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. 38. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1852. NO. 49.

Borough Account.

HENRY ANDERSON, Treasurer, in Account with the Borough of Carlisle.

DR.

Cash received of former Treasurer,	$113 10
Do of Collector for 1850,	485 12
Do of Collector for 1851,	1257 00
Do for rent of outer stalls at Market house,	69 62½
Do for rent of inner stalls at Market house,	112 12½
Do of J. H. Blair, Chief Burgess, for fines and licenses,	100 00
Do of —— Noble for stone,	6 00
	$2,141 97

CR.

Paid Geo Hays Street commissioner,	$431 12
Paid Worley B Mathews for paving South street,	435 00
Paid John Gillen for paving Bedford street,	169 00
Paid Wm Bell for curbing on South street by Grave Yard,	81 21
Paid Wm Line street regulator,	9 00
Paid Henry Myers do	9 00
Paid Jacob Spangler do	8 00
Paid Wm Miller expense of pump, &c.,	26 10
Paid J Bretz expenses incurred in repairing pump,	10 73
Paid Wm Breeze for cleaning spring and expense incurred,	44 00
Paid H S Ritter Treas'r Cumb. Fire Comp.	34 00
Paid P Monyer Treas'r Union Fire Comp.	34 00
Paid J B Bratton for printing,	33 50
Paid E Beatty do	18 50
Paid J K Boyer do	17 00
Paid W Riley for preparing Borough Duplicate,	10 00
Paid James Loudon for stationary,	3 62½
Paid John Hannon for supper for patrol,	5 50
Paid R Alcorn do do	7 00
Paid H Saxton for hardware,	8 25
Paid F Watts, Esq., rent of lot for Union Engine House, 6 years at $10 pr yr.	60 00
Paid J Dunbar for services as Messenger,	18 00
Paid Geo Crop & others, election expenses for 1851,	10 00
Paid Justice Holcomb qualifying Borough Officers,	2 12
Paid J Martin salary as Curator,	25 00
Paid Franklin Holcomb salary as Clerk to Council,	80 00
Paid Wm Breeze for blacksmith work for Borough,	25 30
Paid A S Lyne for water can and repairing lamp,	1 00
Paid W M Penrose, Esq., for professional services,	10 00
Paid Wm H Miller, Esq., for professional services,	10 00
Paid A A Gallagher Clerk of Market and Hay Scales balance,	65
Paid J Low balance salary as clerk to market, hay scales and High Constable,	93 86c
Paid S W Haverstick for Ethorial oil and paper,	1 61
Paid C Inhoff for oil & candles for 50 & 51,	9 77
Paid C Slough for refreshments for patrol,	1 50
Paid John Armstrong for lumber,	3 31
Paid P Quigley for refunding tax on monies at interest collected in 1850,	10 00
By Borough notes redeemed and burnt by order of Council,	10 87
Paid A A Line for making Drag Handles,	2 00
Paid I. Barton interest on Borough bond,	9 00
Paid A Holmes do do do	47 66
Paid D & W Danner do do	52 56
Paid Miss S A Wilson do do	18 90
Paid Henry Anderson salary as Treasurer,	85 00
Paid Commissioners of Cumb. Co., 2 years rent of room and fuel,	14 00
	$1,996 84½
Balance in hands of Treasurer,	145 12½
	$2,141 97

We the undersigned Committee of Council of the Borough of Carlisle, have examined the above and foregoing Account of Henry Anderson, Treasurer of the Borough of Carlisle, and find a balance due the Borough of one hundred and forty five dollars and twelve and a half cents.

W. S. COBEAN,
ANDREW KER,
JACOB BRETZ,
Committee of Council.

April 9, 1852.

Proceeds of Hay Scales during the year,	$191 17½
Light Butter sold,	11 87½
	$203 05
Accounted for in salary of Clerk to Market Hay Scales and High Constable.	
Amount of Borough Tax refunded collected in 1850, on monies at interest,	$403 88

WANTED.

2500 BOUNTY LAND WARRANTS, 500 of 160 acres, 1000 of 80 acres, and 1000 of 40 acres, issued under the acts of 11th of February 1847, and September 28, 1850, for which the highest price will be paid.

The undersigned having had long experience in the collection of Pensions, Bounty Lands, Back Pay, Extra Pay, &c., would respectfully ask applicants under the several acts of Congress to give him a trial with their cases.

Residence South Hanover street, Carlisle, Pa.

GEORGE Z. BENTZ.

April 1, 1852—2m

Estate Notice.

