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 AUGUST, 16, 1849.

AGENCY.

L. V. B. 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.

A New Weapon.

A new instrument of war is being used in the conflict between Austria and Hungary. A corps of *bombardiers* is attached to each Division of the army, each man of which carries three of these new projectiles, while another soldier attends with rack, surmounted with a wooden tube, which serves to direct the fuses.

The instrument consists of a wrought iron tube, pierced with holes, sharpened at the point, and filled with a fiery matter. They are so arranged that when they have accomplished the required distance, a liquid, fiery matter gushes from below and scatters dismay among the horses of the Cavalry. The hissing of these fiery pointed projectiles is more terrifying to the horses, than the noise of the passage of shells. One single one of these sometimes succeeds in carrying disorder into a whole squadron.

The Austrians first used them, but in the arsenals which have fallen into the hands of the Hungarians, they found large quantities of them and are now using them with deadly effect.

A Speech of Kossuth's.—Kossuth is indeed a remarkable man, combining in his character the two traits not often seen in union—the most earnest enthusiasm and a clear, cool judgment. He knows how to stir up the feelings of others and how to control them.

He spoke to the Magyar, the Wallack, or the Sclave, each in his own language, and addresses in the purest Latin the priests and Bishops of Hungary, enlisting love of liberty, religious enthusiasm, hatred of an oppressing race, and the strong attachment to ancient glory and freedom in his behalf and in that of his beloved Hungary.

Here is a specimen of his oratory addressed to a gathering of Hungarians:

"Two things we must do. We must rise and crush the enemy that desecrates the earth on which we live, and we must not give up! These two are needful; should the Hungarians fail in them, then they are a craven people—a people of wretches, of which the very name in history shall be skin to shame!—Should the Hungarians fail in these two, then they are a people of dastards and cowards, defiling even the sacred memory of their forefathers. God the Eternal will say of them, "I rue the day on which I created this people!" And should the Hungarians fail in these two, then they are an accursed people—so cursed, that the sweet fountain shall turn bracki-h as they approach it. The Hungarian shall be a vagabond on the face of the earth. Even the bread of charity shall be denied to his prayer. And the generation of the stranger that hath taken his substance, shall give him strifes for alms. He shall be like a vagrant dog, which even the meanest may strike.—Vain are his prayers; religion has no comfort for him. He has detestated God's works; and God will not pardon his sins—not neither here nor in Heaven! The maiden he hits his eye to shall spurn him from the threshold like a mangy beast. His wife shall spit into his eyes in the fullness of her scorn; and his child's earliest words shall curse his father.

"Let each man take up arms! But as for the wanton, let them go midway between Vesprim and Weissemburg, and dig a wide grave. There will we bury the name, the honor; the nation of Hungary; or else our friendless shall lay in that wide grave!"

Temperance or Father Mathew.—The Boston *Post* estimates the number who have taken the pledge from Father Mathew, at Faneuil Hall, at 6,500. In this connection it is stated that both Broad and Ann streets, the rowdy and disreputable portions of Boston have been unusually quiet for several nights past. The *Christotype* gives the following as some of the incidents of Monday last at Faneuil Hall:

Several of the Irish converts now pressed around the good father. One of them showed a card numbered 1,335. They all looked stalwart and hearty, they had abided in the faith; and Father Mathew, in calling the attention of the audience to them said, "These are the facts I rely upon—living evidences of the great advantages of the total abstinence pledge. One such fact is worth a thousand arguments."

Among other incidents of the day; we noticed a tatterd woman, yet young with two children by her side; plainly but neatly dressed. She came into the circle; kneeled; and by the movements of her lips engaged in prayer. She then rose and beckoned a forlorn looking man, wrecked by intemperance—he rejected the invitation. She again kneeled; again prayed, and again urged her unhappy partner into the circle. He yielded; and there with clasped hands and tearful eyes, she held her husband restored to the hopeful words of the pledge—a pledge that if kept sacred, will introduce the sunshine of life again into the heart, and make her domestic circle glad with the blessings and abundance that temperance never fails to secure.

Population of Oregon.—A census of the inhabitants of Oregon has recently been taken, and it shows that the number of the population is 8,902, including foreigners, who number upwards of 300.

There are, according to the census, 2,509 voters; but in consequence of the absence of many at the mines, the vote at the next election will be much reduced. Gov. Lane has issued a proclamation, fixing the number of members of Council and House of Representatives to which each county is entitled, and ordering the election to be held for them and for delegate to Congress on the first Monday in June next. There are six candidates for Congress in the field.

