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.

THE SECRET.

BY JAMES GREGOR GRANT.

In a fair lady's heart once a secret was lurking,
It tossed, and it tumbled—it longed to get out!
The *Lips* half betrayed it by smiling and smirking,
And *Tongue* was impatient to blab it, no doubt;
But *Honor* looked stern on the subject, and gave it
In charge to the *Teeth*, (so enchanting and white!)
Should the captive attempt an elopement, to save it
By giving the *Lips* an admonishing bite!

'Twas said, and 'twas settled: *Sir Honor* departed;
Tongue quivered and trembled, but dare not rebel,
When, right to its tip, *Secret* suddenly started,
And half in a whisper escaped from its cell!
Quoth the *Teeth* in a pet, "we'll be even for this!"
And they bit very hard, both above and beneath.
But the *Lips* at that moment were bribed with a *Kiss*,
And they popped out the *Secret*, "in spite of their teeth!"

THE YELLOW LEAF.

HENRY J. JOHNS.

The yellow leaf!—the yellow leaf!
Hath shed upon the woods, again,
A radiance beautiful, but brief,—
A seeming glory, though a stain!
And lo! what tints, of roseate blush,
Amid the clustering foliage glow,
As if, on every tree and bush,
Another Spring were lighting now!
Ah! trust not that alluring hue!
The bloom of Autumn's fading wreath
Is but a hectic flush—too true—
The herald of decay and death!
The spoiler thus permits, awhile,
On beauty's cheeks the rose to glow,
But plies, beneath the insidious guile,
With treacherous stealth the work of woe!
The yellow leaf! the fading leaf!
In brightness clad, but frail as fair,
Proclaims a tale of seasons brief,
And bids thee, thoughtless *Man*, prepare!

Miscellaneous.

Extracts from Carlton's "Battle of Buena Vista."

ENGAGEMENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIFLEMEN.

After the Mexicans had failed in their attack on Buena Vista, they made determined efforts to force their way to the road at a point nearer the plateau. They brought down, from near the mountains opposite and to the left of the Hacienda, a fresh brigade of cavalry, covered by infantry in all its passages of ravines. With this they advanced to engage the Mississippi riflemen, the fragment of the Indiana volunteers, and the 3d regiment of the same, who were still acting together, and who had near them one howitzer under Capt. Sherman. The position of these troops was some five hundred yards nearer the road than the point where Col. Davis' regiment was first engaged in the morning, but farther down the ravine. As soon as this new brigade indicated, by the manner of its approach its determination to charge our riflemen and infantry, they were rapidly formed to receive it. The Mississippi regiment, in line of battle, extended across the little plain upon which they were,—their right being nearer the ravine, their front towards the mountain, but more to the north. In this way, an obtuse re-entering angel was presented towards the approaching cavalry, Sherman's howitzer being on its left. The enemy was formed in close column of squadrons, and came down the slope at an easy hand gallop. His ranks were well closed, his troopers riding knee to knee, and dressing handsomely on their guides. All the flags and pennons were flying—some fifteen hundred of them—the men were in full uniform, and the horses were elegantly caparisoned. Every lancer sat erect and kept his charger well in hand; and the whole brigade preserving exactly its intervals and the direction of its march, moved forward with the ease and regularity of the best drilled troops on a field day. Had the commander of this beautiful army desired to win the applause of both armies, he could not have it put in better order, or led his men in better style. The *tout ensemble* of his column was most admirable. It had a sort of air about it—an easy, nonchalant manner of going into the work—which could not but recall to one's mind his ideal picture of the cavalry of the olden days. Those fine fellows were the chivalry of Mexico, and, with the exception of the President's guard—the regiment of Huzzars—they were the most dashing troops the Republic ever sent to the field. Opposed to them were our men on foot—a mere handful in comparison, and having about them none of the "pomp and circumstances," the glitter, and gold, and feathers, and tassels, of their antagonists. They stood calmly and fearlessly still, with their pieces at a carry. But, they too, had an air, one that had mischief in it. Their ranks had been thinned out, and some of their best men had fallen. There were even fathers standing there, whose sons had gone down by their sides, their pet boys, whom they had reared and brought forth to fight for their country. And there sons, too, whose clothes had been baptised with their fathers' blood, not yet dry. Brothers, who stood shoulder to shoulder in the morning, stood so no more; but, while one lay stark and motionless upon the earth, the other was near by to avenge him. There were neighbors, too, and friends, who had grown up together in school boy days.—They were now separated. The survivors now stood there, while those who had borne all these tender relations to them were strewn, dead or dying on every hand. Yet all in sight they lay;—the familiar forms and faces of those to whom they had been deeply attached, and whom they had called by their first names from their infancy. It cannot be wondered then that these men stood firm.

