American Volunteer.

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

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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.

THE VOLUNTEER.

John B. Bratton, Editor and Proprietor.

CARLISLE, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1847.

AGENCY.

W. B. PALMER, Esq. is our authorized Agent for procuring advertisements, receiving subscriptions, and making collections for the *American Volunteer*, at his office, N. W. corner of Third and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia.

SILAS WRIGHT AND GEN. W. O. BUTLER.—The Lagrange, Mo., Free Press, floats from its mast-head the names of SILAS WRIGHT for President, and Gen. W. O. BUTLER for Vice President, in 1848, subject to the decision of the National Convention.

Railroad Allotment.

The eighteen sections of the Central Railroad, commencing at Harrisburg and running to the Juniata aqueduct, were allotted to the following contractors:

Section No. 1. Chas. Murray and James Duffey.
" 2. J. M'Mahon.
" 3. "
" 4. Gamble and Oliver.
" 5. Reilly, Kerns and Gaynor.
" 6. Barron, Hague and Tustin.
" 7. Geo. Blattenberger.
" 8. Barron, Hague and Tustin.
" 9. Lane Schofield.
" 10. Henry Church & Co.
" 11. Schuyler, M'Reynolds & Co.
" 12. " " " "
" 13. Drums and Anderson.
" 14. Gamble and Oliver.
" 15. Garrett and Garver.
" 16. Gibson & Co.
" 17. Miller, Moore and Elliott.
" 18. Jackson M'Fadden.

WHAT MR. COOPER THINKS.—The Hon. Jas. Cooper recently addressed a Federal meeting in Gettysburg, and in his speech he made the following candid admission, which it would be well for some Federal papers we know, to reflect upon. It is a good example set them by the most talented of their leaders:

"I have nothing to say against Mr. Shunk as a private citizen; his integrity I have never heard impeached, and in his social relations, he was a kind and amiable man."

MORRIS LONGSTRETH.

We concur most heartily in the following sentiments of the Meadville Republican:

"The nomination of the Hon. Morris Longstreth assuredly was a most excellent one. He is the farmer's candidate, and as must be expected, is in high favor with that large and noble class of our citizens. That he will receive a tremendously large vote cannot be doubted. For a party to place but one iron lord in nomination for a prominent and important office, is bad enough in all conscience; but to place in nomination for two prominent and important offices, transcends all decency and propriety; especially when there are plenty of farmers and mechanics who are fully as competent, if not more so, than iron masters—men who, in very frequent cases, have not one feeling in common with the great mass of the people. The iron influence in the Whig party has prevailed in getting its men nominated though it has not yet elected them. This is altogether another matter."

The editor of the *Gospel Banner* thus speaks of Mr. Polk's response to the address of Hon. George Evans at Gardiner:

"It was certainly a magnificent effort, worthy the style and title of President of the United States.—The people could not suppress their admiration, but every few moments burst forth in tokens of admiring approbation. It will not do hereafter to tell anybody who was *there* that James K. Polk is a third-rate man."

THAT "SIGNAL" LETTER.—The *Cincinnati Commercial* publishes the following explanation in regard to the *Signal* letter, and puts that affair in its true light before the nation. We must remark that the Col. Mitchell mentioned as advising General Taylor to write no more letters is a very sensible fellow, and worthy of being the bosom friend of any Presidential candidate:

The Secret Out.—We learned, night before last, the why and the wherefore of Gen. Taylor writing the letter to the *Signal* in this city. He was so persuaded to do by Col. Mitchell, of the 1st Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, who was at Monterey at the time.

Col. Mitchell informed us, in a conversation night before last, that at the time Gen. Taylor received the letter from the editor of the *Signal*, he came to him (Col. M.) for information. Said he did not know that there was such a paper in existence as the *Signal*, or such an editor living as its editor. Col. M. gave our cotemporary an *introduction*, and ADVISED Gen. Taylor to answer the letter. He said he did so with good intent for both parties. The old General said if *he* thought best he would make him an answer, and in about ten days Gen. Taylor was again in Monterey and saw Col. M. and remarked: "I've answered that Cincinnati letter." "That's right," said the Colonel, and took occasion to say: "General, I am a young man, and not fit to give advice: but if I was you I would write no more letters."—The old General answered: "That agrees with my views exactly. I'll write no more letters."—Col. Mitchell also informed us, that at the time Gen. Taylor answered the letter of the *Signal*, he had scores of letters before him, requesting his answers and defining his position, from the *National Whig* at Washington, down to the smallest small potatoe affair in the country. Col. Mitchell was second in command at Monterey; was a bosom friend of Gen. Taylor, and it was by his *advice* that Gen. Taylor answered the *Signal*, in a way so peculiar to himself which has so convulsed the land. The old hero's course in writing to the above paper was, at first, a mystery to us, which is now, by Col. M. fully explained.

