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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Political.

ALONE.

BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

'Twas midnight, and he sat alone—
The husband of the dead;
That day the dark dust had been thrown
Upon her buried head.
Her orphan children round him slept,
But in their sleep would moan;
Then fell the first tear he had wept—
He felt he was alone.

The word was full of life and light,
But ah! no more for him!
His little word once warm and bright—
It now was cold and dim.
Where was her sweet and kindly face?
Where was her cordial tone?
He gazed around his dwelling place,
And felt he was alone.

The wifely love—maternal care—
The self-denying zeal—
The smile of hope that chased despair,
And promised future weal!
The clean bright hearth—nice table spread—
The charm o'er all things thrown—
The sweetness in whate'er she said—
All gone—he was alone!

He looked into his cold wild heart—
All sad and unresigned;
He asked how he had done his part
To one so true—so kind?
Each error past he tried to track—
In torture would atone—
Would give his life to bring her back—
In vain—he was alone.

He slept at last, and then he dreamed
(Perchance her spirit woke.)
A soft light o'er his pillow gleamed,
A voice in music spoke—
"Forgot—forgiven all neglect—
Thy love recalled alone;
The babes I leave, oh, love, protect!
I still am all thine own."

Miscellaneous.

THE BROTHERS.

Translated from the German.

BY META TAYLOR.

In the thinly inhabited little street, called the "Kniebis," in the village of Nordstetten, stands a small house, which, besides a stable and a shed, has only three windows, partly patched with paper. At the top garret window, hangs a shutter, suspended by a single hinge, and threatening to fall on the heads of the passers-by. Behind the house is a garden, which, although small is divided into two by a hedge row of withered thorns.

In this house lived two brothers, who had kept up a constant and bitter enmity for fourteen years. As in the garden, so also in the house, every thing was divided into two parts, from the garret window down to the little cellar. The trap-door was open; but in the cellar below, each of the brothers had his own stores, shut off by laths, and locked up. Padlocks were put on all the doors, as if an attack of thieves were hourly expected. The stables belonged to one brother, and the shed to the other; not a word was spoken in the house, except an occasional oath, muttered by one of the brothers.

Michael and Conrad, so the brothers were named, were advanced in years, and both were single.—Conrad had been married, but his wife had died early—and Michael had always remained a bachelor.

A large old chest was the cause of this feeling between the brothers. Upon the death of their mother, every thing had been divided between them; for their sister, who had married and settled in the village, had already received her portion. Conrad declared that he had bought the chest with his own money, which he earned by breaking stones upon the road. He said that he had only lent it to his mother, and that at her death it became his own property again. Michael, on the contrary, asserted that, as Conrad had always lived with his mother, and been maintained by her, he could not possess any property of his own. After an angry quarrel between the brothers, the affair was referred to the bailiff, and afterwards to the court at Horb, and it was finally decreed that, as they could not settle the matter amicably, everything in the house, including the chest in dispute should be sold by auction, and the proceeds shared between them. Even the house itself was put up for sale, but as no purchaser could be found, the brothers were obliged to keep it.

They had now to repurchase their own goods and chattels, their beds, and other things, by public auction. To Conrad, this was a great grief, for he had more feeling than is ordinarily met with. There are in every house many things which possess a value beyond their market price; for thoughts and recollections are attached to them, in which the world at large can have no share. Such things ought, to be preserved, and quietly handed down from generation to generation, that their worth may remain unimpaired, for, as soon as they pass into the hands of strangers, their value, as a sacred inheritance, is lost.

Conrad repeatedly shook his head, as these thoughts crossed his mind when some old piece of household furniture was knocked down to him; and when his mother's hymn-book, with its silver clasp and studs, was offered for sale, the blood flow to his face, and he bid for the book at any price. At last came the time for the chest to be sold. Michael hemmed aloud, looked at his brother with an air of defiance, and instantly bid a considerable sum. Conrad immediately bid a florin more, without raising his eyes, and all the while counting the buttons on his jacket. But Michael looking boldly around him, still bid higher. No other person advanced more; but out of bravado neither of the brothers would let the other have the thing in dispute; moreover, each thought to himself that he should only have to pay the half, and so went on higher and higher. At length the chest was knocked down to Conrad for eight-and twenty florins, more than five times its worth.

For the first time Conrad now raised his eyes, and his look was quite altered; he cast a scornful glance at Michael, and trembling with rage, exclaimed, "When you die, I'll make you a present of the chest for a coffin!" These were the last words he spoke to him for fourteen years.

