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, FEB'Y. 28, 1850.

Remarks of Rev. J. A. Devinney, of Carlisle. *Made in the late Education Convention, upon the Resolution in regard to Normal Schools.*

Mr. DEVINNEY said: The precise number of normal schools to be recommended to the Legislature, produced considerable discussion in committee; and we felt all the embarrassment upon that subject that our friend from Northamton (Mr. McCartney) discovers. It had not escaped our notice, that the convention had shown itself diffident in entertaining any proposition which foreshadow large expenditures. And this conservative feature gives the convention strong claims upon the public regard. From the very first, it has encouraged no tendencies to extravagance. Assembled from every district of the State, the members seem impressed with the two leading thoughts—the apparent failure of a good system of free schools to administer itself, and the importance of giving that system a longer trial under better circumstances. Accordingly, utopian schemes found no inviting reception among us, indeed none have been presented. We have met as friends, our sessions have been harmonious, and our aim appears to be to the attainment of such results as will favorably influence the interests we represent.

Acting under these motives, we deemed it advisable to proceed with moderation, thence the resolution advises the establishment of only *two* State normal schools. This measure being somewhat new to Pennsylvania, it simply asks a fair experiment. Let the experiment be conducted on a reasonably extended scale, and if it proves a failure, it will be easy to retract, and if it succeeds, our successors can provide for its enlargement. Grant us these two institutions, ably conducted, and well attended by candidates for matured qualifications in a noble art; and when these accomplished instructors shall have returned to their respective neighborhoods, and satisfied the friends of education that the institutions themselves are worthy of confidence, common school keeping will become a profession, and normal schools will multiply to any extent the public wants may require. Their establishment will be as natural and necessary as the establishment of the primary district schools. But if we recommend their erection in every county in the State, we may thwart the whole affair, and by attempting too much, accomplish really nothing.

It has been objected, that with only two normal schools, located either at the centre or the extremities of the State, it will be inconvenient and expensive for the teachers to attend them. I admit the truth of the objection, but the proposed substitute does not obviate the difficulty. Teachers would find it both expensive and inconvenient to come from the remote parts of each county and attend upon the schools located in each county town; and even granting that the expense would be less, it must not be forgotten that the classes would be too small to secure the services of competent teachers and instructors. But the strong answer to the objection lies in the fact that school keeping is to become a profession, whose respectability and emoluments will justify some outlay in the acquisition of suitable qualifications. The other learned professions labor under precisely the same difficulty. After a class of young men have spent five or six years at college, far from their homes, they occupy two or three more in reading medicine, theology, or law, in some institution chartered for the purpose—and all without a murmur. No one would employ, as a safe physician, or an able counsellor, the young bachelor of arts with his honors fresh upon him; and is it right that of all crafts and trades, school keeping alone may be subject to no law but the caprice and temperament of the teacher? Can any person, who knows a little, teach a common school? If this opinion prevails, normal schools will gradually correct it. They are not intended to teach directly all the citizens. They begin with educated men and women, and impart to them—not general knowledge, for this must have been obtained previously—but the very best plan of communicating to others what they know themselves, and the wisest method of disciplining a school. But I must not consume time in explaining what is obvious already. I hope the resolution will pass without amendment.

A GENEROUS OFFER.—Moses H. Grinnell, Esq., has generously offered to equip and fit out two vessels for the purpose of prosecuting the search after Sir John Franklin, on condition that the Government will lend its sanction and countenance by appointing proper officers to command them. The offer is said to be favorably received, and it will probably be carried out. There will be no lack of officers, we presume, ready and desirous to proceed on such an expedition. Lieut. Lynch has been named in connection with its command.

Advices from Turkey, up to the very latest date, state that Gen. Bem, the Hungarian patriot, had died very suddenly.

The Russians have resumed diplomatic relations with Turkey. So the old Czar has been made to surrender! Kossuth is still in Turkey.

HANDSOME REVENUE.—It is stated that the rents of Col. Fremont's property at San Francisco, amount to $40,000 per annum.

The State Election in New Hampshire will take place on the 12th of March.

A BLACK RAINBOW.—The Boston *Transcript* learns that a black rainbow was discovered on Tuesday evening about 8 o'clock, by the good people of New Bedford. Its direction was from the north west to the south east, and it lasted about twenty minutes. It was very perfect, and of great size.

