AMERICAN VOLUNTEER,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
John B. Bratton.

TERMS:

SUBSCRIPTION.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents, paid in advance; Two Dollars if paid within the year; and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the Editor.

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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. 43. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1857. NO. 35.

Poetical.

GROWING OLDER.

BY MARLY WARREN.

Growing older, growing older,
Father time becoming bolder,
Bolder far than years ago;
Never loiters, never lingers,
Marking with his skinny fingers,
Shall we call him friend or foe?

Growing older, growing older,
Now the fires of passion moulder,
Visions of my youth are flown;
From the chambers of my being,
All its earthly guests are fleeing—
Soon, my soul thou'lt be alone.

Weary heart, thou art growing older,
Art, indeed, becoming colder—
Dead to earthly joy or grief!
From thy limbs so pulsy shaken,
Hast sufficient warning taken
Of the sere and yellow leaf?

Growing older, growing older,
Memory may now unfold her
Treasures, time has beautified,
Till the hour my soul, immortal,
Leaves its clay at Heaven's portal,
Like a garment thrown aside.

Growing older, older growing,
As the river, near flowing,
Feels the impulse of the sea,
So the current of my being,
'Neath the eye of the All-Seeing,
Loses in Eternity.

Miscellaneous.

THE DOUBLE RESCUE;

OR, THE STRENGTH OF LOVE.

"A dreadful night—O, a dreadful night!" murmured the young wife with a shudder, as screening the pane with her hand from the bright firelight, she attempted, but in vain, to penetrate the storm and darkness without. "God grant he may be near," and with this heartfelt petition she turned from the window; seated herself and took up her knitting.

Cheerful, homelike was the aspect of that humble apartment. Near the fire, whose brisk blaze filled the room with a ruddy glow, and streamed far up the wide chimney, sang the waiting tea-kettle; while a neatly spread supper table occupied the centre of the floor, which was scoured almost to snowy whiteness.

The face of the only inmate of the dwelling, the female, above mentioned, wore an anxious, troubled expression. Ever and anon, the rude blast rattled the latch on the outer door, she paused in her work, and raised her eyes full of hope and expectancy, then, when only the groaning of the neighboring forest trees met her listening ear, signed, and again strove, by attention to her employment, to confine her thoughts, and calm her apprehensions.

Slowly and distinctly the tall clock at the back part of the room, told the hour of eight. The young woman put aside her task, and once more went to the window. The tempest had not in the least abated; but raged with the fury of a thousand uncaged lions, and seemed still increasing. Fearful indeed was that evening's elemental warfare, over that bleak Canadian plain!

"Yet he comes not—my husband. Merciful Heaven befriend us!" Tears gathered in the eyes of the gentle, devoted wife, and fell like rain upon her agitated bosom. For some moments she stood indulging their flow, until her heart, like a lightened ship, rose to its wonted place upon the billows which had threatened to overwhelm it.

Hope repeated her whisperings; and, in imagination, the young wife beheld the sturdy form of her beloved, nobly breasting the storm, and step by step nearing his home in safety. Already she seemed pouring for him the fragrant, steaming beverage, and listening to his expressions of thankfulness for surrounding blessings.

She turned to the table, cut another slice from a loaf of inviting appearance, and laid it upon the already laden plate. After replenishing the fire, she resumed her seat before it, and gazed into the writhing flames, that hastily embraced the fresh fuel, and with a serpent-like kiss swallowed the snow flakes, as they dropped into its red, open jaws.

The minute hand of the clock had traversed half the distance around the dial plate. The evening was fast waning, but the absent one was absent still. About noon of that day he had left home, on foot, intending to transact business in a village five miles distant, and return by nightfall.

At that time no signs of an immediate storm were apparent, but as the day drew near its close, the clouds began to gather thick and heavy, and the snow to fall in huge, feathery flakes. Faster and faster it descended, till all the air seemed filled by one mighty avalanche. Three hours had passed, and the storm-god in all his terrible fury was yet abroad.

At length, calmness could be maintained by the waiting wife no longer. Hope and trust faltered, died within her bosom. Starting from her chair, she paced the floor, wringing her hands in agony, though her eyes were tearless, and her pale lips mute as if sealed in death.

Vainly she endeavored to persuade herself into the belief, that the fierceness of the storm had prevented her husband from leaving the village—she could not be deceived. He would never voluntarily abandon her thus to loneliness and awful uncertainty—no; the assurance was all too undoubted, that the cold and the tempest had overpowered him on his way, and he had sunk amid the drifting snows to perish. No wonder that her cheek blanched to marble hue, and her eyes grew wild with terror!

Suddenly she pauses, while every feature speaks desperate resolve. See, she hurriedly envelopes herself in cloak and hood, and now with firm step moves toward the door. Upon what was she determined? Surely she will not expose that frail form to the strife that rages without! That were an act of insanity!

