American Volunteer.

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

VOL. 35. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1848. NO. 1.

E AMERICAN VOLUNTEER,

hed every Thursday, at Carlisle, Pa., by JOHN B ON, upon the following conditions, which will be dhered to:

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

e year, *in advance*, . . . $2 00
x months, *in advance*, . . . 1 00
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ntinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid.
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quired of all those who do not pay in advance.

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quare, one insertion, . . . $ 50
quare, two insertions, . . . 75
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subsequent insertion, per square, . . . 25
eral discount will be made to those who advertise by r, or for three or six months.

E.—The office of the *American Volunteer* is in the sec- y of James H. Graham's new stone building, in South r street, a few doors from Burkholder's hotel, and di pposite the Post-office, where those having business ase call.

HE VOLUNTEER.

h B. Bratton, Editor and Proprietor.

LISLE, THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1848.

AGENCY.

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

N. CASS.—The Washington Union, speaking of Cass, says: "For one, we are prepared to sup- him in the face of the world—because we believe as served his country, and is capable of serving gain. He has served in the war of 1812. He erved her abroad at a most important crisis.— has served her in the public councils at home. s a statesman of enlarged experience—of exten- attainments—honest in his principles—pure in rivate life—amiable in his manners—faithful to riends—liberal to his opponents."

STRESSING SUICIDE.—The Wilkesbarre Farmer Journal, of May 31, gives an account of the su- of Miner S. Blackman, Esq., of that borough, put an end to his existence, (the manner not sta- on Tuesday the 25th ult. Mr. Blackman was ring under temporary derangement, caused by ness and the harsh measures adopted by some of fellow townsmen, acting under the apprehension the disease with which Mr. B. was infected, small pox) might spread through the neighbor- d. Mr. Blackman was a member of the bar and he town council, both of which held meetings to ress regret for the unfortunate event, and to bear mony to the excellent character and qualities of deceased.

HE HEN-PECK'D HUSBAND.—A new novel, so call- has just been published in New York. One ld judge from the title that there is too much of stern realities of every day life in the production, dmit of much fanciful description—but the book id to be a work of extraordinary merit. Many rried gentlemen, of course, will read it with that ancholy gratification which people feel when they or hear of others suffering under calamities sim- to their own.

☞Another remarkable kissing case lately occur- at Buffalo, (according to the *Commercial* of that) A handsome young man was brought up to Police office, for kissing a young lady recently ried. The defence was that kissing, in such umstances, was justified by the usages of "good ety," and that all the objections commonly made uch kissing originated in "vulgar prejudice."— plea was not allowed, and the observer of aris- atic customs was fined $15 for an assault.

☞Still another kissing affair took place at Cin- nati, a few days ago. A Mr. S——was detected he very act of kissing the wife of a Mr. E——. E. took summary vengeance on Mr. S.; the lat- sued for an assault and battery, and the evidence a servant maid, on the trial proved that the kiss- had been frequently practised. Some of the tes- ony was rather injurious to the character of the y concerned, and it is thought that a suit for *crim.* will be the consequence.

FEMALE CLUBS.—All the male population of Paris formed into clubs, and it now appears the women e been seized with the same gregarious propensi- There was recently a meeting of the females' held in one of the theatres, to organize work for men, on principles of Fraternity, and to secure each at least one franc per day. *Le Droit* gives following account of the affair:

It would be impossible to describe the spectacle sented by the *club de femmes*, on Thursday even- , under the presidency of the Citoynne N——. cannot give an idea of the tumult, the disorder, uproar, which took place. There was nothing but s, hisses, vociferations, pressing, crushing, even ting. The windows and the glasses were smash- but no speaker of either sex could obtain a hear- , not even the Abbe Chatel, not even the Citoyen- N——. The sitting at length broke up in the st of universal laughter, and was postponded to ther day: but men are not to be admitted anoth- time."

WHY DON'T THEY COME TOGETHER.—At the village Moss, which consists of about sixty houses, there now living seventeen widowers, and an equal mber of widows, a great majority of whom are useholders. Furthermore, there is only one old helor, and one old maid.

The Democratic Nominations.

t is truly pleasing to us, to see the manifestations gratification, on the part of our friends, at the har- nious result of the labors of our General Conven- n, so far as it relates to the nomination of candi- es for President and Vice President. Many had red that there would be so much division among friends, in relation to the several distinguished n who had been named in connection with these ces, as to lead to the selection of some one who not been prominently before the country; but are glad to see that all are now satisfied—even re than satisfied. There are many among our ow-citizens to whom the names of Cass and Butler endeared among their earliest recollections of rest in the political affairs of the day; and all the ng have had the name of the former before them their school books, as the gallant young officer o broke his sword over his knee before he would obly surrender it to the enemies of his country; who, almost alone, surrounded by a host of sava- tore the British flag from before the wigwam of distinguished chief, telling him at the same time, t no flag should wave in hostility upon the soil of United States. The known popularity, and pa- tism, and sterling worth and abilities of our can- ates, give to all the highest possible guarantees of cess: and all are therefore looking forward to a t triumphant result in November next. There a number of our friends from other counties now the city; and many of them calculate on Pennsyl- ia as certain for CASS and BUTLER by *at least nty thousand of a majority* over any man whom Federalists can select.—*Pittsburg Post.*

Poetical.

