American Volunteer.

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

VOL. 36. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1849. NO. 9.

THE VOLUNTEER.

John B. Bratton, Editor and Proprietor.

CARLISLE, THURSDAY AUGUST, 9, 1849.

AGENCY.

E. V. D. PALMER, Esq., is our authorized agent for procuring advertisements, receiving subscriptions and making collections for the American Volunteer, at his office, N. W. corner of Third and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia.

From the Bedford Gazette.

THE MEXICAN PROTOCOL.

The attempt made to assail the administration of Mr. Polk in regard to this protocol, like all similar attempts, has proved to be a perfect failure. It is remarkable that the friends of Mexico in this country find no response to this assault among the Mexicans themselves. On the contrary, the Government and people of Mexico understand the Protocol to contain nothing new and to be a mere exposition of the true meaning of the treaty just as it was understood by the late administration. In fact, they have adopted the very construction placed upon it by Mr. Polk in his Message to the House of Representatives of the 8th of February, 1849. The friends of Mexico in this country have, therefore, proved themselves to be more of Mexicans than the Mexicans themselves. Among the most fabid of this class was the editor of the "Courier des Etats Unis" of New York, whose paper of the 9th instant is now before us. It is amusing to witness the awkward attempts which he makes to back out of the scrape whilst publishing an extract from a letter from one of his correspondents dated at Mexico, "who has been placed in a favorable position to know the intentions of the Mexican Government."

The editor expresses great surprise that notwithstanding all the importance which had been attached to the Protocol in this country, it produced no sensation in Mexico. The Mexicans obstinately refused to believe that they had been imposed upon, in spite of all the efforts which were made by and out of Congress to convince them of this fact.—"Neither the Executive power (says the Editor) nor the Representatives of the People nor the Mexican Journals were excited." "The importance which was attached to the subject in this country was not sufficiently powerful to change their opinion." We publish the concluding paragraphs of the extract, our limits not permitting us to copy the whole. For the translation we are indebted to a friend:

"No one has ever entertained the idea, in Mexico, of attributing to this document any other meaning than that which Mr Polk has indicated in his message of the 8th February, 1849. If the Mexican Government had been called upon itself to give, at Mexico, and not through the intervention of its Minister at Washington, its opinion in this particular, most certainly, the Message of which I have just spoken would have been wholly unnecessary."

"One material fact is evident to the senses of all. If, in the opinion of Mexico, the pretended protocol had changed the amendments of the American Senate, it then became evidently indispensable to submit it to the Mexican Congress; but, this was not done before the publication of the document, and no one has claimed that this should be done afterwards.—*At Mexico, the authorities have, on every occasion, loyally and peremptorily admitted that the pretended protocol is perfectly in accordance with the Treaty, which it modified in no particular; they agree even, that if it were in complete contradiction to the Treaty, it could not change one syllable of it.* You may count upon the scrupulous exactness of this information." The italics are our own.

So ends the last Whig humbug against the administration of James K. Polk! It is repudiated by the Mexicans themselves!

A PAINFUL SIGHT.

To see young men lounging about month after month; neither working nor desiring to work; while, perhaps, their poor parents are toiling from morning to night to support and save them from a disgrace which their own thoughtlessness and laziness is fast bringing upon them. But how many such sights are to be found in every community! How many are found who have not the sense of shame which is necessary to force them off the loungor's seat; but enough of that false pride which will not allow them to take hold of employment if it does not happen to be genteel and profitable! Alas! the fate of such is sealed; they will go down to the grave unpitied, unmourned and soon to be forgotten by all!

THE SECOND WASHINGTON.—A correspondent of the Union claims Whig authority for the following:—"On a late occasion, a gentleman from one of the British Provinces called upon the President and after being introduced engaged in conversation with him on the subject of reciprocal duties between the Provinces and the United States. "Yes," says the Second Washington, "reciprocity. Have the potatoes in your country got the rot? See Clayton about reciprocity. Let us talk of agriculture."

There are so many of these stories floating about, uncontradicted, that people begin to believe there is something in them. They are current even in the neutral papers whiggishly inclined. This is from the New London Star:

"One of our enterprising and excellent townsmen, with his family, was visiting Washington. During their sojourn there, as is customary, they were presented to the President. On the presentation of the amiable lady, the general exclaimed, "Mr. and Mrs. ——, from New London, *Connecticut*, (at the same time shaking her hand heartily,) very happy to see you—glad to see the *Bay State* so well represented."