But yes; she lifts the latch, uncloses the door. On the instant, a furious gust drove a portion of the snow which had accumulated against the panels to the opposite side of the room. Unable to compete with its rage, the agonized wife shrank back, with a low, tremulous moan; and applying her whole strength to the door forced it again to its place, between herself and the rough elements without.

She waited but a moment, however; the next she had rushed forth, closed the door behind her, and was plunging wildly down the snow-filled path. The storm was over, the clouds were beginning to break, and let down the rays of the moon, whose broad disk had just risen above the horizon. But while the snow had ceased to fall, the cold had grown more intense, and the wrath of the wind was nothing spent.

Madly it swept across the extended plain, converting it in aspect to a stormy sea, where foam-crested waves chase and dash upon each other, like wrangling demons. Onward toiled that solitary female, through the blinding, suffocating snow which was consequently being hurled against her; though an occasional blast, fiercer than the others, compelled her to halt for a moment, and bury her face in the folds of her cloak. Then her slender form, swaying to and fro as it had been a yielding sapling, seemed as if it must be borne down, but affection, deep, all powerful affection buoyed her up and led her forward.

It was a dreary waste over which she had to pass; no cottage window sent forth a cheering gleam; only a snow covered plain and barren trees, in the distance, could be seen. No power could have summoned human aid to the spot; the direst shriek of distress would have been wasted on the air.

And now, when nearly a mile lay between her and home, the wife felt herself exhausted, and benumbed by cold to a degree that she could proceed no further. The sharp winds pierced her garments as if they had been but a robe of muslin, and put to the torture every fibre of her frame. Her limbs refused longer to obey her will, her breath was gone, her very heart's blood seemed turned to ice. She tottered, fell, and the same blast that bore her down, wrapped her in a shroud of snow.

But exerting herself to the utmost, she rose to her feet again, for her last glance had rested on a dark object a short distance in advance, and the possibility of its being him she sought, nerved her to make one more effort. Fixing her eyes upon the object which had attracted her attention, she struggled forward, and reached it just as her last remnant of strength was expended.

It was indeed her husband. He had contended with the elements, till chilled, wearied, and almost breathless, then had sunk down in the path in order to recover himself for a further effort. No thought of perishing had passed the strong man's mind; but no sooner did muscular action cease, than the lethargy which but for timely breaking had ended in death, was upon him. All sense of suffering fled, gay colors floated before his sight, and the sound of the angry blast seemed sweetest music.

He sat with his feet drawn up, and his head bowed upon his knees. How long he had remained thus he knew not, when the voice of his wife exclaiming, "Thank God we die together!" sounded faintly in his ears; and the same instant he felt her prostrate form and encircling arms. These quickly roused him to a sense of their situation, and that sense warmed the congealing life-current, and sent it lightning-like through its channels.

The knowledge of the danger, the certain death to which his idolized companion was exposed, and from which he alone could save her, at once raised him above the power of fatigue and cold. Starting to his feet, he folded her insensible form to his bosom, and bore it toward their home, as if she had been the merest infant.

The blast to him was but a zephyr, the snow drifts but unresisting air. He passed not until the cottage was reached; where the wife was presently restored to animation, and both to happiness. Each had saved the other from a fearful death.

Life in a Drop of Water.

Clear and transparent it lies before us, vainly our eye endeavors to discover the least evidence of life, or the smallest creature, in that which seems in itself too small to contain any living object; the breath of our mouth is strong enough to agitate it, and a few rays of the sun are sufficient to convert it into vapor. But we place this drop of water between two clean squares of glass, beneath the microscope, and lo! what life suddenly presents itself; we scarcely trust our senses. The little drop has expanded into a large plain, wonderful shapes rush thickwards, and forwards, drawing towards and repulsing each other, or resting placidly and rocking themselves, as if they were cradled on the waves of an extensive sea. These are no delusions; they are real living creatures, for they play with each other, they rush violently upon one another, they whirl round each other, they free and propel themselves, and run from one place in order to renew the same game with some other little creature, or madly they precipitate themselves upon one another, combat and struggle, until the one conquers and the other is subdued, or carelessly they swim, side by side, until playfulness and rapacity is awakened anew. One sees that these little creatures, which the sharp eye cannot detect without the aid of a microscope, are susceptible of enjoyment and pain; in them lives an instinct which induces them to seek and enables them to find sustenance, which points out and leads them to avoid and to escape the enemy stronger than themselves. Here one tumbles about in mad career and drunken lust, it stretches out its feelers, beats about with its tail, tears its fellows, and is as frolicsome as if perfectly happy. It is gay, cheerful, hops and dances, rocks and bends about upon the little waves of the water drop. There is another creature; it does not swim about, remains upon the same spot, but contracts itself convulsively, and then stretches itself palpitatingly out again. Who could not detect in these motions the throes of agony? And so it is; for only just now it has freed itself from the jaws of a stronger enemy. The utmost power has it exerted in order to get away, but he must have had a tight hold, severely wounded it, for only a few more throes, each becoming weaker and more faint, it draws itself together, stretches out its whole length once more, and sinks slowly to the bottom. It was a death-struggle—it has expired. On one spot a great creature lies apparently quiet and indifferent. A smaller one passes carelessly by, and like a flash of lightning the first dashes upon it. Vainly does the weaker seek to escape its more powerful enemy; he has already caught it, embraces it; the throes of the vanquished cease—it has become a prey.—This is only a general glance at the life in a water drop; but how *great* does even this already show the *small!* how wondrously does everything shape itself within that of which we had formerly not the least conception!

