American Volunteer.

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

VOL. 34. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1847. NO. 1.

IT NEVER FAILS.

DR CULLEN'S

Indian Vegetable Panacea.

PERSONS afflicted with Scrofula, Kings' Evil, Cancer, Erysipelas, Old sores, Ulcers, Tetter, Mercurial Diseases, or any other complaints arising from impurities of the blood, are requested to read the following testimonials, in proof of the wonderful properties of the above named medicine.

READ! READ!! READ!!!

We the undersigned, having visited Mr. Isaac Brooks, jr. at the office of Messrs. Rowand & Walton, 376 Market st., Philadelphia, consider his case the most remarkable one we have ever witnessed or heard of. His disease was SCROFULA, and terrible must have been his twelve years conflict with the destroyer. His Palate, the entire roof of his Mouth, Nose, Upper Lip, and lower lid of the RIGHT EYE, have been destroyed, his Face, *nearly eaten up*, and part of the Jaw Bone carried away. And yet we can give no description of his case.

Mr. B informs us that in January last, the whole interior of his mouth, as well as most of his face, was a mass of deep and painful ulcers. On the 14th of January last, he commenced taking Dr. Cullen's Indian Vegetable Panacea, which checked the disease in a few days, and from that time the cure has progressed with intermission. New flesh has supplied the place of the deep ulcers, and though badly disfigured, his face is sound, and his general health is restored. We are assured that in the treatment of Mr. Brooks' case, no Mercurials, Ointments, or Caustic Applications have been used,—in fact, the Panacea Alone, has wrought this wonderful change.

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Charles E. Rowand, Meadville, Crawford co., Pa.,
J. W. Jones, M. D., south 2d street, Phila.
Jacob Lee, Pemberton, N Jersey.
E. W. 440 N. Fourth, st., Phila.
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R. M. Maddock, 28 N. 11th st., Phila.
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J. C. Laycock, Attorney at Law, Washington Square, Phila.

The above named gentlemen, (constituting but a small portion of those who have visited Mr. Brooks at our office in Philadelphia, and would certify to the same acts if necessary) are well known, and their high standing in society precludes the idea of their lending their names to carry on an imposition.

And here we say, without the fear of contradiction, that we have not found a case of Scrofula or other disease for which we recommend the Panacea, which the medicine has not speedily arrested.

We have at this time a multitude of patients under treatment, all of whom are doing well.—Among them is one of CANCER, which was pronounced by physicians *beyond the reach of Surgical* assistance, but from all appearances will be cured in a few months.

Sold wholesale and retail by ROWAND & WALTON, Proprietors, No. 376 Market st. Philadelphia, and also by the following regularly authorized agents.

SAMUEL W. HAVERSTICK, Carlisle, Pa.
William Bratton, Newville.
Samuel H. Buehler, Gettysburg, Pa.
C. A. Morris & Co. York, Pa.

Carlisle, Dec. 3, 1846.—1y

DR. CULLEN'S

INDIAN VEGETABLE SPECIFIC FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS. This medicine is fast taking the place of every preparation heretofore used for *diseases arising from Weakness* or other causes. All that is necessary to secure this medicine a place in the *Domestic Practice* of every family; when such a medicine is needed, is a trial.

It speaks for itself—is innocent in its operation, and no injury can arise from its use at any time.

Sold wholesale and retail by ROWAND & WALTON, Proprietors, No. 376 Market st. Philadelphia, and also by the following regularly authorized agents.

SAMUEL W. HAVERSTICK, Carlisle, Pa.
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Bull's Sarsaparilla

FOR the cure of scrofula in all its forms, diseases of the skin, eruption, &c., rheumatism, dyspepsia, chronic diseases of the lungs, cancerous affections, jaundice, palpitation and trembling in the region of the heart and stomach, New Relgia, Scurvy, Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance, to counteract the destructive effects of Mercury, and all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood. For sale at the Drug store opposite the Depot House.

J. & W. B. FLEMING.

May 20, 1847.

Dyspepsia.

CANTRALL'S Anti-Dyspeptic Powder, a remedy whose efficacy has been tested for several years, and whose employment has met with unparralleled success, in alleviating and curing permanently, those innumerable and perplexing symtoms attendant upon that universally known disease—Dyspepsia. For sale by

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May 20, 1847.

Picard's Palma Christi Pommade.

A NEW and beautiful preparation, confidently recommended as having no equal, for imparting a beautiful, soft and glossy appearance to the Hair, promoting its growth and preventing its falling out, for sale at the drug store of

J. & W. B. FLEMING.

May 20, 1847.

