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 31, 1850. NO. 21.

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 now

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, Bareges, 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 Clothing 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!
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 Sacktee, 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,

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.

Carlisle, Sept. 19, 1850. WM. M. PORTER.

Poetical.

THE OLD TURNPIKE.

We hear no more the clanging hoof,
And the stage coach rattling by;
For the steam king rules the travelled world,
And the old Pike's left to die.
The grass creeps o'er thy flinty path,
And the stealthy daisies steel,
Where once the stage horse day by day,
Lifted his iron heel.

No more the weary stager dreads
The toil of the coming morn;
No more the bustling landlord runs,
At the sound of the echoing horn;
For the dust lies still upon the road,
And bright eyed children play,
Where once the clattering hoof and wheel
Rattled along the way.

No more we hear the cracking whip,
Or the strong wheels rumbling round;
Ah ha, the water drives us on,
And an iron horse is found!
The coach stands rusting in the yard,
And the horse hath sought the plow;
We have spanned the world with an iron rail,
And the steam king rules us now!

The old Turnpike is a pike no more,
Wide open stands the gate;
We have made us a road for our horse to stride,
Which we ride at a flying rate,
We have filled the vallies and levelled the hills,
And tunnelled the mountain side;
And round the rough crag's dizzy verge,
Fearlessly we on ride!

On—on—on—with a haughty front!
A puff, a shriek, and a bound;
While the tardy coaches wake too late,
To babble back the sound;
And the old Pike road is left alone,
And the stagers sought the plow;
Who have circled the earth with an iron rail,
And the steam king rules now!

Miscellaneous.

THE DEVIL'S GIFT;
OR, THE THREE BARS OF GOLD.

A LEGEND FROM THE FRENCH.

There once lived in Scotland three poor blacksmiths. Their habitation was situated in the mountains which surround the pretty town of Perth.—Though they labored incessantly, they could barely obtain a sufficiency of the coarsest food; and frequent and sorrowful were their prayers that God would send them some little portion of the bounty which so many enjoy without merit; or that their lives and wretchedness might end together. Labor and prayers were alike fruitless; misery alone seemed their lot.

Desparing of fortune, they were one evening conversing,

"Since," said they, "our prayers avail nothing, let us turn to the Evil One, he may hear us with favor?"

Scarcely had they pronounced these words when a voice was heard:

"At midnight at the Blackrock mountain I will await you. If you have courage to meet me there fortune is yours. Remember midnight."

Speechless with terror, the brothers gazed upon each other. The youngest at last broke the silence:

"*My brothers*, do you hear? Shall we go?"

"We will obey," exclaimed the elder.

On the approach of midnight, they bent their steps towards the mountain. As they drew near it, they heard the ringing of an anvil, but saw neither light nor smoke. With terror they advanced to discover whence the sound proceeded. They reached the end of the path. The noise of a thousand hammers resounded; but on looking around they saw but a solitary man at work.

"I awaited you," he said, "and was forging for you. This product of my labor is yours upon one condition. If at the end of nine years you do not return it to me, or the value it has produced you, you are mine both body and soul, and all your possessions shall vanish from the earth. A whim sometimes impels me to benefit mortals; endeavor to profit by mine."

So saying he gave each a mass of iron and dismissed them.

The brothers arrived at home, not much pleased with the events of their journey, questioning whether the gifts promised much, and not doubting that they should return them at the appointed time. They fell asleep, thinking of their adventure, whose result, by no means equalled their expectations.

On awakening next morning, they were about to commence their daily toil, having almost forgotten the disappointment of the proceeding evening, when suddenly they perceived three ingots of gold, which had replaced the masses of iron. Their joy was unbounded.

In a short time they resided in a magnificent palace. Their retinue was regal in its splendor. Forgetting their promise to the Evil One to return the value of his gift, they passed their time in enjoyment without seeking to ascertain its worth.

The nine years rolled away in festivals, and the most extravagant delights. The close of the term at length arrived. The demon, punctual to his appointed time, appeared at midnight, during a splendid entertainment given at the palace.

The hideous apparition, rising among the guests addressed the brothers:

"The last hour is about to strike. What have you to return to me?"

They were dumb with terror.

An infernal smile played upon the features of the tempter. He struck the ground. The palace disappeared. A horrid tumult filled the air as the ministers of the demon's vengeance swept away his victims.