The story of the chest soon spread through the village, and became the general subject of raillery and jokes. When any one met Conrad, he remarked how shamefully Michael had behaved; and the former worked himself up by degrees into a fury.—The two brothers were of very different dispositions, and each pursued his own way in life. Conrad kept a cow, which he used to yoke with his neighbor Christian's cow for field work; whilst in his spare time he broke stones on the road, for which he was paid sixpence a day. He was very short sighted, and walked unsteadily, and whenever he struck a spark to light his pipe, he held the tinder close to his nose, to make sure that it was alight; so, throughout the village he went by the name of "Blind Conrad."

Michael was the very reverse of his brother; he was tall and slim, and walked with a firm step, carrying himself with all the air of a peasant; not that he was one exactly, but it was useful to him in his trade to appear so. He dealt in old horses, and people have a much greater confidence in a horse which they purchase from a fellow in a smock frock. Michael had once been a farrier; but was unlucky in business; so he either sold or let his fields, gave himself up to horse dealing, and lived the life of a gentleman. He was a person of great importance throughout the country; for a distance of six or eight miles round, he knew the exact state of all the stables just as well as a statesman knows the statistics of foreign countries, and the position of different cabinets; and, as the latter learns the disposition of the people through the public journals, so Michael sounded the country folks, and got at his information in the public houses. In every village, too, he had some idle fellow as his resident, with whom he held frequent secret conferences, and who, in all cases of need, used to despatch an express—in his own person—to Michael, a job for which he merely demanded a bottle of wine. But Michael had also his secret agents, who instigated the stable lads to acts of revolt; and it generally happened that he had in his shed (which served him for a stable) some jaded old horse, which he tricked out for sale in a new campaign; he colored the hair over its eyes, filled its teeth, and though the poor beast could no longer eat any thing else but brain, what cared he? The next market day he was sure to get rid of it for more than its worth.

On these occasions he had his peculiar tricks and stratagems; for instance, he used to place some accomplice in the market-place, who would pretend to want to make an exchange; then they would come to high words, and Michael would cry aloud, "I can't exchange; I have neither food nor stall room, and if I have to sell the horse for a dollar, it can't be helped, go he must." At another time he would play a still deeper trick; for a few pence he got some poor bumkin to ride the horse up and down the market, as if it were his own, and then said to the bystanders,—"Ah, if a fellow had that horse who knew how to manage him, he would soon bring him into condition, and make a handsome beast of him; his make is perfect; he wants nothing but flesh, and then he would fetch his twenty dollars at least."

Then Michael soon found a purchaser, bargained with him for commission fee, and thus got a double profit by the sale of his own horse. He hated any law transactions, which required a guarantee for soundness; and, when pushed to this extremity, would rather sacrifice a couple of florins than enter into any such engagement; nevertheless, he had often a law suit on his hands, which ate up the horse together with the profit. Still there was a charm in this free, roving, and idle life, that, taking the good with the bad, Michael could not resolve to give up horse-dealing. He acted on the principle, "Never go home from market without striking a bargain." The Jews were also very useful to him, and he in turn played into their hands.

When Michael, on his way to market or return home, saw Conrad breaking stones upon the road, he cast a look at him, half in pity, half in scorn, and thought, "Poor devil! breaking stones there from morning to night for sixpence a day, whilst I can earn, with moderate good luck, six florins." Conrad, short-sighted as he was, noticed his brother's scornful look, and worked away, banging and splitting the stones till they flew right and left. We shall see, however, which got on best in the world. Michael was a great favorite in the village, for he could go on telling tales from morning to night, and know all the tricks and ways of the world. Of better things he certainly knew little; for, though he occasionally went to church, he went, as too many do, without giving a thought to what he heard, and without bettering his life.

Conrad, too, had his faults, foremost amongst which was his enmity to his brother, and the manner in which he showed this. When any one asked him, "How does your brother Michael go on?" he only answered by making a sign with his hand under his chin, as much as to say, "Some day or other he will be hanged!" The folks were of course not sparing in putting this question, and a great shout always followed when they got Conrad to give his usual reply. In other ways, too, the villagers excited the mutual enmity of the brothers, not exactly out of malice, but for idle fun. Michael, however, only shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, when they talked of Conrad as "the poor devil."

The brothers never remained together in the same room; if they chanced to meet in the village inn, or in their sister's house, one of them instantly hurried away. Nobody thought of a reconciliation between them, and, whenever two men quarreled, it was a proverbial saying, "They lived like Michael and Conrad."

At home the brothers spoke not a word, nor did they ever look at one another when they met. Nevertheless, if either of them observed that the other was unwell and kept his bed, he would instantly run to his sister, who lived at some distance, and say to her "Go up, and see him; I think something is the matter with him." And on his return home he would move about and work quietly and without noise, so as not to disturb the other. But abroad, and among the neighbors, Michael and Conrad lived in perpetual enmity, and no one imagined that a spark of affection still existed in their hearts.

