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 24, 1850. NO. 20.

NEW GOODS!

THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and numerous customers, that he has recently returned from Philadelphia, with a very large and carefully selected assortment of new

FALL GOODS,

purchased at the lowest prices, and which he is determined to dispose of at very small profits.

Superior Cloths, at from 75 cents to $6 a yard. Cassimeres, Cassinets and Vestings, at various prices.

Dress Goods, such as Delaines, Bereges, and a splendid assortment of Silks. An extensive assortment of Calicoes & Ginghams. Also, Checks, Table Diapers, Tickings, Muslins, Bonnets, Hats.

Boots and Shoes.—A good assortment of Men's, Women's, and Children's Boots and Shoes, of superior quality, and very cheap. Also, boy's and Men's Cloth and Hungarian Caps.

Groceries,

such as Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, Pekin Tea Company's celebrated Teas. Also, constantly on hand the best quality of Carpet Chain.

The subscriber respectfully asks all who wish good bargains, to give him an early call. Don't forget the stand, opposite Leonard's old stand, North Hanover street.

Butter, Eggs, Rags and Soap, taken at market prices.

N. W. WOODS, Agt.

Carlisle, Oct 3, 1850

Fall & Winter Clothing.

Money Saved is Money Made.

TROUTMAN & MAY'S

NEW, CHEAP AND FASHIONABLE CLOTHING STORE,

On Main street, opposite Elliott's Drug Store, and two doors west of Ogilby's Store.

THANKFUL to the citizens of Carlisle and vicinity for their increased custom, we again request their company to view our large and splendid assortment of *Ready-made Clothing* for Fall & Winter wear. Our stock consists of all kinds of COATS, PANTS, VESTS, and Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel in general, suitable for the season, cut and made in the most workmanlike manner and of the latest Fall and Winter Fashions.

All who wish to favor us with a call can save from twenty-five to fifty per cent. by buying at our store, and all goods sold warranted to give entire satisfaction.

Carlisle, Oct. 3, 1850

Cheap Clothing!

Hang out your banners!
Heat 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 $2, 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,

1 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 will be given to customer work as usual.

WM. M. PORTER.

Carlisle, Sept. 19, 1850.

Poetical.

HEALTH.

Who shall tell the worth of health?
Who can prize the valued blessing?
Better than the untold wealth,
All the miser's soul possessing.
Wealth will bring its weight and care,
Doubts and dangers as its share,
On the weary spirit pressing.

Oh! how priceless is the boon!
Nothing its delights can measure.
Let it be denied—how soon
Man will tire of scenes of pleasure;
Health alone can give us zest,
All who feel its power are blest,
'Tis itself, the heart's one treasure.

Look at him who toils for fame!
Ere its time his head was hoary,
That, through future years his name
Bright may gild his country's story;
Yet, when all his toils are o'er,
Health and Peace he knows no more.
Such, alas, is Human Glory.

When the light of Health has fled,
And no more its hues are glowing;
When around Life's slender thread
Dark disease its spell is throwing,
Then it is, and then alone,
That its value can be known,
Choicest gift of Heaven's bestowing.

When in sickness we have pined,
Still to health our hopes were clinging,
Oh! how often to the mind
We its scenes and joys were bringing!
All but us enjoy the day,
All around seem bright and gay,
And we hear glad voices ringing.

When the slow and lingering chime,
O'er the spirit sends a chilliness,
As we mark the sands of Time
Falling in the hours of illness;
Oh! how sweet upon our ears
Come the sound of happier years,
Breaking on the midnight stillness.

Miscellaneous.

