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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OFFICE.—The office of the *American Volunteer* is in the second story of James H. Graham's new stone building, in South Hanover street, a few doors south of the Court House, where those having business are invited to call.

Poetical.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE OLD MILL.

Don't you remember Lily, dear,
The mill by the old hill side,
Where we used to go in summer time
And watch the foaming tide;
On its breast so smooth and bright,
Where they floated away like emeralds,
In a flood of golden light?
Lily, dear.

And the miller, love, with his slouchy cap,
And eyes of mildest gray,
Puddling about his dusty work,
Singing the live-long day?
And that coat hung on the rusty nail,
With many a motly patch,
And the rude old door with its broken sill,
And the string and the wooden latch?
Lily, dear,

And the water wheel, with its giant arms,
Dashing the beaded spray,
And the weeds are pulled from the sand below
And tossed in scorn away;
And the sleepers, Lily, with moss o'ergrown,
Like sentinels stood in pride,
Breasting the waves where the chinks of time
Were made in the old mill's side,
Lily, dear!

Lily, the mill is torn away,
And a factory dark and high,
Looms like a tower, and puffs its smoke
Over the clear blue sky;
And the stream is turned away above,
And the bed of the river bare,
And the beach is wittered, bough and trunk,
And stands like a spectre there—
Lily, dear!

And the miller, Lily, is dead and gone!
He sleeps in the vale below:
I saw his stone in winter time,
Under a drift of snow:
But now the willow is green again,
And the wind is soft and still:
I send you a sprig to remind you, love,
Of him and the dear old mill,
Lily, dear!

Miscellaneous.

THE BRIDE OF THE SUN.

Some three years ago, there lived at Montmartre, in the private establishment of the kind and indefatigable Doctor Blanche, a woman whose insanity was singular and affecting. She was young, her features were pleasing, and her smile still more so; the only mental disorder she had was the belief that she was betrothed to the sun—he had promised her marriage, she thought, on a bright autumn morning, and her lover had covered his radiant visage with clouds to avoid dazzling the eyes of his mistress.—Since that time, he had been hers, and she his: she had felt her spouse's burning kiss imprinted on her hand, and she now lived for him alone. The sun was her joy, and her pride, and her glory, poor creature; she rose at the very instant when her best beloved cast his first rays across the sky, and hailed him with her looks, as the birds do with their songs, the stream with its murmur, the flowers with their perfume.—The finer the day, the clearer the sky, the more radiant the whole face of nature, the happier was the poor wretch! Was it not her god like husband that distributed light, and warmth, and comfort around him? Was he not the monarch of the world, and was he not hers? So she watched every change of place or appearance which her divinity presented; she seemed anxious not to lose the feeblest of his rays, and the higher he rose in heaven, the more ardent was her poetical enthusiasm. She could hardly be persuaded to take her meals, so full of her passion was she; and to make her eat, it was necessary to tell her that it was her divine spouse who had gilded those fruits, ripened this grain and these grapes—so that she had a right to sit down at the table he had himself prepared for her. As night drew near, and the sun was on the point of sinking into the waters of the Seine, his tender spouse became as uneasy as any poor fisherman's wife, whose husband has been absent a couple of months, when she hears the sea roar—What will become of my husband?" she used to say—"If he only escapes accidents while he is on his journey!" Gradually day would give place to night; then she would clasp her hands, and cry—"Wait for me—wait!" and hurry to rest.

Singular and happy madness! sweet delusion! to feel that one's soul belongs to the sun in heaven—to have no other desire than for an unsullied sky—to fear nothing but the clouds that sometimes obscure the face of the great luminary—to be happy when all nature is happy! Such was the life of this poor lunatic for ten years. She had her troubles, too, as much as though she had retained her reason; for as soon as winter approached, and she saw the face of her spouse grow pale, like that of a man mortally wounded—when she saw his glory hidden behind thick clouds, like a great man whose renown is blackened by envy, she became the most melancholy of women: How long and sad were the short days of winter! The more exalted her bridegroom was, the more did she suffer at seeing him debased, obscured, enchained and helpless. But she is soon to be happy again; yet a little while, and the sun pierces through the masses of thick vapor that conceal his brightness, and reappears in all his grandeur and glory. So, when this poor lunatic found her spouse, at the return of spring, the same as he had been in the foregoing season, and saw the leaves of every tree and bush breaking their prisons to welcome him, joy returned to her spirit—she put on her gayest dresses, and sung her most cheerful hymn: "Rejoice, all ye in heaven and on earth; rejoice, ye stars of the firmament; and rejoice, ye waves of the stream!—ye angels who are above our heads, and ye men who tread the earth beneath your feet, rejoice! for my spouse was sick, and has come back in health; he was lost, and now is found!"