LETTERS testamentary on the estate of Catharine Miller, late of the Borough of Newville, Cumberland county, Pa., have been issued by the Register of said county, to the subscriber living in said Borough. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them properly authenticated for settlement to

WILLIAM KLINK, Ex'r.

April 1, 1852—6t*

Estate Notice.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of Jacob Musser, dec'd., late of Frandford township, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, 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 for settlement to

PETER BLOSER, Adm'r.

April 1, 1852—6t

Estate Notice.

LETTERS testamentary on the estate of Mary Harper, deceased, late of Mifflin township, Cumberland county, Pa., have been granted by the Register of said county, to the subscriber living in Dickinson township. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them for settlement.

WM. HARPER, Ex'r.

April 8, 1852—6t

Estate Notice.

LETTERS of administration on the estate of Andrew Emminger, deceased, late of Silver Spring township, Cumberland county, Pa., have been issued to the subscriber residing in the same township. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment immediately, and those having claims will present them for settlement.

DAVID EMMINGER, Adm'r.

April 22, 1852—6t

Miscellaneous.

JERUSALEM—BY A PILGRIM OF 1851.

BY F. W. HOLLAND.

Jerusalem, the pride of the Jew, the altar of the most accepted worship, the former throne of a divine sovereignty, the contested prize of Saracene and Crusader, through so many years, site, now, the Queen of Desolation, in a solemn silence, upon her ancient hills. Every Turkish city bears this contrast to the cities of Europe. No hum rises from within its walls; no roar of traffic, nor whirl of wheels, no hearing of heavy engincry, no solemn or merry pealing of bells, no merry voiced cry of business or pleasure, welcomes the traveller from afar. He seems to be approaching a living tomb—the tomb of piety and prophecy, of valor and chivalry, of architectural glory and military renown. No spot of earth is so rich in hallowed memories—except some utterly extinct cities like Nineveh and Palmyra; none other leaves you so alone with the buried past. It might be because of the oppression of the damp stone vaults of the Franciscan convent in a January rain; it might be because my expected friends were not there, as they promised, having been turned back from the threshhold of the Promised Land, on the overland route, for want of a Turkish passport; partly it must have been the constant sense of nearness to the scene of the great sacrifice, an indescribable sadness oppressed my spirits. The most active exercise could not dispel a brooding melancholy. The favorite burial place of so many nations seemed really the fitting place in which to die. Reaching the Holy City, after a tedious horse back journey from Beirout, walking daily among the crowd of tombs which cluster all round its walls, seeing such bitter despair reflected from the faces of the original owners of the soil, regarding my only friends, the friars, as men sacrificing their lives in reverence to the sacred places which they guard—it would have been unnatural to have felt gay, as at Cario, or amused as at Damascus.

But a truce to the expression of feeling, which Lamartine, who was so little, naturally, has done to death. The objects of interest to the christian traveller begin with mount Moriah, the seat of Solomon's temple, whose destruction has been fulfilled just as the Savior said, "not on stone remaining upon another." The spacious enclosure neither Christian nor Jew is permitted to enter on pain of death—even to mount the steps leading to its ever open gate, would provoke the violence of the Mosolem mob.—Only from the still beautiful Mount of Olives, you can look down and see people all the time engaged in prayer, silent meditations, or the ablution preparatory to worship. The Mosque of Omar, so graceful a specimen of Saracenic architecture, is believed to stand over the very spot of Solomon's Temple; the present area is about the same as the ancient one, and some of the arches at one angle, date back, perhaps, to the architectural attainments of the wise king. At any rate, there never was a prouder position for a grand national temple. Its golden gates once reflected light into the valley around; its brazen altar lifted the smoke of sacrifice so high, that millions could behold and unit in the offering; and its thousand of instrumental performers must have made the distant hill sides ring with the jubilee psalm, the pean of victory, or the penitential cry for mercy. The most holy place might be far worse profaned than it is to day. The Moslem worship is reverent, lowly, profound. I own to have been deeply impressed by it, and to prefer it, unspeakably, to the drowsy drone of the Greek church, which it has so often supplanted by a more spiritual idea of Deity and a more practical idea of religion.