BLACKBERRY SYRUP.—The following is the receipt for making the famous blackberry syrup. All who try it will find it a sovereign remedy for bowel complaint:

"To two quarts of blackberry juice, add half an ounce each of powdered nutmeg, cinnamon and allspice, and a quarter of an ounce of powdered cloves. Boil these together to get the strength of the spices, and to preserve the berry juice. While hot, add a pint of fourth proof pure French brandy, and sweeten with loaf sugar. Give a child two tea spoonsful three times a day, and if the disorder is not checked, add to the quantity."

Poetical.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Down in a quiet, sun-lit valley
Stands my low-roofed cottage home;
Rushing thoughts around it rally,
Thither wafted while I roam.

There in summer, as of olden,
Waves the green-topped maple tree;
There, in autumn sere and golden,
Shadows flit across the lea.

Still the streamlet cleaves the meadow,
Bordered by the mantling vine,
Where beneath the tall oak's shadow,
Then I threw the hempen line.

Thoughtless childhood! happy childhood!
I would journey back to thee;
Roam again the "tangled wild-wood,"
Sport beneath the maple tree:

There no busy Sorrows fashion
Phantoms in the path of youth,
Nor Pale Care nor purple Passion
Taint the bloom of Love and Truth.

Miscellaneous.

SETH TINDER'S FIRST COURTSHIP.

HOW HIS FLAME WAS QUENCHED.

You knew Seth Tinder,—No?—'git out!"—you did know Seth, every body knew him, and they couldn't help it, for Seth would know every body.—He was perhaps, the cutest critter in some things, that ever calculated the success of a notion expedition, as far west as St. Louis. If you really didn't know Seth, it is time your ignorance was enlightened.

Seth was remarkably cute at driving a bargain—that was an innate propensity; Seth was inquisitive, and frequently looked into hall doors, and peeped into kitchen windows—that was Yankee human nature; Seth winked at the girls—that was an acquired habit; he resolved to posses one—that was a *calculation*. Now this winking at the girls, when performed by a handsome individual, is looked upon as a matter of course, but Seth was notoriously ugly that his wink was an outrage, and his overtures of love perfect atrocities. His short, bow-legged figure was thatched with the most obstinate bunch of carrot top hair that ever bid defiance to bear's oil, and the windows of his mind, as the eyes are poetically styled, appeared looking intently at the tip of his nose, as if apprehensive that, ere long it would burst into a blaze. A kind of a half burnt prairie garnished his chin, which would have made a very *warm* looking *gootee*, if Seth would have transplanted it all to one spot, but there lay the difficulty, for though cute at driving a bargain, he could make none with nature—she made him ugly without his consent, and wouldn't agree to any alteration. Seth nevertheless, would wink at the girls.

His first tender effort was made upon the heart of a German butcher's fair, fat, rosy daughter, whose round cheocks and well-fed form was, to his eye, the very perfection of female beauty. No artificial making up about her—no exterior padding; it was all done naturally, on the inside. As she luxurated upon the door steps of an evening, Seth would linger near, wink and grin all sorts of affection, but, like all bashful swains, hesitated about coming to close quarters. He had imbibed the erroneous opinion, that all true courting must be done clandestinely; but all his hints to draw his mamo rata into a secret treaty was a failure. At length, he ventured in a desperate manner up the door step, and whispered hurriedly:

"Look out—comin' to set up with you to-night—round the backway—over the fence—be a-waiting."

"You'd petter be ketch'd," was the fair one's rejoinder, accompanied by a malicious laugh, which Seth interpreted as an approving one.

The darkness of the night favored Seth's clandestine opinions and practice—it was just the thing for a nocturnal visit; therefore agreeable to notice he made his appearence at the fence round the back way. Leaning over the banister he ventured to sound a cautious 'hist,' which was immediately answered by a low wou ugh. That must be Dutch for 'come,' reasoned Seth, and straight he mounted the fence, but a politician never took an easier seat on the same line of division than he *enjoyed* on the present occasion; for, no sooner had one pedal extremity reached the other side and placed him fairly astride, that a remarkable savage dog seized the intruding member with a fierce 'wou-ugh-u.'

"Git out, you blasted critter!" shouted Seth.

"Wou-ugh-ugh!" roared the dog.

A struggle ensued, in which Seth, unfortunately fell on the wrong side right into the jaws of his antagonist. The attitude in which he reached terra firma, offered the dog a chance of grip, and like a skilful sentinel, he seized the advantage and Seth's seat of honor at the same time. Our hero sprang nearly erect, with a howl more like his antagonist than any human noise, and a desperate struggle mingled with strange cries, aroused the dozing butcher from his pipe, and the fair cause of the disturbance from her knitting.