TO DEMOCRATS WHO VOTED FOR OLD ZACK.—Get out of this Taylor business as soon you can, and make war on whiggery.—*Boston Post.*

We have a few of this sort in this State who can profit by that advice.

A MAN WHO NEVER SAW A WOMAN.—Robt. Curzan, in his "visits to Monasteries in the Levant," describes a magnificent looking Monk, some 35 years of age, who never saw a woman in his life, and had no adequate idea what sort of creatures they were. He did not even remember his mother, and indeed was not sure he ever had one. It would be an interesting question for some curiuity Debating Society, whether this man was to be regarded as fortunate or not.

JEREMY DIDDLER.—A person under the name of Lieut. J. Smith, has been "doing" the Boston hotel and store-keepers. He bought goods on a large scale—never haggled about prices, and gave checks on all the banks in payment. The checks were not cashed on presentation. Lieut. John Smith, (presuming that it is John,) is about five feet eleven inches high, has dark hair and eyes, is slenderly built, and of swarthy complexion. He is dressed in black frock coat and pants, black satin vest, and black straw hat—all new. He must be a "cute" fellow to out-Yankee the Bostonians.

Poetical.

THE FATHER IS COMING.

The clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done,
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on!
'Tis wild night wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary passing o'er the world.

He's crossing o'er the world apace,
He's stronger than the storm;
He does not feel the cold, not he
His heart it is so warm;
For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew!

Stay, do not close the shutters, child,
Far, far along the lane,
The little window looks, and he,
Can see it shining plain;
I've heard him say he loves to mark,
The cheerful fire light through the dark.

And we'll do all that father liked
His wishes are so few!
Would they were more, that every hour
Some wish of his I knew!
I'm sure it makes a happy day,
When I can please him any way!

I know he's coming by this sign,
That baby's almost wild;
See how he laughs and crows and stares—
Heaven bless the merry child!
His father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him!

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now—
He's through the garden gate!
Run, little lass, and ope the door,
And do not let him wait!
Shout, baby, shout and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands.

A LOVE SONG.

BY CARL LINLEY.

She who sleeps upon my heart
Was the first to win it;
She who dreams upon my breast,
Ever reigns within it;
She who kisseth off my tips,
Wakes th ir warmest blessing;
She who rests within my arms,
Feels their closest pressing.

Other days than those shall come,
Days that may be dreary;
Other hours shall greet us yet,
Hours that may be weary;
Still that heart shall be thy home,
Still that breast thy pillow;
Still those lips meet thine as oft
As billow meeteth billow.

Sleep, then; on my happy heart,
Since thy love hath won it;
Dream, then, on my loyal breast,
None but thou has done it;
And when age our bloom shall change
With its wintry weather,
May we in the self same grave
Sleep and dream together!

Miscellaneous.

THE LAST PENNY.

Thomas Claire, a son of St. Crispin, was a clever sort of a man, though not very well off in the world. He was industrious, but, as his abilities were small, his reward was proportioned thereto. His skill went little beyond half-soles, heel-taps, and patches. Those who, willing to encourage Thomas, ventured to order from him a new pair of boots or shoes, never repeated the order. They would have been carrying their good wishes and his prosperity rather too far.

As intimated, the income of Thomas Claire was not large. Industrious though he was, the amount earned proved so small, that his frugal wife, always found it insufficient for an adequate supply of the wants of the family, which consisted of her husband, herself, and three children. It cannot be denied, however, that if Thomas had cared less for his pipe and mug of ale, the supply of bread would have been more liberal. But he had to work hard, and must have some little self-indulgence. At least so he very conclusively argued.

This self-indulgence cost him from two to three shillings per week; a sum that would have purchased many comforts for the needy family. The oldest of Claire's children, a girl ten years old, had been sickly from her birth. She was a gentle, loving child, the favorite of all in the house, and more especially of her father. Little Lizzy would come up into the garret, where Claire worked and sit sometimes for hours, talking in a strain that caused him to wonder; and sometimes, when she did not feel as well as usual, lying upon the floor, and fixing upon him her large bright eyes for almost as long a period. Lizzy was never so contented as when she was with her father, and he never worked so cheerfully as when she was near him.

