American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR OUNTRY—MAY T ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHTOR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2.00 PER ANNUM

VOL. 40. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1854. NO. 40.

Tavern License.

TO the Honorable the Judges of the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace of Cumberland county, at April Sessions, 1854:

The petition of Jacob Redsecker, respectfully represents that your petitioner is provided with the necessary requisites for keeping a house of public entertainment, in the house he now occupies as such in Dickinson township. Your petitioner therefore prays your Honors to grant him a license for the same the ensuing year, commencing on the second Monday of April next. As in duty bound he will ever pray, &c.

JACOB REDSECKER.

March 2, 1854—3t*

We the undersigned citizens of the township of Dickinson, in the county of Cumberland, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named Jacob Redsecker, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such Inn or Tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

John Sword, John Moore, George Swanger, A B Busman, John Morrison, Benj Peffer, jr. Jos Galbraith, Henry Barnitz, Geo Emmarick, Adam Hollinger, Andrew Hoffman, Philip Spangler, Geo Kissinger, Saml Myers, J G Hutchison.

Tavern License.

TO the Honorable the Judges of the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace of Cumberland county, at April Sessions, 1854.

The petition of John Hocker, respectfully represents that your petitioner is provided with the necessary requisites for keeping a house of public entertainment, in the house he now occupies as such in Dickinson township. Your petitioner therefore prays your Honors to grant him a license for the same the ensuing year, commencing on the 2d Monday of April next. As in duty bound he will ever pray, &c.

JOHN HOCKER.

March 2, 1854—3t*

We the undersigned citizens of the township of Dickinson, in the county of Cumberland, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named John Hocker, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such Inn or Tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

Solomon Brindle, Wm N Russell, Saml Newcumer, A G Miller, Henry Cockley, John Mehaffie, Geo Hoverter, Joseph Shultz, John Kissinger, James Moore, Wilson Hubley, John Spence, S P Harper, John W Faust, Wm Forbes.

Tavern License.

TO the Honorable the Judges of the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace of Cumberland county, at April Sessions, A. D. 1854.

The petition of Isaac Parsons, respectfully represents, That your petitioner is provided with the necessary requisites for keeping a house of public entertainment, in the house he now occupies as such, in Carlisle (West Ward.) Your petitioner, therefore, prays your Honors to grant him a license for the same the ensuing year, commencing on the 2d Monday of April next. As in duty bound he will ever pray, &c.

ISAAC PARSONS.

March 2, 1854—3t

We the undersigned citizens of the borough of Carlisle, West Ward, in the county of Cumberland, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named Isaac Parsons; that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such Inn or Tavern is necessary to accommodate strangers and travellers.

Joseph W Patton, John Mell, George Hendel, R A Noble, Robert Noble, C G. Stough, George W Hilton, J Rhoads, John Thompson, F S Dinkle, George First, Wm T Brown.

Tavern License.

TO the Honorable the Judges of the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace of Cumberland county, at April Sessions, 1854.

The petition of Adam Wareham, respectfully represents that your petitioner is provided with the necessary requisites for keeping a house of public entertainment in the house he now occupies as such in South Middleton township. Your petitioner therefore prays your Honors to grant him a license for the same the ensuing year commencing on the 2d Monday of April next. As in duty bound he will ever pray.

ADAM WAREHAM.

March 2, 1854—3t

We the undersigned citizens of the township of South Middleton, in the county of Cumberland, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named Adam Wareham, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such Inn or Tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

Saml Gleim, John Hemminger, jr. Thos Bradley, Jos Alexander, James Coyle, Hugh Stuart, Saml Hemminger, Wm Moore, John Stuart, jr. Adam Peffer, Benj Hoffman, Gilbert Searight.

Tavern License.

TO the Honorable the Judges of the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace of Cumberland county, at April Sessions, 1854.

The petition of David Reed, respectfully represents that your petitioner is provided with the necessary requisites for keeping a house of public entertainment in the house now occupied by Jos. Black, in Hogestown, Silver Spring township. Your petitioner therefore prays your Honors to grant him a license for the same the ensuing year, commencing on the 2d Monday of April next.—As in duty bound he will ever pray.

DAVID REED.

March 2, 1854—3t*

We the undersigned citizens of the township of Silver Spring, in the county of Cumberland, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named David Reed, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such Inn or Tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

J M Martin, Lewis Wollet, Saml Fought, John Hanshew, J Hemp, B Garman, J Trimble, Geo Trimble, Danl Foght, D Spangler, D P Williams, John Musser, Henry Snell.