It was a sublime, a terrible sight. The troops on both sides were so cool and determined, that all knew the struggle must be sanguinary and desperate in the extreme. Not a word was spoken; the din for a moment of the surrounding battle seemed hushed; the rumbling sound of the earth, as the brigade swept onward like a living thunderbolt, appeared to be the only manifestation of the approaching carnage. As the Mexicans came nearer, they evidently indulged in the belief, that they could draw the fire of our men before it could be very destructive; and that then while the pieces were empty, they could overwhelm the slight barrier before them, and finish their work with a lance. But finding, on the contrary, that not a piece was discharged nor a man moving, the whole brigade began instinctly to diminish its gait. There was a fatal mistake; and, on their side, it seemed a pity it should have been made, it was so out of the skill indicated by their soldiery appearance and gallant bearing. Finally, instead of dashing forward in a most splendid charge, as they could have done, having the ground upon which to execute it, they had the madness to pull up to a walk, and at length *to halt* in the very net work of the two lines of fire. The instant they did so, the pieces came down on both faces of the angle, as if swayed by the same hand. For a moment their muzzles moved slowly about, as each man felt for his aim; then they settled steady and firm as bars of steel. Now, like the blast of a trumpet, the dreadful word was shouted—"FIRE!" Two sheets of flame converged on that beautiful brigade. It was appalling! The whole head of the column was prostrated, and riderless horses, a multitude, and crimson with blood, scattered from it in every direction.

Before the Mexicans could recover from the effects of the blow, Sherman cut them up with grape and canister. Then came the rapidly and deadly firing by file, our riflemen and infantry. No troops in the world could have faced it without the most awful sacrifice of life; and under it the whole brigade gave way, and fled towards the mountains, leaving the ground literally covered with its dead.

In this affair, had it not been for that unaccountable and suicidal pulling up to a halt before a body of the best marksmen in the world, and distant only eighty yards;—had this compact mass cavalry, in room of doing thus, dashed at speed into the angle before them, they would have lost many men, no doubt; but it is difficult to conceive what could have saved the Mississippi and Indiana troops from utter destruction. And, had so large a force broken through our lines, and at this time gained the road between Buena Vista and La Angetura, the fortune of the day would again have been placed in a jeopardy most painful to contemplate.

THE FORTUNE OF A VOLUNTEER.

Nearly two years ago, a young man, who was ploughing in a field by the side of a road that led to Lexington, saw a horseman passing by with rapid speed. He hailed him and enquired what was the news, and in return was told that the battle of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma had been fought and won. The oxen were quietly chewing their cuds, and the furrow was but half finished when our hero resolved that he too would do something for his country. Poetry and reality are very much like vinegar and oil, and will not readily combine, and we must therefore state that the young Kentuckian instead of calling out his vassals and leading them "casque on head and spear in hand" over the draw bridge that crossed the moat near his castle walls, he very coolly unyoked his cattle, drove them up to the barn yard and told his "daddy" that he "was off." He said that he was going to Mexico, for he was determined that one of the family at least should get a glimps of the Halls of the Montezumas. The old man took down a rifle from a pair of hooks that were fastened in the wall, and said to him, "Harry, I shouldered that at the river Rasin—come back with it, I don't care how rusty, but don't flinch fire?—Here, wife, give me the stocking!" The mother of the young man, who had overheard the conversation, came slowly forward, and with tears in her eyes, put the hard earned savings of the season in her husband's hands.

