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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.

AN IRISH MELODY.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

"Ah! sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from your wheel—
Your neat little foot will be weary of spinning;
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore tree—
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning;
The sun has gone down, but the clear harvest moon
Shines sweet and cool on the dew-whitened valley,
While all the air rings with the soft loving things;
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while;
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing,
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues—
So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad groups are seen,
Each gay-hearted lass with the lad of his choosing.
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil:
Somehow, when he asked, she no'er thought of refusing

Now, Felix Magee puts his pipe to his knee,
And with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion;
With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground—
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the roe—
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing;
Search the world all around, from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing!

Sweet Kate! who could view your eyes of deep blue
Beaming humbly through their black lashes so mildly,
Your fair turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form—
Nor feels his heart warm, and his pulses beat wildly?
Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful, yet sweet love;
The sight leaves his eye, as he cries with a sigh,
"*Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet love.*"

Miscellaneous.

THE WIFE OF KOSSUTH.

At the time when all was lost to the Hungarians, and each had to seek his own safety in flight, Governor Kossuth and his lady, who had accompanied her husband throughout the war, thought it best to separate, in order that one of them, if possible, might save their lives, for the sake of their children, who had been left under the protection of their grandmother. The Governor determined to remain with his brave officers, still with him, and share their fate. Madame K. informed her husband and a female friend, the wife of an officer, where she should endeavor to seek safety; and as every moment was precious, this delicate lady quickly clothed herself as a beggar; her husband gave her his signet ring and the seal of the Government of Hungary, that these might be a passport for her in the event of her meeting with those who were friendly to their cause. Without any clothes except those on her back, she commenced her sad and fatiguing journey on foot. She travelled long, experienced all kinds of hardships, privations and dangers. When stopped by the Austrian or Russian guards, she feigned extreme old age, and said she was in search of a little grandson, who had got lost in the war; so they let her pass, little knowing the value of the prize they had in their bloody hands.

Thus she continued on until she reached an extensive pasture country, uninhabited, except by herdsmen, almost as void of intellect as the herds they guarded; here she sought and found a resting place. These poor serfs made her a fresh bed of straw, covered her with clean sheep skin, and fed her with their brown bread, and there she remained three months, during which time Winter had come on, and having but little covering, you may easily conceive how intensely she must have suffered.—Gov. Kossuth had sent for his children that he might take leave of them, and give them his last blessing; they were brought to him by his mother, and again taken to their home. The Austrian executioner (Haynau) had long since commenced his bloody work. Kossuth and those with him, fled toward the Turkish frontier to the fortress of Widden.

We cannot enumerate all the sufferings, losses and anguish experienced by these unfortunate men in their flight; most of them, however, reached Widden. They were no sooner there, than their first thoughts were of Madame Kossuth; and her friend, the wife of the officer to whom she had communicated the place of her intended concealment, determined to seek and find her, if she was still alive. She sat out on her weary journey, habited in an singular guise as that of Madame Kossuth—as a beggar—and thus she passed the soldiers and guards of the enemy, until she reached the hiding place of her friend, who had been the companion of her youth and happier days; and now they were to encounter new dangers.

The herdsmen built them a little cart, and gave them a horse, as Madame Kossuth, worn out by anxiety, privations and sufferings, was no longer able to walk; the roads had now become almost impassible, narrow, and slippery on the sides of the mountains; one false step would have plunged them down into an almost bottomless abyss—but with the gallows in their rear, and their husbands before them, hope gave them courage, and onward they went. We know not what length of time they occupied in their journey, as it was in winter, and they had often to conceal themselves in clefts of rocks and overhanging mountains, from the scouts of the enemy, it must have been a long and weary one, and, when discovered, they passed for beggars, and asked for bread from their blood-thirsty foes.

