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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.

OUR HOMESTEAD.

BY MISS PHEBE CAREY.

Our old brown homestead reared its walls,
From the wayside dust aloft,
Where the apple boughs could almost cast
Their fruitage on its roof;
And the cherry trees so near it grew,
That when awake I've lain,
In the lonesome nights, I've heard the limbs,
As they creaked against the pane:
And those orchard trees—O, those orchard trees!
I have seen my little brothers rocked
In their tops, by the summer breeze.

The sweet briar under the window sill,
Which the early birds made glad,
And the damask rose by the garden fence,
Were all the flowers we had:
I've looked at many a flower since then,
Exotics rich and rare,
That to other eyes were lovlier,
But not to me so fair;
For those roses bright O, those roses bright!
I have twined them with my sister's locks,
That are laid in the dust from sight!

We had a well, a deep old well,
Where the spring was never dry,
And the cold drops from the mossy stones
Were falling constantly;
And there never was water half so sweet
As that in my little cup,
Drawn up to the curb, by the rude old sweep
Which my father's hand set up:
And that deep old well—O, that deep old well!
I remember yet the splashing sound
Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,
Where at night we loved to meet;
There my mother's voice was always kind
And her smile was always sweet;
And there I've sat on my father's knee,
And watched his thoughtful brow,
With my childish hand in his raven hair—
That hair is silver now!
But that broad hearth's light—O, that broad hearth's light!
And my father's look, and my mother's smile,
They are in my heart to-night.

Miscellaneous.

From the New England Offering.

THE WOUNDED DOVE.

AN INDIAN TALE.

"Daughters of the red man, whither have ye wandered since the sun arose and smiled into the wigwam? Behold his last red glance is upon the water, yet the brow of Sunny Cloud reflects not its ray, and thou, Talking Bird, what hath hushed thy ever joyous voice? Tell me, have ye been upon the track of the wolf to-day?"

Thus spoke the Indian mother to two dark maidens, who came and stood before her as she rested at sunset from labor.

Talking Bird, the younger of the maidens, replied:

"Nay we were but thinking of a new-found friend. We are sad because he is of a race our mother loves not. Bending Oak is a wise squaw. Her words are mild and fearless as the south wind over the prairie. Sunny Cloud and Talking Bird will tell their tale, and then listen to the wise words of Bending Oak."

"The sunbeams had not warmed the stream when we entered the canoe to go and seek medicine herbs in the great prairie far down the river. Everything was calm and glorious as the smile of the Great Spirit. Sunny Cloud and I were happy. We mocked the birds that sang above us, we repeated the wild legends of our tribe, and talked of all we had ever enjoyed, or hoped to enjoy. So the time past, till the moonbeams fell upon our heads, and the burning water dazzled our eyes. We rowed into the shelter of a willow grove and rested. As we sat in the canoe, and listening to the low ripples of the stream and painting pleasant thoughts, there came a flash like lightning through the trees, and then a sound quicker and sharper than thunder; and a pretty dove fell wounded into the canoe beside me. I took the poor bird and smothed down its feathers. It panted for one moment, and then its breath was gone. Just then a hunter appeared under the shade of a papaw tree. His robes were curiously fashioned, and he bore upon his shoulder a load of the choicest game. He was not like our chieftains; for his face was of the hue of the January snow when the yellow sun shines upon it, and his eye was bright as the moonlit sky in summer."

"A white hunter! Why does Talking Bird use golden words when she speaks of him?" said the aged squaw, peering into the maidens face. "The brows of our young men are like brows of night; and methinks that the dark forest girl should admire them more than the bleached visages of a nation's foe."

The maiden turned and averted her eyes, and Sunny Cloud spoke in her defence.

"The pale hunter was bold and kind. He laid his burden upon the grass, and spoke to us as a brother speaks. He smiled upon Talking Bird, and told her it grieved him to have killed a warbler gentle as herself, whose voice was musical and tender, as her own."

"And did the silly Talking Bird return his smile? Those were not the words of a brother; but of a demon. The rattlesnake knows but too well how to lure the mocking bird. His charm is bewitching, but the bath a deadly sting."

"Yet surely this is no traitor," persisted Sunny Cloud. He spoke of his home in a far-off land, as beautiful as the hunting ground of our old dead warriors. And he called us sisters, saying that we had one Father. Then he laid dazzling ornaments into our baskets, and promised, before another moon, to bring richer gifts to the wigwam."

"Have you put the white foe on the Indian's trail?" said the squaw, angrily. "Doth the dove uncover its nest to the glaring eye of the hawk? Bending Oak is rightly named. She is like yon tree that leans from the crag across the stream. A few more storms will howl about her head, and she will fall broken and withered. But she will fall from a high place. She looked over the tree tops, and seen the tempest sweepind up the valley, while others stood quiet, nor dreamed of danger. And she can tell her simple daughters that in the track of the white man, the red race hath ever been swept away, like leaves before the wintry blast. The tounge of the pale face has two sides; the one is smoother than oil, the other like coals of fire. If Talking Bird listens to him, her fate will be like that of the bird that fell by his fire arrows. It was a token from the Great Spirit to warn her."