"Harry," said the old man, "here's $20, go and list my boy—take the old white mare and spur her up 'till you git a steamer—jump aboard and never stop 'till you git to New Orleans—then land yourself on another vessel and steer away for Mexico—give the yeller fellows pills from the iron mouth of that old rifle, but above all things Harry, come home like a man and not like a dog, or I'll give you one of the ——— whalings that you ever caught in your life.—The young man knew his father's temper, and whilst the crystal tears coursed down his sun burnt cheeks, he grasped his aged parent's hand, and that unmistakable, unspoken, but true thrill of affection passed through the hearts of both. It was sadder still to part with the mother, even when yet a girl she had made her home in the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky. She did not weep, but there was a moisture in her eyes, and a pallor on her brow, that the fountains of the deep affection in her bosom were well nigh broken up. A moment more and she had parted with her only son—perhaps forever. Rifle in hand and saddle bags upon his arm, Harry jumped on the old mare and darted off as swiftly as her aged hoofs would carry him to the first steamboat landing on the river. In less than a week he was in New Orleans, an hour afterwards enrolled himself as a member of Co. C.,——— Volunteers. The next day he embarked for the Brazos, and as may well be expected, suffered considerably from rain, sun and sand. Orders were given to march, and march they did until they came to Matamoras, when they embarked on board the 'Hatchee Eagle,' Capt. Stephens commanding, bound up the river for Camargo. After a weary passage of three days upon that beautiful river the Rio Grande, which by the bye, is so crooked, that a man who is looking for the bow of the boat has to turn around and fix his gaze upon the stern-post, and then is at a loss to know which way he is travelling. It was early in the morning—the dense chaparral that skirted the banks of the river veiled the seen beyond from the anxious gaze of the traveller. Gen. Lamar, Col. Whiting, Col. Belknap, and others, were standing upon the upper deck. It was indeed a beautiful aspect. The flamingoes, with their crimson plumage, were to be seen upon almost every little inlet, and the tall cranes like so manny white legged ghosts, strutted up and down the shore. Occasionally one might see a Mexican maid decend to the river's bank to fill her earthenware jar with water, and then run away as though the devil was after her. All were gazing upon the novelties with which they were surrounded, when suddenly in turning a bend, the pilot pointed to a boat on the larboard. A grey haired officer stated that he thought that the boat was blown up, and his opinion was too true.—The steamboat rapidly approached the scene of disaster, and in a few moments an awful picture was presented. The "Enterprise" had bursted her boiler and was a wreck from stem to stern. A hundred wounded creatures were howling and writhing, like so many maniacs, upon the deck and in the chaparral. Amongst them was a young man, who by falling off a piece of timber, had broken his arm. Our Kentucky friend was the first to step upon the wreck; and taking the wounded man in his arms he brought him on board the steamboat and nursed him as tenderly as he would have nursed a child, until they reached the Reynosa. The man who was wounded said he was very grateful and would never forget the kindness of the young Volunteer. Well, time passed on, and a series of victories that appeared like star after star in the crimson firmament of war, showed in the distance the horizon of peace. Harry fought from Monterey to the city of Mexico, and it was only the other day he returned to New Orleans with the opinion that he had seen sufficient of war to rest upon his oars for a spell. He had forgotten the "Enterprise" and the stranger that he had so generously attended to. On Saturday last, whilst walking down Royal street, Harry was hailed by a person whose features he thought he recognized. When the meeting took place he found out that the stranger who had accosted him was the same individual he had nursed on the banks of the Rio Grande. A change had taken place in the fortunes of both, but the gratitude of the one was not forgotten. The stranger welcomed his humble friend with all the warmth of a noble heart, and invited him to his residence. Here he introduced him to his cousin, a beautiful young lady eighteen years of age. It did'nt take long for Harry to ingratiate himself into the damsel's affections—they rapidly skimmed over the surface of life until they came to matrimony, and in that blissful stream mutually resolved to sink or swim. A noble steamboat went away on Tuesday evening last, and Harry and his betrothed, were on board. The lady brings the poor volunteer $50,000 in her own right, and he brings her a manly form, an honest heart, and an unblemished character.

THE HEART.—The little I have seen of the world and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; the brief pulsations of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world that has little charity; and the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening vices within—health gone—happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hand it came.

Longfellow.

BEAUTIFUL.—A poet says, very beautifully, in describing the devotion of a wife:

"She clung to him with woman's love,
Like the ivy to the oak,
While her head with crushing force,
Earth's chilling tempest broke."

From Du Barri's Memoirs.

FRANKLIN.

The Americans were extremely impatient to see themselves formally recognised as an independent nation by France and Spain. With a view of expediting so important a measure, they had sent Messrs. Doane and Benj. Franklin as plenipotentiaries to the French Court; the former of these personages created but little interest, while the justly acquired celebrity of the latter prevented him from escaping unobserved. He became the rage in France; a perfect mania existed to converse with him, and to obtain those coveted advantages, all ranks and classes contended with the most violent eagerness. Franklin, was, indeed, well worthy the trouble of being thus courted and sought after, for of all the old men of Europe, he was at once the handsomest, most frank, sensible and well informed, yet simple as a child, and veiling beneath the most unassuming manners, a depth of political talent few ever possessed. His open and ingenuous character won over all hearts to his cause, and none who had the gratification of listening to the persuasive eloquence of this highly gifted man, hesitated one moment to wish well to the American cause. Without his aid I am persuaded the French monarch would never have declared in their favor.

With much good sense, Franklin at first kept aloof from the crowd with which he was besieged, and this reserve only still farther excited French curiosity.

"Pardon me," was the answer of the kind hearted old plenipotentiary; "but until the independence of my country is fully recognized, I cannot accept your kindness and friendly invitations; reasons of the greatest importance restrict me to a life of privacy until then."

"But the princess of ———, the duchess of ———, the marchioness of ———, are all looking for the happiness of seeing you."

"Acknowledge my country free, and I submit to be led whithersoever you think proper."

"Assuredly we must do so, since your society is to be obtained on no other terms." And the most lively solicitations were made to the King and Compte de Maurepas on the subject.

That minister shrunk from the very idea of war, which must drag him from his lovely repose; while the queen looked with horror upon the picture of a nation where the subjects were in open revolt against their sovereign.

