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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THE VOLUNTEER.

John B. Bratton, Editor and Proprietor.

CARLISLE, THURSDAY, AUG. 3, 1848.

"A LITTLE MORE GRAPE, CAPT. BRAGG."—This gallant soldier is about to take the stump for Cass and Butler. He treated the Mexicans to "a little more grape," and now that he is done with them he has turned his attention to their friends in the United States. "A little more grape, Capt. Bragg," for the Federalists!

A FAITHFUL DOG.—We learn from the Pittsburg papers, that the "Duquesne Grey's" brought back with them a dog they took to Mexico. He accompanied them in all their seiges, battles and marches, and was wounded by a shot from the enemy at Puebla. He fared throughout the campaign just as the volunteers did, and appears as proud of his achievements as any of them!

MORE WHIG TESTIMONY.—Abbott Lawrence, the great gun of the Massachusetts Whigs, made a speech at a Taylor meeting in Burlington (N. J.) last week, in which he made the following candid declaration concerning Gen. Cass:

"I know him well. I have broken bread with him in his own house, and he with me in mine. He is a gentleman—a man of unblemished personal character, against which nothing can be justly said."

☞"True republicans can *never* lend their aid and influence in creating geographical lines in the East, West, North or South!" So said the Democratic national address in 1835, when Mr. Van Buren was first nominated—and which was signed by Silas Wright. It was then true, and it is true now.

☞Col. JEFFERSON DAVIS, the son-in-law of Gen. Taylor, and at present a United States Senator, is an out and out Cass and Butler man.

☞We append an Extract from Nile's Register, of 1840, for the benefit of the federal editors, who say that Nile's Register is the best authority, especially after its articles have been sufficiently garbled to suit their purposes:

"The last Tallahassee Floridian, (Feb. 22, 1840) says, in reference to the Cuba bloodhounds, they were intended to worry, to hunt, to bite, to tear in pieces, all the red devils they could catch."

GREAT REPUDIATORS.—The great Whig party repudiated and sponged out several hundred millions of individual debts. Now they have repudiated and rubbed out Whig principles.

Monument to Governor Shunk.

The *American Republican*, at West Chester, and the Doylestown *Democrat*, recommend the erection of a monument to this distinguished patriot. The Republican remarks:

Monuments are erected to those who die on the battle-field. But is it more proper that they should be erected to the patriotic warrior than to the patriotic statesman, who, like Shunk, dies not only in the service of the State, but after having served that State long and faithfully? We do not think so; and we, therefore, suggest that the people of Pennsylvania erect a monument in memory of him who will ever be esteemed as a good citizen, a true patriot, and an honest and faithful public servant.

We hope the approaching Democratic State Convention will consider this subject. Let that body appoint an Executive Committee, to take charge of the proposed work, and also a Collecting Committee in each county, and the people will cheerfully do their part.

From the Pennsylvanian.

THE BLOOD HOUNDS.

Many of our readers will remember the story of ACTION and his hounds. The people of the United States were once made to believe by the *then* enemies of Mr. VAN BUREN, the *now* friends of General TAYLOR, that the former, or his Secretary of War, was the ACTION of the blood hounds brought into Florida to hunt Indians; thus they hallooded the hounds on against Mr. VAN BUREN, and tore him to pieces, as did the hounds of ACTION of old, their master. Now, however, it is known that Mr. Van Buren, and his administration, were not the authors or owners of the hounds, not the real ACTION, but that General Taylor *is*. We want to see whether these christian patriots, these friends of peace, will show the same holy horror of blood hounds and their owners, and the same burning zeal in urging them on to destroy the real ACTION—General ZACHARY TAYLOR.

To refresh their memories on this subject, we publish the memorial of the Society of Friends of Philadelphia, presented to the Senate; as also a copy of a memorial signed by some thousands of citizens.

COPY—"To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled:—The Memorial and Remonstrance of the undersigned citizens of the United States, respectfully showeth—That your memorialists have learned with deep regret and abhorrence, that a number of Blood Hounds have recently been imported from the Island of Cuba, for the purpose of employing them against the Seminole Indians, with whom the Government is now carrying on a war in the territory of Florida. Dreadful as are the evils attendant on a state of warfare, even in its most mitigated form—to aggravate them by the introduction of so barbarous and inhuman a measure, we view as an outrage upon every feeling of humanity, against which we are bound solemnly to protest. As a territory of the United States, Florida is subject to the control of the General Government, and *we earnestly beseech Congress to interpose its authority to arrest this attempt, and preserve our country from the deep and lasting disgrace which must be inflicted by so foul a blot upon the national character.*"

Endorsed—26th Cong.; 1st Sess.—"Memorial of a number of citizens of the United States, remonstrating against the employment of Blood Hounds against the Indians in Florida. 1840, March 16. Laid on the table.