This happy delusion, as we have said, lasted ten years, in spite of all the efforts of science. The bride of the sun died some three years ago, and her death was as touching as her life. It was noon; of a lovely day; the sun was bright, yet mild, and showered down its purest rays on all creation. His bride, seated on the turf under an aged fruit tree, watched the movements of her august spouse in the sky. Her heart had never been more filled with love, her glances had never been more tender, her dream had never approached nearer to a reality. They understood each other so well—the sun and she!—he moved so slowly through the sky, doubtless to have the more time to look upon her as she knelt before him. But, oh heavens! all at once the fountain of light and heat stops, and grows dark; all at once it disappears—not as formerly, sinking gradually into the river, after having shaken brilliant gold-dust from his garments; but pauses abruptly, hides his visage, and is seen no more. Where is he? "Yes!" she screamed, "my husband is with a rival—he is false to me! he has left me during the day, and will not return again at night!"—and the poor creature, who lived only to gaze on him by day, to wait for him at night, to greet him in the morning, to sing his praise in the spring, to admire him in summer, and weep for him, in winter—the poor creature, seeing him disappear so suddenly, without knowing whither he went, or when he would return, died during the eclipse—of jealousy, love and despair.

ROBBING A PEACH ORCHARD.

A SKETCH.

In a newly settled town "out west," there resided, no more than three years ago, an old farmer, who was notorious for his penuriousness, and his disposition for saving and turning everything into money. At the time to which our story relates, old Deacon Newcomb was the only man in the vicinity who raised peaches, which were a very scarce article, owing to the newness of the country. It so happened that the old deacon had an abundance of these, as his fine young trees were just in their prime: but not a peach did one of his neighbors taste unless paid for in advance.

This penuriousness on the part of the old gentleman excited the malicious propensities of many of the young men in the neighborhood, and they resolved to have a taste of the forbidden fruit at all events. At that time, and in that part of the country, fruit stealing was not considered a very grave offence, but was looked upon as a mere practical joke, and was laughed at in proportion with the degree of shrewdness manifested by the trespassers in committing their depredations.

Consequently, the young men, while they coveted the deacon's fruit, despised his meanness, resolved without a single scruple of conscience, to help themselves. There were only about a half a dozen privy to the plot, and they soon had everything satisfactorily arranged for carrying it into effect.

The six agreed to meet at the town tavern, between the hours of nine and ten in the evening, in order to be ready to commence operations at ten precisely, which was the time appointed for the setting out from the tavern.

Among the conspirators, was one Ned Harvey, a bold, hot headed, humorous fellow, who it may be premised, was an inimitable mimic. Harvey was the soul of the party, but owing to some severe practical jokes which he had perpetrated at the expense of his companions, they were all anxious on the present occasion, to put a trick upon him. This there were none of them witty enough to invent, but accident afforded them an idea.

It happened that the whole party were assembled at the tavern on the night appointed at a quarter before ten, with the exception of Harvey.

"What are we waiting for?" asked one.

"Ned Harvey," replied another.

"True; Ned is behind hand."

"No he aint; don't you see it isn't time yet!—Ten's the hour."

"You're right. But I propose, boys—"

"Well, what is it?"

"That we give the slip"

"And go without him?"

"Exactly."

"A splendid idea!" cried one.

"A fine joke," added another.

The party accordingly silently left the tavern, and disappeared in the direction of Deacon Newcomb's peach orchard.

Five minutes after Ned Harvey came in. Surprised at not meeting his companions, whom he supposed would be for the most part assembled, he looked at the clock, then at his watch, and finally inquired of the bar tender if he had the correct time.

"It wants eight minutes and three quarters of ten," said the gentleman addressed, "to a fraction!"

Harvey sat down and remained quiet just eight minutes and three quarters, when the hour having arrived at which his companions had promised to be assembled, he began to suspect foul play.

"Has Dick W—— been here to night?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the bar tender.

