in my twenty second year. When the ship cast off from the wharf, in Scotland, and swung round with the breeze, my father stood upon the shore. He waved a last adieu, and exclaimed,

"Remember the Sabbath day."

I arrived at New York on a Saturday, and, the next day being Sabbath, at nine o'clock, A. M., three young men of our company called at my lodgings.

"Where are you going to-day?" they enquired.

"To the church," I replied.

"We have been ten weeks at sea; our health requires excercise. Let us walk out to day, and go to *church next Sabbath*," *they replied.*

Said I, "you can go where you please, but I'll go to church; the last words I heard from my father were, 'Remember the Sabbath day;' and had I no respect for the fourth Commandment, I have not yet forgotten his last advice."

They went to the fields; I went to church: they spent forty or fifty cents in the tavern; I put a one penny bill in the plate, at the morning, afternoon and night service:—total threepence. They continued going into the country, and in process of time the landlady's daughter, and the landlady's niece, would join their company. Then each couple hired a gig, at two dollars a day; wine cake and ice cream on the road, fifty cents each; dine at Jamaica, one dollar each. They got home at eight o'clock, P. M., half drunk, and, having been caught in a thunder shower, their coats, hats, and mantles were damaged fifty per cent. They rose the next morning at nine o'clock, A. M., with sore heads, sore hearts, muddy boots, and an angry conscience, besides $12 lighter than when they started. I went to church, rose at 5 o'clock, A. M., head sound, heart light, bones refreshed, conscience quiet, and commenced the labors of the week in peace and plenty. They were all mechanics; some of them could earn $12 a week. My business, that of a wrought nail maker, was poor; the cutnail machines had just got into operation, which cut down my wages to a shaving. With close application, I could only earn five dollars and fifty cents per week. Never mind, at the end of the year, my Sabbath-riding shipmates, had fine coats, fine hats, powdered heads, and ruffled shirts; but I had one hundred hard dollars, piled in the corner of my chest. Having lived fast, they died *early. Nearly forty winters are past and forty summers* ended, since the last was laid in the potters, or some other field; while I, having received from my maker a good constition, (and common sense to take care of it,) am as sound in mind, body and spirit, as I was this day 56 years ago, when first I set my foot on shore at Governour's wharf, New York. Besides, *it's a fact (for which my family can vouch,)* I have been only one day confined to the house by sickness, during all that period.

Now, Mr. Printer, I dare say you think, with me, that the church on Sabbath is better than the tavern and fields for the laboring man.

In 1794, we had no water but from pumps; no hacks nor livery stables; only three hundred cartmen; the wheels of their carts were made of heavy *timber. Iron tires were by a law of the Corporation*, prohibited, fearing they would injure the pavements, or arouse the sleeping Dutch burgomasters in their afternoon siesta. The curbstones were made of wood, as (Pat would say.) The only theatre stood *in John street, where now stands Thorburn's seed* store. In those days no man read an American book. Irving, Paulding, and Cooper, were not up that morning. No man looked on an American coin; Spanish dollars, halves, quarters, and eights, constituted our circulating medium, with New York Corporation bills, from one penny to twelve. Now our copper, silver, and golden eagles, soar above the clouds, and we have gold dust blown in our eyes from every quarter, while we are smote to the earth by a lump *of pure yellow*, ten inches and three quarters in circumference, and American funds are the safest investment in the world. We have food enough to feed the world, and gather up seven baskets of fragments that are left; and if every man would mind his own business, and let his neighbor's alone, we might be the happiest people in the world; therefore, Madam Folsome, and father Garretson, you may boil your Irish potatoes with your white negroes; and let the South boil their *sweet Carolines* with their black negroes. Then eat, without asking any questions. Thus may brotherly love continue, as your parson prays.