The King, with his usual plain good sense weighed the question in all its bearings, and while, as a Frenchman, he saw all the advantages of depriving England of the brightest jewel in her crown, he yet, as a King, dreaded the effect so dangerous an example of republicanism might have on the minds of a people ever eager after novelty and change.

A bold step on the part of Franklin, accelerated the decision of the King. The American envoy weary of the repeated delay he met with, wrote peremptorily to the minister, requesting either a formal reply to his mission, or passports for his return home, within the next *four and twenty hours*. His terrified colleague expected no less than an order for their commitment to the Bastile as the reward of such temerity; but his fears were agreeably disapated when an answer arrived signifying that the government had at length resolved upon recognising as a nation, those who were in open rebellion against their parent country. This step necessarily involved a declaration of war against England, and due preparations were accordingly made. Its first commencement was glorious to France from the splendid action between the frigate called La Belle Poule, commanded by M. de la Clotcheterie, who bravely sustained a contest with several English vessels.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

Those who are accustomed to enlightened views of female beauty will know that there are different kinds of personal beauty amongst which that of form and coloring holds a very inferior rank. There is beauty of expression, for instance, of sweetness, of nobility, of intellectual refinement, of feeling, of animation, of meekness, of resignation, and many other kinds of beauty, which may all be allied to the plainest features, and yet may remain to give pleasure long after the blooming cheek has faded and silvery gray has mingled with the hair. And how far more powerful in their influence upon others are some of those kinds of beauty! for after all, beauty depends more upon the movements of the face than upon the form of the features when at rest; and thus a countenance, habitually under the influence of amiable feelings, acquires a beauty of the highest order, from the frequency with which such feelings are the originating cause of the movements or expressions which stamp their character upon it. Who has not waited for the first opening of the lips of a great beauty supported by the mind, the music breathing from her face?' and who has not occasionally turned away repelled by the utter blank, or worse than blank, which the simple movement of the mouth, in speaking or smiling, has revealed? The language of poetry describes the loud laugh as indicative of the vulgar mind; and, certainly there are expressions conveyed even through the medium of a smile, which need not Lavater to inform us that refinement of feeling or elevation of soul has little to do with the fair countenance on which they are impressed. On the other hand, there are plain women sometimes met within society, every movement of whose features is instinct with intelligence; who—from the genuine heart-warm smiles which play about the mouth, the sweetly modulated voice, and the lighting up of an eye that looks as if it could comprehend the universe—became beautiful to those who live with them and love them. Before such pretensions as these, how soon do the pink and white of a merely pretty face vanish into nothing!

MORAL CHARACTER.

There is nothing which adds so much to the beauty and power of man, as a good moral character. It is his wealth—his influence—his life. It dignifies him in every station—exalts him in every condition, and glorifies him at every period of life. Such a character is more to be desired than everything else on earth. It makes a man free and independent.—No servile tool—no crouching sycophant—no treacherous honor-seeker ever bore such a character. The pure joys of truth and righteousness never spring in such a bosom. If young men but knew how much a good character would dignify and exalt them—how glorious it would make their prospects, even in this life, never should we find them yielding to the grovelling and base-born passions of human nature.

A GEM PASSAGE.

In a letter written in 1838, LAMARTINE thus beautifully explains his motives for entering political life:

When the Divine Judge shall summon us to appear before our conscience at the end of our brief journey here below, our modesty, our weakness, will not be an excuse for our inaction. It will be of no avail to reply, we were nothing, we could do nothing, we were but a grain of sand. He will say to you, I placed before you, in [illegible] two scales of a beam, by which the destin[illegible] human race was weighed; in the one was [illegible] in the other evil. You were but a grain of sand, no doubt, but who told you that that grain of sand would not have caused the balance to incline on my side? You have intelligence to see, a conscience to decide, and you should have placed this grain of sand in one or the other: you did neither. Let the wind drift it away: it has not been of any use to you or your brethren.

A VOUCHER.—A man once went to purchase a horse of a Quaker.

"Will he draw well?" asked the buyer.

"Thee will be pleased to see him draw," said Nehemiah.

The bargain was closed, and the farmer tried his horse, but he would not stir. He returned.

"That horse will not draw an inch!"

"I did not tell thee he would draw, friend," said the Quaker, "I only remarked that thee would be pleased to see him draw; and so should I, but he would never gratify me in that respect."

A FACT.—Somebody says "blessed are they that do not advertise, for they shall rarely be troubled with customers."

THRILLING ADVENTURE.

We heard the other day a story related by an old sailor, Capt. Jacob ——— which made a great impression on us, and which we wish we could repeat with the unction and nautical phraseology of the worthy narrator.