This state of things continued for fourteen years. Meanwhile, by constantly buying and selling, all the money which Michael gained from the sale of his two fields had slipped through his fingers, he knew not how. But Conrad had bought another field from a neighbor, who was about to emigrate, and had paid nearly all the purchase money. Michael now set up as a kind of agent or adviser to other people, in making their bargains, and he calculated that, by the sale of another field, he should bring matters round, and set himself up in business again. "And there arose up a new king in Egypt." The villagers of Nordstetten might, in a peculiar manner, apply this verse of Exodus to themselves. The old parson was dead; he had been a good man, but had let things go their own way. His successor, on the contrary, was a zealous young man, who was for setting things to rights; and certainly he accomplished a good deal. One Sunday, after morning service, the peasants were sitting chatting together on the timbers which lay near the village pump, and which were intended to build the new engine house. Michael was one of the group; he sat with his elbows fixed on his knees, looking on the ground and chewing a straw. Little Peter, the son of John the watch-man, a boy of five years old, ran past, when one of the villagers called to the child, and said, putting his hand in his pocket, "Hollo, Peter! here's a handful of nuts for you, if you will make a face like Conrad. What does Conrad do?" The child shook his head, and was running off, for he was a sensible little urchin, and was afraid of Michael; but they held him fast, till at last he made the sign of hanging under his chin. At this there was a shout of laughter, that might be heard through the whole village; but, when the boy asked for the nuts, it turned out that the man who had promised them had none; and a fresh shout arose as the boy ran up to the cheat and gave him a kick. Meanwhile, the new parson had come down the little hill by the court-house, and stood watching all that passed; but, just as the boy Peter was going to be beaten for his demand of the nuts, the parson stepped quickly up, and snatched the boy away. Instantly all the peasants drew back, and took off their caps. The parson now beckoned to the sexton, who happened to be standing by, to accompany him through the village, and learnt from him the whole story about the enmity of the brothers, and all that we have related above. The following Saturday, as Conrad was breaking stones in the village, he received an invitation to call on the parson the next morning, after service. He stared at the sexton, his pipe went out, and for a minute the stone remained unbroken under his wooden-soled shoe. He could not conceive what was to happen at the parsonage, and would gladly have gone that very instant. The invitation was brought to Michael just as he was "polishing the Sunday boots" of an old horse, for so he called cleaning the hoofs. He was whistling a snatch of a song, but stopped short in the middle, knowing full well the lecture that was in store for him, and glad to have time to prepare a saucy reply, scraps of which he muttered to himself.

On Sunday morning the parson preached a sermon from a verse of the 138th Psalm: "Behold, how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." He pointed out how all earthly happiness and fortune are as nothing, unless shared and enjoyed with those who have rested with us on the same mother's breast. He showed how those parents can never be happy in this world, nor blest in the next, whose children are estranged from one another by envy, hatred, or malice: he quoted the example of Cain and Abel, and showed brotherly hate was the first cause of sin. All this, and much more, the parson spoke with a clear and thundering voice, till the people said, one to another, "He'll bring the walls about our ears!" But alas! it is often easier to move stone walls than the hardened hearts of men. Barbara wept bitterly as she thought of the conduct of her brothers; and although the parson addressed his remarks to his auditors at large, and urged every one to lay his hand upon his heart, and ask himself whether he had a true affection for his kindred, nevertheless every one present felt sure that he referred to Michael and Conrad.

The two brothers were standing not far from one another; Michael bit his cap, which he held between his teeth, but Conrad stood listening with open mouth; and once, when their eyes met, the cap fell from Michael's hand, and he stooped down quickly to pick it up.

The psalm tune ended with a soft and peaceful close; but, before the last sounds died away, Michael had left the church, and was standing at the parsonage door. It was still locked, so he went into the garden, and stood for a time beside the bee hives, watching the busy activity of the little creatures.—"They know not what Sunday is!" thought he to himself; "and I, too, have no Sunday in my way of living, for I have no regular day work." Then, again, he thought, "How many hundred brothers and sisters live together in such a hive, and all work like their parents!" But he did not give way to these thoughts long, and resolved not to let the parson lecture him. As he turned towards the churchyard, the last words of Conrad recurred to his mind, and he involuntarily clenched his fist.

When Michael came out of the garden, he found Conrad and the parson already engaged in eager conversation. The latter, who seemed to have given up expecting him, rose, and begged him to take a chair; but Michael, pointing to his brother, answered, "With all respect to your Reverence, I cannot sit down in the same room with that man. Your Reverence has not been long in the village, and you know not what a sackful of lies he is—a sneaking, hypocritical fellow." Then trembling with rage, he continued: "That man is the cause of all my misfortunes! he banished peace from our house, and drove me to take to horse-dealing, and bad ways.—Ah!" he exclaimed, darting a fierce look at Conrad, "you prophesied—yes, you—that I should hang myself in a halter; but, mark me, your turn will come first!"