A LOVE SICK SWAIN.—A love sick swain—who says he has been wounded in a tender place—poetically pours fourth his sorrows, through the medium of Cohen's Chester Herald, in some heart rending stanzas—(addressed to "The Chester, Belle," who did the mischief)—two of which we subjoin:

Oh! I've seen her at the window,
With all her fixins' on,
As lovely and as tender
As a blossom newly blown;
With eyes like melting violets,
And dimples in her cheeks,
And a voice like twenty clarionets
Unhushed for twenty weeks.

I've seen her at the museum,
Lord knows how many places,
And by the great Methusalem,
Her's is the face of faces;
She looks for all the world
Like an angel just come down
To get her raven tresses curled,
Then hurry out of town.

ANOTHER WIFE.—On the 17th day of June, old 'Squire Roll, that modest, sedate, wise and demure dispenser of "Mohawk law," married a male and female, as we are informed. The license was in legal form, the ceremony according to the approved style, and the 'Squire's dance at the wedding equal to his earliest efforts in Berkshire. Yesterday morning a female appeared at the 'Squire's office with her eyes full of tears, and swore out a warrant against a man—the very man the 'Squire had married on that 17th day of June in the morning. She averred that *she* was the man's lawful wife—that he had left her bed and board—had gone to parts unknown without the trouble of a "whereas"—and she had followed him to find him in the arms of another wife. The warrant was issued and the man "tuk up," leaving the honey moon in a state of eclipse, and Hymen's couch with a lonely tenant. All this means that a bigamy comes off in a day or two.

Cin. Com., 26th ult.

COOL.—"Maybe smoking is offensive to some of you," said an inveterate smoker, as he entered one of the ferry boats.

"Yes, yes," immediately responded a dozen voices.

"Well," said the enquirer, immediately placing his segar between his lips, and puffing away at it for dear life, "its to some folks!"

LEMONADE.—Some rascally fellow gives the following receipt for making lemonade:

Get a bowl of pure water, let a dozen pretty girls kiss it, then get one old maid and just let her look at it, and the lemonade is done.

N. B. If she looks twice at it, another dozen of girls must be procured immediately.

THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

Here is a beautiful thing from the pen of Mrs. Cornwall Barry Wilson:

"Please my lady buy a nosegay, or bestow a trifle," was the address of a pale emaciated woman, holding a few withered flowers in her hand, to a lady *who sat* on the beach at Brighton, watching the blue waves of the receding tide. "I have no pence, my good woman," said the lady, looking up from the novel she was perusing, with a listless gaze; "if I had I would give them to you." "I am a poor widow, with three helpless children depending upon me; would you bestow a small trifle to help us on our way?" "I have no half-pence," reiterated the lady, somewhat pettishly.

"Really," she added, as the poor applicant turned meekly away, "this is worse than the streets of London; they should have police on the shore to prevent annoyance." They were the thoughtless dictates of the "head." "Mamma," said a blue eyed boy, who was playing on the beach at the lady's feet, flinging pebbles into the sea, "I wish you had a penny, for the poor woman does hungry, and you know that we are going to have a nice dinner, and you have promised me a glass of wine."

The "heart" of the lady answered the appeal of the child; and with a blush of shame crimsoning her cheek at the tacit reproof his artless words conveyed, she opened her reticule, placing half a crown in his tiny hand, and in another moment the boy was bounding along the sands on his errand of *mercy.*

In a few seconds he returned, his eyes sparkling with delight, and his features glowing with health and beauty. "Oh, mamma, the poor woman was so thankful; she wanted to turn back, but I would not let her; and *she said*, "*God bless the noble* lady, and you too my pretty lamb; my children will now have bread for these two days, and we shall go on our way rejoicing." The recital of her child, and her "heart" told her that its dictates bestowed a pleasure, the cold reasoning of the "head" could not bestow.

Woman's Tenderness and Love.