They ultimately reached the town of Belgrade, where they expected to find their husbands, and a termination of their sufferings. Imagine, then, their feelings of disappointment, when they learned that not a Hungarian was there—all had been removed to Shumla. What was now to be done? They were worn out, and could proceed no farther. Hope even had forsaken them. No husbands to embrace, no friends to welcome them. They decided to throw themselves upon the humanity of the Sardinian consul; they knocked at his door which was opened by the consul himself. Two beggar women stood before him, the pictures of misery and woe. He asked them what they wanted. They answered "food and shelter." He requested them to come in Then the officer's lady introduced him to Madame Kossuth, wife of the President of Hungary. He could not believe it until she took from her bosom the signet ring and seal of the Government of Hungary. What followed can easily be conjectured; they were received and treated according to their rank by the kind hearted consul; and after they were sufficiently rested, he made known their case to the Prince of Servia, who sent them his carriage with an escort to take them to Shumla. The weather was terribly cold, and the roads as bad as they could be, but they ultimately arrived in safety.

English Paper.

A DIALOGUE.—"Why, Charley, how well you look—I never saw you with such good clothes before."

"Yes, Sam, so it is—I was down at Washington when the Galphin money was taken from the Treasury—that accounts for it."

BOLD ROBIN HOOD.

Who has not in one form or another, laid up in the store house of memory, some of the deeds of daring and devility, of this bold outlaw and his merry men? And who especially, that has appreciated the beautiful sylvan pictures in which they are grouped by Scott, with Sherwood Forest for a back ground, in "Ivanhoe"—will not pause with us at the grave of Robin Hood, thus described by a traveller, in a late number of the N. Y. Knickerbocker?

"At a distance of about six miles from the town of Huddersfield, in the very centre of a densely populated manufacturing district, is to be found all that remains of the Priory of Kirkless, famous as the burial place of the most renowned of the English Historical Romance, Robin Hood; and truly, if sylvan seclusion and scenery of the most romantic beauty, can give fitness to a tradition, time worn and honored, then is it that which marks out Kirklees as the resting place of the gentle Robin, indeed and happy one; for, notwithstanding its proximity to those leviathan establishments, in which is manufactured clothing for a world, it would seem as if the genius of progress had paused in respect before the outlaw's grave, having forborne to brush away the dew drops from the grass, or to disturb the sylvan solitude where the darkening elms and sombre yews wave their branches like funeral plumes over his tomb.—This interesting relic occupies an elevated situation at the western extremity of a noble terrace, winding round the brow of a hill overlooking the beautiful vale of Calder, where the long and broad avenues of oak and elm stretch away into solitudes so unbroken, that were it not for the evident care taken to fence out man, the destroyer, one might be disposed to question whether human feet had trod those glades, since the bereaved band returned with sad looks and solemn tread, from depositing the body of their beloved leader in its lonely resting place; and although the shrill whistle of the locomotive does occasionally awaken the echoes of the valley, the iron monster preserves a respectful distance from the hallowed spot.

The grave is guarded by an iron railing, and although the stone which originally covered it was removed, in consequence of portions having been broken and carried off, by visitors, the inscription upon it is copied upon the present stone;—it is as follows:

"Here undernead dis lití stain
Laz Robord, Earl of Huntington;
Ner arcir yer az hie to geud,
An pipil Kauld im Robin Head,
Sic Utlawz as hi an hiz men,
Vil England never si agen."

[Obitt 24 Kal, Dekembris, 1247.

From the commanding height of the terrace is seen the silvery Calper sweeping in mazy majesty through umbrageous woods, pleasant meadows, and fair pastures, while in the extreme distance, the horizon is bounded by the dark fissured sides of the hills of Blackstone Edge, stupendous walls of nature's rearing, to guard an amphitheatre of verdant beauty. Seen at sunrise from hence, those hills are crested by coronal rays; at noontide the daygod appears to be bathing in a sea of glory as his face is reflected in the waters of the Calder; while at even tide he appears to retreat behind the hills through his palace of clouds, clothed in a mantle of rosy light. But who can describe the soft beauty of a moonlit scene from this eminence, as soon and felt in the balmly air of an English autumn evening, with the soft feeling of repose which it induces in the spectator to catch glimpses of the distant landscape through the trees with their embrowned foliage; mark the flashing lines of silver which ever and anon light up the quiet dowy river; to list to the voices of night as they sound in the rising breeze, sweeping through the avenues and joining in concert with the louder roar of the rushing wiers in the river below. These are indeed enjoyments full of rapturous feeling for the poetic mind.