DEATH AND SLEEP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

In brotherly embrace walked the Angel of Sleep and the Angel of Death upon the earth. It was evening. They laid themselves down upon a hill not far from the dwelling of men. A melancholy silence prevailed all around, and the chimes of the evening bell in the distant hamlet ceased. Still and silent, as was their custom, sat these two beneficent Genii of the human race, their arms entwined with cordial familiarity, and soon the shades of night gathered around them. Then arose the angel of sleep from his moss grown couch, and strewed with a gentle hand the invisible grains of slumber. The evening breeze wafted them to the quiet dwelling of tired husbandman, enfolding in sweet sleep the inmates of the rural cottage—from the old man upon the staff, down to the infant in the cradle. The sick forgot their pain; the mourners their grief; the poor their care. All eyes closed. His task accomplished, the benevolent Angel of Sleep laid himself again by the side of his grave brother. "Which Aurora awakes," exclaimed he, with innocent joy, "men praise me as their benefactor. Oh what happiness, unseen and secretly to confer such benefits! How blessed are we to be the invisible messengers of the Good Spirit! How beautiful is our silent calling!" So spake the friendly Angel of Slumber. The Angel of Death sat with still deeper melancholy on his brow, and a tear, such as mortals shed, appeared in his large dark eyes. "Alas!" said he, "I may not, like thee, rejoice in the cheerful thanks of mankind; they call me upon earth, their enemy and joykiller." "Oh! my brother," replied the Angel of Slumber, "and will not the good man, at his awakening, recognise in thee his friend and benefactor, and gratefully bless thee in his joy? Are we not brothers, and ministers of one Father?" As he spake, the eyes of the Death Angel beamed with pleasure, and again did the two friendly Genii cordially embrace each other.

AUTUMN.

The Jersey City Sentinel, in a fit of enthusiasm produced by this fine weather, thus apostrophises Autumn—bright eyed, golden Autumn, has come again, and is now in her zenith. The garden and forest vie with the rainbow, in beauty; and the sky is nightly hung with the soft and glorious mantle of the sun. Though often marred with unwelcome storms and chilling winds, yet no skies are so lovely, nor does nature wear garbs of half the beauty or teach half the truths, as we can see and read around us. Who does not see in the forest a beauty that art would fain imitate, and hear as the wind breaks through her trembling limbs, a sermon of life, that like an angel's voice, soft and tender, speaks to the deepest recesses of the heart. Soon those leaves which now adorn the trees will fall, one by one, and go here and there to mingle with the earth; how truly does it rehearse the drama of human life! One sprig, young and tender, hardly kissed by a single sunbeam, or moistened by an hour of sparkling dew, is torn by a rude blast in early spring time; then half grown and made lovely by the genial mildness of summer's sun and shower, the sister twig wilts and lays lifeless beside it; then, too, further on, as the year grows white and infirm, and tempests and atmospheric rage with unkindness, they all, sooner or later, resistlessly bow, fall, and cease to affect the eye or heart of the busy world. This is one picture, and a solemn one. The golden harvest—the clustering fruit—the variegated mantle of nature in its luxurious loveliness, all, all, and a thousand more beauties, spread their deep joy in us and draw the sunshine from our hearts. Enjoy the season, then—"the soft twilight of the waning year." Go forth and study the beauties and its lessons. Learn that time changes not alone the face and heart of nature, but within there is reflected the same scene, and that there too, is a monitor speaking in a voice it were well thou should'st hear,

"Life has its Autumn and its fall!"

Bachelor's Woes.

What a pitiful thing an old bachelor is, with his cheerless house and his rueful phiz, on a bitter cold night when the fierce winds blow, when the earth is covered with a foot of snow. When his fire is out, and in shivering dread, he slips 'neath the sheets of his lonely bed. How he draws in his toes, all encased in yarn hose, and he buries his nose 'neath the chilly bed clothes, that his nose and his toes still encased in yarn hose, may not be froze. Then he puffs and he blows, and he swears that he knows, no mortal on earth ever suffered such woes, and with ah's! and with oh's! and with limbs froze to his slumbers and silence the bachelor goes. In the morn when the cock crows, and the sun has just rose, from beneath the bed clothes pops the bachelor's nose, from beneath the bed clothes pops the bachelor's nose and as you may suppose, when he hears how the wind blows, and sees the windows all froze, why back 'neath the clothes, pops the poor fellow's nose, for full well he knows, if from that bed he rose, to put on his clothes, that he'd surely be froze.

A Swarm of B's worth having.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild,
B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child;
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind,
B sure you make matter subservient to mind,
B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true,
B courteous to all men, B friendly with few,
B temperate in argument, pleasure and wine,
B careful of conduct, of money, of time.
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn;
B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust;
B patient, circumspect, sound in the faith,
B active, devoted, B faithful till death,
B honest, B holy, transparent and pure;
B dependent, B Christ-like, and you'll B secure.