The parson allowed them to vent their rage, only interposing his authority to check any personal violence. He felt sure that, when their long fostered and secret anger was exhausted, some remains of brotherly love would still be found, and brought to light; but he was in part disappointed.

At length both brothers sat down, speechless, and breathing hard. The parson then addressed them, at first in a gentle tone, disclosing all the hidden recesses of the heart; but it was in vain—they both cast their eyes down upon the floor. He then pictured to them the anguish of their parents in the next world. Conrad sighed, but did not raise his eyes.—Then the parson summoned all his power, and with a voice like that of a denouncing prophet, he reminded them how, after death, they would have to appear before the judgment seat, and there answer fearfully for the sin of brotherly hate. He ended: and there was a silence. Conrad wiped the tears from his eye with his sleeve; then he rose from his chair, and said, "Michael!"

Michael had not heard that sound for so many years, that he started and looked up. Conrad stepped nearer and said, "Michael forgive me!" The hands of the brothers were in a moment fast locked in one another; and the parson laid his hand upon them to bless the act.

When Michael and Conrad were seen coming down the little hill by the court-house, hand-in-hand, every eye was upon them—not a man but felt a secret joy at his heart. As soon as they reached home, the first thing they did on entering the house was to wrench off every padlock and fastening; and having done so, they went into the garden, and levelled the hedge with the ground; no matter what cabbages were destroyed, all token of their former discord had instantly to be removed. Then they went to their sister's house, and they all ate together at the same table.

In the afternoon, the two brothers sat in the church side by side, and each held a corner of their mother's hymn-book in his hand.

From that time forward their lives were spent happily, in unity of spirit, and in the bonds of peace.

BEAUTY.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

We find beauty itself a very poor thing unless beautified by sentiment. The reader may take the confession as he pleases, either as an instance of abundance of sentiment on our part, or an evidence of want of proper ardour, and impartiality; but we cannot (and that is the plain truth) think the most beautiful creature beautiful, or be at all affected by her, or long to sit next her, or go to a theatre with her, or walking in a field or a forest with her, or call her by her Christian name, or ask her if she likes poetry, or tie (with any satisfaction) her gown for her, or be asked whether we admire her shoe, or take her arm even into a dining-room, or kiss her at Christmas, or on April-fool day, or on May-day, or on any other day, or dream of her, or wake thinking of her, or feel a want in the room when she is gone, or a pleasure the more when she appears—unless she has a heart as well as face, and is a proper, good-tempered, natural, sincere, honest girl, who has a love for other people, and other things, apart from self-reverence and a wish to be admired. Her face would pall upon us in the course of a week, or even become disagreeable. We should prefer an enamelled tea cup; for we should expect nothing from it.—We remember the impression made on us by a female plaster-cast hand, sold in the shops as a model. It is beautifully turned, though we thought it somewhat too plump and well-fed. The fingers, however, are delicately tapered: the outline flowing and graceful. We fancied it to have belonged to some jovial beauty, a little too fat and festive, but laughing withal, and as full of good nature. The possessor told us it was the hand of Madame Brinvilliers, the famous poisoner. The word was no sooner spoken, than we shrank from it as if it had been a toad. It was now literally hideous; the fat seemed sweltering and full of poison. The beauty added to the deformity. You resented the grace; you shrank from the look of smoothness, as from a snake. This woman went to the scaffold with as much indifference as she distributed her poisons. The character of her mind was insensibility. The strongest of excitements was to her what a cup of tea is to other people. And such is the character, more or less, of all mere beauty. Nature, if one may so speak, does not seem to intend it to be beautiful. It looks as if it were created in order to show what a nothing the formal part of beauty is, without the spirit of it.—We have been so used to it with reference to considerations of this kind, that we have met with women generally pronounced beautiful, and spoken of with transport, who took a sort of ghastly and witch-like aspect in your eyes, as if they had been things walking the earth without a soul, or with some evil intention. The woman who supped with the Ghoule in the "Arabian Nights," must have been a beauty of this species.

FADING NOBILITY.—Sixty years ago, according to a work lately published in Paris, the nobility of Europe numbered five and a half millions; living one in every thirty inhabitants. It now comprises but three millions and three-quarters; or one in fifty-seven inhabitants.

HOW TO CATCH A HUSBAND.