JOB WORK

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE ON MODERATE TERMS.

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER,

Is published every Thursday, at Carlisle, Pa., by JOHN B. BRATTON, upon the following conditions, which will be rigidly adhered to:

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For one year, *in advance*, . . . $2 00
For six months, *in advance*, . . . 1 00

No subscription taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid.

Twenty-five per cent. additional on the price of subscription will be required of all those who do not pay in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion,	$ 50
One square, two insertions,	75
One square, three insertions,	1 00
Every subsequent insertion, per square,	25

A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year, or for three or six months.

OFFICE.—The office of the *American Volunteer* is in the second story of James H. Graham's new stone building, in South Hanover street, a few doors from Burkholder's hotel, and directly opposite the Post-office, where those having business will please call.

Poetical.

"WHERE THE WEARY ARE AT REST."

BY JULIET H. LEWIS.

Mother! mourning for the infant,
Now released from sin and pain,
Call not back the ransomed spirit
To the weary world again.
Though the hues of earth have faded,
Lone lily house, and sad thy breast,
Ye shall meet again, rejoicing,
"Where the weary are at rest."

Warrior! 'mid the din of battle
Dealing death on all around,
Marring ruthlessly God's image,
Felling brothers to the ground,
Cease the strife, and turn to heaven!
Break the sword, and doff the crest!
Scenes like these will never lend thee
"Where the weary are at rest."

Toiling slave of wild ambition!
Scheming for a monarch's crown,
Spending years of early promise
Seeking for the world's renown,
Cease thy vain pursuit of phantoms!
Quench the fires within thy breast!
Strifes like these, oh what avail they
"Where the weary are at rest?"

Miser! gloating o'er thy coffers
Sadly, sadly with a wealth untold,
Know'st thou not thy dross will perish?
Dimmed will be thy shining gold!
Seek the treasures of pure Heaven?
Even such, was God's behest;
Free are all things from corruption
"Where the weary are at rest."

Young and lovely maiden! wreathing
Hope's bright blossoms round thy brow,
All things smile in love upon the,
Bright the world before thee now,
Ere that world shall disappoint thee
Let thy Savior be confessed!
Steer thy bark toward the haven
"Where the weary are at rest!"

Drooping one! o'er earth a wand'rer,
Friendless, houseless, dost thou roam?
This is not for thy abiding,
Heaven shall be thy lasting home.
Cheer thee then, though now thy spirit
Be by worldly woes distressed,
Endless joys thou shalt inherit
"Where the weary are at rest."

Christian sufferer! worn with anguish,
Racked by more than mortal pain,
Longing for release, and Heaven,
Chafes thy spirit at her chain?
Soon the bonds of earth shall sever,
Thou'lt be numbered with the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

Miscellaneous.

THE ANXIOUS WIFE.

BY S. C. HALL.

"With mournful eyes, and brow of feeling;
One hand before her meekly spreading,
The other back her ringlets shedding."
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Why looks the mother so lonely within her cottage home—her own home—even at the very moment when the prayers of her first born ascend the throne of the Almighty, and her cradled infant is calmly sleeping by her side? It is a kindly and a quiet evening; the setting sun mingles his rays with the light fleecy clouds that sail along the sky; the gentle breeze wafts the fragrance of a thousand flowers through the open casement; and the voice of nature is calling upon every heart to be cheerful and to be happy;—yet is the mother more than pensive as she looks forth along the far spread heath; and in her chamber there are tokens that she waits the home coming of one, in whose presence alone her eye can brighten and sadness and solitude be felt no more. For hours has she listened to hear his step along the gravelled pathway that leads from the main road to her humble dwelling on the plain—and she is weary with the heaviness of hope deferred.

At length her ear catches the welcome and well known sound of his tread; in another moment he had passed the threshold of his door, and the anxious wife is in her husband's arms; he had kissed her fair forehead, patted her cheek, and gazed intently on his babe; but he has spoken no word; and there is a cloud upon his brow; his eyes appear sunk, and his lips are firmly compressed, as if the broods over some plan of more than ordinary moment, as he takes his accustomed seat by the cheerful fire side and partakes his food slowly and in silence; looking now and then towards the clock, that, with its melancholy note, alone breaks the dreariness of the scene, giving awful notice that another moment is gone with the past. The wife is setting opposite the husband, her clasped hands rest on her knees—and she is earnestly watching the outward signs of the struggle she knows to be passing within the breast of her beloved; but she does not intrude her speech upon his thoughts, until with a deep and heavy sigh, he takes her small hand, gently pressing it, and gazes fixedly and anxiously upon her quivering lip.