It occurred during the last war: The Captain, who was a native of Plymouth, (Mass.) was running on the coast in a schooner laden with flower. He had nearly reached his destination, when he was overhauled by one of the enemy's frigate's who ordered him peremptorily to heave a line aboard.

There was no resisting the command; for the schooner was without arms, and the tender full of marines and sailors, muskets and cutlasses. The captain had a light but fair breeze aloft his sails, and he was driving on to a reef, the entrace to which he was perfectly familiar with and once inside which he was sure of making port, undisturbed by the tender.

In this view he ordered one of the men forward with a line, and in a clear, stentorian voice, perfectly audible on board the tender sang out:

"Heave your line aboard!" then added he, *sotto voce*, so as to be heard only by his men. "Heave it short!"

The Yankee sailor caught the hint, and 'hove' according to directions. The end of the line splashing in the water.

High above the execrations of the English officer commanding the tender, rose the roar of the indignant Yankee skipper.

"Is that the way you heave a line, you lubberly son of a crab? Heave the line in ship-shape, or I'll cut your life out! Heave it short!"

Again the line fell short and the English officer and Yankee captain vied each other in showering imprecations and invectives on the head of the blundering "landlubber." Meanwhile the breeze was freshening, and the schooner drawing nearer the reef.

Again and again the order to heave was given, with the same undertone addition, and the same result. The Englishman began to smell the rat, and just as the Yankee captain threw himself flat on the deck, and made his men follow his example, the report of a dozen muskets was heard, and a showering of bullets came whizzing through the rigging.

"Let 'em fire and be durned!" said the captain—"I'll show them a clean pair of heels."

And taking his tiller between his heels, as he lay upon the deck, he run the schooner cleverly inside the reef.

They were soon out of gun shot from the baffled tender. Up went the stars and stripes, with a hearty cheer from the mariners, and an old one-eyed sea dog pulled out a rusty fife, and gave them Yankee Doodle in strains as melodius as the triumphant notes of a porker that has escaped the butcher's knife. Captain Jacob saved his bacon and flour too.

IRISH WIT REWARDED.

Curious and odd things not unfrequently occur "before the Mayor." The other day, in attending to applications for situations in the police-force, the Mayor, it was supposed, was about to invest Patrick Murphy with a "star," when some of his Irish competitors outside the railing cried out:

"*Are* you goin' to 'pint Pat, yer Honor? He can't write his name, yer Honor."

"I am only receiving applications to-day; in a fortnight we make appointments," said the Mayor; and Pat was told to call on that day two weeks.—The friend through whose influence Pat had been induced to apply for office said to him, as they came away from the Hall:

"Now, Pat, go home, and every night do you get a big piece of paper and a good stout pen, and keep writing your name. I'll "set the copy" for you."

Pat did as directed; and every night for a fortnight was seen running out his tongue and swaying his head over "Patrick Murphy, Patrick Murphy," in the style of chirography generally known as "course hand." When the day for the appointment came Pat found himself "before the Mayor," urging his claim.

"Can you write your name?" said that excellent functionary.

"Troth, an' it's mesilf that jist *kin!*" answered Pat.

"Take that pen," said the Mayor, "and let us *see* you write. Write your name."

He took the pen as directed, when a sort of exclamatory laugh burst from his surprised competitors who were in attendance:

"How-ly Paul!—d'ye mind *that*, Mike? Pat's a writin'!—he's got a quil in his fist!"

"So he has, be Jabers!" said Mike, "but small good 'twill do him; he can't write wid it, man!"

But Pat *did* write; he had recorded his name in a bold round hand.

"That 'll do," said the Mayor.

His foiled rivals looked in each other's faces with undisguised astonishment. A lucky thought struck them:

"Ask him to write *somebody else's name*, yer Honor," said two of them, in a breath.

"That's well thought of," replied the Mayor:—"Pat, write *my* name!"

Here was a dilemma; but Pat was equal to it.

"*Me* write yer Honor's name!" exclaimed he, with a well dissembled "holy horror;" "ME commit *a forgery*, and I a goin' on the Polissee! *I can't do it*, yer Honor!"

And he couldn't—but his wit saved him, and he is now "a 'star' of the first magnitude."—*Ib.*

YOUNG MEN.

It should be the aim of young men to go into good society—we mean not the rich, nor the proud, the fashionable, but the society of the wise, the intelligent, and the good. When you find men who know more than you do, and from whose conversation you can gather information, it is always safe to be found with them. It has broken down many a man to associate with the low and vulgar, where the ribald song was inculcated, and the indecent story told to excite laughter or influence the bad passions.

Lord Claredon attributed success and happiness in life to associating with persons more learned and virtuous than ourselves. If you wish to be wise and respected, if you desire happiness and not misery, we advise you to associate with the intelligent and good. Strive for excellence and strict integrity, and you will never be found in the sinks of pollution, or in the ranks of profligates and gamblers. Once habituate yourself to a virtuous course, once secure a love for good society, and no punishment would be greater than by accident to be obliged for a half a day to associate with the low and vulgar.

