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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Poetical.

DAYS GONE BY.

BY WALTER COMLY.

There are tears of pain and sorrow,
And tears of hope and joy;
And mem'ry oft will borrow
From the past a dark alloy;
To mingle with the dew drops
That start into the eye,
From the pleasant recollections
Of the happy hours gone by.

I oft' times sit and whisper
With a gentle voice within,
Which tells me of an hour
When I was free from sin;
Ere my soul with guilt was tainted,
Ere my bosom knew a sigh,
In my childhood's early morning—
In the holy days gone by.

It tells me of a brother,—
A fair haired rosy boy,—
I can see his red cheek dimple,
And his dark eye gleam with joy;
Yet the mem'ry of his features
Brings a tear into my eye,
For they laid him to a dreamless sleep
In my childhood's days gone by.

Thus every earthly pleasure
Is shadowed by a cloud;
I see in each fair creature
The coffin and the shroud;
For each, though strong, and wither;
Each eye, though bright, must fade,
And the lovely, fair, and beautiful,
In lonely earth be laid.

Rouse up then and be doing,
While hearts with hope beat high,
For our days are few and fleeting;
The moments swiftly fly;
Seek then a better portion,
In fadeless realms on high,
Secure the soul's salvation,
Ere the days of grace gone by.

Miscellaneous.

From the John Donkey.

THE SLOW GOER.

OR HOW A PIECE OF FLESH TURNED OUT DIFFERENT FROM WHAT HE WAS TOOK FOR.

I am a quiet, orderly citizen, a little over forty, and rather inclined to be stout. Indeed, I weigh about two hundred pounds; but that is not on account of fat. It is muscle—all muscle.

I am a quiet man, as I said, and rather a little nervous. I don't like to be hurried—not by any means. I have a horror of hurrying and haste and all that kind of thing. Slowness is compatible with dignity, and for a man not over four feet six, my gait and mien are majestic and imposing.

Well, sir, I had occasion to go out into West Chester county one fine day, and from some freak of the devil which got into me, must needs hire a vehicle, and go it with a rush. So I went to Disbrow's, in the Bowery—Disbrow had taught my daughter horsemanship, and a deuced good rider she is, to be sure—and I asked him to get me out a vehicle and horse. So he called to one of his myrmidons, who brought out a horse—a regular devil of a fellow, with an eye like a lighted cigar, and a snort like an earthquake. I told Disbrow at once that such an animal would not do for me. I'd rather be hitched to the tail of the east wind, or a runaway locomotive, or be behind the bottomless pit in harness—I would. And so I told him.

Horse after horse was trotted out, until I lost all patience. At length I said—"I want something quiet—very quiet, for I am a quiet man, myself.—None of your harum-scarum devils—and if these are all your horses, then I flummux."

"Well, sir," said Disbrow, "I am anxious to oblige you, but I have but one other horse. I do not like to let him out of the stable, for though he is quiet enough, he is very old and in a very bad condition. However, you can see him, if you like."

And see him I did. He wasn't a beauty, being rather lean—but as he was quiet, he suited me. So I took him.

The next difficulty was about a vehicle. I didn't like anything flashy—I want a sober turnout—and at length found something in the back yard—a fine, serviceable gig. Disbrow didn't wish me to have it, as he said it had been long out of use; but I insisted on it, and so the horse was put to. I got in very much pleased; though I was a little astonished when Disbrow asked of me, as a particular favor that I wouldn't mention *where* I obtained the horse and vehicle. This I promised, of course, although I couldn't tell why for the life of me; for a more sober and quiet turnout, I am sure I had never seen.

We started beautifully, sir, beautifully. It would have done your heart good to have seen that respectable bay, as he moved most majestically along, conscious that no ordinary man was at his heels. As a token of penetration and of respect for my superior worth, he kept his ears and tail properly depressed. As for me, I felt my position as a man, sir, who stands the superior of horses—especially hired horses—and all other portions of the brute creation.

Matters went along very well until we left the stone pavements. But, no sooner had the confounded horse struck the soft ground, than he pricked up his ears, erected his stump tail, took the bit in his teeth, and began to tole himself forward at an alarming rate of speed. I caught hold of the reins firmly, and tried to stop him, in order to recover my hat, which I felt to be sliding off, but I might as well have let it alone. Sir, it is an alarming fact that he would not stop.

Here was a condition of affairs. I could not stop the horse, and I had no hat; while the sun popt his round face from a cloud, and poured down his hottest, as if my head was a leaden bullet that he was about to melt, or an oyster pie, that he was about to bake. Still, I did not feel very much alarmed—until to my utter dismay, I heard some wheels behind me, and up came two bloods in a *dashing buggy*, with a fiery pair of horses, and they—the bloods, that is—challenged me to race.