Did Mr. Benton ever Fight a Duel?—In answer to the inquiry, the St. Louis *Republican* says:

Without undertaking to do more than answer a civil inquiry, we can say that Colonel Benton has fought a duel—not one, but two of them. In the first meeting on Bloody Island, opposite this city, he dangerously wounded his antagonist, Charles Lucas, Esq. He survived this wound, however, and was called to the field the second time, provoked, possibly, by the injudicious acts of friends of the parties—and in this meeting Mr. Lucas was killed.

Florida.—Gov. Mosley has ordered a company of mounted men to be raised in Duval county and one in Tallahassee, to operate against the Indians, who have been disturbing the peace of that State.

Rains at the South.—The Vicksburg (Miss.) Sentinel, of the 14th ult., says:

"We have had, so far, the most rainy spring and summer within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of this country. For three weeks past heavy rains have fallen almost every day. This is very disastrous to the cotton crop, and many estimate that the crop in this section will be one-third short from this cause. All other products, including fruits, are suffering from the same cause."

Poetical.

DRIED LEAVES.

"Give me from some kind hand a flower,
The record of a happy hour."—Mrs. Hemans.

Emblems of all things bright and pure,
My flowers! why did I place you here?
Why thus embalm each floral gift,
And make a book their sepulchre?
'Tis said, Eve kept some Eden flowers,
Memorials of past happy hours!

Pale sylphs! with quiet eloquence,
Ye talk of him who gave you birth;
Bright gems of Nature's coronet,
Links in the chain which binds to earth,
Still beauteous! tho' your fragrant smell
Is gone—I love, I love you well!

Ye come, dear tokens! wakening up
Remembrances within this breast,
Of those who called and sent you all,
In Flora's fane with me to rest;
Of truth and hope—heart flowers that drew
A halo round each by gone view.

So frail! meet emblems of the hopes
We cherished in life's early days;
Like them ye glowed with loving smiles,
Like them too soon you met decay.
Thus, oft the bubbles we pursue
Wear smilingly the rainbow's hue.

No brighter monument I ask
To rise above my last, low bed,
Than there, by love transplanted there,
To yield sweet fragrance o'er my head,
And there, as types of earth, impart
A needful lesson to some heart.

Though sweetly bloomed my human flowers,
They mostly found an early tomb—
Sad my cherished buds should wither
Ere they had attained their bloom.
And yet more flowers than thorns have strown
My pathway I nor am I alone.

Alone! No! Sharon's deathless rose
Will bloom more sweet when storms assail;
This heart's first incense will I give,
To Him whose love can never fail,
And trust each spirit here will rise,
A perfect plant in Paradise.

Miscellaneous.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY D. W. GILDEN.

With what a beautiful pathos has Irving invested the theme of broken hearts! Who that has read his touching essay story, sympathizingly, will ever forget it! Yet there are men who do not believe in the existence of broken hearts. Their lips curl with a smiling scorn at a tale of love and despair. Their composition is such that they cannot conceive of hearts so sweetly tender that a convulsive throb of agony shall shatter them forever. Yet it is true. It is as true as that there are hearts so inexpressibly hard that their softest emotions congeal other and tenderer hearts. I would not be so presumptuous as to attempt to write an essay upon this sad, yet much written subject; I have a simple and "over true tale" to tell, which illustrates what I have asserted.

On the banks of the beautiful Connecticut there is one of the finest country seats in the land. The village that lies scattered all about it is a quiet one, and the scenery soft and pleasing. The owner of the mansion is very wealthy, and like too many others, extremely ambitious for a position in the world's first circles of society. This is his failing. He is not old, yet the grey hairs are thick about his high forehead. I sometimes think when I remember his life, that no common cares or anxieties or age have been the cause. He is childless now, but he had a daughter once (to borrow a figure of old Kit North) whose presence was like the opening of an eastern shutter, on a pleasant summer morning. Her name was Mary, that sweetest of all names, and she was sweeter than her name. I knew her once but it is difficult for me to describe her. She was exquisitely fair, with golden tresses, mild blue eyes, and a forehead of purest whith. She moved about as the bird's do, lightly and airily. Her heart was the fountain of love, ever bubbling up transparently against the sunshine around her. She knew not hate or revenge! indeed, the sternest virtues were absorbed by the gentler and sweeter. She loved her parents with the undivided love of her heart—next to them, her birds and her flowers. So she grew up until she was sixteen, with no cares to oppress and no wild love with its bitter unrest. When I remember her as she was then, so purely happy and innocent, my heart sighs that she could not ever have remained so—the wish comes too late—that she might never have tasted other heart experiences, but lived on as pleasidly and beautifully to her life's close. It was not so—A friend of her father's died at this time, leaving his only son Henry, an orphan, to the care of her father. He had left this son a bare pittance, which, with economy, would prepare him for, and help him through, a University. He was eighteen when he came to the pleasant village where Mary was, to attend a preparatory school for college. A year from this spring that he came, he hoped to be ready to enter upon his collegiate course. He was not long in learning to prize the sweet frankness and beauty of such a creature as Mary, nor was she long insensible to the charms of a handsome young student of eighteen. She found him a charming helper among her garden flowers, and a pleasant associate upon her long rambles after the flowers of the plain and forest. She saw how noble he was, and admired—she was hardly aware of her love for him. Upon their walk—