DR. GEORGE Z. BETZ, Dentist.

WILL perform all operations upon the teeth that may be required for their preservation. Artificial teeth inserted, from a single tooth to an entire set, on the most scientific principles. Diseases of the mouth and irregularities carefully treated. Office at the residence of his brother, on North Pitt street Carlisle

June 28, 1853

Poetical.

BURY ME IN THE WILD WOODS.

Oh! bury me in the wild woods,
Where the birds unfettered sing,
And where in rich luxuriance,
The untrained flow'rets spring,
There let me sleep in silence,
By the blue stream's rippling tide,
Whose bright and sparkling waters,
In circling wavelets glide.

Then make me a soft and grassy grave,
Afar from the busy throng,
Where nought is heard but the murmuring wave,
And the gush of the wild bird's song,
Where the orient beams of morning,
May rest first upon my bed,
And where the willow's weeping shadow
Bends above my sleeping head.

Where the twilight shades fall soonest,
And the bright stars first appear,
As gleaming through the forest,
They shine so pure and clear.
Where the winds may sing a requiem,
In the lonely autumn hours,
When bending with the rain drops,
Droops low the summer flowers.

And even there in winter
The snow shall softly fall,
And cover o'er my resting place
With a white funeral pall.
Then I would sleep in the wild wood,
Alone, but not forgot—
For I know kind feet will often stray
To that green and lonely spot.

Say, What Shall be our Sport to-day?

BY MOORE.

Say, what shall be our sport to day?
There's nothing on earth, in sea, or air,
Too bright, too high, too wild, too gay,
For spirits like mine to dare!
'Tis like the returning bloom
Of those days, alas, gone by,
When I loved, each hour—I scarce knew whom,
And was blessed—I scarce knew why.

Ay, those were days when life had wings,
And flew, O, flew so wild a height,
That, like the lark, which sunward springs,
'Twas giddy with too much light.
And, though of some plumes bereft,
With that sun, too, nearly set,
I've enough of Night and wing still left
For a few gay soarings yet.

Miscellaneous.

From the Boston Daily Times.

MY FIRST AND LAST PATIENT.

'Twas in the year 18—, when having attained my twenty-third year, and received my degree at the College of Medicine at Paris, I began to look rather closely about to find a suitable place for me to 'hang out my shingle,' and commence my professional career.

At length I found a suite of rooms, that seemed to suit my wants exactly. There were very commodious rooms at No. 47 Rue st. Marie, when, after some trifling vexation, from want of knowledge in household affairs, I finally managed to get everything in complete readiness to receive my first patient, whoever it might be.

My unpretending sign, on which was painted in modest style, A de G———, M. D., appeared to attract little or no notice for some time, and I began to be quite impatient at not seeing a single person cross my threshold, nor even a footstep on the stairs, except that of my faithful valet Juan.

I had waited in this state of impatience and anxiety for about a month, when one day, just as I had finished my dinner, I heard a hurried step upon the stairs. O! how my heart throbbed, my nerves quickened, as I listened to the reply to Juan's, 'Well Monsieur, what do you wish?'

The interrogation was immediately answered in a deep manly voice. As I listened I heard him say: 'Is Monsieur de G——, the physician within?'—Juan replied, 'he is, Monsieur this way,' and he led the stranger in. As they advanced into my room, I arose to receive my visitor, who with a gentlemanly grace extended his hand, and with a dignified bow, addressed me with an inquiring look, 'Dr. G——, I believe?'

'The same, Monsieur. Have you business with me?' I pointed to a chair, which he politely declined, saying:

'My business, Monsieur, is of the utmost importance. I have a dear friend taken suddenly ill; you being the nearest physician in the vicinity, and having heard a very flattering account of you from the Principal of Surgery, Mons. Cazat, I came hither. Be ready on the instant to accompany me, the coach is at the door.'

'You can drive on, I will be there in five minutes; I have to arrange my medicines,' I replied.

He then prepared to depart, first presenting me with his address. 'If Monsieur gives satisfaction in this instance, it may be of great value to him in the future, and my influence shall be turned to your advantage;' then hastily crossing the apartment, he withdrew.

After he had retired, I turned the card over to see the address. Imagine my astonishment at beholding the words 'Duke de E—ville, No. 87 Rue de Boleac.' Truly, thought I, my fortune is made, if I am successful! What a remuneration for my patient waiting these twenty days! I felt greatly cheered at the prospect before me, and at once set about making my preparations for my first professional visit. I took several bottles from my prescription case, and placed them in my porte medica, then hastily arranging my toilette, I hurried away to the place designated on the card.