"But the Indian girls must not forget to be grateful," appealed Talking Bird, who had been standing a listener. "As I stood in the canoe, to turn its course down the stream, my blanket caught in a bough and I fell. I could have swam to the shore but the blanket choaked me, and I hung like a reed in deep water. But for the strong hand of the white hunter, Talking Bird's voice might never again have mingled with the songs of the youths by the wigwam fire. Surely when he comes, we must give him venison and a shelter."

The Indian mother's heart almost yielded, but the frown lingered on her brow, and she departed, muttering, "Where's the brave that once dwelt in the tent of Bending Oak? He fell long ago in the distant white village, and the buzzards have picked his bones. May the same fate come upon every one of the murdering race. The curse of Bending Oak is upon the white wolf, and all who smile upon him."

The next day the aged squaw talked with the chiefs, concerning the expected intrusion into their camp; and besought them, by removing to the borders of a distant river, to evade their visitor. But the girls of the tribe had preceded her with such glowing descriptions of the treasures which the white trader would bring to offer in exchange for their furs, that curiosity and avarice overcome all her warnings and maledictions.

At the appointed time the boat of Elliott, the white hunter, was seen approaching the Indian encampment. He brought with him a supply of arms, beads, and such other articles as might please the taste of his red friends. His gifts won for him a gruff welcome from the men, but Elliott read a warmer one in the beaming glances of Sunny Cloud, and her young sister. But whenever, during his stay, he crossed the path of Talking Bird, the keen, suspicious glance of Bending Oak was bent upon them. His business was concluded, and he spoke of departing. The day was decided, and the evening previous, by some strange coincidence, Elliot and Talking Bird were standing side by side, in a deep woody glen, not far from the wigwams. The eyes of the dusky maid were humid and sorrowful as she said:

"You leave us too soon, my brother!"

"But I will not forget my forest sister. Her memory will be like a sweet song, from afar. May her life be as peaceful and happy as yonder beautiful stream that is quietly sparkling in the long, low sunbeams."

"But will the waters be bright when the sun has ceased to shine upon them? Talking Bird's white brother has become the light of her life. When he is gone she cannot be glad, for it will be dark."

The young man started and trembled at this confession. His heart yearned towards the gentle forest girl, but he had not realized that the feeling was so deeply reciprocated. He knew the odium that a connection with her would attach to him in the view of his kindred and acquaintance; but, in the excitement of the moment, he felt that he could bear it all for the sake of her guileless love. He would be happy with her and let the world take its own course.

"Will the Talking Bird go and make music in the lonely cabin of her white brother?" said he, "the holy man shall make us one, and, afar from both red and white, we will live for each other alone. Shall it not be so?"

The maiden laid her hand in his, and said, "I will go."

At that moment there was a sudden rustling—something flashed swiftly through the air—Elliot fell to the ground with a deep groan. An arrow had pierced his breast. In frantic agony Talking Bird tore it away, and staunched the blood with garments. But the wound was fatal. The hunter could only whisper "farewell." Just as the word died upon his lips, Bending Oak issued from the shade, and muttered, in a cold, satisfied tone:

"The pale demon that would lure the Indian fawn from her covert, is dead—and by a woman's hand. Leave his carcass, poor fool, and learn not to throw thyself again upon the coil of the serpent."

There was a wild stare in return, but Talking Bird heard her not. An arrow had entered her own soul. Thought forsook its throne, and she became a quiet, melancholy maniac. The Indian girls changed her name, and spoke of her now as the "Wounded Dove." Day after day she would wander with her favorite, Sunny Cloud, to the glen where the fatal event occurred, and together they would chaunt many a low, mournful song. After a few brief moons had waned, they laid her to rest beneath the turf where the white hunter fell, and the secluded spot was ever after called the "Glen of the Wounded Dove."

Self Made Men.

If you are all to be an exception will be the first in all my observation and experience. You may take the whole population of Maryland, or any other State, select from it fifty men who are most distinguished for talents, or any description of public usefulness, and I will answer for it, they are all every one of them, men who began the world without a dollar. Look into the public councils of the nation, and who are they that take the lead there? They are men who made their own fortunes—self made men who began with nothing. The rule is universal. It pervades our Courts, state and federal, from the highest to the lowest. It is true in all professions. It is so now: it has been so at any time since I have known the public men of this state or the nation, and it will be so while our present institutions continue. You must throw a man upon his own resources to bring him out. The struggle which is to result in eminence is too arduous, and must be continued too long to be encountered and maintained voluntarily, or unless as a matter of life and death. He who has fortune to fall back upon will soon slacken from his efforts, and finally retire from the competition. With me it is a question whether it is desirable that a parent should leave his son any property at all. You will have a large fortune, and I am sorry for it, as it will be the spoiling of a good lawyer. These are my deliberate sentiments, and I shall be rejoiced to find in your instance, I shall be mistaken.—*Chabbs to a Young Man.*

Amsterdam.