To this memorial we find, among other citizens of Philadelphia, the names of J. R. CHANDLER, Whig leader for TAYLOR; CHAS. GIBBONS, do. do. do.; E. W. KEYSER, Native leader for TAYLOR; W. J. A. BIRKEY, do. do. do.; WM. B. REED, Whig do. do.

From the Lancaster Intelligencer.

A SHORT BIOGRAPHY OF A PATRIOT:

Lewis Cass.

Born October 9, 1782, at Exeter, New Hampshire, Son of Major JONATHAN CASS, a brave soldier of the

American Revolution.

Emigrated to the West at the age of 17, with barely ONE DOLLAR in his pocket, and settled at Marietta, county of Washington, in the North western Territory.

Elected to the Legislature of Ohio in 1806, drafted the law which crushed the memorble

Burr Conspiracy,

And also an address to THOMAS JEFFERSON, expressing the attachment of the people of Ohio to the Constitution of the United States, and their confidence in that ILLUSTRIOUS MAN.

In March, 1807, appointed by Mr. Jefferson

Marshal of Ohio.

At the breaking out of the War of 1812, elected a Colonel of the Ohio Regiment, in which he greatly distinguishes himself, being THE FIRST MAN TO LAND IN ARMS ON THE CANADA SHORE!

July 15, 1812, has a severe conflict with the British at Aux Canada, 15 miles from Detroit, the Enemy's head quarters, causing them to seek safety in flight. Drafts an eloquent and high-spirited proclamation to the inhabitants of Canada, and on hearing of Hull's disgraceful surrender at Detroit, indignantly BREAKS HIS SWORD UPON HIS KNEE AND DASHES IT TO THE EARTH!

In 1813, appointed a Brigadier General, and joins the army under Gen. HARRISON, to whom he renders gallant and efficient services at the

Battle of the Thames,

Pursuing the British General PROCTOR for many miles, in his retreat from the field of battle.

October 9, 1813, appointed by President MADISON,

Governor of Michigan,

at that time one of the most important civil offices in the gift of the Executive. As superintendent, ex-officio, of Indian Affairs, he formed 21 treaties with the Indians, extinguishing their title to nearly one hundred million of acres of land on terms perfectly just and satisfactory to them-selves.

In 1831, appointed by ANDREW JACKSON

Secretary of War,

and became the associate in the cabinet of such men as Edward Livingston, Louis McLane, Levi Woodbury, and Roger B. Taney. The affairs of the War Department were never more ably conducted. Held this appointment until 1836, when he was commissioned by 'OLD HICKORY' as

Minister to France,

where he immortalized his name by his celebrated pamphlet on the "Right of Search."

September 17, 1842, resigns his French mission on account of the Ashburton Treaty, and returns to the United States, greeted by the plaudits of millions of his grateful countrymen.

A prominent candidate for the nomination of the Democratic party for the Presidency in 1844.

In the winter of 1844, elected by the Legislature of Michigan,

United States Senator,

In which body he defends our title to Oregon, assists in the passage of the Independent Treasury and Tariff of 1846, supports with zeal and eloquence the Mexican War, and is a very 'pillar of strength' to the administration of JAMES K. POLK.

May 23, 1848, is nominated by the National Convention, held in the city of Baltimore, as the Democratic Candidate for

President of the United States!

to which, the highest and most honorable civil office in the world, he is sure to be elevated by the free suffrages of the American people, the Inauguration taking place March 4, 1849.

In every station, and under every responsibility, LEWIS CASS has manifested honesty, capacity and fidelity to the Constitution, a firm attachment to Republican principles, a patriotic devotion to country, and has shown himself throughout his whole life to be a

PATRIOT, STATESMAN AND TRUE DEMOCRAT.

HARD RUN.—The *North American*, and other Federal prints, are trying to ridicule the letters written by Gen. Cass because of their brevity. We admit Gen. C. is not in the habit of writing very long letters, but they are always to the point, and short as they are, they are not quite as short as the resolutions of the Federal National Convention.

The proof at hand.

We have in our possession the affidavits of several Ohio volunteers stating that Gen. Taylor said "all volunteers were a *God damn set of thieves!* that such men would run at the first sight of the enemy, rather than fight." Dare the Eagle question this; if so he shall have the "*documents*." It is for this that volunteers refuse to support "Old Zack."—*Mirror, Marion, Ohio.*

REPEAL.

