# The Amercian Volunteer.

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BRATTON & KENNEDY. OFFICE-SOUTH MARKET SQUARE.

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Aug. 31, 71-3in

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CLOTHS. CASSIMERES, OVERCOATING. Co.
VESTINGS, &c. which he will sell by the yard, or make up into salts to order, on short not.ce, and at unusually low prices: Having secured the services of one of the BEST PRACTICAL CUTTERS

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HATS, of latest styles and best qualities, together with a general assortment of NOTIONS and Gent's Furn'shing goods. Do not fall tagive me a cell, My motto is "Quick salesand small profits." Sent of 1071-107. Sept. 21, 1871-8m.

# The American Bolunteer.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1871.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

Medical. ONE MILLION OF LIVES SAVED.

It is one of the remarkable facts of this remarkable age not merely that so many persons are the victims of dyspepsia or indigestion, but its willing victims. Now we would solve but diestood to say that any one regards to the highest will have received the new regards to the highest will have received its tornents would solve the navier of clesh dispensive the insuries or clesh the remarks would seem the navier of the thing and the navier of the dispensive of the thing the navier of the dispensive of the navier of

A CONFIRMED DYSPEPTIC.

But it is not our intention to discaut on the hor-rors of Dyspepsia. To describe them truthfully samply in impossibility but it is possibly to point out a remedy. We have said that dyspep-sia is por haps the most universal of humini dis-cases. This is emphatically the case in the United States. Whether this general preva-ience is due to the character of the food, the met.od of its preparation, or the hasty manner in which it is usually swallowed, is not our pro-yluce to explain. The great fact with which we are called to deal is this: DYSPEPSIA PREVAILS

DYSPEPSIA PREVAILS
almost univorsally.

Nearly overy other person you meet is a viotim, an apparently willing one, for were this not
the case, why so many ulterers, when a certain,
speedy and safe remedy is within the easy
reach of all who desire to avail themsolves of it?
fait the majorry will not. Binded b, prejndice, or acterred by some other unexplained inducince, they refuse to accept the reher profered them. They turn a deal car to the testimony
of the thousands whose succrings have been almeviated, and with strange institution to their
ruthless tormentor. But says a dyspeptic.
What is this remedy? to which we reply. This
great afterward of human suffering is almost as
widely known as the English language. It has
allayed the agonies of thousands, and is to-day
carrying comfort and eucouragement to thousands of others. This schnowledged panacea is
none other than
bit. Hoof Landy GERMAN BITTERS.

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN DITTERS. Won "d you know more of the merits of this wonderni medicine than can be learned from the experience of others? Try it yourself, and when it has failed to faillf the assurance of its efficacy given by the proprietor, then abandon furth in fit.

LET IT BE REMEMBERED, LET IT BE REMEMBERED, first of all, that floodinal's German Bitters is not a run beverage.

They are not alcoholic in any sense of the term, They are composed wholly of the pure jude or vital principle of roots, This is not a run mercus-artion. The extracts for by which they are considered to the property of the sense of the constant of the property of the sense of the constant of the property of the sense of the constant of t

opposite direction. Their efforts can be
BENEFICIAL ONLY
in all cases of the biliary system Hoofland's
German Bitters stand without an equal, acting
promptly and vigorously upon the Liver, they
remove its torpidity and cause healthful secretion of bilo-thereby supplying the stomach
of the control of the control of the control
digestion in proper proportions. They give one
digestion in proper proportions. They give one
of the stomach-stimulating its functions, and
enabling it to perform he duttles as bature designed it should do. They impart y gor and
strength to the entire system, causing the patient to feel like another being—in fact, giving
him a new lease of life.

THEY PURIFY THE BLOOD.

THEY PURIFY THE BLOOD. cleansing the vital fluid of all hurtful impur-ties and supplying them with the elements of genuine healthfulness. In a word, there is carreely a disease in which they cannot be stely and beneficially employed; but in the most generally prevalent distressing and dread ed disease. Dysnepskin ed disease, Dyspepsia,
THEY STAND UNRIVALED.
Now, there are certain classes of persons to
whome extreme Bitters are not only unpalatable, but who flad it impossible to take them
without positive discomfort. For such
DR. HOOFLAND'S GERM 'N TONIC
has been specially prepared. It is intended for
use where a slight alchehol slimulant is required in connection with the well-known 'I onle
properties of the pure German Bitters. This
Tonic contains all the ingredients of too Bittert
but so flavored us to remove the extreme bitterness. This preparation is not only palatable;
but combines, in modified form, all the virtues
of the German Bitters. The solid extracts of
some of Nature's choicest restoratives are held
in solution by a spirtuous agent of the purest
quality. In cases of languor or excessive dobility, where the system at pears to have become
exhausted of its energies. se, Dyspepsia, THEY STAND UNRIVALED.

HOUPLAND'S TONIC

acts with almost marvelous effect. It not ony stimulates the flagging and wasting energies, but invigorates and permanetly strengthens its action upon the Liver and Stomach thorough, perhaps less prompt than the Bitters, when the same quantity is taken is none the less certain. Indigestion, Billiousness, rhysical or Nervous Prostrotion, lead readily to its potentifiquence. It gives the invalid a new and stronger hold upon life, removes depression of spirits, and inspires cheerfulness. It supplants the pain of disense with the east and comfort of perfect heality ges strongth to weakness, throws despite to the winds and starts the restored appearance of the winds and starts the restored appearance of the winds and starts the restored appearance of the selections to the human race and office the selections to the human foliants to the human facts of the selections to the human facts of the selections to the human formed and sharks the restored the selections to the human facts of the selections to the human facts and the selections to the human facts of the selections to the selections to the human facts of the selections to the human facts of the selections to the selections t HOUFLAND'S TONIC

GERMAN BITTERS, or his invaluable Tonic. He hasprepared another medicine, which is rapidly winning its way to popular favor because of its mirinsic merits. This is

HOUFLAND'S PODOPHYLLIN PILLS, a perfect substitute for mercury, without any of mercury's evil qualities.

These wonderful Phils, which are intended to act upon the Liver, are mainly composed of Podophyllin, or the VITAL PRINCIPLE OF THE MANDRAKE ROOT.