THE CHILD AND THE ANGELS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The Sabbath sun was setting slow,
Amidst the clouds of even;
"Our Father,"—breathed a voice below—
"Father, who art in heaven!"

Beyond the earth—beyond the cloud—
Those infant words were given;
"Our Father,"—angels sang aloud—
"Father, who art in heaven!"

"Thy kingdom come"—still from the ground,
That child-like voice did pray;
"Thy kingdom come"—God's hosts resound—
Far up the starry way!

"Thy will be done,"—with little tongue,
That lisping love implores;
"Thy will be done"—the angelic throng—
Sing from seraphic shores.

"For ever,"—still those lips repeat
Their closing evening prayer;
"For ever"—floats in music sweet—
High midst the angels there!

Thine be the glory ever more,
From Thee may man ne'er sever;
But every Christian land adore—
Jehovah!—God!—for ever!

Miscellaneous.

A SURGEON'S REVENGE.

The following deeply interesting story is related by Dr. Gibson, in his lectures before the Medical Class of the University of Pennsylvania. The hero of the story is Vesale, one of the most eminent of the Italian surgeons, and this narrative is said to have been derived from an ancient manuscript on parchment, accidentally found between the backs of two pictures, glued together, each picture in the style of Titan, and supposed to be the work of his hand:

Andre Vesale, says the manuscript, first saw the light in the city of Brussels, in the year 1614. His father was an apothecary, attached to the service of the Princess Margaret, aunt of the Emperor Charles V, and governess of the Low Countries. Providence conferred on him the double advantage of being a native of the land which divides with Italy the glory of being the richest and most enlightened of the nations of the earth, of coming in to the world at a period when a healthy ferment in the minds of men, had, in a great measure, tended to break through and disperse the stagnant scum of ignorance and barbarism which had hitherto obscured them. His parents had educated him for the medical profession; his own peculiar genius directed him to the study of anatomy, which he pursued with an ardor that led to the most successful results. Up to the period when Vesale first rendered himself conspicious, the anatomy of the human body was so imperfectly understood as scarcely to merit that the term of *science* should be applied to the dim and confused ideas entertained of it. Vesale was the first to break through the trammels with which ignorance and bigotry had crippled the march of science; surmounting, with admirable courage and constancy, the disgust, the terror, and even the peril, inseparable from this description of labor, to which he had devoted himself, he was to be seen whole days and nights in the cemetries, surrounded by the festering remnants of mortality, or hovering about the gibbets, and disputing with the vulture for its prey, in order to compose a perfect skeleton from the remains of executed criminals left there to be devoured by the carrion birds.

It was during a sojourn at Basle, after his return from Italy, that Vesale first beheld at the house of Hans Holbein, the painter, Isabella Van Steenwiyk, the daughter of a merchant at Hærlem, who was destined to exercise some influence over his future life. Vesale was then scarcely twenty-eight years old, and already he had attained the summit of his well directed ambition. He enjoyed the countenance and friendship of the celebrated men of the day.—Erasmus, Melancthon, Neltwyck, Verazio, Holbein, and Titian, were proud to be numbered among his friends. The Emperor Charles V, informed by public rumor of the extraordinary talents of the young professor, bestowed upon Vesale, without solicitation, the important charge of his first physician. At the very moment when these honors were so fast accumulating, Vesale first saw Isabella Van Steenwiyk, and a vision of happiness dawned upon him from her calm blue eyes. The family of Van Steenwiyk was a wealthy and honorable one, far superior to that of Vesale in birth and fortune; but the distinguished position the latter had acquired for himself, entitled him to aspire to an alliance even more exalted. The son of the Princess Margaret's apothecary would have been rejected by the rich Hærlem burgher; the Emperor's first physician was accepted by him as the most eligible son-in-law. The marriage was solemnized, and Vesale, accompanied by his young bride, set off for Seville, where Charles then held his court. Vesale was a man of great determination, of strong feeling and violent passions, capable of great extremes of love and hatred, and of most unlimited devotion and the most relentless rancor. But he was ignorant of all those nicer intermediate shades of sentiment which soften and harmonize the character, and scorned as effeminate the gallantries and graceful attentions which youthful wives looked upon as their prerogative, and which, although but too often merely the semblance of love, are often, too, more effective in winning woman's confidence and tenderness, than love itself. No two natures could be more dissimilar than Vesale and his wife. She was gentle, calm, and undemonstrative, not to be roused into any violent evidence of love or anger, and so even-tempered as to be pronounced by many apathetic. Her fair and serene countenance was the mirror of a soul as serene, yet she was capable of great depth of feeling, although her natural timidity prevented the silent workings of her heart from appearing on the surface.