How many thousand thoughts rushed through my brain, as I quickly wended my way to the place! Anticipations of years—long, studious, toiling, self-sacrificing, galling years were now to be realized in a degree. Now my labor, it seemed, was not all spent in vain. I was at last to receive some little compensation for my long sought, dearly wrought knowledge. Feelings of pride and timidity, pleasure and pain, confidence and distrust, passed simultaneously through my mind, as I contemplated with pleasure and doubt my first undertaking in which I was to receive reward or censure.

I soon reached the house, and ringing, I was admitted, and following a sweet little girl of 12, who conducted me up two flights of marble steps to a room, a knock at the door of which was answered by Letitia, Mad'lle de E—ville's chamber maid, I entered, and on one side of the room, which was beautiful in the extreme, beneath a dark purple damask broidered curtain, which entirely obstructed the rays of the sun, and effectually concealed all appearances of its contents, lay a young and lovely female about the age of seventeen, with all the roundness of youth and freshness, but her cheeks were now flushed with the beautiful roseate tints accompanying fever, her eyes were large and glistening, her lips bright red, and her color, constantly changing, made a being so lovely that I thought I had never seen such a beautiful face before. A short, stifled moan, was all that escaped her as I approached, and a beseeching look of almost angelic sweetness lit up her countenance as I informed her that I was her physician, and quickly disappeared, leaving her face calm and serene as an inland lake of a calm summer's day. She was, as I saw plainly, laboring under the influence of a fever, which I soon after discovered to be on the brain; the case I knew was a serious one, and required great caution and skill, and I hoped that with a good degree of good nursing, and great care, I should succeed in restoring her to health again; not much medicine was needed, except to allay the feverish agitations and convulsions, which I readily did by administering narcotics. I gave morphine freely till the convulsions, shudderings, and wild ravings had abated in a measure, and then I applied myself to the task of relieving all her wants and watching her constantly. She continued in this situation about twelve days, without a shadow of returning reason, till at last I began to see faint signs of consciousness. How I watched each new symptom, and how eagerly I greeted each new sign of returning health and beauty, as day by day she continued to improve in health, her eyes to renew their looks of softness, and their bright azure hue to return, the deep scarlet of fever receiving in its place the faint rosy hue so expressive of the bloom of youth and health. Never does beautiful woman look more beautiful, or love look lovelier, than when recovering from a severe illness—when the mind has been affected so that the senses have lost their sway—and as each feeling of nature returns, the effect is pleasing, bewitching in the extreme. So thought I, as wearied with intense watching, I at last was gladdened with a sight of native beauty reassuming its sway, where but a short time since delirium and madness ran rampant.

Fourteen days had now elapsed since the fever had commenced, and as she was gradually growing better, I thought it safe to leave her for a while to the care of her attendants, and seek that repose which I had been robbed of so many nights, by constant calls to assist her; and as she was now out of danger, I deemed it a luxury to enjoy one entire night's rest. I took my leave of her with this intent, but when I had disincumbered myself of the clothing that I had not removed from my person for fourteen days, and throwing myself upon my bed, I saw how sadly I was disappointed. I could not sleep. No sooner did I fall into a gentle nap than visions of beauty, of sickness, of loveliness imploring assistance, and of bright azure eyes gazing into my own. In fact everything that presented itself before me that night had the form and appearance of Pauline de E—ville. It was impossible even to obtain as much sleep as I had procured at the house of my patient, when I was in momentary expectation of being called to aid in some matter that concerned my patient. In this way I worried through the night, and found myself in the morning instead of being recruited in spirits, just the contrary. I looked haggard, and my nerves were unstrung. I was certain that if anything transpired to cause me unusual excitement, it would completely undo me for the day. In this state of mind I visited my patient, and found her in every respect much improved, except the general debility incident on so severe and lengthy illness. As my eyes fell upon her's that morning, and witnessed the bright light illuminate them, as I complimented them upon her fine appearance, and the rapidity of her recovery. How beautiful did her face appear as I took her hand in mine and expressed the pleasure it afforded me of being near her, and the sorrow I should experience when she was convalescent, as it would deprive me of her presence. At this she seemed somewhat displeased, and spoke rather quickly and with a voice that denoted anger.

'Mons. de G——,' said she, 'I shall always honor you as a kind and attentive physician and gentleman; but, if you have any regard for my feelings, you will no longer intrude your flattering compliments upon me, while in a state where it cannot be resented with proper punishment. You can leave me, Monsieur;' and she turned her head away and and buried it in the clothes.'

