THE VOLUNTEER.

John B. Bratton, Editor and Proprietor.

CARLISLE, NOVEMBER 4, 1852.

HALF SHEET.—We publish but a half sheet this week. The editor, journeymen, and "devil" have all been too much engaged in election matters to pay much attention to work for the last two days, which will, we trust, be a sufficient apology to our readers for not giving them a *full sheet* this week.

The Election in this County.

We have met the enemy and they are ours!

VICTORY! VICTORY!!

Democrats of old Mother Cumberland! you have achieved a most signal triumph! The majority in our county for PIERCE and KING will be over 300! Well done, Democrats of Cumberland. After a hotly contested struggle we have emerged with the flag of Democracy waving triumphantly from our battlements, and send the shout of VICTORY to our brethren of other countries. "As goes Cumberland so goes the State."

Below we give returns from all the townships except Lower Allen, Leesburg, and New Cumberland. These three townships will give Scott some 30 majority. Hopkins' majority in the county, it will be remembered, was 229.

	PIERCE.	SCOTT.
Carlisle. East Ward, West Ward,	67	46
North Middleton,	90	
South Middleton,	26	
Westpennsborough,		47
Lower Dickinson,	51	
Frankford,	31	
Carlisle District,	265	93
Upper Allen,		58
Upper Dickinson,	61	
Bridgeport,		26
Hopewell,	28	
Mechanicsburg.		25
Newville District,	114	
Silver Spring,	185	
Shippensburg District,		95
Monroe,		45
Hampden,	3	
Total,	686	342

NEWVILLE DISTRICT---Official.

	PIERCE.	SCOTT.
Frankford,	60	39
Mifflin,	155	66
Newton,	111	83
Newville Borough,	68	69
Westpennsborough,	115	108
	509	365

The Result in the State.

The Keystone Safe!

"NOW ARE OUR BROWS BOUND WITH VICTORIOUS WREATHES."

The eagle of VICTORY has once more perched upon our Standard, and *the notes of rejoicing are* sounding from every hill-top and valley. Old Pennsylvania speaks in thunder tones for PIERCE and KING. Our majority will be about **20,000!** The returns below we received by Telegraph.

	Pierce.	*Scott.*
Phila. city and county,	2381	
Dauphin,		950
Schuylkill,	700	
Franklin,		600
Perry	730	

By Magnetic Telegraph for the Volunteer.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 3.—Baltimore city gives 4500 majority for Pierce. He will have the State by a large majority.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3 —*This city gives Pierce* 10,000 majority. Pierce will have a majority in the State of 30,000 It is said we have carried Delaware Maine, Massachusetts, and Tennessee.

COLUMBUS, O.—But few returns in It is believed by all that Pierce has carried the State by an unprecedented majority.

WASHINGTON. D. C, Nov. 3.—As far as heard from Pierce has carried every State.

HARRISBURG, Nov. 3.—Pierce's majority in the City and County is 2381—in Schuylkill 700—in Perry 730—Berks 5000—York about 1000—Juniata 100—Mifflin 200.

Scott's majority in Dauphin 950—in Lancaster about 4500—Franklin 600—Adams 800.

Pierce's majority in the State will be very large.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 3.—It is rumored here that Scott has carried Vermont! The vote is close.

THE REPUBLIC SAFE!

Franklin Pierce and William R. King Elected President and Vice President of the United States!

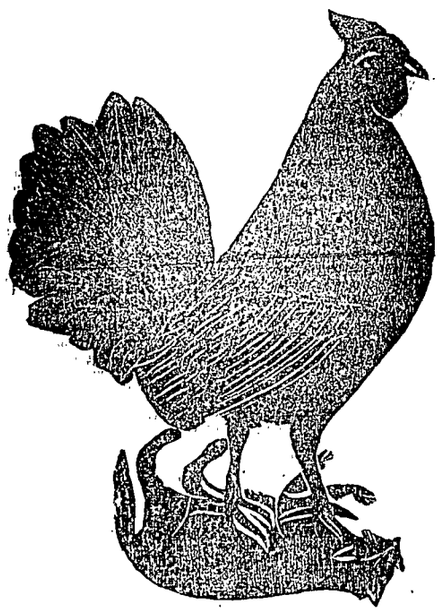
We cannot but interchange with our readers hearty congratulations *on this auspicious result.*—The entire life and character of FRANKLIN PIERCE afford the amplest guarantee that in his hands the destinies of our common country will find a safe depository. He comes into power at that period of life, when all the faculties of the mind are in full and unimpared vigor. Having never himself *sought* the Presidency, but being called, like Cincinnatus of old, from the shades of retirement to assume the helm of State, he is the instrument of *no clique or faction, and is free to administer the* duties of his high office for the mutual benefit of the COUNTRY. He brings with him, too, a character for integrity and singleness of purpose, unspotted by a single stain. *He* has resorted to no mean subterfuge, to beguile his countrymen into his support—but relying upon their patriotism and intelligence, he has calmly awaited their verdict, never doubting that it would be in accordance with right and justice. The country has not disappointed him—and he will not disappoint the country. The republicans may now repose in security upon their laurels, and even our political enemies may glean comfort from the reflection, that we have given them a President, who will administer its affairs upon the pure principles promulgated by JEFFERSON and JACKSON.