Where do men usually discover the women who afterwards become their wives? is a question we have occasionally heard discussed, and the result invariable come to, is worth mentioning to our young lady readers. Chance has much to do in the affair; but then there are important governing circumstances. It is certain that few men make a selection from ball rooms, or any other place of public gaiety; and nearly as few are influenced by what may be called showing off in the streets, or by any allurements of dress. Our conviction is, that ninety-nine hundreths of all the finery with which women decorate, or load their persons, go for nothing as far as husband-catching is concerned. When and how, then, do men find their wives? In the quiet homes of their parents or guardians—at the fireside, where the domestic graces and feelings are alone demonstrated. These are the charms which most surely attract the high as well as the humble. Against these, all the finery and airs in the world sink into insignificance. We shall illustrate this by an anecdote, which, though not new, will not be the worse for being again told. In the year 1773, Peter Burrell, Esq., of Beckenham, in Kent, whose health was rapidly declining, was advised to go to Spa, for the recovery of his health. His daughters feared that those who had only motives entirely mercenary, would not pay him that attention which he might expect from those who from duty and affection united, would feel the greatest pleasure in ministering to his ease and comfort; they therefore resolved to accompany him. They proved that it was not a spirit of dissipation and gaiety that led them to Spa, for they were not to be seen in any of the gay and fashionable circles; they were never out of their father's company, and never stirred away except to attend him either to take the air, or drink the waters; in a word they lived a most recluse life in the midst of a town then the resort of the most illustrious and fashionable personages of Europe. This exemplary attention to their father procured these three amiable sisters the admiration of all the English at Spa, and was the cause of their elevation to that rank in life to which their merits gave them so just a title. They all were married to noblemen—one to the earl of Beverly, another to the Duke of Hamilton, afterwards Marquis of Exter and a third to the Duke of Northumberland. And it is but justice to them to say, that they reflected honor on their rank rather than derived any from it.

THE THREE JOLLY HUSBANDS.

Three Jolly husbands, out in the country, named Tim Watson, Joe Brown and Bill Walker, sat one evening at a village tavern, until pretty well corned, they agreed that each, on returning home should do the first thing his wife should tell him. In default of which he should the next morning pay the bill.—They then seperated for night, engaged to meet again next morning, and give an honest account of their proceedings at home, so far as related to the payment of the bill.

The next morning, Walker and Brown were early at their posts, but it was some time before Watson made his appearance.

Walker began first:

"You see when I entered my house the candle was out, and as the fire gave but glimmering light, I came near walking into a pot of butter that the pancakes were to be made in this morning. My wife was so dreadfully out of humor at setting up so late, she said to me sarcastically—

"Do put your foot in the batter!"

"Just as you say, Maggy," said I, and without the least hesitation, I set my foot into the pot of batter, and then went to bed.

Next Joe told his story:

"Wife had already retired to rest in our bed room, which adjoins the kitchen, and the door of which was ajar. Not being able to navigate perfectly well you know, I made dreadful clattering among the household furniture, and in no very pleasant tone she bawled out—

"Do break the porridge pot, Joe!"

"No sooner said than done." I seized hold of the ball of the pot, and striking it against the chimney jam, broke it into a hundred pieces. After this I retired to rest, and got a curtain lecture all night for my pains.

It was now Tom Watson's turn to give an account of himself, which he did with a very long face as follows:

"My wife gave me the most unlucky command in the world, for, as I was blundering about up stairs in the dark, she cried out—

"Do break your rotten neck—do Tom!"

"I'll be hanged if I do Kate," said I, gathering myself up, "I'll sooner pay the bill." And so here landlord is the cash for you. This is the last time I'll risk five dollars on the command of my wife."

A SAD STORY.

Many of the incidents connected with the famine in Ireland, and the efforts of the relatives of the sufferers to assist them in their extremity, are full of deep and touching interest. The earnings of many a year of toil have been gathered together and sent beyond the Atlantic wave, either for the purpose of relieving the immediate wants of the poor and needy, or with that of assisting them to obtain a passage to the New World. Thousand have been thus rescued, but many have perished on the way. A sad case of this kind is recorded in a recent number of the Albany Statesman.

It seems that a hard working servant had saved the sum of $100 from her scanty earning, and sent the whole of it to her father, mother, and sister in Ireland, with a message desiring them to come to Albany city, where she would provide for them a more comfortable home than their straitened circumstances would allow them to enjoy in their native island. Word came over to her that they would embark immediately. The noble hearted creature rented a small but comfortable tenement and furnished it; to the extent of her limited means, with necessary furniture, food and fuel. In due time the parents and sister arrived, and joined herself and brother; and the meeting under such circumstances, of the reunited family, was one inexpressible joyful.

The most sanguine hopes and the brightest wishes of the affectionate, self-sacrificing daughter and sister were fully accomplished. Those she loved were, through her single efforts, rescued from the combined miseries of pinching poverty and gaunt famine, and were all gathered about her at last in a humble but comfortable home, in a land of peace and plenty.—But their happiness was shortlived indeed. The parents had brought with them the seed of the pestilence that rages in many portions of Ireland, consequent upon hunger, bad food and exposure, and soon after their arrival, one after the other fell victims to its virulence; and the poor heart-broken girl, in a few short weeks, has followed father, mother, sister and brother to their graves, and once more is alone in the land of her adoption, without a relative to condole with her in her bereavement—*Phila. Inquirer.*

☞ 'Are you an *Odd Fellow?*' 'No sir!. I've been married a week.' 'I mean do you belong to the Order of Odd Fellows?' 'No, no! I belong to the order of Married Men.' 'Thunder! how dumb! Are you a *Mason?*' 'No; I am a carpenter by trade.' 'Worse and worse!! 'Are you a *Son of Temperance?*' 'Confound you, *no!* I am a son of Mr. John Coslling!' The querest, went on his way with something of a flea in his ear.