Guilty and abashed, I withdrew from behind the curtains, and began furiously to prepare some medicines for her before taking my leave, as nothing was now wanted *as much as a few tonics to restore her strength. I proposed giving her small doses* of Sulphate Quinine. Acting on this principle, I set about preparing some powders of Sulphate Quinine, in the dose of two grains every two hours, through the day, and at night I thought some change might be apparent, and I would come again. I prepared the powders from a little I had with me, and, giving some hasty directions concerning their administration, I suddenly took my leave, in a state of mind anything but tranquilized at the late scenes I had passed through.

What strange fantasy should have seized me and carried me through, I know not. All that I can recollect is, that in taking out the bottles from my can, about two hours after, I found the morphine gone. A thought flashed through my brain! I looked at the quinine—and, O! horror! it was untouched—'twas just as I had procured it from the manufacturer. The horrid reality forced itself upon me! I had given morphine instead of quinine—one half the dose I had given would be sufficient to produce death in a few hours! What was to be done? In the present state of mental excitement, I was totally unfit for anything; but something was to be done immediately. I seized my hat darted with almost the rapidity of lightning to the place whence I had just returned in such a state of excitement. I flew up to her chamber, nearly upsetting, in my rapid passage, the chambermaid, page, and one or two other personages of less importance; and as I entered the room, I saw by the anxious faces of the friends who were present that my worst anticipations were painfully realized. I asked a few hurried questions, to which they gave low sullen answers, and the whole appearance of the family seemed to indicate that they were aware of something unusual having happened, and that there was something besides the common indications of disease present in the still, deep sleeping being before them.

Looking at the clock, I found it would be over two hours since I had left the medicine, and directed it to be taken on the instant. If she had taken it as I had ordered, she must have had it in her stomach near that length of time. We could do nothing. I informed the father of the cause of the trouble; he turned such a look at me as I shall never forget—mingled feelings of pity, scorn, contempt, grief, revenge, flashed in that brief instant from his eyes. I turned away, more like a man without his senses, than a reasonable, thinking man. I felt guilty. All our efforts to arouse her were unavailing. I procured a stomach pump, but all to no purpose; the stomach was by this time completely paralyzed. In half an hour at most life would be extinct; and I—great heavens! in a convict's cell, charged with the heinous crime of murder!

A sudden thought seized me and I put it into execution on the instant. Under the pretence of getting some articles that might be of some benefit, or afford some relief, I flew from the house, and, running as fast as my nervous feelings and the fear of being overtaken could urge me, I stopped at my office again, then giving some directions where he might find me in one month, to Juan, I hastily packed up the most of my valuables, leaving the rest to the care of Juan, and took the earliest conveyance to the coast, from thence across the straits to the British Isle. I travelled all over the United Kingdom, again visited the continent, sauntering leisurely through Italy, Spain and Holland, spent many years at the fashionable resorts of pleasure, seeking society in the vain hope of banishing the remembrance of the fatal day; but wherever I go, in whatever situation I am placed, if I see youth and beauty, I think of Mad'lle de E—ville. And till my miserable life (made miserable on that account, and by those circumstances,) is spent, I shall always remember with horror My First and Last Patient.

ORIENTAL ORIGIN OF A HIGHLAND CUSTOM.—At a Jewish marriage I was standing beside the bridegroom when the bride entered; as she crossed the threshold he stooped down and slipped off his shoe, and struck her with the heel on the nape of the neck. I at once saw the impression of the passage of Scripture, respecting the transfer of the shoe to another, in case the brother in law did not exercise his privilege. The slipper in the East being taken off in doors, is at hand to administer correction, and is here used in sign of the obedience of the wife and of the supremacy of the husband. The Highland custom is to strike for 'good luck,' as they say, the bride with an old slipper. Little do they suspect the meaning implied.—Urquhart.

Old But Good.

Here is an old story "done over" by the Louisville Courier. It has received an additional splice in the rejuvenating process.

During a recent visit to the interior, we heard of an incident not yet cold on the breath of local circulation, which had as well receive newspaper life and immortality now as at any other time.

A city-country gentleman, who lisbps after the most approved fashion, wanted a few pigs, for the purpose of supplying his family with roasters in the fall, and bacon in the winter. He had a new man-of-all-work, who was not very familiar with peculiarity of speech, and had not exactly taken the trouble to acquaint himself with the line of business in which his master was engaged.

