American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2,00 PER ANNUM.

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AMERICAN VOLUNTEER,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

John B. Bratton.

TERMS.

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PUBLIC SALE.

Valuable Stock and Farming Utensils.

I will sell, on THURSDAY the 8th day of October next, on the farm on which Robert Noble resides, on the Harrisburg turnpike, one mile and a-half east of Carlisle, one very fine

6 MULE TEAM,

of large size and good condition.

One 4 Mule Team.

The Mule Teams are all well broke for all purposes.

THREE FINE BROOD MARES,

TWO GOOD FARM HORSES,

About Fifty Head of Cows, Heifers, and Young Cattle, a large lot of Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, &c.,

Three or Four Wagons,

New Threshing Machine, one Wind Mill, a good Reaper, (McCormick's,) two good Grain Drills for seeding grain, three pair Hay Ladders, one Roller, one Sleigh, Harness, Plough Gears, and a variety of other articles, being the stock of several farms.

Terms made known on day of sale, by

JOS. W. PATTON,
Attorney in fact for J. & R. Noble.

October 1, 1857—2t

Valuable Farm at Public Sale.

THE undersigned, Executors of the estate of David M. Williams, late of Carroll township, York county, deceased, will offer at public sale, on Friday, the 9th day of October, 1857, on the premises, the following Real Estate, viz:

A large plantation, situated principally in Carroll township, York county, and partly in Monroe township, Cumberland county, adjoining lands of James Williams, jr., And. Spahr, Isaac Prosser, Martha Wilson, and others, containing 196 Acres, strict measure. About 80 acres of this farm is covered with fine timber, principally chesnut, of easy access. There is a sufficient quantity of meadow land to this farm, and the residue is in a high state of cultivation and under good fences. The greater part having of late years been limed. The natural qualities of the soil are good. There is an Orchard of choice fruit trees on said farm, consisting of Apples, Peaches, &c. The State road leading from Carlisle to York passes through the centre of said farm near the buildings. Said premises are located in a wealthy neighborhood, and having convenient access to mills, stores, &c., being about 7 miles south-east from Carlisle, 2 from Churchtown, and about 2 north from Dillsburg. The improvements are a Log Dwelling HOUSE, Still House with Distilling Apparatus in good order, a large BRICK BANK BARN, and other Out-buildings. There is a Well of never failing water near the buildings at the Carlisle road; also a large and constant running Spring of water near the Tenant House at the mountain road which passes through the western part of this farm. These premises by adding the proper improvements would make one of the most desirable watering places in the State of Pennsylvania.

Said farm will be sold together in one tract, or in lots to suit purchasers. Persons wishing to purchase choice Chestnut lots may be accommodated. Any person wishing to view said property before the day of sale can do so by calling on the Executors residing near the same.

Sale to begin at 10 o'clock A. M. on said day, when attendance will be given by

JOHN WILLIAMS, of James,
JOHN WILLIAMS, of Andrew,
Ex'rs.

Sept. 17, 1857—4t

Ho, For Cheap Goods at Arnolds.

First Arrival of the Season.

THE subscriber is just opening one of the largest and best stock of Fall and Winter goods ever offered to the public in Carlisle.—His stock has been selected with great care from the largest and best houses in New York and Philadelphia, and every effort made to obtain the latest and most fashionable styles in the market. He thinks he will be able to please every variety of taste, at such low prices as were never offered before in Carlisle.

Ladies' Dress Goods.

Plain Black, Mohro Antique, Bard, Striped and figured Silks, French Merinas, Cashmeres, Coburgers, Plaids, figured striped and plain all wool Delains, Alpacas, Deboges, &c.

White Goods,

Such as Nainsook, plain and figured Muslin, Cambrics, Jackonetts, Bishop Lawns, Brilliants, Bobinetts, &c.

Embroideries.

An immense stock of French worked Collars, Undersleeves, Handkerchiefs, Flouncings, Edgings, Laces and Insertings, just direct from the importers in New York, and will be sold very cheap.

Ribbons, Ribbons.

An immense assortment of elegant Bonnet Ribbons, which he intends to sell at very low prices.

Domestic Goods.

Bleached and unbleached Linen and cotton Sheetings, Table Linens, Checks, Tickings, Ginghams, Omnaburgs, Bags and Bagging, Cotton and Wool Flannels all colors, Sack Flannels, Calicoes, Blankets, Counterpanes, Table Covers, Piano Covers, Curtain Muslins, &c., also, all colors of Carpet Chain and Cotton Twist.

Shawls.

A large and elegant stock of Stella, Thibet, Ray, State and Brocha Shawls, also, an assortment of Gentlemens' Shawls, all of which will be sold very cheap.

Furs, Furs.