COL. WEBB'S DIPLOMATIC PLATE.—A large chest of elegant plate, got up by order of Col. Webb, and packed in a very careful manner, was dispatched to him from New York, last week. The service was intended to shine on "State occasions" in Vienna. But that vote in the Senate will change its destination.—*Mirror.*

Poetical.

DO YOU REALLY THINK HE DID?

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

I waited till the twilight,
And yet he did not come;
I strayed along the brook side,
And slowly wandered home;
When who should come behind me,
But him I would have chide;
He said he came to find me—
Do you really think he did?

He said since last we parted,
He'd thought of nought so sweet,
As of this very moment—
The moment we should meet.
He showed me where, half shaded,
A cottage home lay hid;
He said for me he made it—
Do you really think he did?

He said when first he saw me
Life seemed at once divine;
Each night he dreamt of angels,
And every face was mine;
Sometimes a voice, in sleeping,
Would all his hopes forbid;
And then he wakened weeping—
Do you really think he did?

EARLY WOO'D AND WON.

BY MRS. AUDY.

O! sigh not for the fair young bride,
Gone in her opening bloom,
Far from her kindred, loved and tried,
To glad another home;
Already are the gay brief days
Of girlish triumph done,
And tranquil happiness repays,
The early woo'd and won.

Fear shall invade her peace no more,
Nor sorrow wound the breast;
Her passing rivalries are o'er,
Her passing doubts at rest;
The glittering haunts of worldly state,
Love whispers her to shun,
Since scenes of purer bliss await
The early woo'd and won.

Here is a young and guileless heart,
Confiding, fond, and warm;
Unsullied by the worlds vain mart,
Unscathed by passion's storm;
In "hope deferred" she had not pined
Till hope's sweet course was run;
No chains of sad remembrance bind
The early woo'd and won.

Her smiles and songs have ceased to grace
The hall of festive mirth,
But woman's safest dwelling place,
Is by the true one's hearth,
Her hours of duty, joy, and love,
In brightness have begun,
Peace be her portion from above,
The early woo'd and won.

Miscellaneous.

STORMING OF STONY POINT.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

The night had already settled down gloomy and forbidding, on the evening of the 15th of July, '79, when the advancing column of a little army, whose uniform betokened it to be American, emerged from a thick wood on the shore of the Hudson, and in an instant the whole dim and shadowy prospects, disclosed to them along the bank of the river, opened to the sight. Far away lay Verplanck's Point, now buried in a mass of shadow, while on the other side of the river, dark, gloomy, and towering, rose up the craggy heights of Stony Point. Washed on three sides by the Hudson, and protected on the other, except by a narrow road, by a morass, the fort was deemed one of the most impregnable on the river; and its capture regarded as almost impossible. Yet to achieve that gallant purpose, this little army was now upon its march.

A turn in the road soon hid them from the river, and after a silent march of some minutes duration, they arrived within a mile and a half of the enemy's lines, and halting at the command of the officer, formed into column for the attack. Beginning again their march, they soon reached the marshy ground at the base of the hill.

"Hist!" said the low voice of the General, from the front, "we are nigh enough now—HALT."

The order passed in a whisper down the line, and the column passed on to the morass. It was a moment of suspense and peril. Every man felt that in a few moments the fate of their hazardous enterprise would be determined, and that they would either be cold in death, or the American flag waiving in triumph over the dark promontory ahead, now scarcely discernible through the thick gloom of midnight. Yet not a lip quivered nor a cheek blanched in that crisis. About twenty paces in front of the column, halted the forlorn hope of one hundred and fifty pieces and bayonets fixed, while farther on a smaller group of shadowy forms could be seen through the obscurity, accoutred with axes to cut through the abatis. Each man had a piece of white paper, in his hat to distinguish him from the foe in the approaching *melee*. The pause, however, which afforded this prospect was but momentary. The general had already reconnoitered the approaches to the still silent promontory, and waving his sword on high, he gave the order. In another instant, the dark massive column was moving steadily to the attack.

It was a thrilling moment, during which that devoted band crossed rapidly over the marsh. As yet the enemy had not discovered them. Even the heart of the oldest veteran trembled with eagerness in that moment of suspense. Already had the foremost of the pioneers reached the abatis, and the quick rapid blows of the axes rung upon the night, when suddenly a shout of alarm broke from the fort, the gun of a sentry flashed through the gloom, and in an instant all was uproar and confusion within the astonished fortification. Not a moment was to be lost.

"Advance, advance!" shouted Wayne, as he pressed rapidly on towards the abatis, followed in death like silence by his indomitable troops.

