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, OCTOBER 10, 1850. NO. 18.

Cheap Clothing!

Hang out your banners!
Hear the trumpet!
Here they come! here they are!
What's the matter! what's the matter!
Only look at the crowd,
Come on Joe, Jim and Sam Hatter,
Let us see what's out.

Heh, ho! here comes Bill,
We'll ask him what's the muss;
See how the street does fill,
There certainly must be a fuss!

O, no boys, no fuss at all,
Only another great arrival,
Of beautiful Clothing for the fall,
At M. & L. STEINER'S Clothing Hall!

I have just bought a suit so fine—
Tell me, how do you like it Joe?
Don't you want one like mine?
Come on, boys, let us go.

Now let me tell you,
What there you can find,
Coats of all colors,
And Pants of all kinds.

Waistcoats so handsome,
And Cravats so nice,
And they will not think it troublesome,
If you give them a call twice or thrice.

They will wait on you with kindness,
And they can suit you with a nice Cap,
Which for its quality and cheapness,
You can only find at

STEINER'S, West Main Street, next door to Burkholder's Hotel.

M. & L. STEINER respectfully invites the attention of their friends and the public generally, to their large lot of Goods that have been purchased at a great sacrifice in the city of Baltimore. They will sell them at a small advance, as there is no room for them in our little store room. So come one and all and take them at almost any price, as we are determined to sell cheaper than can be bought in Philadelphia, New York or Baltimore.

Carlisle, Sept 26, 1850—3m

Call at Goldman's

For Cheap Ready-made Clothing!

SIGN of the Yellow Over-coat, S. E. Corner of Main street and Market Square, and directly opposite Hitner's store.

Cheap System Triumphant!—Large sales and Small Profits!

In consideration of the above, the Proprietor of this justly celebrated Clothing Establishment, announces that his immense stock of

Ready-made Clothing,

is now open for examination and sale, where may be found clothing of every style, grade and texture suitable for the Fall & Winter wear, consisting of more than

1,000 Ready-made Garments!

Comprising in quality from the highly French Paletot, at $15, to the heavy Pilot or Tweed Frock, or Backetee, for $3, with the greatest variety of

PANTALOONS, VESTS, &c.,

to be found in Cumberland county. To the Merchant, Mechanic, Clerk or Laborer, we would say, if you wish to save the Dollar, keep in mind the time-worn adage of "Economy is Wealth," and call and examine the immense assortment of Ready-made Clothing at

GOLDMAN'S CHEAP CLOTHING STORE!

before purchasing and judge for yourselves.

Carlisle, Sept 26, 1850—tf

First Arrival of Boots & Shoes

FOR THE FALL SEASON AT

Porter's Shoe Store,

MAIN ST., NEAR THE RAILROAD DEPOT.

COMPRISING Men's, Boy's and Youth's Calf, Kip and Coarse Boots and Brogans, which are warranted to be of the best quality. Ladies' Gaiters, Buskins and French Ties, Misses and Children's Boots and Shoes in great variety.

Also, an elegant assortment of GUM SHOES & BOOTS, with all the late improvements, and warranted perfect. Having purchased those Gum shoes from the agent of the manufacturer, I am authorized to give a new pair in place of any that prove defective in wearing.

Having a large stock of French Calf Skins, Morocco, Kid, &c., and good workmen, every attention is given to customer work as usual.

WM. M. PORTER.

Carlisle, Sept. 19, 1850.

Estate Notice.

LETTERS of administration on the estate of David Sheaffer, deceased, late of Dickinson township, Cumberland county, Pa., have been issued by the Register of the county, to the subscribers residing in the same township, county aforesaid. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them properly authenticated for settlement to

HENRY SHEAFFER,
JOEL SHEAFFER,

August 29, 1850—6w*

Estate Notice.

LETTERS of administration on the estate of Robt. Blean, sr., deceased, late of Westpennsborough township, Cumberland county, have been granted to the subscriber living in Mifflin township, in said county, by the Register of the county aforesaid. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them properly authenticated for settlement to

ROBT. BLEAN, Adm'r.

Aug 22, 1850—6t

Estate Notice.

LETTERS of administration on the estate of Mrs. Reginia Goodyear, deceased, late of South Middleton township, Cumberland county, have been issued by the Register of said county, to the subscriber residing in said township. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them properly authenticated for settlement to

SAMUEL MARTIN, Admr.