Even now it is said that the traveller as he hurries over the site of the palace, hears three voices in the air, which cry: "Traveller, beware, forget not the future."

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN.

Trust not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourself for every emergency in life. Learn to work, and not depend upon servants to make your bread; sweep your floors and darn your own stockings. Above all things do not esteem too lightly those young men who sustain themselves and their aged parents by the work of their hands, while you care for and receive into your company those lazy, idle poppinjays, who never lift a finger to help themselves as long as they can keep body and soul together, and get sufficient to live in fashion. If you are wise you will look at the subject as we do; and when you are old enough to become wives, you will prefer the honest mechanic, with not a cent to commence life, to the fashionable loafer, with a capital of ten thousand dollars. Whenever we hear remarked, "Such a young lady has married a fortune," we have always *trembled for her future prosperity. Riches* left to children by wealthy parents often turn a curse instead of a blessing. Young women remember this, and instead of sounding the purses of your lovers, *and examining* the cuts of their coats, *look into their* habits and their hearts. Mark if they have a trade *and can depend upon themselves; see if they have* minds which will lead them to look above a butterfly existence. Talk not of the beautiful white skin and the soft delicate hand—the splendid form and fine appearance of the young gentleman. Let not those foolish considerations engross your thoughts.

WESTWARD HO!—The following is an extract from a *letter* received in Pottsville a few days ago, from the Hon, Alexander Ramsey, Governor of Minnesota *Territory*. It will interest such of our country friends whose inclinations lean towards the far West:

"All we want here is—more people and more capital. Land bought at government prices, will render a richer return than the lands of Berks or Lancaster, for which you pay $100 per acre.

Advise such of your farmers as can bring a capital of $100 with them, to come here; they can in two or three years make a fortune!"

A Good Story.

The following capital story we extract from a letter to the Alabama Journal, by J. J. Hooper:

"Shall I tell you a bit of a story, having no connection with politics, this hot, dry weather? By permission—

"Old Col. D——, of the Mobile District, was one of the most singular characters ever known in Alabama. He was testy and eccentric, but possessed many fine qualities, which were fully appreciated by the people of the district. Many of his freaks are fresh in the memory of the "old 'uns" of Mobile—and all of them will tell you that the Colonel, though hard to beat, was once terribly taken in by a couple of legal tyros. It is, George Woodward, I believe, that tells the story; but, however, that may be, it is in keeping with others related of the old gentleman.

"*It seems that Col. D——* had a misunderstanding with the two gentlemen alluded to, and was not on speaking terms with them, altho' all of the three were professionally riding the circuit pretty much together. The young ones, being well aware of the Colonel's irascible nature, determined as they left one of the courts for another, to have some sport at his expense by the way. They accordingly got about half an hour's start in leaving, and presently they arrived at a broad, dark stream, that looked as if it might be a dozen feet deep, but which in reality was hardly more than as many inches. Crossing it, they lighted, pulling off their coats and boots, and sat down quietly to watch for the old "Tartar."

"Jogging along, at length, up came the old fellow. He looked first at the youngsters who were gravely drawing on their boots and coats, as if they had just had a swim—and then he looked at the broad creek that rolled before him like a fluent translucent star. The Col. was awfully puzzled.

"Is this creek swimming?" he growled, after a pause of some moments.

No reply was made—the young men simply mounted their horses and rode off some little distance, and stopped to watch our hero.

"The Col. slowly divested himself of boots, coats, pantaloons and drawers. These he neatly tied up in his handkerchief, and hung them on the horn of the saddle. Then he remounted, and as he was a fat, short, man, with a paunch of inordinate size, rather inadequate legs, a face like a withered apple, and a brown wig, there is no doubt he made an interesting picture as he bestrode his steed, with the "breeze holding gentle dalliance" with the extremeties of his only garment.

"Slowly and cautiously did the old gentleman and his horse take the creek. Half a length, and the water was not fetlock deep. Here the horse stopped to drink. A length and half—and the stream no deeper! Thirty feet further, and a decided *shoaling!*

"Here Col. D—— reined up.

"There must," he said, "be a h— of a swift, deep channel between this and the bank. See how the water runs! We will dash through."

"A sharp lash made the horse spring the watery waste, and another carried the horse and rider safely to the opposite bank. The creek was nowhere more than a foot deep.