"To arms!" come borne on the night breeze from the fort—"to arms," and then followed the quick roll of the drum. In an instant the enemy were at their posts, and as the gallant continentals still maintained their silent but steady march, a fire, such as desperation only could produce, burst from every embrasure of the fort. The incessant rattle of musketry, the roar of artillery, the crashing of the grape shot and the lurid light flung over the scene by the explosion of shells, and the streams of fire poured from the fort, formed a picture which no pen can describe.—Yet, amid it all, the daring assailants steadily advanced, though not a trigger had been pulled in their ranks.

Faithful to the commands of their general, though trembling in every limb with eagerness, they kept up their silent march amid that fiery tempest as if impelled by some god-like power.

On—on—on they pressed. The whirlwind of fire from the fort ceased not; yet still they dashed along, charging at the point of the bayonet, over abatis and bulwark, until the enemy, borne back by their impetuous onset, quailed before them. The works were forced. Then, and not till then, was the death like silence broken. A sound rung out from the victorious troops over all the thunder of the battle. It was the watch word of success. It was heard by the head of the column behind; it passed down the line, was caught by the rear and a wild shout, making the very welkin tremble, rung out as they dashed on to the attack.

The contest was short but terrific. Over bulwark, battery and prostrate foes, the gallant continentals, headed by Wayne, pressed on their little army with an enthusiastic cheer, in the very centre of the enemy's work. In another moment the star spangled banner waved triumphantly over the battlements.

The enthusiasm of the victory cannot be described. But though the contest had been so bloody, not a man of the enemy fell after resistance ceased. The prisoners were disarmed, a guard was placed over them, and sentries posted on all the commanding positions around the works. The morning gun announced to the British fleet, in the river, that STONY POINT WAS WON!

THE SWEETNESS OF HOME.

He who has no home has not the sweetest pleasure of life, he feels not the thousand endearments that cluster around that hallowed spot to fill the void aching heart, and while away his leisure moments in the sweetest of life's joys. Is misfortune your lot, you will find a friendly welcome from hearts beating true to your own. The chosen partner of your toils has a smile of approbation when all others refuse, and a heart to feel your sorrows all her own. Perhaps a smiling cherub, with prattling glee and joyous laugh, will drive all sorrow from your care-worn brow, and inclose in it the wreaths of domestic bliss.

No matter how humble that home may be, home destitute its stores, or how poorly its inmates are clad, if true hearts dwell there it is yet a home—a cheerful, prudent wife, obedient, and affectionate children, will give their possessors more real joy than bags of gold and windy honors.

The home of a temperate, industrious honest man will be his greatest joy. He comes to it "weary and worn," but the music of the merry laugh and the happy voices of childhood cheer him. A plain but healthful meal awaits him. Envy, ambition and strife have no places there, and with a clear conscience he lays his weary limbs down to rest in the bosom of his family and under the protecting care of the poor man's friend and helper.

Marshal Ney's Death Scene.

The vengeance of the allied powers demanded some victims; and intrepid Ney, who had well nigh put the crown again on Bonaparte's head at Waterloo, was to be one of them. Condemned to be shot, he was led to the garden of Luxembourg on the morning of the 7th of December, and placed in front of a file of soldiers, drawn up to kill him. One of the officers stepped up to bandage his eyes, but he repulsed him, saying, "Are you ignorant that for twenty five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?" He then lifted his hat above his head, and, with the same calm voice that had steadied his columns so frequently in the roar and tumult of battle, said, "I declare, before God and man, that I never betrayed my country. May my death render her happy. Vive la France!" He then turned to the soldiers, and, striking his hand on his heart, gave the order, "Soldiers fire!" A simultaneous discharge followed, and the "bravest of the brave" sank to rise no more. He who had fought *five hundred battles* for France, not *one* against her, was shot as a traitor! As I looked on the spot where he fell, I could not but sigh over his fate. True, he broke his oath of allegiance—so did others, carried away by their attachment to Napoleon, and the enthusiasm that hailed his approach to Paris—still he was no traitor.

HORRORS OF THE GREAT JAIL OF VIENNA.