Me! the father of a family! a quiet, respectable citizen, a racing on the Bloomingdale Road! A pretty joke! and so I was about to tell 'em, when the abominable beast that was dragging me, accepted the invitation, on his own hook, and put out as *if somebody had been kindling a fire of shavings* under his hind quarters.

Gracious! my blood curdles when I think of it! Before I could say "stop him!" I was out of all hearing. Ahew! Blisters! how he went! The trees and the houses and the dogs and the mile stones went racing the other way, as if Satan was in 'em.

We passed everything. I felt as if I was hitched into the Magnetic Telegraph. The perspiration rolled down my cheeks like the cataract of Niagra. The wind had been blowing in our direction pretty strong, but we went so fast, that my head got cool, because the sunbeams didn't get time to make it hot. Thunder! it was like *lightning!*

On we went! The Black Rider and John Gilpin, and Mazeppa, and forty locomotives, weren't a circumstance. People tried to keep up with their three minute crabs, but it wasn't no manner of use. I felt that my hour was come. I knew that I should never behold Sukey, my dear wife, nor Clairidin Melissa Jane, my daughter Bob. And to leave the world at such a time, when there was every prospect of a rise in stocks. It was awful! It was terrific! I tried to remember the Lord's Prayer, but I couldn't. I remembered that I had forgot my card-case, and no one would know where to take *my mangled remains.* So little was I *prepared to die.*

But, no stop! As I passed a tavern the fellows cried out—"Go it old hoss!" Useless adjuration! He did go it. On we went, over the bridge, and up the hill past Macob's. Old Mrs. Macob, and her pretty daughter, *were standing at the door*, and they started back in perfect fright. No doubt they thought that Father Miller had succeeded *in his design* to bring the world to an end, and that I was in the incarnation of the day of Judgement, in a go-cart.

But, just as I was *expecting to have my brains* knocked out, and was wondering how I should let my wife know that my will was in the third pigeon from the left, in the upper row, in *my desk*, the horse came to a stony place in the road. No sooner did *his feet strike this*, than down went his tail and ears, and he resumed the same delightful position which he had assumed at first.

But I didn't intend to tempt Providence. No *sir!* I got out, and led the animal by the head, having luckily but a short distance to go. When I arrived at my place of destination, I sent the horse and vehicle home in the care of the ostler, while I waited and came down in the stage like a man and a Christian.

Now, what excuse do you think that confounded Disbrow made? He said that the horse was what *had been* a celebrated old racer, who took such freaks semi-occasionally; but his demeanor had of late been so quiet that he had not suspected him of any deviation from a correct gait. But I'll fix him yet, some day.

Napoleon's Design of Coming to America.

We believe it has never been known how near Napoleon was to coming to America, after the terrible battle of Waterloo, where in the sequel of the fight, when defeat became certain, he in vain presented his bosom to the fire of his enemies, in the hope that he might be spared the fatal end which seemed to hang around him. Leaving the wreck of his once powerful army to Soult, and flying as upon the wings of the wind, he was the first to announce at Paris the fatal defeat which had befallen him. From Paris he went to Malmaison, where he had in vain labored to reconcile and treat with the enemy. Finding reconciliation in vain and the overthrow of his power certain, the design presented itself to him of escaping to America, and accordingly he went, with a few of his chosen followers, to Rochefort, with a view of escaping on board some vessel which might be in port. But Rochefort was blockaded by an English fleet, and the coast was lined with English cruisers. All this is known, but what we have not seen, is the following anecdote, related to us by one of the Massachusetts members of Congress, on the authority of a New England Captain (Capt. Brewster, of Preston, Conn.,) whose services were solicited to bring Napoleon to the United States. When just upon the eve of his departure this man was accosted in the streets of Havre, by one who informed him that he had an important piece of intelligence to communicate. A private interview was had, under a solemn pledge of secrecy, and after a solemn assurance that no dishonorable proposition was to be made.

"When do you sail for America?" was the first question.

"To-morrow morning," was the reply.

"Will you for a sum of money that shall make you independent for life, and beyond the value of your ship and cargo and all possible profit, consent to talk Napoleon Bonaparte to America. The money shall be paid to you in any manner, deposited anywhere in Paris, and papers executed to that effect. I am here continued the officer, as an agent of my sovereign, and directed to make any proposition and to allow any sum of money, but I must receive your answer upon the instant."