Gradually, as month after month went by, Lizzy wasted away with some disease for which the doctors could find no remedy. Her cheeks became paler and paler, her eyes larger and brighter, and such a weakness fell upon her slender limbs that they could with difficulty sustain her weight. She was no longer able to clamber up the steep stairs into the garret or loft where her father worked; yet she was there as often as before. Claire made for her a little bed, raised a short space from the floor, and here she lay, talking or looking at him as of old. He rarely went up or down on the garret stairs without having Lizzy in his arms. Usually her head was lying upon his shoulder. And this the time went on.

Claire—for all the love he felt for his sick child, for all the regard he entertained for his family—indulged in his beer and tobacco as usual, and thus consuming weekly a portion of their little income, that would have brought to his children many a comfort. No one but himself had any luxuries. Not even for Lizzy's weak appetite were dainties procured. It was as much as the mother could do, out of the weekly pittance she received, to get enough coarse food for the table, and cover the nakedness of her family.

To supply the pipe and mug of Claire, from two to three shillings per week were required. This sum he usually retained out of his earnings, and gave the balance, great or small, to his frugal wife. No matter what his income happened to be, the sum necessary to obtain these articles was rigidly deducted, and as certainly expended. Without his beer, Claire really imagined that he would not have sufficient strength to go on with his weekly toil—how his wife managed to get along without even her regular cup of good tea, it had never occurred to him to ask—and not to have a pipe to smoke in the evening, or after each meal, would have been a deprivation beyond his ability to endure. So the two or three shillings went regularly in the old way.

When the sixpences and pennies congregated in goodly numbers in the shoemaker's pocket, his visits to the ale house were often repeated. But, as the allowance for the week diminished, and it required some searching in his capacious pockets, where they hid themselves away, to find the straggling coins, Claire found it necessary to put some check upon his appetites. And so it went on, week after week, and month after month. The beer was drank and the pipe smoked as usual, while the whole family bent under the weight of poverty which was laid upon them.

Weaker and weaker grew little Lizzy. From the coarse food that was daily set before her, her weak stomach turned, and she hardly took sufficient nourishment to keep life in her attenuated frame.

"Poor child," said the mother one morning, "she cannot live if she doesn't eat. But coarse bread, potatoes, and buttermilk, go against her weak stomach. Ah me! if we only had a little that the rich waste!"

"There is a curse in poverty!" replied Claire, with a bitterness unusual to him, as he turned his eyes upon his child, who had pushed the food away that was placed before her, and was looking at it with an expression of disappointment on her wan face. "A curse in poverty!" he repeated. "Why should my child die for want of nourishing food, while the children of the rich enjoy every luxury?"

In the mind of Claire there was usually a dead calm. He plodded on from day to day, eating his potatoes and buttermilk, or whatever came before him, and working steadily through the hours allotted to labor, his hopes or fears in life rarely exciting him to an expression of discontent. But he loved Lizzy better than any earthly thing, and to see her turn loathing from her coarse food, the best he could procure for her, aroused his sluggish nature into rebellion against his lot. But he saw no remedy.

"Can't we get something a little better for Lizzy?" he said, as he pushed his plate aside, his appetite for once gone before his meal was half finished.

"Not unless you can earn more," replied the wife. "Cut and carve, and manage as I will, it's as much as I can do to get common food."

Claire pushed himself back from the table, and, without saying a word more, went up to his shop in the garret, and sat down to work. There was a troubled and despondent feeling about his heart. He did not light his pipe as usual, for he had smoked up the last of his tobacco the evening before. But he had a penny left, and with that, as soon as he had finished mending a pair of boots, and taken them home, he meant to get a new supply of the fragrant weed. The boots had only half an hour's work on them. But a few stitches had been taken on them by the cobler, when he heard the feeble voice of Lizzy calling to him from the bottom of the stairs.—He laid aside his work, and went down to his patient child, and as he took her light form in his arms, and bore her up into his little workshop, he felt that he pressed against his heart the dearest thing to him in life; and with this feeling came the bitter certainty that soon she would pass away and be no more seen.

Thomas Claire did not often indulge in external manifestations of feeling; but now, as he held little Lizzy in his arms, he bent down his face and kissed her cheek tenderly. A light gloam of sunshine fell suddenly upon the pale countenance of the child, while a faint, loving smile played about her lips.—Her father kissed her again, and laid her upon the little bed that was always ready for her, and once more resumed his work.