"Sum tam rascals after der sausages in der smoke haus!" was the butcher's first exclamation; the rosy daughter smiled assent, and arm and out, was the work of an instant. They found their trusty sentry baulking all Seth's efforts to retreat over the fence, and keeping him 'a waitin,' when he would have given worlds to leave. The reinforcement made at him with whip and broomstick, and this terrible odds aroused him to superhuman exertions;—with a 'muzzler' he floored the Dutchman and his pipe, charged on the flinty hearted daughter; captured the broomstick, beat a parley with it on the dog's head, and retreated over the fence with 'flying colors.'"

HOW JUPITER GOT IN LOVE.

Jupiter with his crown and sceptre, was sitting one fine day in a contemplative mood, amusing himself with watching affairs in general, of which his throne commanded a full view. But presently his attention was drawn from Mundane things to an object more particularly under his nose, namely to Master Cupid, who was running about before the half open window, playing with a little bow and arrow.

"Hallo, you young sir," cried Jupiter, "what are you about there?"

"Nothing," answered Cupid.

"Nothing?—You will put some God's eye out presently. Come here."

Cupid obeyed.

"Don't you know," said Jupiter, "that bows and arrows are very dangerous things?"

"Mine are not, sir," replied Cupid "See." And with this, he suddenly twanged his string and sent a shaft through the heart of Jupiter, and out at his back, before the monarch could say Jack Robinson.

His majesty instinctively seized a thunderbolt, but feeling that he was not hurt very seriously, he stayed his uplifted arm, while a smile which stole over his features, and a slight cachination evinced a consciousness agreeable rather than otherwise. Cupid ran away laughing. "A little monkey!" exclaimed Jupiter. "Confound his impudence!" But what new sensation is this? And he placed his hands upon his heart, and turned up his eyes. Jupiter was in love.

MAN.—We take the following rich morsal from one of Dow, Jr.'s short patent sermons:

"Man looks upon life just as he does upon women—there is no living with them and he can't live without them. He will run after them, and rather than be held he will lose his coat tale and character—kiss them for his love, and then kiss them for leading him into trouble. So with life; he partakes of his pleasures, and then cures it for its pains; gathers bouquets of bliss, and when their blossoms have faded, he finds himself in possession of a bunch of briars, which is all owing to a little incident that occured in Paradise, when man was as green as a tobacco worm and as unsuspecting as a tree-toad in a thunder storm. He was told to increase and multiply, and so he accordingly increased his cares and curses, and multiplied his miseries, and peopled the world with a parcel of candidates for perdition."

THE HOOSIER AND THE YANKEE.

We were greatly amused, not long since, at a dialogue we heard between a Down Easter and a Hoosier from the west. They respectively cracking up their own localities, and running down their opponents.

At length says the Hoosier:

"Why, our land is so rich—why ye never seed any thing so tarnal rich in your life—why, how'd ye suppose we make our candles, ha?"

"Don't know," says the Yankee.

"We dip them in mud puddles," says the Hoosier.

"Yes," replied the Yankee, "and I guess there's so much mud in your diggins, that there isn't many places where you could not dip candles in the mud puddles. I heard of a man travelling in your country all day long, in the road where the mud was so deep that you couldn't diskiver a glimpse of his legs for hours together."

"Well, now just tell me Mr. Yankee, if it is a fact what they do say about the roughness of your roads down East. They do say there are so many stones in the roads, and that the wagons do job up and down so all-firedly, that the only way the people ever grind out plaster of Paris, is by loading the big pieces into a wagon, and just driving at a moderate trot over one of your roads; and that a mile's driving will make it all into powder."

"There's no doubt but we can touch dry land occasionally on our roads. But then, if there are some stuns in the roads, the traveller is never waylaid, and his blood taken by musquitoes as big as oysters."

"I'll tell you what, stranger, they do say there are hull counties down east, where the stones are so thick that they have to sharpen the sheep's noses, so that they can get them between the rocks to eat grass.—Indeed, I heard one say, who once travelled through your country, that he once saw a whole field of men and boys standing on the rocks, each on 'em letting a sheep down by the legs among the rocks to feed. And in another he saw the farmers shooting the grain in among the rocks so as to take root and grow."

"Wal, now, stranger, suppose you tell us about your own country; you're the only man I ever see from the West that didn't die of fever n'agur; let's see if you know as much about the West as you seem to know about the East."

"Well, old Yankee, I'll just tell you all about it. If a farmer in our country plants ground with corn, and takes first rate care of it, he'll git seventy-five bushels to the acre; and if he don't plant at all, he'll git fifty.