The Vicissitudes of Fortune.

The vicissitudes of human life are very strange. In 1830, President Taylor, then a colonel in the army, wrote a letter to General McNeil, who had just been appointed surveyor of Boston, from which we make the following extract: "I am fully aware that it is impossible for us to pursue any profession—particularly that of arms—for fifteen or twenty years, without forming a strong attachment to in various ways, and of course, must abandon them with considerable reluctance; but there are circumstances which should reconcile us to do so, and to justify us, not only in our own eyes, but that of the community. Could I get a civil appointment as respectable, with half the emolument attached to it that there is to the one you have received, and where I could be located so as to superintend the education of my children, I would resign forthwith; for after serving twenty-two years and upwards, in the army, all of this time on duty, with the exception of a few months, without being stationed two years at any one post, during that time, I begin to think that I need repose, but as I do not possess influence to procure a civil appointment of any grade, I consider my doom fixed."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

☞ It has often been remarked that children will frequently ask questions, which even the wisest are puzzled to answer. "Mother," exclaimed Charley, "how big was I when you was a little girl?" Wasn't that a poser.

☞ 'How do you like the character of St. Paul?' asked a parson of his landlady one day, during a conversation about the old saints and the apostles. 'Ah, he was a good, clever old soul, I know—for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us and ask no questions for conscious sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder.'

The Royal Palace at Madrid.

If the head that sleeps beneath the crown is uneasy, it is not because it is laid upon its pillow in comfortable lodgings. Crowned heads generally look out for the best quarters, and the pretty head of Queen Isabella of Spain has certainly a most magnificent shelter. Her suberb palace is one of the finest in Europe, or rather, in the world. It is an undisputed model of architectural taste, beauty and grandeur, and its effect is most striking to the eye. It is situated at the western extremity on the sight of the original Alcazar, or castle of the Moors, which was burned down on Christmas eve, 1734. Its extent is enormous, being 470 feet each way, and towering a perfect mountain of masonry, to the height of 100 feet. The rustic base is of granite, and the window work is of white Colmenar stone, which glitters in the sunlight like marble. The architecture is a combination of Ionic and Dorick. It contains a small but splendid Corinthian chapel, a library of nearly 100,000 volumes, and has one of the finest armories in the world. Our picture is drawn from the most favorable point of view, and the proportions of this remarkable edifice have been faithfully presented by the artist.

There are several other fine buildings in Madrid, such as the Chamber of Deputies, the Palace of the Councils, the Post Office, the Custom House, the Palacio de Buenavista, and a few churches, but the city, with these exceptions, is not particularly remarkable for beautiful, nor has it any ancient edifices. The recent date of its becoming the Spanish capital (under the reign of Philip II.) fully accounts for this. During the sway of the Austrian dynasty, which lasted about a century and a half, the only important buildings erected were convents, and these were far from being ornamental structures. Yet Madrid has very much to interest the traveller, as it has a peculiar and unique physiognomy of its own. And this interest in the capital of the nation may be somewhat enhanced when the former power and splendor of the Spanish people is remembered, which have been wanting for centuries. The present critical condition of the nation seems to foretoken a still greater decay of its national strength.

Dominie Brown's First Kiss.

He had reached the mature age of five and forty without ever having taken part in this labial exercise. One of his deacons had a very charming daughter, and for a year or two the Dominie found it very pleasant to call upon her three or four times a week. In fact the neighborhood said he was "courting" her, and very likely he was, though he had not the remotest suspicion of it himself.

One Monday evening he was sitting as usual by her, when a sudden idea happened to pop into his head.

"Miss Mary," said he, "I've known you a long time, and I never thought of such a thing before, but now I should like you to give me a kiss. Will you?"

"Well, Mr. Brown," replied she, arching her lips in a tempting way, "if you think it would not be wrong, I would have no objections."

"Let us ask a blessing first," said the good man, closing his eyes and folding his hands.—"For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us thankful."

The chaste salute was then given, and then warmly returned.

"Oh, Mary, that was good!" cried the Dominie, electrified by a new sensation. "Let us have another, and then return thanks."