UNCLE BENJAMIN'S SERMON.

Not many hours ago, I heard Uncle Benjamin discussing this matter to his son, who was complaining of pressure.

"Rely upon it, Sammy," said the old man as he leaned on his staff, with his grey locks flowing in the breeze of a May morning; "murmuring pays no bills." I have been an observer many times these fifty years, and I never saw a man helped out of a hole by cursing his horses.

"Be as quiet as you can, for nothing will grow under a harrow, and discontent harrows the mind. Matters are bad, I acknowledge, but no ulcer is any better for fingering. The more you groan, the poorer you grow."

"Repining at losses is only putting pepper into a sore eye. Crops will fail in all soils, and we may be thankful that we have not a famine. Besides I always took notice that whenever I felt the rod pretty smartly, it was as much as to say—"Here is something which you have got to learn." Sammy don't you forget that your schooling is not over yet, though you have a wife and two children."

"Aye," replied Sammy, "you may say that, and a mother in law, and two apprentices into the bargain, and I should like to know what a poor man can learn here, when the greatest scholars and lawyers are at loggerheads, and can't for their lives tell what has become of the hard money.

"Softly, Sammy, I am older than you; I have not got these grey hairs and this crooked back without some burdens. I could tell you stories of the days of continental money, when my grandfather used to stuff a sulkey-box with bills to pay for a yearling or a wheat fan, and when the Jersey women used thorns for pins, and laid their teapots away in the garret. You wish to know what you can learn? You may learn these seven things:

"First; that you have saved too little and spent too much. I never taught you to be a miser, but I have seen you giving your dollars for a "notion," when you might have laid one half aside for charity and one half aside for a rainy day.

"Secondly; that you have gone too much on credit. I always told you credit was a shadow; there is a substance behind, which casts the shadow, and no wise man will follow the shadow any farther than he can see the substance. You may learn that you have followed, and been decoyed into a bog.

"Thirdly; that you have gone in too much haste to become rich. Slow and easy is the race.

"Fourthly; that no course of life can be depended upon as always prosperous. I am afraid that the younger race of working men in America have a notion that nobody would go to ruin on this side of the water. Providence has greatly blessed us, and we have become presumptuous.

"Fifthly; that you have not been thankful enough to God for His benefits in past times.

"Sixthly; that you may be thankful our lot is not worse. We might have famine or pestilence, or war, or tyranny, or altogether.

"And lastly; to the end of my sermon, you may learn to offer with more understanding, the prayer of your infancy: 'Give us this day our daily bread."

The old man ceased, and Sammy put on his apron, and told Dick to blow away at the force bellows.

Yankee Doodle With Variations.

We have a young lady acquaintance, who is a very fine performer on the piano. Calling at her house the other afternoon for a few minutes, she entertained us with a few favorite pieces, together with two or three of the most admired songs of the day. While in the midst of her musical efforts, a tall young Kentuckian, who had just made his egress from the "barrens" where he was born and raised, chanced to saunter along the street, charmed with the novel music, but rather uninformed as to the conventional rules of city society, approached the parlor window, and, with eyes dilated, and mouth extended, stood there enraptured, while she sang—

"Give me a cot in the valley I love."

"Are you fond of music?" inquired the lady, who can relish a bit of sport.

"Well, I am, that very thing," said the blunt Kentuckian.

"Do you play?" asked our friend in a quizzical manner.

"I can play right smart of tunes on the fife," said the countryman, "but d——n me, if I ever saw any body play a *bureau* before!"

"This is what we call a piano, sir," said the performer; "did you never hear of such an instrument?"

"No-sir-ee!" said Kentuck, "there's no such critters in our parts as that, but it makes mighty nice kind o' music! Can you play Yankee Doodle on the machine?" said he, suddenly, and with much earnestness of manner.

The lady answered in the affirmative, and this popular national air, with variations, was performed in truly artistic style. But the uncultivated ear of the rustic could hardly discover, through the "variations," a single strain of his much loved tune, and at the close of the piece, he exclaimed, with astonishment:

"Is *that* Yankee Doodle?"