"The cry of REPEAL will go forth, and never cease till it has accomplished its purpose."

Barnburner's Creed.

So Mr. Webster said the cry of Repeal should go forth against the Tariff of 1846, and promised to lead off in the work. Yet he has been silent. Now, the spirit of fanaticism may incite to inflammable harangues, and northern whigs may join abolitionists of various hues; yet the patriotism of the nation will crush the fanatics and traitors who persist in arraying one-half of the Union against the other. The question of abolition rises even above all ordinary party considerations; for it affects the safety of the Union. No candidate for the presidency save Gen. CASS dares to take a bold stand for the constitution and its compromises—a national position on the exciting question. A nation will honor him for his national spirit, whilst the "artful dodgers" and fanatics go down with contempt.—*St. Louis Union.*

Poetical.

CHILDLESS.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

Oh when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows—all her tears,
An over payment of delight?—SOUTHEY.

Childless once more, my sister! Thy sad heart
Again is stricken with deep loneliness,
Why art thou called to see the loved depart?
Why should the evening shadows round thee press,
Thus in the morning of thy gentle life?
Hope and despair within thy soul have strife!
Hope—for thy children were most beautiful;
And with a mother's pride thy soul was full;
Wild, deep despair—for as the lips had learned
To murmur tenderly thy much loved name,
A fever-flush upon each bright cheek burned,
By Death's cold hand a fearful message came.

When one brief year ago we parted lightly,
Who could have dreamed our faith would thus be tried!
A smile within thy boy's blue eyes beamed brightly,
Thy lips gave blessing to a happy bride.
A lonely vigil now my love is keeping,
The moonlight on two graves is sleeping,
Yet, should we still be heedless, wild complaining,
For unto us hope is still remaining.
Thy heart's bright chain thus link by link is riven,
(Although the parting much thy soul doth pain,)
That it may be united up in heaven:
Thy loss is naught, when measured by their gain;
Thou shalt rejoin thy loved ones, chastened, holy,
If, bending to the stroke with spirit lowly,
Thou dost not murmur at the high decree,
But waitest patiently appointed days,
Thy children shall again be given thee.
How will all earthly sorrow be repaid,
When on thy breast those precious gems are laid;
When like the Roman matron whose high name thou bearest,
Thy jewels brightly set, once more thou proudly wearest!

Miscellaneous.

☞Here, reader, is the most eloquent and interesting historical sketch we have seen for many a day.

MARIA LOUISA.

BY REV. J. B. C. ABBOT.

A darker day never enveloped in its gloom the Austrian monarchy, than when the beleaguering hosts of Napoleon encompassed Vienna, and from their encircling batteries were showering shots and shells upon the doomed city. The armies of Austria, in repeated conflicts, had been mown down and scattered by the resistless conqueror. As the eagle of Napoleon glittered upon the hills which overlooked the city, the royal family with the "hot haste" which terror inspires, had fled far off into the wilds of Hungary. It is midnight. The sky is streaked with the fiery projectiles which, like meteors of death, are descending into the thronged and dismayed metropolis. Flames are burating forth in every part of the city. All hearts are frozen with terror. There is no place of refuge. Red hot balls crush their way through dwellings of brick and stone. Shells explode in the cradle of the infant, and upheaving the most massy dwellings, bury their mangled inmates beneath the ruins. The clamors of two hundred thousand combatants fill the midnight air, and mingle with the thunder of one of the most awful bombardments earth has ever witnessed.

In one of the chambers of the royal palace there lies a maiden sixteen years of age, the daughter of the king. Her father and her mother, in the consternation of their flight, were compelled to leave behind them their sick child. Her cheek is flushed with fever and again paled with terror as the uproar of the assault, like angry thunders, rolls the air. The glare of bursting shells and the flames of the spreading conflagration, portentously gleams through the windows, upon the eye of the sick and terrified sufferer. She in vain buries her head beneath the bed clothes to shut out the horrid cries of the assailants and the shrieks of the wounded.

In the midst of the most dreadful scene the gates of the city are suddenly thrown open, and a small party emerge, and with a flag of truce pass through the embattling hosts till they approach the presence of Napoleon. They inform him of the situation and peril of the princess. He instantly orders the direction of every gun to be changed, which might endanger her person. The flag of truce again retires within the walls, and the awful bombardment continues. For ten long hours this terrific storm of iron descends upon the city, till three thousand shells have filled its streets with ruin and with blood. But Maria Louisa remains upon her bed unharmed, though other parts of her father's palace are blown from their foundations. Little did she imagine, in the consternation of that dreadful night, that it was her future husband that was thus raining down destruction upon her father's capital. And little did the plebeian conqueror imagine, as he compassionately changed the direction of his guns, that this maiden was to be the Queen of France, and that by this bombardment, he was wooing and winning for his bride a daughter of the Cæsars.