"The Captain responded that the ship was not his own,—that the coast was lined with English ships, that escape he feared would be impossible. He could not answer upon the instant, but would do so at the appointed time and place in two hours. Visiting his ship which was loaded and ready for departure, he concluded that he might conceal the Emperor in a manner which would prevent detection. At the time appointed to be made known his purpose, arranged as to the compensation he should receive, had papers of a satisfactory character executed to that effect, and made his arrangements accordingly. His illustrious visiter was to be on board at 12 o'clock at night and everything was arranged to receive him. At 12 o'clock, at the very hour and moment when every preparation was made to receive the illustrious soldier, a messenger arrived with a note from the officer, that Napoleon finding his enemies so many and escape so difficult, had concluded, and an ill-starred conclusion it was for him, to repose a noble confidence in his great enemy, and surrender himself to the British.

As is known he presented himself with his suit on board of the Bellerophon, and wrote to the Prince Regent of England, surrendering himself a prisoner, asking only a resting place upon the soil of his enemy, for the remainder of his life. The sequel is known,—banishment to St. Helena, and living there till his death, 15th of May, 1815.

The American vessel, which was to have taken Napoleon to America, was boarded three times, by as many armed vessels and, twice by one. Suspicion appeared to have been excited against her some time before her departure, and even before the Captain had received any communication from Napoleon's agent. His vessel was pretty thoroughly searched upon all these occasions, and once a gun was fired for him to hear a second time. He obeyed of course, but our informant assures us that in all these searches, the place where he had designed to place Napoleon was never once searched or suspected and that he should therefore have safely brought him to the U. States.—Here he might have died in peace of mind, or been living among us now. At St. Helena, to use his own words, the cruelty of his keeper, Sir Hudson Lowe, caused his death. Napoleon said of Lowe, that "he was an executioner sent to assassinate him, a man wholly without a heart and merely capable of discharging the office and duties of a jailor."

RUSSIAN MARRIAGES.

BY DR. BAIRD.

Marriages in Russia are curious. The priest meets the parties at the door of the church. The relatives also enter, *having received the benediction* of the priest. They go with him to the altar, where he puts wax candles in *their hands*—a crown *is placed on the bridegroom's head.* The priest puts a ring on one of their fingers, and it is passed round till it is *placed on the finger of the bride.* He goes around the altar, followed by the friends and the couple—he then gives his benediction. It takes place in the richest *churches in Russia.* The same ceremonies are performed on a marriage in the family of the Emperor, except that the crown is held above, not placed on *their heads.* Being present once at a marriage of the royal family, the crown was held up by boys, and it was amusing to see them stretching themselves to hold it up. The music was delightful. I have frequently heard the choir of the Pope, but it is nothing compared with what I heard at this marriage. I never heard music so touching. Their dresses were beautiful. The bride had a train twelve feet long, made of rich velvet, and lined throughout with ermine and it took five men to bear her train, as she moved around the altar. It was attached to her dress, below the shoulder. There were many things about it very imposing. The Te Deum, was sung most beautifully. There are many singular things connected with their private life. When making a dinner, the host and hostess do not sit, but like Abraham, serve their guests. The gentlemen go up to the ladies and kiss their hands, and if they are intimate, the lady kisses his cheek. These are Asiatic customs, but there is no doubt in a few years they will pass away, and European be introduced into their place.

SONG.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

Thou art lovelier than the coming
Of the fairest flowers of spring,
When the wild bee wanders humming;
Like a blessed fairy thing:
Thou art lovelier than the breaking
Of the orient crimson'd morn
When the gentle winds are shaking
The dewdrops from the thorn.

I have seen the wild flowers springing
In wood, and field, and glen,
Where a thousand birds were singing,
And my thoughts were of thee then,
For there's nothing gladsome round me,
Nothing beautiful to see,
Since thy beauty's spell has bound me,
But is eloquent of thee.

AN EXECUTION.

In Blackwood's Magazine, is an article, entitled *Le Revenant*, purporting to be written by a man who has *been* hanged and *is* now alive. The writer confesses that he was guilty of the act for which he suffered—forgery, and states the particulars of his arrest, committal to Newgate for trial, and his conviction of the crime at the Old Baily Sessions for 1828. He then proceeds to describe what were his sensations after receiving the awful sentence of death. After painting, in touching colors, the interview he had with Elizabeth Clare, to whom he was strongly attached, he thus proceeds with his narrative:

"It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Elizabeth left me; and when she departed, it seemed as if my business in this world was at an end. I could have wished, then and there, to have died on the spot; I had done my last act, and drank my last draught in life. But, as the twilight drew in, my cell was cold and damp, and the evening was dark and gloomy; and I had no fire, nor any candle, although it was in the month of January, not much covering to warm me, and by degrees my spirits weakened, and my heart sunk at the desolate wretchedness of everything around me; and gradually—for what I write now shall be the truth—the thoughts of Elizabeth, and what would be her fate, began to give way before a sense of my own situation. This was the first time—I cannot tell the reason why—that my mind had ever fixed itself upon the trial that I had, within a few hours, to go through; and, as I reflected on it, a terror spread over me almost in an instant, as though it were that my sentence was just pronounced, and that I had not known, really and seriously, that I was to die before; I had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. There was food, which a religious gentleman who visited me had sent from his own table, but I could not taste it; and when I looked at it, strange fancies came over me. It was dainty food, not such as was served to the prisoners in the jail. It was sent to me because I was to die to-morrow! and I thought of the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, that were pampered for slaughter. I felt that my own sensations were not as they ought to be at this time; and I believed that, for awhile, I was insane. A sort of dull, humming noise, that I could not get rid of, like the buzzing of bees, sounded in my ears. And though it was dark, sparks of light seemed to dance before my eyes; and I could recollect nothing. I tried to say my prayers, but could only recollect a word here and there, and then it seemed to me as if these were blasphemies that I was uttering; I don't know what they were—I cannot tell what I said; and then on a sudden, I felt as though all this terror was useless, and that I would not stay there to die; and I jumped up, and wrenched at the bars of my cell window with a force that bent them, for I felt as if I had the strength *of a lion. And I felt all over the lock of my door*, and tried the door with my shoulder—though I knew it was plated with iron, and heavier than that of a church; and I groped about the very walls, and into the corners of my dungeon—though I knew very well, if I had my senses, that it was all of solid stone three feet thick; and that, if I could have passed through a crevice smaller than the eye of a needle, I had no chance of escaping. And, in the midst of all this exertion, a faintness came over me as though I had swallowed poison; and I had just power to reel to the bed-place, where *I sank down*, as I think, in a swoon; but this did not last—for my head swam round, and the cell seemed to turn with me, and I dreamed—between sleeping and waking—that it was midnight, and that Elizabeth had come back as she promised, and that they refused to admit her. And I thought it snowed heavily, and that the streets were all covered with it, as if with a white sheet, and that I saw her dead—lying in the fallen snow—and in the darkness—at the prison gate! When I came to myself, I was struggling and breathless. In a minute or two, I heard St. Sepulchre's clock go ten; and knew it was a dream that I had had. The chaplain of the prison came without my sending. He exhorted me solemnly "to think no more of cares or troubles in this world, but to bend my thoughts upon that to come, and to try to reconcile my soul to Heaven; trusting that my sins, though they were heavy, under repentance, might have hope of mercy." When he was gone, I did find *myself*, for a little while, more collected; and I sat down again on the bed, and tried seriously to commune with myself, and prepare myself for my fate. I recalled to my mind that I had but a few hours more, at all events, to live—that there was no more hope on earth of escaping—and that it was at least better that I should die decently like a man. Then I tried to recollect all the tales that I had ever heard about death by hanging—that it was said to be the sensation of a moment—to give no pain—to cause the extinction of life instantaneously—and so on, to twenty other strange ideas. By degrees, my head began to wander and grow unmanageable. I put my hands tightly to my throat, as though to try the sensation of strangling—then I felt my arms at the place where the cord would be tied. I went through the fastenings of the rope—the tying of the hands together; the thing that I felt most averse to, was the white cap muffled over my eyes and face. If I could avoid that, the rest was not so very horrible! in the midst of these fancies, a numbness seemed to creep over my senses. The giddiness that I had felt gave way to a dull stupor, which When they left me, I never stirred from my place on the bed. I was benumbed with the cold, probably from the sleep, and at the unaccustomed exposure, and I sat crouched together, as it were, to keep myself warmer, with *my arms folded across my breast*, and my head hanging down, shivering; and my body felt as if it were such a weight to me, that I was unable to move it, or stir. The day now was breaking, yellow and heavily; and the light stole by degrees into my dungeon, showing me the damp stone walls, and desolate, dark paved floor; and, strange as it was, with all that I could do, I could not keep myself from noticing these trifling things, though perdition was coming upon me the very next moment. I noticed the lamp which the turnkey had left on the floor, and which was *burning dimly*, with a *long* wick, being clogged with the chill and bad air, and I thought to myself—even at that moment—that it had not been trimmed since the night before. And I looked at the bare, naked, iron bed-frame that I sat on; and the heavy studs on the door of the dungeon; and at the scrawls and writing upon the wall, that had been drawn by former prisoners; and I put my hand to my own pulse, and it was so low that I could hardly count it. I could not feel—though I tried to make myself feel it—that I was going to die. In the midst of this, I heard the chimes of the chapel clock begin to strike; and I thought—Lord take pity on me, a wretch!—it could not be three-quarters after seven yet! The clock went over the three-quarters; it chimed the fourth quarter, and struck eight. They were in my cell before I perceived them. They found me in the place, and in the posture, as they had left me.