"A wild yell from the young 'uns announced their appreciation of the sport, as they galloped away.

"I'll catch you, you —— rascals," was groaned between Col. D.'s teeth; and away he galloped in hot pursuit, muttering vengeance on his foes.

"On—on—they sped, pursuer and pursued. The youngsters laughed, yelled and screamed—the Col. *damned with mighty emphasis, while his shirt* fluttered and cracked in the wind, like a loose flying jib.

"On—on—and the pursuer reached the farmhouse on the road side. *Their passing startled a flock of* geese from the fence corner which, as the Col. dashed up, *met him with outspread wings*, elongated necks, and hisses dire. His horse swerved suddenly, and the Colonel in a moment, was upon the ground, in a most romantic "heap" with his brown wig by his side, and his bundle of clothes scattered around!

"The white headed children of the house came out first, took a distant view of the monster—as it seemed to them—and then returned to report progress.—After a little the father of the family came, and the affair being explained, assisted the Colonel in making his toilet; the Col. swearing and the countryman laughing all the while.

"Dressed and remounted, our hero started off with a wolful phiz, and was soon out of sight."

The Discontented Dove.

The daughter of a poor, but good and sensible mother was complaining to her that, when she mixed with girls of her own age, she felt ashamed of her plain attire. The mother instead of remonstrating with *her daughter, read to her the following* fable:

The dove appealed to its guardian genius, to bestow upon it a gayer external. "Why is it," said she, "that I have only these plain feathers, this unadorned plumage, while the peacock and the parrot shine in such fine and glittering apparel?"

"Thou shalt have what, thou *desirest*, gentle *dove*," said *genius*, "*but remember*, if thou wouldst shine like either the peacock or the parrot, thou must become like them in all other respects. Art thou, then, willing to resign thy own character? Wouldst thou no longer be my timid, tender, loving dove, that thou might'st become vain and noisy as the peacock—chattering and idle as the parrot?"

"No," said the dove, "Oh, no! kind genius; I will not give up the characteristics which render me thy care, and contribute so much to my happiness."

The daughter looked up into her mother's face. "And I too," said she, "will remain thy dove, dear mother, and be satisfied with the gifts with which my heavenly father has endowed me."

Truth Teller.

To Make and Preserve Sausages.

I send a receipt for making sausages, that is worth one year's subscription to the Cultivator, to every family that *makes much use of them* that does not already know it. Although too late for the last killing time, it will *soon come around* to another. And while I am about it, I will give my mode of seasoning them, as I have done it for twenty years. For 100 pounds meat, 1½ pounds of fine salt, 6 ounces of black pepper, powdered, and 3½ ounces of sage. For market or immediate use, a little more salt might be added. And now for preserving them. Immediately after the meat is seasoned, make it up into small cakes, (say as large as the top of a tea cup,) and fry them in the usual manner until nearly done, or quite done I think best. Then have clean small earthen or stone pots ready, and pack the cakes in as closely as possible till nearly full, pouring in the fat that came out in frying them—then put a weight on, sufficient to keep them down until cold. If there is not enough of fat fries out to cover them, supply the deficit with clean melted lard. When they are perfectly cold, it is best to put a little more melted lard on, as there will sometimes be cracks made in cooling, put a paper over them, and set them in a dry, cool place, and they will keep from New Years till after the next harvest as good as when put up, or nearly so. They will keep, I suppose, as well in large pots as in small ones, until they are opened. It is only necessary to warm them for use. Try it—there is no mistake in it. I have proved it.

Cultivator.

A new mode of dispersing mobs—pass a contribution box among the crowd.

THE SKYLARK.

BY JAMES HOGG.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place—
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth,
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in Heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing away!
Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place—
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

The Rapids of the Jordan.

It had been ascertained that the Dead Sea was more than 1000 feet below the level of the lake of Tiberias—as the distance between the two was but 60 miles. *This would give a fall of about 20 feet* per mile—greater, it was then thought, than any river in the world exhibited. The Mohawk river in America was held to be one of greatest fall, and that it averages not more than four or five feet to the mile; but it is now known that the Sacramento in California has a fall of 2000 feet in 90 miles, or an average of 100 feet to the mile. It was then, however, thought that such a fall as it seemed necessary to suppose in the case of the Jordan, from the difference of level between the two lakes which it connected, was without example; and as its course was presumed to be tolerably straight, and as it was not known to contain any rapids, and error in the calculation of the difference of level between the two lakes was more than suspected. This problem it was left for Lieut. Lynch to set at rest. In the first place, the river is full of rapids. The boats plunged down no less than twenty-seven very threatening ones, besides a great number of lesser magnitude, *and then, although the direct distance does, as stated*, not exceed sixty miles, the course of the river is made at least two hundred miles by the exceedingly tortuous course of its stream. This reduces the fall to not more than six feet in the mile, for which the numerous rapids in the river sufficiently account.