"Yes, sir, that is Yankee Doodle with the variations."

"Well!" ejaculated Kentuck, thrusting each hand in a pocket preparatory to a start, "that may do for you city folks, *but give me the naked doodle!*" And off he went.

A Word to the Marrying.

There is great beauty as well as the most wholesome advice in the following:

"Let thy liking ripen before thou lovest; let thy love advise before thou makest choice; and let thy choice be fixed before thou marryest."

The above is worthy of being printed in the bonnet of every unmarried and marriageable woman; of being pasted in the hat of every wife-hunting young man in the country. If its teachings were heeded, we have no doubt domestic disturbances would less frequently enter our courts and legislative halls for adjustment than is now the case. This love at first sight, so popular with poetic young gentlemen, has been proved by sad experience as not generally suited to this matter of fact world. We have no recollection of a match in marrying that, ever suffered from blending a little common sense in the preliminaries.

INCIDENTS ATTENDING LOUIS PHILLIPPE'S DEATH.—The general opposition papers are making an ado about a mass said, with the consent of Gen. Changarnier, whose head quarters are at the Tuilleries, in the Chapel of that palace, for the repose of the soul of Louis Philippe.

Louis Napoleon sent word to the family of the deceased King that permission would be given to deposite the remains of the ex King in his family vault at Dreux, and also for the Princes, his sons, to accompany those remains to their resting place, upon condition, however, that the Princes leave France again on the same day. The Orleans family refused to accept these terms. Louis Philippe, relative to his burial, asked that:

"Whenever I die, my body may be conveyed without pomp to the Chapel of St. Louis, at Dreux, there to be deposited in the tomb situated in front of the altar of the Holy Virgin. I ask also, that when it shall have pleased God to call my dear and well beloved wife, the Queen Maria Amelia, (and this is equally her desire as mine) her body may also be conveyed to the Chapel of St. Louis at Dreux, to be buried there beside my own, in the double tomb which I have caused to be prepared for this purpose, desiring that our mortal remains may be united after our death, as were our hearts so affectionately during our life. I commend the accomplishment of this request to our well beloved children and grandchildren. I firmly believe that whatever may be the course of events which have so painfully removed us from our country, the remembrance of our devotion will not be effaced there, and that no obstacle will be raised to prevent our mortal remains from reposing peacefully in its bosom.

THE GLAD RETREAT.

Beneath an elm, a green old elm,
I raised a rustic seat,
The boughs low bending o'er my head,
The green grass at my feet.
A little streamlet dancing by,
With voice so clear and sweet,
The air spirit's low an mournful sigh—
Oh, 'twas a glad retreat!

And often at the dewy morn,
Just when the earliest ray,
That from the chariot of the sun,
Betokened coming day,
I'd hie me to my glad retreat,
To that old elm I'd stray,
And by that rude and rustic seat,
I'd kneel me down and pray.

And at the sultry hour of noon,
I'd seek the cooling shade,
And listen to the murmuring sound
That little streamlet made.
And watched the bright birds glancing through
The branches old and young,
And wondered as they gaily flew,
What was the song they sung.

But the time has passed, those days are gone,
Aye, more, long years have fled;
And lying o'er that little brook,
A withered trunk and dead.
But memory often wanders back,
On Fancy's pinions free—
I'll never forget the rustic seat
Beneath the old elm tree!

The Perils of Falsehood.

In the beautiful language of an eminent writer, "When once a concealment or deceit has been practised in matters where all should be fair and open as the day—confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum, which you have once pressed in your hand." How true is this, and what a neglected truth by a great portion of mankind.

Falsehood is not only one of the most humiliating vices, but sooner or later it is certain to lead to many serious crimes. With partners in trade—with partners in life—with friends—with lovers—how important is confidence! How essential that all guile and hypocrisy should be guarded against in the intercourse between such parties? How much misery would have been avoided in the history of many lives, had truth and sincerity been controlling motives, instead of prevarications and deceit? "Any vice," said a parent in our hearing a few days since—"any vice, at least among the frailties of a milder character, but falsehood! Far better that my child should commit an error or do a wrong and confess it, than escape the penalty, however severe, by falsehood and hypocrisy. Let me know the worst and a remedy may possibly be applied. But keep me in the dark—let me be misled or deceived, and it is impossible to tell at what unprepared hour a crushing blow, an overwhelming exposure, may come."