"Thus, her feet upon the new mown grass—bare headed—with the flowing
Of the virginal white vesture, gathered closely to her throat;
With the golden ringlets in her neck just quickening by her going,
As I appearing to breath sun for air, and doubling it to float,—
With a branch of dewy myrtle with her right hand held above her,
And which trembled a green shadow in betwixt her and the skies,—
As she turned her face to going, thus, she drew him on to love her,
And to study the deep meaning of the smile hid in her eyes."

This the summer passed away as a delightful dream, then came the autumn and the chill winter. Early in the spring he was to take his departure for the University far away, and as the time drew near, his heart grew sad. And she—that laughing girl—grew silent, reserved and melancholy. She asked herself why it was so, calmly, and the truth flashed upon her suddenly—*she loved Henry*. She had not realized this before, and her conscience reproved her for not checking a love which she feared could never receive the sanction of her parents; but it was too late to undo her love for him. With him, it was nearly the same; when he saw what a pure and true love was in his heart for her, and that it was responded to by her, only one thought rose betwixt him and happiness, and that was a bitter thought. He knew that her father desired for her a high marriage, and would never accept him, yet he loved her as truly; had he not a right to claim her as his own? That evening was to be his last with her for a long time to come—until his autumnal vacation. Should he dare to tell his love? Was it honorable? Was it gratitude to his guardian? No—and he would control his wild heart. She came out upon the wide lawn, so tenderly fair, for their last ramble, and they were not happy.

"It will be so lonely when you are gone," she said, "here in our quiet retreat—you amid livelier scenes will not miss the companionship of your home friends."

The tears chased away his resolution, and he clasped her white hands.

"Mary! Mary! hear me!" The thought of her stern father came over him again, and he added, not what had first impulsively risen to his lips, but "I shall never, never forget this home, and its kind inmates." He struggled hard to gain the victory over himself and succeeded.

He was gone. One day while sadly examining the contents of his trunk, (which Mary had packed) he discovered a boquet of flowers, and pressed it to his lips with tears of delight. Her name was upon the ribbon that bound it—"Mary!"

That boquet—long years after, he carried it, carefully in his bosom. Many were the tears he shed upon it—tears of joy and tears of sorrow.

That boquet was withered and faded away, how typical of her! but I anticipate.

The summer passed away in silence, for he dared not write to her, yet each heard of the other through the parents of Mary. Early in September, her father told her that he wished her to become more accustomed to polished and fashionable society, and for that purpose he should take her to her aunt's in New York to spend the winter. She acquiesced, yet with a sad heart, for she had counted much upon the enjoyment of Henry's presence during his autumn vacation.

Henry came, expecting to see her, and was bitterly disappointed, and thinking, of course, that such a visit was the fruit of her own wishes, accused her in his heart of inconstancy. Her pure, strong first love was over, and his delicious dream forever gone. With no foolish words of reproval or vengence, he went back to his studies. He had learned much, though so young, of the human heart.

The father, after a short visit, returned to his home, but early in December again went back and took a house with his family in ——— street. Mary was in all circles flattered and admired, and he saw brilliant offers in perspective. The long wished for crisis came—a young man of unbounded wealth and of an ancient family asked his leave to address his daughter. Gladly he gave it, but he knew too well that a refusal most certainly would be the result, without action upon his part.

She was in her private chamber when he knocked. She opened the door and was surprised to see him there. An indefinite presentment of evil touched her, for she grew very pale. He motioned her to be seated.

"Mary," he said, "you know why I come here—your heart must suggest the reason to you."

She grew yet whiter.

"Charles ——— *loves you!*"

She had fainted. The truth flashed in upon her, and her weak trembling senses were overcome. But he was not daunted, but bathing her face in cold water, she soon recovered; yet the tears struggled down her beautiful cheeks. He took both her hands in his; she let her poor head fall upon his breast.

"Mary you love me?" he said.

She only answered by her large round tears.

"You would not disappoint me in my fondest wish—he will see you to-night—it is my wish, *my command*." He stopped short, watched the impression he had made, and without another word, left the room. She was like a lamb led to the slaughter.