Claire's mind had been awakened from its usual quiet. The wants of his failing child aroused it into disturbed activity; though it beat for a while like a caged bird against the bars of necessity, and then fluttered back in panting inability.

At last the boots were done, and, with his thoughts now more occupied with the supply of tobacco he was about to obtain than with anything else, Claire started to take them home. As he walked along, he passed a fruit shop, and the thought of Lizzy came into his mind.

"If we could afford her some of these nice things!" he said to himself. "They would be food and medicine both to the dear child. But," he added, with a sigh, "we are poor! we are poor! Such dainties are not for the children of poverty."

He passed along until he came to the ale-house, where he intended to get his penny-worth of tobacco. For the first time, a thought of self-denial entered his mind, as he stood by the door, with his hand in his pocket, feeling for his solitary copper. "This would buy Lizzy an orange," said he to himself. "But then," he quickly added, "I would have no tobacco to-day nor to-morrow, for I won't be paid for these boots before Saturday, when Barton gets his week's pay.

Then came a long hesitating pause. There was before the mind of Claire the image of his faint and feeble child, with the refreshing orange to her lips; and there was also the image of himself, unchecred for two long days by his pipe. But could he for a moment hesitate, and still love the little sufferer; for, to one of his order of mind, and habits of acting and feeling, a self-indulgence like that of a pipe, or draught of beer becomes so much a second nature, that it is, as it were, a part of the very life, and to give it up costs more than a slight effort. The penny was between his fingers, he took a single step towards the door; but, so vividly came back the image of little Lizzy, that he stopped suddenly. The conflict, even though the spending of a single penny was concerned, was severe; love for the child pleaded earnestly and as earnestly pleaded the old habit, that it seemed as if it would take no denial.

It was the last penny that was between the cobler's fingers. Had there been two pennies in his pocket, all the difficulty would have immediately vanished. Having thought of the orange, he would have bought it with one of them, and supplied his pipe with the other. But, as affairs now stood, he must utterly deny himself, or else deny his child. For minutes the question was debated.

"I will see when I come back," said he at last, starting on his errand, and thus for a time making a sort of compromise. As he walked along, the argument still went on in his mind. The more his thoughts acted in this new channel, the more light came into the cobler's mind, at all times rather dark and dull. Certain discriminations, never thought of before, were made; and certain convictions forced themselves upon him.

"What is a pipe of tobacco to a healthy man, compared with an orange to a sick child?" uttered almost aloud, marked at last the final conclusion of his mind; and as this was said, the penny which he held in his fingers was thrust determinedly into his pockets.

As he returned home, Claire bought the orange, and in the act experienced new pleasure. By a kind of necessity he worked on daily, for his family, upon which was expended nearly all his earnings; and the whole matter became so much a thing of course, that it was no subject of conscious thought, and produced no emotion of delight and pain.

But the giving up of the use of tobacco, for the sake of little Lizzy, was an act of self-denial entirely out of the ordinary course, and it brought its own sweet reward.

When Claire got back to his home, Lizzy was lying at the bottom of the stairs awaiting his return. He lifted her, as usual, in his arms, and carried her up to his shop. After placing her upon the rude couch he had prepared for her, he sat down upon his bench, and as he looked upon the white shrunken face of his dear child, and met the fixed, sad gaze of her large, earnest eyes, a more than usual tenderness came over his feelings. Then, without a word, he took the orange from his pocket, and gave it into her hand.

Instantly there came over Lizzy's face a deep flush of surprise and pleasure. A smile trembled around her wan lips, and an unusual light glittered in her eye. Eagerly she placed the fruit to her lips, and drank its refreshing juice, while every part of her bosom seemed quivering with delight.

"Is it good, dear?" at length asked her father, who sat looking on, with a new feeling at his heart.

The child did not answer in words; but words could not have expressed her sense of pleasure so eloquently as the smile that lit up and made beautiful every feature of her face.

While the orange was yet at the lips of Lizzy, Mrs. Claire came up into the shop for some purpose.

"An orange?" she exclaimed, with surprise.—"Where did that come from?"

"Oh, mamma, it is so good," said the child, taking from her lips the portion that yet remained, and looking at it with a happy face.

"Where in the world, did that come from, Thomas?" asked the mother.

"I bought it with my last penny," replied Claire. "I thought it would taste good to her."