Leaving the grave by a path over the park, the traveller finds himself at the side of a babling brook, which meanders complaingly through the grounds from west to east, and finally into the river Calder. Crowning the slope which descends somewhat abruptly to this stream, which still retains the name of "Nun's Brook," there is a fine avenue of beeches, which was no doubt intended to give shelter and shade to those sisters of the house who should seek in its long drawn vista a place of meditation; and there is no question that the margin of the brook was frequently trod by them for a similar holy purpose. There is a narrow bridge which crosses the stream, which gives access to what was once the gate way of the Priory, although it now leads only to certain farm buildings and offices attached to the modern hall, which was built in the reign of James the 1st, out of the materials of the old Priory, and stands in the Park above.

An engraving of the Priory ruins in Stukely's Itinerary shows that at the time a large gateway, with corner turrets of fine character, was still standing; but this has disappeared, and nothing of the kind is now left standing except a low postern with its moulded stone jambs and door of oak studded with large headed nails.

The lodge or gate-house is in excellent preservation and is on several accounts, one of the most interesting portions of the buildings. It is not of large dimensions but the thickness of its walls, its windows of extremely narrow lights, divided by mullions, and two timber gables, one of them well carved, and both in excellent preservation, give unmistakeable evidence of its having formed an original portion of the Priory.

It is in a chamber closet of this gate house, that tradition declares Robin Hood to have expired. The chamber in which it is said the outlaw drew his last breath is of small dimensions, and the window is still pointed out through which his trusty friend and follower, Little John, at his master's request, shot an arrow, to mark by its fall the place of his grave; and verily it was no unnerved arm that drew the bowstring which could send an arrow that distance, for but few in these days could so shoot.

No one can contemplate the situation of this ancient Priory, nestling in a sheltered hollow upon the margin of a fair brook, in whose clear waters its turrents were reflected and surrounded by forest clothed hills, without acknowledging the truth of the tradition axiom which attributed to the clerical fathers of England an exquisite taste and fine appreciation of the beautiful in their choice of conventual sites."

Time About.

Two Yankees were strolling in the woods without any arms in their possession and observing a bear ascending a tree with his large paws clasped round the trunk, one of them ran forward and caught the bear's paws, one in each hand. He instantly called out to his comrade:

"Jonathan, I say, go home and bring me something as fast as you can, till I kill the varmint.—Mind, don't stay, for I'm in a fix."

Jonathan ran off as fast as he could, but was an exceedingly long time returning. During the interval the bear made several desperate attempts to bite the hand of him who held it. At length Jonathan came back.

"Halloo, Jonathan, what the douce has kept you?"

Jonathan replied:

"Well, I'll tell you; when at home, breakfast was about ready, and I guessed it would be as well to wait for it."

"Here now, Jonathan," said his companion, "come you and hold it, and I'll kill the critter in a jiffy."

Jonathan seized the bear's paws, and held the animal while the other could kill it.

"Well, Jonathan, have you got hold of him?"

"I guess I have," replied Jonathan.

"Very well, hold him fast; I guess I'll go to dinner."

An orator at a Free Soil meeting is said to have thundered forth this "noble sentiment." "Mr. Chairman, if I was a Siamese twin, and my brother was on the other side, I'd cut the rascal off." Overwhelming applause.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

The following is the "confession" of an old bachelor, who describes himself as being now so dried up, that he is little better than a mummy, and expects, some of these days, to be blown away into dust. He advises all young men to get married, and tells them how to manage the courting. The old fellow speaks like one who knows, though he has a touch of the crab apple in him; perhaps he got jilted when young, notwithstanding he pretends to have been so *au fait*:

"Now, gentlemen, this going a courting is nothing to be afraid of, if, like me, one understands how to do it. I don't mean to boast, but—the fact was—in my young days I was up to a thing or two. In the first place, give out that you are a marrying man! It will smooth difficulties wonderfully. Brothers will invite you to dinner—mammas ask their daughters to sing your favorite songs—your opinion will be asked on all points, and if the family have a country seat, you can go there every Saturday night, and stay till Monday the summer through, without spending a *sou markee*. You've no idea, sir, what an easy thing love making becomes under such circumstances. A walk by moonlight—a chance meeting at early morning in the garden, or a summer afternoon together in the alcove, does the business. To tell the truth, I never came so near going as when I spent a week in the country with a bridesmaid I had waited on; there was a porch almost buried in honeysuckle, behind the house, and adjoining the garden, which was a perfect Paradise. There we used to sit, and one day, if it hadn't been that the old gentleman woke from his nap and throw up the parlor window, just as I had got his daughter's hand in mine, the question would have popped itself.