But let us listen for a moment to the voice of a more recent victim of the Austrian Court, the young and patriotic Count Gonfalonieri, whose crime it was to be an Italian and to love his country. In a few of the most awful lines ever penned, thus he wrote the story of his life:

"I am an old man now, yet by fifteen years my soul is younger than my body! Fifteen years I existed (for I did not live, it was not life,) in the self same dungeon, ten feet square! During six years I had a companion; nine years I was alone; I never could rightly distinguish the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together; we related our past lives—our joys forever gone—over and over again. The next year we communicated our ideas to each other on all subjects. The third year we had no ideas to communicate, we were beginning to lose the power of reflection. The fourth, at intervals of a month or so, we would open our lips to ask each other if it were indeed possible that the world went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth year we were silent. The sixth he was taken away—I know not where, to execution or to liberty; but was glad when he was gone; even solitude was better than the dim vision of that pale, vacant face. After that I was alone.—Only one event broke in upon my nine years' vacancy. One day (it must have been a year or two after my companion left me) the dungeon door was opened, and a voice—I know not whence—uttered these words: 'By order of his Imperial Majesty, I intimate to you that your wife died a year ago.'—Then the door was shut; I heard no more. They had but flung this great agony in upon me, and left me alone with it again."

COUSINING.

A country gent'eman lately arrived at Boston, and immediately repaired to the house of a relative, a lady who had married a merchant of that city. The parties were glad to see him, and invited him to make their house his home, (as he declared his intention of remaining in that city but a day or two.) The husband of the lady anxious to show attention to a relative and friend of his wife, took the gentleman's horse to a livery stable in Hanover street.

Finally the visit became a visitation, and the merchant after a lapse of eleven days, found, besides lodging and boarding the gentleman, a pretty considerable bill had run up at the livery stable. Accordingly, he went to the man who kept the stable, and told him when the gentleman took his horse he would pay the bill.

"Very good," said the stable keeper; "I understand you."

Accordingly, in a short time, the country gentleman went to the stable, and ordered his horse to be got ready. The bill, of course, was presented.

"Oh," said the gentleman, "Mr. ———, my relative will pay this."

"Very good, sir," said the stable keeper, "please to get an order from Mr. ———, it will be the same as the money."

The horse was put up again, and down went the country gentleman to Long wharf, where the merchant kept.

"Well," said he, "I am going now."

"Are you?" said the merchant; "well, good bye, sir!"

"Well, about my horse; the man says the bill must be paid for his keeping."

"Well, I suppose that is all right, sir!"

"Yes—well, but you know I am your wife's cousin."

"Yes," said the merchant, "I know *you* are, but your *horse* is not!"

TAKING ONE'S PART.—A gentleman of some notoriety, at the west end of the town, was the other day met by a friend who told him he had just left a person who spoke very contemptuously of him.

"Of me?—what did he say?"

"Why he said you were over head and ears in debt, that you paid nobody, and as for your word, it *wasn't worth a button*."

"And what," replied the other, "did you say to this?"

"Why," rejoined the friend warmly, "I said *it was*."

A peasant, at confession, accused himself of having stolen some hay; the father confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack. "That is no consequence," replied the peasant, "you may set it down a wagon load, for my wife and me are going to fetch the remainder soon."

A BAD MEMORY.—A man in the country, a few days ago, led a blooming widow to the altar. The clergyman looked at the bridegroom and said:

"I think you have a wife living?"

"Have I, do you think?" replied the man.

"I am sure you have," rejoined the parson.

"I really, sir," said the fellow, "have a very bad memory, and I thank you for jogging it. I now recollect something of it."

NO CURE FOR HIM.

The city police reporter for the *Pennsylvanian*, relates many good things. From a late number of that paper we take the following:

Eel-tea, and all other cures for drunkenness that human science has ever devised, were tried in vain on Philander Nicholls, the last maker. Mrs. Nicholls had used some desperate remedies, such as steeping large quantities of jalup, aloes, ippecac, &c., in Philander's grog; but he continued to drink with undiminished relish, and the consequences of this dosing system were more troublesome to Mrs. Nicholls herself, than they were to Philander, her husband.—Being dead drunk every afternoon, within half an hour after he began his day's jollification, (so rapidly did he pour down the liquor,) he never felt the slightest inconvenience or unpleasant sensation, on account of the medicines he had swallowed. At last Mrs. Nicholls bethought herself of another plan for making a reformed drunkard of her lord. She engaged a watchman, for a stipulated reward, to carry Philander to the watch house, while he was in a state of insensibility and to frighten him a little when he recovered. In consequence of this arrangement, Philander waked up about eleven o'clock last night, and found himself lying on a pine bench in a dim and strange apartment. Raising himself on one elbow he looked around till his eyes rested on a man seated by a stove and smoking a segar. "Where am I?" said Philander. "In the medical college," answered the segar smoker. "What a doing there?" "Going to be cut up." "How comes that?" "Why you died yesterday while you were drunk, and we bought your body to make a 'antomy." It's a lie; I'm not dead." "No matter; we bought your carcase from your wife, that had a right to sell it, for it's all the good she could ever make of you. If you're not dead that's not the fault of the doctors, and they'll cut you up, dead or alive." "You will do it, eh?" asked the off sot. "Ay: to be sure we will, now directly," was the resolute answer. "Well, can't you let us have a little something to drink before you begin?"