Listen! Ladies, to Peter Pipkins.

I wish that I was married, I'm tired of this life; I think that I will turn a page, and try to get a wife; for O! for all poor mortals renowned in song or ditty, the bachelor who lives alone, deserves most of your pity! Some call their wives extinguishers, 'twould not be so with me; for I am quite extinguished now, at least I'm out you'll see; quite out of cash, and so of course I am without a friend; I'm out of credit and of coats, and no one wants to lend. I'm friendly to the married state, although its full of care, its best to have a kind of helpmate, though joys must be but rare. It is not good to live alone, with scarce a friend to greet. Oh sure the bliss of wedded life, must be by far more sweet! I'll marry! yes my mind is fixed, ladies! now here's a chance, I'm rather young and handsome too, can sing a song and dance; I'm worth whole cart loads of "true love," and of *dimes* about a score, all which I freely offer you, sorry I've nothing more. Pray do not keep me waiting long, for mine's a desperate case; if no success attends me here, I'll try some other place.—Come, and I'll take you as you are, with faults and foibles in, if but one item you will bring, that is—a little *Tin*.

HARK YE, GIRLS.

It is high time that somebody told you a little plain truth. You have been watched for a long time—a certain class of you—and it is plain enough you are trying plans to cheat somebody. You intended to sell chaff for wheat; and there is danger some of the foolish "gudgeons" will be sadly taken in. It may not be your fault, you belong to the "one idea" party—that the single idea of getting a husband is the only one that engrosses much of your time or attention. But it is your fault that you pursue this idea in the wrong direction. Your venerable first mother of Eden memory, was called a "help" for a man, and you are looking for a man to help you; to help you live in the half idle and half silly way which you have commenced. Men who are worth having want women for wives. A bundle of gewgaws, bound with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with cologne, and set in a carmine saucer—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys and girls on veritable bread and meat. The piano and the lace frame are well enough in their places; and so are ribbons and frills, and tinsels, but you can't make a dinner of the former, nor a bed-blanket of the latter. And awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed blanket are necessary to domestic enjoyment. Life has its realities as well as its fancies; but you make it all a matter of decoration—remembering the tassels and curtains but forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a young man of good sense, and of course good prospects, to be looking for a wife, what chance have you to be chosen? You may cap him, or trap him, or catch him; but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you! Render yourselves worth catching, and you will need no shrewd mothers, or managing brothers to help you to find a market.—*Waterville Mail.*

Punctuality.

A committee of eight gentlemen had appointed to meet at 12 o'clock. Seven of them were punctual; but the eighth came bustling in with apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind time.

"The time," said he, "passed away without my being aware of it. I had no idea of its being so late," &c.

A Quaker present said,

"Friend, I am not sure that we should admit thy apology. It were a matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted thine own quarter of an hour; but there are seven beside thyself, whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole to two hours, and one eighth of it only was thine *own property.*"

MACHINE FOR PRAYING.—Some tribes of Tartars use a machine called a Mani for making their prayers. It is a neat little machine made of wood, or iron, or copper cylanders—filled with a long, but narrow roll of paper or cloth, on which their idols and symbols are painted, and, below, prayers, either printed or written in the Thibetian character—about two inches in diameter and three inches long. It moves on points like a horizontal wheel, and in a small string is a kind of iron or brass frame attached to the wheel to make it swing nicely. Not only the Buddhist clergy, but also any of the laity who feel inclined to do so, use this wheel. Those who are too poor, buy at least the prayers without the wheel, and carry the roll of paper on which they are written, or printed from a block of wood, on their chest, sewn in a rag. A part of the Lamas procure their subsistence from writing or printing these prayers or sacred sentences. In Upper Kanawa they have very big Manis in their temples, which one man turns round by a handle. The people have such Manis or prayer wheels built even in small streams close to their houses, so that the water, by turning the wheel, performs the necessary prayers for them.