She loved her husband truly; but there was so much of awe mingled with her affection, as to throw an appearance of restraint over her demeanor toward him, even in the privacy of domestic life. The very nature of his profession and occupations was calculated to increase that awe, and even to create some degree of repugnance, in a shrinking mind, which nothing but strong affection could overcome. Isabella's nature required skilful drawing out and tender fostering. Vesale, unfortunately, understood nothing of this sort; he mistook her timidity for coldness, and resented it accordingly; this led to estrangement on her part, which he attributed to dislike, and jealous distrust at last took possession of his soul.

Amidst the gallantries of Seville, where, for a woman to be young and attractive, was to command the attention and authorize the devotions of the other sex—it was no difficult task to arouse the susceptibilities of a suspicious husband. Vesale's talents and position in the Emperor's household, had brought him into contact with all the men of learning and science about the court; the fame of his wife's beauty soon conferred upon him another sort of distinction; and although at first, in accordance with the homewifery habits of her country, she rarely showed herself in public, except to go to mass, enough was seen of her on those occasions, to render an acquaintance with the husband of one so fair, the object of many a gay courtier's ambition. Vesale's house became the resort of all that was noble and gallant in Seville, and he, for a time, believed his own scientific conversation to be the attraction. At first the young wife showed her usual calm indifference to the admiration that followed her wherever she was seen; but at last, something in her manner and countenance, whenever one particular person appeared, or his name was mentioned, betrayed that there did exist a being who had discovered the secret of causing the blood to flow more tumultuously through her veins. That person was Don Alvar de Solis, and as he was young, handsome, gay, and the most inconstant gallant in Seville, the suspicions of Vesale were painfully aroused. He took silent note of the usual emotions that agitated Isabella whenever that nobleman was in her presence.

The general conduct of Don Alvar was calculated to baffle suspicion, being marked by indifference.—This would have misled the vigilant husband, had he not, on one occasion when his back was turned towards Don Alvar, perceiving him, in an opposite mirror, fix his kindling eyes upon Isabella, with an expression not to be mistaken; while she grew red and pale by turns, and then, as though unable to surmount her agitation rose and left the room. Shortly after, Vesale received an anonymous note saying, "Look to your wife and Don Alvar de Solis, and be not deceived by appearances. They only want a fiting opportunity to dishonor you. Even now he carries about the glove she dropped for him at mass." Vesale shut himself up to ponder upon the most effectual means of avenging himself. His resolution was promptly taken. He had established schools of anatomy at San Lucar and Cordova, obtained the emperor's permission to visit them, quitted Seville ostensibly for that purpose, but returned the same night, concealed himself in a tenement belonging to him, at some distance from his abode in the Alcazar, which was devoted to the double purpose of a laboratory and dissecting room. He had taken no person into his confidence; he was alone with his vengeance, and he listened only to his counsel. At dark, on the following evening, he issued forth muffled to the eyes in a woman's mantle and hood, and left a letter at Don Alvar's habitation, containing an embroidered glove of Isabella's and these words, "I have obtained the key to Vesale's laboratory during his absence; be at the gate an hour after midnight, and you will be admitted on pronouncing the name of Isabella." The assignation was punctually kept by Don Alvar. At half an hour past midnight, he left his house alone, but he never returned to it. Whither he had gone, none could say, nor could any trace of him ever be discovered. It was supposed he must have missed his footing, and fallen into the Guadiquiver, near which his abode was situated; and that the body had been swept away by the waves into the ocean.

Such an occurrence was calculated to produce a great sensation in the place where it happened; and Vesale, recalled, three weeks after, by the illness of his wife, found the disappearance of Don Alvar the theme of every tongue. The altered appearance of Isabella was attributed by Vesale to grief for the mysterious absence of Don Alvar, and that conviction took from him all the pity of her sufferings. It chanced to be the festival of Santa Isabella, and to do honor to her patron saint, as well as to celebrate the return of her husband, Isabella put on her wedding dress, and seating herself by an open casement, that overlooked the Alcazar gardens, she watched for his coming. But whilst her eyes were vainly fixed upon the path by which she expected him to appear, a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and turning round, she beheld Vesale standing by her side. "I have ordered the supper to be laid in my study," said he, and taking her hand, he led her away to the room in question, dismissed the attendant, and closed the door. Every thing wore a festive air, yet the repast was cheerless. Perceiving that she had tasted nothing, Vesale poured a few drops from a vial of elixir into a cup of Malaga wine, and presenting it to her, he said, "Drink this, it is a sovereign cure for the complaint you are suffering from." "Pledge me in the draught," she replied, filling up a goblet from the same flask, and handing it to him, "and it will bring a quicker healing to me. Let us drink to our absent friends, Andren." Vesale accepted the offering and they empted their goblets together.