Like a toad, the city sits squat upon the marshes; and her people push out the waters, and pile up the earth against them, and sit quietly down to smoke. Ships come home from India and ride at anchor before their doors, coming from the sea through the path-ways they have opened in the sand and unloading their goods on quays that quiver on the bogs.—Amsterdam is not the most pleasant place in the world when a June sun is shining hot upon the dead waters of its canals, and their green surface is only disturbed by the sluggish barges, or slops of the tidy house-maids. I went through the streets of the merchant princes of Amsterdam. A broad canal sweeps through the centre, full of every kind of craft, and the dairy women land their milk from their barges on the quay in front of the very proudest doors. The houses and half the canals are shaded with deep leaved lindens, and the carriages rattle under them with the tall horses on one side and the waters on the other. No where are girls faces prettier than they are in Holland; complexions pearly white; with just enough of red to them to give a healthier bloom, and their hands are as fair, soft, and tapering, as their eyes are full of mirth, witchery and fire.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

BY MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

"Jones, I say, Jones," exclaimed aunt Fanny, purple with excitement, as she bustled into the parlor, holding a paper in her hand—"ain't you a philanthropic man?"

"To be sure I am Fanny," replied Uncle Dick, as he raised his eyes and peered over his spectacles at his excited partner—"what under the sun is up now?"

"What's up now?" almost shrieked his spouse, "why look here." And she thrust the paper into his face, at the same time pointing with her right hand forefinger to a paragraph—"read that, and weep."

"Well, what of it?" asked Uncle Dick as he ran his eyes over it.

"Oh! you inhuman wretch—you hard hearted sinner! I thought you was a man with a little cream of human kindness in you."

"Why Fanny, I certainly believe you are going crazy!"

"Going crazy!" she echoed; and is it not enough to drive one mad when such rascally things are taking place every day; and the cowardly men dare not stop them. Oh, I do wish I wasn't a woman!"

"But what is in the paper to make you act so queer?"

"Can't you read? Don't it say there: Women and children starving to death by Morse's Telegraph —Fatal spread of the cholera by Electric Telegraph —Two hundred and fifty dying a day in N. Orleans by Magnetic Telegraph—Horrible Riot in N. York and 27 lives lost by Telegraph—Terrible fire in Boston by Telegraph—Welshe's circus blown down and one life lost by Electro Magnetic Telegraph—and yet you man set with folded arms, and never raise a finger to stay the progress of this inhuman, all devastating, and devouring monster. I wish I was a man!" And Aunt Fanny flew out of the room, leaving Uncle Dick wrapped up in astonishment.

CHILDREN.

Why should not the rising generation have a little attention paid them as well as older heads, and allowed a juvenile corner in our paper? We go in for children; that is we like children—good children—and if they are not good, it is our duty to give them a chance to become so. We are fond of girls—little girls. It would not do for us to love all girls, little and big, but we love all the little curly-headed, flaxen-haired, bright-eyed misses that like to read newspapers, and help their mamas. We are passionately fond of boys, too; we like them because they are boys, and because we were *once* a boy ourself. Here is a picture of a boy we do not like:

The Model Spoilt Boy!—He will do as he likes. He will dirty his clothes, he will tear his trowsers, he will break the windows, and no one shall prevent him. He cares nothing for nobody—not he; and he will cry if he chooses. He is not going to school, he hates it, and does not care if he is a dunce. Ma said he wasn't to learn if it gave him a headache. He likes playthings the best, and only wishes he were a king, he would eat such lots of buns all day. The servants are nasty creatures—they are; and he'll tell his mamma that they struck him, and won't they just catch it? He does not care if it is a "story."—Where does he expect to go to? He knows well enough, but he's not going to tell you—it's so jolly likely. His papa is much richer than yours. Won't you give him a shilling? You won't.—Well, you're a nasty, stingy man, and ma said you'd a big nose, and that you only came to dinner. Oh yes! you'd better strike him; he kicked nurse yesterday—he should like to see you do it. Isn't it plummy catching flies and putting 'em inside a watch? he's done it over and again—its such fun! Have you ever stuck cockchafers?—Cricky! isn't a lark just giving 'em paper tails, and set 'em flying, in church? He and Harry Simmons melted Polly's doll, yesterday, before the fire—there isn't a bit of the head and shoulders left now. He isn't a naughty boy—he will scream. Ma says she'd eat herself if she was half as hungry as you.