"I STILL LIVE."—The dying words of Daniel Webster are said to have been, *as he aroused himself* momentarily from the lethargy of his exhausted condition, "*I Still Live!*" Words of greater significance could not have been uttered. Daniel Webster *still lives*, and will ever live while the American heart is alive to true patriotism and gratitude.

MONUMENT TO MR. WEBSTER.—It is already proposed to erect a monument to the memory of Daniel Webster in Boston, and in its most public place—in front of the old Court House—and looking down State street. A colossal statue of bronze is suggested; and would be appropriate to the subject.

"Graham," for November, is on our table. It is filled with highly interesting and instructive matter—twenty five original articles, by distinguished authors—fourteen embellishments. Terms $3 per annum.

THE RESULT IN THE UNITED STATES.



PIERCE & KING TRIUMPHANTLY ELECTED!

DOUBTFUL WHETHER SCOTT HAS CARRIED A SINGLE STATE EXCEPT VERMONT!

So far as heard from PIERCE sweeps everything before him, and his triumphant election is placed beyond the possibility of doubt. From information received by telegraph, it is believed that New York, Ohio, Maryland, Delaware, Maine, Virginia, and Connecticut, have taken a stand along side of the old Keystone. Vermont, it is admitted, has gone for Scott, and he may possibly get one or two other States! "Scott leads the column,"—*over the left!*

IMPORTANT FROM GEN. SCOTT!

A despatch from Washington, to the Philadelphia *Ledger*, dated Nov. 1. (the day before the election,) says:

"General Scott has within a few days expressed himself very confident of his election by a large majority."

Wonder what the General thinks by this time.—He recieved "a fire in the rear" on Tuesday such *as he never experienced* before. No doubt he is again "fired with indignation!"

New Secretary of State.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—Hon. Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, has received and accepted the appointment of Secretary of State, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Hon. Daniel Webster.

ARREST AT A BANK FOR DEMANDING SPECIE FOR BANK NOTES.—A case is on trial in New York, to recover damages, laid at $15,000, for the alledged assault and battery on the person of the plaintiff, and *for causing* certain agents of the defendents to seize the person of the plaintiff, and take him to a police station, for demanding specie for country bank notes, at a bank, the authorized agent of the country banks. The defendants being the officers of the bank, and they considered that the demand for specie was an interference with their regular business, sent for a police officer, and gave the plaintiff into his custody, by whom he was taken to prison, and detained three *days. It was alleged by the defendant* that the plaintiff brought a large bundle of notes to the Bank, after pumping water on them, so that there would be a difficulty in separating them, and demanding specie, dollar by dollar, and telling the defendants to take their one fourth per cent. discount out of each. The case is not concluded.

POTATOES IN IRELAND.—By the latest arrivals from Europe, we observe that a fair average crop of potatoes will be secured in Ireland, and that the prices of this staple food of the people will be materially under those of last year.

DEATH AND THE PRESIDENCY.—Only two of the eminet men who have been voted for during the last thirty years, for President, are now alive—Van Buren and Cass. Crawford, Wirt, Jackson, Adams, Harrison, Calhoun, Polk, Clay, Taylor and Webster are now no more. Van Buren and Tyler are the only living ex Presidents.

THE CAUSE OF MR. WEBSTER'S DEATH.—The post mortem examination of the body of Mr Webster, proves that he was afflicted with a *diseased liver*, but that the immediate cause of his death was a hemorrhage of the stomache and bowls, owing to the morbid condition of the blood in consequence of the above disease. Evidences of dropsy in the abdomen were *also discovered.*

CRYSTAL PALACE IN FRANCE.—The French have resolved to go work forthwith to construct a Crystal palace, which they hope to have completed in two years, when they will be ready for another World's Fair. In the meantime, brother Jonathan must be allowed to hold forth at his Palace in New York.