A very large and handsome assortment of Ladies' and Childrens' Furs, which he intends to dispose of at very low prices.

Gentlemens' Wear.

Cloths, Cassimers, Vestings, Cassinetts, Tweeds, Jeans, Silk and Woollen Undershirts and Drawers, Linen and Silk Hakis, &c.,

Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c.

A very large lot of three ply, ingrain, Venetian, Hemp and Rag Carpets, Druggets, Oil Cloths of all widths, Rugs and Carpet Bags.

Trunks, Trunks.

A large lot of Trunks of all sizes and quality.

Looking Glasses.

He has a large lot of Looking Glasses, which he intends to sell off at a low figure.

A large assortment of Ladies' and Childrens' Shoes which he will sell cheap at the old stand in North Hanover street, three doors North of the Carlisle Bank. He respectfully invites the public to call and examine his stock before purchasing, as every effort will be made to give perfect satisfaction to those who may favor him with a call. PHILIP ARNOLD.

October 1, 1857.

New Fall Goods.

I am now opening a lot of Elegant Fall Shawls, Ladies' new style dress goods, Embroideries, &c. Call and see them at the cheap store.

CHAS. OGILBY.

Carlisle, Sept. 17, 1857.

Political.

General Packer in Washington County.

The Pittsburg *Post* of the 23d ult., says "it is astonishing, as well as gratifying to the Democrats to witness the warm and enthusiastic reception with which their candidate for Governor, in every portion of the State, is greeted. His fine address, his sound and honest principles and his eloquence are winning him political as well as personal friends on every side.

On Monday morning Gen. PACKER left this city to attend a gathering of the Democracy at the borough of Washington. At Canonsburg he was met by a large delegation from the borough in carriages, who escorted him to the Valentine House, kept by Maj. HAMMOND. After a slight rest and refreshments, at two o'clock Gen. PACKER proceeded to the Court House, where the democrats were already assembled in their strength. The house was jammmed—the honest yeomanry of old Washington having turned out *en masse* to see and hear the man who will be their next Governor.

The Assembly was presided over by Col. W. HOPKINS, with a large number of Vice Presidents and Secretaries. Immediately after the organization the President introduced Gen. WM. F. PACKER, who made a most powerfully eloquent and effective address. Every position of Mr. WILMOT and every false doctrine of our opponents he combatted with clear, convincing and unanswerable arguments, and proved their fallacious and anti-national character. His speech was listened to with the deepest interest, for it is rare in any election campaign that any speaker has presented an argument so well digested, so philosophical, so national, so unanswerable, so elegantly conceived and so eloquently expressed, as did Gen. PACKER on this occasion. The speech had a telling effect which will be felt and seen at the October election.—From every present indication, we judge that the Democrats of Washington will see to it that their county gives a handsome majority for Gen PACKER."

GENERAL PACKER.

It is gratifying to observe the manner in which our candidate for Governor is received, on his visit to the various portions of the State. It is a very natural and ordinary thing that politicians should be enthusiastic in the immediate presence of their leader. In Gen. Packer's case, however, there is a degree of respect, perhaps we should say affection, for the person of the man, very rarely displayed. This is not surprising to those who know him most intimately. Gen. Packer's appearance, address and conversation would make a deep impression anywhere. He would be regarded by those who saw him for the first time, as a gentleman of cultivated manners and perfect knowledge of the world. A nearer approach would show him to be a man of frank, generous and manly character, with nothing to conceal either in his life or his sentiments: but those only who know him best, know to what an extent he is a man of close thought, whose opinions are made up for himself from actual experience and reflection, and with what spirit and eloquence he is capable of defending every conclusion he has adopted.

As a candidate for Governor, the Democratic party have been peculiarly fortunate in his selection. There is perhaps not a man in the State better informed on every question which concerns her interests. His labors as an editor and his services as a Senator and Representative, as Speaker of the House, as Auditor General, Canal Commissioner, &c., have given him an amount of information on every subject of public concern not to be obtained from books, and not to be acquired short of a reasonably long life. He could, we will venture to say, give from memory the history, cost, advantages, and disadvantages of every canal and railroad improvement in Pennsylvania. In regulating our banks and currency at different periods in the Commonwealth's history, he has taken a prominent and successful part. In protecting her manufacturing interests he has always been foremost, without advocating any principle injurious to the welfare of sister States. On the vexed question which his opponent has been discussing for ten years, in nearly the same speech, Gen. Packer has at all times held the views entertained by the great Democratic party of the Nation, now fast becoming the sentiments of all rational men. On the question of temperance, an effort was made in the present campaign to create some excitement, that might operate to the disadvantage of the party, but it was found on investigation that although exceedingly temperate in his life, Gen. Packer had simply said as a Senator that he was willing to abide by any decision which the people by a vote might render on the subject of the sale of liquors. No advocate of Democratic principles could have said less, and no honest man could have required more.