September 5, 1850—6w

Estate Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Peter Rockafellow, late of the Borough of Mechanicsburg, Cumberland county, deceased, have been issued by the Register, and for said county to the subscriber who resides in said Borough. All persons having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent, are requested to make known the same without delay, and those indebted will make immediate payment to

FREDERICK WONDERLICH, Admr.

September 5, 1850—6t

Estate Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of Benjamin Shulenberger, deceased, late of Hopewell township, Cumberland county, have been issued to the subscriber residing in the same township. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those who have claims will present them properly authenticated for settlement to

ADAM SHULENBERGER, Ex'r.

Sept 19, 1850—6w*

Poetical.

A COUNTRY HOME FOR ME.

I do not ask that city spires
May round my mansion rise,
But that my home may be where trees
Are pointing to the skies;
Where flows the silvery mountain rill
With sweet and merry sound,
And echoes of the hunters gun
Shall through the wood resound.

I cannot love the city's pomp,
Its fashion and its pride,
I had rather dwell in an humble cot
Upon the mountain side;
Where sweetly blooms the Acacia tree,
The tulip and the rose,
And where, beside the rivulets,
The early violet grows.

I would not give it quiet home,
Its happiness and health,
For all the city palaces,
Its pleasures and its wealth;
I love to breathe the mountain air,
And roam where all is free,
Let others choose a city life—
But a country home for me!

A LOVE SONG.

She who sleeps upon my heart,
Was the first to win it;
She who sleeps upon my breast,
Ever reigns within it;
She who kisses off my lips,
Wakes their warmest blessing;
She who rests within my arms,
Feels their closest pressing;

Other days than those shall come,
Days that may be dreary;
Other hours shall greet us yet—
Hours that may be weary;
Still that heart shall be thy home,
Still that breast thy pillow,
Still those lips shall meet thine own,
As billow meeteth billow.

Sleep, then, on my happy heart,
Since thy love hath won it,
Dream, then, on my loyal breast—
None but thou hast done it;
And when age our bloom shall change,
With its wintry weather,
May we, in the self-same grave,
Sleep and dream together!

Miscellaneous.

A ROMANCE IN BEDOUIN LIFE.

The following little episode occurs in the elegantly written travels of Lamartine in the Holy Land:

"We one day met a Bedouin, mounted on a fine black dromedary; the shieks saluted him with an air of concern, and inquired what had been the issue of his unfortunate adventure of the preceding year. I asked his history, and found the recital sufficiently interesting to give it a place in my journal.

Aloian (this was the name of the Bedouin,) while hunting the gazelle, arrived at a spot where broken lances, bloody sabres, and unburied corpses, indicated a recent battle. A plaintive sound, which scarcely reached his ear, attracted him to a pile of dead bodies, in the midst of which a young Arab still breathed. Aloian hastened to his assistance, placed him upon his dromedary, led him to his tent, and by his paternal cares restored him to life. After four months' convalescence, Faress (the wounded man) began to talk of his departure; but Alonian said to him:

"If we must absolutely separate, I will conduct you to your tribe, and there take leave of you with regret; but if you will remain with me, you shall be my brother, my mother shall be your mother, and my wife your sister; consider my proposal, and give it a deliberate answer."

"Oh! my benefactor," replied Faress, "where shall I find such relations as you offer me? But for you I should not now be living; my flesh would have been devoured by birds of prey, and my bones by the beasts of the desert; since you are willing to keep me, I will live with you and serve you till the *end of my life.*"

A motive less pure than he had dared to avow had prompted Faress' decision; love for Hafza, the wife of Aloian, who had been his nurse, was beginning to agitate his bosom, and was returned. Aloian, who, entertained no suspicion, one day charged Faress to escort his mother, his wife, and two children, to a new encampment, while he went hunting. Faress could not resist this fatal opportunity; he loaded a camel with the tent, placed the mother and two children upon it, and sent them forward saying that he would follow with Hafza on horseback. But the old woman looked back in vain; Hafza did not appear; Faress had carried her away upon an extremely swift mare to his tribe. In the evening Aloian arrived, fatigued with the chase, and searched in vain for his tent among those of his tribe. The old mother had been unable to pitch it without assistance, and he found her seated upon the ground with the two children.

"Where is Hafza?" said he.

"I have neither seen Hafza nor Faress," replied she: "I have been expecting them since the morning."

Then, for the first time, he suspected the truth; and having assisted his mother to fix the tent, he mounted his black dromedary and rode two days, till he came up to the tribe of Faress. At the entrance of the camp he stopped to speak to an old woman, who was alone.