But right under the temple walls, within a narrow street, I witnessed the saddest, yet the most appropriate spectacle in the world—the Jews assembled on their weekly Day of Wailing, reading the prophets, weeping and beating their heads against the cold, dumb stones. The females were the most affecting sight, some of the children were mere guzzers, but some noble looking, silver haired old men made the scene imposing. I could have wept with them, over their present as well as their past—for the temple is not more really fallen than the proud people who once bowed in awe before its mysterious shrine. I needed not to ask these sorrowing representatives of an exiled nation, if they believed what they read of their Redeemer's advent, because the smallest contract which a Syrian Jew can make, even for a week's hire of a room, contains the saving clause, 'or until the coming Messias'—when all contracts are to be null and void. One must be hard-hearted not to pity, and devoid of chivalrous feeling, not to honor this unwavering fidelity to the hope of their fathers.' Wretched as they are, oppressed nearly every where, wronged every way, neither wealth nor power can move Syrian Judaism an inch from its ancient foothold of faith. I thought I had seen filth in the 'Jewish Quarter' of previous cities, but, fragrant as my recollections of that kind already were, it was almost a new experience, my stumbling near night fall, in a quite impassible street, upon a funeral procession, bearing along a man's body, within an open coffin, and the dress of life, in the front rank. Never was there a wilder rout, especially to encounter alone, where not a soul knew any of the language you might master to your help in the emergency. Imagine all the rejected garments, exploded boots, brimless hats, heathenish caps, of Central Europe, in every antiquated shape, marching through a floating mass of reeking filth—and, add to the physical disgust of such an exhibition, the worn features, haggard look, blood shot eye, and untrimmed beard of the Jew of Palestine, and you will not wait for me to say that I shuddered.

The 'Place of Wailing' leads out, I think, through the ancient Zion gate. Clustered around this, time out of mind, have been the huts of the 'lepers,' who intermarry only with one another, subsist by begging, keep the same spot under Turkish as under Christian and Jewish rule, live to perhaps forty years of age, communicate this worst scrofula to their children, and die at last by inches. We met them first at the entrance of the ancient Scheduur, where their shrivelled heads, wasted features and despairing looks, made an appeal hard to be resisted. There appeared to be two forms of this disease in the Holy Land, in one it is not regarded as contagious, but in both of which it might be vastly modified by that cleanliness which the Jew needs to hear preached, more than any other people. At present, unhappily, leprosy is looked upon as a judgement from heaven, and no care is taken for prevention or cure. So that for years to come, this parallelism between ancient and modern Judea, must remain as it is.

Near to the temple gate, and not far from that of St. Stephen, is shown the Pool of Bethsada; it is a neglected and deeply sunken area—three hundred and sixty feet, by one hundred and thirty, containing no water, but having a side lining of small stones, which was once covered with cement; the arches of the farther extremity, remind you of a time when a multitude of the sick waited here, if this really was the place, "for the moving of the water;" but these structures are compartively modern, being intended to sustain the street, which here bridges over this spacious reservoir. No use appears to be made of the enclosure at present, and I find no means of descent within its massive walls.

From this spot the *Via Dolorosa* leads to the Holy Sepulchre. I shall not stay to discuss the puerile legends which the monks have scattered all along this lengthy and solemn street. Because one house is rather prominent for its fine appearance, it has been selected for the House of Dives! A stone arch containing two windows, crossing the street, is, of course, selected as the spot where the Savior and Barabbas were offered, side by side, to the choice of the inflamed multitude. One convenient pillar, is the spot of scourging; another, that where the Savior fainted; and so, every part of the way has its hallowed memory, which must deeply impress the simple believer.

A pleasant change has taken place regarding the local traditions of Palestine. At the earliest period of pilgrimage, every monkish story was eagerly welcomed, because the world's heart was very warm. Ages rolled on, and the sceptical period of Christendom was reflected by a general unbelief of the established traditions of the Greek and Latin friars; this stage has not wholly passed away, something of it impairs the excellent "Researches of Professor Robinson," and breathes a tone of scorn in the life like narrative of Miss Martineau. But the general feeling now, is to discriminate the probable from the improbable, and repose faith in such alleged localities as might possibly be remembered from one generation to the other, as are not all contradicted by Arabic or Jewish tradition, and as obtain the consenting voices of nature in their belief.

At any rate, the American visitors are rather distinguished by a reverent spirit, they have rendered greater contributions to and accurate knowledge Syria than any other nation, and they seem about to render the invaluable tribute of a thorough, yet reverent, an earnest but kindly examination of the local memories of the land. To visit Palestine in any other spirit is certainly very much to be lamented—its melancholy ruin, its dreary deserts, its ever present oppressions, will not repay the traveller for continued hardships, if he brings not with him the warm heart which reflects its own glow over these naked hills and stony fields. On the other hand, if the heart is too fervid, if the mind is given into the keeping of credulous monastics, real injury may be done the character, and permanent weakness visited upon the soul.