Now wo desire the reader to distinctly understand that this extract of the Mandruke is many times more powerful than the Mandruke itself is is the medicinal virtues of this heath-giving plant in a perfectly pure and highly concentrated form. Hence it is that two of the Podophylin Pills constitute a full dose, while anywhere six to eight or a handful of other preparations of the Mandruke are required. The Phodophylin

six to eight or a handful of other premarations of the Mandrako arerequired. The Phodophylin ACTS DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER, stimulating its functions and causing it to make its bilary secretions in regular and proper quantities. The injurious results which invariably follow the use of mercury is entirely avoided by their use. But it is not upon the Liver only that their powers are exerted. The extract of Mandraka contained in them is skillfully combined with four other extracts, one of which acts upon the stomach, one upon the upon bowels, one upon the lower bowels, and one prevents my griping effect, thus producing a pill that inflences the digestive and adimentary system, if an equal and immonitous manner, and its action entirely free from musea, vomiting or griping pains combion to all other purgatives.

Tossessing these man administration of the producing a pill its action entirely free from musea, vomiting or griping pains combion to all other purgatives.

Tossessing the content of the producing a pill its action entirely free from musea, vomiting or griping pains combion to all other purgatives.

Tossessing the content without them. They are perfectly safe require but two for an ordinary dose, are prompt and efficient insection, and when used in connection with Dr. Hoodhards German Bitters, or Tonic, may be regarded as certain specifies in all cases of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, or any of the disordes it owhich the system is ordinarily subjec. The PODOPHYLLIN PILLS.

act upon the stomach and bowels, carrying of improper obstructions, while the Bitters or Tonic purify the blood, strengthen and invigorate the transactions of the purify the bring provided internal remedies for diseases, has given the world one maling for external application, in the wonderful preparation known as

Dr. Hoof Landys Greek Oil.

The soll is a sovereign remedy for pains and action of all kinds.

Th's Oli is a sovereign remedy for pains and ches of all kinds.

aches of all kinds.
Rheumatism. Neuralgia, Toothache, Chilblains, Sprains, Burns, Pain in the Back and
Loins, Ringworms, &c., all yield to its external
application. The number of cures effected by it
is astonishing and they are increasing every
day. is astonishing and they are increasing every day.

Taken internally, it is a cure for Heart-burns, Kidney Diseases, Sick Headaches, Colic, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Pams in the Stonnach, Colids, Asthma, &c.

The Greek Oil is composed entirely of healing gums and essential oils. The principal engredient is an oily substance, procured in the Southern part of Greece. Its effects as a destroyer of principal of Greece, its effects as a destroyer of principal of Greece. Its effects as a destroyer of principal of Greece, its effects as a destroyer of principal of Greece, its effects as a destroyer of principal of Greece, its effects as a destroyer of principal of Greece, its effects as a destroyer of principal of Greece, its effects of the Greece of Greece, its effects of the Greece of Greece, its description of Greece of is mestimable value.
These remedies will be sent by express to any ocality, upon application to the Principal Office, to the German Medicine Store, No. 631 Arch St., bilindelphia.

to These remedies are for sale by druggists torckeepers, and medicine dealers every when

Chas. M. Evans,

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

Poetical.

[From the Chambers' Edinburg Journal.] THE SEA SHORE.

lourn on, O solitary seal . I love to hear thy moan, The world's lament attuned to melody, In thy undying tone: Lo! on the yielding sand I lie alone, And the white cliffs around me draw the

For one short hour its pleasures and its spiles And wrapped in dreamy thought, some peace fut moments glean. No voice of any living thing is near,

And part me from the world. Let me disow

Savo the wild sea-bird's wall:
That seems the cry of vorrow sleep and drear,
That nothing can avail; Now in the air with broad, white wing the sail, And now descending, dot the tawny, pand. Now rest upon the waves, yet still thy wail

Of bitter sorrow floats towards the land,

lke grief which change of scene is powerlo the sea approaches with its weary heart Monaling unquictly; An earnest grief too tranquil to depart, Speaks in that troubled sign; Yet its glad waves seem dancing morrily! For hone from them conceals the warning to Gaily they rush toward the shore—to die. All their brightspray upon the bare sand throw While still around them walls the sad and cear

less moan. And thus it is in life, and in the breast Gny sparkling horas arise, Each one in turn just shows its gleaming cres Then f 1s away and dles; On life's bare sands each cherished vision lies. Numbered with those that will return no mor Their early love—youth's deadly cherished tiesbright dreams of fame, lie perished on the shore While the worn heart laments what grief car

Yet still the broken waves, retiring, strive Again their crests to rear,
Seeking in sparkling beauty to revive
As in their first career;
They strive in value—their lustre bright and clea oresakes them now, with earth all dim an

and thus the heart would rise its visions dea And shape them new from fragments that re But finds their brightness gone, by earth's cold touch profuned

In robe of mist draws nigh. The sinking sea sighs forth its sad despair More and more distantly; Hushed is the sea-bird's melancholy cry. For night approaches with the step of age, When youth's sharp griefs are softened t

And the dim eye afar beholds the page That holds the records sad of sorrow's forn With her own quiet lore,

Bids me observe the mist ascending slow From the deserted shore, And learn that, scattered and deflied no m The fallen waves are wafted to the skies; That thus the hopes that I bitterly deplore, Though fast they fall before my aching ever Fall but in tears on earth to Heaven to rise

# Miscellancous.

certed in his movements, but wearing in

certed in the movements, but wearing in spite of his humble garb, an all fill the respectability and pharacter. It was a decayed Spanish to bleman, Don Mosen Chavarri by name, and one thing noticeable about him was his persistency in endeavoring to obtain an audience of the Emperor. Foiled in every attentity, either through accident or the suspicions of the attendants, he invariably received his rebuffs in slience and withdrew—merely to renew his importunities. Repulsed to-day, to-morrow found him at his post. He haunted the palacelike a spectre, and even the gamin soon grew familiar with the story of his hopeless quest, and he began to be treated with that sort of pitini consideration which is usually acov name, and one thing notice ful consideration which is usually ac-corded to those of upsound mind. At length, however, there came a day, when, in the Rue de Rivoli, as the Em-

peror was returning from a review, a pisto—shot rang out from the corner of the court, and the bullet, whistling throthe line of outriders, buried itself in a panel of the imperial carriage. The police at once charged the crowd, and among he number arrested was our friend th

At the trial there being no evidence against him, he was acquitted, but was warned to instantly kave Paris. Acting upon the warning, he disappeared, and for a time all traces of him were lost. It was some two years after this occur-ence that there began to circulate among which illustrated, by means of automatic figures, an episode in the life of the Emeror, and was designed for presentation

o that personage.