"Talking of absent friends," said he, suddenly fixing his eye upon her, "you have not yet spoken to me of Don Alvar de Solis. Are all hopes of hearing of him relinquished?"

Isabella started and blushed. "Nothing is known of him," she stamered; "a strange mystery envelopes his disappearance."

"What if I should be able to clear it up," replied her husband, "and tell you wherefore he has disappeared, and whither he has gone."

"Don Alvar de Solis," he continued, "was a braggart and a libertine, and boasted that no women ever resisted his seductions, that no husband ever suspected the injury he was preparing for him."—Then grasping his wife by the hand, he led her up to the door at the farther end of the room and throwing it wide open, revealed to her view a human skeleton, suspended within, holding in one of its bony hads one of her own embroidered gloves. "Behold," he said, pointing at the ghastly spectacle, "the gallant and beautiful Don Alvar de Solis—the object of your guilty love. Contemplate him well, if the sight can render your last moments happier, for you are about to die too; the wine I have just given you was poisoned!"

When the last dreadful sentence, and its still more dreadful illustration, burst upon her affrighted senses, she became paralyzed with excess of emotion; the scream, which had risen to her throat, died there in strangled murmurs, and sinking back, she fell as one dead upon the arm of Vesale. She was not dead; he had not poisoned her; that crime he had hesitated to commit, yet he was not the less her murderer.—Convulsion followed convulsion, and, at last she died; and, in that supreme moment, the hour that preceded death, her husband, who had never quitted her, beheld one of those phenomena which sometimes attend the dying. Awakening from a torpid slumber, consciousness and memory returned at once, and with them a calm and a courage she had never possessed in the flush of life. "Andren," said she, fixing her dim eyes upon her husband, "I am dying by your hand, yet I am innocent; I never wronged you in thought or in deed. Don Alvar pursued me with his love and his threats, but I repulsed him. I never loved but you! I feared and honored you as much as I loved—but I dare not tell you of his pursuit!—Oh, Andren, believe my words; the dying deal not in falsehood! Should I be thus calm, were I guilty?"

Vesale, sinking upon his knees, solemnly protested his faith in the innocence of his wife, and with choking sobs, adjured her to believe that he had only feigned to give her poison; that he could not nerve his hand to take away her life; that the terror of death, and not death itself, was upon her! "Thanks be to Heaven for this!" and drawing his hand towards her, laid it upon her heart and as she did so, it ceased to beat.

Anecdote of John Q. Adams.

He always dared to do right, or what he thought to be right. When a minister at the Netherlands, and comparative a youth, he was invited to join the ambassadors of different nations, at that court, in a gathering of social enjoyment, in which cheerful conversation, and gaming for amusement we believe bore a part. Once they adjourned to a Sabbath evening. The time came, and the ambassadors collected; but the American minister was missing. It occasioned inquiry and disappointment; but presuming some special or invincible object prevented his attendance, they said little of the circumstance, and adjourned again to Sabbath evening. But the American Ambassador did not attend. The next meeting was on a week day evening; and the American was in his place. They were glad to see him, and signified their disappointment at his previous absence.—Instead of making an apology or assigning a fictitious reason, he frankly stated to them, that his principles would not allow him thus to employ any part of the Sabbath. He was born in the country settled by Puritans, of Puritan parents, who regarded the Sabbath as a divine ordinance. He had witnessed the good influence of its religious observance in the greater intelligence, the pure morals, the energy, enterprise, and orderly habits of his countrymen. As a friend of his country, therefore, he could not pervert the day or use it for other purposes than those which he had been taught to devote it, and seen it devoted—in whatever part of the world he might be, or by whatever different customs surrounded!

Now to those who know the sneering character of the most Sabbath breakers, and think the age, high rank, and splendor of these men, in connection with the youth of Adams, it would be difficult to name an instance of moral courage superior to this. And it completely over awed his distinguished companions, and by instant and general consent they met no more on Sabbath evening.

A HUSBAND'S TRIBUTE.

Here in the quiet of our humble home,
How sweetly falls the sunlight of thy love;
Pure, as some star that's seen in skies above,
By longing eyes, that from the ocean's foam,
Look to its light, and wish no more to roam.
Calm and serene, it sheds its tranquil ray
Of dewy freshness round each passing day;
As deeplyladened with their bliss they come,
And find us love-linked in a peaceful land
Of which thou art the soul and centre—thou
More fondly lov'd as time upon thy brow
Lays the rude impress of his whitening hand
But leaves untouch'd the fountains of thy heart
From which a thousand dreams of love outstart.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW JR.