The Holy Sepulcher, to which this famous street leads, rudely shocks one's faith, and illustrates, admirably, the necessity of this inquiring reverence. More legends crowd within this ancient shrine, than can possibly be accepted by any save the Catholic devotee, who "believes because it is impossible."—The tombs of the Christian kings of Jerusalem, which make part of the pavement, are not to be questioned, neither the relics of the renowned Godfrey, which are exhibited in the Latin Chapel. The other pious memories of the place, have nothing to countenance them, except the Sepulcher itself. Cavalry could not have been here, right upon the tomb of Joseph, in the midst of the wealthy houses of Jerusalem, and not far from the Governor's house.—But, the burial place might have been in this garden of a rich man's residence; here is an extensive natural cave, almost certain to be employed in this way. Tombs were not thus regarded with any of our aversion, but were elegant, costly, and very comfortable for the summer months. No tradition conflicts with this designation, and from an early period the spot was marked by the empress Helena with a stately church. This deeply interesting tomb is covered by a small dome in the centre of the church. The vault is entered through a lower door, with exceeding difficulty, because of the constant pressure of the crowd. In the inner of the two angle chapels, a simple, oblong slab of white marble, is all that meets the eye beneath ever burning lamps of silver. It was pleasant to escape from all tawdry decorations and to be enshrined apart from the crowd, on a spot where all living hearts instinctively pray.

The main building is not beautiful, nor even agreeable; there is an air of faided tawdriness about it; partly that it is out of repair, partly that description has often run wild and given us a picture that has no original. The stone seemed to be poorly cut, much of the woodwork is rudely daubed, the strings of unlike lamps were anything but ornamental, and the gaudy portraits presented to the Greek chapel by the Czar, rather disgusted. The most striking feature of the whole, is the bitterness of sectarian strife. Not only can no sect enjoy, on any of its festivals, the use of the lamps of any other sect—as I saw at the Greek Feast of the Epiphany, only their own lamps a burning—but, a Turkish guard is ever inside of the Temple, to prevent christians from shedding each other's blood! A most melancholy comment on the pacific character of our religion.

Near this hallowed heart of the old Christian faith stands the ruined Hospital of the Knights of St. John; before their day a place of reception for poor pilgrims. But it is pleasant to see so few abandoned buildings around the city. The general aspect of Jerusalem within and without, is prosperity. Its population, the English Consul states, is increasing with some rapidity. Its walls are generally whole, and its streets, except the Jew's quarter, clean. Since that six consuls have made it their official residence, it begins to assume the rank belonging to it of right, and as one of their four Holy Cities, the Jews can never desert it. The bazaars are busy and pretty well furnished. The clearness of the atmosphere, the massiveness of the buildings, the rich hues of the old stones, the evident healthiness of its elevated position, the deep arches and weedy walls, so fragrant with past memories of those who prophesied and prayed, who exulted and wept, who chanted and groaned, who feasted and fainted in these streets leave an abiding impression of pleasantness.

The environs of Jerusalem deepen this feeling; their old loveliness has not been wholly lost, neither is a holy sensation unknown to any pure bosom; Jesus seems to come near again, and the lonely walks, and ancient graves, and twisted olives, and pleasant fountains, where he "walked so often" with his disciples, or prayed to the Father at eventide, or sorrowed over the gathering doom of his dear native land. Change has not been busy with nature here; though Kedron has no water, even in the season of rain, and Bethpage has perished, and Bethany is no longer known by its name, still the valley of Jehosophat and Hinnom, the Pool and village of Siloam, the Mount of Offens and Olives, the Tombs of the King and the Prophets, the fresh air, sunny slope, and graceful outline of the surrounding hills carry you easily back eighteen centuries, and write upon the heart so as never to be forgotten, the unquestionable reality of Scripture history, and move the Pilgrim to forget thanksgiving, that he has been permitted to tread in the very footprints of the Son of God.

Kindness.

The strongest bond of union in society is kindness. It may be shown at all times and under all circumstances, and is the cheapest of all the remedies for the numerous ills that affect us in the journey of life.

And a little word in kindness spoken,
May heal the wounded heart or broken.

And what is so sweet as the memory of a kind act. We may have contributed to the relief of distress, or given succor to the needy—made the widow's heart to rejoice, or dried the orphan's tears.—There is a luxury in the thought that we have done that which blesses twice, him who gives, and him who receives. All within may be dark but the sunshine is in our heart; the warmth is there. Who has not a heart to feel, or a hand to execute, will not be kind? Who consulting his own happiness, as well as that of others, will not do good, and improve every opportunity to minister to the comforts of those around him. Visit the afflicted—spend an hour with poor and distressed.

"'Tis worth a thousand pounds
In pomp and ease—'tis present to the last."