☞ Some of the Pittsburg papers record a terrible land slide which occurred on Monday, at Sligo, near that city. A huge rock, weighing a ton, was precipitated from the brow of Coal Hill, and fell upon the school house in which Mr. Chives teaches. Five children were instantly crushed to death and horribly mutilated, and three others wounded.

HOW TO MAKE WELSH RAREBITS.—For each person take a quarter of a pound of rich new cheese, chop it fine, and put it into an iron or tin saucepan. Add a little water or beer, and stir it over the fire until the cheese is dissolved. Have in readyness a slice of toast on a warm plate, upon which the mess should immediately be poured. For seasoning use pepper, mustard and salt, according to your taste.

Queen Victoria's State Balls.

Queen Victoria's state balls flourish with almost unparalleled splendor, however much commercial England may groan, or pauper Ireland may starve. It requires columns of the Court Newsman to describe the magnificence of the last one, and the dignitaries who attended. To give a glimpse of high English life, we extract a paragraph describing scenes of the supper hour:—"Supper was served soon after twelve o'clock in the state dinner room. A range of tables were placed around three sides of the apartment, and on them were displayed with royal magnificence successive services of gold plate, interspersed with massive ornaments of the same material, illustrating some classical or pastoral subject, and relieved occasionally by the graceful form of elegant vases adapted for the purpose of the banquet. At the end of the room, opposite the doors by which the company entered, was erected a gorgeous buffet of gold plate, filling a deep alcove formed in that side of the room. The background was of crimson, and it was studded with the choicest specimens of art in the precious metals. On the base, or lower shelf of the buffet, was placed the Neptune epergne, and on either side of it was the Hesperides candelabra, each of these works a lasting token of the genius of the great artist who designed them. In the centre of the buffet was the shield of Achilles, over which, and at the top of the buffet, was the Armada urn. On each side of the urn were two Etruscan vases, known as the Venus icepails, from the figure of the goddess forming the panelle. In the upper compartment were introduced two very large scent jars of great antiquity, and smaller articles of great beauty filled up the interstices between the larger, and due advantage was taken of the present season in the display of beautiful flowers in gold vases. The buffet was brilliantly illuminated with wax lights in gold sconces and candelabra."

A RACE WITH AN INDIAN—*John Steeprock against fast Horses.* On Saturday last, a small party, on their return from a pic-nic excursion to the Indian village in Western New York, happened to meet about a mile this side of the council house, the "fast Indian," John Steeprock—(he who came so near winning the great ten mile foot race at Hoboken,) with whom they proposed to have some little sport.

As some of the party were on their first visit to an Indian settlement, and were desirous of seeing an Indian foot race, John was bantered for a run, and by way of inducement, was told, that if he would reach the council house, (distant one mile and a trifle over,) before we could drive there with our two horse team and wagon, containing four, he should have a small purse, which was made up on the spot. John, in a guteral "na h-wy," consented, and divesting himself of boots and hat, and tying a handkerchief tight around the waist, and another around his head, was ready for a start. At the word "go!" and with a crack of the whip, away we went—team and Indian—the latter "loping" off steadily, but rapidly, after the Indian style, and we crowding on with our team—a fast one—as swiftly as we dared. The road was undulating, winding, and in some places rough. We thought it would be no "chore," at all to "distance" him, but very soon discovered our mistake, and commenced "paying out." It was "no use." Mr. Indian now and then glanced back, and whenever we whipped up, he whipped up too. Several times he crossed and re-crossed the road, in order to get the best track—sometimes trying the foot path, beside the road, and occasionally bounding over a log or brush with a stride that was wonderful. At one time we came upon a smooth, straight stretch of thirty or forty rods, and by a little extra effort, shot ahead; but it wouldn't do—we were sold—for at the next hill, John respectfully raised his coatflaps and bid us good-bye. He won the race by about six rods, and ran it in *four minutes and forty seconds!* It did not appear to tire him in the least.

From the Pennsylvanian.

CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES.