It was said to be the work of a famour artisan, who had lately arrived, incogni-to, from foreign parts, accompanied by a young lady, his daughter, who in a sup-posed fit of eccentricity had taken her todgings in an humble and obscure quar-ter of the Faubourg St. Antoine. The report of the wonderful, almost super-natural performances of this little piece of mechanism, and the mixstery which surr unded its owner and inventor, gave rise for a short time and in certain cir-cles to no small amount of gossip This gradually died away, and the ar-tisan and his clock were alike forgotten.

than and his crock were anke lorgotten, when an event occurred which restored them to more than their former prominence, and entitled them to a place in history.

Fouche, one morning in his office, register, even the court occurred to the cou ceived a letter from his secret agent in Spain, which contained information of a nost startling and important character. Its perusal threv him into a state of very unusual excitement, and its result was an immediate descent of the police upon the mysterious shop in the Faubourg St Autoine, with orders to arrest the artisat and his daughter, seeure the premises and carefully guard all the stock, tools implements and other contents from be ing touched or displaced till further op-

ortunity offered for a thorough investi portunity offered for a thorough investi-gation.

The party detailed for duty having departed, Fouche reseated bimself and waited, with ill-concealed anxiety, the arrival of the prisoners.

After a considerable lapse of time, the officer charged with the arrest appeared empty handed, and his report was soon made.

made.
The lady in the case, the daughter, is that morning at an early hour left her house in the Faubourg, accompanied by a heavy black portmanteau. The two had been traced to the gates of Montmartre, beyond which point no clue to their movements could be obtained.

The old workman himself had left the above a hour hefore the visit of the relice. The old workman himself had left the shop anhour before the visit of the police, locking doors and barring windows behind him. He bore in his arms what was apparently, according to the applewoman opposite, a great square box, covered with oliskin. It seemed heavy. He sat down awhile on his doorstep, when a caleche came by, into which he put himself and box, with the assistance of the driver, and was driven off at a rapid pace. The caleche was brown; the driver was in a green livery. A gendarme was

Fouche reflected a moment, when his for the accomplice of the Lady Isidore face suddenly whitened Without a word he dashed down the stairway to the street vari, of Seyille!

he dashed down the startway to the street
and sprang into a passing fluore.
To the Tulleries! he shouted. 'Double wages for double speed!'
Arrived at the palace he hastily alighted, and demanded to be at once shown
into the presence of the Emperor. Napoleon was in the bondoir in which he into the presence of the Emperor. National poleon was in the bondoir in which he frequently received private visitors, and thither the ushers instantly conducted Fouche, who, encountering some delay in the anterior room; impatiently pushed open the folding doors and entered unanounced: The Emperor greeted the interior at first with an ominous frown of displeasure, but instantly recognizing the visitor, resumed his customary expression, and nodded affably. ession, and nodded affably.

Fouche to k in the situation at a single glance.

Beeides Napoleon there were five persons in the reorn. Four of these were offlicials of the palace—chamberlains and armed valets—who frequently attended when he gave audience, to prevent any attempt at private assassination. The fifth was a man habited in a common workman's blouse, stonding apart from the others in a respectful attitude, and saked Chavarri.

'You would have made a good diplomat,' said Napoleon, as he made the required indiction.

Chavarri hesitated for a moment, required his hand lingeringly from the spring, and bowing his head, glided to wards the door. Just upon the threshold he turned in sudden dismay.

'Where shall I find my daughter?' asked Chavarri. workman's blouse, standing apart from the others, in a respectful attitude, and holding in his hand a workman's red fez cap. It needed but a glance to assure Fouche that this person was none other than the old familiar goblin of the Tulleries—Don Mosen Chavarri. But how metamorphosed! His hair, formerly gray, was dyed to a glossy blackness; his face was despoiled of its moustache and pointed beard, and his once smooth hands were roughened as though by exposure and toil. At his side stood a large larguer table supporting an object upon which

table, supporting an object upon which Fouche's attention was immediately itseed. This was seen at once, to be an exact model of the church of Notre Dame, grought in metal, in the highest style of art, and serving evidently as the case for a clock, since just above the folding doors, which were perfect imitations of those which barred the principal entrance to Notre Dame, where two dials, on one of which the hours and minutes were measured, while on the other a ong sweeping hand marked the seconds. Fouchs, by a natural impulse, noticed the time in-dicated by the disis. It lacked but a few

minutes of noon.
Immediately thereafter he started with
nervous darm as the clock gave out a
warning note as though about to strike then suddenly there was a clauk of comp feated machinery, and the great doors folded slowly inward, exposing the whole of the gorgeous interior to view.

The mimic church was decorated as though for some great tete. Banners and hangings of the richest material and nost costly workmanship fluttered from the ceilings and flaunted from the niches in the walls. The aisles were carpeted with tapestry and velvet, and the pillars were clustered with gold and blazing with gems. On the opposite sides of the great ave two thrones were erected, the one

being approached by a flight of velvet-covered steps and canop ed with cloth of gold and scarlet velvet sprinkled with And now the great bell in the tower struck one with a hoose. And now the great bett in the tower struck one with a heavy, reverberating clang, there arose a swell of triumphal music, and a mimic procession, clad in gorgeous robes, moved into view from one of the hidden aisles. At the head of

this cortegé walked an old man wearing a triple crown, who, as the bell tolled for the second time, ascended the steps of he smaller throne. It was the ceremony of the coronation It was the ceremony of the coronation performed by autamatons.

Napoleon looked on with unusual interest. 'Confess, Fouche,' said he, 'that this is as admirable in its way as is the police system of Paris. There is one mistake, however,' he continued. 'The great doors of Notre Dane were not open on that occasior. The throne was built again the prime of life, res less and discontant in the life of life, res less and discontant in the life of life of life, res less and discontant in the life of life o

ough the transverse halls:'
'True, sire,' said the fictitious artisan, casting a side glance at Fouche, whose name he had just heard pronounced.—
True, but your majesty will see that it is a mistake unavoidable here. Like the rest of the world, we have been obliged to sacrifice truth in order to secure ef

feet.'
The Emperor smiled and remained silent.