"You stare; but I repeat, it would have popped itself. The fact is, between ourselves, these things become astonishingly natural, quite as if one was brought up to them from a child. Don't trouble yourself about how you look or what you shall say—the best thing you can do is not to think of the matter at all, but make a plunge at once, and then the business is soon over. There are a thousand ways to pop the question, as there are a thousand ways to make love. Some do it with easy impudence—some choke for words and stick fast—some deliver a set speech and look for a clean spot on the carpet to get down on their knees—and some glide into it gradually, like a hawk narrowing his gyrations before he stoops—the poor girl sitting beside him all the time, her heart fluttering in her bodice like a frightened bird. I've heard of one or two poor sinners who popped the question in the street.—There's only one way more certain to insure a refusal, and that is to propose in a letter. A woman—let her love you as she will, is always frightened when she seriously thinks of leaving her parents to trust her all with a comparative stranger, and if you give her time to look at these matters coolly, ten to one she'll give you a denial—I am an old man and have seen the world, and let me tell you the girl who yields in tears, on a moonlight evening, would write a civil refusal or equivocal answer the next morning after breakfast. And then what a fool a lover makes of himself on paper! I read some letters the other day—the gods forgive my sins for writing such.

"It's a mistake, sir, in these matters to lend the young a helping hand—all they ask is to be left alone, and if there are any meddling youngsters about, have them put to bed or drowned, it don't matter which, so they're out of the way. Only give to lovers fair play, kick your match making aunts to the douce, and—my life on it!—the most demure will find a way of being understood, even if, like old Sir Isaac Newton, they have to make love with their feet. It may come rather odd at first, but they will set looking into each other's eyes, until, by and by, their hands will steal into each other, and so, getting cozier and cozier, the question, when they least expect it, will pop out like a cork from a champagne bottle. It will pop itself.

An Interesting Story.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it will return to thee;" this is a Scripture truth, which, like all truth, has been verified a thousand times. The following story may serve to illustrate the verity of this text. Allow me to premise that my story is a true one in all particulars:

Some thirty years since, a lad of one of our Eastern States, about ten years of age, was sent by his employer to carry a basket, heavily laden with wares, to a purchaser. While staggering under its weight up a somewhat steep hill, a gentleman of about thirty years proffered his assistance, and beguiled the tediousness of the way by pleasant anecdotes, good advice and kind words. They parted—fifteen years passed away—the senior of these two, now nearly fifty years of age, sat in his study with melancholy countenance and heavy heart. His door opened, and his young and fascinating daughter, just blooming into womanhood, entered to announce that a gentleman desired to see her father.

"Show him in, my darling daughter, and do you, my child, leave us to ourselves."

She obeyed. The old gentleman entered.

"Well, sir," was his salutation, "have you considered my proposition?"

"I have, and have determined, happen what may, I will not force or sway, by any act of mine, the will of my child. She shall be left to her own free choice."

"Then, sir, to morrow, by three o'clock, your property must go into the hands of the sheriff, unless you find some friend to pay the twenty thousand dollars."

This he said with a sneer, and coldly bowing left the house. The poor father's heart was racked.—"I am a beggar—my daughter is homeless—I have no friend to offer assistance in this hour of my severest trial."

In the midst of these bitter reflections, again his daughter entered, introducing a gentleman of some 28 years of age—a stranger.

"Am I in the presence of Mr. G.?" was his opening remark; which being affirmatively answered, he continued by saying that he was a successful merchant of New York, had heard of the misfortune of Mr. G., and came on purpose to ask the amount of his liabilities, that he might loan the necessary funds to relieve his wants. Nor was he shocked at the mention of the large amount of twenty thousand dollars. He handed him his check, which was duly honored—the father was once more a happy man—his daughter was not houseless—he had found some friend to pay, despite the sneer of his hard hearted creditor."