A HOTEL THAT IS A HOTEL.—The new Hotel in New York, called the Metropolitan, recently opened, is, perhaps, the finest and most extensive one in the world. The ground cost $200,000; the building $500,000; the mirrors $18,000; the plate $14,000; the carpets and upholstery $40,000, the furniture 50,000, making all nearly $1,000,000.

In any adversity that happens to us in the world we ought to consider that *misery and affliction* are not less natural than snow and hail, storms and tempest, and that it were as reasonable to hope for a year without winter, as for a whole life without trouble.

The heaviest fetter that ever weighed down the limbs of a captive, is as the web of a gossamer, compared with the pledge of a man of honor. The wall of stone and the bar of iron may be broken, but his plighted word, NEVER.

A GOOD HIT.—John Van Buren in his speech at Newburg, N. Y., among other things said that after November next, Gen. Scott would be delivered of all apprehensions of "a fire in the rear," which had been the nightmare of his life—because then he would be so far *behind* that there would be nobody behind to fire at him.

A gentleman having a horse that started and broke his wife's neck, a neighboring squire told him he wished to purchase it for his wife to ride upon.—"No," replied the other, "no, I will not sell the little fellow, I intend to marry again myself."

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION OF GOV. BIGLER.

The following is the proclamation issued by Governor Bigler, recommending a day for Thanksgiving the *25th of November next*:

PENNSYLVANIA, ss:—In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, William Bigler, Governor of said Commonwealth.

A PROCLAMATION.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—The Almighty and merciful God has continued his guardianship over our Commonwealth during the year that is past. Except in a single community which claims our sympathies, "The pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday," have not had His leave to smite. Health has generally prevailed. The tumult of internal strife has not been heard.—Unexampled prosperity has attended the peaceful pursuit of our citizens. "Seed time and harvest have returned;" our garners have been filled with the finest of the wheat. Our cup of blessings has overflowed. The educational institutions of our Commonwealth are growing in the affections of the people, developing the youthful mind, and elevating our national character. General intelligence and morality are on the advance. Our holy religion, through its own institutions, continues to exert its sacred influence on the public mind—to administer its consolations to the contrite and the pure, and inspire them with the hopes of immortality.

As a nation, we are at peace with all the world, and eminently prosperous. The free institutions of our government have been strengthened by the trials of the past, and a brighter promise dawns upon the future. To God, most great and good, we owe all our blessings. To Him our thanks are due.

Under this solemn conviction, and in conformity with the wishes of many good citizens, I, WILLIAM BIGLER, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby appoint Thursday, the twenty fifth day of November next, as a day of general Thanksgiving and Prayer throughout the State, and earnestly beseech the citizens of the Commonwealth, of all classes, that, setting aside all worldly business on that day, they unite in offering thanks to Almighty God for His blessings, and invoke the continuance of His goodness.

Given under my hand, and the Great Seal of State, at Harrisburg, this twenty fifth day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty two, and of the Commonwealth the seventy seventh

By the Governor: E. S. GOODRICH,
Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth.

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF OREGON.—A letter to the Missouri Republican, dated Aug. 17th from Oregon says:

This year's emigration is beginning to drop in upon us. They report great distress on the last end of the route, from the lack of grass, teams giving out, and depredations committed by the Snake Indians, West of Fort Hall, &c. What the poor emigrant will do this year for food, after he gets in, God only knows. Now, flour sells quick at $20 per barrel, and just after harvest when it is generally at its lowest price. Wheat can't be bought for bread or seed for less than $2 60 now, and some ask $3, $4 and $5 per bushel, and say they won't sell until they get that. The emigrant can't pay such prices, he will will not have the means to do so, and thereby must suffer. You may ask, "has your wheat crop failed in Oregon?" No, sirs; there is no such a thing as crops of any kind failing here. But men's disposition to work has failed, hardly raising enough for themselves of either bread or seed—making their *living, and having some to "salt down"* out of their stock, butter, cheese, pork, bacon, eggs and chickens. Cows readily bring $75, beef cattle $10 per hundred pounds on hoof; American horses and mules $150 to $300; butter 50c, cheese 60c per pound; pork this year will be worth $35, bacon about 50c, eggs quick at $1 per dozen; chickens at the farmer's door $12 per dozen, all of which accumulates on and around the farm without labor.