That night she accepted Charles, and had forever banished herself from Henry! It was arranged that in the spring the marriage should take place—the father had triumphed, and was elated with his success. The day came when his heart was torn with remorse at his cruel dictation. In a few weeks Mary was ill, and went slowly into a decline. The first physicians were called, but they knew not the character of the disease. She was going straight to her grave, they all said; and must inevitably die unless she obtained relief. It was truly, emphatically, "a disease of the heart," but they did not know it. The color fled from her cheek and the luster from her eye. She became emaciated, weak and trembling. And he—the father—must have known the cause, but he would not relent. He might have lit up that pure eye of liers with its accustomed brightness, he might have sent the blushing life into her cheeks, but he did not.

She longed for her sweet and quiet home, as the warm spring days came along—the harsh voices of the city jarred cruelly upon her susceptible nerves. She was brought home in her couch and easy chair, just when the May flowers were blooming. The fresh air and the pleasant quiet seemed for a time to revive her drooping faculties. She was placed each day upon the sunny lawn, where she traced over and over again the happy walks that she had enjoyed with Henry. It was a sight sad to see—her pale, angelic face and wasted form; her thin, attenuated fingers grasping a boquet of early flowers; the sun striking upon that mournful countenance, the picture of a gentle despair. She revived for a few weeks, and hope entered the hearts of her parents, but when the August days had come with their sultry heat, she came no more upon the lawn. She was growing worse, rapidly and fearfully. The father wrote to Henry, telling him of Mary's engagement; but said nothing of her illness.

It was a moonlight evening in early September, when Henry walked up the lawn—it was his vacation. He supposed that Mary was in town, and probably married, for not a single word had reached his ears of her fatal decline. He passed up the stairs at the door, and entered the hall, where he met an old domestic.

"Are you all well?" he asked.

"Yes, all—*but her*."

"*But her?*"—How his heart thrilled at that expression!

"Whom do you mean?—not Mary?"

"Yes, Mary."

"Yes, Mary."

"Is she—not—married?"

"Married! why the poor creature is only just alive."

An impulse strong and passionate seized him.—"Lead me to her room," he cried, and the servant led him up to her chamber. He saw her upon the couch—how emaciated she was! how deathly pale! The truth, as if intuitively, flashed upon his soul, and his eyes were overflowing with tears. Should he come nearer? He could see the faint heaving of her breast—she seemed to be sleeping. No, he would not disturb her slumbers. She started up as if from a dream, and in a twitching, supplicating voice, said "Henry!" Oh, the sad joy that stole over him! she loved him still. And with a voice tender as a child's, he answered to her dream's ejaculation, "Mary!"

She raised her pale face, with the golden hair drooping upon the pillows, and gazed at him

"With a rushing stir, uncertain, in the air—the purple curtain
Swelleth in and sweeteth out around her motionless pale brow;
While the gliding of the river sends a rippling noise forever,
Through the open casement, whitened by the moonlight's silent repose."

He glided up to her side; she did not speak, she did not whisper, but put her white arms about his neck, and fell gently back upon her pillow. How very still she was! how motionless her breast! He did not start—it was almost pleasure to him to *know* it. He disengaged those soft hands, and crossed them upon her breast, that had caused its heavings. He kissed the pale lips with a few tears struggling down his face, and turned away. She was dead. Dead as the delicate flower that has been struck down by a double frost. Her soul just lingering upon the confines of this harsh earth, was startled away by the suddenness of her emotions.

He met the father upon the door's threshold, and pointing to her dead body, said—

"It is your doings—look at her!" and left never again to return.

Progress of Improvement.—"Mother," asked a six foot gawky, after two hours of brown study, "what did you and dad used to do, when he was a courtin' you?" "Good sirth and sense! what do you mean, Jedlah?" "Why I went a courtin' last Sunday night—I went to Deacon Doolittle's to see Peggy, and she told me I didn't know how to court; I axt her to show me how, and she says, "ax your mam." "So now I want to know what you and father did." "La, suz!—Why Jed, we used to sit by the fire and eat roast turkey and mince pies, and drink cider, and watch the crickets running round the harth."

"Good, gracious! times ain't as they used to was, mother, that's sartain. I was slicked off to kill, and looked fearin' scrumptious, and the only thing Peggy gin me was a raw cold pickle!"—Oh shame!

DYING FOR LOVE.