"And Charley B——?"

"Yes."

"And Bill G——?"

"Yes, they left here just before you came in. Ned L—— and Frank A—— were with them."

Harvey bit his lips; he saw through the entire plot; and he asked himself, "How the deuce can I come up with the rascals?"

An idea struck him and he rubbed his hands and chuckled audibly. He left the tavern in hot haste, and proceeded homeward in high glee. He already felt his triumph complete, and saw his companions the victims of their own treachery. Instead of alarming the deacon, he resolved to play the part of deacon himself. The night was just dark enough to favor his design; although there was a moon, the sky was cloudy, and the light of the night queen was obscured.

Harvey procured an old hat similar to the one Deacon Newcomb wore, pulled it over his eyes, and disguised himself still more effectually by exchanging his jacket for an old frock coat, which bore a striking resemblance to one the old man was frequently seen to have on. Provided with this disguise, and being possessed, as before stated, of wonderful powers of mimicry, he had not a doubt of his ability to counterfeit the gentleman so closely that his companions would not discover the cheat.

Having armed himself with a strong whip, Ned set out to surprise the trespassers at their work of darkness. He was not long in reaching the deacon's orchard; and not many minutes had elapsed before he had discovered the whereabouts of his companions.

Four of them were sitting upon the grass, near the fence, and directly under one of the finest peach trees on the old man's premises. They were enjoying a delightful feast on the luscious fruit, which one of the trespassers was shaking from the tree which he had climbed.

"Stolen waters are sweet, and so are stolen peaches, I should judge!" muttered Ned Harvey, as he crept stealthily towards his companions along by the fence.

He was soon so near that he could overhear their conversation, and stopped to listen.

"This is what I call rich—decidedly!" exclaimed Dick, swallowing a ripe, mellow peach as he spoke.

"What delicious rareripes!" whispered Charley.

"Excellent!"

"But not so good as the joke, after all," said Bill.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Frank, who was on the tree.

"Ha! ha!" echoed Charley. "Ain't it a rich joke. It tells beautifully on the old man's stingy disposition."

"And pays up Ned Harvey, too!" exclaimed Dick. Oh! did'nt we give him the slip nicely?"

"Yes," said Bill, "but I'm afraid he'll expose us to the old deacon."

"Never fear," returned Charley. "Ned Harvey ain't the chap to do such a mean trick as that. But would'nt he be worked up, if he knew how we are enjoying ourselves without his precious company?"

"Would'nt he!" chuckled Ned to himself.

"And would'nt it start the old deacon," laughed Dick, "if any one should tell him how we are enjoying ourselves at his expense!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the whole company.

"Have you filled the bag?" demanded Frank, on the tree.

"Yes—and our stomachs too!"

"Then I am coming down to have my share!"

"Now's my time!" thought Ned.

It is impossible to describe the consternation of his treacherous friends, as he sprang out upon them. Disturbed so unexpectedly and suddenly in the quiet enjoyment of the stolen fruit, they knew not where to turn, but ran against each other, and knocked each other down, while the frightened Frank pitched headlong from the tree among his fallen companions.

"Here you are, are you?" cried Ned, imitating the old deacon's voice. "Ah you thieving rascals!" "I've caught you at it this time, and I'll give you peaches enough!"

So saying, Ned used his heavy whip with all his force, striking the trespassers on their backs, and on their heads, and across their faces; knocking them down as fast as they got up and attempted to run.—At last they scrambled away, he chased them, and hitting first one and then another, and screaming in the deacon's voice—

"Ah, you villainous whelps! I'll larn you to steal peaches out of my orchard! I'll larn you, you good-for-nothing, ungodly, thieving wretches!"

At length thinking he had punished them severely enough for their treachery, Ned appeared to give up the chase, while his companions hid in the corners of the fence; but instead of leaving them thus, he dropped down on his knees, and crept along towards them under the fence, in order to hear what they said.

"Bill," whispered one.

"What," muttered Bill.

"Where are you?"

"Here, in the corner of the fence with Dick."

"Ain't you dead?"

"No! but I should be, if he had hit me once more; only just once; over the head as he did!"

"He almost broke my back!" said a timid voice, in another corner of the fence.

"He drew blood on my face," said Charley, "and his unmerciful sharp lash has left a ridge on my finger!"