This last speech satisfied the watchman that Philander was a hopeless case; and as his reward was contingent on his successful treatment of the patient, he was not a little chagrined at the result; so, with no gentle handling, he tumbles the irreformable inebriate out of the watch house.

FAT MEN.

The following is an extract from the lectures of Rev. HENRY GILES, now going through the press of Messrs. Tickenor, Reed & Fields, Boston:

There is something cordial in a fat man. Every body likes him, and he likes every body. Your Ishmaelites are, in truth, a bare boned race; a lank tribe are they—all skeleton and bile. Food does a fat man good; it clings to him, it fructifies upon him; he swells nobly out, and fills a generous space in life. He is a living, walking specimen of gratitude to the bounty of the earth, and the fulness thereof; an incarnate testimony against the vanity of care, a radiant manifestation of the wisdom of good humor. A fat man, therefore, almost in virtue of being a fat man, is *per se* a popular man; and commonly he deserves his popularity. In a crowded vehicle the fattest man will ever be the first to make room.—Indeed, he seems half sorry for his size, lest it be in the way of others; but others would not have him less than he is, for his humanity is usually commensurate with his bulk. A fat man has abundance of rich blood. The hinges of his system are well oiled; the springs of his being are noiseless; and so he goes his way rejoicing in full contentment and placidity.

A fat man feels his position solid in the world; he knows his being is cognizable; he knows he has a marked place in the universe, and that he need take no extraordinary pains to advertise mankind that he is among them; he knows that he is in no danger of being overlooked. Your thin man is uncertain, and therefore he is uneasy. He may vanish any hour into nothing; already he is almost a shadow, and hence it is, that he uses such laborious efforts to convince you of his existence, to persuade you that he is actually something; that he is more than a nonentity; that he is a positive substance as well as his corpulent fellow creature.

* * * It really does take a deal of wrong to make one hate a fat man; and if we are not always so cordial to a thin man as we ought to be, Christian charity should take into account the force of prejudice which we have to overcome against his thinness. A fat man is the nearest to that most perfect of figures, a mathematical sphere; a thin man to that most limited of conceivable dimensions, a simple line. A fat man is a being of harmonious volume, and holds relation to the material universe in every direction; a thin man, in fact, is but the continuation of a point.

A DUBIOUS APOLOGY.

When John Clark (Lord Eldon) was at the bar, he was remarkable for the *sang froid* with which he treated the judges. On one occasion a junior counsel, on hearing their lordships give judgement against his client, exclaimed that he was "*surprised* at such a decision!" This was construed into contempt of court, and he was ordered to attend at the bar next morning. Fearful of the consequences, he consulted his friend John Clark, who told him to be perfectly at ease, for he would apologize for him in a way that would avoid any unpleasant results. Accordingly, when the name of the delinquent was called, John rose and coolly addressed the assembled tribunal: "I am very sorry, my lords, that my young friend has so far forgot himself as to treat the honorable bench with disrespect; he is extremely penitent, and you will kindly ascribe his unintentional insult to his ignorance. You must see at once it did originate in that. He said he was surprised at the decision of your lordships. If he had not been very ignorant of what takes place at this court every day—had he known you but half so long as I have, he would not be surprised at any thing you did!"

A BETTER MAN THAN HIS BROTHER.—The Phila. *Spirit of the Times* vouches for the correctness of the following: On Thursday last, a wedding party arrived from the country, consisting of the bride and groom, the brother of the latter and several friends. They put up at one of our public houses, and in the evening, the preliminaries having been all settled and the clergyman in attendance, the ceremonies were about to begin, when the groom manifested some dissatisfaction. The bride seeing this, and being high spirited, showed as much independence as the lover. In the midst of the confusion which ensued, the bridegroom's brother stepped up to the bride and said, "Since ——— won't marry you, I'll marry you myself, if you have no objections." "None in the least," said the bride, "I always took you for a better man than your brother, and now I am fully convinced of it." The knot was at once tied, and much gratification was expressed at the *finale* of their affair.