Meanwhile, Fouche was revolving a dilemma in his mind with the rapidity of one accustomed to act in dangerous crises. There are situations in which a slight vantage in the hands of a danger-ous man may set at naught the strength of thousands, and in which the most ex traordinary means must be employed to secure what are apparently trifling re-sults. Fouche adopted the course which

sults. Fouche adopted the course which seemed at first most speedibly practicable, since the consideration of first importance was in this instance time.

'Your Majesty,' said he, advancing, and speaking rapidly, 'may I reques your immediate attendance in your cabinet to a matter of the utfloot consequence—a matter which will not admit of a moment's delay.'

The Emperor turned ic surprise and frowned. Chavarri looked up sullenly and silently, and made a very suspicious and silently, and made a very suspicious movement toward his clock. With the rapidity of thought Fouche changed his

plans.

'Your Majesty,' said he, more loudly and rapidly than before, 'the lady Isid re Chavarri has just been arrested near the Cemetery of Montmarte, charged with a capital crime. She has already been 'ried by a special tribunal and condemned to death. I come to implore your Majesty by a special tribunal and condemned to death. I come to implore your Majesty

to grant her pardon. As he spoke he fixed a painful searching gaze upon the Spaniard. This time the bolt had struck. The old man's tawny face was taking on a sickly hue and his knees trembled. nd his knees trembled.

'This is a most unusual proceeding,' said the Emperor, in amazement. 'Who is this lady, and what is the nature of Fouche, bent double with suspense

still keeping his eye riveted upon the tawny, changing face, spoke almost imploringly.

'You have trusted me before, sire. I You have trusted me before, sire. I beseech you to trust me now Ask me no questions, but write the pardon—quickly.'

There was an instant of silence, broken only by the ticking, and low, fuir music of the clock. The second hand was measuring off the sixtieth minute, with rapid and steady sweep. Almost unconsciously Fouche drew a pistol from his pocket, cocked it unobserved, and with a face as that of a corner, was raising himself to

cocked it unobserved, and with a race as that of a corpse; was raising himself to fire—with a cry to the Emperor on his hips—when Chavarri, whose mind seem-ed forn by contending emotious, bent suddenly over his mechanism, touched a suddenly over his mechanism, touched a spring concealed in the rear of the tower, and instantly the whole complicated machinery of the clock stopped with a sudden metallic clang. The music ceased, the automatons paused, standing like statues, each in his place, the mimic Emperor stretching out his hand for the crown of the Coasrs, and the great bell in the tower joised midway in its swing. I the twelfth and final stroke.

'Parbleu!' muttered Fouche, pocketing the pistol, and wiping the prespiration from his brow. 'Allow me, Monsieur,' he said, advancing to the table; 'let me inspect this wonderful spectmen of art.' 'It is so delicate, Monsieur,' said Chavarri, hurrically, still keeping his finger on the secret spring and waving Fonche on the secret spring and waving Fouch off with his unengaged hand. 'Here is the pardon,' said the Emperor

There is the pardon, said the comperor, sffixing his signature to a faper as he spoke. 'I hold you, Fouche, responsible for results. Well, what next?' - 'Our worthy friend's clock is broken, it appears,' said Fouche, awkwardly, 'Broken, sire' said the Spaniard, 'and with it the plans of a lifetime.' And, he wilded, eather down his awar and eather down his awar and eather. added, casting down his eyes, and speaking in a querulous broken voice, 'since when one's hopes are broken, one cares but little where he goes, I wish a passport to leave France.' when one's hopes are orones, one of furniture and a great many scraps of breast and fron.

was in a green livery. A gendarme was in a green livery. A gendarme was following him, and another was guarding the shop in the Faubourg, where, however, nothing remained but a piece of furniture and a great many scraps of the cock up the cue immediately. I have to request, sire,' said he, 'that you also make out a full and free pardon

Chavarri-her father, Don Mosen Chavarri, of Seville.!

The Emperor smiled bitterly. His active cand had already compassed the situation, and without a word, either of expostulation or inquiry he seized a per and wrote. Then, having finished and signed the double pardon, he advanced with his his hadd.

'Our friend here,' said he, 'doubtless traws where these parties are to be found.

knows where these parties are to be found and to him I confide these papers. The old man, still jealously keeping his hand on the spring of mechanism, read aboud: 'A full permission to Don Mosen and Donna Isidore Chevarri to leave Franco mmediately, without hindrance or ques-

tion.'
Add,' said he, 'and alive.'
'You would have made a good diplo-mat,' said Napoleon, as he made the re-

wards the door. Just upon the threshold he turned in sudden dismay. 'Where shall I find my daughter?' asked Chavarri. 'When she is found we will send Monsieur word,' sneered Fouche.

An expression of the most intense malignity flashed across the old man's face, and with an oath he sprang back toward the table in the room. But a pistol consented him.

'These pardons are forfeited!' cried 'No,' said the Emperor, 'let him pass.'
Chavarri, with a look of wonder, wheeled slowly about and disappeared. After his departure Napo'eon stood for After his departure Napo con stood for a short time in the centre of the apartment lost in a profound reverie.

Then, as his gaze fell upon the clock and the automaton standing beneath the suspended crown within, he bent forward and regarded the figure attentively. 'So,' he said, 'this was to have been

fronted him.

ny successor.'
It is scarcely necessary to add that the clock proved, on examination, to be an infernal machine of the most ingeniou and deadly description. Concealed be-neath the metallic slab, which formed the navements of the minic chapel, and which was constructed to fold back at the proper moment, was found a triple row of small wrought iron barrels, load-ed heavily with slogs and balls, and ar-ranged to caver an area of forty-five degrees, at a distance of twenty yards from the machine; no one within that range could possibly have withstood their dis charge, exploded simultaneously, exactly when the hands on the dial indicated the horr of noon; but a spring on the outside of the case gave the manipulator power to alter the 'set' of the works, and discharge them sooner if necessary.