A daughter of the Cæsars! What a mysterious influence there is in ancestral renown. Napoleon even, the creator of his crown, the fabricator of his own glory, was dazzled by its glare. Maria Louisa was a lineal descendent of one of the proudest monarchs of Rome. The blood which circulated in her veins had passed to her from the Cæsars, and through the heroic heart of Maria Theresa. She had been cradled and nurured amid scenes of moral sublimity and regal magnificence, which, one would think, would give an impress of grandeur even to the meanest soul. Surely, then, her spirit must be animated with all that is lofty and ennobling in human character. Alas, it was not so! She was nothing more than a mild, amiable, pretty girl, utterly incapable of cherishing an idea of magnanimity or of heroism.—She was endowed, by nature, only with those qualities which were most common place and earthly, and was entirely unqualified to act a noble part in the lofty dramma through which she was destined to move.

Napoleon despairing of offspring from Josephine, and consumed with the most intense desire to have an heir who should inherit his glory and perpetuate his name, resolved to sever the ties which bound him to Josephine, the wife of his youth, and to obtain a more youthful bride from the subservient monarchies around him. He hoped thus to secure an heir in whose person should be allied all that was glorious in his own achievements, and all that is illustrious in exalted descent. The repudiation of Josephine, strong as were the political motives which led to it, is the darkest stain upon the character of Napoleon. And, like all wrong doing, however seeming prosperous for a time, it promoted final disaster and woe. A pique originating in this marriage, alienated Alexander of Russia from the French Emperor, and hence the campaign of Moscow, and the imprisonment of Napoleon upon the rock of St. Helena.—When the design of Napoleon was known, every court of Europe was emulous of the honor of such an alliance. The Bourbons, in their exile, would gladly furnish a princess of the royal blood, as a bride for the mighty conqueror. The Russian Court proffers any of its high born maidens to the acceptance of the master spirit, at whose frown all Europe trembles. And the Austrian monarchy, the proudest of all earthly dynasties, eagerly seeks alliance with the soldier of fortune, who has twice entered its capital in triumph, and reposed, with its plebeian marshals, in its palaces. After much deliberations, Napoleon decided to accept the alliance with Austria. Proposals were made for Maria Louisa, and eagerly accepted. Maria was then nineteen years of age, and was most happy to be honored as the bride of one who had filled the world with renown. Napoleon was forty two.—On the 12th day of March, 1810, apparently without emotion, she left the palaces of her father, surrounded by all the pomp the Austrian monarchy could confer, to meet her future husband. As the long train of carriages left Vienna, the people gazed mournfully upon the scene. Maria Antoinette, the last princess Austria had furnished for the throne of France, but a few years before, had perished miserably upon the scaffold. The populace were only prevented by the soldiers from cutting the traces of the carriages, and preventing their departure. The gorgeous procession moved on its way towards the frontier of France. Napoleon had never yet seen the bride, who was coming to meet him. "She is not beautiful," he said, as he gazed upon her miniature, "*but she is a daughter of the Cæsars!*"

When Maria arrived at the Rhine her Austrian attendants left her, and she was received by the French nation, and conducted towards Paris with the highest possible accompaniment of imperial splendor. The bells rang their merriest peals of congratulation. The Austrian and tri colored flag floated in friendly embrace from every tower. Triumphal arches, illuminated cities, and civic and military processions greeted her progress, while the horses of her chariot buried their hoofs in beds of roses which were spread over her path. France, then in the zenith of its pride, and intoxicated with glory, from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, resounded with all the expressions and demonstrations of rejoicing. Napoleon met her near the Compeigne. Springing from his own carriage he eagerly leaped into that of the Empress, and, entirely regardless of all her restraint and etiquette of courts, folded her in his embrace with the most youthful impetuosity. The postillions were ordered to drive upon the gallop to the palace of Compeigne. This unexpected ardor was not at all unwelcome to Maria, and a few hours in the society of her imperial husband invested her with a queenly ease and affability, that she could hardly be recognized by her former attendants. The marriage ceremony was celebrated with the utmost splendor, at St. Cloud, and never, before or since, has Paris resounded with such an uproar of rejoicing, as when Napoleon led his youthful bride into those apartments of the Tuileries, from which Josephine, but three months before, had been so cruelly rejected. Four queens held the bridal train of Maria Louisa, and the embassadors of all the courts of Europe revolved around her as their central luminary. But who can tell how dismally these rejoicings fell upon the ear of Josephine, as she sat weeping in her deserted chamber.