"Why do you not go to the sheik?" said she; "there is a feast to the tribe to day; Faress Ebn Mehidi, who had been wounded on the field of battle and left for dead, is returned, bringing with him a beautiful woman; this evening their wedding is to be celebrated."

Aloian dissembled, and waited for the night; then, while the camp slept, he introduced himself into the tent of Faress, and separated his head from his body by a stroke of his sabre, and having carried the corpse out of the encampment, returned upon his steps, found his wife asleep, and woke her, saying "It is Aloian who calls thee."

She rose in terror and said,

"Save thyself, imprudent man, Faress and his brothers will kill thee?"

"Traitress," replied he, "what have I done to be thus treated? Have I ever contradicted or reproached thee? Hast thou forgotten all the cares I have lavished upon thee? Hast thou forgotten thy children? Come, rise, call upon God, and follow me: accursed be the devil who has tempted you to commit this folly!"

But Hafza, far from being moved by this mildness of Aloian, exclaimed,

"Go hence! or I shall give the alarm, and call Faress to kill thee."

Seeing that there was nothing to be gained by remonstrance, he seized her, stopped her mouth, and in spite of her resistance placed her on a dromedary, which never paused till they were out of hearing of the camp. Then placing her behind him, he more leisurely continued his route.

At daybreak the corpse of Faress and the disappearance of his wife set the whole camp in a tumult. The father and brothers of Faress followed and overtook Aloian, who defended himself with heroic courage. Hafza, breaking off her bonds, joined the assailants, and threw stones at him, one of which struck him on the head and made him stagger. Aloian, however, though covered with wounds, conquered his adversaries.

He killed the two brothers, and disarmed the father, *saying it would be disgraceful to kill an old man;* he restored him his mare, and advised him to return home; then seizing his wife anew, he pursued his route, and reached his tribe without having exchanged a word with her. He immediately assembled all her relations, and placing Hafza in the midst of them, said to her,

"Relate, thyself, all that has passed; I refer my cause to the judgment of thy father and brother."—Hafza told the tale truly, and her father, full of indignation, raised his sabre and laid her dead at his feet."

SONG.

JENNY LIND'S BIRD SONG OF GREETING TO AMERICA.

I dreamed of a glorious land,
The eve's bright pavilion of gold;*
Where freemen, a heart woven band,
Their star spangled banner unfurled.
Then, deep in my bosom, I heard
Hope whisper, "Would I might be there!"
And I poured thrilling notes like the bird
That pines in her cage for the air.

Then came a soft gale o'er the sea,
Bearing light, on its wing, to my ear,
A call from the land of the free,
The lay of the Songtress to hear!
"Oh! quickly, oh! gladly," I cried,
"To that free-hearted land let me fly!"
And I poured thrilling notes, full of pride,
Like the lark, as he mounts to the sky!

I am here; I have crossed the blue sea;
All hail to your glorious land!
Sons and daughters of beauty I see,
With a welcome in heart and in hand!
I bring you the lays that I heard,
When a child, in my own native home;
And I'll pour thrilling notes like the bird
Thro' the storm that in safety has come!

Vainly tyrants their will may decree,†
Though the *body* they rack or enchain!
The song of the *heart* shall be free,
Or hushed be forever my strain!
The band that oppression defied,
Here freely their banner may wave;
And pour thrilling notes full of pride,
In the land that has sheltered the brave!

* The golden sunset of the West is one of the first objects to catch the eye of the European in America.

† It is related of Jenny Lind that she declined an engagement to sing in St. Petersburgh, although the Emperor had expressed his "imperial desire" to hear her; her short and significant reply was "HUNGARY!" This single word spoke her refusal and its motive more emphatically than a thousand sentences. The

"——— band that oppression defied"

are, of course, the Hugarian refugees, who have received an honorable welcome and Asylum in America.

AN INDIAN CHIEF'S IMPRESSION OF JENNY LIND.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 16, 1850.

I have just heard the identical and far-famed JENNY LIND! An hour ago her voice filled the largest hall I ever saw—the Philharmonic—containing between 4,000 and 6,000 people. So great has been the excitement here for these ten days that every thing for sale has Jenny to it. Jenny is everything—the stores, the sale-rooms and from the splendid halls to the cellar—all, all things are baptized with the all-potent name of the Swedish young squaw!