Mary did not refuse; and when the operation had been repeated, the Dominie ejaculated in a transport of joy:

"For the creature comforts which we have now enjoyed, the Lord be praised, and may they be sanctified to our temporal and eternal good!"

History says that the fervent petition of the honest Dominie was duly answered: in less than a month Mary became Mrs. Brown.

"To Mothers with Marriageable Daughters."

Under this some what suggestive caption, we find a communication in the Vicksburg *Whig*, purporting to come from a gentleman desirous of "marrying somebody's daughter," containing a good deal of sense, which applies to other localities besides Vicksburg. As it touches upon matters which have occupied some considerable attention of late, and refers to a growing evil in this country, we have thought it worth while to give our readers the benefit of a few paragraphs from it, which they can make the most of, or not, just as they please. The vein of satire which runs through it is well deserved in many quarters throughout the South.

Our hero describes himself as "passably good looking, neither drinks whisky, chews tobacco, nor smokes cigars; and has a credit in his bank-book, sufficient, with economy, to pay his board and dry goods bill for at least one year in advance. This is the saving of seven years' labor, just half the time the good Patriarch labored for *two* wives—the writer wants but *one*. He also has a clerkship worth $800 per annum, and is twenty-eight years old, and as the Tennessee horse jockey sasy, "sound in wind and limb." In a community where labor is respectable, and where the industrious man and busy housewife, and not the idler and pink saucer Miss, are the gentleman and lady; with such a capital and future prospects, the most timid votary of Hyman would have nothing to fear in kneeling before the alter and plighting vows with one beloved; but here, where the music of the spinning-wheel is an absolete idea, and the dusty brogans and rough hand of toil, are pushed aside by patent leather, and kid gloves, and pomatum, and the "balm of a thousand dollars," preferred as hair and skin preservatives to the sweat of the brow that earns the bread, a man who, with such means and prospects, would commit matrimony would be esteemed by those who have "seen the elephant," as either a fool or a madman; for it would take the half of his bank-capital to pay house-rent for a year, and the balance to hire servants to do what the bride would most cheerfully do if it was only respectable; but the doing of which would lose her caste, and ladies of "ton" would not visit her—and that would be awful, you know!"

☞ The other day a young lady asked a green, young clerk of a dry good store if he had hose.

'Yes, some pretty garden hoes.'

'O, Pshaw!' said the maiden; 'I mean stockings for ladies.'

'Ah,' said the counter hopper, yes ma'am here they are—very fine.'

'What's the price?'

'Seventy five cents.'

'Rather high.'

'Yes,' said the clerk, 'they reach above the knees.'

The maiden vamoused and the reporter took out his Balaam book.

☞ A wood sawyer becoming vexed with with his saw thus exclaimed: "Of all the saws I ever saw, saw I never saw a saw as this saw saws."

☞ A lady never knows how young she looks, until she has had her portrait painted.

GOING UP AND COMING DOWN.

This is a simple song, 'tis true,
My songs are never over-nice,
And yet I'll try and scatter through
A little pinch of good advice.
Then listen, pompous friend, and learn
Never to boast of much renown:
For fortune's wheel is on the turn—
And some go up and some go down.

I know a vast amount of stocks
A vast amount of pride inures:
But Fate has picked so many locks,
I wouldn't like to warrant yours.
Remember, then, and never spurn
The one whose hand is hard and brown;
For he is likely to go up,
And you are likely to come down.

Another thing, you will agree—
The truth may be as well confessed—
That "Codfish Aristocracy"
Is but a scaly thing at best;
And though the fishes large and small
May seek the little ones to drown,
Yet fishes all, both great and small,
Are going up and coming down.

Our lives are full of chance and change,
And change, you know, is never sure;
And 'twere a doctrine new and strange,
That places high are most secure.
And though the fickle god may smile,
And yield the sceptre and the crown,
'Tis only for a little while—
That B goes up, and A comes down.

This world for you and me, my friend,
Has something more than pounds and pence
Then let me humbly recommend
A little use of common sense.
Then lay all pride of place aside,
And have a care on whom you frown,
For fear you'll see him going up—
While you are only coming down.

Philosophy and Providence.

There is something so remarkable in the march of empire as respects the United States, that we can but see a wise order in the material arrangements of the earth—equivalent, we think, to a special and particular Providence.

The Atlantic border is of granite or of sand, the soil yielding remuneration only to hardest toil and patient industry—and even the better lands of the interior allowing of little diminution of labor and patience, for great forests were to be cleared away and abundance required long years of privation and economy.

What a great contrast between all this and the great prairie country at the west! There a twelve month of diligence may gladden the farmer with visions of broad acres of fertility unsurpassed on the face of all the earth.

Numberless examples might be cited in illustration of the rapidity of settlement in that western world, and the ultimate secret of this maternal growth is in the fertility of the prairies and the ease of cultivation. Huge lakes and a net work of railroads could not make Eden out of a desert. It is the open rich soil that has built the steamboats and railroads and cities of the west, and nearly all has been accomplished since the youngest voter at the polls was a babe in the cradle.