He won't take any medicine—he does not care if he does die. It's precious nasty stuff—ah, he's glad he's broken the bottle. He'll tell you a secret if you won't tell. Aunt Jane wears a wig. Pa and ma quarrel so, sometimes; ma says pa's a brute, and then Pa calls me a "big mill-stone around his neck." He didn't steal the fruit—he only took a napple, and two pears, and a nopange, and a handful of nuts—that's all. He won't be a good boy. He won't let go your whiskers. If you'll give him a shilling, p-r-aps he will. He won't go to bed. Ma lets him sit up as he likes. He will stamp. He won't leave go of the table cloth—oh, he won't. He dosen't care if he does pull all the tea-things over! Ugh! ugh! ugh! he'll tell his ma. Ugh! you'd better not hit him again or he'll be ill, and die of the measles—that he will. Boohugh-ooh! he's jolly glad he's spilt the tea-urn—he'll do it every day if you don't leave him alone. You're a nasty beast—u-u-u-gh—that you are.

The Model Spoilt Boy is carried off, at last, amidst a chorus of his own screams, but not before he had upset several cups and saucers, and distributed his kicks very impartially all around. The screams are continued up stairs, and prolonged under the bed clothes, till he falls asleep, the only period he is ever quiet. The next day "Pa," determines to send him to school. "Ma" opposes, and her pet child resists; several broken windows attest the fury of the struggle; but for once the maternal authority is overpowered. The young Nero of the nursery is packed off into the country. When he comes home for the holidays he is wonderfully tamed; but it takes several half-years thoroughly to eradicate his profound savageness, and to make him a sweet child that foregoes his natural love for teasing the cat, and worrying the servants, and breaking the windows, and putting gunpowder into the snuffers, and wiping his dirty hands on gentlemen's trowsers. Sometimes he's cured of screaming, but is troubled with dreadful fits of sulking, that will continue for days together, as if it were his only consolation for no longer pinching his little brothers and sisters, and running pins into the little baby, or giving blue bottle a watery grave in the milk-jug. These sulks may, with care and a strong hand, be weeded from his barren disposition, but, generally, they lie, with other faults, to deep too be rooted out, and, as the *child* is the reputed *father* to the man, so a despotic husband, or a tyrannic parent, is only too frequently the MODEL SPOILT BOY.

They Say.

"They say," that which is not true, at least three quarters of the time. He is about the worst authority you can produce to support the credibility of your statement. Scarcely was there ever a suspicious report put in circulation, but this Mr. *They Say* was the author of it; and he always escapes detection, because, living just nowhere, he can never be found. Who said that Mr. E., the merchant was supposed to be in a failing condition? Why "they say" so. On what authority do they affirm that neighbor F. has been in bad company? Why "they say" so.

It is a fact that Miss G. is not so chaste and circumspect as she should be? Why "they say" so.

Plague on this Mr. *They Say*; he is a half-brother to that Mr. *Nobody* who always does all the mischief, and who lives nowhere, but in the invention of those who, undeserving respect themselves, are desirous to pull down others to their own level. We always suspect the truth of a report which comes from the authority of "They Say."

An Original Duel.

We read in an old work a few days since, (says an exchange paper) an account of one of the most original duels on record. It is stated that two French gentlemen of science having quarrelled about an opera dancer, agreed to fight in balloons. Accordingly, on the 3d of May, 1811, the parties met in the field adjoining the Tuileries in Paris, where their respective balloons were ready to receive them. Each, attended by a second, entered his car, with a loaded blunderbuss, and at 9 o'clock the cords were cut, and amid the shouts of the spectators ascended majestically. When about 900 yards high one fired his piece, but ineffectually, when the fire was returned by his opponent, which pierced the balloon, caused its rapid descent, and the death of both principal and second. The victor then mounted and descended safely about twenty miles from the spot of ascension.

How Much Brandy?—A correspondent of the Tribune comments upon the instructions issued by the Medical Council of New York and the recommendation of "a little brandy and water." He asks "how much a little brandy and water is?" To which the Tribune replies that, having a sort of outsider's faith in homœopathy, he should advise three drops of brandy in a bucket of water, and that a spoonful of the mixture be put into another bucket of water, from which he thinks the patient might safely drink. The New Orleans Picayune relates an anecdote of a man in that city, who, being seized with the premonitory symptoms, was advised to take an ounce of brandy a day, but, having no scales in which to weigh it, and luckily recollecting that eight drams make an ounce, he accordingly took eight stiff horns, and told the doctor that he felt "much better."

Mystery, Reason, and Faith.