A few months after the occurrence of the incident narrated above, Fouche received a letter from Chavarri, then in. England, written in the vein in which men, who have played a desperate game and lost, occasionally write to those who have outwitted them. The writer stated that the clock was entirely the work of his gawn hands, and that he and his

daughter alone were concerned in the plot, which had been frustrated by Fonche's promptness.

As for himself, he had little expectation As for times in the matter expectation of escaping, having freely resolved to involve himself, if necessary, in the destruction which should overwhelm the Emperor. His daughter, however, the only person on earth for whom he retains only person on earth for whom he relained any affection, he coild not afford thus
to sacrifice. He had made provision
elsewhere for her future support, and according to the original plan, she was to
have left Paris some thrity days before
the consummation of the plot, thus having abundant time to pass the frontier
and reach a place of safety. This had
heen foiled by an unforseen event. On
the evening before the final fiasco at the
Tulleries they had received information

Tuileries they had received information to the effect that Napoleon was on the point of departure for the frontier, and was determined to make the attempt at once. On the following morning accordingly, the daughter had departed at as early an hour as possible, trusting for her escape to good fortune, and he, himself, fortified with letters from prominent officials, had proceeded to the palace at eleven, having given his daughter all the time it was possible to spare.

Fouche himself knew the rest.

No personal danger; no promised hou or, nothing, in short, but the cunningly devised falsehood regarding his daughter, could have induced him, Chavarri, to stop the hands of the fatal clock.

He also confessed that it was he who, two years before, had fired the shot in

He also confessed that it was he who, two years before, had fired the shot in the Rue de Rivoli, and stated that it had long been the sole aim and purpose of his life-to assassinate Napoleon. He added, however, that they need have no fear of his repeating the attempt, as the maguminity of the Emperor on the last occasion had completely disarmed him. Chavarri subsequently died in extreme poverty in London. Of the after fate of his daughter nothing is known. His elock, despoiled of the nurderous portion clock, despoiled of the nurderous portion of its machinery, was preserved for sev-eral years in the Tulleries, and was finally destroyed by an accidental fire and the

A SAD LITTLE STORY .- A very curious A SAD LITTLE STORY.—A very curious incident, thinstrative of the power which can be exercised over the animal creation by kindness and careful training, occur red but a few days ago at Scottsville, in Kentucky. The sister of officer Harry Mansfield, of this city, had raised a fine mocking bird, which she taught to go and come at her call, and in return for all the kindness bestowed upon it, it'exhibited a peculiar fondness for her. Last Monday Miss Mansfield was taken ill, and, to while away the tedium of the sick Monday Miss Mansheld was taken ill, and, to while away the tedium of the sick room, she had the little pet brought to her bedside and day and night it cheered her with its sweet carols, bringing to mind many happy thoughts of field and meadow, sunshine and song. As her illness grew more alarming, and day after day brought no relief from suffering, the warbling of the little singster rather served to annoy than please her, and so, turning on her pillow, she said to him, Birdie, you worry me.' Strange to say, the words seemed to be understood, for immediately the song was hushed, and the words seemed to be understood, for immediately the song was hushed, and the bird retired within itself as it were. On the next day the lady died, leaving, it would seem, a command of silence upon the bird, which will never be broken, for, although several days have elapsed since, and every effort has been made to induce him to sing, he refuses to respond with song to any lips but those of his once mistress.—Nashville Banner.

IRISH BULLS.—The Irish, rightly or wrongly, get the credit for almost all the tulls that go the round of the papers. It was an Irishman who wanted to find a place where there was no death, that he might go and end his days there. It was an Irish editor that exclaimed, when speaking of Ireland, 'Her cup of misory has been for ages overflowing and is not yet full.' It was an Irish newspaper that said of Robespierre, that 'he left no children behind him, except a brother, who was killed at the same time.' It was an Irish coroner who, when asked how he accounted for an extraordinary mortality in Lime ric's, teplied, sadly,—'I cannot or Line fielt, replied, sadily,—'I cannot cil. There are people dving this year who never died before.' It was an Irish mandbill that announced with boundless therality, in reference to a great political tensorstration in the Rotunda, that the I willow without distinction of few would be a long to the collection of t salies, without distinction of sex, would welcome,' Sir Boyle Roche, said Single misfortunes never come alone and the greatest of all possible misfor tunes is generally followed by one great er.' An eminent spirit merchant in the city of Dublin, announces, in an Irish paper, that he has still a small quantity of the whisky on hand which was drunk by George IV., when in Dublin,—Every Saturday. "OR FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT."

A 'young lady of New York was in the habi writing to the Philadelphia Ledger on the or writing to the Frinancipum Leager on two subject of Temperance. Her writings evinced such deep emotion that a friend of her's accused her of being a monomaniae on the subject of Temperance, whereupon she wrete the following.

Go, feel what I have felt. Go, bear what I have borne-Sink 'neath the blows a father dealt. And the cold world's scorn; The suffering on from year to year-The sole relief of the scorehing tear.

Go, kneel where I have knelt, Implore, beseech and pray-Strive the besetted heart to melt, The down ward course to stay : Be dashed with bitter curse aside, Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied

Go, weep as I have wept Der a loved author's fall— See every promised blessing swept— Youth's sweetness turned to gall— Life's fading flowers strewn all the way That brought me to a woman's day

Go, see what I have seen. Behold the strong man bow With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood, A cold and livid brow; Go, watch his withering glance, and see

There mirrowed his soul's misery, Go, hear and feel, and see and know All that my soul hath felt and known Then look into the wine cup's glow. See if its beauty con atone-Think of its flavor you will try

When all proclyims " tis drink and die Tell me I hate the bowl-Hate is but a feeble word. I loathe-abhor-my very soul With strong disgust is stirred, Whepe'er I see, or hear, or tell

Of that dark beverage of hell.