Whatever a woman asserts, you may as well admit at once, for she will never yield.

BALLOONING.

M. Lemoine, one of the editors of the *Journal des Debats*, has written an account of his ascent at Paris with Lieutenant Gale, in his balloon. We present our readers with an extract—"Mr. Gale is a Lieutenant of the Royal British Navy, and wears the undress uniform. He has the bold, decided air of the sailor. He takes the same care of his balloon as one man would take of a racehorse, or another of a fine vessel. Precisely at five o'clock we left, waving the flags, namely, the French flag, that of the moment, and the union jack. We were four in number: Mr. Gale, Mr. Clitton, (a young Englishman, who had already made three ascensions,) M. Leon Tripier, and myself. The ascent at first, as everybody might perceive, was very rapid. It is at this moment alone that novices, at least I speak for myself, experience a certain giddiness; but after a few moments this disappears. There is a peculiarity in the balloon of Mr. Gale, and in the ascension with him; I speak of the incredible *tour de force* that he performs in descending by a rope ladder to his lower car. The upper and larger car may be compared to a large round basket. We were ranged around it, with one arm in the cordage, not to keep us from falling out, but from falling in. The smaller and lower car is suspended at a distance of thirty-five feet from the upper. In order to go down to it, Mr. Gale raises a sort of lid or trap at the bottom of the upper car, and then there is an opening barely sufficient for the passage of his body. It is through this opening that he descends by a rope ladder to let off his fireworks, which are attached to the lower car. It is impossible to conceive anything more terrible than this man suspended in space by a cord at the height of half a mile from the earth, and descending with admirable *sangfroid* to his lower car. It was a most harrowing sight for us to look at him through the opening at our feet, for the distance, on account of the smallness of the opening, appeared double. The effect of such a sight would, if continued long, be insupportable. On reaching the lower car, Mr. Gale set fire to his bombs, which, I am told, produced, with the persons on *terra firma*, the effect of discharges of cannon. Some persons thought it was a salute in honor of the prorogation of the assembly.—With us above the effect was very different. At first there was a sharp sound, like the snapping of a percussion cap; then, at the moment of the explosion, it seemed as if we heard distant and continued thunder. I am told that this firing made a large number of Parisians, who were not thinking of the balloon, lift up their heads. After this boquet, Mr. Gale resumed his ladder for the purpose of rejoining us. Seen from below this is frightful, and seen from above it is by no means tranquilizing. If a sailor, perched on a yard falls into the sea, a cry is raised of "a man overboard," but what cry would we raise if our seaman had fallen into the atmosphere? But here he is! We see him returning through the trap, his brow covered with perspiration. We were anxious for his return for two reasons; first for himself, and then a little for ourselves. For only imagine this devil of a man to have missed his footing on his descent or ascent with his cord, or to have set fire to himself with his fireworks, and I will ask you what we should have done in the air, and how we should have gone on to have seen if spring was advancing. This was not one of the positions in which to exclaim *Facilis descensus Averni*. Happily for us, it was his 109th ascension, and it does not appear that he has ever fallen. We were heartily glad, however, to see him return safely. The lieutenant was as calm and unruffled as Baptiste, and we drank a glass of Maderia to our good acquaintance."

MOVE ON.

If you are ever to be anything, you must make a beginning; and you must make it yourself. The world is getting too practical to help drones push them along, when there is a busy hive of workers, who, if any thing live too fast. You must lift up your own feet, and if you have a pair of clogs on which clatter about your heels, they will soon be worn off and left behind on the dusky pathway. Mark out the line you prefer; let truth be the object glass, honesty the sprevying chain, and eminence the level, with which you lay out your field; and thus prepared, with prudence on one arm and perseverance on the other, you need fear no obstacle. Do not be afraid to take the first step. Boldness will beget assurance, and the first step will bring you so much nearer the second. But if your first step should break down, try again. It will be surer and safer by the trial. Besides, if you never move, you will never know your own power. A man standing still and declaring his inability to walk, without making the effort, would be a general laughing-stalk; and so, morally, is the man, in our opinion, who will not test his own moral and intellectual power, and then gravely assure us that he has "no genius," or "no talent," or "no capacity." A man with seeing eyes keeping them shut, and complaining that he cannot see, is the trumpeter of his own inability.