'John,' said the city-country gentleman, one day after breakfast, 'go out this morning and buy me two or three thows and pigs.'

'Yes, sir,' replied John, 'it shall be done.'

John did not return till late in the day, when he was met by his master and accosted thus:—

'Did you get 'em?'

'No sir,' answered John, 'not all. The drovers have been about buying up large numbers, and I could only get eight hundred.'

'Eight hundred what, thir?' demanded the master impatiently.

'Eight hundred pigs, as you told me,' replied John.

'I told you no such a thing. I told you, thir, to go and buy me two or three thows and pigs.'

'I know it,' answered John, 'but I couldn't get two or three thousand. I've been out all day, and scoured the whole country, and could get but eight hundred.'

Light now for the first time after the order had been given, flashed upon the gentleman's mind. He comprehended the cause of the misunderstanding, and although not exactly in the mood for laughing, very good naturedly pocketed the costly joke, and asked:

'How many did you get, John?'

'Eight hundred, sir, and that was all I could get.'

'And did you buy them outright, John, or only talk of taking them?'

'Bought them for good,' replied John, 'and had hard work to keep them out of the hands of the drovers, and the owners will be here for their pay in the morning.'

The best of the joke, so far as the gentleman was concerned, is to follow. This happened last season. The hogs were received, kept, and fed, for a short time, and then sold for the block at a handsome profit.

A TOUCHING INSTANCE OF MOTHERLY AFFECTION.—Mary, Countess of Orkney, was deaf and dumb, and married in 1753 by signs. She lived with her husband, Marrough, first Marquis of Thomond, who was also her first cousin, at his seat, Rostellon, on the Harbor of Cork. Shortly after the birth of her first child, the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. She having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept, took out a large stone, which she had concealed under her shawl, and to the horror of the nurse—who, like all persons of the lowest order in her country, indeed in most countries, was fully impressed with the idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of the 'dumbies'—seized it with the intent to fling it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose, the Countess had flung the stone—not, however as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor, of course it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke and cried. The Countess, who had looked with *maternal eagerness to the result of her experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered* that her child possessed a sense that was wanting *in herself.*

FIRST MARRIAGE OF GEORGE IV.—The Prince's passion for Mrs. Fitzherbert, according to Lord Holland's Memoirs, was very strong before they were united. We are told that he frequently came to converse with Mr. and Mrs. Fox on the subject, that he cried by the hour, that he testified the sincerity and violence of his passion and his despair by the most extravagant expressions and actions—rolling on the floor, striking his forehead, tearing his hair, falling into hysterics, and swearing that he would abandon the country, forego the crown, sell his jewels and plate, and scrape together a competence to fly with the object of his affections to America.

Mr. Fox, in December, 1785, wrote to the Prince to dissuade him from this union, pointing out the evil consequences which must ensue from such a step—The Prince replied in a letter, beginning 'My dear Charles,' and assured Mr. Fox that he might make himself easy on the matter, and that 'the world will now soon be convinced that there not only is, but never was, any grounds for those reports, which of late have been so malevolently circulated.' With respect to the performance of the ceremony, we are told that it was at the Prince's own earnest and repeated solicitations, not at Mrs. Fitzherbert's request, that any ceremony was resorted to. She knew it to be invalid in law, she thought it nonsense, and told the Prince so. It was performed by an English clergyman. A certificate was signed by him, and attested by two witnesses, both Roman Catholic gentlemen, and one a near relation of Mrs. Fitzherbert Mr. Errington.

A ROYAL QUANDARY.—On the first consignment of Seidlitz powers to the capital of Delhi, the monarch was deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing box. A box was brought to the king in full court, and the interpreter explained to his majesty how it should be used. Into a goblet he put the twelve blue papers, and, having added water the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance expressed no sign of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury, and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved in water, and as eagerly swallowed by his majesty, with a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi is numbered with the kingdom: the monarch rose, staggered, exploded, and in his full agonies screamed 'hold me down.' Then, rushing from the throne, fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long continued effervescence of the compound, spurting like ten thousand pennyworths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death, a melancholy and humiliating proof that kings are mortal.

GOOD HUMOR.—Good humor is a bright color in the web of life; but self denial only can make it a fast color. A person who is the slave of selfishness has so many wants of his own to be supplied, so many interests of his own to support and defend, that he has no leisure to study the wants and interests of others. It is impossible that he should be happy himself, or make others around him so.