My text is as follows:

The bell strikes one—we take no note of time.

My hearers—it occurs to me that time is shoving us on towards our last resting place at the most rapid rate. Yesterday I took a retrospective survey of the distance between the Present and a certain Post stuck up in the Past, and to my utter astonishment, it measured full fourteen years! Can it be possible, enquired I of myself, that what seems to be of yesterday only, should be found so astonishingly in the rear? Yet it was so: and I have now come to the conclusion, that the Past, Present, and Future are equally deceiving. Put not your trust in any of them, if you do, you will be taken in and done for about as slick as Jonah. Wiggle yourselves, brethren among the three and make headway the best way you can. Fond Recollection holds us by the coat tail, and joyous Anticipation pulls us by the hair, while Really gets us by the middle, from whose rude grasp we are ever struggling to escape. Somehow all us mortals seem to want is go ahead, reckless of economising the little strip of time between here and hereafter.—But there is no use of being in a hurry, we shall reach the end of life's journey sooner than is desirable—and, I am afraid, before half of us have earned a pint of gracious salt for the pickling of our precious souls.

My friends—'we take no note of time,' and a good reason why—time never gives a note, never wants to be trusted and trust nobody. Why it is enough to make a weeping willow laugh, to see how nicely innocent people are cheated out of hours, minutes, aye, seconds. Good souls, they think that because there is a multitude stored away for them in the future, they can afford to squander as extravagently as they please; but they will find out, too late I fear, that minutes are precious gems, and hours worth their circumference in gold. The time flies with the swiftness of a swallow—days, months, and years glide by with the rapidity of a locomotive upon the great western railroad, and we take matters just as cool and easy as though decline, decripitude, and death were all romance. But let me tell you, dear friends, that there is a reality in all these, which you will but too suddenly experience. If you can't take him by his forelock, make a grasp at his fetterlock, and hang on like a Duchman's dog to the tail of a mad bull. If there be anything in this world that I particularly despise, it is an indolent lazy loafer, who lies down in the sunshine of self content, and permits himself to be bitten by bugs and beset by flies, regardless of the scoffs and sneers of those who happen to be a little better dressed. Heaven knows, and perhaps hell also, that I'm lazy enough to produce a general stagnation throughout a neighborhood; but I must say that thousands of my fellow beings in this little city alone, are far less concerned for their temporal welfare than your very humble and most obedient preacher.

So little do I care about money, that while the hat is being passed round, I shall close my eyes and think up a text for the next sermon. Meanwhile, however, let me impress upon your hearts—let me instill into the minds of your children—that moments are to be prized above rubies, and hours more valuable than the richest mines of Mexico, or the wealth of the Indies. I had the boldness the other morning, to ask a dissipated young stranger how he felt. Rubbing his forehead, and stroking the anterior of his pericranium, he said he felt as if he was about to make a sudden start for h—l on a hard trotting horse.—Wishing him all sorts of good luck, I bid him good bye. But, friends, the latter end of that young man will turn out a great deal sorer than he thinks.—He has a hard horse to ride; nevertheless if he sits easy upon the saddle and makes most of his time, he may get in without breaking his neck or collapsing his pocket. Time my friends, as has been truly remarked by one of the eastern sages, is a great deal 'shorter than it is long.' It is as much shorter than pie-crust as pie-crust is briefer than the summing up of a district attorney in behalf of the *peebles*; and, therefore, it behooves us all that we should stretch it to its utmost possible tension—for there is nothing like making as much as we can of the little we have. So mote it be.

Dow, Jr.

THRILLING INCIDENT.

I passed up the natural avenue and came upon the green. My feelings were very poetical as I walked towards the village church. I entered. A popular preacher was holding forth, and the little meeting-house was much crowded. I, however, passed up the aisle until I gained a position where I could have a view of nearly all present. Many of the Congregation looked curiously at me, for I was a stranger to them all. In a few moments, however, the attention of every one appeared to be absorbed in the ambassador of grace, and I also began to take a lively interest in the discourse. The speaker was fluent, and many of his flights were even sublime. The music of the woods and the fragrance of the heath seemed to respond to his eloquence.

Then it was no great stretch of the imagination to fancy that the white-handed creatures around me, with their pouting lips and artless innocence were beings of a higher sphere. As my feelings were thus divided between the beauties and blessings of the two worlds, and wrapt in a sort of poetical devotion, I detected some glances at me of an animated character.