The following illustration occurs in a little essay, written by the Rev. Mr. Peabody, of Boston:

Night comes down over a ship at sea, and a passenger lingers hour after hour alone on the deck.—The waters plunge and welter, and glide away beneath the keel. Above, the sails tower up in the darkness, almost to the sky, and their shadow falls as it were a burden on the deck below. In the clouded night no star is to be seen, and as the ship changes her course the passenger knows not which way is East or West or North or South. What island, what sunken rocks may be on her course—or what that course is or where they are, he knows not. All around, to him, is mystery. He bows down in the submission of utter ignorance.

But men of science have read the laws of the sky. And the next day this passenger beholds the captain looking at a clock and taking note of the pace of the sun, and with the aid of a couple of books, composed of rules and mathematical tables, making calculations. And when he has completed them he is able to point almost within a hand's breadth, to the place at which, after unnumbered windings, he has arrived in the midst of the seas. Storms may have beat and currents drifted, but he knows where they are, and the precise point where, a hundred leagues over the water, lies his native shore. Here is reason appreciating and making use of the revelations, if we may so call them, of science.

Night again sits down over the waste of waves, and the passenger beholds a single seaman stand at the wheel at watch, hour after hour, as it vibrates beneath a lamp, a little needle, which points ever, as if it were a living finger, to the steady pole.

This man knows nothing of the rules of navigation, nothing of the courses of the sky. But reason and experience have given him faith in the commanding officer of the ship—faith in the unerring integrity of the little guide before him. And so without a single doubt he steers his ship on, according to a prescribed direction, through night and the waves. And that faith is not disappointed. With the morning sun he beholds far away, the summits of the gray and misty highlands, rising like a cloud on the horizon; and, as he nears them, the hills appear; and the light-house at the entrance of the harbor, and, sights of joy! the spires of the churches and the shining roofs, among which he strives to detect his own.

The Joy of a Good Conscience.

The glory of a good man is the testimony of a good conscience. Have a good conscience and thou shalt ever have joy. A good conscience is able to bear very much, and is very cheerful in adversities. An evil conscience is always fearful and disquieted. Thou shalt rest sweetly, if thy heart do not rebuke thee. Do thou never rejoice, but when thou hast done well. Sinners have never true mirth, nor feel inward peace, because there is no peace to the wicked, saith the Lord. And if they should say we are in peace, no evil shall befall us and who shall dare to hurt us? Believe them not; for on a sudden the wrath of God will rise, and their deeds shall be brought to nought, and their thoughts shall perish.

To glory in tribulation is no hard thing for him that liveth; for glory is the cross of our Lord. That glory is short which is given and received from men. Sorrow always accompanieth the glory of the world. The glory of good men lies in their consciences, and not the tongues of men. The rejoicing of the upright is of God, and in God; and their joy is of the truth. He that desireth true and everlasting glory, careth not for temporal; and he that seeketh temporal glory, or doth not contemn it from his heart, showeth that he is but little in love with that which is celestial.—That man enjoyeth great tranquility of mind; that careth neither for praise nor dispraise.

To the Boys.

Never marry a girl who is fond of being always in the street—who is fond of running to night meetings—who has a jewelled hand and an empty head—who will see her mother work and toil while she lays in bed and reads novels of feigns sickness—who is ashamed to own her mother because she dresses plain, never learned grammar, or was accustomed to the etiquette of the drawing room—who is always complaining that she cannot get money enough to dress like Miss So-and-so, or go to parties like Such-a-one, who wears her shoes slip-shod or has a hole in her stocking and is too lazy to mend it. Should you get such a one, depend upon it, you will have a dirty, untidy, miserable home and life of it. You will be kept poor all your life. But the kind, affectionate, tidy girl who helps her mother, and who is always ready and anxious to accommodate mother, father, brothers and sisters; who is kind to the poor; who dresses neatly and according to her means; who is always cheerful and fond of accommodating others; you may marry if you get such a treasure, and your home will be a paradise; "Boys do you hear that?"

To the Girls.

You are all in want of husbands as soon as you can get suitable ones, and that is all, right and perfectly natural. But we think, (contrary to the old lady's opinion,) that a bad husband is worse than none. In choosing observe the following rules: Never marry a fellow who is ashamed to carry a small bundle; who lies in bed till breakfast, and until his father has opened his shop, store or office and swept it out; who frequents taverns, bowling saloons, prize fights, &c.; who owes his tailor, shoemaker, washer woman, jeweller, barber, printer and landlady, and never pays his debts—who is always talking about his acquaintances and condemning them, whose tongue is always running about nonsense, who thinks he is the greatest man in the neighborhood, and yet who every one despises and shuns. We say never marry a fellow with all or any of these qualifications; he will be sure to treat you badly or desert you after the honey-moon.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

There is an even tide in human life; a season when the eye becomes dim and the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snows. It is the season of life to which the autumn is most analogous, and which it becomes, and much it would profit you, my elder brethren, to mark the instruction which the season brings. The spring and summer of your days are gone, and with not only joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being—and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring—or the warm temperment of your summer, there is a season of stillness or solitude which the beneficence of heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and the future, and prepare yourself for the mighty change you may soon undergo.