It has long been hinted in certain quarters, that there is a disposition on the part of the inhabitants of Cuba, to have that island attached to the United States. We, ourselves; conversed during last spring, with a rich planter at St. Jago, who declared to us, that the reports of this feeling on the part of his countrymen were well founded; that in the vicinity of his home, a majority of the planters favored such a disposition of the island, as should speedily bring it within the control, and under the protection of our republican institutions. We are hence, not surprised to see in the New York Sun, the following article from the pen of Mr. Beach who passed the winter in the West Indies, and who, as he says, speaks advisedly:

CUBA UNDER THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES.—When in Havana last winter, we had a consultation with a meeting of the most influential and wealthy men of that city upon the union of Cuba to the United States, and promised to lay the matter before the people of this country as soon as the Mexican question had been disposed of. Mexico to all intents and purposes, is now in our possession. All parties in the United States, and from foreign nations, look upon that question as settled so far as conquest and occupation are concerned, and we now hasted to fulfil our promise, and that promise must be our apology for this article. Cuba by geographical position, necessity and right, belongs to the United States; it may and must be ous. The moment has arrived to place it in our hands and under our flag. Cuba is in the market for sale, and we are authorized by parties eminently able to fulfil what they propose, to say, that if the United States will offer the Spanish government one hundred millions of dollars Cuba is ours, and that with one week's notice, the whole amount will be raised and paid over by the inhabitants of the island. One week is all they ask, if our Government will only make the offer for them to act upon, and which Spain is ready to accept. This is no vision, but fixed fact, of which we have seen and now hold the most undoubted proofs. The possession of Cuba will complete our chain of territory and give us the North American Continent. It is the garden of the world, the key to the Gulf, and the richest spot of its size on the face of the earth. From Florida Point to its north eastern coast is only fifty miles, bringing the Island almost within cannon shot and sight of the United States. Cuba yields to Spain an annual revenue of seven millions of dollars, besides supporting 25,000 soldiers, expending at least a million a year upon fortifications, and paying another million in salaries to civil and military officers. In fact her total revenue to Spain is over ten millions, which will double the moment it comes under the United States. Cuba produces the best sugar, coffee, tobacco, and tropical fruits in the world. It has gold and silver, and the richest copper mines known. Its harbors, surface of the country and climate are unrivalled, and, in less than five years its revenue would more than pay the entire purchase money asked by Spain. Cuba must be ours! Stretching from Florida to Yucatan, it commands the Gulf and coast of Mexico. It is larger than Ireland—nearly as large as all the New England States, containing 43,500 square miles of the most fertile soil under the sun. To us it is indispensible. We want its harbors for our ships to touch at to and from Mexico—for the accommodation of American and English transatlantic steamers—for its products and trade, and as the grand key to the Gulf of Mexico. Give us Cuba and our possessions are complete. Spain is ready to sell, the Cubans are waiting for us to make the purchase, and to come at once into the Union. Let the thing be done; we pledge ourselves that the hundred millions will be forthcoming to meet the offer, and that Cuba will be the richest conquest ever made by the United States.

The Carbon County Democrat states that whenever you come across a no-party man you may "set him down a WHIG—yes a regular wool-dyed Federalist." There is no mistake about it.

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

We copy from one of our exchanges, the following chronological table of events connected with the commencement of hostilities with Mexico, compiled from official documents.

March 1, 1845.—The resolutions annexing the territory of Texas to the United States were approved by President Tyler, and a messenger despatched, (two days before the inauguration of President Polk,) conveying them to the Texas Government.

March 6, 1845.—The Mexican Minister, Mr. Almonte, residing at Washington city, protested, demanded his passports in a menacing manner, and went home, to be Minister of the war against us.

Sept. 1845.—Instructions were issued by Mr. Buchanan, our Secretary of State, to Mr. Black the American Consul, at the city of Mexico, "to ascertain from the Mexican government whether they would receive an envoy from the United States, instructed with full power to adjust all the questions in dispute between the two governments."

Oct. 15, 1845.—The Mexican government, through her Secretary of State, Mr. Panary Pena, agreed to receive a Minister from the United States, in the capital of Mexico, with full powers from his government to settle the dispute in a peaceable manner."

Nov. 10, 1845:—The Hon. John Slidell was commissioned as such envoy. He landed at Vera Cruz on the 30th of the same month.

Dec. 6, 1845.—Mr. Slidell arrived at the city of Mexico, and on the 8th of the same month announced his mission—the Mexican Secretary of State, in the mean time objected to him, asking "what he had come for," and "who he could be."

Dec. 20, 1845.—Slidell's mission was annulled by an official note from the Mexican Secretary, requiring him to produce special powers, ad hoc, for the settlement of the Texas question alone. On the 20th of January Mr. Slidell retired to Jalapa.

Dec. 28, 1845.—The Government of Herrera was overthrown, and Gen. Paredes, a military usurper succeeded to power on a promise that his advent should be the recovery of Texas, by force.