Last week it was said that all the seats had been engaged, and that even the standing stalls were selling at a premium. Not thinking I should be here so long, I had not taken the precaution of previously procuring a ticket; and finding I had to be here on the same evening she sang, yet otherwise engaged, I had to put myself against her singing with a lecture this evening. I had a full house and immediately cut off my exercises in order to go to the hall to get in! Yes, to try to get in! O, presumption; on what will I depend to get in? was a query which had to be solved first. The people who crowded around me seemed to say that I could not, for they had heard that the house was all in suffocation. Stepping into the carriage I said, "I will hear the far-famed Jenny Lind this very night—drive on!"

Going from the Hall where I had delivered an address to an infatuated people, I had a little time to conclude in what way I had to get in. I had previously during the day sent a note saying that the Indian Chief would about 9 o'clock be at the door, and desired a seat if others had none, and the hour had already arrived. We drove up. The house was besieged with people. A sea of heads and shoulders! "Who is there?" "The Indian Chief desires to get admittance," was the word given by Arion. "Come in!" says the man at the gate to my astonishment—and as I was stepping out, two of my best friends in this city were by the door, who immediately took me by the hand and led me by the seats in the isle—up to the very next to the singers! O! I could hardly credit I was in. The first song had already been sung, and there was an intermission, during which I had the pleasure of being shown all parts of the splendid Hall—and my dress excited as much attention as any one there, for Jenny Lind had not come out then.

Soon the company of the Society began to arrange themselves—and the people settled. One or two pieces were sung, and then came on the sight which very black eyes were aching to see. The last sound of the chiming of an immense crowd subsided; all eyes turned towards the door of the closet where she was, and so soon as the door opened, cheers, deafening cheers filled the Hall; clapping of hands, and waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies all over the house, yet still I was not moved. She bowed a most exquisite, modest bow. Her dress quite plain, yet gracefully made. Her hair, no profusion of flowers nor the wild extravagant torture of the hair. Her form is slender—a full chest—and a mouth like that of Hon. Henry Clay. She glanced her blue eyes over the sea of heads. Her eyes sparkled like stars glimmering in a cloudless sky. Her motions were easy and natural. She sang. Her very first note thrilled through me.—The immense houseful of people were in agony at some of her touching notes. O, what unearthly and heavenly music! My soul, wrapt in ecstacy, seem borne on to the Garden of Eden. I could appreciat the Poet's words—

"——— Her deep and thrilling song
Seemed with its piercing melody, to reach
The soul and in mysterious unison
Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love."

Her voice echoed all over the house. Then arose the maddening shout; for a minute they cheered to get her back! Sure enough she came, and sung over the same piece and then retired. I then could breathe freer, for I had been holding my breath with intense interest while she sung.

A lady by my side sat motionless, like a statue, yet the tears sparkled as they wound their way on her cheek, with her breast heaving with emotion. Another, and yet quite an aged gentleman, gazed with interest, the perspiration rolling down his face; he turns to his lady and says:

"She sings as our poor Emma used to before she died." Both wept.

Oh! tell the poor classes all over the land that this far-famed vocalist was once an obscure girl—yea, a poor girl. Let them imitate such examples, and be something while they live.

Everything American, since I have come here, is dear to me, and I love my native land better than ever. Though there are a great many things which surpass ours, yet, here in this smoky and sooty-aired kingdom, we have none of the balmy breezes of America, none of the magnificent forests, no bright, clear, cold lakes, not gushing springs, nor towering cliffs. I leave for Frankfort this evening. There are great number from London. They leave by an express train. I have had the pleasure of meeting Richard Cobden, and dined with Lord Brougham. The affable old man is coming to America next April, and will stay one month. You will hear from me again from Germany.

Yours, Truly,
KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH,
[Otherwise GEORGE COPWAY.]

JIM GIRTY'S BEEF STORY.

On a trip up the Tennessee river Jim and his crew got out of meat. They could not think it fair play to be without meat in a cane country, where there were so many fat cattle. So as usual they selected the best and fattest beef they could find. They obtained one that would weigh about seven hundred pounds, which was neatly dressed and taken on board.

About three hours afterwards fourteen men came down to the boat with rifles, charging Jim with having stolen a beef. Jim did not show fight. The crew paid no attention to what was going on—some were sitting on the running boards, with their feet dangling in the water—several were lying upon deck on blankets—every one seemed dull and stupefied. Jim was seated on the bow of the boat, his head resting on his hand, when again assailed.

"I say, your men have been stealing the best beef in all these parts."

"There must be some mistake," said Jim very quietly.