"He made me see a whole constellation of stars!" whispered Frank. "Besides, I broke my neck in as much as seven places when I fell from the tree."

"Darn his pictur," growled Dick. "His whip didn't hurt me much until he knocked me down, when I thought Satin himself had struck me."

"Who thought the old man so strong!" cried Ned D——.

"Who thought the old fellow could run so?" retorted Charley.

Harvey listened to this conversation, and much more of the same sort, until Frank, who had not the consolation of thinking he had eaten a single peach, started off telling his companions that if they wanted the bag, which they had left under the tree, they might go and get it, provided old Newcomb hadint already taken care of it. They declined going for it, but withdrew from the field of their defeat altogether, leaving Harvey to laugh at the joke, and to enjoy a hearty meal on the peaches he found already collected in the bag. Having satisfied his appetite on the delicious fruit, he left the bag and the remaining contents for the old man and quietly walked home.

Ned Harvey intended to keep the affair to himself, fearing the revenge of his companions, but when the deacon reported, that he had found a bag full of peaches under one of his trees, and talked of the trespass in such a way that the trespassers knew that he had nothing to do with flogging them so soundly, their suspicions rested at once on Ned Harvey. Finding this to be the case, Ned immediately proclaimed the joke all about the neighborhood, and related the whole affair with such exaggerations, as served to show up his comrades in the most ridiculous light possible.

The traitors were emphatically "used up." The ridicule was worse than the punishment they suffered. Everybody twitted them; and even the old deacon, forgiving them the peaches they had eaten, chuckles over the rich joke of "*Robbing a Peach Orchard!*"

Woman's Patience.

How strange that the patience of Job should be considered so remarkable, when there are so many mothers in the world, whose patience equals, if it does not exceed his! What would Job have done had he been compelled to sit in the house and sew and knit, and nurse the children, and see that hundreds of different things were attended to during the day, and hear children cry, fret, and complain? Or how would he have stood it if like some poor women, he had been obliged to rear a family of ten or twelve children, without help, spending months, years—all the prime of life—in washing, scouring, scrubbing, mending, cooking, nursing children, fastened to the house and his offspring from morning till night, and from night till morning, sick or well, in storm or sunshine, his nights often rendered miserable by watching over his children.—How could he have stood all this, and, in addition to all other troubles, the curses, and even violence, of a drunken companion? How could he have felt, after wearing out his very existence for his tender offspring, and a worthless companion, to be abused and blamed? Job endured his toils and losses very well for a short time, but they did not endure long enough to test the length of patience. Women tests her patience by a whole life of trials, and she does not grumble at her burdens. We are honestly of the opinion, that woman has more patience than Job; and, instead of saying, "The patience of Job," we should say, "The patience of women."

Discontent.

Discontent is a sin that is its own punishment, and makes men torment themselves; it makes the spirit sad—the body sick—and all the enjoyments sour; it arises not from the condition, but the mind. Paul was contented in a prison—Ahab was discontented in a palace; he had all the delights of Canaan, that pleasant land, the wealth of a kingdom, the pleasures of a court, the honors and powers of a throne; yet all this avails him nothing without Naboth's vineyard. Inordinate desire exposes men to continual vexations, and being disposed to fret they will always find something to fret about.

Mathew Henry.

A Striking Relic.

Mr. E. B. Thompson, of this city, and now a compositor in the office of this paper, has in his possession a very interesting historial relic: a small embroidered cambric pocket handkerchief; which was used by Charles I. upon the scaffold, and is stained with his blood. It came originally from John Fenwicke, who was Major of Cavalry in Cromwell's army, and in that capacity was required to be present at the execution of the unhappy monarch. The relic passed from his family to that of Jacob Lyell, whose wife emigrated to New Jersey near the close of the 17th century, and was connected with the family. She gave it to her daughters, who kept it with the greatest care, and at their death it passed into another branch of the family, and has finally come into possession of Mr. Thompson. Its authenticity seems to be clearly traced and proved beyond doubt. The handkerchief is of a small size, and the figure of the Scottish thistle is embroidered on the edges. Upon one corner is a very small figure of a crown. It is thickly stained with dark spots, some of which are as large as a dollar—the others smaller. The linen is considerably discolord by time. It seems to have been ironed but not washed.

Courier & Enquirer.