In his intellectual accomplishments, Mr. Packer has few superiors. He possesses as a writer a facility and readiness which can seldom be acquired out of an editor's chair.—While he seems to form his opinions with caution and with a regard to the severest accuracy, his style of expressing them is clear, natural and bold. As a speaker, he unites with a commanding presence, and a copious flow of language, a quickness in bringing his resources to an attack or reply, which render him a most efficient advocate and a very formidable adversary. During his term in the Senate, he took rank as one of the ablest debaters in that body. As the Speaker of a deliberative assembly he was equally distinguished. Said a veteran politician sitting in the lobby during a stormy debate in the House over which Gen. Packer was presiding, "That man never had his equal as Speaker except in Henry Clay." As a legislator, he had another quality which in these times especially should not pass unnoticed.—Every man knew him to be pure. A breath of suspicion never fell upon his name. The thought never arose in any human breast that he had betrayed a trust or forfeited a confidence reposed in him. He has yet to exhibit these qualities in a higher sphere, and to that he will be transferred by the popular will on the second Tuesday of October.—*Penn.*

☞ The *Tribune* has the following:—"Among the bankruptcies of our day the moral insolvencies of the clergyman seem almost as frequent and quite as deplorable as any other. Making due allowance for the rapid growth of our country, and the more perfect collection and diffusion of intelligence, it is still evident that the number of clerical culprits is greater than ever before."

This "falling from grace" is plainly traceable to the abandoning by ministers of the preaching of the gospel for the preaching of politics. It is a noticeable fact that in *every instance* where the minister has "fallen from grace" since the last election he was noticed as a Fremont broiler during the whole of last year's political canvass.

Poetical.

SOME THINGS LOVE ME.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

All within and all without me
Fell a melancholy thrill;
And the darkness hangs about me,
Oh, how still!
To my feet, the river glideth
Through the shadow, sullen, dark;
On the stream the white moon rideth
Like a bark—
And the linden leans above me,
Till I think some things there
In this dreary world that love me—
Even me!

Gentle buds are blooming near me,
Shedding sweetest breath around,
Countless voices rise to cheer me,
From the ground;
And the lone bird comes—I hear it
In the tall and windy pine,
Pour the sadness of its spirit
Into mine;
There it swings and sings above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me—
Even me!

Now the moon hath floated to me,
On the stream I see it sway,
Swinging, boat like, as 'twould woo me
Far away;
And the stars bend from the azure—
I could reach them where I lie—
And they whisper all the pleasure
Of the sky;
There they hang and smile above me,
Till I think some things there be
In the very heavens that love me—
Even me!

Now when comes the tide of even,
Like a solemn river slow;
Gentle eyes, akin to heaven,
On me glow—
Loving eyes, that tell their story,
Speaking to my heart of hearts;
But I sigh, a thing of glory
Soon departs.
Yet, when Mary soars above me,
I must think that there will be
One star more in heaven to love me—
Even me!

Miscellaneous.

THE FEARFUL SHIPWRECK.

NARRATIVES OF THE SURVIVORS.

MR. STEPHEN CALDWELL'S STATEMENT.

We left Havanna on the 8th. Out about twenty hours before we got in the breeze. The steamer did her duty well, and rode through the storm very steadily. The belief among the crew was that the engineer had left the steam go down, so that, at last, the vessel got into the trough of the sea, and probably took in water—first by its pouring in on the deck, and then by a general straining of her timbers which admitted it freely in. The water was several feet in the hold, before it was generally known to be so by the passengers. This was on Friday afternoon, September 11th. Immediately the passengers and crew organized themselves to pump out the water. The vessel, with a light run of steam, was put before the wind, but the water soon made it impossible to work the engines, getting into the furnaces so that steam could not be got up. We worked from Friday afternoon till she went down, at 8 on Saturday night, at the pumps, and bailing out the water in every way, but with little effect. The pumps were so out of order that they were scarcely of no use. We saw that the ship was about sinking, and as many of us as could seized life preservers, of which a large lot was on board, enough to give one to every person there, but the greater number were below, and we could not get at them. These life preservers were each capable of floating a man.

About three minutes before the vessel lurched down, stern foremost, I was swept off the deck by a heavy sea, but as I was going down, I was caught at by three or four men who were in the water, who pulled off my life preserver in the struggle. I rose up, and being a good swimmer, kept afloat. When the vessel went down, I just laid under her bowa—her bowsprit hit me on the shoulder, and I should have been carried down, but she went a little aft and cleared me. A fearful noise followed her going down. It continued for some ten minutes.—Then all was still. Every one on board knew she was bound to go down immediately. Fifteen or sixteen locked themselves in the state rooms, saying that they would rather die there than go down struggling with death in the waters. Five or six were sick in their births, and perished that way.