DID'T KNOW BEANS.—On a late trip of one of the New Orleans steamers she was crowded with German emigrants. As might be expected, their appetite for fruit and vegetables, after a long sea voyage, was most voracious. At Selma, a short distance below St. Louis, the boat received some fifteen or twenty sacks of castor beans, consigned to *Mr. Blow.* The appearance of the bean, "good to the eye," excited the cravings of the emigrants. Finally curiosity and appetite triumphed; a bag was surreptitiously opened, a large pan-ful extracted, and a huge luncheon of soup prepared. In a short time, the passengers in the cabin, and the officers of the boat, were startled by the report that the cholera, in its worst form, had broken out on deck. On going below, they found that the castor oil was doing its work. The bag lay exposed, and a large pot-full of this rare delicacy steaming hot on the table. The thing was soon solved, and the Captain had to go into quarantine, because, as he said, the Dutch "didn't know beans!"

Marriages.

In Harrisburg, on the 26th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. JAMES BAXTER THOMPSON, to Miss EMILY J. BLACK, all of Harrisburg.

Daniel Webster.

We are indebted to the Boston Courier for the following particulars relative to Mr. Webster's death:

The last hours of one so beloved as he whose earthly career has just closed amid so many circumstances of consolation were of the same even tenor as all the rest. The public are already informed of the chief features of that deeply interesting scene, up to the period when Mr. Webster desired to take leave of all who were in the house. One by one, in deep sorrow, but sustained by his own great example, the members of his family and the friends and attendants came in and took leave of him. He desired them to remain near his room, and more than once enjoined on those present, who were not of his immediate family, not to leave Marshfield till his death had taken place. Reassured by all that his every wish would be religiously regarded, he then addressed himself to his physicians, making minute inquiries as to his own condition, and the probable termination of his life. Conversing with great exactness, he seemed to be anxious to be able to mark to himself the final period of his dissolution. He was answered that it might occur in one, two, or three hours, but that the time could not be definitely calculated.—"Then," said Mr. Webster, "I suppose I must lie here quietly till it comes." The retching and vomiting now recurred again. Dr. Jeffries offered to Mr. Webster something which he hoped might give him ease. "Something more, Doctor, more—I want restoration."

Between 10 and 11 o'clock, he repeated somewhat distinctly the words "Poet, poetry, Gray, Gray." Mr. Fletcher Webster repeated the first line of the elegy, "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day." "That's it, that's it," said Mr. W., and the book was brought and some stanzas read to him, which seemed to give him pleasure. From 12 o'clock till 2, there was much restlessness, but not much suffering. The physicians were quite confident that there was no actual pain. A faintness occurred, which led him to think that his death was at hand. While in this condition, some expressions fell from him indicating the hope that his mind would remain to him completely until the last. He spoke of the difficulty of the process of dying, when Dr. Jeffries repeated the verse—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

Mr. Webster said immediately: "The fact, the fact. That is what I want; Thy rod, Thy rod; Thy staff, Thy staff."

The close was perfectly tranquil and easy, and occurred at precisely 22 *minutes before 3 o'clock.*

The M'Donogh Will Case.

The New Orleans Delta, referring to the litigation growing out of this case, says:

"John M'Donogh was himself a man of great experience in law, he had been in the courts from his first start here, and seemed to take a delight in litigation; he was constantly in close communion with the ablest of our lawyers. For nearly thirty years he was continually consulting and advising with John R. Grymes, Edward Livingston, Christian Roselius, and other eminent juris consults. The darling thought—the great leading idea of his life—was to tie up his property, in some sort of perpetuity, for the benefit of some charitable institutions. His passion for accumulation—more than any real philantropy—dictated this plan. He could not bear the idea of his property being divided, even after death. His chief pleasure in life was to dwell upon its accumulated value in years to come, and his estimates and calculations embraced decades, centuries and epochs far in the distant future. This was his fanaticism—his ambition It was a purely selfish one. The idea of charitable institutions was merely incidental and subordinate to the grand plan of creating a perpetual and inalienable estate—a vast monopoly in our community—which would have been a curse, rather than a blessing, to our people. To gratify this passion, his whole life was one uninterrupted disregard of *all* the ties and claims of a humanity for which his will expresses so much tender concern—We never believed in the sincerity of such professions; and we should esteem it no great misfortune if the will were set aside. We can scarcely imagine a greater evil than the existence of a vast estate, like that of M'Dough's, inalienable in fee simple, only subject to the temporary occupation of tenants who would have no interest to repair and beautify property of which they are not the owners. Such a disposition would transfer the curse of Girod street—where the miserable hovels of M'Donogh have been a portion of for the last twenty years—to many other nuisances our city and State."

The State Ticket.---Official Vote.