WELL ANSWERED.—A queer excuse was made a few days ago, by an old lady. The good woman was subpœned to appear as witness in rather a delicate case. She did not come, and a bench warrant was issued for her appearance, on which she was brought into court. The presiding Judge thought it his duty to reprimand her!

"Madam, why were you not here before?"

"I could'nt come, sir."

"Were you not subpœned, madam?"

"Yes, sir, but I was sick."

"What was the matter, madam?"

"I had an awful bile, sir."

After a pause—"Upon your honor, Madam?"

"No, sir, upon my——arm."

QUICK WIT.—One of the readiest replies we ever heard was made by an Irish laborer. A gentleman travelling on horseback down East, came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land.

"What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" said he. "A herd of cows would starve to death on *that* land!"

"And, sure, your honor, *wasn't I fencing it to keep the hastes out in it?*"

A city lad who had borrowed a Dictionary to read, returned it after he got through, with the remark, that, "It was werry nice reading, but it somehow changed the subject werry often." It was his sister who thought the first ice cream she tasted was "a leetle teched with the frost."

Four bushels of corn sowed broad-cast over one acre of well ploughed and thoroughly harrowed ground, will furnish a most desirable supply of succulent food for cattle when the pastures give out in August.

Give your laborers extra diet in harvest time, and the amount of extra work they will perform will more than compensate you.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

"A song for our banner!"—the watchward recall
Which gave the republic her station:
"United we stand—divided we fall"—
It made and preserves us a nation!
The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of States none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of our Union forever
And ever!—
The Flag of our Union forever!

What God in his infinite wisdom designed,
And armed with republican thunder,
Not all earth's despots and factions combined
Have the power to conquer or sunder!
The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of States none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of our Union forever
And ever!—
The Flag of our Union forever!

The Love of Home.

It is only shallow minded pretenders who ever make the humblest origin matter of reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in this country but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are equally sufficiently punished by the rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition.

It did not happen me to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early as that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist, and I pay it an annual visit. I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents, which mingle with all I know of their primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it or if ever I fail in affection or veneration for him who raised it and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity, be blotted forever from the memory of mankind.—*Daniel Webster.*

A Word for the Ladies.

Walking is getting out of fashion, and young women now-a-days wriggle along as if they were moved ahead by one of Errickson's patent propellors. Their walk is as crooked as that of a ship with all her sails and no rudder. They are as graceful as a militia colonel's horse, of a broken down "racker." I notice they are awfully deformed, too, as a general rule, having great humps on their backs like dromedaries—all of which is doubtless very pleasant to the traders in cotton batting and hay. This "new edition" of the shape may be a great improvement on the original, but if so the original must be "shocking bad," for if there is an ugly looking object about, it is one of these wadded and padded young women. If one of them should be furnished by nature with one of these bumps, or humps, she would be exhibited as a curiosity, at a fip a peep, like a double headed pig. Some months since somebody sent me through the P. O. a semi-circular bag of cotton, and I was told it was a very prominent article of female apparel, used to perfect the human shape. It is a curiosity, and a few years hence, I mean to send it to Barnum's Museum. It looks like anything except an article of dress. There is nothing to compare it to, in the heavens above, nor the earth beneath, or waters under the earth. They call it—so I am told—a bishop, and if so, I certainly go in for

"A church without a bishop,"

as heartily as for

"A State without a king."

I hope, after reading these strictures, that the young women will give up wriggling through the streets like a parcel of eels; content themselves with human form, and try the experiment, at least, of acting like responsible beings.

Mrs. Swisshelm.

THE NEWSPAPER.

A man eats up a pound of sugar, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended; but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up in his mind, to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it.—A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or two men; it is the wisdom of the age, of past ages too. A family without a newspaper is always half an age behind the times in general information; beside they never think much nor find much to think about.—And there are the little ones growing up in ignorance without a taste for reading.

Besides all these evils, there's the wife, who, when her work is done, has to sit down with her hands in her lap, and nothing to amuse her mind from the toils and cares of the domestic circle. Who then would be without a newspaper?

Benjamin Franklin.

Exercise in Early Life.