"Is there any trouble that I may not share?" she inquired in that gentle tone which comes to a wounded spirit like the breeze over a sick man's brow, when for the first time he has felt the heavy atmosphere of his chamber—"or am I less the friend than the wife."

"Nothing, nothing, Ellen," he replied at length, "but that my spirits are low—and yet in truth I know not why," he continued, assuming a look and attitude of gayety and carelessness—"for my labor of to night is not a new thing with me, but one which I have often done with safety and success. The *Bessey* is expected to night," he added in a whisper, "we have certain news that she will land her cargo when the moon goes down, but strange does it seem that what should make me joyous, weigh down my heart as if its veins were filled with molten lead."

"Then go not to night, Herbert—Oh! go not with these fearful and reckless men; pursue no longer a course that may lead to death, but listen again to the warning you have so often heard from my lips."

"Nay, Ellen, soon shall thy daily prayer be answered, but to night *must* see me on the shore; I am pledged to be there before the midnight comes; but take the word of one who never deceived you, the morrow's dawn shall see me an altered man—never again shall the smuggler hail me his companion.—And now, farewell, this will be my *last* night."—Herbert kissed his sleeping babe, breathed a parting prayer over the couch of his boy, pressed his wife to his bosom, and passed rapidly from his dwelling.

She watched him until he had reached the jutting of the road that led down to the beach. Then, sighing heavily, she echoed her husband's words, "his last night!" and leaning her head upon the cradle of her child, wept bitterly, as she prayed earnestly that his farewell sentence might not have an awful meaning. Herbert hurried onwards, not paused even for a moment until he stood before a large mansion that nearly skirted the beach. Its broken windows and unweeded garden showed it to be without inhabitants. It had once been his own—it had descended to him through a long line of ancestors; and a very few years had passed since he had been greeted as one of the wealthiest men along the whole coast of Devonshire. One of the happiest he had certainly been; for his hopes of the future soared but little beyond the possessions of the present; but his pleasures were those of a domestic birth, and all his ambition sought for was ever within his grasp.

But it is not the daring and the speculative alone that adversity visits; in an evil hour, but more from a natural kindliness of disposition than from feeling of a selfish nature, was Herbert induced to permit a quantity of smuggled goods to remain in one of his cellars until their owners had contrived some means of conveying them to the neighboring town of Barnstable. These were discovered by the officers of exercise, the unfortunate gentleman was prosecuted, exchequered in an enormus sum, and utterly, and as it appeared, irretrivably ruined. The lofty mansion in the dale was exchanged for the humble cottage on the moor; but as a recompense for poverty and loss of character, he had then a conscience void of offence, and the knowledge that in adversity and in prosperity his wife was still the same; there was hope in every tone of her sweet, gentle voice, in every glance of her mild blue eye—the smile of affection was never for a moment away from her eloquent countenance; and the dwelling he had shuddered to think upon, became happier and more cheerful than the abode from which he had been driven an exile within sight of home.

But partly from necessity, and partly because he conceived himself a wronged and injured man, he was induced to form a connexion with one of the lawless bands that infested the sea coast of Devonshire: and, from a suspected smuggler, became one in reality. Notwithstanding the continued exertions of his wife to wean him from a course of crime and danger, he had persevered until much that he had lost had returned again to his coffers, and when he spoke of the re-purchase of his ancient home and estate, it was not as a far off prospect, but as an event almost within his reach. It was this feeling, and this hope, that came over him as he stood before the broken door of the deserted house.

"Soon shall ye be my own," he exclaimed, as he passed at the threshold; "my own once more; and in your spacious halls shall my Ellen sit as meekly and as gently as in her humble cottage on the moor; soon will ye be my owe again, home of my fathers!"

He whistled, the sound was answered; and in a few moments he was in the midst of a band of resolute and daring men, who welcomed him as their leader.

"Comrades! the moon wanes; have you any one on the look out?"

"Aye, sir, aye," replied a stout, hardy seaman. "Jack Minnis is up aloft with the night glass; and I warrant me, Jack will see her ten knots off."

"Is there any one upon the watch on the main road, and to the left of the hill?"

"Aye, sir, aye, all is cared for, and I warrant me that bonny Bess will land her cargo safe enough, long before the morning breaks."

The gang was carousing merrily—but Herbert sat apart. His thoughts were with his lone wife in her cottage; well he know that the night would be as sleepless to her as to him; and it was with an aching heart and a burning brow that he looked upon the calm heavens, and then towards the moor that lay shrouded in darkness, and breathed a slow and solemn prayer that the innocent might not suffer with the guilty. It was a vain and foolish prayer; it was a solemn mockery for justice; and he knew it. The husband and the father should have remembered that in his dishonor was his children's sham; that in his misery they must participate: and that the consequences of his crime could not be visited alone on him. It was thus he reasoned, when such reasoning could avail him nought.