The following table contains the full *official* vote of all the counties in the State:

COUNTIES.	Canal Com. Hopkins, D.	Canal Com. Hoffman, W.	Sup. Judge. Woodward, D.	Sup. Judge. Buffington, W.
Adams,	1659	2197	1672	2191
Allegheny,	6530	7146	6559	7667
Armstrong,	1891	1417	1704	1714
Beaver,	1692	1555	1693	1608
Bedford,	2015	2026	2032	2022
Berks,	7372	3718	7585	3538
Blair,	1772	2251	1693	2285
Bradford,	3027	2158	3056	2122
Bucks,	5108	4810	5118	4772
Butler,	2176	2131	2130	2163
Cambria,	1923	1190	1814	1213
Carbon,	1238	671	1211	684
Centre,	2753	1717	2737	1698
Chester,	4959	5588	4962	5566
Clarion,	2149	990	2116	1012
Clearfield,	1353	758	1400	763
Clinton,	1188	1002	1219	928
Columbia,	1974	998	1968	962
Crawford,	2668	2175	2662	2197
Cumberland,	2974	2715	2927	2782
Dauphin,	2521	3165	2610	3071
Delaware,	1514	2020	1526	2001
Elk,	267	112	242	161
Erie,	2180	3257	2165	3217
Fayette,	3594	2692	3590	2668
Franklin,	3107	3423	3109	3405
Fulton,	774	619	773	616
Greene,	2241	1227	2250	1217
Huntingdon,	1681	2095	1710	2076
Indiana,	1464	1912	1460	1999
Jefferson,	1057	785	1033	836
Juniata,	1243	1017	1254	1037
Lancaster,	5688	9986	5526	9741
Lawrence,	1048	1685	1026	1719
Lebanon,	1759	2344	1737	2373
Lehigh,	3183	2482	3161	2476
Luzerne,	4894	3141	4988	2962
Lycoming,	2363	1912	2499	1798
McKean,	498	370	516	381
Mercer,	2556	2079	2558	1968
Mifflin,	1448	1253	1487	1231
Monroe,	1647	220	1653	203
Montgomery,	5276	4163	5263	4125
Montour,	1319	787	1337	755
Northampton,	3318	2174	3331	2098
Northumberl'd,	2215	1392	2018	1326
Perry,	1901	1172	1952	1113
Phila cy. & co.	21915	21293	23177	24045
Pike,	652	83	692	50
Potter,	591	175	599	166
Schuylkill,	4223	3747	3960	3755
Somerset,	947	2389	940	2391
Susquehanna,	2470	1349	2447	1331
Sullivan,	354	163	373	163
Tioga,	2247	1292	2228	1292
Union,	1807	2555	1835	2485
Venango,	1559	859	1563	851
Warren,	1229	982	1246	1025
Washington,	3675	3740	3796	3615
Wayne,	1974	813	1999	749
Westmoreland,	4683	2551	4640	2566
Wyoming,	1093	744	1138	711
York,	4599	3445	4586	3417
Total,	171,548 151,600	151,600	172,610 153,681	153,681
Majorities,	19,948		18,929	

In fashionable life the men most run after are the men deepest in debt.

SHAM DIGNITY.

Amongst the thousand deceptions passed off on our sham ridden race; let me direct your attention to the deception of dignity, as it is one which includes many others. Among those terms which have long ceased to have any vital meaning, the word dignity deserves a disgraceful prominence. No word has fallen so readily as this into the designs of cant, imposture and pretence; none played so well the part of *verbal scarecrow, to frighten children of all ages* and both sexes. It is at once the thinnest and most effective of all the coverings under which dunceedom sneaks and skulks. Most of the men of dignity, who awe or bore their more genial brethren, are simply men who possess the art of passing off their insensibility for wisdom, their dullness for depth; and of concealing imbecility of intellect under haughtiness of manner. Their success in this small game is one of the stercoypted satires upon mankind. Once strip from these pretenders their stolen garments—once disconnect their show of dignity from their real meanness—and they would stand shivering and defenceless, objects of the tears of pity, or targets for the arrows of scorn. But it is the misfortune of this world's affairs, that offices, fitly occupied only by talent and genius, which despise pretence, should be *filled by respectable stupidity and dignified emptiness*, to whom pretence is the very soul of life.—Manner triumphs over matter, and throughout society, politics, letters and science, we are doomed to meet a swarm of dunces and windbags, disguised as gentlemen, statesmen and scholars. Coleridge once saw at a dinner table, a dignified man with a face as wise as the moon's. The awful charm of his manner was not broken until the muffins appeared, and then the imp of gluttony forced from him the exclamation, "Them's the jockey's for me!" A good number of such dignitarians remain undiscovered.