To fetter the active motions of children, as soon as they have acquired the use of their limbs is barbarous opposition to nature; and to do so under the pretence of improving their manners, is an insult to common sense. It may, indeed, be the way to train up elevated puppets for short lived prodigies of learning; but never to form healthy, well-informed and accomplished men and women. Every feeling individual must behold with heartfelt concern, poor, little, puny creatures of eight, ten or twelve years of age, exhibited by the silly parents as proficient in learning, or as distinguished for their early mastery of the languages, elocution, music, or even some frivolous acquirement. The strength of the mind, as well as of the body, is exhausted, and the natural growth of the body is checked by such untimely exertions.

DEAL JUSTLY.—One of our religious exchanges has the following strong remarks on this subject. They drive the nail in the head and clinch it:

"Men may sophisticate as they please, they can never make it right, and all the laws in the universe cannot make it right for them not to pay their debts. There is sin in this neglect as clear and as deserving church discipline, as is stealing or false swearing. He who violates his promise to pay, or withholds the payment of a debt, when it is in his power to meet his engagements, ought to be made to feel that, in the sight of all honest men, he is a swindler. Religion may be a comfortable cloak under which to hide; but if religion does not make a man deal justly, it is not worth having."

OUR COUNTRY.—On no country more than our own have the charms of nature been prodigally lavished; her mighty lakes like oceans of liquid silver—her mountains with their bright aerial tints—her valleys teeming with fertility—her tremendous cataracts thundering in their solitude—her boundless plains waving with spontaneous verdure—her broad, deep rivers rolling in solemn silence to the ocean—her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all her magnificence, her skies kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine—no, never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery.

Varieties.

We should like to see the bell which the Cincinnati *Nonpareil* describes as follows, though we presume it is only "one of the bells we read about:"

"A bell, weighing ten hundred and fifty tons, has been cast in Baltimore city, for the fire department of Washington."

GOOD NEWS FOR THE LADIES.—A N. Y. paper states that Judge Daily has recently given the decision that a woman may not legally be held to bail for a breach of promise to marry; and that it is only the masculine gender who can be held for refusing to consummate such a contract.

FEMALE DEACON.—A young lady was ordained a Deaconess in Pittsburg, Pa., on last Tuesday week, in the English Lutheran Church. Deaconesses are an order of woman who devote their lives to the various occupations of charity, and take the vows of celibacy for this purpose.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—On Monday, 27th ult., a mummy was opened in Boston, and the Southern Convention in Nashville. The mummy has been embalmed for many centuries, but the process of embalming the Nashville ultras commenced only on their day of meeting.

TELEGRAPH TO EUROPE.—Quite a number of writers are discussing with earnestness the practicability of laying wires upon the bed of the ocean, and establishing a telegraphic communication at once; and, we believe, the most of them approve of the project.

Another Mathematical wonder has sprung up in Pittsburg in a boy ten years of age, named Theodore Hartman, who will respond to the most difficult arithmetical question with a few moments mental operation.

☞ The Central Rail Road was opened last week to Huntingdon, nearly one hundred miles from its eastern terminus at Harrisburg. We now travel between Philadelphia and Pittsburg in two days.

DISTRESSING CALAMITY.—On Friday, May 24th, the house of Alpheus Earl, in China, St. Clare county, Mich., was burned, and his aged mother and two children perished in the flames.

CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.—The sum of $16,288 has been subscribed towards building the new Catholic Cathedral in Pittsburg. They will no doubt, soon have a most magnificent building.

A RICH SOIL.—The grand jury in N. York have reported their "Potter's field" a nuisance. It is ascertained that it contains already 7,000 bodies to the acre. Horrid.

STAYING AT HOME.—The South Carolina papers are urging their citizens to stay at home this summer, and not build up by their presence the summer resorts of the North.

Upwards of 250 abandoned women were simultaneously seized by the police of Glasgow, one night, in order to detect a robbery committed by one of that class.

PATRIOTIC.—The young ladies of Milton, Pa., presented the Riggold Guards of that place, with a splendid flag, on last Saturday two weeks. Would'nt they fight for that flag?

An invention has been successfully tested in Cincinnati for forcing melted brass, &c., into the small moulds, producing perfect castings as thin as pasteboard.

☞ It is stated that the ladies in California wear pantaloons. It is generally understood that some of those this side of the gold country do the same.

Hired girls in Oregon city receive $7,328 per annum, and every thing costs in proportion.

A colored woman, 108 years of age, died in Pittsburg some days since.