Darwinism is a mere ape-ology for science. That's what it is; and its no new thing under the sun. It has been presented in a great variety of forms by all the authors of children's primers—from Mother Goose to Edward Lear. For instance, witness the following ancient ex-

position of it:

"The monkey married the baboon's sister, smacked his lips, and then he kissed her, Kissed so hard he raised a blister— She sot up a yell." This is a touching incident in the beau-This is a consisting including the beautiful process of transition from worm to Walluce—from dirt to Darwin. The intermarriage between correlated families; the reciprocal attachment so interesting to the thoughtful mind; the pathetic preliminary of osculation; the culicular accident of vescication; his fervency; h r cov affectation of displeasure—all point with unerring finger to the mysterious origin and solemn destiny of man.—Again, observe the continuance of the esemblance, as shown in the same fam-

"Bridegroom stuck on some court plaster; Stuck so fast it couldn't stick faster; O, it was a sad disaster— But it soon got well." Here you are again. These be human pasions, affections, afflictions. We see the praiseworthy solicitude of the bride-groom; the faithful constancy of the court plaster, and behind all, cunningly suggested rather than stated, the uncomplaining patience of the young wife. Then the slow recovery. But we must

"What d'ye think the bride was drest in? White gauze veil and green glass breastpin; She did look quite interestin'; She was quite a belle." The scene is changed. The cohesive emolient has been removed from the sa-luted lip. The bride, though of Simian origin, betrays the divine symbol of her sex—the taste for decoration. She robes her lovely form in transparent gossamar, ner lovely form in transparent gossamar, revealing by concealing. She ornement her undulating bust with sapphire gand—just the way they do now. Is it not sufficiently obvious that the author of this understood the great principle of natural selection and the survival of the

natural selection and the survival of the fightist, as it is now exclained by Darwin, Huxley and the rest?

But, on arriving at the blunt termination of the affecting stanzas, it occurred to us that they were, incomplete—that they were, as it were, rudimentary—so we handed them over to our ingenuous office boy to fluish according to the evolution theory. He pulled up his shirt collar, rolled up his eyes and his sleeves, anasmodically seized a sheet of paper and pasmodically seized a sheet of paper and vended his winding way along after the ollowing fashion:

What d' you think occurred soon arter? First a son and then a darter; And they kept a growin' smarter 'Cordin to the law.

Lost their tails and found their knowledge; Put on clothes and went to college; Studied science and zoolidge— Wagged a classic jaw,

One remembered his "poor relation,"
Then he printed a narration,
All about his derivation
From his grandmamma. From his grandmamma.

Thus much the bov. Then he fainted dead away, like Prof. John Tyndall, F. R. S., when he surmounted the highest peak of the Matterlorn. We dragged the youth to the sink and sprinkled him with the water the "forms" had bathed in, and he sadly opened his eyes. 'How are you?' said we, to which vehemently the lad replied: 'Walter Whitman ain', no poet. He never caught nothin' from the Muses 'cept the St. Vitus's dance.'— We let him warble on, seeing that his mind was wandering: But here are our subsequent meditations: 'Darwin' is right. The book of nature is now perspicuous. We are what we are, because

We are what we are, because the monkey married the babbon's sister. THE WIVES OF GREAT MEN.—In one of the towns of Michigan, resides a legal gentleman of fine abilities, an eloquent talker, a thorough lawyer, and a good fellow generally; but he tipleth too frequently, and this habit has retarded his advancement. His party frequently promised him a position, but the poor man's failings had as frequently rendered it inexpedient just at that time Finally the time came when the congressional nomination was within his grasp. He had a wife. She too wisbed to go to THE WIVES OF GREAT MEN .-- In on He had a wife. She too wished to go

Washington. Other representatives tool their spouses to the capital.
'You expect to go, dear, don't you!'
'Yes.' 'And do as other Congressmen do?'

'And do as other Congressmen do?'
'Yes,' gruffly.
'Well, as other Congressmen take their
wives, you'll take me.'
'I don't care, you can go.'
'But dear, you know I've never been
there, nor never been out much. How
do you think I'll appear among other
great men's wives.'
'Pear wellenough!' 'pear well enough!'
replied Robort, beginning to get a little
riled. 'All great men have confounded
fools for wives!' fools for wives!

Unfortunately for Robert, the people did not see in Robert the Representative the exigencies the times demanded, and elected the other man. But what an

atrocious sentiment Robert uttered! MORAL CHARACTER. - No young man MORAL CHARACTER.—No young man can hope to rise in society, or perform worthily his part in life, without a fair moral character. The basis of such a character is a virtuous, fixed sense of moral obligation, sustained and invigor-ated by the fear and love of God. The youth who possesses such a character can be trusted. Integrity, justice, truth, benevolence, are not with him words without meaning; he feels and knows their sacred import, and aims in the youth who possesses such a character can be trusted. Integrity, justice, truth, benevolence, are not with him words without meaning; he feels and knows their sacred import, and aims in the tenor of his life to exemplify the great virtues they express. Such a man has decision of character; he knows what is right, and is firm in pursuing it; and he thinks and acts for himself. Such a man has true worth of character; his life is a blessing to himself, to his family, to soelety, and to the world.

quent life he arose from one degree of act of hum its claim. The minence to another, until at last the eminence to another, until at last the minence to another. Another mine distinguished mine and fame of the great statesman of New York, Wm. L. Marcy.

Long years after he had left his school day hautes and when he had come to another mine of hum and whe he had come to another mine and fame of the great

ANDREW JACKSON'S DUEL WITH CHAS. DICKINSON

We find in a southern exchange the following account of a duel fought by Gen. Jackson with Charles Dickinson. It took place May 30, 1809, at Harrison's Mills, ou Red river, in Logan county,