"Yes, yes, we know there are strangers here, on this very boat—they have the beef on board, and we will have it off."

"The boat is open, go look for yourselves, gentlemen, but you will find a mistake *sartin;* but satisfy yourselves on that plan."

"That we will, and in an instant have the beef."

So at it they went; first having placed three men as a guard, to see that the crew did not play some trick. The others made a search by rolling and rollling everything in the boat, and still no beef was found. One fellow declared that they had left no place unsearched where the four quarters of a cat could be hid, let alone a big ox. The same gravity was preserved by Jim. He wished the gentlemen to "be perfectly satisfied."

The fact was, while the crew were skinning the beef, one of them discovered a man watching them from behind a tree. They took no notice of it, but when they came to be boat they told Jim they were caught. He scratched his head a while, and then prepared for just such a visit as he received.

He placed the four quarters of the beef on the deck of the boat, and spread the hide over them—on this he spread all the blankets, and four men lay down on these blankets. Jim, as before stated, was on the bow of the boat, continually wishing "the gentlemen to be satisfied, but they would find a mistake *sartin.*"

As the beef-hunters proceeded with their search, Jim continued to urge upon them the importance of a strict search:

"Look about, and be satisfied, gentlemen—look where you please, but there is one thing I must ask of you, not to disturb them there sick men. We buried two yesterday with the small pox, and there four men are very sick—very sick, indeed, gentlemen, and I must beg of you not to disturb them. It is always the worst thing you can do to disturb a sick man, especially if he be near his last—it kind o' makes the blood fly to the head to be disturbed," &c.

But long before Jim had closed his speech he had no listeners. If ever there were pale faces, fallen jaws, and ghastly looks among a set of men, it was about that time and place. They moved off without speaking a word; and thus Jim lost his visitors, and kept the beef.

Miseries of a New Coat.

No lover of independence ventures voluntarily on a new coat. This is an axiom not to be overturned, like the safety stage coaches. The man who piques himself on the newness of such an habiliment is—till time hath "mouldered it into beauty"—its slave. Wherever he goes, he is harrassed by an apprehension of damaging it. Hence he *loses his sense of independence, and becomes—a serf!* How degrading! To succumb to one's superiors is bad enough; but to be the martyr of a few yards of cloth; to be the helot of a tight fit; to be shackled by the ninth fraction of a man; to be made submissive to the sun, the dust, the rain, and the snow; to be panic stricken by the chimney sweep; to be scared by the dust man; to shudder at the advent of the baker; to give precedence to the scavenger; to concede the wall to a peripatetic conveyance of eggs; to look up with awe at the apparation of a gigling servant girl, with a slop pail thrust half way out of a garret window, to coast the gutter with a horrible anticipation of consequences; to faint at the visitation of a shower of soot down the chimney; to be compelled to be at the mercy of each and all these vile contingencies—can any one thing in human nature be so preposterous, so effeminate, so disgraceful! A truly great mind spurns the idea of such slavery! hence according to the "Sabultern," Wellington liberated Spain in a red coat, extravagantly over estimated at a six pense, and Napoleon entered Moscow in a green one *out at the elbows.*

WONDERFUL DEVELOPEMENT OF INTELLECT.—"You see grandma," said a hot bed specimen of juvenile precocity, "that when I suck this egg, or more properly speaking, when I extract the nutritive matter, by a sudden peculiar action of the muscles of the throat, I first made an incision in the apex, and then, a corresponding aperature in the base."

"La sauz alive! why how a things do change!" exclaimed the old lady in such surprise, that her spectacles dropped off at the flashing of her almost sightless eyes; "when I'z a gal, all we done was to make a hole in each end, and daun it went. My stars this 'ere child haint got long to live, I know sartin."

CHARACTER.—We may judge of a man's character by what he loves—what pleases him. If a person manifests delight in low and sordid objects—the vulgar song and debasing language—in the misfortune of his fellows, or cruelty to animals, we may at once determine the complexion of his character. On the contrary, if he loves purity, modesty, truth—if virtuous pursuits engage his heart and draw out his affections; we are satisfied that he is an upright man.

A CIVIL REQUEST.—An old woman observed a sailor going by her door, and supposing it to be her son Billy, cried out to him, "Billy, where is my cow gone?" The sailor replied, in a contemptuous manner, "Gone to the d—l for what I know."

"Well, as you are going that way," said the old woman, "I wish you would just let down the bars."

EVIL COMPANY.—The following beautiful allegory was translated from the German:

Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eudalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child; take it."