I need not describe the sensations experienced by a youth when the eyes of a beautiful woman rest for a length of time upon his countenance, and when he imagines himself to be an object of interest to her. I returned her glances with interest, and threw all the tenderness into my eyes which the scene, my meditations, and the preacher's discourse had inspired in my heart,—doubting not the fair damsel possessed kindred feelings with myself; that we were drinking together at the fountain of inspiration.—How could it be otherwise?

She had been born and nutured amidst these wild and romatic scenes, and was made up of romance, of poetry, and tenderness; and then I thought of the purity of women's love—her devotion to truth. I only prayed that I might meet with her where we might enjoy a sweet interchange of sentiment. Her glances continued. Several times our eyes met.—My heart beat with rapture. At length the benediction was pronounced. I lingered about the premises until I saw the dark-eyed damsel set out for home, also and on foot. Oh! that the customs of society would permit—for we were surely one in soul. Cruel formality! that throws up a barrier between each other! Yet I followed her. She looked behind, and I thought she evinced some emotion at recognizing me as a stranger of the day. I then quickened my pace, and she actually slacked her's as if to let me come up with her.

"Noble young creature!" thought I; "her artless and warm heart is superior to the bonds of custom!"

I reached within a stone's throw of her. She suddenly halted, and turned her face toward me.—My heart swelled to bursting. I reached the spot where she stood. She began to speak, and I took off my hat, as if doing reverence to an angel.

"Are you a peddler?"

"No, my dear, that is not my occupation."

"Well, I don't know," continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me very sternly: "I thought, when I saw you in the meeting house, that you looked like the peddler who passed off a pewter half dollar on me three weeks ago, and so I was determined to keep an eye on you. Brother John has got home now, and says if he catches the feller, he'll wring his neck for him; and I ain't sure but you're the good-for-nothing rascal after all!"

Reader, did your ever take a shower bath?

Essay upon the Minds of Animals inferior to Man.

Of their apparent knowledge of the sciences, arts and of their professions, occupations, and employments.

Bees and Geometricians. Their cells are constructed as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest size spaces and least possible loss of interstice.

So also is the Ant-Lyon, his funnel shaped trap is exactly correct in its conformation as if it had been formed by the most skilful artist of our species, with the aid of the best instrument.

The Mole is a Meteorologist.

The bird called the "Nine killc" is an Arithmetician; so also is the crow, the Wild Turkey, and some other birds.

The Torpedo, the Ray and the Electrick eel, are Electricians.

The Nautilus is a navigator. He sets and lowers his sails, casts and weighs anchor, and performs other nautical evolutions.

Whole tribe of birds are Musicians.

The Beaver is an Architect, Builder and Wood cutter. He cuts down the timber and builds houses and dams.

The Marmot is a civil engineer. He not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts to keep them dry.

The white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers.

The East India ant are horticulturists. They raise mushroons, upon which they feed their young.

Wasps are paper manufactures.

Caterpillers are silk spinners.

The Bird Plocous Texter is a weaver, he weaves a web to make his nest.

The Prime is a tailor. He sows the leaves together to make his nest.

The Squirrel is a ferryman. With a chip or a piece of bark for a boat and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream.

Dogs, Wolfs, Jackalls and many others are hun-ters.

The Black bear and the Heron are firshermen.

The ants have regular days of labor.

The monkey is a rope dancer.

OF GOVERNMENT.—The associations of Beavers present us with a model of Republicanism.

The Bees live under a monarchy.

The Indian Antelopes furnish an example of Patriarchal government.

Elephants exhibit an aristocracy of elders.

Wild horses are said to elect their leader.

And Sheep in a wild state are under the control of a military chief ram.

THE CUCKOOO.

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" That hath ever seemed to us the oldest of all summer sounds. "Cuckoo—cuckoo" it still sings as it alights upon the silver-stemmed birch, the colour of whose bark matches the sober hue of the bird's plumage. Who, unless they knew, would credit that such a little red mouth could make itself heard for a full mile round?—Strange things do they tell of that noisy ash-colored bird, with its black and white tail, of laying its eggs in the nests of other birds, and that even the young of the Cuckoo, when hatched (a fearless usurper, like its parent, of all rights,) will throw out the naked brood amid which it has been nursed. One naturalist has recorded, from his own observation, that he saw a cuckoo's egg, in a hedge-sparrow's nest, and that in a short time a young cuckoo and two sparrows were hatched, which he saw in the nest together; that in the evening of the same day the two young hedge-sparrows were excluded, and the cuckoo the sole occupant of their house. This the cuckoo accomplishes by working itself to the very bottom of the nest, until feeling one of the young ones on its back, it then, by a sudden jerk, throws out the callow brood upon the ground. That the cuckoo returns again, and feeds and rears its young, is the opinion of many, although we believe that it is left to the mercy of the stranger-bird whose young it has destroyed. I well remember once seeing a cuckoo attack the nests of several swallows, in an old town in Lincolnshire. The song of a cuckoo heard ringing in a market-place, could not fail of drawing the attention of many of the inhabitants. It flew from nest to nest, pursued by the whole congregration of swallows, who seemed determined to wage war against this common enemy; and after several fruitless attempts to deposite its egg in the nest of the swallows, the cuckoo, pursued by the whole colony for some distance, at length flew across the river, and was lost amid the distant scenery. I have often wished that it had succeeded in leaving its egg behind in any one of the swallows' nest, in order that I might have had proof whether it returned to feed and rear its young.