"The descent by the river occupied no less than a week. So great were the difficulties caused by the rapids that in two days not more than twelve miles were accomplished; and on the third day the wooden boat brought down from the Sea of Galilee was abandoned on account of her shattered condition.—None but metal boats could have stood the severe work of this passage. It was, nevertheless, made at the time of flood—at the season the Israelites passed the river—and which, although the most unfavorable without boats, should be the most favorable with them. In fact, it is stated, that a few weeks earlier or later, the passage down the river in boats would, as in the case of Lieut. Molyneux, have been impracticable, from the want of sufficient water to carry them over the rapids.

A QUEER ADVERTISEMENT.

Bartholomew O'Flaherta, Wig Maker, Music Master, and dealer in dried apples, from Dublin, gives the public information, that he has opened a shop in Pig Alley, No. 12, where he carries on the business of making ladies' caps, repacking pork, and selling hen's eggs under ducks; except what falls down and breaks.—Horse jockies and farriers may be supplied with gauze aprons, old saddles, smelling bottles and all other vegetables on the shortest notice.

Wanted immediately, a parcel of bull-frogs skins, crooked-necked squashes, old gimblets, and such like garden seeds of this year's growth. Quail traps fabricated and renovated, also good pasturage for breeding mares, or exchanged for *the like sum in the fund.*

A large quantity of second hand breeches by the quart or single gill or less. Potash, kettles, lamb's wool, silver thimbles, besides a great variety of other medicines—one hundred gallons of hog's lard. Tow cloth, goose-grease, and gridirons to be bartered for tasseled canes and soft soap. Horse-keeping, two shillings per lb., together with Nova Scotia grindstones, and men, women and children shaved, combed and dressed at three shillings per yard, with every other species of public securities and warlike instruments at their nominal value. All kinds of needle work done with accuracy and cross-patch among which are two volumes of the great works of the little tweedle, with one hundred pounds of brimstone *and a magestruss heap of owl's gizzards.* Three pamphlets on the infinite evil of infinite folly, with infinite number of finite little infinities, among which are junk bottles and leather aprons, supported by arguments pro and con, with abundance of sweetness of the like kind.

Wanted immediately, a young man or two at the above business. None need apply but those who are well versed in the art of sneezing, curing corns, and other equestrian feats of horsemanship.

Counsel to the Young.

Resolve to form your life upon some certain principles, and regulate your principles by fixed rules. Man was made to be governed by reason, and not by mere accident or caprice. It is important therefore that you begin early to consider and inquire what is the proper course, and form some plan for your lives. The want of such consideration is manifest in the conduct of multitudes. They are governed by the impulse of the moment, reckless of the consequences. They have fixed no steady aim, and have no certain principles of action. Living thus at random, it would be a miracle if they went uniformly right. In order to your pursuing the right path, you must know what it is, and to acquire this knowledge, you must divest yourselves of thoughtless giddiness; you must take time for serious reflection. It will not always do to adopt the recommendation of those who may be about you; for they may have a sinister regard to you; or may themselves be misled by error or prejudice. Persons already involved in dissipation or entangled in error, naturally desire to keep themselves in countenance by the number of followers whom they can seduce into their path of vice. As reasonable creatures, therefore, judge for yourselves what course is right and filled that you should *pursue.* Exercise your own reason independently and impartially, and give not yourself up to be governed by mere caprice and fashion, or by the opinions of *others.*

FASHIONABLE MANNERS.—There is a set of whom I cannot bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety—whose every good word is precise and whose every movement is unexceptionable; but who, though versed in all the categories of polite behavior, have not a particle of soul or cordiality about things. We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance *in every gesture, and gracefulness in every position*; not a smile out of place, and not a step that *would not bear the severest scrutiny.* This is very fine, but what I want is the heat and gaiety of social *intercourse*—the frankness that spreads animation around it—the eye that speaks affably to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy. This is what I conceive to be the virtue of the text, "Be courteous," and not the sickening formality of those who walk by rule and would reduce the whole of human life to a wire bound system of misery and constraint.