I was fortunate enough to seize a peace of board about three feet long and fourteen inches wide, and this, with the aid of swimming, kept me afloat. In the heavy sea, I was three or four times separated from this board, but recovered it each time. I remained 9 hours in the water. I saw many floating around me—some of them dead, the result of cold, fatigue, and hunger, for there was scarcely time to eat anything during the thirty six hours we were pumping. Towards morning I felt very cold indeed, from the water dashing over and around me, but used every effort not to yield.

About six o'clock on the morning of Monday, 13th, I swam up to the Norwegian barque *Ellen*, which lay to the windward of us. I had seen her an hour before. I was taken on board and treated very kindly; they gave us dry clothes, food, and did everything they could to help us. When I was washed overboard, I had no coat on. After the vessel went down, and I had got out of the crowd, I pulled of my boots in the water, (and a difficult thing it was,) by standing in the water, which I could do, as I swim well.

The *Ellen* saved forty eight, besides myself. These she picked up. Her own rigging was much torn. She brought us into Norfolk.

I had about me, in coin and dust, about twenty pounds weight of gold. It was in a belt buckled around me, so that I could loose it and throw it off in a moment, if I found it likely to bear me down.

STATEMENT OF THEODORE PAYNE.

I went from the steamer in a boat to the brig Marine immediately before she sank. I am indebted to Captain Herndon for my life, as he was anxious to remain, and I only went off at his earnest request. I was in frequent consultation with him before I went, and he asked what I thought of affairs. I said, "Thank God, the women and children are all off, and we are strong." He replied, "Yes, thank God," and added "You take the next boat."—This I did, but before I went he requested me to go into his office and get his gold watch and chain and if saved to carry them to his wife.—Said he, "Tell her——" but his utterance was choked by deep emotion, and he said no more on that subject, but changed it by saying he wished me too see the president of the company, Marshall O. Roberts, and the agents, and communicate with them in relation to the disaster.

After saying this much he walked away a few steps, and sat down on a bench, with his head in his hands, apparently overcome. He remained in that position a few moments, and then arose and resumed giving orders as the boat from the brig Marine returned. After she was filled, and about leaving the ship again, it was made known that three steerage passengers were still on board. I immediately went below, and brought them forward. They were placed on the boat by Mr. Ashby, and the boat shoved off, but before it could clear the stern a steerage passenger sprang from the deck of the ship into the boat, a distance of twenty five feet.

The chief engineer then hastily lowered himself into the boat to prevent the passengers from crowding in and swamping it. He had scarcely got into the boat before another steerage passenger jumped from the deck and fell upon the engineers legs. He seized him by the throat and drew a dirk knife, not, in my opinion, for the intention of using it upon the passenger, but for the purpose of deterring others who crowded the decks from following his example. I was then lowered into the boat, and bid the captain "good bye." The boat was now pushed off again, when a third steerage passenger swung off the deck and tumbled into the boat, at the same time dropping from his pocket into the ocean a package containing $2,000 in gold dust. Charles McCarty, chief engineer of the steamer Golden Gate, put a passenger on the Central America, also got aboard the boat. We were then rowed in safely to the brig.

Mr. Ashby, agreeably to request of Captain Herndon, asked Captain Burt to send the brig's boat and crew. The reply was, that he had no boat to spare, and that it would not live five minutes in such a sea. Mr. Ashby also told the captain that Captain Herndon wished him to lay by all night, or so long as anything could be seen of the steamer. Captain Burt assured us that he would do so, but as his brig was disabled, the current and winds were constantly drifting her away. After the lapse of twenty minutes two more small boats came from the ship. They contained a few of the ship's sailors, firemen, and steerage passengers. As they came alongside, every man but one jumped out of the boat upon the brig, and refused to return with the boat. The chief engineer, Mr. Ashby, implored them to return, but they steadily refused. He then tried to raise another crew, but did not succeed, and the boats were lashed to the brig's stern.

During the night one broke loose and the other was dashed to pieces. The brig lay to, but drifted away before morning, to the distance of five or six miles. In common with the other passengers rescued by the brig, just one hundred in number, I would speak in the highest terms of the kindness and unremitting attentions of Capt. Burt and the crew. Many of the ladies and children were nearly bare of clothing, and they were dressed up in pantaloons and shirts obtained from the wardrobes of the noble-hearted captain and crew, who, whatever they lacked, supplied it from their persons.