Exchange Paper.

The Cannon-Ball Tree.

Among the plants of Guinea, one of the most curious is the Cannon-ball tree. It grows to the height of 60 feet, and its foliage and flowers are as remarkable for beauty and fragrace, as its fruit is for fragrance and contradictory qualities. Its blooms are of delicious crimson, appearing in large bunches, and exhaling a rich perfume. The fruit resembles enormous cannon balls, hence the name of the tree, which has been attributed to the noise which the balls make in falling. An eminent naturalist says: "Beneath a pure and dazzling sky, gracefulness is ever united to the magnificence of nature; there the hidden streams only reveal their presence in gentle murmurs, or by the silvery light that they cast upon the rocks, or the soft sounds with which they endow the plants. But when, the silence of nature is broken by those violent hurricanes which too often, in the torrid zone, blast all the hopes of the cultivator, you may hear the report of the fruit of the cannon-ball tree, whose bursting produces an oft repeated echo, and resembles the rolling fire of a discharge of artillery."

From the shell domestic utensils are made and the contents contain several kinds of acids, besides sugar and gum, and afford materials for making an excellent drink in sickness; but singular as it may appear, this pulp when in its perfectly ripe state, exceeds whatever is filthy, stinking, and abominable in nature; yet the scent is remarkably vinous, and subpermanent that on examining some portions of the fruit that has been preserved in rum two or three years, the native order of the plant was found to be so strong as to render the apartment almost insupportable. Insects revel in this filthy and disgusting pulp. Beetles and earwigs feed upon it; while the formicas find shelter in the hollow of the shells."

The love of a cross woman, they say, is stronger than any other female individual you can find. Like vinegar, the affections of a high strung woman never spoil. It is the sweet vines that become acidulated, not the sour ones. Recollect this my dear hearers, and court accordingly.

A minister at church approached a little urchin about twelve years old, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, thus addressed him:

"My son, I believe the devil has hold of you."

"I believe he has too," was the significant reply of the urchin.

The preached vamosed.

GET KNOWLEDGE.

Pope, the poet, has a line, "a little learning is a dangerous thing," which we often hear repeated as a maxim, by those who have but a very little themselves. We have also this other maxim, 'half a loaf is better than no bread;' and this is certainly true of bread. Is it not likely to be true of knowledge also? Try it in a few practical cases. A little knowledge of navigation is better to the sailor than no knowledge. A little knowledge of soils, and seasons, and cropping, and stock, is better for the farmer than no knowledge. A little knowledge of anatomy is better to the surgeon than no knowledge. The truth is that much knowledge is the best thing; a little knowledge is the next best; and no knowledge the worst of all. The line of the poet is good in the sound, but bad in the sense.

From the Pennsylvanian.

A VISIT TO THE MINT.

Many of the readers of the *Pennsylvanian*, residing in various parts of the United States, have probably never had an opportunity for visiting that somewhat celebrated establishment, the United States Mint. As making money is a subject for study with most people, it may be interesting to the majority to know how money is made *literally*. The mint is a handsome white stuccoed building, with a plain but not inelegant portico. The visiter, on entering the vestibule and asking permission to see the interior, is requested to record his name in a book kept for the purpose. He is then conducted, first to a room in the rear, where the California dust is melted. The appearance of this room is as gloomy and dingy as that of an ordinary iron foundry. In the next two rooms, the silver and gold is cast in ingots. Passing from thence to the other side of the building, we saw a man engaged in examining and sorting a great number of golden ingots—each of which was nearly as large as a common four-pound sash-weight, and very similar in shape. This was a *rich* spectacle. The precious metals, after being moulded in this form, are rolled out in bars of suitable thickness, and from these bars the circular pieces for the coinage are cut by a rapid process. The operation of stamping the money is the most interesting of all. Like almost every other part of the work, it is done by steam power and machinery, admirably adapted to the purpose. The stamping process is done by a press, similar in its construction to a printing press—working with an elbow of great strength, the force of the compression being estimated at 200 tons. The impression is given to both sides of the coin at once. The circular pieces of plain metal are placed in a tube, which conducts them to the point where the impression is given, viz: between the two dies, one of which is stationary under the piece and the other descends with the motion of the machinery, and stamps the top of the coin. We saw $30 gold pieces stamped, as we should judge, at the rate of forty in a minute. The next and final operation, is the "milling," which is the ornamenting of the edges of the coin. The steam engine which supplies the power for these various operations, is of the most perfect finish, a real *bijou*, polished like watch work in every part, and operating without the least perceptible noise. W.