March 1, 1846.—Mr. Slidell, from Jalapa, repeated the proffer of peace to the new Mexican Secretary of State, Mr. Castilloy Lanzos, adding that the President was sincerely desiring peace between the two governments.

March 12, 1846.—Mr. Castilloy Lanzos rejected Mr. Slidell, and on the 21st of the month, sent him his passports, and soon after he returned to the U. States.

Oct. 4, 1846.—General Taylor in an official letter to the War Department suggested the propriety of "taking possession, at once, of two suitable points on or quite near the Rio Grande."

January 12, 1846.—Three months afterwards, instructions were issued to Gen. Taylor to occupy the east side of the Rio Grande, but to refrain from any act of aggression against Mexico, and to regard relations between the two governments as peaceful until Mexico made further demonstration had been received, that Mexico was raising troops for the avowed purpose of carrying on a war with the United States.

March 11, 1846.—General Taylor with the army left Corpus Christi, on the west side of the Nueces, and arrived at Brazos Santiago, March 28th. Gen'l. Taylor found an army of 2,000 Mexican soldiers already assembled at Matamoras under the command of Gen. Arista.

April 11, 1846.—Gen. Ampudia arrived at Matamoras superseding Arista in command, accompanied by 200 cavalry, followed by a reinforcement of 2,000 more men.

April 12.—Ampudia ordered Taylor to break up his camp within 24 hours, and retire beyond the Nueces, or he would attack him. At the same time, all Americans, and our consul were driven from Matamoras.

April 22.—Gen. Paredes issued his war manifesto against the United States, and sent additional military forces to the Rio Grande.

April 24.—A large body of Mexican troops, which had previously crossed the Rio Grande, into Texas, attacked Captain Thornton's command, killed and wounded 16, and captured the remainder. Previous to this they had brutally murdered Col. Cross. Also, Lieut. Porter and one of his men, who went out in search of Cross, were fired upon and killed.

April 28.—Capt. Walker and 24 men were attacked on their way from Point Isabel to Gen. Taylor's camp, and six of his men killed, and a number of the Mexicans killed and wounded.

May 8th and 9th.—The battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma were fought in Texas.

May 12.—The President sent in his message, recommending the recognition of the war, and on the 13th, Congress declared the war to exist by the acts of Mexico, and authorized the President to prosecute it to a speedy and honorable conclusion.

These things should be remembered, and whenever rampant Federalism undertakes to justify the course of Mexico, they should be reminded of them.

EVENING.

There are two periods in the life of a man to which the evening hour is peculiarly interesting; Youth and Old Age.

In youth we love its mellow moonlight, its million of stars, its soothing shade and sweet serenity.—Amid these scenes, we can commune with those we love, and twine the wreath of friendship, while there are none to witness, but the generous Heaven, and the spirits that hold their endless Sabbath there. We look abroad on the creation, spread in the slumber of a moonlight scene around, and wrapt in contemplation, fancy we see and hear the waving wings and melting songs of other and purer worlds. It accords with the lighter flow of youthful spirits, the fervency of fancy, and the soft feelings of the heart. Evening is delightful to virtuous age. It affords hours of undisturbed thought. It seems an emblem of the calm and tranquil close of a busy life, serene and mild, with the impress of its great Creator enstamped upon it. It spreads its quiet wings above the grave, and seems to promise that all shall be peace beyond it.

THE WIFE.

It needs not guilt to break a husband's heart; the absence of content, the mutterings of spleen, the untidy dress and cheerless home, the forbidding scowl and deserted hearth; these and other nameless neglects, without a crime among them, have harrowed to the quick the heart of many a man, and planted there beyond the reach of cure, the gem of dark despair. Oh! may woman before that sad sight arrives dwell on the recollections of youth, and cherish the dream of that tuneful time, awake and keep alive the promises she then kindly gave; and though she may be the injured, not the injuring one—the forgotten, not the forgetful wife—a happy allusion to the hour of love—a kindly welcome to a comfortable home—a smile of love to banish hostile words—a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the breast of selfish man will soften to her charms, and bid her live, as she had hoped, her years in matchless bliss—loved, loving, and content—the soother of a sorrowing heart; the source of comfort, and the spring of joy.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.—In a number of the London Times, received by the last steamer, is the following advertisement, which speaks volumes for the freedom (?) of elections:

"*Wanted to purchase*, of the value of from £50,000 to £70,000, any estate, carrying with it *sufficient* parliamentary influence, to enable the purchaser to obtain a seat in the next Parliament."

THE AFFECTIONS.—How beautiful are these words of Longfellow:

"One by one the objects of our affection depart from us. But our affections remain, and like vines, stretch forth their broken wounded tendrils for support. The bleeding heart needs a balm to heal it, and there is none but the love of its kind—none but the affection of the human heart."

"I knows well enough," said a green one, "where fresh fish comes from—but where they catch these