It is curious to note how these pompous gentlemen rule in society and government. How often do history and the newspapers exhibit to us the spectacle of a heavy headed stupidarian in official station, *veiling the strictest incompetency in the mysterious sublimity of carriage*, solemnly trifling away the interests of the state, the dupe of his own obstinate ignorance, and engaged, year after year, in ruining a people after the most dignified fashion!—You have all seen the inscrutable dispensation known by the name of the dignified gentleman; an embodied tediousness, which society is apt not only to tolerate, but worship; a person who announces the stale common places of conversation with the awful precision of one bringing down to the valleys of thought, bright truth plucked on its summits; who is so profoundly deep and painfully solid on the weather, the last novel, or some other nothing of the day; who is inexpressibly shocked if your eternal gratitude does not repay him for the trite information he consumed your hour in imparting, and who if you insinuate that this claim, contented, imperturbable stupidity, is praying upon your patience, instantly stands upon his dignity, and puts on a face. Yet this man, with just enough knowledge "to raise himself from the insignificance of a dunce to the dignity of a bore," is still in high favor even with those whose animation he checks and chills—why? Because he has, all say, so much of the dignity of a gentleman! The poor, bright, good natured man, who has done all in his power to be agreeable, joins in the cry of praise, and feelingly regrets that nature has not adorned him, too, with dullness as a robe, so that he, likewise, might freeze the volatile into respect, and be held up as a model spoon for all dunces to imitate. This dignity, which so many view with reverential despair, must have twined, "two at a birth," with that ursine vanity mentioned by Coleridge, "which keeps itself alive by sucking the paws of its own self importance." The Duke of Somerset was one of these dignified gentlemen. His second wife was the most beautiful woman in England. She once suddenly threw her arms around his neck, and gave him a kiss which might have gladdened the heart of an emperor. The duke, lifting his shoulders with an aristocratic square, slowly said, 'Madame, my first wife was a Howard, and she never would have taken such a liberty.'—*Whipple.*

AUNT HETTY ON MATRIMONY.

Now, girls, said Aunt Hetty, put down your embroidery and worsted work, do something sensible, and stop building air castles and talking of lovers and honey moons: it makes me sick; it's perfectly antimonial. Love is a farce—matrimony is a humbug; husbands are domestic Nenos—Alexanders, sighing for other hearts to conquer, after they are sure of yours. The honey moon is as short lived as a lucifer match. After that, wear your wedding dress at the washtub, your nightcap to meeting, and your husband would'nt know it. You may pick up your own pocket handkerchief, help yourself to a chair, and split your gown across the back reaching over the table to get a piece of butter, while he is laying in his breakfast as if it was the last meal he should eat this side of Jordan. When he gets through, he will aid your digestion (while you are sipping your first cup of coffee) by inquiring what you'll have for dinner—whether the cold lamb was all eaten yesterday—if the charcoal is out—and what you gave for the last green tea you bought—Then he gets up from the table; lights his cigar with the last evening's paper, that you have not had time to read; gives two or three whiffs of smoke, that are sure to give you the headache for the rest of the day, and, just as his coat-tail is vanishing through the door, apologizes for not doing "that little errand" for you yesterday—thinks it doubtful if he can do it today—he is so pressed with business. Hear of him at 11 o'clock, taking an ice cream at Newton's, while you are at home new lining his coat sleeves.—Children by the ears all day; don't get out to take the air; feel as crazy as a fly in a drum: husband comes home at night, nods a how d'ye do, Fan's boxes Charley's ears, stands little Fanny in the corner, puts his feet up over the grate, shutting out all the fire, while the baby's little pug nose grows blue with the cold; reads the newspaper all to himself, solaces his inner man with a hot cup of tea, and, just as you are laboring under the hallucination that he will ask you to take a mouthful of fresh air with him, he puts on his dressing gown and slippers, and begins to reckon up the family expenses! after which, he lies down on the sofa, and you keep time with your needle, while he snores, till 9 o'clock.—Next morning you ask him to give you a little money; he looks at you as if to be sure that you are in your right mind, draws a sigh long and strong enough to inflate a pair of bellows, and asks you what you want of it, and if half a dollar will not do. Gracious king! As it all those little shoes and stockings and dresses could be had for half a dollar! Oh, girls! set your affections on cats, poodles, parrots, or lapdogs—but let matrimony alone—It's the hardest way on earth of getting a living—you never know when your work is done up. Think of carrying eight or nine—perhaps twelve or thirteen—children through the measles, chicken pox, rash, mumps, and scarlet fever—some of 'em twice over! It makes my sides ache to think of it. Oh, you may scrimp and save, and twist and turn, and dig and delve, economize and *die*, and your husband will marry again, take what you have saved to dress his second wife with, and she'll take your portrait for a fire board, and—but what's the use of talking? I'll warrant every one of you'll try it, the first chance you get. There's a sort of bewitchment about it, somehow. I wish one half of the world warn't fools, and the t'other half idiots—I do. Oh, dear!