"What I have further to tell will lie in a very small compass; my recollections are very minute up to this point, but not at all so close as to what occurred afterwards. I scarcely recollect very clearly how I got from my cell to the press-room. I think two little withered men, dressed in black, supported me. I know I tried to raise when I saw the master and his people come into my dungeon; but I could not.

"In the press-room were two miserable wretches that were to suffer with me; they were bound with their arms behind them, and their hands together; and were lying upon a bench, hard by, until I was ready. A meagre-looking old man, with thin white hair, who was reading to one of them, came up, and said something—'That we would embrace'—I did not *distinctly* hear what it was.

"The great difficulty that I had was to keep from falling. I had thought that these moments would have been all of fury and horror, but I felt nothing of this; but only a weakness, as though my heart—and the very floor on which I stood—was sinking under me. I could just make a motion, that the old white haired man should leave me; and some one interfered and sent him away. The pinioning of my hands and arms was then finished; and I heard an officer whisper to the chaplain that 'all was ready.' As we passed out, one of the men in black held a glass of water to my lips; but I could not swallow.

"This was the last moment—but one of full perception, that I had in life. I remember our begining to move forward, through the long arched passages which led from the pressroom to the scaffold. I saw the lamps that were still burning, for daylight never entered there; I heard the quick tolling of the bell, and the deep voice of the chaplain, reading as he walked before us:

"'I am the resurrection and the life saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, shall *live. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God!*'

It was the funeral service—the order for the grave—the office for those that were senseless and dead—over us the quick and the living.

I felt once more, and saw! I felt the transition from these dim, close, hot, lamp-lighted subterraneous passages, to the open platform, and steps at the foot of the scaffold, and to day, I saw the immense crowd blackening the whole area of the street below me. The windows of the shops and houses opposite to the forth story, shocked with gazers. I saw St. Sepulchre's church through the yellow fog in the distance, and *heard the pealing of its bell. I recollect the cloudy misty morning; the wet that lay upon* the scaffold, the huge dark mass of buildings, the *prison itself, that rose beside, and seemed to cast a* shadow over us, the bold, fresh breeze that, as I emerged from it, broke upon my face. *I see it all now —the whole horrible landscape is before me.* The scaffold—the rain—the faces of the multitude—the people clinging to the house tops—the smoke that beat heavily downwards from the chimneys—the waggons filled with women, staring at the inn-yard opposite—the hoarse low roar that ran through the gathering crowd as we appeared. I never saw so many objects at one glance; but it lasted only for an instant.

From that look, and from that instant, all that followed is a blank. Of the prayers of the chaplain—of the fastening of the fatal noose—of the putting on of the cap which I had so much disliked—of my actual execution and death, I have not the slightest atom of recollection. But that I know such occurrences *must have taken place*, I should not have the small est consciousness that they ever did so. I read in the daily newspapers an account of my behavior at the scaffold—that I conducted myself decently, but with firmness; of my death—that I seemed to die almost without a struggle. Of any of these events I have not been able, by any exertion, to recall the most distant remembrance. With the first view of the scaffold, all my recollection ceases. The next circumstance which, to my perception, seems to follow, is that having woke, as if from sleep and found myself in a bed, in a handsome chamber, with a gentleman (as I first opened my eyes) looking attentively at me. I had my senses perfectly, though I did not speak at once. I thought directly, that I had been reprieved at the scaffold, and had fainted. After I knew the truth, I thought that I had an imperfect recollection, of having found, or fancied myself, as in a dream, in some strange place, lying naked, and with a mass of figures floating about me; but this idea certainly never presented itself to me until I was informed of the fact that it had occurred.

The accident to which I owe my existence will have been divined! My condition is a strange one! I am a living man; and I possess certificates both of my death and burial. I know that a coffin filled with stones, and with my own name upon the plate, lies buried in the church yard of St. Andrew's Holborn; I saw, from a window, the undressed hearse that carried it; I was witness to my own funeral. These are strange things to see. My dangers, however, and I trust my crime, are over forever. Thanks to the bounty of the excellent individual, whose benevolence has recognised the service which he did me for a claim upon him. I am married to the woman, whose happiness and safety proved my last thought, so long as reason remained with me in dying. And I am about to sail on a fair voyage, which is only a sorrowful one—that it parts me forever from my benefactor."