THIEVES CONVENTION.—Strange as the term may may seem, there has been actually such a convention held in London for the purpose of adopting measures to procure an honest livelihood. It was attended by two hundred avowed thieves, and was opened with *prayer* and a *hymn*. An address was proposed to Lord Ashley asking if an hope was presented for their obtaining an honest living in the British colonies.

There is something melancholy and impressive in this movement. "We must steal or die," was the response of one of the thieves; prayer is very good but it will not fill an empty stomach.

What a comment upon the English Social System! What error there must be in the government of society where men must steal or starve! The Convict Question already presents serious difficulties to the English Government; and how rotten and corrupt must be the system where crime is so rife that even criminals themselves are devising means for prevention? Change, change will come—its advance is already foreshadowed, and its convulsions may overtake the nation. God send that moderation and reform may prepare for its advent!—*Chicago Intell.*

THE TRAGEDY ON THE PLAINS—THE MURDER OF MRS. WHITE.

We have already mentioned that Mrs. White, who with her child and servant, was sometime since captured by the Apache Indians, had been put to death by them on the approach of Major Grier, with a small force in search of her. A letter from Los Vegas, in the St. Louis Republican, says:

The Indians had taken every precaution to avoid pursuit. They travelled in every direction, one day going east and the next going west, encamping near where they had been the previous night. On leaving camp, they had moved off in small parties, diverging in many directions, and came together after getting some miles distant. Though seventeen days had elapsed, the indefatigable Kit Carson and Leriaux (the guides of Major G.) followed the trail with the precision and certainty of a bloodhound, coming on them night after night, notwithstanding their precaution. Maj. Grier finally came upon one of the camps, the fires of which were still burning, and imagining that they had got news of his approach and were flying; he gave chase, and, after running about sixteen miles he came upon them. They had time, however, to mount their fleetest horses, and Maj. Grier's were so much fatigued that the Indians could readily outrun them. Five or six were killed and three taken prisoners. In their flight they abandoned every thing, and even threw their children away as they ran so much were they pressed. Their lodges, horses, saddles, bridles, blankets, firearms, ammunition, provisions, dressed skins, in a word, everything except their own denuded persons, and the horses on which they rode, was captured. Fifty animals were packed with the most valuable things, the rest was burnt. When Major Grier got on the ground which had been occupied by the Indians, he found the body of Mrs. White transfixed with an arrow—lifeless, but still warm. She had evidently been put to death, and thus freed from her sufferings at the time the alarm was given. She still had her bible and prayer book, which had been her companions during her captivity. They were marked at various places where she had been reading. The child and negro girl were not seen or heard of, and they are doubtless with the Indians.

Major Grier had Mrs. White buried as decently as circumstances would admit, and that the Indians might not discover her resting place, and that her bones might lie undisturbed, he burnt grass over her grave and set fire to the prairie around it.

A HARD RIDE.

One of the most interesting railroad incidents that has happened lately, took place on Tuesday, on the Maine road. On starting from the depot in this city, an Irishman thought he could save the price of his passage by stowing himself away under the cars, between the truck and the car floor—a space barely sufficient to admit a man's body, the lower part consisting of the joists running lengthwise of the cars. In this confined compass Pat stowed himself. The cars started, and the "free passenger" for a time exulted in the trick. Soon the speed began to increase—faster and faster went the train—and colder the wind rushed through the aperature. Then the son of Erin began to experience those awful sensations previous to death by freezing. His hands, by which he held his body in its position, became benumbed, and he was momentarily in expectation of falling from his place of concealment and being crushed under the wheels. After travelling about thirty miles this way he began to knock with his heels upon the car floor. The passengers became alarmed, not knowing from what cause the unusual sound proceeded, and presumed it was the precursor of some accident. Arriving at Rowley, the cars were stopped—yet the knocking continued, but with less force, for Pat had almost lost his consciousness. An examination was at once instituted, and after a lengthy search the unfortunate traveller was found as above described, severely frosbitten, and so benumbed with cold that he could not for some time articulate a word. It appears that he was bound for Newburyport, the fare for which place is but eighty cents; and when he became somewhat revived, he declared it was the hardest days work he ever did. No doubt of it.—*Boston Herald.*

Singular Case.