IMPORTANT FROM FRANCE.—A plot to assassinate Louis Napoleon has been discovered at Marseilles.—The design was to fire an infernal machine composed of 250 gun barrels loaded with 1500 bullets. The machine was secured by the police and the parties arrested.

Advices from Paris say that the first official act towards the consummation of the Empire takes place at Tours on the 15th October, where a decree *will be published for the convocation of the Senate* to examine and report on the addresses from the Department inviting the President to assume the *Imperial dignity.*

The return of the Prince to Paris will be celebrated with imperial pomp, and style of brilliancy hitherto unparalleled.

TRIVIAL CAUSES OF WAR.—Wars spring from very trivial cause. In 1790 Spain fought three years about a lot of cat-skins obtained from Nootka Sound. A few years ago, England spent $50,000,000 in war with China about opium and long-tailed pipes. At the present we have a pair of musses on hand, one with England about codfish, and the other with Peru about bird-manure. In all our reading, we cannot recollect a single war that originated in anything else than a one-and-nine-penney squabble about nothing in particular. The revolution in England was brought about by John Hampden's refusing to pay a few shillings tax as ship-money: while our own revolution owes its origin to a dispute about a lot of boxes of tea.

Once give your mind up to suspicion and fear, and there will be sure to be food enough for it. In the stillest night the air is filled with sounds for the wakeful ear that is resolved to listen.

Unearned Money.

However common may be the desire for sudden wealth, yet it may be safely affirmed that money is never so much enjoyed, or so pleasantly or judiciously spent, as when hardly earned. The exertion used in obtaining it is beneficial alike to the health and spirits. It affords pleasure in the contemplation, as the result of effort and industry, of a thing which unearned money can never impart; and the natural alternation of labor and relaxation tends to preserve the body in health, and keeps the mind from the injurious extremes of either parsimony or prodigality. Unearned money, on the contrary, as it is obtained without any effort, so it is often spent without a thought. There is no healthful activity used in obtaining it; no putting forth of those energies, the use of which tends so much to elevate and purify; no skill or perseverance called into action; and it is seldom that it is possessed to any great extent without injuring the possessor. It induces a distaste for labor and activity: it lulls to ignoble rest in the lap of circumstances; it allures to float along with the stream, instead of the healthful labor of stemming the tide of difficulty; and he had need be something more than mortal who can possess much of this unearned money without being in his moral nature somewhat paralyzed and debased. Naturally rampant as are the weeds of sloth and sensuality in the human heart, that condition in life in which there is not only work to be done, but work which must be done, will be the safest and the best. Money seldom makes men better, either physically or morally, and often makes them worse. Seldom does a man become more healthy in his body as money increases; seldom does his mind become more powerful as his purse becomes heavier; not always does his heart beat more benevolently as his wealth accumulates. But if money, even when laudably gained by wholesome exertion and enterprise, be of doubtful or injurious effect upon its possessor, doubly hazardous and painful must be the possession of that money which is unearned and untoiled for, and which only leaves the disposal of time at the mercy of idle dreaminess or ingenious mischief, and enriches the growth of those rank weeds of the heart which are most successfully checked by wholesome exercise and occupation.

ELECTIONEERING ABUSES.

The Washington correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, in connection with some remarks on electioneering abuses, tells the following story:

I will tell you an anecdote of the "good old time" of 1809, in Pennsylvania, when the animosity of party rancorous feeling of Federalists against Democrats was even greater than it is now between the parties of the day, when the spirit of bitterness in the contest was not confined to the political character or even personal life of prominent men, but invaded the sanctuary of their homes and retailed the petty scandal, real or more often invented, of the domestic circle.

In those days we had a very wealthy citizen and politician, yclept Simon Snyder, Simon the tanner.

Now, Simon was a good man, and a rich man; a tanner and a Democrat; he had frequented ward meetings and played the secretary and the chairman; then he became a member of the Legislature, then speaker, and finally——but I must not anticipate.