HON. JAMES BUCHANAN.

Our citizens had the pleasure on Thursday last of a visit from the Hon. James Buchanan, who was travelling for pleasure, to Reading, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, &c. His visit was entirely unexpected, but as soon as his arrival was made known, hundreds of people flocked to Connor's Hotel, to extend the hand of friendly welcome to a man they justly regard as one of the greatest statesmen of the age. At half ten o'clock in the evening, the Easton Band serenaded him in good style, when Mr. Buchanan, in reply to loud calls, appeared on the steps of the Hotel, and addressed the people in a short but appropriate and eloquent speech. He expressed himself delighted, with this portion of his native State.

During Friday morning Mr. Buchanan spent several hours in viewing the town and beautiful scenery surrounding it, and visited the families of Hon. David D. Wagener, Gen. Iurie, Capt. Reeder, Hon. R. Broadhead, and others of our citizens with whom he was acquainted. He took his departure after dinner for Bethlehem, intending to reach Pottstown, Montgomery county, on Saturday. "Old Buck," left a very favorable impression upon our people, by his unassuming, pleasant manners and fluency in conversation. He promised to repeat his visit next summer, and spend several days with us.

Easton Argus.

COL. WM. BIGLER.

The Voice of his own County.

The Democracy of Clearfield County, the home of Col. Bigler, at their recent convention, unanimously adopted the following among other resolutions:

Resolved, That we hail with feelings of pride and pleasure the numerous demonstrations that are being made in various quarters in favor of our statesmanlike fellow citizen, Colonel William Bigler, for the office of Governor in 1851; that we most cordially sympathise with our Democratic friends in other parts of the State in this movement; that we cheerfully endorse every thing that has been said in favor of his moral and political character; and that should he be selected as the Democratic standard bearer in 1851, the manner in which his nomination will be endorsed by the *people* of Clearfield county—*who know him*—will fully attest that their confidence has not been misplaced.

ANECDOTE OF AN ARAB.—A. Bedawee, having obtained entrance surreptiously into the house of a merchant of Mecca, made up a convenient bale of goods to decamp with, and was on the point of leaving the premises, when he happened, in the dark, to strike his foot against something hard on the floor. Thinking it might be an article of value, he picked it up and put it to his tongue, when, to his equal mortification and disappointment, he found it to be a lump of rock salt. Having thus tasted the salt of the owner, his avarice gave way to his respect for the laws of hospitality; and throwing down his booty, he withdrew empty handed.

Young ladies who faint on being proposed to, can be restored to consciousness by just whispering in their ears that you were only joking.

If the Spring puts forth no blossoms, in Summer there will be no beauty, and in Autumn no fruit—so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

INSTINCT OF THE CAT.—It is stated that during the severity of the cholera at Harper's Ferry, it actually migrated in large numbers. The night watch on the railroad bridge saw as many as five or six cross the bridge of a night. They become very scarce, and if one was observed at the place, it would be found on a hill with an air of great alarm.

"Why in the deuce is it," said a young swell a few days since, "that I can't make this collar set well?"

"Because it is a standing collar," replied the person to whom the question was addressed.

An old maid was telling her age, which she said was just thirty six years. A gentleman in company doubted the truth of her statement, but was corrected by her brother, who said it must be true, for she had told the same story for ten years.

The Whig Mayor (Barker,) of Pittsburg, has been arrested and held to bail on various charges of assault and battery, false imprisonment, and misdemeanor in office. Riots are said to occur there every night. In which the Mayor's Police being composed of the worst rowdies, are active participants.