"The beets grow so large that it takes three yoke of oxen to pull up a full sized one; and then it leaves a hole so large, that I once knew a family of five children who all tumbled into a beet hole once, before it got filled up, and the earth caved in upon them, and they all perished.

"The trees grow so large that I once knew a man who commenced cutting one down, and when he had cut away on one side for about ten days, he thought he'd jest take a look around the tree, and when he got round on t'other side, he found a man there who had been cutting at it for three weeks—and they never heard one another's axes.

"I have heard tell, yet I somewhat doubt that story, that the Ohio parsnips have sometimes grown clean through the earth; and been pulled through by the people on the other side."

"Wal, now," says Yankee, "I rather guess as how you've told enough, stranger, for the present. How'd you like to trade for some clocks to sell out West?"

"Never use 'em—we keep time altogether with pumpkin vines. You know they grow jest five feet an hour, and that's an inch a minute. Don't use clocks at all. It's no use old Yankee, we can't trade, no how."

The Yankee gave up beat, and suddenly cleared.

AN INTERESTING AFFAIR.

An affair occurred in the First Municipality a few days since, that created quite an excitement in a certain select and fashionable circle. It appears that a young man from the North, who, having been in the employ of a rich merchant in —— street, became acquainted some twelve months ago with his employer's daughter, a blooming damsel of sweet sixteen. Each being of an age when the heart is brimful of love and sentiment, six months had not passed when they had mutually pledged their hopes and affections. They had with admirable skill, managed to blind the eyes of the fair one's parents so effectually, that they had not even dreamed of the existence of any feeling between them warmer than that of common friendship. Not daring to avow the passion, which they confidently expected would be frowned upon by the father, they at first resolved to brave all danger and elope.

While making the necessary arrangements, which they imagined were being conducted with the utmost secresy, the father came to the knowledge of the facts; he, being of a kind and generous disposition, and not wishing to thwart the affections and destroy the happiness of his darling child, and entertaining a high respect for the young man, at once came to the happy determination to disappoint the lovers; but in a way they little expected. He secretly made preparations for a wedding, and invited a few intimate friends to be present on a certain evening, at a little party he was about to give.—Through bribes, he had obtained from a female servant who attended upon his daughter all the particulars of the intended elopement. The evening of the day fixed at last came, and the maiden's heart throbbed with anxiety and fear when she reflected upon the step she was about to take; but love, as is usually the case, proved stronger than her sense of duty.

The gay Lothario had, as he thought, fortunately found a boat that was to leave for Natchez at nine o'clock in the evening, and had engaged a passage for himself and intended bride. He engaged a carriage, and made all the arrangements necessary to leave the house at eight o'clock. The father, through the means we have spoken of, obtained all the information he required, and the carriage driver, who was to wait upon a corner near the old gentleman's house, had received his instructions from him. The lovers reached the carriage, and in a moment were whirling, as they supposed, to the boat; but what was their astonishment, after a short drive, to find themselves at the door of the wronged father! No pen can describe the confusion of both, when that individual stepped out and kindly welcomed them home. They were ushered into the parlor, and there found a priest in attendance, and in a few moments the happy pair were united. The girl fell upon the neck of her father, and wept tears of joy. The old man, after lecturing his children upon their undutiful proceedings, generously forgive them, and the next day his neighbor merchants were struck with wonder by seeing a painter adding "& Co." to the name on the sign.—*N. O. Southerner.*

AMERICAN FASHION ESTABLISHED IN MEXICO.—A Tampico letter of the 16th ult. has this paragraph:

"Is it not astonishing! A few days ago a number of American ladies arrived in this city from New Orleans—dressed, of course, in accordance with the latest fashion—and, as common, certain fictitious enlargements of proportion *beautified* their persons. This afternoon, while several Mexican senoritas were passing, I observed two dressed in American costume, and judging from appearance, had donned as robust a bustle as was ever lugged about by an American belle. As these were the first I have seen worn by Mexicans, it was certainly amusing to see them strut through the streets, as proud of their bag of bran as a mother is of her only child. Surely, the Mexican ladies are becoming enlighted."

NON COMBATANTS.—Two Quakers in Vermont had a dispute; they wished to fight, but it was against their principles; they grasped each other: one threw and sat on the back of the other, and squeezing his head in the mud, said—"On thy belly shalt thou crawl, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life!" The other soon gained the victory, and when he had attained the same position, said—"It is written, the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head!"

THE DEAD CHILD.