In one year from that time Maria was placed upon that mysterious couch of suffering from which no regal wealth or splendor can purchase exemption.—Her pains were long protracted, and her anguish dreadful. The attendant physicians, in the utmost trepidation, informed Napoleon that the life of the mother of the child must be sacrificed. "Save the mother," said Napoleon; but, perceiving that they had lost their presence of mind in view of the peril of so illustrious a patient, he immediately added, "do as you would with the wife of the humblest tradesman in the Rue St. Denis." The physicians, reassured, returned to their duty, and the crisis was passed.

The birth of this child was an event which had been anticipated by whole France with the most sincere interest. It had been previously announced that the cannon of the invalids should proclaim the advent of the expected heir to the throne. If the child were a *princess*, twenty one guns were to be fired; if a *prince*, one hundred. At six o'clock in the morning of the 20th of March, 1811, all Paris was aroused by the deep booming of those heavy guns, reverberating over the city in annunciation of the arrival of the a high and proud position. I have recently seen the sheets of a history of Mexico, by a native author, which has been long in preparation; but it is dangerous for any one, either in Mexico or out of it, to attempt to chronicle the events of the conquest, with the work of our own accomplished countryman before him. A history of the war between Mexico and the United States is also announced. Its impartiality is vouched for by those who have seen portions of it, but one can judge better of that important point when he has given the volume a perusal. At any rate, the author will be fortunate indeed, if it rises to the rank of a standard work.

The Mexican annuals, which I have seen, are edited with taste and ability. The poetry is generally of a passionate and voluptous character, as you might suppose it would be, under the influence of a tropical clime. From the sale of several of these, the number of admirers of light literature must be very considerable.

The political literature is more than respectable in character. Since the nation has been in a state of war, no literary magazines have been published. Indeed, the condition of the Republic in this respect presented a great obstacle to the cultivation of Belles Lettres. It has not, however, always been so. I have seen bound volumes of different periodicals, running through a long series of years, devoted to the discussion of literary topics, and to poetical contributions. The daily papers are conducted with much ability, and a large space in them is occupied with original or selected sketches.

Pulpit literature ought to form an interesting feature in the literary history of the country. I am not able to speak with confidence in relation to its quality or character. One meets with a good many occasional sermons in print, remarkable rather for their sectarian devotion than for any literary excellence. And yet there are some highly educated and most accomplished men among the clergy of Mexico. The Archbishop of Mexico and Cesarea is distinguished for his learning and his eloquence. His letter to Gen. Scott, asking the release of certain Mexican prisoners, is a finely conceived and eloquent production.

Many of the bishops might also be named, who are men of high order of intellect, and thoroughly versed in ancient and in much of the modern literature of Europe. The monks and friars are a different order of beings. Their reading is altogether of a different character. They delve into the musty tomes of the Fathers, and reproduce whole volumes of them in the Spanish language. You may go into any convent in the city, and you will find its library—generally very large—filled with little more than the Latin works—each in more volumes than one would suppose could emanate from a single brain—of the monks of the middle ages. Among them you will discover large piles of manuscripts—either translations or original disquisitions upon some favorite theological doctrine. You will generally find in these libraries also most of the Latin classics.

"My son, how far is it from here to Mr. Smith's?" "Well, I don't know exactly, but I suppose it's about as far as 'tis from Mr. Smith's to here."

"Good morning, neighbor Snooks, a fine rain we have had."

"Yes, neighbor, delightful. If it comes warm after this we shall have every thing starting out of the ground directly."

"Heaven forbid—I have *two wives* under it."

"Do you keep the bar here?" inquired a traveller of a gentlemanly bar-room loafer, a few days since. "No sir, it stays here itself, and has ever since I have known it." The traveller travelled.

Some one says with much force that gaming is a magical stream, if you but wade far enough into it to wet the soles of your feet, there is an influence in the water which draws you irresistibly in deeper and deeper, until you are sucked in the roaring vortex and perish.

"How will you have your steak, sir?—said a waiter to a maudlin customer the other day, at a Broadway restaurant, will you have it rare or well done? "*Well done*, thou good and faithful servant, *well done* if you please."

FOR A LIVING.—A gentleman one morning asked a little barefooted boy what his mother did for a living. "She eats cold victuals, sir," was the reply.

Why is a solar eclipse like a woman whipping her boy?