HUMILIATING.—The following paragraph is translated from *El Monitor*, a paper printed *in the city of* Mexico. It certainly places the whig party in a very humiliating position before the country:

MESSRS. CLAY, CALHOUN, BUTTS, WEBSTER, GALLATIN, VAN DICK (?) &c.—These illustrious defenders of the cause of Mexico have just acquired for themselves the gratitude of good Mexicans. At a general meeting of the Philanthropic Society of Mexico, held on the 26th ult., it was resolved to send them a communication manifesting the gratitude of the meeting and named them honorary members of the Society, whatever may be the political circumstances in which the United States and Mexico may find themselves. For ourselves, we render the homage of thankfulness to these magnanimous and generous men who speak in behalf of our country in the very land where troops are collected to make war upon it. Eternal praise to the defenders of the cause of justice and civilization.

☞ We often hear men complain that they are too poor to pay for a newspaper, and yet some of these gentlemen, chew $10 worth of tobacco, and drink refreshments to the amount of $20 annually.

EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

All our readers are more or less familiar with the bloody scenes of the French Revolution, and doubtless will be interested in the following sketch from that awful drama:

"On the 15th of January the Convention proceeded to vote what the punishment should be, death or banishment. Every member advanced singly to the tribune, and openly gave his vote. For forty hours the voting continued, during which time the galleries were crowded, the bar of the assembly besieged with deputations, and the Jacobin club maintaining the excitement by continued inflammatory harangues. As each of the more celebrated deputies proceeded to give his vote, the interest was absorbing; but when Orleans tottered to the appointed place, with a face pale as death, a silence perfectly awful pervaded the hall. "Exclusively governed by duty," said the unhappy man, "and convinced that all those who have resisted the sovreignty of the people deserve death, my vote is death." Another breathless silence succeeded the conclusion of the voting. "Citizens," at length said Verginaud, the President, "I announce the result of the vote—there are 721 votes; a majority of 26 have voted for death. In the name of the Convention, I declare that the punishment of Louis Capet is death." Paralyzed at the very unexpected division, which had been occasioned by the secession of their own party, the Girondists made but one more struggle, and that was for a delay in the execution of the sentence. The vote had made their opponents too strong for them, and their last proposition was negatived by two-thirds of the deputies. Fully prepared for his fate, the King received the result of the vote with unshaken firmness. "For two hours," said he, Malesherbes, I have been revolving in my memory whether, during my whole reign, I have voluntarily given any cause of complaint to my subjects; with perfect sincerity I can declare, when about to appear before the throne of God, that I deserve no reproach at their hands, and that I have never formed a wish but for their happiness." On the 20th of January, Santarre, with a depudation of the municipals, read the sentence to Louis. He received it with the same firmness as before, and asked a respite of three days to prepare for death, the solace of an interview with his family, the consolations of a priest. The convention would not accede to the request for a respite; the hour of ten on the following morning was irrevocably fixed for the execution; the other demands they granted. From that time *the King seemed resigned and tranquil.* "Did they suppose I could be base enough to kill myself!" said Louis when they removed the knives at dinner, "I am innocent, and can die without apprehension." At half past eight in the evening, the Queen and her children entered the King's apartment. The scene that ensued during those two hours, the two last hours of their united lives, cannot be described. At ten the King rose, the parents blessed their poor son, and sought to seperate for the night. "I will see you to-morrow in the morning at eight o'clock," said the King, as his children clung around him, with tears and shrieks. "Why not seven?" exclaimed they all. "Well then seven—at seven—adieu." So mournful was the accent with which Louis uttered the words, that the children redoubled their lamentations, and the Princess Royal fell fainting at her father's feet. With one tender embrace to each beloved one, the King tore himself from his agonized family. The rest of the evening was devoted to his confessor, the Abbe Edgeworth; that heroic priest who dared to afford the last office of religion to His King. At midnight the King retired to bed, and slept peacefully until five. At that hour he rose, gave his last instructions to his faithful valet, Clary, entrusted him with his last words to his wife and his children, and the few relics he had to distribute among them. He wished to cut off his hair with his own hands, and thus escape the degredation of that operation on the scaffold; but the guards refused his request. They feared he would use the scissors for his own destruction, for they could not believe that the mild and meak minded King could dare to die on the scaffold.