Political.

GEN. CASS.

The whig presses have opened their batteries upon the nominee of the republican party. The first onslaught is to attack his political principles. Their first forced argument to assail them, is exposed in the following articles from the Columbus (Ohio) Statesman and the Wilmington (Del.) Gazette. We precede these expositions by the following production of a correspondent, and ask the further assistance of some friend in obtaining the copy of a resolution and address from Gen. Cass' pen adopted by the Ohio legislature, expressing his confidence in Mr. Jefferson, and requesting him to serve another term.

Cass in the West during the Burr Conspiracy.

A subscriber desires you to republish the following address of the Ohio legislature to Mr. Jefferson in 1806, which he has transcribed from the 7th vol., No. 968, of the National Intelligencer, dated the 29th December of that year. It is from the pen of Gen. Cass, who was then a member of that body, and denotes that his devotion to the best interests of his country, and his warm attachment to the principles on which the government was administered, have undergone no changes in this long interval.

The excitement and alarm to the friends of freedom which the insurrectionary and treasonable movements of Burr created at the time, can hardly be conceived of by those who were not then actors on the stage of life, or who have not referred to the documentary and newspaper history of the events. The Ohio legislature happened to be in session when the crest-fallen ex-Vice President Burr made his extraordinary advent in the fertile but sparsely populated Ohio valley. Gov. Tiffin communicated his message to the legislature, announcing the facts, on the 2d of December, 1806. On the 6th Mr. Cass reported the very full act, granting to the civil authorities power to arrest the conspirator and his abettors, with their boats and flotillas. This he promptly followed with "a bill to suspend the privilege of the *habeas corpus* act," and with a resolution and address to the President of the United States, which were adopted by both houses, without a dissenting voice. The address is in the following words:

"*To Thomas Jefferson, Esq., President of the United States.*

"SIR: At a time when the public mind throughout the Union is agitated with alarming reports respecting the existence and designs of a party hostile to the welfare and prosperity of our country, we deem it a duty incumbent on us to express to the Executive of the Union our attachment to the government of the United States, and our confidence in its administration.

"Whatever may be the intentions of desperate and abandoned men respecting the destruction of that constitution which has raised us to our present elevated rank among the nations of the world, and which is our only security for the future, we trust they will find very few advocates in the State of Ohio.

"We express the feelings and opinions of our constituents, when we say that no arts of intriguing men, no real or visionary prospect of advantage, will ever induce us to sever that bond of union, which is our only security against domestic violence and foreign invasion.

"Believing that the fundamental maxims of rational liberty have guided you in the administration of our government, we hesitate not to express our full and entire confidence in your counsels and conduct. Enjoying every blessing which as men and as citizens we could desire, and in a country fertile in nature's choicest gifts, we should deem it presumptuous indeed to hazard, by intestine dissentions, these incalculable advantages.

"We trust that public rumor has magnified the danger; but should the designs in agitation be as destructive as represented, we have no doubt but all fear will shortly be dissipated before the indignation of our citizens. That you may long live to enjoy the confidence and the attachment of the American people, is the sincere and unanimous wish of the legislature of Ohio."

The whole proceedings, in this emergency, were prompt and effective. They preceeded the action of several of the other States of the Union East and West; and Mr. Jefferson, in his message to Congress of the 22d January following, communicating the conspiracy, refers, in pointed terms of approval to the early and energetic steps taken by Ohio in this crisis.

From the Columbus (Ohio) Statesman.

The Charge of Federalism against Gen. Cass while in Ohio, withdrawn and transferred to another State, &c., &c.

The charge has been rung throughout the length and breadth of the land, that Gen. Cass, while a resident of Muskingum county, in this State, was a federalist, and acted and voted with the federal party. Among others who preferred this charge, was the Zanesville Courier. As that paper was printed in the county where the acts which identified Gen. Cass with the federal party were said to have been committed, we challenged the truth of the charge, and referred to gentlemen still living in Muskingum county, whose democracy was never questioned, who knew Gen. Cass well, and who voted for him as the democratic candidate for a seat in the legislation of Ohio, as proof of the falsity of the charge. The Courier now admits the charge, as far as it relates to Muskingum county, to be false, by saying that Gen. Cass was a federalist *when he lived in the State of Delaware*, and before he emigrated to Ohio.