"But, pray, sir," said the agitated father, "to what am I indebted for this munificent kindness from an entire stranger?"

"Perhaps you have forgotten," was the reply, "that some eighteen years since you aided a friendless boy, of ten years of age, to carry his loaded basket up a hill—that you gave good advice and kindly words? I am that boy. I followed your advice—I have lived honestly—I have gained wealth—and now, after many years, I have come to return to you, kind sir, the bread which you then cast so freely upon the waters."

Parental Teaching.

If parents would not trust a child on the back of a wild horse without bit or bridle, let them not permit him to go forth into the world unskilled in self government. If a child is passionate, teach him by gentle and patient means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity. If he is sulky, charm him out of it by encouraging frankness and good humor. If he is ignorant, accustom him to exertion, and train him so as to perform even onerous duties with alacrity. If pride comes in to make his obedience reluctant, subdue him, either by counsel or discipline. In short give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins. Let them acquire from experience that confidence in themselves which gives security to the practised horseman, even on the back of a high strung steed, and they will triumph over the difficulties and dangers which beset them in the path of life.

THE POETRY MACHINE.

"More copy, sir."

"Oh! ye—ye—yes; eh! what did you say?"

"More copy, sir."

"The devil you do! How much do you want?"

"Four stilks, sir."

"Jeremiah, bring out the machine—exchanges scarce—no murders, thefts, or seductions—that's right old boy; see if the screw is right adjusted, the crank fastened, and the gudgeons well greased."

"All right, sir."

"Well, commence."

"The night was dark and fearful,"
Tom cats went mewing by,
Their discord filled my ear full
Of mournful melo dye.
How wistfully we gaze out,
But sink back in deep despair;
There's a misty, foggy, haze out,
And I see no "feline" there.

"Hold up, Jeremiah, that's entirely too *cat*-egorical! Alter the gauge a little; there, that will answer. All ready."

Push the boat from the shore,
The winds are blowing free:
Steady, now, we bend the oar,
And pull out for the sea.
The sun is rising in the east,
As bright as woman's eye;
The pale moon looks above the trees,
Like a pancake in the sky.

"Stop! stop! that's a mighty leap from the sublime! Turn a little slower; commence."

'Twas night, and the gloomy darkness had her ebon veil unfurled,
And nought remained but gas lamps to light up this ere world,
The heavens frowned. Her twinkling orbs, with silvery light endowed,
Were all occult, on t'other side a thunderin' big black cloud,
Pale Luna, too, shed not her beams upon the motly groups,
Which lazily were standing round like new, disbanded troups.
A death like stillness o'er prevailed o'er lovee, lane, and street,
And the whole eternal city from the Vide Porcho to Bremen, and from the brink clar out to Camp Springs—where they drink so much beer on Sunday, and waltz wusser than Waterman's hoss in the circus—seemed for all the world jist as if it was wrapped up in her winding sheet.

"Put up the confounded thing. It don't work right. I don't believe the moon is right, to night; look in the almanac and see!—*St. Louis Reville.*

Why Women are Unhealthy.

Many of the physical evils—the want of vigor, the inaction of system, the languor and hysterical affections—which are so prevalent among the delicate young women of the present day, may be traced to a want of well trained mental power and well exercised self control and to an absence of fixed habits of employment. Real cultivation of the intellect—earnest exercise of the moral powers—the enlargement of the mind by the acquirement of knowledge, and the strengthening of its capabilities for effort, for firmness, for endurance of inevitable evils, and for energy in combating such as they may overcome, are the ends which education has to attain; weakness that begets infirmity. The power of the mind over the body is immense. Let that power be called forth; let it be trained and exercised, and vigor both of mind and body will result. There is a homely, unpolished saying, that it is better to wear out than to rust out; but it tells a plain truth; rust consumes faster than use. Better—a million times better—to work hard even to the shortening of existence, than to sleep and eat away this precious gift of life, giving no other cognizance of its possession.

Newspapers.