"But you had no tobacco."

"I'll do without that until to-morrow," said Claire.

"It was kind in you to deny yourself for Lizzy's sake!"

This was said in an approving voice, and added another pleasurable emotion to those he was already feeling. The mother sat down, enjoyed the sight of her sick child, as with unabated eagerness she continued to extract the refreshing juice from the fruit. When she went down stairs, and resumed her household duties, her heart beat more lightly in her bosom than it had beaten for a long time.

Not once through the whole day did he feel the want of his pipe; for the thoughts of the orange kept his mind in so pleased a state that a more sensual desire, like that for a whiff of tobacco, had no more power over him.

Thinking of the orange worked good; for before the day closed, Claire had made a calculation of how much his beer and tobacco money would amount to in a year. The sum astonished him. He paid rent for the little house in which he lived, two pounds sterling a year, which he always thought a large sum. But his beer and tobacco cost nearly seven pounds! He went over the calculation a dozen times, in doubt of the first estimate, but it always came out the same. He began to run over in his mind the many comforts seven pounds per annum would give his family, and particularly how many little luxuries might be procured for little Lizzy, whose delicate appetite turned from the coarse food that was daily set before her.

But to give up the beer and tobacco *in toto*, when it was thought of seriously, appeared impossible.—How could he live without them?

On that evening the customer whose boots he had taken home in the morning, called in unexpectedly and paid for them. Claire retained a sixpence of the money, and give the balance to his wife. With this sixpence in his pocket he went out for a mug of beer and some tobacco to replenish his pipe. He stayed some time—longer than he usually took for such an errand.

When he came back he had three oranges in his pocket, and in his hands were two fresh buns and a cup of sweet milk. No beer had passed his lips, and his pipe was yet unsupplied. He had passed through another conflict with his old appetite; but love for his child, as before, came off conqueror.

Lizzy, who had drooped about all day, and lying down most of the time, never went to sleep early.—She was awake as usual when her father returned. With scarcely less eagerness than she had eaten the orange in the morning, did she now drink the nourishing milk, and eat the sweet buns; while her father sat looking at her, his heart throbbed with inexpressible delight.

From that day the pipe and mug were thrown aside. It cost a prolonged struggle. But the man conquered the mere animal, and Claire found himself no worse off in health. He could work as many hours and with as little fatigue; in fact, he found himself brighter in the morning, and ready to go to work earlier, by which means he was able to increase at least two or three shilling to his weekly income.

Added to the comfort of his family, eight or ten pounds a year produced a great change. But the greatest was in little Lizzy. For a few weeks, every penny saved from the beer and tobacco, the father regularly expended for the sick child; and it soon became apparent that it was nourishing food, more than medicine, that Lizzy wanted. She revived wonderfully; and no longer time passed before she could sit up for hours. Her little tongue, too, became free once more, and many hours of labor did her voice again beguile. And the blessing of better food came also, in time, to the other children, and to all.

"So much to come from the right spending of a single penny," Claire said to himself, as he sat and reflected one day. "Who could have believed it?"

And as it was with the poor old Cobler, so it will be with all of us. There are little matters of self denial, which, if we had but the true benevolence, justice, and resolution to practice, would be the beginning of more important acts of a like nature, that when performed, would bless not only our own families, but others, and be returned upon us in rewards of delight incomparably beyond anything that selfish and sensual indulgence have it in their power to bring.

Early Impressions.

The name of Voltaire will live while genius is respected and vice abhorred. His hatred of the Divine Redeemer was equalled only by his wickedness. He placed upon his seal the motto "Crush the wretch." It was his boast that it took twelve men to write up the Christian religion, and he would prove that one could write it down. It was not generally known at how early an age the seeds were sown that ripened into such a pernicious harvest. At the age of five years he committed to memory an infidel poem—its influence upon him was never lost. It led him to employ splendid talent of warring with the best good of his race, and to waste the energies of a brilliant mind in reviling the truth of God. It earned for him a life of infamy, a death without hope, and an eternity of despair.

Anecdote of Adams and Clay.