BALL AT THE TULLERIES.—A gentleman writing from Paris to one of the N. York papers, says:

Monday's ball at the Tullaries was a prodigious mob; the company between three and four thousand. So close the pressure that nobody could distinguish anybody. A member of my family attended, and reports that the most splendid and costly toilettes were worn in vain. This morning's Monitor announces an extraordinary gathering of bracelets and jewelry after the ball, the richest ornaments—brilliants and laces—were torn off and trampled upon, without possibility of rescue. Some thirty American ladies and gentlemen, in elaborate costume, accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Mason, for the purpose of being formally presented to their Imperial Majesties, they could get only a passing glance and nod, and had to endure the crush, undistinguished for several hours. The robust minister and gentle madame had never seen harder service at Washington.

MRS. FROST, who edits a paper out in Ohio, excused the absence of editorial in a late number of her paper, saying that "a slight Frost occurred on Wednesday last." She means, we suppose, (we blush while we name it,) that Mrs. Frost was blessed with a little heir on the Wednesday alluded to.

Razors and Scissors.

The beard movement is rapidly extending. We go in for it up to the lips, on the score of comfort and economy. The beard is a badge of manhood; a contract and an off-set to the smooth face of woman. A protection from the biting frosts of winter, and the blistering heat of summer. Shaving is decidedly a barbarous custom—originating in some ascetic vow, to sacrifice what Nature intended as an ornament. From the misanthropic Priest "all shaven and shorn," the bareface fashion was adopted by French dandies, for the sake of distinction. Adam, Noah, Moses, Jesus, Mahomet, Luther, Calvin, Huss, Knox and Shakespeare, all wore magnificent beards. Let an artist denude the faces of these world heroes of their 'capillary attractions,' and half their dignity would be gone.

A man with a chin new reaped, feels as rough as a grater. His face is like a hatchet, and his lips like a prickly pear. He dare not kiss the baby for fear of scratching it, and making it cry. But with a soft, silky, flowing beard, the most delicate infant will respond to your moss-rose lips, not only without danger to its tender cuticle, but with the most delightful gout.

The ladies may set their faces against unmutilated beards as much as they please; the fashion is bound to spread. It is an unmistakable sign of the hairystocracy of Nature.—N. Y. Mirror.

Sebastopol.

The harbor of Sebastopol, which is at the present time the chief naval depot of the Russian fleets in the Black Sea, is situated on the South-western coast of the peninsula of Crimea. It is one of the finest harbors in the world. A narrow bay extends a considerable distance inland, where it is intersected by a sort of inner harbor which opens nearly at right angels to the northward, and extends some five miles into the country. The depth of water excepting near the head of the inner harbor is about six to eight fathoms. In the cove where the town is built there is a depth of five fathoms close in shore. The bottom consists of clay and mud and is free from rocks or shoals.

At the mouth of the port, as well as on its two sides, and on the southern angle of its inner harbor, there are strong commanding fortresses on which are mounted many heavy cannon, completely commanding the entrance of the harbor. Merchantmen are not allowed to enter the port of Sebastopol, and it has become exclusively a naval station. In its inner harbor may at all times be seen lying at anchor a goodly fleet of large ships of war. The town of Sebastopol is situated near the site of the ancient city of Cherson, a part of whose ruins still rear their stately forms in proud defiance of time and his invisible agents. Sebastopol is well built, with wide and regular streets intersecting each other at right angles. The houses are mostly constructed in the modern Italian style. The principal edifices are the admiralty, hospital and barracks.

THE DEAD SEA.—The old story, that no creature can live on or near the Dead Sea, is exploded. The last traveller in that region, a French savant, writes as follows:—"From the summit of the mountain which we have just described, this strange sea, which all writers describe as presenting the most dismal aspect, appeared to us like a splendid lake, glittering in the sunshine, with its blue waves gently breaking on the sands of the softest beach. Through the transparent water appeared a white tint, which enlivened the shore. We guessed at once that this appearance was owing to the salt crystalized under the water, and when near, we find that our conjecture is right. Are we now to be convinced that no living thing can exist on the shore of the Dead Sea, as has been so often repeated? We ascertain the contrary fact from the very moment we touch the shore. A flock of wild ducks rises before us and settles on the water out of gunshot, where they begin sporting and diving with perfect unconcern. As we advance, beautiful insects show themselves on the gravelly beach; rooks are flying and screaming among the rent cliffs of the steep hills which border the lake. Where, then, are all those poisonous vapors which carry death to all who venture to approach them? Where? In the writings of the poets, who have emphatically described what they had never seen. We are not yet five minutes treading the shores of the Dead Sea, and already all that has been said of it appears as mere creations of the fancy. Let us then proceed fearlessly forward, for, if anything is to be dreaded here, certainly it is not the pestilential influence of the finest and most imposing lake in the world."