Kentucky:
The place of combat was a long day's ride from Nashville, and the duelists were consequently obliged to start twenty-four hours previous. Dickinson, beside his second, was accompained on the fatal journey by a number of gay companions, who went out to see the meeting and sppared to have cherished the utmost confidence in the prowess of their friend. Tradition states that whenever the party stopped for refreshments. Kentucky: their friend. Tradition states that whenever the party stopped for refreshments,
Dickinson displayed his skill with his
weapon by shooting at a mark, and so
wonderfully accurate was his aim that at
the word of command he put four balls
into a space covered by a dollar, twentyfour-feet distant. At the same distance
he repeatedly cut a small string suspended from a bough, and left it behind,
with instruction to the tavern keoper to
show it to Gen. Jackson if he came that show it to Gen. Jackson if he came that

way. It is also said that he bet \$500 he would hit his enemy within a half inch of a certain button on his coat. Both were consolous that it was indeed to be a life and death affair, and they studied the situation accordingly. Their deliberations resulted in Jackson's determination to let Dictionary beautiful for the straight of the erations resulted in Jackson's determination to let Dickinson have the first first and take his chances for the second. He felt perfectly confident that Dickinson would hit him, and equally confident that he would hit Dickinson. 'I should have hit him,' said this iron man long afterward, 'if he had shot me in the brain.' The two parties passed the night at different cabins on the bank of the rivergul largeon is reported to have taken of ferent cabins on the bank of the river-and Jackson is reported to have taken a hearry supper, smoked his usual pipe and indulged in cheerful conversation previous to retiring Next morning be-fore breakfast, Jackson and his friends were in the saddle, and fording the shal-low stream, proceeded to the appointed spot—a level piece of river bottom in the bosom of a forest of poplar trees. Dick-inson was countly premoted. changing the salutations business went on at once. The ground was measured, pegs driven, and men placed, the platols toaded, and all was ready but the word. The giving of this had been won by Overton, and he shouted it out with the strong old country accent—"Fire!"—Dickinson raised his pistol quickly and fired on the instant, The dust flew from the breast of the loose fitting frock which beckers were a wife. Juckson wore, and he was seen to place his left arm with a tight grip across his chest; but he neither staggered nor turned pale. Dickinson, amazed at the sight of his foe, still erect and apparent-ly untouched, fell back a pace or two and

ly untouched, fell back a pace or two and exclaimed: "Great God! have I missed him?" "Back to the mark, sir!" said Overton, with his hand on his pistol.—Dickinson resumed his place, and stood firmly waiting the result. Jackson raised his weapon, took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger. It stopped at half cock. He cocked again, again aimed as deliberately as before, and this time the ringing grack followed, and Dickinson, reeling toward the ground, was caught. reeling toward the ground, was caught by his friends and supported against a clump of underbrush. His lower gar-ments reddened with blood, and a brief examination showed that the ball had examination showed that the ball had passed directly through the body below the hips, and lodged under the skin on the opposite side from the point of entrance. Such a wound could have but one termination, and Dickinson, after one termination, and Dickinson, after suffering terribly all day, died at nine o'clock the same evening. As Jackson and his companions went from the spot the surgeon noticed the clood oczing from his shoes. "My God, Gen. Jackson, are you hit?" I exclaimed. "Oh, I believe he has pricked me a little. Let's at it. But say nothing about it here," pointing to the house they were then approaching. Why he was so particular in concealing his wound from outsiders is explained by a friend to whom Jackson afterward said: "I did not went him—Dickinson—to have the gratification of knowing that he had to prinking a deep draught of butter milk, he had the wound dressed and was able to ride home without much difficulty; but three months elapsed before he could their shoe makers, batters and barbers

out three months elapsed before he could move about comfertably, and the indirect consequence of the injury filled his closing years with pain, and at last laid him in his grave. The duelling pistols used on this occasion Jackson never parted with, and in his last days a friend calling upon him took up one of the pistols which lay on the mantel. The old man remarked quietly. "This is the pistol with which I killed Mr. Dickinson." So warm 'Burr would now and then say Aaron Burr would now and then say with a smile: "My friend Hamilton, whom I shot."

THE EARLY DAYS OF WILLIAM L. MARCY. A correspondent of the Liberal Chris-

tian tells this story about William L. I spent a day of my vacation at Charlestown, Massachusetis. As we rode into the village on the evening of our arrival there we saw an old man on his way from his house to the barn close by, going with a pail in hand to milk the cows. He was ninety-two years old. He not only milks the cows but drives them to pastwas ninety-two years old. He not only milks the cows but drives them to pasture and goes after them again every day, just as he had done for I do not know how many years. In the morning, as we sat upon the piazza of the hotel, the old man was seen walking along the street on the other side, with a quick, energetic step, when Mr. Pratt ca'led him over to the house and introduced us to him. He sat down and was very chatty, talking over the times that were long ago, and telling us of the years when he saw such men as George Washington and John Adams and Fishor Ames, and mingled with the great spirits of a generation which seems quite distant from the men of to-day. For General Salem Towne, our venerable friend, was formerly himselfa man of mark and influence, well fitted by nature and education to associate with the most eminent of his contemporaries. The General is often spoken of as 'the man who made Bill Marcy.' Bill Marcy was a native of the immediate vicinity, and grew up to be a wild and heady youth. He was thought by his parents and by all the neichbors to be the worst boy thoy knew. One winter he succeeded, in conjunction with kindred spirits, in outsting the teacher by his parents and by all the neichbors to be the worst boy thoy knew. One winter he succeeded, in conjunction with kindred spirits, in ousting the teacher from the district school. Salem Towne, then a young man, was summoned as the fittest person to take charge of these unruly youths and complete the term.— Everybody thought the new teacher would certainly have trouble with Bill Marcy. But that trouble did not come. The first day had not passed before Mr. Towne discovered in his pupil an ele, ment of real good, and told him so. Thisto the boy, was a most unusual acknowlment of real good, and told him so. Thisto the boy, was a most unusual acknowledgment, and it touched his heart.— Some one had seen good in him. He was then, capable of better things, and was determined to make the endeavor.

It was the turning point of his life.— Such was his conduct and such his progress in study, that his teacher advised him to go on and prepare himself for college. It was a great surprise to his parents, but at the urgent solicitation of Mr. Towne they gave their consent, and he was placed under the instruction of a clergyman in the vicinity of his home. ne was placed under the instruction of a clergyman in the vicinity of his home. At length he entered college and passed through the course with great success, justifying at every step the confidence and hope of his best friend. In subsequent life he arose from one degree of emineral transfer.

CARDS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, and every other distriction of Jon and Card Printing. VOL. 58.--NO. 23.

greet each other as old friends, he very naturally expressed a pleasurable surpr se that they knew each other so well. Why, said Marcy, that is tne man that made me. When I was a boy everybody was agginst me. None—no, not even my own father and mother—saw any good in me. He was the first who believed in me, befriended me, told me what I might become, and helped me on in life at that critical juncture. Whatever of meritor distinction I have attained to I owe to him more than any other

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sements should be accompanied by the Advertisements should be accompanied by an Cash. When sent without any length of time specified for publication, they will be continued untilordered out and energed accordingly.

ever of meric or distinction I have attain-ed to, I owe to him more than any other living person.' We need not say that the teacher, who has so long survived the illustrious pupil, is proud to remem-ber "that he is the man who made Bill,

SHAMS.