☞ THE SHOCK OF AN EARTHQUAKE was felt quite sensibly at Washington, in all parts of the city, on Thursday, about 1 o'clock, P. M., and slightly at Baltimore, the same time. Farther South, at Raleigh, North Carolina, the shock was very severe.—Its duration was fully half a minute, during which time, the doors and windows were shaken violently. The atmosphere was clear, and weather pleasant at the time.

☞ We learn that an effort is being made in the first section of the State Railroad to compel the operatives to perform 11 hours labor per day instead of 10, which is the number of hours required for a day's work at present. We trust that such an attempt will be abandoned; ten hours hard work each day, is enough for any man to perform in all conscience. If those having charge of the public works, had to work instead of superintend, they would think so too.

DEATH OF EX-GOVERNOR YOUNG.—Ex-Governor Young of New York, died at Albany on the 23d inst.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Napoleon Bonaparte had caused all Europe to tremble. Without a protector, a portion, or a friend, he had raised himself from an humble situation in life to the summit of human grandeur and power. The most formidable princes have been compelled to bow to the mighty conqueror. After a short career of unprecedented prosperity, we see the fearless warrior, blinded by success and glory, hastening to his own ruin, and completing his own downfall. The same insatiable ambition which prompted him to extend his dominions over the earth, was the sure means of his destruction. We see him, who had been universally acknowledged as the most powerful monarch that ever existed, almost entirely deserted by the few remaining friends which the victorious allies had left, throwing himself upon the generosity of his enemies, and receiving from them a prison for his home.

Far different would have been his fate had the powerful energies of his mind been exerted in promoting the best interests of his country. His peculiar intellect fitted him to occupy a station far above the lot of ordinary men. He was conscious of his own powers and, instead of making an effort to establish the liberty for which France had been deluged in blood, he chose to become a ruler of a nation of slaves. But how is the scene reversed. The roar and din of battle with him have ceased. His glory and power are no more, and the consul, conqueror, and emperor, became an exile on the sea-girt Isle of St. Helena.

Severe indeed was the lesson of submission to him—the favorite of fortune and on whose former life she had showered so many blessings. Yet his proud spirit was still unconquered. In the school of adversity he was no docile pupil. The lessons there taught him were received with a sullen resolution to derive no profit from their teachings. It a ray of light ever shone to cheer the midnight gloom of his mind, it was when he indulged the hope that he might again be restored to his country; for even there surrounded as he was by rocks and waves, wild dreams of conquest and victory still flitted before his imagination. He did not wish—nay, he even scorned to be resigned to his fate. His thoughts were continually wandering back to the shores of his own sunny France—to the time when Europe's monarchs were forced to yield to him in the council and on the field, and to the withering hour when he was hurled from the throne and forcibly taken to the desolate isle which was to be his home and his tomb.

If he had been willing to cast from him his crown and his glory, and to devote his talents to that greatest of victories—the conquest of his own proud spirit, half of his misery might have been arrested. But the same stern spirit that was conspicuous in the emperor was alike prominent in the exile, and induced him to spurn *everything* that would have alleviated his wretchedness. He had made *self* his idol in all his actions. However apparently generous and amiable, still could ever be traced his predominant principle, *selfishness*. It was this which prompted him to soar into cold and desolate regions, far above all his contemporaries.

When we reflect upon the harmony of his purpose—the untiring and unceasing vigor with which he pursued all his plans, our admiration is excited. But, alas! we cannot forget the fortune lost, the lives destroyed, the hopes blighted, and the hearts made desolate to gratify his ambition. In his hours of loneliness and solitude, were there no sad remembrances of the miseries he had caused? Or, had he learned to think that nothing could be wrong which would promote his own aggrandizement? His unhappy state of mind aggravated the disease which was fastened upon him, and death was soon to open the gate of that prison for which hope had ceased to present any other key." The destroying angel hovered near, and the last words of his passing spirit indicated that he still clung to hopes of earth. Yes, even then, in imagination, he stood in the van of the battle—saw the flashing of musketry, and heard the clashing of swords.—Then was the proud one subdued by a greater Conqueror still, and in the narrow sphere of the lonely isle slept the conqueror of Europe.

Long will the voyager and stranger pause to gaze upon the dreary sepulchre that once contained him before whose mighty prowess so many were forced to yield. The desolate rock, swept by the fierce tempest of the ocean, rearing its head in the midst of the broad Atlantic, is a fit emblem of the stormy life and unfading fame of Napoleon. As it rises amid the ocean waste, so will his name rise cheerless, desolate and cold, amid the vast ocean of time. I subjoin a few lines, supposed to have been written by him a short time before his death. They have been in print, but may be of interest to the reader. They seem to be a true picture of his aspiring spirit, and show that his ruling passion was strong even in death.