From the Pennsylvanian.

FAMILY FINANCIERING.

Mr. Benjamin Wilkins, being engaged in a protracted jollification—had exhausted all his funds; used up all his credit, and "spouted" almost everything spoutable about his house, not excepting the tea-kettle and baby's cradle, and came home yesterday afternoon, with the faint hope of finding something on which "my uncle" would advance enough to replenish the bottle. His wife happened to be absent,—it was a good opportunity to carry out his design. He searched every apartment, every cupboard, every chest and closet—but nothing which a pawnbroker would call negotiable presented itself, except the Sunday bonnet and the only silk dress of the absent Mrs. Wilkins. These he eagerly seized, and in a few minutes they were duly ticketed and put away by an Israelitish money lender in South street. Mr. Wilkins repaired to a tavern with the proceeds, and made himself perfectly happy for two hours, treating everybody, and sustaining his character as a glorious, generous and while souled fellow. Before night the money was all gone, and Mr. Wilkins reeled home, threw off his clothes and tumbled into bed, with a conscience perfectly at ease. In the meantime Mrs. Wilkins had missed her best bonnet and silk dress, and, suspecting what had happened, she made a search among the clothes which had been thrown off by Benjamin, her husband; and found the pawnbroker's certificate. Then while Benjamin snored sonorously, she made up the clothes in a bundle, coat, vest, pantaloons, everything—Benjamin's only suit—took them to the same pawnbroker, and pledged them for one dollar. In the morning, Mr. Wilkins awoke, no clothes to put on; terrible cursing and swearing, but all to no purpose. The old fellow had to keep close at home all day, in terrible affliction for want of liquor; nobody to sympathise with his distress. At night, he put on his boots, wrapped himself in a blanket, made his way to the tavern which he favors with his custom, and tried to borrow some raiment. All his jolly companions, collected in the bar room, enjoyed Benjamin's dilemma; not one had a rag to lend him,—all gathered around him, hustling him about amid the most uproarious laughter. At last, he broke away from them, and made his escape from the house,—but his woolly masquerade soon obtained him a situation in limbo. This morning, he obtained his discharge, and one of the watchmen compassionately loaned him a pair of ragged nankeen pantaloons. He started for home, not with a very light heart, we guess, but certainly with a very thin pair of inexpressibles.

W.

Love for the Dead.

The love that survives the tomb, says Irving, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief has calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, then the sudden anguish and convulsed agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, are softened away into pensive meditations on all that was in the days of its lovliness.—Who could root such a sorrow from the heart, though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the bursts of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrace of the dead to which we turn even from the charm of the living.

Singular Effect from Lightning.

In the Homestead Journal, Salem, Ohio, we find the following account, signed "J. H.," of the singular effects of a stroke of lightning:

An acquaintance of mine, from Washington township, Stark county, related to me a circumstance connected with a stroke of lightning which occurred in his neighborhood, and seems to me very remarkable in some of its effects. The electric fluid, as well as good be judged from the effect produced, first came in contact with the top of the chimney, it then passed down to where the stove pipe entered the flue, then passed along the pipe until it reached the stove, which it threw over. A child lay in a cradle near the stove. The cradle was broken and thrown several feet from where it stood, while the child was left unhurt upon its pillow, where the cradle was previous to the accident. A rocking chair that was standing near the stove had its rockers broken off, and itself thrust with such force against the ceiling as to penetrate the ceiling with the feet of the chair, in such a manner as to leave the chair suspended by its feet from the ceiling. After tearing up part of the floor the fluid seemed to have passed along one of the timbers of the building to the ground.

On relating the above to another acquaintance of mine from Geauga county, on the Western Reserve, she related the following anecdote, as having occurred a short time ago, in their neighborhood. Some veritable Yankee, who undoubtedly had failed to protect his barn by lightning rods, was so unfortunate as to have his barn struck by the electric fluid. His good lady and her son, who were in the house at the time received a smart shock, upon which the mother cries, as soon as she could speak,

"*Why, la! Bill, arn't you killed? I be.*"

A Knotty Question.

A sucker being hard up for a glass of the *critter*, went into a grocery store, and commenced the following dialogue:

"Mister, I'll take fourpence worth of crackers."