When these distinguished Statesmen were at Ghent, negotiating the treaty with Great Britian, they occupied a room together. Mr. Clay, who had always been a warm admirer of female beauty, had often remarked the comely looks of their chambermaid, and had once or twice joked with Mr. Adams about her. One morning he arose some time before Mr. Adams, and on his way to the breakfast table, he met the pretty maid referred to. Saluting her in his usual easy and graceful manner, while a smile played upon his countenance, he solicited the pleasure of a kiss. It may here be necessary to state that Mr. Adams' eyes always presented a watery appearance, which at times made him look as if in tears. The chamber-maid not knowing the cause the presume, replied to Mr Clay, "I do not like to disoblige you, but you will excuse me, when I assure you that I have just refused Mr. Adams the same liberty *with tears in his eyes.*" We need not say that Mr. Clay had too much gallantry to press his suit; he subsequently met Mr. Adams, who joined him in a hearty laugh.—*Newark Eagle.*

YOUNG MEN, HELP YOURSELVES.—"Providence," we are told, "helps those who help themselves." A true proverb, and worthy to be stamped on every heart. Passing on through life, you will find many a stream that will cross your path—but don't sit down and mourn. If you can't wade across, throw stones to stand upon, or bring forth a dead tree from the forest, and you will soon make a bridge and be safe on the opposite side. To-day you are opposed in your project. Don't stop—don't go back—meet the opposer—persevere—and you will conquer—Providence will assist you. You have failed in business—come out from under the toad-stool of despondency and try again. Zounds! if you don't help yourselves and persevere, you will do nothing, and be punched at by every beggar and every pauper on crutches, who passes along. Your friends have died; bury them—but don't linger in the church yard mourning because they are gone; you may go next. Up with you; wipe off your tears and be happy—'tis the only way.

In fine, help yourselves in all places; at all times; and Providence will assist you, and make life a scene of actual enjoyment and real pleasure.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S AMBASSADOR.—John Basilowitz, the Czar of Russia, perceiving Sir Jeremy Bowes, the Ambassador of Queen Elizabeth, with his hat on in his presence thus rebuked him:

"Have you not heard, sir, of the person I have punished for such an insult?"

He had in fact punished him very savagely, by causing his hat to be nailed to his head.

Sir Jeremy answered:

"Yes, sir; but I am the Queen of England's ambassador, who never yet stood bareheaded to any prince whatever; her I represent, on her justice I depend to do me right if I am insulted."

"A brave fellow this," replied the Czar, turning to his nobles—"a brave fellow this, who dares thus to act and talk for his sovereign's honor, which of you would do so for me?"

A wag was jogging home rather late and a little happy, when, passing by a dark alley, a large two fisted stepped out, and seizing him by the collar, demanded his money. "Money!" said the wag, money! I have none—but if you wait a moment, I will give you my note at thirty days."

THE TEMPEST.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I was never a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes, of either human or elemental strife, upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in the front of the battle, when the swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents in the air. I have sat on the mountain pinnacle when the whirlwind was rending its oaks from the rocky cliffs, and scattering them piece meal to the clouds. I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not; that recked no danger; but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness. I have called pride to my aid—I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy—but it avails me nothing. At the first low moaning of the distant cloud my heart shrinks, quivers and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a boy of ten years. I had a little cousin—a girl of the same age of myself, who had been the constant companion of my youth. Strange, that after the lapse of so many years, that countenance should be so familiar to me. I can see the bright young creature—her eyes flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale, and her cheeks glowing like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's, and when she bounded over the wooded hill, fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clapping her little hands in the exsiacy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away like a free nightingale from the earth, and going off where all things are beautiful like her.

It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and gladly I became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the incese smoke of some burning censer of the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters in the bay had forgotten their undulations; the flowers were bending their heads as if dreaming of the rainbow and dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxurious sweetness, that it seemed a cloud of roses scattered down by the hands of a Peri, from the afar off gardin of Paradise. The green earth and the blue sea lay abroad in their boundlessness and the peaceful sky bent over and blessed them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird, or found some strange and lovely flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural tranquility of the day continued until near noon. Then for the first time the indication of an approaching tempest was manifest. On the summit of a mountain, at a distant of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and at the same instant, a hollow roar came down upon the winds as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud rolled out like a banner unfolded upon the air, but still the atmosphere was a calm, and the leaves as motionless as before; and there was not even a quiver among the sleeping waters to tell of the coming hurricane.

To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort we fled to an oak that stood at the foot of a tall and rugged precipice. Here we stood and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds marshalling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst was so fearful, that the young creature who stood by me, shut her eyes convulsively, and clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break.