It has often been remarked, that in sickness there is no hand like woman's hand, no heart like woman's heart—and there is not. A man's breast may swell with unutterable sorrow, and apprenension may rend his mind; yet place him by the sick couch, and in the shadow, rather than the light, of the sad lamp that watches it—let him have to count over the long, dull hours of night, *and wait, alone, and sleepless*, the struggle of the gray dawn into the chamber of suffering—let him be appointed to this ministry, even for the sake of the brother of his heart, or the father of his being, and his grosser nature, even when it is most perfect, will tire; his eye will close, and his spirit grow impatient of the dreary task; and, though love and anxiety remain undiminished, his mind will own to itself a creeping in of an irresistible selfishness, which, indeed, he may be ashamed of, and struggle to reject, but which, despite of all his efforts remains to characterize his nature, and prove in one instance at least, his manly weakness.

But see a mother, a sister or a wife in his place. The woman feels no weariness, and even no recollection of self. In silence, in the depth of night, she dwells, not only passively, but, so far as the qualified terms may express our meaning, joyously. Her ear seems, like a blind man's instinct, as from time to time it catches the slightest stir or whisper, or the breath of the now more than ever loved one, who lies under the hand of human affliction. Her step, as in obedience to an impulse or a signal, would not awaken a mouse; if she speaks, her echo of natural harmony, most delicious to the sick man's ear, conveying all that sound can convey to pity, comfort and devotion; and thus, *night after night*, she tends like a creature sent from a higher world, when all earthly watchfulness has failed; her eye never drooping, her mind never palled, her nature, that at all other times is weakness, now gaining a superhuman strength and magnanimity—herself forgotten, and her sex alone predominant.—*Banim.*

"Exchange."

Passing along one of our streets the other day, we saw written in flaming characters over the door of one of our rum saloons, "*The Exchange.*" Exchange, exchange, thought we, musing as we wended our way; surely that is an *appropriate* name. Here a man can exchange wealth for poverty; health for disease, and an untarnished reputation for the drunkard's notoriety. Here a man can exchange the respect and esteem of acquaintances for the hoots and derision of the rabble; the pleasure of social intercourse for the companionship of vagrants; and the delights of a happy fireside for the miseries of the gutter. He can exchange the cheerful countenance, with the impress of intellect, for the bloated face and unmeaning stare; a proud and manly bearing for the drunkard's stagger; comfortable and respectable garments for those soiled and torn; all that is *pure, lofty and noble in humanity, for all that* is foul and grovelling and debased. He can exchange a happy home for the drunkard's grave, and all the joys of heaven for the miseries of hell!

An appropriate name is "Exchange," for all our *groggeries*, and we recommend its universal *adoption.—Banner.*

ARE FLEAS LOBSTERS.

The Boston Transcript is responsible for the following rich anecdote. We had a hearty laugh over it, and pass it to you reader that you may enjoy the same:

"Some philosopher—we think it was Sir Joseph Banks—was represented as maintaing the theory that fleas are a diminutive species of lobster. He brought a great amount of scientific learning and research to the support of this odd conceit. There was one practical way of testing it; namely by boiling fleas in water, and if they should turn red, a triumph awaited the philosopher—his theory was verified. If boiling should not have the coloring effect upon them, it would be proof positive that they did not belong to the respectable family of lobsters. The experiment was no sooner suggested than it was tried. The fleas were boiled. With intense anxiety Sir Joseph watched them in the pot—incredulously sees them retain their original color—wipes the perspiration from his forehead, and looks more closely—indignantly observes the perverse insects, in utter *disrespect of his theory, putting on no change of hue* —until he vents his chagrin and disgust, and, at the same time, recants his theory, in the exclamation: "Fleas are not lobsters; d—n their eyes!"

LOVE.—The editor of the Methuen Gazette makes the following sweeping assertion:

"What! a man, and never in love! Pshaw! Such a man must have a heart of ice, a soul as lifeless as a corn-cob, the gizzard of a goose, and a head as sappy as coca-nut."