The Charlestown, Va., Press notices the following singular case of litigation:

We venture to say that there is a suit pending in the County Court of this county, unprecedented in the annals of jurisprudence. About eight years since, a highly respectable merchant left the State with the intention of attending to some business in the eastern cities, and having prolonged his visit to an unusual period, and not heard from, his friends became apprehensive that he was either sick or dead. Weeks, months and years elapsed, and still his mysterious disappearance could not be explained. His business was carried on by his brother for two or three years after his departure and finally application was made to the courts for letters of administration on his estate, and they were granted. The administrator proceeded in the discharge of his duty, to sell the property and collect the debts, and after he had made almost a full settlement of the liabilities of the estate, he suddenly died. An administrator de bonis non was appointed, and in the course of three or four months all matters were closed and a surplus left in his hands amounting to several thousand dollars. The court made an order that this sum should be paid over to the heirs intestate, but before it was executed, the veritable dead man made his appearance and filed his dissent to the proceeding. He has now instituted a suit against the executor of his first administrator for a settlement of the latter's administrator account. It is something "new under the sun" for a dead man to come to life and litigate with his representative.

OH! FOR A BOOT JACK.—A countryman recently arrived at one of our third rate hotels, late in the evening, and inquired for a boot jack. "Boots" soon appeared with one of the cast iron pattern.

"How do you s'pose I'm going to get off my boots with that thing?" ejaculated the countryman.

"Boots" eyed the countryman's pedal extremities for a few moments, and then scratching his head, said:

"Dat am a fact! he, he, yaw!" he shouted.

"What the mischief are you laughing at, you thunder cloud?" demanded the countryman.

"Nuffin—nuffin—only I advise you to go to de crotch de street, and dar you can pull off *dem boots!* "Yah! yah! yaw!" and the darkie vanished.

A RAISE.—"Sonny I don't see anything growing about here, what does your father raise on this land?"

Well, he raises grasshoppers, hop thads, tumble bugs, and some dilter vegetables. Yesterday he raised a double breasted pig pen right under the window, and mother raised Cain because he put it there.

ONE OF THE B'YS.—"I wish I was a ghost, blamed if I don't," said a poor covey the other night, as he sat soliloquising in the cold. "They goes wherever they pleases, toll free! they don't owe nobody nothing and that's a comfort. Who ever hearn tell of a man what had a bill agin a ghost? nobody. They never has to buy hats and vitals and liquor, nor has to saw wood and run arrants as I do. Their shirts never gets dirty, nor their trowsers out at the knees, as I ever heard tell on. Ghosts is the only independent people I knows on. I railly wish I was one.

EGG BUSINESS.—Mr. Burke, in his last Report from the Patent Office, estimates fifty eggs for the consumption of each individual in the United States, and that each egg is worth half a cent. This will make eleven hundred millions of eggs consumed, and five and a half millions of dollars paid out for them.—What do you think of that? Don't that old hen begin to be respectable in your mind's eye? She's "one of them," and helps to make up the great nest from which so many eggs are taken, for which so much money is paid, and by which so many hungry stomachs are fed. Run, Tommy, and give her a little corn.—*Maine Farmer.*

Ingenuity of Birds.

Thrushes feed very much on snails, looking for them on mossy banks. Having frequently observed some broken snail shells near two projecting pebbles on a gravel walk, which had a hollow between them, I endeavored to discover the occasion of their being brought to that situation. At last I saw a thrush fly to the spot with a snail in its mouth, which he placed between the two stones and hammered at it with his beak until he had broken it, and was then able to feed on its contents. The bird must have discovered that he could not apply his beak with sufficient force to break the shell when it was rolling about; and he therefore found out and made use of a spot which would keep the shell in one position.—When the lapwing wants to procure food, it seeks for a worm's cast, and stamps the ground by the side of it with its feet, somewhat in the same manner as I have often done when a boy, in order to procure worms for fishing. After doing this for a short time, the bird waits for the issue of the worm from its hole, who alarmed at the shaking of the ground endeavors to make its escape, when it is immediately seized, and becomes the prey of the ingenious bird. The lapwing also frequents the haunts of the mole.—These animals, when in pursuit of worms, on which they feed, frighten them, and the worm in attempting to escape, comes to the surface of the ground, where it is sezed by the lapwing. The same way of alarming his prey has been related of the gull.—*Gleanings in Natural History.*

A Story of True Love.