A WARNING TO BACHELORS.—A morning or two since, cries for assistance were heard proceeding from the room of a highly respectable old bachelor. On bursting open the door, he was found frozen fast in a tub of water! Having been troubled with a bad cold, he thought to take a bath in a tub of water, the night before, and felt so comfortable while sitting in it, that he dropped asleep, and not awakening until morning, he was, of course, unable to stir, and was compelled to call for help. To his great horror, the first person rushing to his aid was an old maid, who had felt a partiality for —— his goods! She supposing he intended a joke upon her, broke into the street again, her countenance filled with indignation and wounded vanity, and threw her hands violently about, exclaiming, "O, the hateful villain!"—His continued cries, however, brought our friend speedy assistance, when by chopping him out with a hatchet, and turning him round like a spit before the fire, he was soon thawed out. He wishes us to say he is now a canddate for matimony.

P. S. We were not on hand ourself—and we only give what people say about it.—[New York Dutchman.

HORACE GREELY IN A NEW 'MOVEMENT.'—Mr. Greely, in the Tribune of Saturday week, comes out as a decided anti-shaving advocate. He closes a long article on beards with this characteristic appeal:—"We say to Young America in counting houses and work-shops, never touch your beards with a razor. Despise the dictates of fashion, and let the hair of the face grow silken and soft, only trimmed by the scissors. Your health will be improved; your teeth will be sounder; your liability to colds and bronchial and lung affections will be sensibly diminished; your convenience will be daily consulted; your manly beauty—no despicable thing, as it is the type of what ought to be the dower of every man—will be infinitely increased, and the true and poetical contrast to feminine loveliness be once more secured, which is impossible under the starved, scraped, wiry caricatures which shavelings now present."

IDENTITY OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.—Russia is about to plunge into war, she says, solely on account of the "holy places," and the Emperor says the nations of Europe are frightened at a "phantom." This is true; the holy places are a phantom—that is, there is no telling where the sites of the events referred by their title took place. For example, the Holy Sepulchre: It is denied that the place now shown has any pretension to genuineness. This was to be found in the relation of Bishop Arculf, who described the cave of Marcius as being about the year 694 round, the present one being square; as holding nine persons, while the present one can only hold five; as being of red and white stone, the present one being of gray limestone, and as bearing due west from Calvary, from whence the present cave bears northwest.

In a very thin house an actress spoke very low in her communications with her lover. The actor, whose benefit it happened to be, exclaimed with a face of woful humor: 'My dear, you may speak out, there is nobody to hear us.'

A Valuable Squaw.

We clip the following from the Pittsburg Union:

An excellent opportunity for a philanthropic young man of an educational and agricultural turn of mind, is now open 'out West.' The Chief of the Hayshe Indians, in Oregon, offers one thousand head of horses to any respectable white young man, well recommended, who will marry his daughter, a girl of about eighteen, settle down among them, and teach them agriculture.

A correspondent of the Sturgis Prairie Journal, in making the matter known, says:

'These horses are worth from fifty to eighty thousand dollars. I have seen this valuable squaw. She is about the medium size, with tolerable regular features, high cheek bones, sloping forehead, black eyes, and dark hair. Her form is square and stout. Her long hair hung over her shoulders, profusely ornamented with shells and beads. She wore a robe made of fawn skins, most beautifully ornamented with beads and shells. Her step was light and proud—her gait easily and graceful.'

A fine chance for all the objects men dream dreams about. Fame, power, fortune, love, and romance, all in a bunch, dangling from the hand of an Indian Princess, only eighteen years old, which hand and its accompaniments await the acceptance of any respectable, well recommended white young man—Who wants 'a recommend?'

QUEEN VICTORIA has got a pair of skates!—They were made a present to her, but what in the world will she do with them, now that she has got them? They are described as follows: The iron in front is in the form of a swan, chased in imitation of feathers; the clog is of satin wood, with leathers formed in the shape of a shoe, so that, when fitted to the foot and laced, it is very firm. At the opposite extremity is a plate cup to fit the foot, and chased with the rose, shamrock, and thistle. The strap round the heel is of black patent leather, stitched to correspond with the heel cup. The clog and front leather are lined with "chamoury" skin, to secure warmth to the oot.