A SHORT ORATION FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY FOR UNPREPARED ORATORS.—A Western orator being "unexpectedly called upon" at a 4th of July dinner, delivered himself as follows:

Feller citizens—the great bird of American liberty is flewed aloft and soarin' upon the wings of the wind, is now hoverin' high o'er the cloud capped summits of the Rocky mountains, and when he shall have penetrated the unknown regions of unlimited space, and then shall have duv downward, lit on daddy's wood pile, I shall be led to exclaim, in the grand, the terrific, the sublime language of Paul, the apostle, in his celebrated epistle to the Aborigines—"root, little pig, or die!"

GAMBLING.—The Tribune says there are 6,000 gambling houses in New York city.

THE WHEAT CROP.—Our exchanges from Indiana and Kentucky speak of the wheat crop as very promising.

THE POLISHED BOOTS

Or the Rich Brussels Carpet.

The Boston *Transcript* has the following thrilling eleven hundred and twenty-four dollar Prize Tale:

"Go it boots."—*Milton.*

See 'em!

See those new boots standing quietly as a summer's cloud, upon the rich Brussels carpet.

Black as the night doom, they sit quietly upon the rich Brussels carpet. Ten thousand tempest clouds made up of lamp black, midnight and little niggers could not rival in darkness those new calfskin boots, sitting quietly upon the new Brussels carpet.

How still they are!

Like a black Berkshire pig, on some summer's day, half buried in mud, unstirred by the gentle gale, sit the boots upon the carpet.

Look again!

The sun, just sinking in the west like a huge Orange county cheese. The splendiferously golden curtains are unrolling around his evening couch. The plough boy is preparing to turn out his team, and the milk-maid, as happy as a Peri with a new bonnet, is about to milk the gentle cows.

How beautiful!

The rich, golden sunshine peers in at the raised window, and bathes in a flood of light the room with the rich Brussels carpet.

How it lingers on the calfskin boots, sitting so still. Not a sound heard, yet how the boots shine in the golden sunshine, upon the rich Brussels carpet, at the close of the day!

The boots were paid for the day they had been purchased.

What ecstacy!

The first new pair of calfskin boots! Is there a free born American citizen whose heart does not throb at the mention of such things? Point him out, and let him be branded as some misanthropic wretch who entered upon the great stage of life with nothing but coarse cowhide stogies to hide *his homly feet.*"

Yet every rose has its thorn. Every pleasure has its pain. Every stick of candy has an end. We remember well that as we looked upon those new calfskin boots, bathed in a flood of golden sunshine, and sitting quietly upon the rich Brussels carpet, just at the decline of the day, that some ill-fated offspring of a cow had been slain in cold blood, his sleek glossy skin cut from quivering flesh, and plunged into tan bark and lime while the bereaved mother was mourning for the calf that should bleat no more, or caper around her with his hind legs and tail in the air.

Calves must die!

Whether upon two legs or four, we solemnly reiterate the truth, that calves must die. As we thought of these things, a tear came in the eye. We brushed it away and turned boldly to the future as we looked upon the new boots sitting quietly upon the rich Brussels carpet.

A Hoosier in Boston.

The editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, writing from Boston, tells the following story:

Western folks feel in this city as though in a straight waistcoat, for their personal liberty is so hedged in that freedom of action is gone. Those addicted to smoking, especially, feel twice the desire to promenade the streets, cigar in mouth, from the bare fact that the enemies of the fragrant weed have forbid its use in the streets of Boston. I heard an excellent anecdote of the adventures of a live Hoosier, in this city, which illustrates the municipal regulations of this mummy dissecting city, better than a book. After a good dinner, at his hotel, he ignited a cigar, and started for a stroll. After a few steps, a policeman tapped him on the shoulder, and informed him that the penalty was two dollars for the offence of smoking. He promptly pulled out a five dollar bill, and received a three in change. Proceeding on his walk, in a few minutes, he next met a beggar girl, who asked for something to eat. Recollecting that he had the remainder of a hunk of gingerbread, the particular diet of Hoosierland, in his pocket, he generously proffered it to the mendicant. Again was he tapped on the shoulder by the policeman, and told it was against the laws of Boston to give away offal, as it all belonged to the city, and requested two more dollars for his grave offence. The three dollar bill was drawn out, and when the policeman had tendered one in change, it was refused by the Hoosier, with the cool remark—"*No* keep it, I shall want *to whistle in a few minutes.*"