W. C. Bryant, speaking of newspapers, said:—"Books are the precious metals in masses—newspapers coin them for general use, put them into the most convenient forms, and pass them from hand to hand." "Newspapers," he said, "are the ushers of books; who would know when a book was published but for the friendly information of the newspaper?" He added "that he had been sometimes tempted to regret that the wise, witty, or eloquent things which appeared in these "folios of four pages," as they are called by Cowper, should not be inscribed on more durable tablets, instead of going the next morning to wrap parcels or light kitchen fires; but he was fully satisfied with their fate, when he reflected that they had first been read by thousands, and whatever was good in them had passed into the general mind."

Industry.

Every young man should remember that the world always has and always will honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler whose energies of mind and body are rusting for the want of exercise, the mistaken being who pursues amusement as relief to his enervated muscles, or engages in exercises that produce no useful end, may look with scorn on the laborer engaged in his toil; but his scorn is praise; his contempt is an honor. Honest industry will secure the respect of the wise and the good among men, and yield the rich fruit of an easy conscience, and give that hearty self aespect which is above all price. Toil on, then, young men and young women; Be diligent in business. Improve the heart and the mind, and you will find "the well-spring of enjoyment in your own souls," and secure the confidence and respect of all those whose respect is worth an effort to obtain.

A LUCKY MISTAKE.—When the surgeon was attending the wound which confined me, he told me a diverting story of a young Swiss soldier, a recruit, who when his regimentals were making, had procured a round iron plate bordered with holes which he desired the tailor to fasten on the inside of his left breast, to prevent his being shot through the heart. The tailor, being a humorous fellow, fastened it in the *seat of his breeches*, and the clothes being scarcely on his back, when he was ordered to march into the field, he had no opportunity to get his awkward mistake rectified before he found himself engaged in battle; and being obliged to fly before the enemy, in endeavoring to get over a thorn hedge in his way, he unfortunately stuck fast till he was overtaken by the enemy; of whom, on coming up, gave him a push in the breech with his bayonet, (with no friendly design,) but it luckily hit on the iron plate, and pushed the young soldier clear out of the hedge. This favorable circumstance made the Swiss honestly confess that the tailor had more sense than himself, and knew better where his heart lay.—*Memoirs of Mr. Henry Bruce.*

A STORY OF THE BISHOP OF NEW JERSEY.—Bishop Doane was travelling on the New Jersey railroad a short time ago, and having left his seat to refresh himself, when he returned found it occupied by a sturdy looking farmer. The bishop told the farmer he had got into his seat; to which the farmer replied, that one seat was as good as another, and advised him to take the next one.

"Do you know who I am?" said the bishop in a dignified manner.

"No, I don't," replied the farmer.

"Well, I am Bishop Doane."

"H—ll!" exclaimed the farmer, "what! that Pusseyite?"

Thereupon, the Bishop went to the other end of the car.

"Bathe every day!" exclaimed the window Smashpipes, as she dropped the flat iron upon the horse shoe, and locked her neighbor Snubs right in the eye. "Why, you don't tell! I never used to think of stripping my Jeems and giving him a right good wash but four times a year, once in the summer, once in the fall, once in the winter, and once in the spring! Howsomever, some children ketch dirt sooner than others."

THE LIAR.

Mrs. Opie, in her excellent treatise on lying, says, "all persons in *theory* consider lying a most odious, mean and pernicious practice." It has been well said that there is no rule without an exception, and it was our misfortune, in our travels some years since, to meet with THE *exception* to Mrs. Opie's rule. The creature we allude to was emphatically the "Prince of Liars."—He was none of your incidental liars, who occasionally "fib a little" for mere amusement sake, nor a liar of convenience, not interest, nor fear, nor yet a benevolent liar, for Mrs. Opie thus classes the different grades of liars, but a *wanton, unprincipled violator of the truth*, a murderer of veracity, a thing (we cannot call him a man) who must have drunk in falsehood with his mother's milk, so prone was he to it. Lying was his element. He revelled in it, and knew no enjoyment that grew not out of it. The natural modes of lying he had exhausted in infancy and boyhood, and now arrived at maturer age, his inventive genius led him from discovery to discovery in the "*damned art*," until despised, mistrusted, unbelieved and degraded, he roamed the streets of his native village a living verification of the sentiment, that

"Dishonor waits on perfidy."