Let us suppose that the Creator had reversed the order of things; let us suppose that the great prairies, with all their attractive characteristics, had been placed along the Atlantic, and that as you went westward and crossed the Allegheny mountains, the country had passed off into granite soil and sand banks. The swarming millions would have been crowded along the sea board, with little or no temptation to "pull up stakes" and journey towards sundown.

Does it not seem a marvelously wise arrangement of the Creator that the population of the land should for ages be restricted to a relatively hard region, that thus they might be trained into ingenuity of machinery and manufactures before the gates of the west were effectually unbarred?

Beyond the fertile prairies there is arid desert—and beyond that again there are fertile valleys, seemingly isolated from all the world.—We can conceive of nothing short of religious zeal, mingling with and appealing to man's instincts, (perhaps even to grossness,) that could rapidly people such a country; and may we not believe, without any presumptuous reliance on the overruling hand of Providence, that Mormonism had a peculiar mission in that regard?

Farther West beyond the Rocky mountains, still lay a realm of untold beauty and fertility. The tide of life must eventually overflow all intervening barriers, yet it would seem that Infinite Wisdom sought an earlier opening of the region that looked out upon the Pacific. Partly by purchase partly by conquest, the Anglo-Saxon stock supplanted the indolent Spanish Mexican; but unusual attractions were essential to the settlement of the region acquired.—Gold was discovered in California, and a mighty nation seemed to be born in a day. Great caravans crossed the desert—ships doubled Cape Horn—the Isthmus of Darien became a highway—rivalry opened the Nicaragua route; and what ever we may say or think of recent events or existing complications Central America will be aroused from the slumber of indolence, for Civilization and Liberty must girdle the earth.—*Christian Ambassador.*

INFLUENCE OF CITY LIFE.—Rev. Dr. Scott, the eminent Presbyterian divine, has been lecturing before the Mercantile Library Association of San Francisco. His view of the influence of city life on youth widely differ from many who have treated of the subject, but are well worthy attention:

"The country and the village may be the best place for the birth and early training of youth; but it is in the excitement of the city that the highest developements of mind that are made. The powerful minds that have swayed the destinies of mankind, though not commonly born in the great city, have generally gone to reside there, to feel that activity which would draw out their strength, and to find a theatre suitable for their talents. Our men of letters have their homes in or near our largest cities. Hume, whose authority is great in all matters of mere literary experience, says that 'a great city is the fit residence for a man of letters.' This is true. In the country there may be leisure, but there will be a want of impulse for intellectual pursuits. The mind languishes in the midst of a wilderness. 'Tis better, in the development of intellect, to dwell in the midst of alarms, than reign in a horrible solitude. The mind without congenial spirits stagnates. 'It gathers the rust of decay,' as the immortal Chalmer says, 'by its mere distance from sympathy and example.' See his polity of cities. It is the presence of libraries and of literary men, and under the pressure of intense excitement, that the human mind ordinarily comes forth in its greatest power."

THE DIFFERENCE.—Young girls like balls, young men like belles, brokers like bills, topers like bowls, and cardinals like bulls, by changing a vowel, all tastes are suited.

The Condition of the Grave of Jefferson.

The Southern *Argus*, published at Norfolk, Va., makes a strong appeal to the patriotism of the country, in a late article, in which it gives a description of the deplorable condition of Monticello, the grave of the greatest and most illustrious statesman the country has ever produced. It is most discreditable to the American people that such revered and consecrated spots as Mount Vernon and Monticello should be so neglected and abandoned. The Southern *Argus* says:

"But there is another object of much interest near Charlottsville, which merits particular notice. Monticello, the residence of Mr. Jefferson, has unique beauties. If it had not been his residence, it would still be a spot for the traveler to visit, who is fond of beholding scenery which the pencil of a mortal cannot copy. We will not undertake a description of it, but will advise all to see it. Our object is to call attention to its present dilapidated condition, and we feel authorized to do so, although it has passed away from the family of Mr. Jefferson into the possession of one who is a stranger among us.

"While slowly wending up the steep ascent, along the circuitous carriage way on the edge of the mountain, when nearly on the summit, an old brick wall, in the grove near the road, attracts the notice of the traveler, and, upon inquiry, the carriage driver will tell him that it is the grave of Jefferson. A short walk conducts him to that (whom do we offend by saying it?) hallowed spot. Hallowed in name, desecrated in deed. The small enclosure is filled with rank, noxious weeds, the slabs which cover the graves of the members of the family broken and strewed around, the shaft above the remains of the sage himself hacked and hewn, and the table that told who slept beneath, torn from its niche and borne far, far away. All this in the very presence of the thousands of gallant youths who are drinking at the fountain that sage supplied. A few drams less, a few cigars less, would enable them to board a fund that would build anew the wall around this sacred spot, and adorn the grave of their benefactor, of the immortal author of the Declaration of Independence, (let imbeciles doubt that!) with a monument worthy of his fame and illustrative of their patriotism. We leave this work in their hands, and feel sure they only need its suggestion to accomplish it.