Mr. John B. Gough recently made this forcible declaration, that every moderate drinker *could* abandon the intoxicating cup, if he would—every inebriate *would* if he *could!*"

A "long, low, black, rakish looking concern" has made its appearance at Washington—Geo. W. Crawford, Captain. It is called the Galphin, and is certainly a pirate.—*Worcester Palladium.*

Some persons have a silly fashion of ridiculing the marriage state, forgetting all the while that they are paying a poor compliment to their ancestors.

"So here I am, between two tailors," cried a beau at a public table, where a couple of young tailors were seated, who had just began business for themselves. "True," was the reply, "we are only beginners, and can only afford to keep one *goose* between us."

Youth is a glorious invention. While the girls chase the hours, and you chase the girls, the months seem to dance away." will down upon their feet." What a pity summer is so short!—before you know it, lovers become deacons, and romps grand mothers.

"Genius will work its way through" as the poet remarked when he saw a hole in the elbow of his coat.

Truth is a hardy plant, and when once firmly rooted, it covers the ground so that error cannot find root.

The rise in the price of real estate in New York has been so rapid that the newspapers are predicting a state of things to ensue like that of 1836 37. The Journal of Commerce remarks:

What is to be the result of the rise in real estate in and around the city, is a question for thinking men and speculators to consider well at this time. It is always in the power of the community to prevent the occurrences of such terrible calamities as distinguished the years 1836 and 1837, but it can only be done by a calm determination on all sides not to yield to fictitious advances in the ideas of holders or purchasers.

President Allen, of the Girard College for Orphans, is to deliver the address at the annual commencement of the Wesleyan Female College, at Wilmington, during the third week in July next.

SMALL POX.—The small pox is raging to such an extent in Columbus, Ohio, that it is most probable the State Convention to amend the Constitution, now in session there, will adjourn to some other place.

"Well, Mr. Jackson," said a clergyman to his parishioner, "Sunday must be a blessed day to you. You work hard six days, and the seventh you come to church." "Yes," said Mr. Jackson, "I works hard all the week, and then I comes to church, sets me down, cocks up me legs, and *thinks of nothing!*"

A dog (name unknown) got on top of Jefferson tower, 100 feet high, in New York, on Sunday, and, deliberately jumped from the window, and killed himself instantly.

Locusts have made their appearance in Monroe county, Va., after a lapse of seventeen year.

At N. Orleans, during the week ending the 1st inst. there were 11 deaths from cholera.

DIVORCE GRANTED.—On Monday last Judge Bullock, of Louisville, granted the divorce prayed for by Mrs. Sallie Ward Lawrence, from her husband, T. B. Lawrence.

SENSIBLE.—The young should be spared from sorrow as much as possible. Never dim the sunshine of hope and joy, so as to leave them without even the memory of its glory.

U. S. SENATOR.—It is stated that Edmund Burke, late one of the editors of the Washington Union, is a candidate for the U. S. Senate from the State of New Hampshire.

WHO IS GENERAL LOPEZ?

This question has frequently been asked, since the sailing of the Cuban expedition. The subjoined sketch of his career, we find in the Phila. Bulletin, condensed from a long account in a New Orleans paper:

Narcisco Lopez was born of wealthy parents, in 1798 or '9, in Venezuela, and is now a little over fifty years of age. He was the only son that grew to manhood, though he had numerous sisters. He was trained to the saddle, as is the custom in South America. His father being obliged by civil disturbances to remove to Caracas, where he entered upon a commercial life, his son Narcisco superintended a branch of the House at Valencia, in the interior. Here, during the troubles of Bolivar's time, in 1814, young Lopez took a prominent part on the popular side, and narrowly escaped from massacre. At length, when reduced almost to desperation, he enlisted in the army, as his only chance for life. At the end of the war between Spain and the insurgents, Lopez found himself a Colonel, at the age of 23. He had also received the cross of San Fernando, as a further reward for various gallant deeds during the war. On the evacuation of the country by the Spanish army, Col. Lopez returned to Cuba.