FOR THE GIRLS.—How many foolish girls have ruined themselves by marrying young men who had nothing to recommend them but riches. "Is he rich?" has been the inquiry when a suitor presented himself. Foolish girls! Rather ask, is he intelligent? Is he industrious? Is he virtuous? Let those questions be answered in the affirmative, and if he has not a second shirt to his back we will answer for his course. Wealth may be lost, but the good qualities of the heart will always remain like the sunshine to warm and to bless. Remember this.

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 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.

THE AFFECTIONS.—There is a famous passage in the writings of Rousseau, that great delineator of the human heart, which is as true to human nature as it is beautiful in expression: "Were I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections. If I could do no better, I would fasten them on some sweet myrtle, or some melancholy cypress to connect myself to, I would court them for their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection. I would write my name upon them, and declare that they were the sweetest trees throughout all the desert. If their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn and when they rejoiced I would rejoice along with them." Such is the absolute necessity which exists in the human heart of having something to love. Unless the affections have an object, life itself becomes joyless and insipid. The affections have this peculiarity, that they are not so much the means of happiness as their exercise is happiness itself. And not only so, if they have no object, the happiness derived from our other powers is cut off. Action and enterprise flag, if there be no object dear to the heart, to which those actions can be directed.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—"Illustrated with cuts," said a young urchin, as he drew his pocket knife across the leaves of his grammar. "Illustrated with cuts," reiterated, the schoolmaster, as he drew his cane across the back of the young urchin.

A fellow stole a wood saw, and in trial told the Judge that he only took it in a joke.

"How far did you carry it?" asked the Judge.

"Two miles," answered the prisoner.

"That is carrying the joke too far," remarked the Judge, and the prisoner was committed for further examination.

THE BOUNTY LAND BILL.

The following is a copy of the Bounty Land Bill, as it finally passed the House of Representatives on the 25th ult. It will no doubt pass the Senate also:

An act granting bounty land to officers and soldiers who have been engaged in the military service of the United States.

Be it enacted, &c. That each of the surviving commissioned and non-commissioned officers, musicians or privates, whether of regulars, volunteers, rangers, or militia, who performed military service in any regiment, company or detachment in the service of the United States in the war with Great Britain, declared by the United States on the 18th day of June, 1812, or in any of the Indian wars since 1790, and each of the commissioned officers who was engaged in the military service of the United States in the late war with Mexico, shall be entitled, for twelve months' service to one hundred and sixty acres of land; for six months service, to eighty acres of land, and for three months' service, forty acres of land: *Provided*, The person so having been in service shall not receive said land, or any part thereof, if it shall appear by the muster roll of his regiment or corps that he deserted or was dishonorably discharged from service, or if he has received or is entitled to any land bounty under any act of Congress heretofore passed.

SEC. 2. That each commissioned and non-commissioned officer, musician or private for whom provision is made by the first section hereof, shall receive a certificate or warrant, from the Department of the Interior for the quantity of land to which he may be entitled, and which may be located by the warrantee or his heirs-at-law at any land office of the United States, in one body, and in conformity to the legal sub-divisions of the public lands in such district then subject to private entry; and upon the return of such certificate or warrant with evidence of the location thereof having been legally made, to the General Land Office, a patent shall be issued therefor. In the event of the death of any commissioned or non commissioned officer, musician or private, prior or subsequent to the passage of this act who shall have served as aforesaid, and who shall not have received bounty land for said services, a like certificate or warrant shall be issued in favor and inure to the benefit of his widow: *Provided*, She was married to such officer or soldier before the conclusion of his service, and is unmarried at the date of her application: *Provided further*, That no land warrant issued under the provision of this act shall be laid upon any land of the United States to which there shall be a pre-emption right, or upon which there shall be an actual settlement and cultivation, except with the consent of such settler, to be satisfactorily proven to the proper land officer.