A few minutes, and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl lifted her finger towards the precipice that towered over us.—I looked, and saw an amethystine peak! And the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of the universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded and thrown I know not whither. How long I remained insensible, I cannot tell—but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds was dying in the tree tops, and the deep tones of the thunder cloud came in fatting murmurs from the eastern hills.

I rose, and looked trembling and almost deliriously around. She was there—the dear idol of my infant love, stretched out upon the green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the pathway of her death had been. At first, I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down and gazed upon her face almost with feelings of calmness. Her bright dishevelled hair clustered sweetly around her brow; the look of terror had faded from her lips, and infant smiles were pictured there; the red rose tinge upon her cheeks was lovely as in life, and as I pressed it to my own, the fountains of tears were opened and I wept as if my heart were water. I have but a dim recollection of what followed—I only know that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming twilight, and I was taken tenderly by the hand and led away where I saw the countenances of parents and sister.

Many years have gone by on the wings of light and shadow; but the scenes I have portrayed, still come over me at times with terrible distinctness.—The oak yet stands at the base of the precipice; but its limbs are black and dead, and the hollow trunk looking upwards to the sky, as calling to the clouds for drink, is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay. A year ago I visited the spot, and the thought of bygone years came mournfully back to me. I thought of the little innocent being who fell by my side like some beautiful tree of Spring, rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of blossoming. But I remember—and O! there was joy in the memory!—that she was gone where no lightenings slumber in the folds of the rainbow cloud and where the sunlight waters are broken only by the storm breath of Omnipotence.

My readers will understand why I shrink in terror from thunder. Even the consciousness of security is no relief for me—my fears have assumed the nature of an instinct, and seem indeed a part of my existence.

A Persian merchant complaining heavily of some unjust sentence of the lower court, was told by the judge to go to the cadi.

"But the cadi is your uncle," urged the plaintiff.

"Then you can go to the grand vizier.

"But his secretary is your cousin."

"Then you can go to the sultan."

"But his favorite sultana is your niece."

"Well, then, go to the d——l."

"Ah, that is still closer family connexion," said the merchant, as he left the court in despair.

ADAM'S WILL.—In about 1534, at a time when the Kings of Spain and Portugal were making extensive discoveries in America, they raised a great hue and cry against the French who were fitting out an exploring expedition upon the St. Lawrence, for what they termed interferences and intermeddling.

"What!" said the king of their pretentions: "They coolly divide out all America between themselves without permitting me to share as a Brother? I should like to see the clause in Adam's Will, which bequeathed to them alone this vast heritage!"

DON'T BELIEVE IT.—It is said there are people in the "Mountain District" of Kentucky so green that they followed a wagon which happened to be going that way, twenty miles, "just to see whether the hind wheel would not overtake the fore one."

MINESOTA.

It may be proper to keep ourselves familiarized with the names of the additions made from time to time to our political family. Minesota is the youngest. She is a promising infant and preserves the family likeness.

"Since this new territory has received a regular government," says the Pittsburg Gazette, "numbers of tourists have visited it and emigrants are flocking in. From all the accounts we have seen of it, and some personal knowledge of those high latitudes we have no doubt that Minesota will, in a few years, possess a large, intelligent and highly moral population; and that as much real, substantial happiness will be enjoyed there as in any portion of our wide Union. It may not be as wealthy a State as some others, but living will be cheap, and artificial wants limited, while it will be among the healthiest climate's in the world. There are settlements up as high as 46 degrees and thriving villages and pleasant farm houses greet the eye of the traveller. The Fever and Ague, that scourge of more Southern portions of the West, is unknown there."

While multitudes are hastening with eager avidity to California, lured on by the prospect of golden treasures, others, less ambitious yet probably more considerate, are taking up their abodes in the new and pleasant glades of Minesota. Fortunate land of ours! Happy indeed in its ample territories, its fertile soil, its healthful climate—capable of receiving and of sustaining untold millions, giving a home to the exile and plenty to the destitute! and happiest of all in securing to her children the inestimable birthright of freedom, with all its connobling prerogatives.