Eudalia did so, and behold! her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and as it happened, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eudalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said her father; "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."

WELL ANSWERED.—A young man visiting his mistress met a rival who was somewhat advanced in years, and, wishing to rally him, inquired how old he was.

"I can't exactly tell," replied the other; "but this I can tell you, an ass is older at twenty than a man is at sixty."

Tom E——— was death on a joke. I recollect once that the Professor called him up on a question of astronomy on the eclipse of the sun. Tom was somewhat fashionable among we seniors, but was unable to give the desired information.

"Well," said the Professor in his quizzical growl, "suppose you were appointed astronomer to the United States, and they wanted to know the time of the next eclipse, what would you do?"

"Why," said Tom, as sober as a deacon, "I'd resign the office."

TO WHO: TO WHO!

The following from a south western newspaper, is the most ingenious newspaper dun, that has ever fallen under our notice:

'Twas on a cold autumnal night,
A dismal one to view;
Dark clouds obscured fair Venus' light,
And not a star appeared in sight,
As the thick forest through
MUGGINS—as usual—"blue,"
Bent homeward "tacking" left and right;
When all at once he "brought up right"
Against an old dead yew;
At which he "rounded to,"
And "squaring off," as if to fight,
Said with an oath I shan't indite,
"——Infernal scoundrel you!
Light—an' I'll lick you, black or white!
Just then above him flew
An owl, which on a branch did light,
A few feet o'er the boozy wight,
And then commenced "Tu who—
Tu-whoo—Tu-whoo—Tu-whoo!"
Quoth Muggins—"Don't you think to fright
A fellow of my weight and height
With your Tu-who-who,
You cursed bugaboo!—
An' if you're Belzebug, its quite
Unnecessary you should 'light—
For Muggins ain't your "doe;"
For money matters are all right?—
The *Printer's paid up*—honor bright!"
Thereat the owl withdrew;
And Muggins mizzled too,
But there are other chaps who might
Be caught out late some dismal night,
Who *haven't paid what's due!*
They know—TO WHO—TO WHO!

SALLY MAGUS.

The Woman wot knows how to Manage the Men.

"Well here I be; wake, snakes, the day's abreaking; now I'se sut my eyes on a good many strange things in my day, but this gettin' married business beats every thing I ever did see. It goes a head of Sam Fling, when he wanted to buy one of my cheese to make a grindstun. When I had a husband—Devil's whiskers!—if he only said beans to me, I made him jump round like a stump-tail cow in fly-time.

"But there's Mrs. Fletcher, she's three parts a natural born fool, and t'other part is as soft as a biled cabbage. A woman that don't stand up for her rights is a disgrace to my seed. How any man should ever want to marry such a molasses candy critter as she is, is one of the secrets of human nater. And as to handsome—handsome never stood in her shoes. For she looks as if she'd break in two if she tried to lift a pot of potatoes. I suppose her fingers were made to play the pianne.

"Now, it's my notion, when a woman gives a man her hand, it ought to be big enough to hold her heart at the same time. Such a hand as mine, is worth giving, for I can stop a bung hole with my thumb, and I've done it too.

"I went into Fletcher's this morning and true as I'm a virtuous woman, he was 'busing on her like a dog for lending his receipt book to Miss Brown, who's fond of reading. I 'spose he did'nt keer for the receipts that was written in the book; but it was the receipts that wasn't there, and ought to be, that stuck into his crop. And Miss Fletcher hung down her head, and looked for all the world like a duck in a thunder storm. I jest put my arms agin my sides, and looked her man right in the eye till he looked as white as a corpse. I'm always a way every body's got when I fixes my eyes on 'em. And the way my looks white washed his brazen face, was better than slaked lime. There, says I, to Mrs. Fletcher, says I, your husband had ought to had me for a wife.—When my man was alive he'd no more think of saying nothing impertinent to me, than he'd take the black sow by the tail when she's entering her pigs; and you must larn to stick up to your man just like a new hair brush.

"I never found my debility in managing these he critters, for I always teached 'em what's sarce for the goose is sarce for the gander. There's no two ways with me; I'm all of size, stub-twisted, and made of horse shoe nails. I'm chock full of grit and a rough post for any one to rub their backs agin; any gal like me, what can take a bag of meal on her shoulder and tote it to the mill, ought to be able to shake any man of her hefe. Some thinks I ought to get married, and two or three has tried to spark it with me, but I never listens to none of their flattery. Though there was Blarney Bob come flatterfyin' me like a tub of new butter. For I've no notion of being trammeled up in their halters of hymens. I likes my liberty, and wants no halters or bridles put upon me.