It is getting to be very common now-a-days for young men to die for love! But, boys, this is a shocking bad business. Dying for love may be poetical, romantic, sublime and immortalizing—but it is usually, uncomfortable, and always unnecessary.—Nor does it exhibit so rare and heroic a courage to draw a razor across one's jugular, or to drown one's woes in a mill pond, as to grin without flinching, all the while that the arrows of Cupid are sticking deep and fast in your hearts. We acknowledge there is something noble in a man's striking out for a halfway, mealy-mouthed passion, but for the heaving, wheezing, glorious, ecstatic delight of true love, and not a peg less. We know, too, it strains one dreadfully to want a lump of cold beauty, a morsel of stony perfection for which the spirit yearns. But what, in the name of twisted doughnuts, should induce a man to 'kick the bucket,' for one who cares not a rush for him? There may be a thousand other sweet, pretty creatures in the world, quite as bewitching and far more feeling and warm hearted; any one of whom is not only worthy of, but will return with compound interest, all the affections and tenderness he can bestow upon them. A word, a look, a tone of the voice, a pressure of the hand, a simple 'good night,' a parting 'God bless you,' from him may in a predestined moment, be to some one of them like the spark that falls on the nitrous heap, followed by instant combustion. But suppose that a man has fixed his affections on a girl who is far above him in rank or fortune, or both. What then? Must he therefore put on a black cap, gird himself in sackcloth, and take a seat upon the melancholy stool, with a full determination to be wretched? A child may long to clutch a star as he does a butterfly, to turn the moon round as he is accustomed to turn his hoop, or to bring down an eagle by tossing salt on his tail—but his failure would hardly be the death of him. But let us imagine a more heart rending case: that poor Pilgarlic sighs like a furnace for an equal, and that she has a stronger yearning for another. Neither has this anything absolutely killing in it. Why, hang it, man, there may be other girls who have more discernment—everlastingly devoted and nice creatures, too, who would sit by the hour together with their heads resting on their hands, musing on your perfections, and dream of you at night, and fall into an interesting swoon whenever you said 'farewell.'

We have no notion of dying for love, any how.—We have been at two much expense of victuals and clothes in supporting existence, to think of laying it down upon such grounds. There was a time when our heart was visited by continual gusts of excitement, and was swayed and shaken by the little god like a storm stricken reed. We saw so many bewitching but adamantine women, that we were perpetually blubbering and rubbing our eyes, till finally our imagination became so diseased that we could hardly get along without a daily dish of melancholy. But time has cleansed our bosom of the perilous stuff that weighed upon it, and, in the course of years, our heart has become as knotty and tough that we cannot help thinking the blows of a trip-hammer would not break it another time. We don't intend to go off life's hook for love, at any rate. We have been pretty near it, for thirteen or fourteen times, but, thanks to our tremendous bump of resolution, we always managed to keep Death's skinny fingers from clutching us, and despair from the sanctuary of our thoughts. It would be hard enough, gracious knows, to perish for the sake of a girl who really loved us; but for one who did not, we should hate to suffer the least choking sensation about the throat or lose a single good dinner. We once heard of a man, who feeling one day some distressing sensations, fancied he was the victim of the tender sentiment: but who afterwards discovered that his complaint arose from having eaten too much roast turkey at dinner. This was a sad fall from the parlor window of romance into the back yard of common sense and every day life; but he dieted, got better, and was soon afterwards smitten by the roguish eyes of a dear creature of sixteen, whom he married. Despair not, therefore, thou seeming victim of the blind god—thy case may have the same result. But, if it be really up hill work to gain the ear of beauty let not the cloud rest upon your brow, let not the canker eat into your heart. Look up, laugh loud, talk big, call the grapes sour; banish the blues, keep the color in your cheek, and fire in your eye, study grace of manner, and adorn your person more becomingly than ever, and you will yet have an eye to cheer you, a hand to assist you, and a heart to depend upon.—*Yankee Blade*.

Health of Children.

Rising early is a habit of high importance to fix in children; and in forming it there is far greater facilities than in other cases. There is a natural propensity in children generally to early rising, which needs only to be gratified and encouraged.—They usually retire to bed some time before their parents; and at daylight bear least sunrise, are generally awake and anxious to rise. Many of them are actually bred up with difficulty to the habit of taking a morning nap; which when once formed, generally prevails through life. Let his father deny himself so far as to retire early and become an early riser also. His health, enjoyment, and usefulness, he may depend upon it, will be perceptibly benefited. And this may be connected with another preventive disease—active employment. The morning is the season for activity; the frame, invigorated by repose, is prepared for exertion; and motion gives pleasure.—The pure atmosphere; so much more inviting than at other hours, so much sweeter and more exhilirating than the air of a confined chamber, has been prepared to be breathed; and like all nature's medicines, it is superior to any which science can produce. Early rising and early exercise may more properly be called food than medicine, as they are designed for daily use; and to protect us from diseases rather than to remove it. Everything except mere sloth, invites us—nay, requires us—to train up our children to use them. The morning is the most favorable season for exercising the frame, as well as for making useful impressions on the mind and heart; and whoever tries to conduct the education of his child independently of this practice, will lose some of the most favorable opportunities.