On Wednesday evening I took a boat and crew and boarded the ship Euphrasia, Captain W. Langfare, bound for New Orleans, and obtained a supply of provisions. We found Capt. Langfare one of those gushing sons of the ocean, whose hearts are ever ready to respond to the distress of others. He cheerfully supplied us with everything we asked for, and all he saw we were in need of, and when I offered to remunerate him, he not only refused to accept it, but supplied us with other necessaries.

On Friday I took another boat and crew, and proceeded towards Cape Henry Light, on the coast of North Carolina. We had gone only a few miles before a sail was descried approaching. Fearing she would not see us, I stood up in the boat and waved my handkerchief, a signal of distress. In the course of an hour we got alongside of the vessel, which proved to be the City of Norfolk, Captain Green, bound for Savannah. I told him our condition, and craved his assistance to tow us into the harbor of Norfolk. He inquired what I would give. I told him anything that was right, at the same time naming the several sums of $100, $150 and $200. He replied, "I will not do it for less than $300." I said, "Well, we are helpless, and must submit to your terms to go out to the brig."

So the propeller was run down to the brig, and, after getting alongside, Capt. Green commenced bargaining again, and demanded $500. He finally accepted $300 and towed us into the quarantine ground. As we came near the harbor the steamer Empire City, bound for New York, passed us. She was hailed, and seventy five of our number transferred to her decks and were conveyed to New York.

Twenty-five of us still remained, and we arrived in Norfolk on Friday evening about 7 o'clock. Before leaving the brig, so gratified were the passengers at the efforts of her captain and crew so put forth in their behalf, that the sum of $800 was raised in a few minutes and presented to them as a testimonial. Capt. Burt received $500, and the balance was divided among the crew, who had almost divested themselves of their clothing to cover us with garments.

RUMORED SAFETY OF CAPT. HERNDON.

Capt. Herndon's wife last night received despatches from the South, greatly exciting her hopes for the safety of her husband. Mr. Frazer, second officer, says he is positive another large number of the saved will yet turn up on board the schooner seen near the steamer on Saturday night.

THE NIGHT ON THE WAVES—TERRIBLE SCENES.

Not the least interesting feature in the narrative of this terrible catastrophe is the description of the night passed on the bosom of the waves by those who were ultimately rescued by the barque Ellen. Mr. George, a most intelligent passenger, has given us a thrilling account of the fearful scene. He was one of the hundreds who had supplied themselves with life-preservers, pieces of plank, &c., and preferred to await the ships going down, to leaping overboard in anticipation of her fate. When she went down stern foremost, after giving three lurches, that made every timber quiver, and which were to every quaking heart as the throes which immediately preceded dissolution, he was dragged with the rest on board of her, some twenty or twenty-five feet beneath the surface. He heard no shriek, nothing but the seething rush and hiss of waters that closed above her as she hurried, almost with the speed of an arrow, to her ocean bed. Night had closed in before the vessel sank, and he was sucked in by the whirlpool caused by her swift descent, to a depth that in its seeming was unfathomable, and into a darkness that he had never dreamed of. Compared with it, the blackest night, without moon or star, was as the broad noon-day. He was rather stunned than stifled, and his sensations on coming to the surface were almost as painful, from their reaction, as those which he endured at the greatest depth to which he sank.

When he became conscious, after the lapse of a minute or two, he could distinguish every object around him for a considerable distance.—The waves as they rose and fell, revealed a crowd of human heads. Those unfortunates who had lost their life-preservers or planks while under water, owing to the force of the whirlpool, were frantically snatching at the broken pieces of the wreck, which breaking from the ship as she continued to descend, leaped above the surface, and fell back with a heavy splash. Their cries arose, that mingled into a single wail, and then the lustier and less terrified shouted for assistance to the barque Marine, which was far beyond hailing distance. The waves dashed them one against another at first, but they speedily began to separate, and the last farewells were taken. One man called to another in our informant's hearing, "If you are saved, Frank, send my love to my dear wife," but the friend appealed to, answered only with a gurgle of the throat. He was washed off his plank as his companion spoke. Many were desirous of separating themselves as far as possible from the rest, being fearful lest some desperate struggler might seize hold of them and draw them under. Others, afraid of their loneliness, called to their neighbors to keep together. Generally they strove to cheer each other as long as they remained within hearing; and when the roar of the waves drowned all but the loudest shouting, the call of friendship or the cry of despair was heard in the distance, and infused confidence, or increased dismay, in many a failing bosom.