"Sam Mooney was shinin' up to me too; and then there was Jim Sweetbread, the butcher; but he did'nt find me half enough for his market. It isn't everything that sticks its legs in brodcloth that's going to carry off a gal of my spirit. My charms ain't to be had for the bare axing.

"Gettin' married is a serious thing, as I telled my old man when I was wallopin' him with a leg of mutton, because he took my shoe brush to clean his teeth with. Wherever there is a nose, there is a mouth not far off, and that proves that nater has given woman her rights as well as man."

Never fret over the errors of the past; but regard them as the dross of life and monitors to the future.

All people find fault with their memory—but few accuse their judgment.

A HOUSEMAID who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using his tooth-brush. "Well, is he coming?" said the lady of the house, as the servant returned.

"Yes, ma'am, directly," was the reply: "he's just sharpening his teeth."

"Please take a half of this poor apple?" said a pretty damsel to a witty swain the other evening.—"No, I thank you; I would prefer a *better half!*"—Eliza blushed, and referred him to "papa."

A LADY'S JEST.—While we were sitting at dinner, the other day, with a dozen pleasant people of both sexes, the conversation turned upon Saratoga and its fashions and frivolities. A matron present remarked that a letter writer in the N. Y. H——— had lately thrown a bomb-shell into the ultra fashionables, by giving minute descriptions of several darling belles, whose style of dressing approached rather too near the sinless costume of mother Eve. "Ah!" said the speaker, exultingly, "*did'nt he take off* the low-necked dresses?" "Tut, tut," said a witty lady who sat near us—"that would be a poor way to mend the matter!" At least one-half of the company did'nt see the force of the comment, but it was a very just one for all that—*Boston Post.*

A few evenings since, a young married gent who had just commenced house-keeping, went towards his house on Beacon street, and, mistaking his neighbor's door for his own, fumbled away some fifteen or twenty minutes, trying to find a hole for his night-key—but he couldn't, for there happened to be none in the door. In despair, he finally exclaimed—"What—hic—is coming next? somebody has stolen my—hic—key-hole!"

HINTS TO BEAUX.—To please the old folks while you court the daughter, agree with the father in politics, and keep the mother in snuff. To please the brother, lend him your gun and buy him a dog. To please the sister, buy her a dress. To please your dulcinea, keep her in jewelry, and call her an 'angel.' To pleease yourself, be a fool.

A SPOILED CHILD.—As a hint to others similarly annoyed, we record the rebuke of a visitor, to whom a mother expressed her apprehension that he was disturbed by the crying of her spoiled brat. "Not at all, madam," was the reply: "I am always delighted to hear such children cry." "Indeed! why so?"—"Because, in all well regulated families they are immediately sent out of the room."

Statistics of Marriage.

From the Register-General's Quarterly return, we are enabled approximately to judge how many old men upon the average make fools of themselves, and how many old women make fools of young men. We also ascertain what is the age within which a lady may contemplate marriage as a possibility, and what is the more limited period within which it is "highly probable." In the first place, however, we must beg leave to go back for an instant to the table of births, in order to remark that there is no foundation for the not uncommon idea that more females than males are born in this country; it appears that, on the contrary, the males born in the year 1848 exceeded the females by 13,644. This circumstance is valuable, antagonistic to the fact that the occupations of men and the increased difficulty of maintaining a family, defer or preclude an entrance into the responsibilities, and are led to hope that we shall rub on without having any recourse to polygamy, and without expatriating many thousands of our daughters, sisters, and our maiden aunts, now invited by Mr. Sidney Herbert to swell his Australian cargo. The figures to which we have alluded inform us that a lady's chance of getting married is at its *maximum* between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. Before twenty a lady has but one-fifth, and from twenty-five to thirty but one-third of that *maximum* chance. After 30 her chance, as may be supposed, gradually dwindles away to zero, and hence, we conclude, the great length of time which some ladies take in arriving at that age. Men, as is well known, marry later than women, yet we find that the great majority of marriages are contracted while both parties are under twenty-five, and suspect that this circumstance is mainly due to the early unions among the laboring poor. Men, however, retain the power of contracting matrimony to a later age than the weaker sex; out of 27,483 single persons who married in 1848, there was only one spinster above sixty years of age, whereas there were twelve bachelors. We do not wish by these disclosures to strike panic into those expectant Tabithas who only own to thirty and a-bit; but comparatively few gentlemen think of asking a lady's age, and comparatively few ladies are confiding enough to reveal it. A widower, it seems, selects a more steady age than a bachelor; on the contrary, a widow prefers that her second husband should be younger than herself; of widows above fifty, who contract a second marriage, more than three-fourths are united to men under fifty, but of course, as the chances of marriage decrease, the ages of the new partners are found to increase. On a rough calculation, the number of marriages in which widows appear as principals is about nine per cent. of the whole annual number, and those in which the bride-grooms are widowers about fourteen per cent. of the whole. It might be supposed, therefore, that more widowers contract alliances with spinsters than bachelors with widows; but, independently of this, it appears that more widows found widowers for partners than found bachelors; a fact which illustrates the old apopthegm, that "'tis sympathy makes friends."—*London Times.*