"Yes, sir," replied the grocer, and the crackers were accordingly bagged up.

"On a second thought," says the sucker, "I'll take a fourpence worth of gin, and here's your crackers."

The grocer received the crackers, and the sucker received the gin, which was speedily drank, and sucker was about departing.

"Here," says the grocer, "pay me for that gin!"

"Pay you," says sucker, "didn't I give you the crackers for the gin?"

"True," says the grocer, "but you didn't pay for the crackers!"

"In course not," says sucker, "I didn't keep them! Hain't you got your crackers? You don't want a man to pay for what he didn't have, do you?"

Sucker departed, leaving grocer engaged in the process of scratching his head!

VALUABLE COUNTRY FOR FARMERS.—The Oregon *Spectator*, of the 25th July, referring to the productiveness of agricultural pursuits in that Territory, says:

That agricultural pursuits will pay largely, a few facts will prove. For example—we overheard a gentleman a few days since remark that he had just sold stock from his farm to the amount of $7,000.—And the same gentleman said that aside from his remaining stock, he also had 150 acres of wheat, which is now being harvested, and which will yield from twenty to thirty bushels per acre. And any one can calculate the thousands of dollars such a crop will secure to its owner. We have heard of two or three gentlemen on the Columbia river, who have large fields of potatoes, which have been, by disinterested persons, estimated at $1,000 per acre. One individual has ten acres of potatoes, which have and will in all cost him two months of personal labor, and the same amount of labor from two hired hands, and *if he meets with no adverse fortune, he will realize* eight or ten thousand from his potatoes alone. In the upper part of the Willamette and Umpqua valleys there are almost unlimited opportunities for stock raising and dairy business, in the most beautiful country in the world.

OLD HICKORY.—At the time of the difficulty with France, the French Ambassador at Washington, hoping to frighten General Jackson, asked him, when he demanded his passports, "What shall I tell the King of the French, Monsieur President?" "Tell your master, the King, that Andrew Jackson says he must *pay or fight.*" There was no misunderstanding such diplomacy, and the money was soon after forthcoming.

RISE OF SENATOR RUSK.

The tragedy of Nacogdoches, and the romantic incidents which led to the Texan war of independence, find their parallel only in the Roman history of Lucretia and the elder Brutus. Juan Costa was a person of great influence and bravery in the wild forests, but he fell under the displeasure of Santa Anna, and his minion Pedras, the commandant of Nacogdoches, was sent to arrest him. He arrested the father at his supper table, attended by his only *daughter—a young girl of surprising* beauty and intelligence. He loaded him with chains and cast him into prison, notwithstanding her tears and entreaties. Finally, he proposed to free the father, if the daughter would consent to sacrifice her innocence and honor. She rejected the infamous propositions with a blow in the face, when the armed ruffian swore a terrible oath to execute his will upon both, and then.

With dark eyes, tearless, glassy, fixed as those of a corpse, yet, flashing a double portion of luminous fire, she mounted a horse and hurried away wildly around the country. She halted at every house, no matter whether Mexican or American, and rehersed, in tones of thrilling horror, her father's wrongs and her own. All timid modesty, all weakness, had vanished from her tongue, utterly consumed by the scorching thirst for vengeance. She painted, in passion's fiery language, and with such awful minuteness, the facts of the damning deed; she bared her virgin bosom, and showed the livid marks of the ravisher's fingers among the mazes of those azure veins, along the surface of that expanse of snow, now so polluted and soiled, but before as pure as the gleam of an angel's wing.

And still, wherever the beautiful maid wandered, a deafening yell of wrath and vengeance rose up against the tyrants. The people of both races and all classes flow to arms appointing a general rendezvous for the 24th of June, at the residence of the absent and now imprisoned Juan Costa.

It was there debated by the people, as to the mode of attack, and who should be their leader; but nothing being agreed on, the whole assembly bid fair to break up in confusion, when a tall and powerfully built stranger, who had just entered Texas from the States, came forward and addressed the multitude as follows:

"I am a stranger, but I am also a man; and I owe my life, soul, body, health, happiness—all—all to a woman—my mother! And if I turn a deaf ear to the prayers of an innocent woman, asking my aid against a villain, may both my mother and my God curse me! I go for one—should you all stay behind—alone to fight Col. Pedras and his armed ravishers of your wives and daughters!"