It was when he had drifted far from the companionship of any of his fellows in misfortune, that Mr. George began to realize his situation. The night was quite dark. Occasionally, as the driving clouds parted and gave a glimpse of the sky, a star or two would be visible, but this was very seldom and offered but the faintest gleam of hope that the morning would dawn fair and calm. The swell of the sea was great, and successively the poor floaters, holding on to their planks with the energy of despair, were riding on the brink of a precipice, and buried in a deep valley of water.—Our informant, like many of the rest, was seized with the fear of sharks. Respiration was very difficult, owing to the masses of water which were constantly dashed upon them as wave after wave rolled by. For two or three hours, the water was not unpleasantly cold, and it was not till about one o'clock on the morning of Sunday, when they had been nearly five hours in the water, and a fresh, chilling wind arose, that their limbs began to feel benumbed.

Some of the incidents described to us as occurring before or about that time were truly thrilling. One man floating in solitude, and terrified at his loneliness, after shouting himself hoarse to find a companion, saw, at length, a man with two life-preservers fastened around his body drifting towards him. His heart leaped with joy at the welcome sight, for the feeling of desolation which had overcome him was terrible to endure. He called to the other to join him if possible, and made every exertion to meet him half way. There was no reply, but the other drifted nearer and nearer. A wave threw them together. They touched.—The living man shrieked in the face of the corpse. The other had been drowned by the flash of the billows, or had perished from exhaustion.

When rising and falling with the swell of the waves, the lights of the barque Ellen were first discerned by the survivors in the water, the thrill of hope that at once filled every breast amounted, it may well be believed to a perfect ecstasy. Let Mr. George speak for all. He says: I never felt so thankful in all my life. I never knew what gratitude was before. I do not know whether I cried or not, but I know I was astonished to hear my own laughter singing in my ears. I do not know why I laughed.—That verse, "God moves in a mysterious way," kept passing in and out of me—through me, rather, as if I had been the pipe of an organ.—It did not come to me by my own volition, but somehow made me remember it. When the lights approached nearer, a score of voices sprang up around me, crying "Ship, ahoy," "Boat, ahoy," and then I began to shout too. And I had never any doubt that I should be saved, till I saw the lights pass by at about half a mile from where I was, and recede in the distance. Then I began to give myself up for lost indeed. But I slowly drifted towards her again, till I could make out her hull and one of her masts, and presently I floated close to her, and shouted, and was taken up. When I got on the deck I could not stand. I did not know till then how exhausted I was."

Our informant, before he was thus happily rescued, encountered six men clinging to a log of wood, two of whom were washed off in his sight, within a short distance of the barque.—The others must have afterwards shared the same fate, as they were not taken on board the barque, and were never again seen.

Psychologists probably will be able to account for one fact that has come to our knowledge, connected with this night of terror. We heard a passenger describe his sensation in this wise: "I guess I had been about four hours in the water and I had floated away from the rest, when the waves ceased to make any noise, and I heard my mother say "Johnny, did you eat sister's grapes?"

I hadn't thought of it for twenty years at least; it had gone clean out of my mind. I had a sister that died of consumption more than thirty years ago, and when she was sick—I was a boy of eleven or so—a neighbor had sent her some early hot-house grapes. Well, those grapes were left in the room where I was, and—I ought to have been skinned alive for it, little rascal that I was—I devoured them all.—Mother came to me after I had gone to bed, when she couldn't find the fruit for sister to moisten her mouth with in the night, and said: "Johnny, did you eat sister's grapes?" I did not add to the meanness of my conduct by telling a lie. I owned up and my mother went away in tears, but without flogging me. It occasioned me a good many qualms of conscience for many a year after; but as I said, for twenty years, at least, I had not thought of it, till when I was floating about benumbed with cold, I heard it as plain as ever I heard her voice in my life—I heard her say Johnny, did you eat sister's grapes? I don't know how to account for it. It did not scare me though. I thought it was a presage of my death."

☞ There is a town out in Texas in which it is said there is but one grave, upon the slab of which is written the following epitaph:

Underneath this turf doth lie,
Back to back, my wife and I.
Generous stranger, spare the fear,
For could she speak, I cannot hear.
Happier far than when in life,
Free from noise and free from strife.
When the last trump the air shall fill,
If she gets up, I'll just lie still!

☞ The question has been asked why it is considered impolite for gentlemen to go into the presence of ladies in their shirt sleeves, while it is considered in every way correct for the ladies themselves to appear before gentlemen without any sleeves at all.

☞ We accuse Fortune of blindness when it showers its gifts upon a young prodigal. It is better, we think, that a prodigal should have them than a miser. The prodigal, at all events invites others to share his good fortune with him—the miser would keep it entirely to himself.

☞ Snook's wife loves to make bread because it cleans her hands beautifully.

Laziness.

Young man! As you stand loafing on that corner, or lounging at that tavern or store, if you think the first expression is unjust to you, do you imagine that you can continue to pursue your present course of life with impunity.