It is now that you may understand the magnificent language of heaven—it mingles its voice with that of Revelation—it summons you to these hours when leaves fall and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of heaven has provided in the book of salvation. And while the shadow valley opens, which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that love which can comfort and save, and which can conduct to these pastures and those still waters where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

Scurrility.—If a Democratic paper charges Gen. Taylor with perfidy in violating solemn pledges made before the election, and at the inauguration, it is set down by Whig papers to the account of "Democratic Scurrility." If a Democratic paper charges Gen. Taylor with a want of capacity to administer the government, it is set down to the account of "Democratic Scurrility." Both charges are known to be true, and few Whig papers will risk their character for honesty and sound judgment, so much as to question the truth of them. The Whig papers have had opportunities to do so, but they prefer dodging the question. And by way of appearing bold they call for proof of the charges! We never heard of a prosecutor being called on to prove the charges until the accused put in the plea of not guilty. But perhaps Gen. Taylor may be of that *class* of individuals who can plead neither by himself nor by an attorney, but by a *committee*; and we therefore cannot expect to see the charges against him fairly met.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

Hon. John C. Calhoun.

Less is probably known to the public of the *personale*, of the great exponent of South Carolina opinion, than of any other of our eminent Statesmen.—A number of facts in reference to his personal habits, etc., having recently been disclosed, which will prove of interest to our readers. The family of the Senator consists of Mrs. Calhoun and seven children.—Of these, one son is a planter in Alabama, the next a Captain in the Army at New Orleans—the eldest daughter is in Europe, wife of our charge at Belgium. Of the three sons at home one is a physician, the others are young men of 18 and 20. Mr. Calhoun has upon his table everything of Southern production, but is himself a spare eater. The view from his house commands distant mountain ranges, 40 and 90 miles away. His study is 20 feet south of his mansion, has but one room and one door. His library is not large, but choice, and most of the books relate to the Union and her interest. The key of this building he keeps always under his immediate control when at home. No one enters it but himself unless he is there.

His house stands on the Seneca river, 1000 feet above the level of the sea, and 200 feet above the river. There are perhaps 70 or 80 negroes on and about the place. The largest part of his negroes are in Alabama, where he owns a large cotton plantation, under the management of his eldest son. Mr Calhoun has a peculiar manner of ditching, draining and planting, of such utility that his neighbors regard his as a model farm. His crops are represented as far before those of any other cultivator in that region of country. His farm is known as Fort Hill, from a fort, which once stood there in the time of the Revolutionary War. Mr. Calhoun's habits are very regular. He rises at 4 or 5 o'clock—exercises on horse back, or in a long walk over the farm for an hour; writes until breakfast at 8, and, after breakfast, is busy in his library until 1 or 2. On Friday, which is mail day, he rides to the village. His newspapers of which large numbers are sent to him, are spread in the hall for the use of visitors. He is very hospitable, is a great lion even in the very neighborhood of his own house, and in all the relations of private life, is a most estimable, upright, and honorable man.

EXTRAORDINARY COMBAT.

Capt. Rochfort, of the British and Irish Company's screw vessel Rose, arrived yesterday morning from London, and reported having on his passage fallen in with a whale of huge dimensions, on Sunday morning at two o'clock, seven miles S.W. of the Lizard. This monster of the deep was suffering severely at the time in an encounter with two enemies of his tribe—a sword fish and a thresher. These formidable creatures generally go together through the waters, and are reputed to be joined in a league of unrelenting enmity against the cetaceous animals. Capt. Rochfort and his crew saw the combat for about three quarters of an hour; but being obliged to continue their voyage homewards, they had to forego the pleasure of witnessing the struggle to its close, and of taking in tow to Dublin the body of the vanquished whale—for of his being eventually worsted in the affray there was no doubt. The sword fish was seen once driving his tremendous weapon into the belly of his victim, as he turned on his side in agony. The thresher fastened on his back, and gave him terrific blows, which were heard at a distance with great distinctness. The latter not having any power to strike in the water, it was the instinctive policy of the sword fish to make the attack from below; this causing the whale to rise above the surface, which it did at times to a remarkable height; the other assailant, which was about twenty feet long, then dealt out his blows unsparingly, with all the force of his lengthy frame; between them their victim must have suffered extremely; he spouted blood to an immense height, and crimsoned the sea all round to a considerable distance. Being within two hundred yards of the ship, toward which the whale appeared to make for protection, the conflict was distinctly visible to all on board. It is considered unusual for mating animals such as were engaged in the struggle now narrated, to be seen in such latitude. But this point must be settled by naturalists.