"Oh! bury me deep in the boundless sea,
Let my heart have a limitless grave;
For my spirit in life was as fierce and free
As the course of the tempest wave.

And so far from the reach of mortal control
Were the depths of my fathomless mind,
That the ebbs and flows of my single soul
Were the tides of the rest of mankind.

Then my briny pall shall engirdle the world,
As in life did the voice of my fame;
And each mutinous billow, that is skyward curled,
Shall to fancy re-echo my name.

That name shall be stored in record sublime,
To the uttermost corners of earth,—
Oh! renowned, till the wreck of expiring time
Be the glorified land of my birth.

Yes! bury my heart in the boundless sea,
It would burst from a narrow tomb,
Should less than an ocean my sepulchre be,
Or if wrapped in less horrible gloom."

It is recorded of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, that her lips continued to move in prayer for at least a quarter of an hour after the executioner performed his duty. Windt states that after having put his mouth to the ear of a departed criminal's head, and calling him by name, the eyes turned to the side from whence the voice came; and this is attested by Fontenelle, Mogore, Guillime, Neuch and Aldini. On the word murder being called in the ear of a criminal executed for that crime at Coblentz his half closed eyes opened with an expression of reproach on those who stood around him.—*Book of Curious Facts.*

"Father, will you be so kind as to relieve me of an interesting question called a 'conundrum?'"

"I think so. What is it, my son?"

"Why is Mr. Jones' drinking saloon like a bad bill?"

"Well, I can't tell, sonny."

"I can, though. It's because *you can't pass it!*"

"Go right to bed, you forward youth, or I shall make a *young smasher* of you."

INDIANS STARVED TO DEATH.—The Minnesota *Pioneer* says that a report has come from the Lac qui Parles, that over 40 Indians—men, women and children—were found starved to death, having eaten their dogs, moccasins, skin tents, and every thing that could afford the least sustenance. It was feared, last summer, that the loss of crops by the floods would result disastrously to them. We forbear to mention all the horrible details we have heard of their sufferings.

Sagacity of Elephants.

In the Island of Ceylon, the value of elephants to perform heavy labor can scarcely be estimated. A late traveller saw a troupe of them at work near Colombo, in the commissariat timber yard, or the civil engineer's department, in removing or stowing logs and planks, or in rolling about heavy masses of stone for building purposes. I could not (says he) but admire the precision with which they performed their allotted task, unaided save by their own sagacity. They were one morning hard at work though slowly piling up a quantity of ebony. The lower row of the pile had already been laid down, with mathematical precision, six logs side by side. These they had first rolled in from the adjoining wharf, and when I had rode up, they were engaged in bringing forward the next six for the second row in the pile. It was curious to observe these uncouth animals seize one of the heavy logs at each end, and by means of their trunk, lift it up on the logs already placed, and then arrange it cross-wise upon them with the most perfect skill. I waited whilst they thus placed the third row, feeling a curiosity to know how they would proceed when the timber had to be lifted up to a greater height. Some of the logs weighed nearly twenty hundred weight. There was a short pause before the fourth row was touched, but the difficulty was no sooner perceived, than it was overcame. The sagacious animals selected two straight pieces of timber, placed one end of each piece on the ground with the other resting on the top of the pile, so as to form a sliding for the next logs; and having seen that they were perfectly steady and in straight line, the four legged laborers rolled up the slope they had just formed the six pieces of ebony for the fourth layer on the pile. Not the least amusing part of the performance was the careful survey of the pile made by one of the elephants, after placing each log, to ascertain if it were perfectly square with the rest. The sagacity of these creatures in detecting the weakness in the jungle bridges thrown across the stream at Ceylon is not less remarkably. I have been assured that when carrying a load, they invariably pass one of their fore feet upon the earth covering of the bridge, and if that feels too weak to carry them across, they will refuse to proceed until tightened of their load. On one such occasion a driver persisted in compelling his elephant to cross a bridge against the evident wish of the animal, and as was expected by his comrades, the rotten stature gave way, elephant and rider were precipitated into the rive, and the latter was drowned.

Infidelity.