It was a raw and gusty night, from which you will infer that the wind whistled and the rain pattered; little children huddled close to the hearth stone; the fat coach drivers—alas for the jolly dogs of those good old days! I could almost find it in my heart to run every cab "off the track," if it were only to revive the race of amusing loquacity once more—buttoned on an extra overcoat, took an extra 'horn,' and drove their boys with a fury that seemed to bid defiance to both wind and weather! It was on "such a night" that Simon's most excellent wife—we did'nt say lady in those good old days, neither did Washington Irving, a few years later, when he wrote his his Sketch Book—his wife sat comfortably by the blazing hickory—shall I ever see such a fire once more?—and gradually lapsing into a sort of surprise as to what could have become of her excellent husband—that's a homely phrase for these modern days; why should not a lady say my gentleman?—whose habits were, to tell the honest truth the more regular from the placid bond of affection that existed between them.

At length his step was heard, and she prepared to meet him with one of the most encouraging receptions, namely, a sweet smiling welcome, and—a good. But Master Simon entered with rather a sedate step, shook the rain from his bearskin coat, hung up his hat, and scarcely noticing his wife, so deeply was he absorbed in some engrossing subject of reflection, sank into a seat before the fire without even giving it a poke, and fell at once into a deep reverie. The wife saw that something was in the wind, although, as her husband's countenance betrayed only anxious thought without any traces of vexation or distress, and knowing well his habits, she waited patiently, the developement of the mystery.

'Wife,' said he at last, 'wife.'

'Well, Simon, my dear, what is it?'

A long pause, and this time there was a punch at the fire with the tongs—in modern days poker, the ugly things, I hate 'em—and a stirring up of the beautiful hickory coals.

'Wife,' said Simon.

'Well, husband, I am listening, what is it?'

'Are you on pretty good terms with all your neighbors?'

'Certainly, why should I be otherwise?'

The fact is, that Mrs Snyder was not only a very amiable woman, but a lady, too, whom everybody esteemed.

'Sure, now, that you hav'n't dropped any remarks lately before some particular friend' about little Tommy Jones' squint, or Nancy Sim's lame knee, that might have come to their doting mothers' ears? Nothing of that kind, eh?'

'Lord, no! My dear husband, what is the matter?'

'Well, nothing very particular. I was only a little anxious to know how you stood with all your neighbors, your dear friends, and even your relations. For you see, my dear Susan, I have—to tell the truth at once—been such a good natured soul as to—"

'For heaven's sake, my dearest Simon, tell me at once what is the matter, and don't keep me in this nervous surprise. What have you been doing, as you say?'

'Oh! nothing so very alarming, my love"—how *loving they get to be.* 'I *have only been prevailed* on at the meeting to night of the Democatic County Convention to allow my name put as a candidate for *Governor; and although I am fully prepared for all* the scandal political and personal that can be and will be showered upon my head, I am not quite callous as to what they might say of you my dear wife.'

'Ah! but Simon, my dear,' she said as she approached to give him a wife like kiss in acknowledgement of his conjugal feelings, 'you forget that while you are a good, sterling, honest Democrat, I am one of the most stubborn Federalists in all Lancaster *county.*'

'That's true, very true,' said Simon, 'and so let's try your housewifery, for the flavor of that venison paste, and the steam of that jug,'—it was whisky punch, brewed by Susan's own fair hands—'added to your adroit escape from the dilemma I had placed you in, have so sharpened my appetite, that, unless you have provided bountifully, we shall do what we never did before—quarrel over a short allowance.'

And Simon did get it—the abuse I mean—and *what is more, he got the office of Governor for three* successive terms of three years each, and a better Governor never graced the executive chair of Pennsylvania.

BARNUM'S OPINION ABOUT ADVERTISING.—The following extract is taken from Freedley's "Practical Treatise on Business." It is from the pen of the celebrated P. T. Barnum:

"Advertise your business. Do not hide your light under a bushel. Whatever your occupation or calling may be, if it needs support from the public, advertise it thoroughly and efficiently, in some shape or other, that will arrest public attention. I freely *confess that what success I have had in life may* fairly be attributed more to the public press than to nearly all other causes combined. There may possibly be occupations that do not require advertising, but I cannot well conceive what they are. Men *in business will sometimes tell you that they have* tried advertising, and that it did not pay. This is *only when advertising is done sparingly and grudgingly.* Homœopathic doses of advertising will not *pay, perhaps—it is like half a portion of physic*—making the patient sick, but effecting nothing.—Administer liberally, and the cure will be *sure and permanent.*"

The editor of one of our exchanges says that ladies wear corsets from a feeling of implanted love for being squeezed.