In about an hour, Jack Minns descended from the roof of the house, and gave notice that the Bessey was in the offing. Instantly the party was in motion, and on their way to the shore. Silently and steadily they passed down the rugged and broken cliffs, and stood at the water's edge. Soon a solitary spark was seen dimly burning, for an instant, upon the surface of the ocean; so faint was it, that by those only who looked for it, could it be discerned. It pointed out where the vessel lay. The signal was answered from the shore; a flash from a pistol pan informed the smugglers where they might land—and in in a few moments the muffled oars were rapidly bearing a boat to land. A brief greeting was exchanged between the seamen and their associates, and the work of unloading commenced. In a space of time almost incredibly short, she was on her way towards the ship, when a sound that resembled a stifled scream passed along the waves; and the boatmen stayed their oars, first looking along the sea where their own vessel rode tranquilly upon the waters, and then towards the land, where they could discern, in the dim twilight, an unusual and ominous bustle among the party they had left.

It was not the ordinary stir of their employment that engaged the smugglers on shore. Herbert had given his directions; and along the craggy cliffs were the tubs and bales borne to a place of safety, when he perceived a stranger among the group, and instantly pointed him out to Minns, who advanced, laid his hand upon him, and attempted to force his slouched hat from his head. The attempt was resisted, when the smuggler drew a pistol from his belt, and said in a low tone—"Friend or foe?"

The stranger replied by knocking the pistol out of the hand that threatened him, and rushed up the cliffs, followed by a number of the party, one of whom fired his pistol at the spy. The sound echoed from rock to rock, and as it died away the voice of Jack Minns was heard in a hissing kind of whisper that passed through the group.

"Comrades, we are betrayed!—off! off!"

But ere they could resolve on what course to pursue, a party of soldiers bent their bodies over the precipice, and pointed their muskets at the gang beneath. The clink of their fire arms was distinctly heard, and the gleam of their brightness met the gaze of the smugglers, as they looked upwards and shuddered. The next sound was the fearful warning—"Yield in the King's name!" and the reply of some daring and relentless man "Come and take us!"

The smugglers had shrunk under the partial shelter of the overhanging cliffs, but as they looked to the right or left, they saw that every pass was guarded. They had brief time for thought—the soldiers with their fixed bayonets were marching in order towards the strand, and a signal fire was instantly blazing on the heights.

"They are but few now," exclaimed Minns, "let us fight it out before the rest come on us."

Herbert made no reply. Every nerve was paralyzed; his countenance became pale as death; and a deep hollow groan came from his bosom, at the very moment when Minns, struggling with the foremost soldier of the band, received the contents of a musket through his heart, and with a loud shriek fell along the shore.

The contest was brief, but did not terminate until more than one soldier had been wounded, and several smugglers had been stretched upon the crimsoned sand. Almost broken in heart, and wounded—for he had fought like a tiger in his lair—when he found the hunters press hardly upon him—was Herbert led, a gyved prisoner, along the road towards the dwelling that was once his own.

The morning was breaking over the earth, and still as a prisoner, with a felon's death before him, lay Herbert, beside his own once cheerful and happy hearth, when a gentle tap was heard at the casement; with a faltering step he approached, looked beneath, and beheld his wife;—she made a sign to be cautious, and having first ascertained that his guards were sleeping, Herbert carefully opened the window, and in another moment she was in his arms; a few brief whispers served to tell the purport of the visit:—

"Oh Herbert, this is no time for reproach,—to save the erring father of my children am I here.—Oh, if my warning voice had been heard ere the fatal night that is now fearfully passing."

Her object was soon explained, and in a few seconds Herbert had taken her cloak, wrapt her in his long heavy coat, placed his hat on her head, pressed her to his bosom, and was crawling away under the shadow of the trees. In the already dawing twilight, he could perceive her at the window, pressing her hand to her brow, and her raised finger was directing his course towards the beach.

The whole transaction was scarcely the work of a minute, but it was an eventful one; for she had scarcely closed the window, ere one of the soldiers awoke, turned and looked carefully around the room,—the prisoner was seated in a corner, leaning her head upon her arm; and above an hour passed before the escape of Herbert was discovered.

In vain did they search every portion of the old mansion, and scour the neighboring hills and plains—the object they sought was nowhere to be found;—and although Ellen was led to the nearest town and examined, her bondage was brief—she was suffered to return to her children.