Louis then received the sacrament at a small alter prepared in his chamber, and heard the last service for the dead, while the noise of the people thronging the streets, and the rolling of the drums, announced the preparations for the execution. At nine, Santerre came to the temple. "You come to seek me," said the King. "One minute and I am ready." As he said this he entered his little chamber, and brought out his last will, which he asked Santerre to take; the creature refused, and the King deposited it in the *hands of one of the municipals* who had accompanied him. For two hours the long procession was dragging its way through the streets of Paris everywhere hemmed and hedged in with an imposing military force, that rendered every attempt at a rescue fruitless. At last the carriage stopped at a spot near the centre of the Place Louis XV, between the gardens of the Tuilleries and the Champs Elysees. The place was lined with cannon, and the crowd reached as far as the eye could see on every side. "This is the place, is it not?" whispered Louis to his confessor, and then, with an air of the most perfect self-possession, descended from the carriage and undressed himself without the aid of his executioners.—The men approached to pinion his arms. A momentary anger seized him as he exclaimed,—"No, I will not submit to that." The executioners called for aid, and were about to use force. "Submit to this outrage," said Edgeworth, "as the last resemblance to that Saviour who is about to reward your sufferings." Louis yielded and walked composedly to the foot of the scaffold. As the King mounted the steps he received the benedictions of his confessor: "Son of St. Louis, ascend to Heaven." Advancing to the edge of the scaffold, the King silenced the drummers that were placed to prevent his words being heard, and spoke these last sentences to the people—"I die innocent of all that is laid to my charge; I pardon the authors of my death, and pray God that my blood may never rest on France." He would have said more, but as his next words, "said you unhappy people," were uttered, Santerre forced the drums to beat and drown his voice. In a moment the executioners seized on their victim, he was forced under the axe, then came the clank of the falling iron, and the deed was finished.

SELLING A DOG.

Dick Lazybones was the owner of a large dog, which it cost as much to keep as it would two pigs; and the dog besides was utterly useless. Nay he was worse than useless, for in addition to the expense of keeping, he took up the house room, and greatly annoyed Dick's wife.

"Plague take the dog!" said she, "Mr. Lazybones, I wish you would sell him or kill him, or do something or other with him. He is more plague than his rotten neck is worth—always lying in the chimney corner, and eating more than it would take to maintain three children. I wonder you keep such a useless animal."

"Well, well, my dear," said Dick, "*say no more* about it. I will get rid of him one of these days."

This was intended as a mere get-off, on the part of Dick; but as his wife kept daily dinning in his ears about the dog, he was at *length compelled to take* some order on the subject.

"Well wife," said he one day as he came in, "I've sold *Jowler.*"

"Have you indeed?" says she, brightening up at the good news—"I'm dreadful glad of it. How much did you sell him for?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars! what fifty dollars for one dog?—How glad I am! That'll almost buy us a good horse. But where's the money, my love?"

"Money," said Dick, shifting a long nine leslly to the other corner of his mouth, "I didn't get any money—I took *two puppies*; at twenty-five dollars a piece."

☞ The Mineral Bank of Maryland, located at Cumberland, has suspended payment, in consequence of the failure of their agents at New York.

SPECIMEN OF CHRISTIANITY!—Hindoo goods are said to be extensively manufactured in England.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

Since the return of this gallant soldier from Mexico, many have no doubt looked for some expression of his views on the Presidency, the War, the Wilmot Proviso, &c. He has spoken twice to the people—once in his own State of Kentucky, and once in Washington. He is decidedly against CLAY for President, and apparently quite as decidedly for TAYLOR. In regard to Mexico and its destiny, the following extract from his remarks in Kentucky, is interesting, as showing that the country which the advocates of the Wilmot Proviso desire to save from slavery, is, according to a leading anti-slavery man, *already filled with slaves*:—*Penn's.*

It is, no doubt, expected of me to give some ideas of Mexico and the present war. Mexico extends from about latitude 18, north, to 42 deg. from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific; and was in extent, before the loss of Texas, about as large as the United States. It embraces all the climates of the world, and rises in temperature from the tropical plains of Vera Crux and Acapulco to the regions of perpetual snow. The Rocky Mountains, which separate us from Oregon, extend through all Mexico, and her whole surface is composed of table lands and mountains, which rise in steps from the Gulf and the Rio Grande, to the highest level, and then descend in regular graduations once more to the Pacific. She has no navigable streams; and the mountains and arid plains compose, I should imagine, seven-eighths of the whole territory. It is now three hundred years since the Spanish conquest, and her population has long since reached the barrier where nature imposes eternal obstacles to future progress, where the whole products of the earth are economically consumed by the people. No doubt, a better mode of agriculture would increase her population; but at present, to use the language of Malthus, she has reached the point of subsistence. It is true, that the remote provinces of California and New Mexico, and those bordering upon the Rio Grande, and subject to Indian invasions, contain some uncultivated lands; but the proposition, as above stated, applies to the mass of Mexico. For in the greater portion of the whole Republic, women and children may be seen picking up grains of corn in the highway, and the rinds of fruit thrown in the streets are immediately seized and consumed. So soon as you cross the Rio Grande you feel yourself in a foreign land. Mexico has no forests. *It is true, that along the streams and on* mountain-tops there are trees, but you are struck with this great characteristic, that the land is bare of trees. The numerous varieties of the Cactus of all sizes, intermixed with Palmetto, stunted or long grass, cover the whole land. You are among a people of a novel color, and a strange language. The very birds and beasts, and dogs, seem different. The partridge, the lark, the crow, the black-bird, differ in size and plumage, and sing differently from ours.—The buildings are of Moorish and Spanish style. The goat and the sheep feed together. The bricks are of clay and straw, sun-dried. The women go with vessels to the well, just as Rachel was sent of old in the time of the Patriarchs of Judea. The roofs of the houses are flat; and places of recreation; and the people wear sandals as in the East, in olden time. Wheat, Indian-corn, and herds of cattle, sheep and goats, the banana and red-pepper, and garlic and onions, are the principal source of subsistence. The products of the mines are the principal articles of foreign exchange; added to woods, hides, tallow and cochineal.