Since that time, (1823,) Lopez has been a Cuban, having married and established himself on the island. He was known to be possessed of liberal principles, which prevented him from obtaining office in the island, and thus remained in retirement. During the first of the Carlist troubles in Spain, Lopez happened to be in Madrid with his wife, urging a private claim on the government. He distinguished himself on the government side; was made first aid-de-camp to the Commander in Chief, Gen. Valdez, and received several military decorations. He became the warm personal friend of Valdez, who was afterwards the most popular Captain General of Cuba. He was for a time, Commander in Chief of the National Guard of Spain, and subsequently Commander in Chief of several provinces. During all this period of favor with the royalist party, it is said that he remained faithful to his democratic principles; and though caressed by the Queen, Mother Christina, he despised and distrusted her.

On the insurrection which ended in the expulsion of Christina from the regency, Lopez was made Governor of Madrid, a post which he held until Espartero became regent, when he positively refused to hold it, in spite of the solicitations of Espartero. As Senator of the Kingdom, from the Liberal city of Seville, he studied the politics and institutions of Spain, and then first learned the condition of the Spanish colonies, and especially the oppression under which Cuba, the country of his adoption, labored. The expulsion of the Cuban deputies from the Cortes further disgusted him, and, resigning his offices, he departed for Havana, not without some trouble in obtaining permission.

At this time, (1839,) General Valdez was Captain General of Cuba. During the various political troubles of Spain, Lopez held different posts of honor and emolument in the island, but, at length he resigned all except his rank as General, and then undertook the working of an abandoned copper mine, as a pretext for returning to the Central Department. Here he began to mingle with the people and concert a plan for the liberation of Cuba. The enterprise of last year, which miscarried so completely, was the result of his first efforts. The second effort, better matured and more extensive, is now on foot.

Rothchild, the Banker.

Sir T. F. Buxton tells, that dining, Feb. 13, 1831, with Rothchilds and others, he (R.) told his adventures. His success turned on the maxim, "I said, I can do what another man can." I am an off-hand man. I made a bargain at once. When I was settled in London, the East India Company had 800,000 pounds of gold to sell. I went to the sale and bought it all. I knew that the Duke of Wellington must have it. I had bought a great many of his bills at a discount. The Government sent for me and said they must have it. When they had got it, they did not know how to get it to Portugal. I undertook all that, and sent it through France; and that was the best business I ever did." Another maxim was, never to have anything to do with an unlucky man. "I have seen," said he, "many very clever men, who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well, but fate is against them; they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good to me?" By aid of these maxims he has acquired three millions pounds, ($15,000,000.)

A gentleman present said, "I hope that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would not wish that?" Rothchild—"I am sure I should wish that. I wish them to give mind, and soul, and heart, and body, and everything to business; that is the way to be happy. It requires a good deal of boldness, and a great deal of caution, to make a great fortune, and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it. If I were to listen to all the projects proposed to me, I should ruin myself very soon. Stick to one business young man," said he to Edward; "stick to your brewery, and you may be the great brewer of London. Be a brewer, and a baker, and a merchant, and a manufacturer, and you will soon be in the *Gazette*, that is, a bankrupt."

RICH JOKE.—An Irishman went a fishing, and among other things he hauled in, was a large turtle. To enjoy the surprise of the servant girl he placed it in her bedroom. The next morning, the first that bounced into the breakfast room was Biddy, with the exclamation of—"Be Jabers, I've got the devil!"

"What devil," inquired the head of the house, feigning surprise.

"Why, the bull bed-bug, sure, that has been atein' the children for the last two months."

REPEAT NO SLANDER.—Say nothing to another that will make him feel unhappy. If a neighbor slanders your friend, be not so unwise as to tell him of it. People will talk thoughtlessly and unadvisedly; but he is the most at fault, who wispers aloud every remark that is made in private. He stirs up strife continually. We think more highly of the man who may speak without reflection, than of him who is anxious to repeat what is said, on purpose to stir up strife and make enemies of friends.

Cut your grain before it is dead ripe, as the shattering will then not be so great, and the cradling and reaping more easily done, besides, there will be less danger of having your grain lodged.

A correspondent of the Boston *Herald* states that the first difficulty that occurred, between Mr. T. B. Lawrence and his wife, and which led to all the subsequent unpleasant circumstances of the affair, was the refusal on the part of the lady to attend in a proper costume, a splendid party given to them by Mr. Abbot Lawrence, on the occasion of their marriage. The lady at first positively refused to go at all, and when prevailed on, attended in a common *calico morning wrapper*. This the husband looked upon as a wanton insult offered to his relations, as the party was given to introduce the bride to the friends of the family.