A celebrated officer of the American revolution, a Virginia gentleman, had unfortunately been tinctured with infidel principles. The efforts of Mr. Paine to promote American liberty—the effusion of his pen and the zeal of his life, tended to make his infidel sentiments popular with many of our countrymen, at the era of the revolution. This officer had often introduced this subject, strange as it may appear, to his daughter, and urged her to embrace its tenets. If infidelity succeeds with man, it cannot often master the heart of woman, for above all others, the law of her nature is trust of heaven.—The young lady resisted the entreaties of her father. She clung to the principles of her Saviour's religion. Disease afterwards wasted her fair form, and she drew near the closing scene. Friends loved her for her loveliness, and the father wept, that early beauty should thus languish into the tomb. The work of disease was almost consummated; the light was passing from her eye, and the pulse from her heart—it was a fearful moment—the dividing moment between time and eternity. She called the infidel father to her bedside—and as she gently pressed his hand, and looked tenderly up into his sad countenance, she said; "*Father, would you have me an infidel now?*" There was a pause—there was a sigh—and the heart stricken man answered, "*No, my daughter, no!*"

Kossuth and Lafayette.

A Washington correspondent draws a parallel between Kossuth and Lafayette in regard to their visits to this country. He says:

"Gen Lafayette contributed largely and heroically to our independence, and afterwards came to this country in a national ship sent for him, and as the Nation's Guest. Everywhere throughout the country he was greeted with demonstrations of popular regard—he came to the National Capital, was formally introduced to both Houses of Congress, and most hospitably and liberally entertained; but the archives of the nation contain no tavern bills against him and *suite*, nor is there any evidence that a single dollar was paid out of the people's treasury for his board, lodging and entertainment.

Gov. Kossuth came to this country, not as the Nation's Guest, but the country was tendered him and his associates as an asylum—a home. He landed, surrounded by a regal retinue and guarded by servile attendants, in military trappings. He proclaimed himself especially commissioned to emancipate and redeem "down trodden humanity" everywhere, and in Hungary particularly—he was a "stated preacher" in the churches, surrounded by the clergy, and impiously called a "second Saviour" by his worshipers, while he declared that war was a very harmless thing—a little word of only three letters—w-a-r—he advocated, eloquently and ardently, "liberty, equality and fraternity," and at the same time keeping up his "kingly surroundings"—he "talked politics" oracularly, and expounded our constitution and explained the theory of our institutions, like one having authority and "new light." This man—this Kossuth and his *suite* came to Washington city, "put up" at Brown's Hotel, and run up a tavern bill, *in thirteen days, of four thousand five hundred and sixty six dollars and thirt two cents*; and it is paid out of the treasury. The bill was presented to and paid by the Secretary of the Senate, March 12th, in the year of Grace, 1852—the Senate having ordered it to be paid out of its "contingent fund;" and herewith I send you a true copy of this.

TAVERN BILL.

To board, Gov. Kossuth and suite, having 10 parlors and 22 chambers—23 persons—13 days, $3,588, 00.

Sundries.

Champaign, Sherry, Madeira, Postage, Medicine, post office stamps, postage messengers, hack hire, telegraphs, sugar, brandy and whiskey in room, porter and ale, envelopes, barber's bill, in all,	658 82
Bill for the carriages employed for the Governor and suite,	319 50
Total,	$4,566 32

Total is only $276 a day for board and lodging—$50 a day for "sugar, brandy and whiskey in room, &c.," and $25 a day for hack-hire.

"AN OLD MAN WOULD BE WOOING," &c.—An old man, sixty years of age, was committed to prison last week, in St. Louis, on the oath of a young lady of sixteen, that he had threatened to kill her within three days, if she didn't marry him. Some eighteen months ago the two became acquainted, and the old gentleman made overtures of marriage. The girl refused, but it is said consented, at his urgent request, to accept from him in presents a considerable sum of money. From that time to this he has not failed to press his suit, and she has continued to accept various sums, to the aggregate tune, it is said, of $25,000.

An itinerant preacher, who rambled in his sermons, when requested to stick to his text, replied, "that shot scattered would hit the most birds."

A Yankee says that prejudices against color are very natural, and yet the prettiest girl he ever knew was Olive Brown.

Why is a man who does not bet, as bad as a man that does? Because he's no better.

There are many who had rather meet their bitterest enemy in the field, than their own hearts in the closet.

Odds and Ends.

FRANKLIN AS A BOOKSELLER.—The following story, told of Franklin's mode of treating the animal called in those days, "lounger," and in these "loafer," is worth putting into practice occasionally, even in this age and generation.

One fine morning, when Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a lounger stepped into the store and spent an hour or more in looking over the books, &c., and finally taking one in his hand, asked the shop boy his price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar," said the lounger, "can't you take less than that?"

"No, indeed—one dollar is the price."

Another hour nearly passed, when the lounger said—

"Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, he is in the printing office."

"I want to see him," said the lounger.