The extreme dryness of Mexico makes irrigation necessary in most of the country, and the scarcity of water, and the habits of the people, collect the inhabitants into cities or villages. The land itself is owned by a few large proprietors, not the least of whom are the priests. *The great mass of the people are serfs, with but few more rights than American slaves. It is true that the children of serfs are not of necessity also serfs, but debt brings slavery, and the wages allowed by law almost always perpetuate it.*—Here then is the secret of the success of our arms. I conversed freely with the tenantry and soldiers in all Mexico, and where they are not filled with religious enthusiasm against us, they care not who rules them, American or Mexican masters. If all the Mexican soldiers were freeholders and freemen, not one of all the American army could escape from her borders. The soldiers are caught up in the Haciendas and the streets of the towns, by force confined in some prison or convent, there drilled, clothed, armed and then sent to the regular army. Such men avow their resolution to desert or run on the first occasion. Of near one thousand soldiers sent from Tolura, to the aid of Santa Anna at Mexico, not one hundred stood the battle.

The whole people do not exceed eight millions; of these, about two millions are white, and mixed bloods; the remainder are native Indians. I never, in all Mexico, with the exception of foreigners in the capitol, saw a single white man at work. Wherever there is slavery, there is labor dishonorable; it is more creditable to rob than to work. Yet Mexico surpasses the slave States of America in manufactures. As Rome was overrun by the barbarians, so is Mexico now by the Americans; the slaves will not fight—the masters are too few to defend the country. Bigotry in religion has abused the mind—the corruptions of the Church have destroyed the morals of the people; the oppressions of the master have exhausted the lands. Mexico is decreasing in population and resources. Since her independence, her revenues are falling off, her villages are decaying, her public works falling to ruin. She has lived by the sword; she must perish by the sword. The time for her to die has come! Yet, like South Carolina, she talks large. She whipped Spain—Spain whipped France, France the world—and consequently, Mexico is the mistress of the world. Yet fifty thousand Americans conquer eight millions of souls! The clergy plundered the people, the army now begin to plunder the clergy; whilst independent, robbers begin to plunder, the government, the clergy and the people. Such is the fearful retribution of nature's violated laws.

MORE CUTTING DOWN OF THE WAGES OF THE MECHANIC.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION COMING'—*Some thirty* or forty shoemakers were parading *our streets yesterday*, on a strike against the encroachments of their employers. We stopped *the crowd, and learned from* them the following particulars:

Sometime ago *they were told by the proprietors of* a shoemaking *establishment in this city*, that it would be necessary to cut down their wages. They *were unwilling to assent to this unnecessary and unjust exaction*, and finally compromised with their employers by agreeing to take *one-half cash and one-half orders!*

They worked along in this way for a week or two, when they received the general order that 50 cents a dozen must be taken off their wages. And instead of getting $5 a dozen, they would now receive but $4 50. The workmen regarded this as an outrage, inasmuch as they had compromised by agreeing to take one-half of their wages in orders! But now having forced the order system upon them, the proprietors next resorted to their original intention of cutting down their wages 50 cents a dozen!

The workmen say they asked their employers how long the system would be continued, and they were told "*until Henry Clay was elected President of the United States!*" The men, believing that event not *likely to happen*, for some considerable time to come, resolved to strike against this petty system, to oppress them merely for political effect.

The community ought to frown down every attempt of this kind to make political capital out of the laborers and mechanics. It is a business entirely beneath the character of any respectable establishment. If it is necessary to cut down *wages*, is it not a curious fact that these deductions invariably take place about the time the *Presidential* election becomes a matter of *controversy?*

Daily Trenton News.

EARLY.—*Strawberries, Peas and Asparagus* were served up in *Philadelphia* on Thursday last.