BAYARD TAYLOR.—The New York "Sunday Times" says:—If "Young America" should ever stand in need of a candidate for the Presidency who is a thorough specimen of their kind, we nominate to the party Bayard Taylor. The man who travelled over Europe a-foot; who has hunted through Alfrica for the sources of the Nile; who has crossed the earth in two years; who has seen the genuine Japan ware; who has taken notes of the China question; who has then returned to crack jokes with a Tribune newsboy, (as we saw him yesterday,) is a leading sample of a man of progress. Let Judge Douglas look out for his laurels—notwithstanding his recent tour to Rome.

DRESS IN EUROPE.—The costume of Europe never suggests the idea of leisure or repose. It seems contrived on purpose to allow persons who are in a hurry to bustle about in a crowd without inconvenience. A party of bearded and turbaned Turks, smoking in a coffee-house, in perfect silence is a sight which impresses a European with an uneasy sense of inferiority. In battles, says an old proverb, the style is first overcome. So it is in all things. We are ever the dupes of sight. Such majestic persons, it seems to us, if they would condescend to speak 'at all, most utter sayings as wise and as rich as the proverbs of Solomon; though in point of fact there is probably more brain under the straw hat of a Yankee pedlar, than under three average turbans.—Hilliard's Italy.

☞ If you wish to ascertain the temper of a young lady, look at her nails, and the tips of her gloves. If they are jagged and much bitten, you may be sure she is peevish, irritable, quarrelsome, and too ready to show her teeth at the smallest provocation. This is an infallible test that every ill-tempered young lady carries at her fingers' ends. Do not attempt to kiss such a young lady under the mistletoe.

CONNUBIAL HAPPINESS.—Connubial happiness is of too fine a texture to be roughly handled. It is a delicate flower which indifference will chill, and suspicion blast. It is a sensative plant which will not even bear the touch of unkindness. It must be watered with showers of the tenderest affection, expanded with the glow of attention, and guarded with the impregnable barriers of mistaken confidence—chrefulness, unobscured by selfishness, uncontaminated by neglect. Thus matured it will bloom with fragrance in every season of life, and soften the pillow of declining years.

A LADY, on being told that a friend wished to see her, desired her little daughter, about eight or nine years of age, to say that she was not in; upon this, the friend, being anxious to have an interview, asked the child when her mother would be likely to return. The little thing very innocently said, calling up stairs, "Mamma, the lady wishes to know when you will be in?"

MISS LUCY STONE, at her late lecture in Pittsburgh, was particularly severe on misses of fifteen, who think they are not too young to marry. Boy husbands were treated with sovereign contempt. She would not have marriages contracted by males under thirty, or females under twenty-five years of age. She maintained her positions with apposite illustrations and much sound sense argument.

THE BEARD.—An English correspondent of the New York 'Tribune' says: Mr. George Dawson was the first, and for a long time the sole person who durst mount the pulpit and a moustache at the same time. Others, however, are following his example, and large numbers of our literary men may be seen "bearded like the pard."

MISPLACEMENT OF A LETTER.—The Paris Moniteur, in announcing the presentation of the Hon. John Y. Mason, the American Minister, makes one of the most ridiculous mistakes in English ever yet committed in France. It takes the Y which stands for Mr. Mason's middle name, makes a small y of it, and tacks it on to the end of John thus: 'Johnny Mason was presented yesterday.' Probably this was the first time that Johnny ever figured in a State or an official organ.

"Morning Relief Train," soliloquised Mrs. Partington, as she sat in one of the New Haven railroad cars, and gazed upon the ticket which she had a short time previously purchased at the depot—"Morning Relief Train. I s'pose that must be the train which starts every morning at 7 o'clock to pick up the poor creatures on the track, that have been mastichated the night previous. Dear me when will railroad folks learn to use circumcision and care?" and the old lady sighed in bitterness of spirit.

☞ Some years ago, Roger M. Sherman and Perry Smith, of Connecticut, were opposed to each other as advocates in an important case before the Court of Justice. Smith opened the case with a violent and foolish tirade against Sherman's political character. Sherman rose in a composed manner and remarked:

'I shall not discuss politics with Mr. Smith before this court, but I am perfectly willing to argue questions of law, chop logic, or even to split hairs with him.'

'Split that, then,' said Smith, at the same time pulling out a short, rough hair from his head, and handing it over towards Sherman.

'May it please the honorable court,' retorted Sherman, 'I didn't say bristles!'

THE FELLOW who "broke jail," was compelled to repair it again.