AN INCIDENT AT THE SUB-TREASURY.—A lady and gentleman having passed through the upper part of the Customhouse, examining the various rooms, old records, musty books, marble ceilings, floors, ect., the husband said they would next proceed down stairs, where they c[illegible] which the old white horse "vot speaks de [illegible] a pook!" Accordingly they descended to the Sub Treasury, and the Hon. Mr. ——— introduced his amiable lady to ex Governor Bouch. The latter showed them the Sub-Treasury vaults, huge iron safes, two millions of dollars in specie, immense brass scales for weighing coin, iron window shutters, bolts and bars, together with guns, pistols, swords, pikes, and other instruments for the destruction of burglars. Having done all, the ex-Governor inquired if there were any other attentions he could bestow upon his illustrious visiters. "Why, yes," said the lady with an inquisitive glance at her husband, "the old white horse that speaks Dutch, of which I have heard so much, won't you please to let us see him?" A general titter followed this inquiry—the clerks were convulsed, and burst into a general roar, as the husband explained. "The old white horse," himself flew into a furious passion at the clerks, swore terribly in low Dutch for five minutes, and then *bolted* into Pine street!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

"Ma, do you know why horses don't wear hats?" No Johnny. "Cause it would give 'em a hostile appearance." "My good gracious! where can that boy have been?"

"Thinking is the nurse of thought," as the owl said to the scoffing fool. When a man has not the art to speak well, it is happy if he has the judgement to be silent.

A GOOD ONE.

Some one mentioned to us the other day the circumstance of a fat querulous old fellow who was driven from a stage-coach by passengers whom he had annoyed with his growlings and complainings. A cigar was lighted, when at a preconcerted moment one of the passengers exclaimed,

"For Heaven's sake, sir, put out that fire! I have four pounds of powder in my overcoat pocket!"

"Driver! driver! stop!—*stop!*—STOP!" exclaimed the victim of this "gunpowder plot." Let me get out!—let me get out! There's a man here with powder in his pockets, and he'll blow us all to the d——l!"

The complainant "got *out*" accordingly, in no small hurry, and the passengers thenceforward pursued the even tenor of their way, undisturbed by his further annoyance.

This anecdote reminds us of an occurrence which once took place at the long and picturesque bridge over the Cayuga lake, that middle-western *barriere* of which success or defeat, in times of political excitement, are now predicted. A wag from Syracuse, who with some half dozen friends had been disporting at the pleasant and flourishing village of Seneca Falls, determined, on approaching the toll gate in a sleigh, one stormy winter night, to "run the bridge."

"Lie down, boys," said he, "in the sleigh, and when we get under the gate, groan a little, and tremble, but don't over-do it. Here, get under these horse-blankets."

They did so, and when the sleigh came under the picket-draw of the bridge, they began to moan and shake, so that "it was piteous to see and eke to hear."

"I have nothing less than this ten-dollar bill," said our wag, handing the gate-keeper a bank note, "but for Heaven's sake change it just as quick as ever you can! I have three friends in the sleigh who are almost dead with the small-pox, and I'm in a ——"

"Drive on! drive on!" said the terrified gate-keeper, handing back the bill; "drive on—pay next time!"

Above the whistling of the snow-laden wind which swept over that frozen lake, and the trampling of the horses' feet on the bridge that night, the gate-keeper heard the loud laugh of these wags, proclaiming that he had been "taken in and done for!"—*Knickerbocker.*

SHE WORKS FOR A LIVING.

Commend us to the girl of whom it is sneeringly said, "She works for a living." In her we are always sure to find the elements of a true woman—a real lady. True we are not prepared to see a mincing step—a haughty lip—a fashionable dress—to hear a string of splendid nonsense about the balls and the young men—the new novels and the next parties; —no—no—but we are prepared to hear sound words of good sense—language becoming woman—and to see a neat dress, a mild brow, and to witness movements that would not disgrace an angel.

Ye who are looking for wives and companions, turn from the fashionable, lazy, haughty girl and select one from any of those who work for a living—and never—our word for it—will you repent your choice. You want a substantial friend and not a doll; a help-mate and not a help-eat, a counsellor and not a simpleton. You may not be able to carry a friend into your house, but you can purchase a spinning wheel or a set of knitting needles. If you cannot purchase any new novels, you may be able to take some valuable paper. If you cannot buy a ticket to the ball, you can visit some afflicted neighbor. Be careful then when you look for companions and whom you choose. We know many a foolish man, who, instead of choosing the prudent and industrious woman for a wife, took one from the fashionable walks, and is now lamenting his folly in dust and ashes. He ran into the fire with his eyes wide open, and who but himself is to blame.