Nearly a year had passed, and she had received no tidings of her husband; hope had at length gone from her; in sorrow and in solitude did she spend her days, and even the sweet smiles and gentle accents of her children failed to call back comfort to her heart and dwelling. A long dreary winter and a cheerless spring had gone by; and summer had again decorated the land in beauty. Driven from her humble cottage, and pointed at as the smuggler's wife, in the neighboring town of Barnstable, in which she had first sought refuge; she had travelled along the coast—poor, friendless, and deserted,—with no comforter but that religeon which had never left her, either in the lofty dwelling on the strand, the humble cottage on the moor or during her wanderings on the highways,—depending for subsistance upon the poor pittance that the cold hand of charity might fling to her. At length in a dark and cheerless lodging in the outskerts of Ilfracombe, did Ellen Herbert find shelter, and by the labor of her hands did she bring up those who were more desolate than orphans.

Morning, noon and night did she fervently pray that wherever her husband wandered, the light of truth might visit him, and that deep adversity might teach him the lesson of hororable contentment, which he had failed to learn from the precepts and example of his wife.

One evening when her children were at rest, she had laid aside her work, and the Book of Truth lay open on her table; she had been comforted by its pages that speak so strongly to the faithful of reward; to the desolate of hope—when the latch was gently raised, and Herbert met the gaze of his wife; pale and haggard, and in the garb of extreme poverty, did he stand before her, and listen to the throbs that came from her bosom, mingled with grateful thanks to the Giver of all good that he was yet alive.

Her prayers had been heard. The hand of affliction had been heavy upon him in the far distant land to which he had escaped, but affliction had been to him mercy; the bread that had been cast upon the waters, had been returned after many days; the prayers of the righteous had availed much; changed in heart did he once more tread the shores of his native land, and seek out those beloved ones from whom he might again hear the blessed words of husband and father.

All the night long did they sit, hand in hand, and speak their gratitude to God, who had made adversity the handmaid of religion; and in calm confidence they spake of the future as more full of hope than of fear. "Steadfastly purposing to lead a new life" did the outlawed smuggler detail to his trusting and virtuous companion, the trials he had encountered—trials that had worked together for his good.—And the earl's warning beheld them, with their boy and babe, journeying from the town.

In the metropolis, to which they travelled, Herbert, under another name, soon obtained employment; regaining his lost character, and by a course of unremitting industry and integrity, arrived step by step to a respectable and lucrative station in the office of an extensive merchant, whose partner he became, after a lapse of a few years.

Many persons are there in the county of Devon, who have received from their fathers the above story of Herbert the smuggler. The circumstance will be familiar to some of them, although nearly a century has passed over the transaction—for it has been recorded, as nearly as possible, after the manner in which it was related to the writer as a true tale.

Swallowing an Oyster Alive.

A STORY OF ILLINOIS—BY A MISSOURIAN.

At a late hour, the other night, the door of an oyster house in our city was thrust open, and in stalked a hero from the Sucker state. He was quite six feet high, square, somewhat stooped with a hungry, anxious countenance, and his hands pushed clear down to the bottom of his breches pockets. His outer covering was hard to define, but after surveying it minutely, we came to the conclusion that his suit had been made in his boyhood, of a dingy yellow linsey woolsey, and that, having sprouted up with astonishing rapidity, he had been forced to piece it out with all colors, in order to keep pace with his body. In spite of his exertions, however, he had fallen in arrears about a foot of the necessary length, and, consequently, stuck that far through his inexpressibles. His crop of hair was surmounted by the funniest little seal-skin cap imaginable. After taking a position, he indulged in a long stare at the man opening the *bivalves*, and slowly ejaculated 'isters?'

"Yes, sir," responded the attentive opertor and fine ones they are, too.

"Well, I've heard of isters afore," says he "but this is the fust time I've seed 'im, and perhaps I'll know what thar made of afore I git out of town.

Having expressed this desperate intention, he cautiously approached the plate and scrutinized the uncased shell- fish with a gravity and interest which would have done honor to the most illustrious searcher into the hidden mysteries of nature. At length he began to soliquize on the difficulty of getting them out, and how queer they looked when out.

"I never seed any thin' hold on so—takes an amazin' site of sorewin, hoss, to get 'em out and aint they slick and slip'ra when they does come? Smooth as an eel. I'v a good mind to give that feller lodgin', jist to realize the effects, as uncle Jess used to say about speckalation"

"Well, sir," was the reply, "down with two bits, and you can have a dozen."