SEC. 3. That all sales, mortgages, letters of attorney, or other instruments of writing, going to affect the title, or claim to any warrant or certificate hereinbefore provided for, made or executed prior to the issue of such warrant or certificate, shall be null and void to all intents and purposes whatsoever; nor shall such certificate or warrant, or the land obtained thereby, be in any wise affected by, or charged with, or subject to the payment of any debt or claim incurred by such officer or soldier prior to the issue of the patent: *Provided*, That the benefits of this act shall not accrue to any person who is a member of the present Congress.

DEPLORABLE AFFAIR—A BRIDE SHOT!—A couple named Anthony Putnam and Catharine Boumeyer, were married in Cincinnatti, on Tuesday, and while returning to the residence of the father of the bride, a dueling pistol was fired at the party by a young man named Richard Overbeck. The Commercial says:

Some sixty shot entered the bride's face, neck and bosom! Some shot passing her took effect in the face of Joseph Linenkugel. Both were much injured. But the young bride is in a awful situation, and it was feared she would die. It was impossible to extract the shot, as they were deeply imbedded in the flesh, and so near the jugular vein. Some, it was found, had penetrated near the brain. The young husband, when our reporter saw the couple, was wiping the blood from his wife's wounds, as it oozed out. The wife was in great agony; a crowd of some three hundred persons were standing around. The fellow who discharged the pistol fled to Kentucky. Dr. Cooper attended the unfortunate people. There were little hopes of the recovery of the wife. What a sad affair.

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 a thing that is not true?" An old man finds in his growing experience wider and wider applications of the great doctrine and discipline of truth.

AN ACT OF DEVOTED HEROISM.—The following incident is recorded in the Sandusky, Ohio, Mirror, of the pilot of the steamer Griffith, who fell a victim to his own heroism:

Mr. Holly, of Missouri, informed us that when the flames were making rapidly towards the pilot house of the Griffith, he heard some one, the mate he thinks, inquire of the man at the wheel if he would "stand to his post." The man gave a hearty response of "I will!" This directed his attention to the wheelman, and he watched his bearing; when the boat stopped he stood there unmoved, firmly grasping the wheel completely enveloped in flames. Mr. Holly supposed he must have been burned up; but, it appears, after the boat ceased to move, he passed through the flames and jumped overboard. His body was found badly burned. It was brought to Sandusky and buried. This noblest of heroes, who could thus stand to his post and voluntarily throw away his own life, in the hope of saving others from death, was Richard Mann, long a resident of Sandusky and vicinity. No tomb deserves a nobler monument than his.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE BY CLAIRVOYANCE.—The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, of Wednesday, relates the following:

"A sick lady with whom I have been acquainted for a number of years, was yesterday miraculously operated upon by a clairvoyant of *this city. She has been sick, and confined to her* room and bed since August last, by an attack of nervous prostration or debility. Her husband procured for her the very best medical advice and attendance, but without any effect; the patient continuing in her prostrate condition, unable to articulate or to walk across the room without the support of a person on either side. Having heard of similar cases being cured by a lady clairvoyant at New York, but not having any faith in clairvoyance, he asked the medical gentlemen who were in attendance on his wife, if they had any objection to allow him to bring this lady to see his wife. They had none.

She attended last evening, and wonderful to say, in twenty minutes the patient could not only speak as well as she ever did, but actually walked up and down the room several times without assistance. This morning there were no symptoms of relapse, and there is every reason to believe that the cure is permanent."

TRAVELLING.—The rush of travellers from the South and West seeking recreation and escape from the heat of summer, is said to be enormous. The Herald estimates the number of arrivals at the various hotels in New York last week, at eighty thousand, and the amount of money left there at one and a half millions of dollars.