The time was when ladies who went visiting, took their work with them. This is the reason why we have such excellent mothers. How singular would a gay woman look in a fashionable circle, darning her father's stocking, or carding wool to spin.—Would not her companions laugh at her? And yet such a gay woman would be a prize for somebody. Blessed is the man who chooses his wife from among the despised girls "who work for a living."—*Boston Olive Branch.*

The Mechanic's Advantage.

Not many years ago, a Polish lady of plebeian birth, but of exceeding beauty and accomplishments, won the affections of a young nobleman, who having her consent, solicited her from her father in marriage, and was refused. We may easily imagine the astonishment of the young nobleman.

'Am I not,' said he, 'of sufficient rank to aspire to your daughter's hand?'

'You are undoubtedly of the best blood of Poland.'

'Then, having your daughter's consent, how could I expect a refusal.'

'This, sir, said the father, 'is my only child, and her happiness is the chief concern of my life. All the possessions of fortune are precarious. What fortune gives, at her caprice she takes away. I see no security for the independence and a comfortable living of a wife but one; *in a word, I am resolved that no one shall be the husband of my daughter, who is not master of a trade.*'

The nobleman bowed his head and retired silently. In a year or two after, the latter was sitting at the door, and saw approaching his cot, wagons loaded with baskets, and heading the cavalcade, the nobleman in the dress of a basket maker. He was now master of a trade, and brought the wares made by his own hands for inspection, and a certificate from his employer that he was master of his skill.

The condition being fulfilled, no further obstacle was opposed to the marriage. But the story is not yet done. The revolution came—fortunes were plundered—the lords were scattered like chaff before the four winds of Heaven. Kings became beggars—some of them teachers—and the noble Pole supported his wife and her father in the infirmaties of age, by the basket making industry.

QUESTIONS WELL ANSWERED.—A sophist wishing to puzzle Thales, the Meletian, one of the wise men of Greece, proposed to him in rapid succession the following difficult questions. The philosopher replied to them all without the least hesitation, and with how much propriety and precision readers may judge for themselves.

What is the oldest of all things?
God—because he always existed.
What is the most beautiful?
The world—because it is the work of God.
What is the greatest of all things?
Space—because it contains all that is created.
What is the quickest of all things?
Thought—because in a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.
What is the strongest?
Necessity—because it makes men face all the dangers of life.
What is the most difficult?
To know yourself.
What is the most constant of all things?
Hope—because it still remains in man, after the loss of everything else.

POST OFFICE SCENE.—"Have you got a letter for my boss?"
"Whose your boss?"
"The one that I works for,"
"What's his name you idiot?"
"Robert Brown, sure."
"There's none here for him."
"It aint for him I wants it. It's a letter for myself; but I asks for him bekase his name is better known than mine."

☞"Mother," said a lad, "is it wrong to brake egg shells?" "Certainly not my dear," replied the mother; "but what do you ask such silly questions for?" "Because I have just dropped the basket with all the eggs in it," replied the promising chap.

"Have you dined?" said a lounger to his friend. "I have, upon my honor," replied he. "Then," rejoined the first, "if you have *dined upon your honor*, I fear you have made a scanty meal."

"AID AND COMFORT" TO THE ENEMY.

Many of the Whig leaders seem quite anxious that the late war should be forgotten. They say it belongs to the past, and is no more important to matters in hand, that the triumphs of Cæsar or the conquest of Alexander. But we cannot gratify them in this respect. *The remembrance of their rank moral treason shall never die.*

The following are choice extracts from Whig newspapers in relation to the Mexican war.

"The war with Mexico, is a war for slavery. We grasped at Texas that slavery might enlarge its boundaries and extend its power. It is a war in which Mexico has the right and America the wrong side."—*N. Y. Evening Journal.*

"The war is a crime, and all who have assisted in its well-fought fields have aided in its perpetration."—*Whig Legislature of Massachusetts.*

"Let the same vote that declared the war unnecessary and unconstitutional, starve it to death by withholding the supplies."—*Amos Tuck, Whig M. C. from New Hampshire.*

"It was conceived in folly and wickedness."—*Kennebec Journal.*

"A God abhorred war."—*N. H. Statesman.*

"The President's war—a war of conquest."—*Raleigh Register.*

"A war against the God of Heaven."—*Haverhill Gazette.*

"A war of plunder and murder." "Disreputable to the age in which we live."—*Boston Atlas.*

"Our people are the robbers."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"A war against God."—*Louisville Journal.*

"An iniquitous scheme of conquest."—*Chicago, Illinois, Journal.*

"A gross outrage upon Mexico—an unrighteous war."—*Mount Carmel Register.*

"Moral treason against the God of Heaven."—*Nashville Gazette.*

"The President's war."—*Phila. North American.*

"No man can help sympathising with Mexico."—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

"The Mexicans are in the right. The devil has guided all our actions in the premises."—*Xenia, Ohio, Torchlight.*

"We do not wonder that soldiers desert. This war is worse than thieving. We hope the Mexicans will conquer, if it takes them twenty years."—*New Haven Palladium.*

THE SATURNALIA OF THE BANKS.