Some Sensible Remarks Thereon. In a Fourth of July address Erastus rooks made these remarks on the shame

of our country:
To pass by the political shams, which are almost as numerous as the legion cast into the sea, under whose march integrity of purpose, honesty of administration and sagacity in government are put far behind that which is attractive but false—passing by politics, I say, because it is the fashion to sneer and slur at that which in good hands means good government and good laws, let us look abroad upon professions and professors, teachers and doctornaries. Science, so-called, quarrels with theology, not so much i ceause science and theology are reasonably at variance, or the Mosaic of our country: called, quarrels with theology, not so much lecause science and theology are reasonably at variance, or the Mossic record of man and nature inconsistent with modern research or discovery, but because the ignorant theologian and the more ignorant discovere—two block—heads in close collision—believe that their ignorance is the best interpretation of divine wisdom. And it is a mistake to suppose that shams are confined to low life. Pulpit and press, physic and law, the shop and the laboratory, professorships and colleges, teachers and students abound in shams. Men buy and build paper houses and sell them for oak or brown stone, with plenty of paint and tinsel to gild the goodly outside of faisehold. We call our veneerings of walnut, rosewood and paint the general thing, when it is all a sham. How many shams attend our college commencements in the heat of midsummer? Our gildud cars and steamboats, where they fake cars and steamboats, where they take the place of durability and solid comfort, are shams. Plain words and facts—as a spade for a spade, a prison for a theft—do not suit the age. Men love to be humbugged. There is no folly so great, no creed so monstrous, no pretension so absurd, no appearance so strange and unnatural, no fashion so slavish and grotesque, as not to pass current before the pure gold of simplicity and sober truth. Pardon me for so much truth on the day we are accustomed to believe cars and steamboats where they take

truth. Pardon me for so much truth on the day we are accustomed to believe and say that we are the only really independent and patriotic people in the history of the world.

Here now, my lady friends, is a passing beauty, with golden locks hanging gracefully upon her shoulders as fair as those of our mother Eve; with teeth of the purest white; with checks vieing with the fairest roses that bloom this side of Paradise; perfect in symmetry, 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form'—and how much, or rather how little, of all this moving picture, fitted for a gilded frame, or a frontispiece to a holiday book, is of Nature's make? That man Worth, of Paris, before Paris was in part consumed by fire, and a greater despot by far in his way than Napoleon, made thousands of such walking beauties, from Empress to grisette, and at a cost for-outside wear that made the hard-earned gold of fathers and husbands at home the very sport of agencie and fally. The such shows with and husbands at home the very sport of avarice and folly. Ten such shops, with such patrons—Americans the best patrons of all and the most cringing of all—would give bread and labor to half the peasantry of France. I can say nothing better of a place of from mean and labor to the peasantry of t class of men-men so-called, some of them with their coats lined with rose buds—a bud to every button hole, or a bouquet in one as big as a cauliflower—men I presume they are, but yet, men made by their drapers, and tailors, and furnishers,

COMMERCE OF THE WORLD.

France exports wines, brandles, silks,

france expores wines, brandles, sinks, fancy articles, furniture, jewelry, clocks, watches, paper, perfumery, and fancy goods generally.

Italy exports corn. oil, flax, wines, essences, dye stuffs, drugs, fine marble, soaps, paintings, engravings, mosiacs, and salt. and salt,

Prussia exports linens, woolens, zinc,
articles of iron, copper and brass, indigo,
wax, hams, musical instruments, wine,

tobucco, and porcelain.

Germany exports wool, woolen goods, linens, rags, corn, timber, iron, lead, tin, flax, hemp, wine, tallow and cattle.

Austria exports minerals, glass, wax, tar, nutgall, wine, honey, raw and maunicatured silk, and mathematical instruments.

England exports cotton, woolen, glass, hardware, earthenware, cutlery, iron, steel, metallic wares, salt, coal, watches, tin, silks, and linens.

Russin exports tallow, flax, hemp, tar, down ten, coal, lard, hides

flour, iron, copper, linseed, lard, hides, wax, ducks, cordage, bristles, furs, and botash.

Spain exports wine, brandy, oil, fresh and dried fruits, quicksilver, sulphur, corn, saffron, anchovies, silk and woolen. China exports tea, rhubat b, musk, ginger, borax, zinc, silks, cassia, ivoryware, flagree works, lackered ware, and mornecco

Hindostan exports gold and silver, inolgo, cocinical, sarsaparina, vanina, ju-lap, fustic, compdachy work, pimmento, drugs, and dyestuffs.

The United States exports principally agricultural produce, cotton, flour, iron, tobacco, provisions of all kinds, lumber, turpentine and wearing apparel.-Iron

CURIOSITIES OF EARTH.—At the city of Medina, in Haly, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is dug, when the workmen arrive at a distance when the workmen arrive at a distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger, five feet deep. Then they withdraw from the pit, before the auger is removed, and upon its extraction the water bursts up through the aperature with great violence, and quickly fills the newly-made well, which continues full, and is affected by neither rains nor drought. But what is the most remarkable in this opewhat is the most remarkable in this operation, is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors and different pleces of mason work. Under this is found a soft, cosy earth, made up of vegetables; at twenty-six feet large trees entire, such as walnut, with the fruit stuck to the stem, the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and the what is the most remarkable in this opewith a vast quantity of shells, and the ped is eleven feet thick. Under this veg-

A Parisian newspaper-relates that at a recent meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Crueity to Animale, a countryman, armed with an immense club, presented himself and demanded the first prize. He was asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founded his claim. 'I saved the life of a wolf,' repl ed the countryman. 'I might easily have killed him with this bludgeon,' and he swung his weapon in the air, to the intense discomfort of the president. 'But where was the wolf?' inquired the latter; what had he done to you?' 'He had just devoured my wife,' was the reply. The president reflected an instant, and then said, 'My friend, I am of the opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded.' A PARISIAN newspaper-relates that at