"Two bits!" exclaimed the sucker, "now come that's stickin' it on right strong, hoss, for isters.—A dozen on'em aint nothin' to a chicken, and that's no gettin' more'n a picayune a piece for them. I'v only realized forty-five picayunes on my first venture to St. Louis. I'll tell you what, I'll gin you two chickens for a dozen, if you will conclude to deal."

A wag who was standing by indulging in a dozen, winked to the attendant to shell out, and the offer was accepted.

"Now mind" repeated the Sucker, "all fair two chickens for a dozen; you're a witness, mister," turning at the same time to the wag; none of your tricks, for I've heard that you city fellers are mighty slip'ry coons."

The bargain being fairly understood, our Sucker squared himself for the onset; deliberately put off his seal skin, tucked up his sleeves and, fork in hand, awaited the appearance of No. 1. It came—he saw—and quickly it was bolted! A moment's dreadful pause ensued. The wag dropped his knife and fork with a look of mingled amazement and horror—something akin to Shakespeare's Hamlet on seeing his daddy's ghost—while he burst into an exclamation—

"Swallowed alive, as I'm a Christian!"

Our Sucker hero had opened his mouth with pleasure a moment before, but now it stood open. Fear—a horrid dread of he din't know what—a consciousness that all was not right, and ignorant of the extent of the wrong—the uncertainty of the moment was terrible. Urged to desperation faltered out—

"What on earth's the row?"

"Did you swallow it alive?" enquired the wag.

"I swallowed it jest as he gin it to me!" shouted the Sucker.

"You're a dead man!" exclaimed his anxious friend "the creature is alive, and will eat right through you," added he in a most hopeless tone.

"Get a pizen pump and pump it out," screamed the Sucker, in a frenzy, his eyes fairly starting from their sockets. "O gracious!—what will I do? It has got hold of my innards already, and I'm dead as a chicken!—do somethin' for me, do—don't let the infernal sea-toad eat me up afore your eyes."

"Why don't you put some of this on it?" inquired the wag, pointing to a bottle of strong pepper-sauce.

The hint was enough—the Sucker, upon the instant, seized the bottle, and desperately wrenched out the cork, swallowed half the contents at a draught. He fairly squealed from its effects, and gasped and blowed, and pitched and twisted, as if it were coursing through him with electric effect, while at the same time his eyes ran a stream of tears. At length becoming a little composed, his waggish adviser approached, almost bursting with suppressed laughter, and inquired,

"How are you now old fellow—did you kill it?"

"Well, I did, hoss,—ugh, ugh-o-o-o my innards! If that ister critter's dyin' agonies didn't stir a ruption in me equal to a small arthquake, then 'taint no use sayin' it—it squirmed like a sarpent, when that killin' stuff touched it; hu! —and here with a countenance made up of suppressed agony and present determination, he paused to give force to his words, and slowly and deliberately remarked, "If you get two chickens from me for that live animal, I'm d—d!" and seizing his seal skin he vanished.

The shout of laughter, and the contortions of the company at this finale, would have made a spectator belive that they had all been swallowing *oyster's alive.*

A Remarkable Man.

A correspondent of the New York Post gives the following account of a noble German volunteer, who was killed in the fiercely contested battle of Buena Vista:

"In about the same part of the field, and about the same time with Clay, McKee, and Hardin, another fell, pierced with a lance, whose name is worthy of a place in the rolls of fame—private Alexander Kunze, of Company H. 4th Regiment of Illinois Volunteers. The writer was honored with his friendship, and had an opportunity of knowing him well, being a member of the same company and his tent mate. His conduct on the field was most soldierly, cool, calm, and deliberate in obeying orders. His courage was conspicuous, even in the moment of his death, when he refused to surrender. Except a brother in South America, he left no relations on this continent. His widowed mother lives in Buckeburg, in Hanover, near to his native city, Hamburg. He received a splendid education at the Universities of Jena and Goettingen. He had been but a year in the United States, when he joined our regiment at Alton, whither he had come to volunteer, from Wisconsin. His motives in taking this step, were that he might serve his adopted country, whose constitution he respected above all other systems of government, and to gratify his curiosity in a new mode of life by seeing Mexico, and observing, as he did with a philosophic eye, the character of her people and institutions. The writer promised much pleasure to himself in travelling with him through this country. He was 27 years of age, and probably the most learned man in the army.—His knowledge of philology was accurate and profound. Such was his knowledge of the Latin, that by one day's examination of a Spanish grammar, he was able to read this cognate language with facility. Many pleasant hours have we spent together in rambling over the plains and mountains of Mexico, while he filled his haversack with new plants to send to Germany, and which his knowledge of botany often enabled him to class in the several genera and species.