"A short drive from the grave-yard brings the traveler to Monticello, once the resort of the bright and beautiful, the wise and the great of our land, hospitality then its only sign-board, perfect order its chief ornament. The contrast between the Monticello of Jefferson and the Monticello of ——— is as great as the contrast between the sage and its present owner. An intentionally rough road brings the visitor to the gate of this Mecca, and his faithful eyes are greeted with the sight of a rough board nailed to one of the majestic trees in the yard, on which is inscribed a caution against all visits to the grounds. Perhaps no one has a right to intrude upon the privacy of a family, and the purchase of this spot by any individual may have effectually placed it beyond public inspection, but there are some privileges which, by almost universal consent, the public are allowed to enjoy even at the expense of a single individual, if that individual is so simple, so vain, or so avaricious as to connect himself with them.

"No man ought to have bought Monticello exclusively for himself, and the present purchaser deserves the intrusion of the public as a punishment for his pride or avarice. It ought to have been converted into an asylum for the support of the Professor, who, after long service for a small compensation, became incapacitated by age or disease from discharging the duties of his station, and too often lingers out the residue of his life in penury. Monticello, *mutatis mutandis*, would make a splendid Chelsea Hospital."

A Marvellous Story.

The Rockport (N. Y.) *Republic* has the following, which comes under the head of "marvellous," if true:

"About three years ago, a girl was walking on the beach of the lake, north of this place, with a young man to whom she related a wonderful dream of the previous night, in which it was revealed to her that she should find a large sum of money upon the shore. The young man was to have half for assisting her in the search. Directly they came to a dead body, which, from its appearance, and the size of the head (nearly as large as a bushel basket) had evidently been in the water some time.

"At the sight, they both fainted away, but soon recovered, and venturing to examine it, discovered about it a belt containing a large sum of money in bills—this they counted and found the amount as stated.

"They buried the body to prevent discovery, and also the money, which they agreed not to disturb for three weeks. At the expiration of the time, the young man returned to the place; the money was missing. His companion acknowledged she had taken it, and would take care of it until he was twenty, which would be in three years.

"As the time has expired, he demands his half which she answers by denying the whole statement. The young man tells a friend, and it spreads like wildfire. Report says, a large company of men armed with spades and shovels, are to-day looking for the bones of the buried stranger. The excitement has been very much increased by the fact that a propellor was wrecked there three years ago, and that a gentleman, supposed to be a spaniard, a stranger to the passengers who were saved, was lost.

"Some parties, formerly rather hard up, report says, have been very flush of late, speculating very largely in real estate and making a great show generally.

"LATER.—We just learn that bones answering to the fact of the burial have been discovered in the woods about a half a mile from the beach."

AN EDITOR'S VALEDICTORY.—One of the fraternity who appears to have become disgusted with the profession, assigns these reasons for vacating the editorial chair:

"The undersigned retires from the editorial chair with the complete conviction that all is vanity. From the hour he started his paper to the present time, he has been solicited to lie on every given subject, and can't remember having told a wholesale truth without diminishing his subscription list, or making an enemy. Under these circumstances of trial, and having a thorough contempt for himself, he retires in order to recruit his constitution."

☞ Not long since, a youth, older in wit than years, after being catechised concerning the power of God, replied:

"Ma, I think there is one thing God can't do."

"What is it?" eagerly inquired the mother.

"God can't make Bill Jones' mouth any bigger, without setting his ears back."

☞ A 'bright child' asked its mother where he should go when he died.

'To heaven, I trust,' said the mother.

'Shall I have anything to eat there?'

'Yes, love, you will be fed with the bread of eternal life.'

'Well, I hope they'll put lots o' butter on it,' concluded the youngster.

Rascality Abounding.