Dublin Packet.

CURIOSITIES.

A stone from the foundation of the world.
Some of the feathers from the bolster of a wagon.
Some of the cloth used to make the apron of a dam.
A piece of the bowels of the earth.
One of the razors that brokers use to shave people with.
A horn that topers talk so much about.
Some blood from the heart of a city.
A toe nail from the foot of a mountain.
Some of the wood that celestial pates are made of.
Some tar from a scientific negro's heel.
A tract made by the wheel of time.
The cradle of security.
Some hair from the head of the Mississippi.
A piece of the line which the sun crosses.
A feather from the wing of Time.
Some of the wool that people spin yarns of.
A tree that bears the apple of the eye.
Some of the music made by the organs of the head.
A tooth from a head of cabbage.
An eye from under the brow of a hill.
A leaf from the tree of Liberty.
A sprout from the root of evil.
A piece of the ends of the earth.
One of Cupid's darts.
The lever used to raise the wind.
One of the rockers of the cradle of liberty.
The string of a brandy sling.
The handle of the sword of justice—very dull and rusty.
Rafters that were supported by the beams of the moon.
Nails from the claws of a hammer.
A bird's eye view of the top of a mountain.
A receipt in full for dews of eve.
A leg of a toad stool.
A pig from the pen that was mightier than the sword.
Map of the state of matrimony.
Knot from the board of Foreign Missions.
A pair of boots made by a sherry cobbler on "the last of the Mohicans."
A tassel from the cap of the climax.
The sheath of the sword that Macbeth thought he saw.
Some butter made from the cream of a joke.
Candles made from the fat of the land.

A New Way to Cure the Cholera.—A letter from Sandusky, describing the ravages of the cholera there, says:

Four Irishmen were at work on our road some fifty miles from here, near a small village. One was attacked with cholera, cramps, &c. A doctor was called, who administered medicine and left directions with the other three to rub his body and limbs until the surface looked red. They stretched him out naked on a rough plank, and at it they went with clothes in good earnest for a while, but got tired, and finding no symptoms of vitality coming to the surface, they concluded to try something more substantial. One held him on the plank, while the other two, each with a brickbat, went at him again, and literally skinned their companion and saved his life! He is still suffering very much from the loss of his hide, but is out of danger of cholera.

World of Pure Spirits.—An inveterate dram drinker being told that the cholera with which he was attacked was incurable, and that he would speedily be removed to a world of pure spirits, replied:

"Well, that's a comfort at all events, for it's very hard to get any in this world."

Mary.—This common, but beautiful name is from the Hebrew, and signifies a "tear drop." Mary was last at the cross and earliest at the grave, and Mary was the mother of Jesus.

THE COURT HORSE.

The New Orleans Delta contains a vivid account of the "Life and Services of Old Whitey," from which we extract the following grave detail. We hope the *Herald* will enliven its columns with it.

The first detailed account of the battle of Buena Vista, appeared in the Delta of March 27, 1847. It was given to the public before the officer, who brought the news had time to change his travelling apparel. It was in that description that Old Whitey made his first appearance in history, in the following extract:

"Utterly indifferent to the perils of his situation, there sat the old chief, on his conspicuous white horse, peering through his spy glass at the long line of Mexican troops, that could be seen at a long distance, on the march. The persuasion of his aids could not induce him to abandon his favorable point for observation, nor to give up his old white horse. To the suggestion of his staff, that Old Whitey was rather a conspicuous charger for the General in-chief, he replied, "that the old fellow had missed the fun at Monterey, on account of a sore foot, and he was determined he should have his share this time."

Having thus made Old Whitey immortal, we feel bound to go further, and disabuse the public of a prevalent error, that the "old hoss," like a great many two legged warriors, deserves half the glory he has enjoyed. We have examined into his life, and find that his origin is ignoble, and some of his deeds have not been inconsistent with his origin. We dislike to dispute a popular fancy, a pleasing delusion; but, as Col. Benton says, "truth of history must be vindicated." The patronage and early life of Old Whitey, like that of Homer and Alexander's Bucephalus, are shrouded in the mystery and darkness of antiquity. His first appearance on the stage of action was as a Circus horse of some strolling equestrian company. In this position he bore himself respectably, and being long, round bodied, and flat across the back, and possessing the merit of appearing to run very fast, whilst he was, in fact, only going through the motions, he was considered a pretty good beast for the ring. In this position he made several successful campaigns, until just before the departure of the army for Corpus Christi, he was purchased by Gen. Taylor, who was pleased with his color, his docility, and apparent sobriety. Whilst at Corpus Christi, Old Whitey did his duty faithfully by Uncle Sam's forage, and seemed to be as indifferent to great national concerns, as the fellow whose father had gone to Texas, his mother to camp meeting, and he did'nt care if corn was six bits a bushel!