Because it is a *hiding of the sun.*

BON MOT.—Dryden's translation of Virgil being recommended by a Right Reverend Bishop, a witty gentleman observed that "the original was indeed excellent, but everything suffered by translation except a Bishop!"

In one place, Ritchie says: "No man can live piously or die righteous without a wife."

A very wicked old bachelor of our acquaintance says to this, "O yes! suffering and severe trials purify and chasten the heart."

CHOOSING A WIFE.

I had a cousin, a clever charming girl. She could dance gracefully, draw beautifully, and play divinely; she was a most delightful companion, being both sensible and witty, and she could also do any sort of household work. The latter she was compelled to do, for there was a large family of them. My aunt, being unable to keep more than one servant, and my cousin Ellen being the oldest, a good deal of labor fell to her share. This she did not mind, but always performed it cheerfully and well, only taking care that it should not be known among her acquaintances, fearing, if it were, she should lose the respect and considerations her address and superior accomplishments every where insured her; and as she was at all times seen dressed like a lady, and never at any occupation more useful than knitting, or knotting worsted work, no one suspected her of being able to do what she really did. I cannot say she was without lovers, for she was universally admired and sought; but somehow the young men seemed unanimously to set her down as a fine lady, and she had completed her twenty second year without having an offer. Her companions all marvelled that she should remain single so long; and I, among the rest, thought it very odd, tho' there was often an actual contention for her at a ball yet no one wished to secure her as a partner for life.

Among our intimates was a gentleman distantly related to my husband, who, I had often supected, greatly admired my cousin Ellen, but still he made no proposal. By mere chance, I ascertained that she regarded him with feelings more favorable than she ever entertained for another; and as the match seemed so suitable, I resolved to find out what kept them apart. A long tete-a-tete, I had one evening with the gentleman favored my design. After conversing for a time on various subjects we began to talk of our female acquaintances, and in order to disarm suspicion, I purposely avoided mentioning Ellen's name.

"It is unaccountable to me, Philip," said I, "that you don't look out for a wife; you know what an advocate I am for matrimony, and positively if you become an old bachelor, I shall cut your acquaintance altogether."

"I have no intention, I assure you," answered Philip, "and to speak the truth, I have been seeking a wife for a long time past."

"Indeed! are you so impressed with an idea of your own excellence, that you cannot find a woman worthy of you!"

"Not so," replied Philip; "but I fear the woman I am most charmed with, is not a fit wife for me. I cannot marry a mere lady, and yet I require an accomplished woman. My wife must be cultivated and polite, and I should like that she also possessed personal charms; many such women have I known; but then she must be amiable, and though quite at home in the drawing room, she must likewise understand the details of house keeping, and be compelled to manage a family, to direct the servants, and to take the servant's place, if need be."

"Why, it a *rara avis*, indeed, that you require," said I, laughing, "I admire your modesty, young gentleman, I confess, and supposing you were to find such a phœnix, what do you propose, may I ask, as an equivalent, or do you imagine your own pretty person, the privilege of bearing your name, and making the most of your income would constitute a fair exchange? What could you offer to induce such a rare piece of perfection to accept you for her lord and master?"

"What could I offer?" returned Philip with warmth; "why I could offer myself, not, mind you, after the fashion of too many of the majority of young men of the present day. I would bind myself to her body and soul. For such a woman I would toil, like a slave, were it necessary; for such a women I do not say I would die—that would be tame; but for such a women I would live; I would shield her from evil; I would lighten her of every care; in short, I would dedicate my whole existence to the promotion of her happiness.

"Gently, gently?" cried I; "moderate your transports, and tell me if you know any lady that approaches near the perfection you demand?"

"I know one," he replied, slightly hesitating, "that I would give much to possess one or two of the requisites—some I know she has, but the most essential, I fear she wants. Listen to me my friend. I am at present in flourishing circumstances, but how can I be sure they will continue? Now, I am resolved never to marry a woman who is not a thorough house keeper. Accomplished beauties too often prove the ruin of their husbands; and besides I cannot afford to maintain an expensive establishment. Now, your cousin Ellen is the most lovable creature I ever beheld, but then is she not a fine lady, unable to exist without servants to wait on her?

"By no means," I answered; "Ellen is as notable as she is accomplished and refined, everything in the house is under her direction, and the order you observe in their domestic arrangements is the effect of her good management.

"You surprise me!" exclaimed Philip, *surely you jest.* To confess the truth, I have, in order to discover her sentiments, sometimes hinted at this usefulness of a womans education but she has *constantly shrank* from the subject that I feared she was totally opposed to my views."