The gospel is preached to the people regularly, all over the country—religious papers and magazines are circulated in families, and many valuable persons set good examples before the world—but notwithstanding all this, and more, observation teaches us that rascality abounds in all classes of society. Petty thefts are daily committed—such as robbing money drawers, stealing clothes, and dry goods, chickens, ducks, corn, and other eatables. Strolling vagabonds, dealing in counterfeit money, and diseased horses, are all over the country.—Gamblers, traveling and local, and resident rogues, are all on the alert. Pious villains, with faces as sanctified as the moral law, are keeping false accounts and swearing to them, for the sake of gain. Whiskey shops are selling by the small, in violation of the law.—*Drug-stores* are training up drunkards in high life, and affording facilities for *Sabbath* drinking which can be had no where else. The rich are oppressing the poor, and the poor are content to live in rags and idleness. Country dealers in produce come to town and exact two prices for all they have to sell, and the owners of real estate in towns are asking double rents, to the injury of business, and the growth of towns. Banks and corporations, intended for the public good, have their favorites, and are partial in the distribution of favors. Families persecute and envy each other. Individuals slander their betters. Persons of low origin put on airs, and falsely pretend to be more than they are. Cheating and misrepresentation are the order of the day, generally. In politics there is very little patriotism or love of country, while demagogues seek to mislead, and build up their own fortunes at the hazard of ruining the country. In religion there is more hypocrisy than grace, and the biggest scoundrels living crowd into the church, with a view to cloak their rascally designs, and more effectually to serve the Devil! In a word, rascality abounds among all classes and in all countries. The Devil is talking abroad in open day-light, without the precaution to dress himself! And if the present generation of men could see themselves in the Gospel Glass, they are as black as Hell.—*Knoxville Whig.*

TEXAS REPTILES.—A writer thus speaks of the reptiles of Texas:

"The cattle are not the sole occupants of the prairies by any means. Droves of wild horses are not unfrequent, and deer are in countless numbers. The small brown wolf is quite common, and you occasionally get a glimpse of his large black brother. But Texas is the paradise of reptiles and creeping things. Rattle and moccasin snakes are too numerous even to shake a stick at. The tarantula is a pleasant institution to get into a quarrel with. He is a spider, with a body about the size of a hen's egg, and his legs five or six inches long, and covered with long coarse black hair. He lies in cattle tracks, and if you see him, move out of his path, and he never gets out of any one's way, but can jump eight or ten feet to inflict his deadly bite. Then there is the centipede, furnished with an unlimited number of legs, each armed with a claw, and each claw inflicting a separate wound. If he should walk over you at night, you will have cause to remember him for months to come, as the wound is of a particularly poisonous nature, and is very difficult to heal. *The stinging lizzard is a lesser evil, the sensation of its wound being likened to the application of a red hot iron to the person; but one is too thankful to escape with life, to consider these lesser evils annoyances.* But the insects! flying, creeping, running, digging, buzzing, stinging, they are everywhere. Ask for a cup of water, and the rejoinder in our camp is, "Will you have it with a bug or without?"

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM GEORGE WASHINGTON.—The Pittsburg Gazette states that the following letter from Gen. Washington has never before been published. It refers, as will be seen, to the adoption of the present Constitution of the United States, and is highly interesting.

MOUNT VERNON, April 3d, 1788.

Dear sir:—I have received your letter of the 13th ult. My not acknowledgeing the reception of the printed vocabulary must have been an omission, for it came safely to hand with the manuscript one.

Your observation respecting the instability and inefficiency of our General Government is very just; they are not only apparent in the instances which you mention, but have for a long time strongly marked all our National transactions. This, in my opinion, is a powerful argument for adopting the proposed Constitution, even if it was less perfect than it is, and while a Constitutional door is left open for amendments, whenever they may be found necessary.

I thank you, my dear sir, for your information, respecting the opposition to the proposed government in the country west of the Susquehanna. Notwithstanding the rancor and activity of the opponents in Pennsylvania, I trust that they are, generally speaking, persons of too little importance, and of too contemptible characters, to endanger the general welfare of the Union by extending their influence to other States, or even any further in their own than to a few counties or over persons whose characters dispositions and situations are comfortable to theirs.

How the important question will be decided in this State is yet uncertain—opinions are various, and I can say nothing upon the subject from my own knowledge, as I but very rarely ride off my farm, and am wholly indebted to the public papers and those gentlemen who visit me for any information which I have—however, from everything I can collect, I am still confident of its adoption here. I am, Dear Sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Gen. Richard Butler.

A GOOD EATER.—An elderly fat gentleman, in discussing a warm breakfast at an inn, called the waiting boy—"Donald, bring me more bread; I eat a good deal of bread to my steak." Donald answered with much simplicity, "Ay, please your honor, and you eat a good deal of steak to your bread."

A GOOD FELLOW.—A man ceases to be a "good fellow" the moment he refuses to do what other people wish him to do. How true this is. The young man who treats all hands when asked to "put the party through," is "a clever fellow;" while his friend, who declines to fool away his money on bad whiskey, is "a mean cuss." What a queer world this is!

☞ "Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?"

'Yes, to the bone.'

'What is his character?'

'Didn't know he had any.'

'Does he live near you?'

'So near that he has spent only 5s. for firewood in eight years.'

☞ "I embrace the opportunity," as the fellow said when he kissed the girl in the dark. "We are liable to deception," as he exclaimed, when he discovered it to be an ugly old nigger!"

Siberian Sledge Dogs.