You are, doubtless, seeking happiness. That is understood to be the aim of all, however different the paths in which they seek it. Do you really think you will find it in the path of idleness?—if it, the expression, "path of idleness," does not involve what logicians call a solecism. Perhaps you may—that is, the evanescent emotions of the hour which you call "happiness." But this is the sort of happiness which God intended for man, with all his capacities of muscle and mind—man, who is declared to have been created on a scale only "a little lower than the angels?" Hale and hearty, and well appearing too, externally, with the aid of a tailor whose bills you have never thought of paying; and you satisfied with such happiness as this, young man?

No—no—you surely will not look us in the eye, like a frank and honest youth, and tell us that you are happy. But if you should tell us so, we would not believe you! There is no happiness, in the true sense of the word, in a life of laziness. Nor will there be physical health, long—to say nothing of mental health—which is ever dependant upon the corporeal structure.

Happiness always pre-supposes contentment. Contentment, to push the analysis back, pre-supposes a due balance of the whole man. This is impossible to that habit of inaction which we call "laziness."

Do you see the truth, young man? If you do, there will be no need of shaming you out of your disgraceful propensity. You will go to work at once, and thank heaven, as we have reason to believe others have done, for the good advice which the Volunteer has given you—thus bidding good bye to the very thought of laziness; of which, in addition to the consequences above named, Franklin has warned you, that it travels so slow that poverty soon overtakes it.

A hundred cheers to aid you in your determination.

Value of Time.

When the Roman Emperor said, "I have lost a day," he uttered a sadder truth than if he had exclaimed, "I have lost a kingdom." Napoleon said that the reason why he beat the Austrians was, that they did not know the value of five minutes. At the celebrated battle of Rivoi, the conflict seemed on the point of being decided against him. He saw the critical state of affairs, and instantly took his resolution. He dispatched a flag to the Austrian headquarters, with proposals for an armistice. The unwary Austrians fell into the snare—for a few minutes the thunders of battle were hushed. Napoleon seized the precious moments, and while amusing the enemy with mock negociation, rearranged his line of battle, changed his front, and in a few minutes was ready to renounce the farce of discussion for a stern arbitrament of arms. The splendid victory of Rivoi was the result. The great moral victories and defeats of the world often turn on five minutes. Crisis come, the not seizing of which is ruin. Men may loiter, but time flies on the wings of the wind, and all the great interests of life are speeding on, with the swift and silent tread of destiny.

Skeleton of a Fashionable Sermon.

The following from the Knickerbocker, is a well merited burlesque on the style of discourses too common in these days of dandyjack graduates, anxious to show off their slight smattering of superficial learning, without knowing how to apply it.

Text—"And he killed the Fatted Calf."

Introduction—Not necessary to say much about the Prodigal Son, for nearly every wealthy family has a specimen of its own, and needs no enlightenment on the subject. Divide the subject into five heads.

1st—Speak of the calf, and inform your hearers how the calf should be fatted. Give him all the milk of two cows, except a tin cup full now and then for the baby. Here you can make some learned remarks about the milky-way, the belt of Jupiter, and Lord Ross' telescope.

2d—He killed the fatted calf, but not only the Scriptures, but Josephus and the Fathers, are profoundly silent on the question how he killed it. As this was more than a thousand years before the invention of fire-arms or gunpowder, the presumption is that the old man dident shoot the critter, but pitched into him with a club—for clubs are very ancient institutions.

3d—Explain why the old gentleman, instead of a calf, didn't take a shoat—make a barbacue, and have a time of it.

4th—Inform your readers what the word calf means when used in Greek, Latin, Choctaw or Lockjaw.

5th—Dwell pathetically upon the melancholy degeneracy of the present age, evinced by the fact that fathers now-a-days instead of treating a runaway son to a "fatted calf," are pretty apt to treat him to a "hasty plate of soup," made from the hide of the calf's maternal progenitor.

Conclusion—Throw in a little geology; talk learedly about "grapowacke, and "transition conglomerate." Wind up the discourse with a most eloquent affecting appeal on the consciences of your hearers on the Durham breed of cattle.

Diamond Dust.

As snow is of itself cold, yet warms and refreshes the earth, so afflictions, though in themselves grievous, yet warm the heart of the christian and make it fruitful.

When a man has the approbation of his own mind, the frowns of the world, like the pressure of an arch, only serve to strengthen him in his position.

Many friends are lost by ill-timed jests—rather lose your best joke than your worst friend.

As nothing is so honorable as an ancient friendship, so nothing is so scandalous as an old passion.

Prefer solid sense to wit; never study to be diverting without being useful; let no jest intrude upon good manners, nor say anything that may offend modesty.