Little Kindnesses.

Small acts of kindness how pleasant and desirable do they make life? Every dark object is made light by them, and every tear of sorrow is brushed away. When the heart is sad and despondency sits at the entrance of the soul, a little kindness drives despair away, and makes the path cheerful and pleasant. Who will refuse a kind act? It costs the giver nothing, but is invaluable to the sad and sorrowing. It raises from misery and degradation; and throws around the soul those hallowed joys that were lost in Paradise.

People who endeavor to attract that attention by dress which they cannot obtain by their intrinsic worth, resemble the soap balloons blown by children; the thinnest bubbles are invested with the brightest colors.

"A butterfly at best
Is but a caterpillar dressed."

Among all the pointed things of Junius, there is nothing superior to this:

"Private credit is wealth—public honor is security. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports its flight. Strip him of his plumage and you fix him to the earth.

A subscriber has written us a very bitter epistle indeed about railroads. He states that a few days since, the butcher of a locomotive smashed up one of his best cows, and tossed her head over heels down a precipice. When found, the poor animal was past praying for, as the dogs were already preying on her. She had not a particle of hide about her except the thicket in which her body was concealed; and, as if to cap the climax the railroad company sent in a bill for jerking beef.—*Knickerbocker*.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Alexander Hamilton was under middle size, thin in person, but remarkably erect and dignified in his deportment. He wore his hair turned back from his forehead, powdered and collected in a club behind. His complexion was fair, and varying from this only by the utmost feminine rosiness of his cheeks. His nose might be considered, as to figure and color, an uncommonly handsome face. When at rest, it had rather a severe and thoughtful expression, but when engaged in conversation, it easily assumed an attractive smile.

The eloquence of Hamilton was said to be persuasive and commanding; the more likely to be so, as he had no guide but the impulse of a great and rich mind; he having had little opportunity to be trained at the bar, or in popular assemblies. Those who could speak of his manner from the best opportunities to observe him, in public and private, concurred in pronouncing him to be a frank, amiable and high minded gentleman. He was capable of inspiring the most affectionate attachment; but he could make those whom he opposed fear and hate him cordially. He was capable of intense and effectual application, as is abundantly proved by his public labors. But he had a rapidity and clearness of perception, in which he may not have been equalled. One who knew his habits of study, said of him, that when he had a serious object to accomplish, his practice was, to reflect on it previously; and when he had gone through this labor, he retired to sleep, without regard to the hour of the night, and having slept six or seven hours, he rose, and having taken strong coffee, seated himself at his table, where he remained six, seven or eight hours; and the product of his rapid pen required little correction for the press. He was among the few, alike excellent, whether in speaking or in writing. In private and friendly intercourse, he is said to have been exceedingly amiable; and to have been affectionately beloved.

A LECTURE ON THE "ELEPHANT."

Ladies and gentlemen! Allow me this evening to introduce an animal called the elephant. He is the greatest of all tread-mill creatures that helps to keep the globe in motion. Among the Anglo Saxons, he is known only by the name of elephant; but with all barbarians and half civilized nations he is unanimously dubbed the *bullifhant*. He is about the size of a two year old omnibus, and in color approaches as near to a black as he possibly can without infringement. To look at him, not too severely one, naturally supposes him to be a small mountain of India rubber, or a huge composition of glue and molasses.

The elephant is one of the natives of the East Indies, but he has been met with in various parts of Mexico, and is frequently seen in the great city of New York. It has been asserted, upon both righteous and profane authority, that he is indegenious to the diggins of California—however, the assertion, as yet, goes a begging for confirmation. It is my private opinion, though, that the animal exhibits himself to travellers in all parts of the world, only they, in certain a monstrous reluctance to confessing the fact.

He always carries his trunk with him wherever he goes, but never keeps anything in it, not even a change of shirts. When cousin Ichabod first saw him at a show, he exclaimed with mute astonishment; "Then that's the rale Menagerer—the identical critter itself! I swow! would'nt two of 'em make a team to draw stun with? Golly, aint he a scrouger!" Ichabod went "hum," and related what he had seen. "I seen," said he, "the glowwine menagerer—the darndest biggest lump of flesh that ever stirred. He had two tails tew; one behind and t'other before. Philosofiers calls the fore 'un a promboscus. He put one of his tails in my pocket and hauled out all the gingerbread—every hooter. What d'ye think he done with it? Why, he stuck it in his own pock-et, and began to tumble for more—darn him!"

A GALLEY SLAVE RE-CAPTURED.