Relying upon his practiced docility and well balanced equanimity, the General determined, one day at Corpus Christi, to indulge in the unwonted pride and display of a review of the troops in full uniform. We believe it was the first and last time the General ever indulged his vanity. The old coat was dragged out of its recesses, was dusted and brushed up, the epaulettes were fastened on, the cocked hat and plume were all put in apple pie order, and the white pants were as spotless as untrodden snow. The caparisons of the old charger, too, were very splendid and beautiful, and when the old fellow was rigged off in his toggery, it brought back his circus times to his recollection—he scented the saw dust—he pricked his ears to the roar of the pit and galleries —and the lamps seemed to flit before his excited fancy. He neighed and danced in a perfect ecstacy of delight.

The review was ready. The old General mounted, and soon found he had to resort to the unusual restraint of holding old Whitey in, instead of putting spurs to him. The troops, were all drawn up in line. There was the sarcastic and able Col. Cross, the sedate and mild Bliss, the sharp featured, quick eyed Eaton, and several other officers, all in full uniform, forming a brilliant staff. The troops presented arms, the drums suddenly broke out into the long roll, and the trumpets clanged fearfully. Old Whitey became furious with excitement. He reared, shied, and kicked about most desperately, and, at last, finding either the General or his own feelings too much to bear, he gave a sudden side jerk—not laid down in the cavalry tactics—and slash! away went the General, over the pummel, into a convenient soft mound of sand—we would say mud, but that would, no doubt, be a breach of our neutrality, and bring down upon us the terrible wrath of the *Republic*. Disintangling himself, the excited charger and ex circus horse, plunged madly onward, kicking up his heels towards the extended line of gleaming muskets, and manifesting his contempt for military glory by other still more reprehensible acts. Madly he careered over the sands, and never drew up until he arrived at his well filled stall, where he was found quietly munching some of Uncle Sam's fodder. The old General jumped up from his prostrate position, and stamered out a few ejaculations, of more significance at Corpus Christi than they might have been, within the sanctified atmosphere of Washington.

For that, deed of treachery and atrocity, Old Whitey was condemned to a long and inglorious, but to him, not unprofitable obscurity. His sorrowing operated like that of poor Jack Falstaff, and puffed him up prodigiously. Like the toad, he grew fat and solid in his ignoble obscurity. When the army advanced towards the Rio Grande, slowly, and at his leisure, he jogged quietly along in the rear, in the slow company of packed mules and extra horses. Of so little consequence was he deemed, that when Gen. Taylor marched out of Fort Brown to point Isabel, he left Old Whitey behind munching his fodder in inglorious ease. The glories of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma were shared alone by his more energetic companion, Old Brown. So at Monterey, he was still in disgrace, and only secured his claim to immortality at Buena Vista, by the hard riding of the old General, who broke down Old Brown in his rapid marches from Agua Neuva to Angostura and Saltillo, so that he was obliged to use Old Whitey on that glorious occasion. It is due to the venerable charger to say, that by his coolness and propriety of deportment in the perilous and trying scenes of that great battle, he redeemed all his previous sins, and secured a strong hold upon the affections of posterity.

The caresses and distinction which grateful office holders and office expectants are bestowing every where upon him, in his triumphal march to Washington, are justly carried by his distinguished services and great modesty of deportment. We wish old Whitey a pleasant time, during his sojourn in the Presidential stables.

A Duel Almost.—A young man by the name of Tracy, near Owensburg, Ky., felt that the attentions of a Mr. Speight to his sister were rather unwelcome to the family, and accordingly challenged Mr. Speight to mortal combat. Mr. S, in a cool, calculating man, and had read medicine a few years since in Cincinatti, but did not practice. On receiving the challenge he selected his weapons, and proposed an immediate settlement of the difficulty, in the court room. His antagonist, with his second, was on the ground at the time, looking brave enough to take a small city, but on seeing the weapons chosen by the challenged party, their very knees shook with terror. Here sat the unterrified lover, with two huge plates of *green cucumbers*, cut in slices with vinegar, and a full dozen of green apples to each plate as a desert.

"Take seats, gentlemen," said the obliging, second of Mr. S. "and take choice of plates; in ten minutes we commence."

Tracy looked at his second, and he looked at Tracy back again, no doubt thinking that if Tracy did not fight, that his chance of dying with the cholera was a good one.

Finally the two seconds went into the clerk's office and adjusted the matter satisfactorily to all parties.

Mr. S. continues his visits to his lady love without interuption.—*Cincinnatti Commercial.*

Mercy! exclaimed Mrs. Partington, "what monsters them cotton planters must be. I am told one on 'em has as many as a hundred hands!"