These dogs are said to resemble the wolf—they have long, pointed, projecting noses, sharp and upright ears, and long bushy tails; color various black, brown, reddish brown, white and spotted. They vary also in size; but a good sledge dog should not be less than two feet seven inches high. Their howling is that of a wolf. In the summer they dig holes in the ground for coolness, or lie in the water to escape the mosquitoes, which in those regions are not less troublesome than one of Pharaoh's plagues. In winter, they burrow in the snow, and lie curled up, with their noses covered by their bushy tails. The preparation of these animals for a journey is carefully to be attended to. For a fortnight, at least, they should be put on a small allowance of hard food, to convert their superfluous fat into firm flesh. They are also to be driven from ten to twenty miles daily; after which, Von Wrangel says, they have been known to travel a hundred miles a day without being injured by it.

"We drove ours," he says, "sometimes at the rate of one hundred werst (sixty-six miles) a day. Their usual food is fresh fish, thawed and cut in pieces; and ten frozen herrings are said to be a proper daily allowance for each dog. A team consists commonly of twelve dogs; and it is of importance that they should be accustomed to draw together. The foremost sledge has usually an additional dog, which has been trained as a leader. On the sagacity and docility of this leader depend the quick and steady going of the team, as well as the safety of the traveller."—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

Big Stories.

A lot of young fellows were trying their skill at telling big stories a few days ago. Among the numerous stories told on the occasion were the following hard ones:

Bill said—

"I know a tree that seven men chopped at for seven weeks, and then they took a notion to go round and look at the other side. They travelled four days and then came to a party of forty who had been chopping at it for four months and it was not cut half through yet!"

Tom said—

"I remember that well. It was an oak, and five million hogs were fattened yearly on the acorns that fell from it!"

Joe said—

"The tree was afterwards cut down and five hundred sawmills have been working on it for two years, and it is not half cut up yet. Two new towns, five bridges, and nearly a thousand barns have been built with the lumber it has produced. The chips made in cutting it down, when closely heaped, measured four million cords and have supplied two furnaces with charcoal for the last two years!"

Jack said—

"Deacon Brown afterwards dug out the stump and turned the place into a pasture field. He kept so many cows on it that he made a million pounds of butter and nearly as much cheese every year!"

Now came Stick-in-the-mud's turn. Drawing himself up, he said—

"Wa'll I dunno how many pounds of butter and cheese Deacon Brown makes yearly. But I do know that he runs the five hundred sawmills Joe mentioned, *by buttermilk power!*"

HEADS AND HATS.—At a recent meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine, Dr. McElheran gave a lecture on Ethnology, which is reported in the Medical Monthly. By means of a monumental illustration, collections of crania, statutes, and coins, he traced the Celtic type back through Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, and Egypt, and asserted that the Americans were of Celtic and not of Anglo-Saxon origin, which he pretended to prove by their history of emigration, their language, their confirmation, &c. He gave statistics, furnished by several of the leading hatters, dentists, and hair-dealers of New York and other cities. One hatter of New York, who sends to all parts of the Union, reported that Virginia and the western states require larger hats than the other states. New England heads are of about the same size as those of the New Yorkers. The Irish are larger than those of any race in this country. The Celtic head is a long oval, as is observed among the Irish and Scotch. The English head is also long, but not so uniformly oval as the Irish. The average American head is a long oval, exactly the same shape, but smaller than the Irish. It is the most easily fitted, because it is the most regular formed, and because the hat blocks are made to suit the national form and size. The Germans have smaller heads than the Irish, but they wear larger hats than the Americans. They have very irregular formed heads, approaching in shape an irregular square, broad and flat behind and flat on top. The great breadth between the ears throws the hat out of shape, so that the brim is turned up in front and behind, unless the hat is especially made to fit. Several old manufacturers and retailers assert that the American head is diminishing, and that the western states, colonized by foreigners, have the largest sizes.

THE SCARLET FEVER.—The following remedy for the scarlet fever is recommended by Dr. Lindsley, of Washington, as the treatment which has been resorted to with great success by Dr. Schneeman, physician to the King of Hanover. We give it, rather for the benefit of our medical men than for others, for in a matter of such importance, and involving consequences so serious, too much care cannot be exercised.

From the first day of the illness, and as soon as we are certain of its nature, the patient must be rubbed morning and evening over the whole body with a piece of bacon, in such a manner that, with the exception of the head, a covering of fat is every where applied. In order to make this rubbing in somewhat easier, it is best to take a piece of bacon the size of the hand, that we may have a firm grasp. On the soft size of this piece, slits are to be made in order to allow the oozing out of the fat. The rubbing must be thoroughly performed, and not too quickly, in order that the skin may be regularly saturated with the fat. The beneficial results of the application are soon obvious: with a rapidity bordering on magic, all, even the most painful symptoms of the disease are allayed: quiet sleep, good humor, and the appetite return, and there remains only the impatience to quit the sick room.

AN INDIAN STRAW.—A country Democrat l