"A better or a braver heart than his never beat its last on the field of battle. While waiting upon the field, on the night of the 23d of February, the renewal of the attack by Santa Anna, the thought was most consolatory to several of his comrades, that death on the next day might make them companions of Miltiades, Socrates, and of Kunze."

BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO—*The field of Carnage and Death.*—A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser, furnishes the subjoined account of the field of carnage as witnessed after the battle of Cerro Gordo:

April 23d. As our regiment followed and entered the works, we had a complete view of the scene of conflict. On my left, I saw the body of a Mexican General, who was shot through the head. Whereever the eye fell there were seen bloody corpses: here lay a Mexican soldier with his hands clasped, as in the act of prayer—close by him was another, who had fallen upon his knees, his head resting against a stone, his hands clasped together, as in supplication, and thus had died. No doubt the poor fellow had felt that his hurt was mortal, and addressed his last thoughts to Heaven. Under my feet lay the remains of one whose head had been entirely carried away, and indeed, in every direction were to be seen these sad evidences of battle. The hill side was covered with the bodies of the fallen.

We occupied the field of battle, engaged in burying the dead, bringing in and succoring the wounded, and gathering the arms, which had been left.—In the course of the day I came across two Mexican officers, who were very badly wounded. They were Colonels, and one of them Aid to the General, whose dead body I had seen on the hill. Fortunately one of them spoke French, and thus I was enabled to converse with them. I had water brought to refresh them, procured litters and carried them to the hospital, where their wounds might be dressed, though I much doubt whether both of them will recover.—They suffered great pain, and in lifting them from the ground to be placed on the bier, their groans were heart-piercing. Close by them lay several of their men, torn and mutilated by shot. How I pitied them!—They made signs for drink, which I caused to be given them; further aid I could not render.—Water at this place was difficult to procure, and very muddy: but of this I caused some to be brought, and went about the field hunting for the sufferers, that I might in some degree relieve them, or alleviate their pain. Among those objects of sympathy it was delightful to see how soon the fiery passion of our soldiers had subsided after the battle, how they were intent upon assisting the wounded of the one my, whom, but a few hours before they had met in deadly combat. With expressions of kindness and sympathy they manifested their better feelings; they by signs, they manifested their provisions, they brought water, they divided their provisions, they made a covering from the sun of boughs of trees, they assisted in every way to give comfort to the poor and helpless beings before them. Many of these were left exposed to the sun and unfortunate men unfortunate men were left exposed to the sun and dew of night for 20 or 30 hours, before assistance could be given.

On the 19th we continued our march towards Jalapa. For miles along the road were to be seen the dead bodies of soldiers, horses, and cattle, which had perished on the retreat, pursued by our forces. Broken carriages, clothing and arms and equipments and amunition were strewed along the road.

IS THERE ANY LEFT JOHN?—A Newburyport deacon, who upon returning home from meeting one Sunday, perceived that the boys had been making egg-nog; after lecturing them on the impropriety of doing such things at any time, particularly Sabbath days, he whispered to the eldest—"Is there any left, John?"

Mexican Ladies.

The following extract from a letter of GEORGE W. HUGHES, Capt. of the Topographical Engineers will interest some of our readers:—

The women are rather under what we regard as the medium size, slight in figure, well formed and graceful; and while few are beautiful, many of them while young are good looking and agreeable. Their hands and feet are small, with well turned ancles—they have generally white teeth, good mouths, magnificent black eyes, and glossy black hair in the dressing of which they daily bestow much pains. They appear to be amiable and kind-hearted, and are said to make good wives and mothers. They are cleanly in their habits, for most of the towns and haciendas being situated on running streams, they have every advantage for bathing, of which they avail themselves most liberally without encumbering themselves with much superfluous clothing. Their usual dress consists of thin slippers, without stockings, a cloth petticoat, usually red, and a chemise, which exposes more of the person than is, in most countries considered to be consistent with due regard to modesty; but this is the custom of the country, and I am not disposed to criticise it. With a rosary around the neck and gold earrings, and you have the female costume complete. When they go abroad the *rebosa* is generally worn either over the head, concealing the greater portion of the face, or over the shoulders like a shawl. It is worn by all Mexican women, its quality depending on the condition of the wearer. To their ordinary domestic duties they add the weaving of *rebosas* and *blankets*. The latter are worn by them as an outer covering, and is literally "a bed by night, a garment all the day." Many of them are of find texture, and of great beauty of figure and color. Their prices vary from $3 to $75, and even to $100. Many of the better class of females, are well educated and accomplished ladies, who would grace the saloons of the most polished capitals.