The following passage is the last chapter of a pretty fairy tale, the *other* chapters of which were never written. It was of a lovely little girl that was tended by the sweet Flowers when flowers loved and talked, and had human sympathies and affections: "A beautiful child lay in a little coffin, with the smile with which she had welcomed the Angel of Death, still lingering upon her slightly parted lips. Then they brought flowers to strew over her, that in their delicate loveliness seemed akin to the sleeping one, who in life had been so pure and spiritual. And the fair jessamine told of the rosy morning air, that had awakened him from his sweet sleep, and of the dew that lay like great diamonds in his fragrant bells; and of the painted lady-bug, that had smoothed down her crimson wings by those crystal mirrors; and of many other such stories, which pure-hearted childhood loves to hear, but, all the while the little Robin lay silently without opening her blue eyes. And so, he leaned over, and laid his white hands softly upon her golden-brown hair; and upon her cold forehead; and *then* he trembled like an aspen leaf; for, without knowing why, he felt sure that something very strange and sorrowful had befallen her. But all the more tenderly he clung to her dark ringlets, and would fain have stirred them with his fragrant breath.

"Then he called to the rose-bud upon her bosom; but his voice was so low and tremulous that no one heard it but himself. Though if he had called ever so loud, the rose would not have answered, for she lay as motionless, and unconscious as the little shroud beneath her. For as soon as she felt the touch of that icy hand, she knew that the light had gone out from the living violets, and that the heart of the lovely spirit-child would beat no more upon earth forever. And her own cheek grew pale, as she remembered to have heard soft spirit-voices talking in the dim starlight of the dark and lonely grave; and of flowers whose mission was to make it less fearful, by telling, *even there*, of the green earth and the beautiful heaven.

"And thus passed away the lovely and loved.—And they buried the flowers and the still more beautiful flower-of-life, in the silence and darkness of the cold earth. And the red leaves fell upon the little grave; and the birds sang mournfully, in the branches overhead, and the winds sighed as the night-dews fell upon it; for neither the winds, nor the birds, nor the falling leaves, knew of the blessedness of the world *beyond* the grave; nor how angels, with golden harps, had taken the little Robin by the hand, and lead her through the pearly gates, and beside the still waters, to where a sweet, loving voice said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'"

OLD COATS.—A walk in Chesnut street furnishes one with considerable reflection on the matter of clothing; there are so many styles, qualities and varieties in the garments one encounters. The prevailing fashion among the best and most modern dressed is an approach to the antique. The coat is loose and broad skirted, with buttons small and bulging, while the waistcoat is just such an one as grandfather went to meeting in some sixty years ago.

Now, we like an old coat: A new coat is like a troublesome stranger, who sticks to you, go where you may, and embarrasses all your movements.—With a new coat you are never at rest, even in your own domicil; but in every place feel ill at ease.—You can neither sit, stand or walk, without restraint. New coat is written upon every lineament of the countenance. It hangs like a label out of the gaping mouth. An old coat, on the contrary, is pleasant to cover the body, and never distracts the thoughts. You can write in it, eat in it, sleep in it, fish in it, do what you please in it, without a thought of disturbing its hang, or marring its gloss. We do not think we have the same attachment for an old waistcoat or for an old pair of pantaloons that we have for an old coat. The latter are exceptionable, because they are liable to be treacherous and uncertain. You cannot depend upon them in emergencies.—They have been known, in fact, often to leave men in the most provoking predicaments—predicaments which defied darn or patch! Let not the reader suppose we have thus advocated the wearing of old coats to make ourselves popular with the masses; the larger proportion of which are compelled to wear old coats. Perish the thought! We are no demagogue.

Neal's Gazette.

LIFE OVER AGAIN.

There are differences of opinion among folks as to whether they would or would not live over the life through which they are passing. Some who have been prudent, wise, fortunate, if you will, see more of pleasure than of pain in the scenes of their existence; and they perhaps would be willing to repeat. Others have erred and gone astray—their lives have been lives of blunder and of mischance. Probably, they have little desire to go back, unless they could alter their course, by aid of the light which experience has given. But it is useless to speculate thus. As Longfellow has it, let the dead past bury its dead; and do you take good care of the future, which is all that remains to us. On this point, the Portland Tribune remarks wisely as follows:

"How many remark—'If I had my life to live over again, I would pursue a very different course.' Yet from the ages of 40 to 80, we find men as destitute of sound wisdom, as when they first stepped on the threshold of life. They do not learn wisdom from the past. When they commenced their career they had the experience of ages before them, but pursued the bent of their depraved inclinations, or launched forth thoughtlessly and carelessly on the sea of life. Thus they would continue to do, if life were lengthened out to two or three centuries. It is of no avail to lament the past. If you now see where you have erred, have courage to do right—live as well as you can—and then the evening of your days will not be embittered with the reflections,—"the harvest is past and I am undone."

How Abuses have their Origin.