By a biographical sketch, published in our paper of yesterday, it will be seen that Lewis Cass emigrated to Ohio when but *seventeen years of age*—four years before he was a voter—four years before, in law, he was deemed to have arrived at the years of discretion—and four years before he could, in law, transact business for himself, without his father's consent. Even then, if the charge be true that Gen. Cass at one time was a federalist, it was when he was a minor, living in the family of his father, who, to the day of his death, continued a high-minded though bitter federalist, and was proud of the name. Of all the family, Lewis Cass alone broke from federal leading-strings; and his course in Ohio and in Michigan, before the time he became a voter to the present day, has been that of a democrat of the straitest sect.

Hard run, indeed, must whiggery be, when it is forced to go back for near half a century for the purpose of making a charge (and that, too, unsustained by any evidence) to prove that when a boy, scarce in his teens, Lewis Cass held to the principles of his father's family.

The charge, however, is not sustained by proof.—The name of the State only is given—no other time, place, or circumstance is named to give it force; and upon this reckless assertion, whiggery hopes to work an injury to a man who for the last forty-six years, has been known to the people of Ohio as a democrat staunch and true.

Although, in law, it is a principle, that a negative cannot be proven; yet, in this case, it can almost be done. Mr. Jefferson never appointed his political enemies to high office, yet we find that the first government office that Gen. Cass received (that of marshal of Ohio) came from Mr. Jefferson.

The last war with England drew the line between the federal and democratic parties as strongly and as broadly as the present war with Mexico draws it now. General Cass was then marshal of the State. The office was a lucrative one, yet he promply resigned it, for the purpose of volunteering his services to defend his country. How he performed his part, the history of the country furnishes abundant evidence.

In the political campaign of 1828, one of the severest charges made against General Jackson, save those of murder, &c., &c., preferred in the infamous coffin hand bill, was that he too was a *federalist*.—This charge was denied and proven false; and in the discussion which ensued, the charge of federalism was planted so firmly upon the party that now call themselves whigs, that, in spite of all their efforts to shake it off, it still remains, and will remain, until, with a new name, they adopt new principles.

The same game tried in 1828 with Andrew Jackson, the same party now attempt to play off against Lewis Cass. Both charges were *false*; and the result in each case will be the same.

The father of Gen. Cass was a federalist—the brothers of Gen. Cass still hold to the doctrines of their father. Upon this foundation, the charge of federalism is made on the democratic candidate. To the day of his death, Major Jonathan Cass, the father of the democratic nominee, true to his federal principles, acted and voted with the party now calling themselves whigs; and since his death the brothers of Lewis Cass have been bold, prominent, and influential whigs; and a late number of the Zanesville Courier makes open boast that they will not vote for Lewis Cass for President.

Does not the Courier see that this boast plants federalism upon its own party? For if Lewis Cass entertained federal sentiments, his relatives in Muskingum county would be among his warmest supporters. But Lewis Cass is a democrat—they are federalists; and they will do now, as they did when the democratic candidate for President was the candidate of the democracy for representative in Muskingum county—they will vote against him.

Like as was the case in 1828, when the attempt was made by whigery, then under a new name, to prove Gen. Jackson a federalist, the result has been, but the eliciting of additional proof to fasten the charge upon themselves.

THE NOMINATIONS!

It is with feelings of peculiar pleasure we raise to our mast-head the honored names selected by the Baltimore National Convention as the Democratic candidates for President and Vice President of the United States. A stronger, Ticket has never been presented to the American People, and Pennsylvania will endorse it by a majority of at least TWENTY THOUSAND, no matter who may be the opposing candidates. The name of Gen. CASS has always been popular with the masses, and his nomination will be hailed throughout the entire Union with an enthusiasm never equalled by any man except Gen. JACKSON. His triumphant election is placed beyond the contingency of a doubt. We trust the Federalists will select the very strongest man in their ranks to run against Gen. CASS, so that after their inglorious defeat they may not console themselves with the reflection that it was the *weakness* of their *candidate* and not the *rottenness* of their *principles* that caused it. The issue in this campaign will be the WAR, and *nothing else*. The Democrats, as in the days of the Revolution, and the War of 1812, will take the side of their COUNTRY—the Federalists that of the ENEMY—and the result will be a verdict in favor of CASS & BUTLER as nearly unanimous as it is possible for any great issue to be. This fact is already depicted in the forlorn countenances of our Mexican opponents, many of whom are willing to admit that they are *without hope!*—and proclaim our success certain and inevitable. In BEDFORD COUNTY, with CASS & BUTLER as our leaders, a Jackson Majority is as certain as that the day of election arrives. The PEOPLE have spoken, and the COUNTRY IS SAFE!!—*Bedford Gazette.*