THE SALE OF THE JENNY LIND TICKETS IN BOSTON.—The Boston papers give long reports of the sales of tickets for the Jenny Lind Concert. The crowd at the Tremont Temple was excessive.

Mr. Thompson, the auctioneer, mounted the stand, and addressed the vast audience. As to this sale he remarked there was very little to be said. His goods required very little cracking up. The whole of the seats, with the exception of about fifty, which were reserved for the press, and for public officials, would be fairly sold to the highest bidder. He should begin by selling a single ticket for any part of the house, and then from one seat to a slip of ten or less. As to the first he said that it had been suggested that Mr. Barnum or his agents had something to do with the matter in the way of running up. He pledged his honor as an auctioneer, (a laugh) "well then," said he, "as a citizen of Boston," that they had only to contend with bona fide bidders. He stated that two concerts only were announced. It would depend upon the success of these two whether Miss Lind remained in Boston or not. There is a general desire to see and hear Miss Lind. This, he regretted to say, was the best hall to be had, and he hoped the fact would stir up the citizens of Boston to build a better place for such concerts. The two centre aisles will be closed; the others will be open to admit free ingress and egress. He then appealed to those who were there to buy the first ticket, to remember that New York stood at $225, and that it was bought by a shrewd hatter, who well understood that it was the best method of selling his goods. The purchaser of the ticket, he said, shall have any place in the hall that he chooses, whether to be suspended from the ceiling or placed upon the top of the organ. He then put up the first ticket. The first bid was $250. Mr. Fetridge, the bookseller, then bid $275, *and his hat;* a bid of $300 was quickly followed by $325, $350, $400, $450, $475, and $500.

Mr. Gleason, of the Flag of Our Union, then bid $600. This advance of $100 caused immense cheering from the audience; $625 was then bid, and the ticket was knocked down to Ossian E. Dodge, vocalist. The announcement of the purchaser's name caused a laugh, followed by a demand for a song.

The Traveller says the premiums, with the price of tickets, make the first night's receipts nearly $20,000, an enormous sum, considering the small number who will be present. On the lower floor there are 1366 seats, and in the gallery 1194, making 2560 in all. The Traveller also says, in speaking of the high price paid for the first choice:

"The auctioneer appealed to motives which had no relation to enthusiasm for Jenny Lind or appreciation of her talents as a singer; and that the ticket was run up to an enormous and ridiculous price, under the impression that the successful bidder might gain a profitable notoriety by it. There are some, however, who have an impression that Genin, of New York, has completely taken the nap off from that sort of game; and that Mr. Dodge has taken altogether too high a pitch for a successful song."

"I have brought you this bill until I am fairly sick and tired of it," said a collector to a creditor upon whom he had called at least forty times.

"You are, eh?" coolly rejoined the creditor.

"Yes I am," was the response.

"Well, then, you had better not present it again. There will be two of us pleased if you do not, for, to tell the truth, I'm sick and tired of seeing that identical bill myself."

A TRUE LAWYER.—Alexander Hamilton was once applied to as counsel by a man having the guardianship of several orphans, who would, on coming of age, succeed to a large and valuable estate, of which there was a material defect in the title-deeds, known only to their guardian, who wanted to get the estate vested in himself. Hamilton noted down the faithless executor's statement, and then said to him, "Settle with these unhappy infants honorably to the last cent, or I will hunt you from your skin like a hare." The advice was strictly followed, and the man who gave it was an ornament to the bar, and to the age he lived in.

STUPID FELLOW.—One who allows his tongue some rest in the space of twenty four hours.