One of the best illustrations of the mode in which abuses grow up in governments, especially in the fixed monarchical institutions of the old world, is to be found in the subjoined story from a recent Parisian journal. It is in this way that revolutions become necessary for the purpose of re-organization:

"Some twenty years since a staff officer in the French army was appointed to the command of a fortress in Alsace. He began by making himself acquainted with all the details of the service to which he was called. In one of the inspections he found a soldier standing as sentinel by a worm eaten stockade lying about in fragments, which, for no reason that could be assigned, crossed a court, and divided it into two parts. The commandant inquired of the major concerning the necessity of a sentinel in this place, and was answered that he was standing there in conformity with long usage, that the previous commanders of the place had always found a sentinel at that post, and had kept one there. The reason was not received as satisfactory, and an investigation was ordered; old records were searched, old files of papers and day books examined; and at length it was discovered that thirty five years before, the stockade, which at that time had its use, was repaired and painted. The sentinel was stationed by it to prevent any person from touching the fresh paint. Since that time it is estimated by the French print that in thirty five years, sixty five thousand men had taken their turns in keeping watch over the fresh paint."

PRESTO—CHANGE!—A young and very pretty lady riding in the Concord cars, was observed to have a piece of "court plaster" on her lip. When the cars had emerged from one of the long, covered bridges, but the eye instantly detected it clinging to the lip of the young man who sat on the seat with her!—They both looked as innocent as if they "hadn't been doin' nothin'."

A Whig's Opinion of the Mexican War.

[Extracts from an addres made by the Hon. N. E. Talmadge, at a Taylor meeting, held in Wisconsin on the 23 ult.]

* * * That the United States had just cause of war against the Mexican Republic, I have never for one moment doubted. The annexation of Texas to our Union as a cause of war against us is a mere pretence on the part of that government. Texas had declared and maintainnd her independence until she was recognized by the United States, as well as by the great powers of Europe, as a free and independent and sovereign nation. As such she had a perfect right to annex herself to, or merge her nationality in, any other government. In her sovereign capacity and with our consent she chose to become one of the States of this glorious Union; and however much we differ amongst ourselves as to the act of annexation, Mexico has no right to complain of it.—Her complaints are a thinly pretence to cover her outrages against our Government and the rights of our citizens.

For a long series of years we have borne with patience and forbearance; the insults and injuries she has heaped upon us. The executive Government had exhausted its efforts and its powers to adjust the differences between us until at length President Jackson in the year 1837, submitted the whole matter to Congress; and declared in his message, that "the length of time since some of the injuries have been committed; the repeated and unavailing applications for redress, the wanton character of some of the outrages upon the property and persons of our citizens, upon the officers and flag of the United States, independent of recent insults to this government and people by the late extraordinary Mexican Minister, would justify, in the eyes of all nations, immediate war."—This message, in the Senate of the United States, was referred to the committee on Foreign Relations, of which Mr. Buchanan was chairman—Mr. Clay, Mr. Rives, Mr. King, of Georgia, and myself, were at the time members. The committee deliberated on the subject, and were unanimously of opinion with the President, that there was just cause of war, but under the circumstances, were reluctant to resort to coecive measures to redress our wrongs, and recommended farther efforts at negotiation. They felt disposed to adopt the language of the poet, quoted by Lord Chantham in reference to our country in her revolutionary contest with Great Britian.

"Be to her faults a little blind,
Be to her virtues very kind."

* * * * * *

Negotiation was renewed and continued, with varied and doubtful success; through successive Administrations, down to the accession of Mr. Polk to the Presidency. He found our Mexican relations, as well as the Oregon question, left as a legacy to his administration. Difficulties with that republic had accumulated, and in any anticipated controversy with the United States, she began to look to the co-operation of Great Britain. The Oregon question had assumed a threatening attitude—Mexico expected a war between our Government and that of Great Britain; and in that event, intended, by co-operation with that power, to avenge herself on us for her pretended wrongs; and it was in that Santa Anna, the defeated and disgraced hero of San Jacinto, was to "gather laurels on the banks of the Sabine."

Whilst the Oregon question was still pending and whilst Mexico was still anticipating the co-operation of Great Britian in the expected and wished-for contest with us, our troops, with Gen. Taylor at their head, were ordered to take their position on the banks of the Rio Grande. In this moment I did not believe the Administration anticipated any collision with the Mexican forces. Down to the time when the gallant Worth left the army and proceeded to Washington, he anticipated no collision. If he had, nothing could have induced his proud and chivalrous spirit to turn his back upon the enemies of his country."

GOOD ADVICE TO BOYS.