In love, in friendship, the dream of sentiment is extinguished, the moment we utter a word which has been necessary to calculate or consider before it is pronounced.

When acts of courtesy come gratuitously, they are as acceptable as the clear brook to the thirsty traveller.

When the million applaud you, seriously ask yourself what harm you have done—when they censure you, what good!

He who would have friends, must show himself friendly. True, and when a man complains of having no friends, he ought to ask himself the question, whether he is a friend to any one.—*Eliza Cook.*

THE BEAUTY OF A BLUSH.—Goethe was in company with a mother and her daughter, when the latter, being reproved for some fault, blushed and burst into tears. He said: "How beautiful your reproach has made your daughter. The crimson hue and those silvery tears become her better than any ornament of gold or pearls. These may be hung on the neck of a wanton, but these are never seen disconnected with moral purity. A full brown rose, besprinkled with the purest dew, is not so beautiful as this child blushing beneath her parent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell.

Stephen Allen's Pocket Piece.

In the pocket book of the Hon. Stephen Allen, who was drowned from on board the Henry Clay, was found a printed slip apparently cut from a newspaper, of which the following is a copy:

"Keep good company, or none. Never be idle. If your hands can't be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises.—Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very ladders of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation; through fear you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Save when you are young, to spend when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

From the Iowa Farmer.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

I have a receipe to which I have given the name of the Mount Pleasant Tea Cake. If the directions are followed it makes a light nice cake without much trouble. I send it with others that I think are valuable.

1. MT. PLEASANT TEA CAKE.—4 cups of flour, 2 of white sugar, 1 of butter, 1 of cream, 1 of eggs, 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a table spoonful of milk, 2 tea spoonful of cream of tartar. Spice to your taste. Beat the butter and eggs together. Whip the whites and yelks of the eggs separately. Mix altogether flour and beat thoroughly. Lastly add the flour by degrees stirring it in gently. Put immediately in a moderately heated oven. If you wish a plainer cake put 5 cups of flour; roll and cut with a cake cutter.

2. SPONGE CAKE.—2 cups of sugar, 1 of flour, 6 eggs—beat the yelks adding the sugar by degrees, whip the whites till light then beat up the eggs and sugar together—lastly add the flour by stirring it in gently. Bake 25 minutes—leave in the pans till cold.

3. SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Take 2 table spoonsful of melted butter, 1 tea cup of sugar, 2 of molasses, 1 of cream or milk, sour preferred; stir it in flour not so thick but it will pour easily; dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in a little water and beat thoroughly in the mass. Ginger to the taste. If you use cream or milk stir in 2 tea spoonsful of cream of tartar before the soda.

4. TAFFY.—Take 3 lbs. of sugar, white is best, half pound of butter, half pint of molasses, half pint of water. Try when it is done by putting a splint into the mixture and then into cold water, when cold if it is brittle it is done. Pour it into pans that have been well greased.

5. To PURIFY WATER.—As much pulverized alum as will lay on the point of a small case knife mixed thoroughly with a bucket of water, in an hour will settle all impurities at the bottom, making it clear and pure.

6. WASHING FLUID.—Put in a bottle 1 pint of spirits of turpentine, 1 pint of alcohol, 2 oz. spirits of hartshorn, 1 oz. gum of camphor, keep it corked tight. Immediately before using shake the bottle well and put 3 table spoonsful of the mixture to each quart of soft soap.—Soak your clothes over night squeeze them out, soap well and put on to boil in fresh water.—After boiling rub out and rinse thoroughly.—Some think it best to scald the clothes in the first rinse. By using this fluid you remove stains and clothes require less rubbing.

7. SOAP FOR WASHING.—2½ lbs. of bar soap, put it with one oz. of borax into 4 qts. of water; set the vessel in a warm place but not hot enough to boil. When all is dissolved it is ready for use. Soak the clothes over night and use the mixture as other soap. It whitens the clothes; takes less rubbing, and leaves the hands in a better condition than common soap.

TO RAISE GIANT ASPARAGUS.—To insure a good crop next year it should not be cut after the middle of June—further east and south not after the first. In the autum as soon as the frost has blackened the tops, mow them when dry, burn them on the bed and scatter the ashes evenly over it. Mix thoroughly a half a bushel of hen manure with each load of stable manure, and spread a thick coating over the bed, and dig it under with a three pronged fork as well as can be done without disturbing the roots. As early as possible in the spring turn the top of the bed over lightly, and cover it with salt quarter of an inch thick. In a short time you will have the largest kind of shoots. Repeat the same process every year.

BUTTER.—Before packing butter, for winter use, incorporate with every 51 lbs. of butter, 2 tablespoonsful of pulverised white sugar, and as much saltpetre as will lay on the point of a case knife.

CORN MEAL CA