Mr. Kendall, in a letter from Paris, gives a sketch of a very brilliant Military Display, and says that among the crowd, the Police recognized a well known forcat or galley-slave, named Godmus; who but recently has got away from Brest. He was now attired with great elegance, and had the ribbon of the Legion of Honor at his breast, and was otherwise "got up." In a magnificent style; yet through all, the sharp-eyed police knew their man, and at once determined to arrest him. It may be thought that this was no difficult matter; but as Godmus was known to be a man of extraordinary strength, desperation and resolution, and at the same time fruitful in expedients, the officers did not make the attempt until they had collected a numerous posse. And even then they had the greatest difficulty securing the fellow, for he fought and struggled to the last, and besides biting off a finger completely from the hand of one of the police, severely injured several others. Seeing in the end that he must be overpowered, the fellow cried, at the top of his voice, that he was an insurgent of June, and implored the thousands of bystanders not to allow an honest man, whose only offence was of a political nature, to be carried off like a felon. But notwithstanding this appeal, he was in the end crushed down and carried off by main strength to the Perfecture of the Police. A heavily charged pistol, a knife, and a dagger were found in his possession, as also some articles which proved that he had been concerned in a recent daring burglary. To have seen the struggle at a short distance, before he was overpowered, one would have thought that at least fifty men were engaged, so desperate was the resistance and so superhuman was the strength of this notorious scoundrel.

Adversity.

It has been truly said that in medicine, the chief lessons are bitter. The misfortunes of life are intended to act as such. When a long series of prosperities have left the energies of our nature inactive—when the sun has shone so long and so brightly that we bask thanklessly in its beams, and with scarce a consciousness of its beauty—then comes on the low, stirring sky of the approaching tempest—then comes on sickness, the loss of friends, pecuniary losses, disappointed hopes, unexpected fears—and then it is that the dormant powers of our noble faculties are stimulated—our sympathies, our fortitude, our reliance on God.

A fashionable doctor lately informed his friends, in a large company, that he had been passing eight days in the country.

"Yes," said one of the party, "it has been announced in one of the journals."

"Ah!" said the doctor, stretching his neck very importantly, "pray, in what terms?"

"In what terms? Why, as well as I can remember, in the following; 'There were last week, seventy-seven interments less than the week before!'"

A trader from the country, a few days since, while making his spring purchases in a wholesale store in Boston, was asked among a host of other things, if he didn't want some *half mourning* prints.

"Well," says he, "I rather guess I do—the folks up our way are *jest about half dead* these days."

To-morrow, those that are now gay may be, and those now walking the avenue of pleasure may be mit may be in the valley; that rosy cheek may have the lily's hue; the strong may falter; death may have come.

"I say Jim, what mechanical work did you first do?" said one darkey to another. "Why, cut teeth ob course," replied the other.

Capital Punishment.—To be kissed to death by a pretty girl!

Moore as a Poet.

On a bed of pain, perhaps of death, in a thatched cottage in Devonshire, lies the greatest poet of the new tongue of Ireland. After a life of nearly seventy years—for fifty years of which he has been famous—the son of a Dublin grocer, the friend of Emmett, Grattan, Byron, and Fox, lies, crushed in mind and heart, his memory, with all its untold tales taken from him, the quiver of his fancy emptied of the last arrow with many years and sorrows like oak and load wrapping about his body in anticipation of the grave. Poor "Tom Moore," how grey and cold sets in the night of his long and brilliant day!

The poet's body must die. Let us leave that to the undertaker and auction—it belongs lawfully to them. But the poet's works and words, his genius, or that part of it developed in type, his philosophy as revealed in his writings, his moral influence on his nation and his age—these belong to us, who are of that posterity to which all the genius of the past has appealed, and before whom such men as Moore have laid their works, as it were in evidence.

Of the moral influence of Moore on his age but little can be said. In temperament and tastes, he was neither European nor Christian. He was a child of the sun—an Asiatic. All his imagery, and all his predilections were oriental. Born in the very west of Europe, on the brink of the Atlantic, in an atmosphere of soiled mist, he was as totally unlike an Islander of that latitude, as man could be. Judging by his writings, he should have been a native of Rhodes, half Greek, half Asiatic, an intellectual compound of Epicurus and Mahomet. He sings forever of the sun, of nightingales, of living in the open air, of orange groves and fire flies, palankeens and palm trees. A true child of the islands would have substituted for these the cloudy storminess of his own climate. The mighty Homeric sea, the oak and pine, the struggling ship, and the thunder of heaven. But his first exercise of selfwill was to forsake his country, and to acclimate his imaginations in the east—an effort in which he succeeded, as no Western man ever did before or ever will do again.—*The Nation*.

Cattle Trade of the West.