The shop boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store wanting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the lounger with book in hand, addressed him thus:

"Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for this book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! Why, your young man asked me only a dollar."

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to have taken a dollar then, than to have been taken out of the office."

The lounger seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said—

"Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it."

"One dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! Why you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price then than a dollar and a half now."

The lounger paid down the price and went about his business—if he had any—and Franklin returned into his printing office.

MOUNT VERNON.—This estate, the home of Washington, comprises 800 acres, and the price demanded for it by the present proprietor, is $200,000.

IRON FLAGS.—There is no end to the new purposes for which iron is beginning to be used. At Cincinnati they are taking up the broad flag stones which are laid down for foot passengers, at the crossings of the streets, and substituting iron plates.

A VENERABLE COUPLE.—Master John William Neal, aged fifteen, and Miss Sally Ann Blockwell, aged thirteen, got married at Brooklyn, Ky., on the 10th ult.

A beggar boy applied to a lady in Boston, one day last week, for money to get a dose of caster oil, He was called in and a dose of oil administered to him, much against his will.

☞ There is a young lady up town who says that if a cart wheel has nine fellows attatched to it, it's a pity that a woman like her can't have one. Sensible girl, that.

SQUEEZING the wrist is said to be a certain remedy of hiccough. This mode of cure will be quite popular among the ladies, who will not believe the cure efficacious unless it is squeezed by a gentleman.

If you wish to be a favorite of the girls, generally, attend to their wants, that is give them rides, candy and raisins; talk and laugh about love affairs; and keep on the off side, that is, don't commit yourself to any one in particular, and you will be lionized, to your heart's content until you become an old bachelor.

THE following is now being debated, before the Tilletudleum Lyceum: 'Which causes a girl the most pleasure—to hear herself praised, or another gal run down.' We shall issue the decision in an extra.

WE expect the following is sadly at variance with the opinion of men in general:

Here, printer, take this silver money
And I'll send more before you dun me;
For the worst of all life's ills,
Is to be donned for printer's bills.

A white Partridge was trapped in Hopewell township, York county, a few months ago, by a person residing in that township. The bird was purchased by a gentleman from Baltimore.

"A dozen children may seem a large family with our folks, who are moderate," remarked Mrs. Partington, "but my poor husband used to tell a story of a woman in some part of the world, where he stopped one night, who had nineteen children five years—or five children in nineteen years, I don't recollect which—but I remember it was one or t'other."

In a town in Connecticut, a loafer was brought before a justice for being drunk in the street—the fine being one dollar for each offence. The fine he paid, and was arraigned again the next day. "No you don't, Judge!" said he, 'I knows the law—one dollar for each offence, and this is the same old drunk."

The title 'Esq.' is hereafter to be restricted to *married men*. This suggestion was made at a Bloomer meeting, composed of old maids, and carried without a dissenting voice. We are in.

Hon. Henry Clay first took his seat in the Senate in December 1809, nearly 43 years ago. There were then but 17 States in the Union, and of the then 34 Senators it is believed that Mr. Clay alone survives.

A female named Helena Jagado was recently guillotined in France, who confessed that she had caused the death of 52 persons by poison.

DURING a firemen's fight, in Philadelphia, yesterday morning a week, two of the rowdies were severely shot. This seems to be the only way to make them respect the laws.

AN old advertisement of 1598, reads—"Wanted, a stout, active man, who fears the Lord, and can carry 200 weight."

The man who was injured by a burst of applause, is recovering.

The Southern Era notices the marriage of Mr. John H. Strange to Miss Elizabeth A. Strange, all of Albermarle county, Va. An exchange thinks that it is very *strange*, but says, no doubt the next event will be a little *stranger*.

☞ The Democrats in Michigan State Convention which assembled at Detroit on Wednesday, unanimously declared in favor of Gen. Cass. This is Cass's own State.

Every person in Society should produce physically or mentally, as much for society as he requires to receive from society for its full enjoyment.

Seventeen ladies took the "Scarlet Degree" in Odd Fellowship, on Wednesday night, in Cincinnati.

One of the engineers, (James Baird) on Saturday week ran his locomotive, "The Tempest," on the Harlem Railroad, 103 miles, in two hours and ten minutes, including three stops to take in wood and water. This was pretty quick running.

"I'm going on a *bust*," as the corset said to the lady, when she was dressing. "I'm getting pretty *tight*," as it continued during the lacing it got for its impertinence!

Men often are not aware of what severe and untiring labour they are capable, until they have made trial of their strength.

When minds are not in unison, the words of love itself are but the rattling of the chains that tells the victim it is bound.