We take the following from Wood's edition of the songs of Scotland:

Helen Irving, a young lady of extraordinary beauty, and uncommon qualifications, (the subject of the song "I wish I was where Helen lies,") was descended from the ancient and respectable family of Kirconnel, in Annandale, at present in the possession of Sir Wm. Maxwell, of Springkell, Bart. She had for some time been courted by two gentlemen, whose names were Bell and Fleeming. Bell was proprietor of Blackwood House, properly Blacket House; and Fleeming, of Fleeming Hall, situate near Mosskrow, at present in the possession of Capt. Graham. Bell one day told the young lady that if he at any time afterwards found her in Fleeming's company, he would certainly kill him. She, however, had a great regard for Fleeming, and being one day walking along with him on the pleasant, romantic banks of the kirtle, she observed his rival on the other side of the river among the bushes. Conscious of the danger her lover was in, she passed betwixt him and his enemy, who immediately firing, shot her dead, whilst she leaped into Fleeming's arms. He drew his sword, crossed the river, and cut the murderer in pieces. A cairn, or heap of stones, was raised on the place where she fell, as a common memorial in similar incidents, from the earlier times among the Celtic colonies, and continues over Scotland to this day. She was buried in the adjacent church-yard of Kirconnell; and the poor, forlorn, desolate Fleeming, overwhelmed with love and oppressed grief, is said to have gone abroad for some time, returned, visited her grave, upon which he stretched himself and expired, and was buried in the same place.

Gov. Wright has ordered the following appropriate and patriotic sentiment to be placed upon the block of marble from this State, for the Washington Monument:

INDIANA,
KNOWS NO NORTH, NO SOUTH: NOTHING BUT THE UNION!

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.—The Liverpool Albion glances at the past, and at the prospect of 1850, and gives this brief but comprehensive view—"What may happen on the Continent of Europe before it also shall go down into the grave of time, he would be a bold prophet that would venture even to guess. France is always uncertain. Germany is unsettled, and in a state of effervescence from one extremity to the other. Italy is groaning to be free. Hungary is only held down, but neither conquered nor pacified. The blood of her murdered patriots and martys has yet to be avenged. There is an ill feeling growing between Prussia and Austria. The young eagle of the eaaring house of Brandenburg is eager to take advantage of the dotage of the race of Hapsburg. Russia, too, is only biding her time to pounce upon Turkey. It may be, then, that we have not reached the end of the storm, but only a lull between the gone and coming blast."

"SOMETHING NEW."—Under this head, a Connecticut genius advertises a patent "Bed-clasp, for the purpose of preventing children or adults, while in bed, from unintentionally uncovering themselves." As a distinguished statesman observed, touching a different sort of "annexation," we shall "be glad to see it." "Kicking the kiver off," says the Boston Post, "has long been a crying evil in the best regulated families, and has had much to do with those domestic disquietudes which have laterly been so prolific of divorces."

GIRLS, READ THIS.—A few days since, a young gentleman related to us the following: He said that his mother was speaking in the evening at the social home circle, of "fortune's changes," and remarked, "that in her girlhood, at a social party, where there was music and dancing, a young blue eyed, light-haired boy asked her to dance. She refused, and thought him rather presuming, as he was the son of a blacksmith, and she the daughter of Captain ———, a *militia* officer. There was a difference in the social position. That boy is the *present Governor of Massachusetts.—Boston Post.*

A RESEMBLANCE.—"Col. W. is a very fine looking man, isn't he?" said a friend of ours the other day.

"Yes," replied another, "I was taken for him once."

"You! why you're as ugly as sin!"

"I don't care for that! I was taken for him once—I endorsed his note, and was taken for him by the Sheriff."

Why is a minister like a locomotive? We have to look out for him *while the bell rings.*

"I am not going to *mince* the matter," as the cook said when asked to make a batch of pies. She was "some pumpkins."

A late English papers says: "It is a remarkable and scientific fact, that all the later improvements in cotton weaving machinery have come from the United States."

PRUSSIA THE NEXT SCENE OF REVOLUTION.—The New York Commercial has a very interesting letter from its sagacious and well informed correspondent at Berlin, in regard to which it says:

"If we are not much deceived, Prussia will be the theatre of the next revolutionary movement in Europe, and when it comes it will scarcely be less than an earthquake. The duplicity and utter faithlessness of the King are rapidly and surely alienating from him and his government the hearts of the people; supplanting the ancient German loyalty and affection with a spirit of mingled exasperation and disgust. A recent measure, adopted and promulgated by Frederick William since the commencement of the year, has given deep alarm and displeasure to all but the partisans of the reaction; and has thrown the Chambers, especially the Second, which is the popular body, into a position of direct antagonism. Our correspondent gives a full and perfectly clear exposition of the whole matter, and its probable consequences."