The speech was received with three tremendous cheers, and then a general shout that seemed to shake the solid earth, uttered the first peal of the revolution. "We will go! Death to the tyrants! Freedom for Texas, and the giant shall be our leader!"

And then, for the first time, was heard in the land of the wild oak, a name destined to become an echo to the pulsation of all hearts—the name of T. J. Rusk.

The next day he led his raw troops to the attack of Nacogdoches, and stormed every position against immense odds, after an assault of about four hours, the carnage being dreadful on both sides; and fortunately, among the slain, was the dead body of the atrocious Ferdinand Pedras.

Such was the debut of Rusk in Texas; and from that day his popularity has gone on steadily increasing, without even a transitory eclipse, or so much as a cloud to dim its splendor. In vain, for three years, Gen. Cos. demanded his arrest. Mexico has not soldiers enough to take him, and in 1845 46 he assisted to chase the last of these out of the country. Afterwards, he amassed a fortune at the Texan bar, and was chosen one of the first Senators of the new State annexed—a place which he may hold for life, if he wills it.

Rusk is the only public man in Texas that has never engaged in a duel; and for this single reason, so honorable to himself—he never had a personal enemy in the world. To conclude, he is a Titan in physical force, with the loving soul of a happy child. *He is not distinguished by eloquence of speech*, but his laugh is sometimes divine—the clear ring of a heart sound to the very centre.

U. S. Senator.

The *North American*, in a manly article, urges its friends to make a nomination for U. S. Senator, and "stand by it to the last." The editor says:

"As Pennsylvanians, interested in the honor and character of our State, irrespective of all party bias, we may indulge the hope that some high, influential, and recognized man, in the ranks our opponents, will be selected, whose standing will reflect respectability upon the station and ensure the confidence of the country.

For our part we feel free to say, that we prefer, by all odds, the election of a fair, manly and avowed opponent, to the success of any pitiful intriguer, who is willing to buy his way into place by management, conditions or collusion. In the one case, we know what to expect; while in the other, experience has taught us to anticipate deception, whenever it promises sufficient reward. Devoted as we are to the whig cause, and to all its principles, we are not partizan enough to desire to see dishonor reflected upon the reputation of Pennsylvania by an unworthy selection for the Senate of the United States, let the future promise what political advantages it may from such a result. If we cannot return a Whig who deserves our confidence and favor, let us at least shun the responsibility and the odium of taking sides between the opposing interests of Locofocoism. The whig who participates in a struggle like this, or who allows himself to be complicated with alliances which can only be attended with disgrace hereafter, will exhibit faithlessness to his party, and be rewarded by the scorn and the jeers of his political adversaries."

Speculations in Flour.

Fifty years ago, when the laws in New England were more strictly enforced than at present, an individual and a member of the church, was informed on for having cursed Esquire Russel, a rich speculator of those days. He was cited accordingly, before the Justice of the Peace, for the offence. As a matter of form, only, the defendant was asked for his defence; for it was presumable, for such a flagitious act in the eyes of God and man, no defence could possibly be made. His statement was as follows:

"Squire Russell has been buying up, during the past season, the whole supply of the country round, of wheat and corn. I called on him to buy three bushels of grain for my family, who have been living on potatoes for some weeks past. The 'squire had none to sell; wheat was but six shillings and corn four and sixpence. In a few weeks, he expected wheat would be worth eight, and corn six shillings, when he could spare me some, he thought. I cursed him on the spot, for God directed me to do so. "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him." This is my defence."

Well, the magistrate was puzzled, and after thinking and thinking, he dismissed the case, observing that the author of the law against swearing had permitted it in this particular case.

I have been reminded of this anecdote by the recent failure of Suydam, Sage & Co., W. G. & Hunter, and James A. Varick, of New York. These were long established houses, and in high credit. Last year they bought up vast quantities of flour on speculation, and after holding it for an advance, the unprecedented crop of the present year has so reduced prices, that these houses are not able to make sales, except at ruinous losses, and are thereby unprepared for meeting their business engagements. Although I do not know the parties, I rejoice in the result, and trust it will prove a lesson to monopolists in the absolute necessaries of life.

I desire to put my experience on record. This is, that every flour monopolist I have ever known, has first or last become a bankrupt. The curse of God is on all such enterprises.—*Cist.*