Yesterday's Ledger makes the following remarks upon the result of the recent election:

Though it is not known what course the ruling party will pursue on the subject of banks and banking, yet taking the course of the same party in Legislature when in the minority, as an index for the future, the impression on the public mind is, that bank applications will be treaty with liberality, and, perhaps, most of the restrictions and reforms urged during the administration of Gov. Shunk be repealed where imposed, and, of course, not urged against pending applications. It is this that has flushed bank stocks; but it does not always follow that what is good policy for a party in a minority, that it is also practicable when in power. The case of the banks and the new rulers in this State may be found a case in point. So far as the increased majority of Gov. Shunk in his re-election may be taken as an expression of the popular will, it is unequivocally in favor of the bank reforms so strenuously urged in all his messages. In truth bank reform may be said to be a distinctive feature of his administration, and probably lent it more popularity than any other of his measures. Whether, seeing and knowing this, the coming administration will take advantage of it by following it up, or whether it will oppose them all as most of the Whigs in the Legislature opposed them, is as yet uncertain.

WHIG DOUGHFACES LOOK HERE!

☞GENERAL TAYLOR HAS RECENTLY INVESTED ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN NEGROES, AND THEREFORE CANNOT BE IN FAVOR OF THE WILMOT PROVISO.—*Speech of Balie Payton, (whig) of Louisiana.*

"I AM NO SLAVEHOLDER—I NEVER HAVE BEEN—I NEVER SHALL BE. I DEPRECIATE ITS EXISTENCE IN PRINCIPLE, AND PRAY FOR ITS ABOLITION EVERYWHERE, WHEN THIS CAN BE EFFECTED JUSTLY AND PEACEABLY AND EASILY FOR BOTH PARTIES."—*Lewis Cass.*

"I have *never* yet exercised the privilege of voting," is the declaration of a person about sixty years of age, who is a candidate for President of the United States!

INVOLUNTARY SUICIDE.—Persons who are in the habit of carrying deadly weapons are not unfrequently the victims of a practice which cannot be too strongly reprehended. A case of this kind occurred at Pittsburg a few days since, which is thus noted in the Journal:

A young man, named James Dawson, a member of the Du Quesne fire company, came to his death, on Saturday evening, under extraordinary circumstances. He had been on parade during the day, and in the evening, near the theatre, was cutting some capers on the pavement, and while attempting to lift an empty barrel from the ground, it is supposed, to cast into the street, he was heard to utter a painful exclamation, and was observed, almost instantly, to sink to the earth. On examination it was found that he had in the sleve of his firemans' shirt a common Bowie Knife, open, and protruding several inches from the shirt, below the elbow.—He had put it in his sleeve as the only convenient place about his uniform, which he still wore; and in his efforts it had worked upon the inside of his arm until the blade projected through the garment at the elbow. Thus, on lifting the empty barrel with a violent jerk, the weapon entered his body somewhere near the groin, severing an artery in its course, and producing almost immediate death.

A farmer sowing his ground, some dandies came riding along that way, when one of them called to him with an insolent air:—"Well, honest fellow, it is your business to sow but we reap the *fruits* of your labor." To which the countryman replied, "It is very likely you may, for I am sowing hemp."

A lover recently entered a house which he had been to visit, magnetised both the old folks, and then run off with the daughter at his leisure.

"I say, Dick, don't you think that if the women had to do the fighting, instead of the men, they would make bloody work of it?

"No, why do you ask?"

"Because I think they would, they have such an *engaging* way with them."

"That's very true, but then they have also such a *captivating* way, that there would doubtless be more prisoners than killed."

EMIGRATION TO CALIFORNIA.—Among the emigrating parties to California, from Kentucky, of which we have heard, is one forming near Bloomfield, Nelson co., under the name of "The California Emigrating Society." The Society consists at present of about 30 members, chiefly the heads of families. It is composed of the most worthy and respectable citizens, men of intelligence and substance. It is made up of professional men, farmers and mechanics, nearly all of them land proprietors and in independent circumstances. At the head of the Society is Dr. J. H. Bascom, brother of President Bascom, of Transylvania University, a gentleman highly esteemed by his fellow citizens, for his professional worth, piety, integrity, and intelligence.—*Louisville Courier.*

"I have so many things to see to," said Mrs. Irregularity, "that I can't find time to attend to any."

THE GIRLS FOR CASS.—Among the number who will vote for Gen. Cass certainly, are Miss I Sippi, Miss Souri, Louis Anna, and Virginia, and probably Mary Land and the two Carolinas.