The capacious bosom of the West, teeming with productive elements, awaits the coming of multitudes. A future empire reposes there in embryo. From our station on the seabord we can hear of progressive life and activity beyond the Mississippi. By an inherent energy of reproduction, territories arise, pass into the organization of States and become the prolific parents of other States. The process knows no cessation. Onward and onward the impulse moves; And so it must move on until the measure of a destiny is fulfilled, unequalled in its greatness in all the tide of the times; and more imposing in its grandeur than anything which History has recoided or Fancy has conceived.

PAST EVENTS.

The first white child born in North America, was Virginia, daughter of Annanias and Elenora Dare, and grand daughter of Gov. John White. She was born on the 18th of August, 1587, in Roanoke, in North Carolina. Her parents were of the expedition sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, in that year. There is no record of her history save that of her birth.

The first minister who preached the gospel in North America, was Robt. Hunt, of the Church of England, an exemplary man, who came out in the same company with Capt. John Smith, in the year 1607. He was much esteemed as a man of peace, and was in many ways useful to the colony. There is no record of his death, or his return to England; he died at Jamestown. He had a good library which was burnt with all his other property, in the burning of Jamestown, the next winter after he came out.

The first females who came to Virginia proper were Mrs. Forrest and her maid Anne Burns, in the expedition of Newport, 1608. The first marriage in Virginia was in the same year—John Laydon to Anne Burns. The ceremony was probably by the same good master Hunt."

The first inter marriage between the whites and Indians was John Rolf to Pocahontas, in April, 1613. Pocahontas was also the first of the Virginia Indians that embraced Christianity, and was baptized.

The first legislative assembly of Virginia, met in July, 1619, at the summons of Gov. Geo. Yeardly. One month later, negroes were first brought into the colony by a Dutch man of war.

The Blue Ridge was first crossed by whites in the year 1714.

The first Iron furnace erected in North America was by Gov. Spotswood, in 1730, in Spottsylvania county, Virginia.

BUTTER MAKING.

Butter intended for winter use, should be made either in September or October. During these months the weather sufficiently cool, and the quality of the food in the fields and pastures more suitable than when the season is farther advanced. Very good butter may be made in November, but though for family use it may be as good as that made during the two proceeding months, it is not so desirable for marketing. One of the principal reasons why there is much bad butter in the country, is thus lucidly explained by a writer on the subject:

"The principal cause of failure to make good butter, that may be kept for a long time, is the neglect to separate the butter milk entirely from the butter. Some dairy women are afraid to let any cold water touch the butter for fear of washing out the goodness—as if water and butter could commingle. We object to touching the butter with the hands—some particles will thus be melted and thus injure the whole. A little wooden paddle is the best.

"When the butter is gathered in the churn, that is when it separates from the butter milk, and forms lumps, the butter milk should all be drawn off, and cold water should be added. Then the whole must be agitated or churned, and this water must be drawn off, and so on until the butter ceases to look white.

"This serves to harden the butter and work out the milk. If any liquid is finally left in the butter, this liquid will be nearly all water; and you have salt water or brine in your butter, rather than butter milk, which becomes tainted in three or four days of hot weather. Pure brine will not taint the butter—butter milk will.

WHAT IS FAME?

'Tis the vibration of the viol's string!
The echo from a distant hill.

Death, it is said, opens the door to fame, and closes it to envy. When a person is removed from our midst—when his cut is no longer alive to the applause and admiration of men, then all admire his virtues and mourn around his tomb.

The death of the late ex-President has produced a sweet symphony upon the harp of the nation—the discordant string has changed its tone—the voice of opposition has been hushed—and all now mingle together in songs of praise. This is right, and bespeaks a common respect for the ashes of the dead.

How vain and uncertain is all earthly greatness! He that is President to day may be corroding in the dust to-morrow. The grave is a republic, and there all human distinctions shall cease forever.

"Was Mr. Brown a very popular man when he lived in your town?" inquired a busy body of his friend. "I should think he was," replied the gentleman, "as many persons endeavored to prevent his leaving; and several of them, *including the sheriff, his deputy and several constables*, followed him for some distance."

OLD MAIDS.—Thoughtless young people delight in making fun of old maids. A little consideration would teach them better. Some of the kindest truest and best of women we have ever known were old maids. It is a pity—nay, it is even cruel to wound the feelings of any one—a generous heart would not stoop to it—more especially if that one be a woman. Alas, how little do we know of the trials and sufferings of many who are sneeringly denominated old maids! Perhaps the constancy of youthful affection—the pure and deep devotion of a first and only love, has kept many a woman single for life.