An interesting and true, though very brief, account of the cattle trade of the Western States, especially of that portion of it which centres in the Scioto Valley, Ohio, is given in the following extract from one of Mr. Mansfield's letters to the Cincinnati Atlas.—Though a very important branch of our productive industry, the modus operandi of this business is not generally understood. It is conducted with much system, and is yearly becoming of greater extent and importance.

When the business of packing Beef for the English market, for some years under way in this city, and more recently continued in Chillicothe, shall have reached the extent to which it is in all probability destined to attain, the plains of the Scioto and the Big Darby will be dark with their thousands and tens of thousands of cattle, grazing and fattening for the slaughter.

Mr. Mansfield says:

"While at Yellow Springs, I saw a fine drove of cattle, which were driven from the Wabash. I was told that about 25,000 head a year passed that point; that being a common route from Illinois and Missouri to the grazing lands of Madison and Fayette. This is an immense business, and employs four classes of persons. 1. The raiser of cattle, who sells his animals at one or two years old, or even three, to the grazier. The raisers are chiefly in the great prairies of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa. 2. The graziers are chiefly the owners or renters of the great pastures of Madison, Fayette and Union counties, Ohio. 3. The cattle feeder, who is the corn raiser, who takes the cattle in the autumn and feeds them on corn, till they are fat enough for the markets of the Atlantic cities. Sometimes two of these occupations are united; but not often. 4. The fourth class of business, which arises out of the cattle trade, is that of the Banker, who furnishes the funds. The banks of Chillicothe, Circleville, Columbus and Xenia, taken together, do more of this sort of business than of any other. It is the most profitable banking business done in the State. The cattle trader about to buy a drove of cattle to fat with his corn, applies to the bank for a loan. For this he gives a bill of exchange on Philadelphia or New York, at four months, which the Bank discounts—receiving the funds, when the cattle are sold, and getting both interest and exchange, which brings the profit to about 10 or 20 per cent. But this is not all. The cattle feeder receives the notes of the bank, which are paid to the grazier, who pays them out for cattle, through the entire Western States. In this manner the circulation of the bank is kept out. These transactions are as truly commercial and safe, as they can be possibly made; for, they are all based on the actual sales of cattle in the Atlantic cities. I suspect the sales of cattle in the counties of Ross, Pickaway, Franklin, Madison and Fayette, amount to near a million of dollars, and which, therefore, supply that amount of bills of exchange."

A Letter Writer in California thus describes the mode of catching wild horses and cattle.

"Imagine a drove of fifteen hundred or two thousand cattle roving the plain. The *baccaria* or lasso-thrower, on a horse trained for the purpose, rides into the midst of them, selects a fine fat bullock, steers for him through the crowd, driving the cattle right and left before him; the doomed animal may turn, and turn as he may, but the *baccaria* which within twenty yards of him, commences to swing his lasso (a long strip of hide with a noose at the end), around his head, and presently it whizzes through the air and the animal selected is noosed as certainly as the lasso is thrown. The moment the well trained horse of the *baccaria* hears the lasso whiz he stops perfectly still, and bracing himself sideways waits for the shock. The other end of the lasso being fastened to the front peak of the saddle, the bullock is brought up suddenly and tumbles to the ground. The horse being perfectly prepared, his equilibrium is not disturbed. The animal is either killed on the spot, (after two more lassos are attached to his feet to prevent his rising) or led to the *corral* (enclosure for cattle surrounded with a high abode wall.) Wild horses are caught in the same way. The horses that are caught and broken and kept for riding, being staked out in the plain and brought in when wanted.

An Indian Hung.—On Sunday the 24th ult., a Chippewa Indian was hung, at the Falls of Chippewa, in Chippewa county, without judge or jury. On the evening previous, some difficulty took place between the Indian and a Frenchman, by the name of Marshall; of this difficulty we have not distinctly learned. About twelve o'clock at night, the Indian declared his intention to go in pursuit of Marshall and kill him. He soon found him, and pounced upon him, stabbed him with a large knife, on the left side, inflicting wounds which were at the time supposed to be fatal. This savage act soon became known to the men about the Falls, and the Indian was pursued and overtaken about two hours after, and bound with cords for safe keeping until the next morning, (Sunday,) when he was taken and hung upon a tree "by the neck until he was dead."

This Indian is represented as being one of the several brothers, who have been the terror not only of the whites, but of their own tribe, for some time past; and the one hung had the day before several times threatened to kill another man; and the inhabitants deeming themselves insecure with such a savage among them, summarily lynched him. Marshall is living, with a fair prospect of recovery.—*Prarie du Chien Patriot*.

"Ma, do you know why horses don't wear hats?" "No Johnny." "Cause it would give them a *hoss like* appearance."

"Astonishing cure for consumption," as the old lady said when she sprinkled snuff on the victuals of her boarders.