"Ha!" said I, "this is Ellen's weak point; but come with me to morrow, and pay her a morning visit. I promise, you shall see her in all her glory."

Accordingly, the next day we went together and I desired the servant who showed us into the parlor, not to say I had any one with me, but just to tell my cousin that I wished to speak to her and was in haste. In two minutes, down came the very picture of health and good humor.

"My dear cousin!" she said, not perceiving Philip, "you are a privileged person, for you know I am invisible to company at this hour; what can you want—is it a new pattern, or have you come to help me to toss the beds and sweep the room?"

At this very moment, her eye rested on the figure of Philip, reflected in the looking glass; but finding herself fairly caught, she had too much self respect to betray any confusion. Gracefully apologizing for her dishabille, which by the-by, was very becoming, she entered easily into conversation, and thus completed her conquest of the heart of poor Philip.

Six months after this incident, Philip and Ellen pronounced their vows at Hymen's altar, and I never heard that either of them found cause to repent.

Now, let the young ladies be sure, that Philip is not alone in dislike to fine lady wives; it is the feeling shared by the greater number of his sex—indeed by all the sensible portion. As long as girls study to excel in the lighter acquirements of female education, neglecting, nay despising the useful and essential, let them wonder at the large portion of young men remaining unmarried. How can a man, with any forethought, but shrink at the idea of connecting himself with a woman, who is ignorant of the commonest duties of a wife and mistress of a family? Blind indeed must love have rendered him, who would take to his hearth and his bosom a being, whose chief recommendations are, that she can play, sing, and dance the polka, and entertain company; and this is the gross amount of requisites many candidates for matrimonial honors command. Such accomplishments are duly appreciated in a ball room, at an evening party, but they are not for every day wear. Men will choose such partners for a quadrill, but never for wives.

Gen. Taylor's love of Truth.

"Where is the man on this face of the green carpet of God's footstool, that believes Zachary Taylor ever told a lie?"—*Gen. Jones.*

To this the Hartford *Times* thus heartily responds:

We believe the old man has never been accused of lying. He is treated courteously by Democrats, at any rate. He has said that he never voted—that he knows little of the affairs of government—that he has never even looked into measures so far as to satisfy himself about the long discussed questions of the National Bank, Tariff, Distribution, &c. In short, he says as plainly as he can, that his life has been devoted to the camp, and he is not a fit person to be President. No one believes he tells a lie.

MEXICAN LITERATURE.

A correspondent of the Boston Atlas writing from Mexico, says that the literature of Mexico, stands very much in relation to that of Spain as our own does that of Great Britain. The works of the dramatists, poets, romancers and historians of the mother country, are to be found in almost any number, and are familiar to the more intellectual portions of the population, of both sexes. The writings of all French authors of celebrity may be had in most of the private, and in many of the public libraries of the city. The ancient classics, too, are on their shelves, or in the cloisters. The military library, at Chapultepec, I well remember, (for I was half a day in ransacking it,) contained many volumes of each of the classes I have mentioned. I have also repeatedly met them in the different convents of the city. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing to hear an accomplished Spaniard or Mexican—whether lady or gentleman—quoting the ancient or modern classics.

But Mexico cannot be said to have a national literature of her own. I do not mean that there are not accomplished scholars within her borders, who can write an able treatise upon some passing political occurrence—or furnish poetry for the columns of a newspaper or annual. But I mean that Mexico has never yet, so far as my knowledge extends, produced any great national work, either in poetry, history, philosophy, or science which places her at once upon welcome stranger. Every window was instantaneously thrown open. Every ear was on the alert. The slumberers were aroused from their pillows, and silence prevailed all the streets of the busy metropolis as the vast throng stood motionless, to count the tidings which these explosions were thundering into their ears. The heart of the great capital ceased to beat, and in all her glowing veins the current of life stood still. When the twenty first gun had been fired, the interest was intense beyond all conception. The gunners delayed for a moment the next discharge and all Paris stood breathless in suspense. The next moment the guns, double loaded, pealed forth the most welcome announcement, and from the entire city one universal roar of acclamation rose and blended with their thunders. Never was an earthly monarch greeted with a more affecting demonstration of a nation's love and homage. The birth of the King of Rome, how illustrious! The thoughtful mind will pause and muse upon the striking contrast furnished by his death. Who could then have imagined that his renowned father would perish a prisoner in a dilapidated stable in St. Helena, and that this child, a nation's idol, would linger through a few short years of neglect and sorrow, and sink into a forgotten grave.

TOM MOORE.