Be brisk, energetic and prompt! The world is full of boys, (and men too,) who drawl though life, and never decide on anything for themselves—but just draggle one leg after the other, and let things take their own way. Such people are dull stuff of the earth. They hardly deserve as much credit as the wooden trees; for trees do *all the good they can*, in merely growing, and bearing leaves and seeds. But these drawling, draggling boys do not turn their capacities to profit, half as far as they might be turned; they are unprofitable, like a rainy day in harvest time. Now the brisk energetic boy will be constantly awake, not merely with his bodily eyes, but with his mind and attention—during the hours of business. After he learns what he has to do, he will take pride in doing it *punctually* and *well*, and would feel ashamed to be told, what he ought to do without telling. The drawling boy loses in five minutes the most important advice; the prompt wide-awake boy never has to be taught twice—but strains hard to make himself up to the mark, as fast as possible out of his own energies. Third-rate boys are always depending upon others; *first rate boys depend upon themselves*, and after a little teaching just enough to know what is to be done, they ask no favors of anybody. Besides it is a glorious thing for a boy to get this noble way of *self reliance, activity and energy*. Such an one is worth a hundred of the poor draggling creatures, who can hardly wash their own hands without being told, *each time*, how it is to be done.—Give me the boy who does his work promptly and *well*, without asking, (except once for all, at the beginning,) any questions; the boy who has wits about him—is never behind hand; and don't let the grass grow under his heels.

LET CHILDREN SING.—We extract the following beautiful and judicious remarks from "Phrenology for Children." It abounds in passages remarkable for their simplicity and eloquence.

"All children can learn to sing if they commence in season. I do not say that all will have the same sweet voice of the nightengale; for some have naturally sweet, mild, and soft voices, when they talk, while others speak in loud, strong and masculine tones. The same is true in regard to singing.

"In Germany, every child is taught to use its voice while young. In their schools all join in singing as a regular exercise, as much as they attend to the study of geography; and in their churches the singing is not confined to a choir, who sit apart from the others, perhaps in one corner of the house, but there is a vast tide of insence, going forth to God from every heart which can give utterance to this language of the soul."

"Children, sing! yes, sing with your whole heart! David sang before the Lord, and it is meet that you should do the same; and always, when angry feelings rise in your breast, curb and check them by singing sweet and cheerful songs."

CUCUMBERS.—A writer in *Blackwood*, alluding to this vegetable, says that it was regarded as a great luxury by Sulton Mahmoud II. who cultivated it with his own hands in the Seraglio Gardens. Having one day perceived that some of his cucumbers were missing, he sent for his head gardener, and informed him that should such a circumstance occur again, he would order his head to be cut off. The next day three more cucumbers had been stolen, upon which the gardener to save his own head, accused the pages of his highness of having committed the theft. These unhappy youth were immediately sent for, and having all declared themselves innocent, the enraged Sultan, in order to discover the culprit, commanded them one after another to be disembowlled. Nothing was found in the stomach or entrails of the first six victims, but the autopsy of the seventh proved him to have been the guilty one.

There is not a nobler sight in the world than an aged Christian! who having been sifted in the sieve of temptation, stands forth as a confirmer of the assaulted, testifying, from his own trials, the reality of religion; and meeting, by warnings, and directions, and consolations, the cases of all who may be tempted to doubt it.

Darkness has fled, as the man said when his negro absconded.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The following incident was related by Mr. P. S. White, in the course of an eloquent address which he delivered at a recent celebration of the daughters of Temperance in New York. We give it as reported by the "Spirit of the Age."

A widow lady in Richmond had two sons. The elder was a printer. Instead of attending to the wants of his aged mother and supporting her with filial affection, he indulged his base propensity to drink. In these habits of sensualism and idleness he wandered from town to town, until he found himself among the Winnebagoes, away off West, in the then Territory of Wisconsin. How he came thither he knew not. But now he became solicf of neccessity. During his sober life he got engaged in the fur trade, and bartered his furs for land in the vicinity of where Milwaukie now stands; land at that time which was nearly worthless. Every body knows how rapidly property increased in value at Milwaukie. This man soon made a fortune. With prosperity his affection returned. He longed to see his mother again. He started for home. When he arrived his mother was not there. Mother and brother both gone and no one could tell whither. With a sad and desolate heart he looked about him, the world lay before him in beauty, but those whom he loved were gone—he was alone. With an aching heart he retraced his steps Westward. At Wheeling on the Ohio, he fell in with some acquaintances, who induced him to become a Son of Temperance. He was pleased with the Order, and immediately took a deep interest in its affairs. Soon after this he made up his mind to settle in Cincinnatti. I paid an official visit to that place, and on the same evening that I attended at one of the Divisions this young man applied for admission. He gave the travelling pass word, and was formally introduced. Were I to live a thousand years, never shall I forget that scene. No sooner was his named mentioned and he stepped into the room than in an instant a tall and handsomely formed young man, with light hair and a full and beautiful blue eye, bounded across the floor, and clasping the stranger in his arms, exclaimed "My brother! oh! my long lost brother!" The scene cannot be described. Tears checked the utterence of both.—When at length the elder could find words, his first exclamation was—"tell me is my mother yet alive?" "Yes," said the younger. "And where is she—oh! where is my forsaken and neglected mother!" "She is here, and she is well. God has enabled me to support her in comfort, and smooth her weary journey towards the grave. Now her last hours will be enlivened with joy and that her long lost one—her prodigal has returned."