The wealthy class live in a styleof great luxury, and I have seldom partaken of more elegant and sumptuous entertainments than at their hospitable boards. The service of china and silver are beautiful and rich, the courses follow each other in rapid succession, and the table groans with the profusion of meats, fruits, confectionary and wines piled upon it. A gentlemen whose curiosity induced him to count the courses at a dinner, assured me that they exceeded twenty in number.

ORIGIN OF THE CORONER'S JURY.—The following paragraph, which may convey some information to the unlearned public, we copy from a recent number of the London Times:

"A lady in London, having buried six husbands united herself to the seventh. For months the newly married couple lived happily together, the lady frequently declaring that at last she had met with a good husband, all her former ones having disgusted her with their drunkenness. To ascertain her character, he pretended drunkeness, which provoked reproaches and menaces. He returned home another evening, apparently very drunk, and, having gone to bed, affected to be asleep. While he was in this state, the wife took from her gown sleeve a piece of lead, which she melted, and then approached her husband, attempted by the means of a pipe, to pour it into his ear. He instantly started up, seized and accused her with the crime, which she could not deny. The bodies of six husbands were disintered, when it was discovered that they all had died by the same means. She was hung amidst the execrations of the people.—To this wholesale tragedy we are indebted for the law which forbids the interment of a body without a proper certificate of the nature of the disease which caused death. Until lately, a personal inspection by searchers, was requisite; and to this act also, is the origin of coroner's inquests attributed.

Patience.

"You can do anything, if you will only have patience: water may be carried in a sieve, if you can only wait till it freeze."

"How poor are they who have not patience," says Shakspeare; and patience is certainly a virtue that cannot be too carefully cultivated by all the sojourners upon earth, if watch be kept that it does not decline into a lukewarm spirit and an indifferent temper. We should hardly quote Aaron Burr, in a paragraph on morals; but his idea that "it is well not to do to-day what may be as well done to-morrow," was meant to intimate that the patience which can wait for the proper moment is a much higher and safer quality than the impatience which acts on an inconsiderate impulse, or is apt not to bestir itself at all. Be patient then—not phlegmatic or indolent. Be ready to move at the appropriate instant, taking care to be neither to soon nor too late. Errors either way are apt to be fatal to the completion of our purposes; and the sportsman was a case in point, who took a pinch of snuff between flushing his bird and bringing it down. Time enough—never be in a hurry, was his motto; and probably it is a good one, as the majority of human errors arise from precipitancy and ill-considered action. The thought that comes too late, is a constant, though unavailing attendant upon the deed that comes too quick; and the larger share of human sorrow consists of remorse for rashness. Enthusiasm is a very good thing in its way; but in most instances, this enthusiasm of yours or ours, requires to be ridden with a double curb, or we may be thrown suddenly and disagreeably among the brambles. The best character of mind, after all is calm, cool, considerate reason, that can be ever relied on. It may not achieve miracles at a dash, as it were; but then it makes no failures, and in the end is a much more comfortable thing to reflect on, than the slapdash mode of engaging in the Battle of Life. Never therefore, be in a hurry—time enough, generally."

COSTUME OF EUROPEAN PEASANTRY.—There is no more striking characteristic to an American eye, in Europe, than the peculiar costumes of the peasants of each province. The Piedmontese women wear an extraordinary cap of lace and frills standing out like a fan, and looks as if some strange bird had alighted on their shoulders. The peasantry of Modena deck themselves with a miniature straw hat, about half as large as the head, and full of plumes and colored ribbons, which they place upon the crown of the head. The Tuscans, on the other extreme, wear a hat nearly as large as an umbrella.—It is made of the beautiful Tuscan straw, and waving in the breeze above the fresh and agreeable countenance of the inhabitants, is far from being ungraceful. The most graceful costume prevails in Genoa. Females never appear in the streets in that city without a white scarf of white gauze thrown over the head, and falling gracefully over the shoulders. These costumes never change, but decend from generation to generation: America is the only country where the fashions are changed twice a year.

THE GO-BETWEEN.—There is, perhaps, not a more odious character in the world than that of a go-between—by which we mean that creature who carries to the ears of one neighbor every injurious observation that happens to drop from another. Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the slanderer himself. By his vile officiousness, he makes that poison effective which else were inert; for three-fourths of the slanderers in the world would never injure their object, except by the malice of go-betweens, who, under the mask of double friendship, act the part of double traitors.

☞There is a volume contained in the words of Shakspeare, where he says, "Drunkenness is an egg from which all vice may be hatched."

"Do you want a work on practical speakingsir?"
"No of course, not. I am a married man, and have plenty of that at home."