In a late number of the New Mirror, Mr. Willis relates several anecdotes of literary men, which have amused us. The best is of Tom Moore, which is not only interesting but embodies a moral lesson from which all may derive instruction.

Moore had just returned from his government office in the West Indies, a defaulter for eight thousand pounds. Great sympathy was felt for him among his friends, and three propositions were made to him to cancel the debt. Lord Lansdowne offered simply to pay it. Longman and Murray offered to advance it on his future works, and the noblemen at White's offered the sum to him in a subscription. This was at a time when subscriptions were on foot for getting Sheridan out of his troubles; and while Moore was considering the three propositions just named, he chanced to be walking down St. James street with two noblemen, when they met Sheridan. Sheridan bowed to them with a familiar "how are you?" "D—n the fellow, said one of the noblemen, "he might have touched his hat! I subscribed a hundred pounds for him last night!" "Thank God! you dare make no such criticism on a bow from *me!*" said Moore to himself. The lesson sank deep. He rejected all the offers made to relieve him—went to Passy, and lived in complete obscurity in that little suburb of Paris, till he had written himself out of debt. Under the spur of that chance remark were written some of the works by which Moore will be best known to posterity.

LORD BYRON.

Another is told of Lord Byron, more ludicrous if less instructive. Willis heard it at "a company of very celebrated authors," and from the lips of one of the celebrated.

He said that Byron would never have gone to Greece but for a tailor in Genoa. The noble bard he went on to say, was very economical, as was well known in small matters. He had hired a villa at Genoa and furnished it, with the intention of making it a permanent residence. Lord and Lady Blessington and a large society of English people of good style were residing there at the time. In the fullest enjoyment of his house and his mode of life, Byron wanted a new coat; and having some English cloth, he left it with his measure in the hands of a Genoese tailor, with no particular instructions as to the making. The tailor, overcome with the honor of making a coat for an Eccellenza Inglese, *embroidered it from collar to tail*, and sent it home with a bill as thickly embroidered as the coat! Byron kept the coat for fear of it being sold, as his, to an actor of English parts on the stage, but resolutely refused to pay for more than the making of a plain and plebian garment. The tailor threatened an attachment, and Byron assigned over his furniture to his banker, and finally quitted Genoa in disgust—ready, of course, as he would not otherwise have been, for a new project. From indignation at an embroidered coat tail, the transition to "liberty or death!" "wo to the Moslem!" or in other for his accumulated bills, was easy and natural. He embarked in the Greek cause soon after, and the embroidered coat was not, (as it should have been) "flung to the breeze at Salamis"—the banner of inspired heroism!

ANECDOTE OF A BEAR.

Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, had a bear named Marco, which was kept in a small den, or hut placed in a barn. During the winter of 1709, some very poor people, who had liked to have perished with the cold, went into the barn for shelter. Among these poor people there was a little boy, who being very cold, and seeing that Marco's den was a snug and warm place, went into it, without thinking of the danger of doing so. Marco, however, instead of tearing the poor little fellow in pieces, as might have been expected, took him between his paws and hugged him up to his breast, and kept him warm and comfortable until morning; he then let him go to ramble about the streets of the city. At evening the boy returned to the Bear, who was glad to see him, and took him between his paws to keep him warm, as before. For several nights the poor little boy had no other place to sleep, but with the Bear, and what was still more singular, the animal kept a part of his food, to give him for his supper when he came. The keeper of the Bear knew nothing of this for a number of days. At length, going one evening later than usual, to give the Bear his supper, he was surprised to see the animal roll his eyes in a very furious manner at him. The cause of this strange conduct the keeper did not at first understand, but on looking more closely, he saw to his astonishment, that the Bear had a child clasped in his arms, fast asleep, and that his fierce looks were intended to warn him not to awake the child by making a noise. The keeper found, when he placed the food before him, that the animal did not seize upon it as usual, but lay still, for fear, as he supposed, of awaking the child.

A report of this strange story was soon carried to the Duke, who, with some of his nobles, wished to see so curious and interesting a sight with their own eyes. They therefore one night went and stood near the Bear's hut, where they could now and then look in, and see what was doing. They saw with astonishment that the animal never stirred, so long as the boy lay still and continued to sleep. The child awaked very early in the morning, and was much ashamed to find that the Duke and his gentlemen were looking at him; he was also afraid of being punished for being found there. The Bear, all this time, was trying to make the boy eat what had been brought to him the night before, and which he finally did at the request of the gentlemen. The Duke was so much pleased with this singular friendship that he had the little boy fed and taken care of, but the poor little fellow died a short time after.