THE POOR BOY'S COLLEGE.—The Printing Office, says the New orleans Globe, has indeed proved a better College to many a poor boy—has graduated more useful and conspicuous members of society—has brought out more intellect and turned it into practical useful channels, has awakened more mind, generated more active and elevated thought, than many of the literary colleges of the country. How many a drone or dolt has passed through one of these colleges, with no tangible proof of his firmness to graduate other than his inanimate leathern diploma. There is something in the very atmosphere in a printing office, calculated to awaken the mind and inspire a thirst for knowledge. A boy who commences in such a school will have his talents and ideas brought out. If he has no mind to be drawn out, the boy himself will be driven out.

MARIA LOUISA OF AUSTRIA DEAD.—Maria Louisa, the grand duchess of one of the small States, of Austrian Italy, and formerly wife of Napoleon Bonaparte died recently. This was the women for whom Napoleon repudiated his first wife, Josephine, from which moment the star of the great captain's destiny glimmered and grew dim. The simple announcement of the death of Maria Louisa, to the house of Austria, unheralded as it was with royal funeral pomp or the noise of imperial ceremony, and scarcely ruffling the surface of the world's attention, must yet in the bosome of some, call forth a variety of emotions, especially when they remember the history and extraordinary connexions of this unfortunate princess. She was the daughter of a powerful emperor—the queen of another still more mighty—and the mother of a king. She was torn from state, and from the society of her consort, by the barbarities of war—exiled, degraded, and at last expired in obscurity. From the high roll of distinguished royal personages she has passed away, as one whose days few, sought to honor, and whose character the great mass of the world cares not now to remember. Her only distinction is—that she was the wife of Napoleon.

THE PRICE OF A RIDE.—Yesterday a sailor, mate of a vessel at East Boston, perhaps a little disguised, with liquor, came across a cow, quietly feeding in the streets of that place, and jumped upon her back. The frightened animal started down the street with its unusual burden, much to the amusement of the spectators. Having reached the end of the street, the sailor jumped off, and with a loud cry, of "starboard your helm!" jerked the cow round by the tail, jumped on again, and rode back to his original starting place. The owner of the cow, upon hearing the fact, was disposed to sue the sailor for damage done to the cow; but the matter was settled by his paying ten dollars for his ride.—*Boston Traveller.*

THE TRUTH.—Good old Wesley said.—"He that is nurturing self-love in his child, is nurturing a devil." We believe it. Mother, do you think of this when, you are "tipping off" that little daughter of yours, in all the gay, foolish, frippery and finery of the day; making her proud and haughty as a little Lucifer?—You are murdering the soul; planting a dagger in your own bosom!—*Golden Rule.*

A young lady at an examination in grammar, was asked why the noun "bachelor" was singular. She replied immediately, with much naivette, "Because it is very singular they don't get married."

☞ We find the following in the columns of our staid and steady friend of the Washington Union, whether original or not with that paper, we are not informed.

"Susan, stand up and let me see what you have larned. What does c-h-a-r spell?"

"I don't know marm."

"Why you ignorant critter! What do you always sit on?"

"Oh, marm, I dont like to tell."

"What on airth is the matter with the gal, tell us what is it?"

"*I don't like to tell—it was Bill Grass' knee, but he never kissed me but twice!*"

"*Airthquake and apple-sarce!*" exclaimed the schoolmistress, and she fainted.

"I say Jim, can you spell potatoes with only one letter?"

"No, neither can you, you fool."

"Now I reckon I can, you fool."

"Let us have it then."

Well, we will put one o—put two o's—put three o's—put four o's—put five o's—put six o's—put seven o's—*put eight o's!*"

SCENE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—"What kind of wood is that?"

"It's cord wood," replied the chopper, with the greatest non-chalance.

"How long has it been cut?" inquired the anxious captain.

"Four foot," said the chopper.

☞ "Capting, are you the mate?" "To be sure not, but what is wanting?" "What do you charge for a deck passage for three of us down to Cincinnati." "Four dollars each." "*Four dollars each!* But that's dear. Well, Capting, do you eat us or do we eat ourselves?" "You eat *yourselves*, to be sure."

☞ A despairing swain, in a fit of desperation, recently declared to his unrelenting lady-lover, that it was his firm determination to drown himself, or perish in the attempt!