Unlike the extravagant but innocent lies of Munchausen, or Longbow, his were of the most malignant character uttered generally against the peace and reputation of others. *They were the lies of the slanderer.* Age nor sex were spared by him. His victim was singled out from the community as the practised huntsman selects the noblest deer in the herd, and as unerringly as the fatal bullet carries death to the devoted animal, so certainly did his lies carry sorrow and distress to those against whom they were uttered. The reputation of the pure and lovely was his legitimate prey. He took a fiend-like pleasure in covertly traducing character, until the victims of his falsehood were glad to steal, crushed in spirit and broken-hearted, to the grave. Innocence and purity fled from him affrighted as if from the pestilence. A baneful influence accompanied him wherever he went. As the Upas carries death to all who come within reach of its poisonous atmosphere, so did he by his pestiferious presence, blast and destroy all with whom he came in contact.

At length he died, and as the terrified villagers lowered him to his final resting place, they held their breath in anxious dread until the clods had completely covered his hateful corpse, lest even his death should prove *a lie.*

Years afterward, when passing by the liar's grave, we were particularly struck with the fact that no grass grew upon it, and when, subsequently, in order to make room for the foundation walls of a new church, his remains were removed, it was ascertained that even the loathsome grave-worm had refused to feed upon his untruthful carcass. Thus perished the liar. When in all his naked deformity, he stands before the tribunal of Jehovah, if the fiercest outpourings of Omnipotent wrath fall not on *his* head, for whom are they reserved? If "vengeance be mine saith the Lord," how shall he escape the terrible retribution?—Though he call on the rocks and mountains to fall upon him they shall not hide him from the impending wrath.—*Lancaster Gazette.*

The Portsmouth *Journal* is guilty of the following:

An old gentleman in a neighboring town missed from his vines some luscious grapes, which he suspected his gardner had appropriated to his own use.

"Wife, wife," said he, "what has become of the grapes?"

"I suppose, my dear, the hens have picked them off," was her moderate reply.

"Hens—hens—some two legged hens, I guess," said he, with some impetuosity, to which she as calmly replied:

"My dear, did you ever see any other kind?"

THE FAMILY OF THE NEW PRESIDENT.—The domestic relations of President Fillmore have become a theme of remark by the curious. He is blessed with a most excellent wife, who is peculiarly well qualified for the high station which she is about to adorn; and two children—a son and a daughter. The son is a young man not over twenty, of the genuine republican stamp which characterizes the country boys of Western New York. He has just entered upon the profession of the law. The daughter is an accomplished young lady, about 18 years of age, and now engaged, we believe, in the honorable employment as a teacher of a public school in Buffalo. The latter fact is something for a Republican people to boast of; and something to put the dainty daughters of our would-be-aristocracy to the blush.

Butchery of the Indians at Clear Lake.

A large body of Indians at Clear Lake have been slaughtered by a detachment of troops from the United States Garrisons at Sonoma and Benecia. We take the following history of the whole affair from the Alta California:

Last summer, however, a stubborn family Indian offered an indignity to the wife of one Kelsey, who had resided in the country some nine years, for which he was taken before a magistrate and sentenced to receive one hundred lashes. After this punishment, on the same day, we are informed, Kelsey sought the wretched offender and laid him dead at his feet, shooting him in the presence of several gentlemen, who remonstrated with him on the barbarity of the deed. He was afterwards murdered, as was also a brother-in-law, by the Indians in the neighborhood. Since then repeated acts of violence have been visited upon the natives, and our readers will remember the accounts which we published a few months since of outrages committed in Sonoma and Napa, by a party of desperate white men. The Indians were driven to the mountains, and subsequently made depredatory incursions upon their old masters, driving away cattle, and indulging their natural propensity to steal. Complaints were made—doubtless the accounts of their conduct highly colored—to the garrisons at Benecia and Sonoma, and on the 1st of the month an expedition was fitted out against them, composed of a detachment of Infantry and a company of Dragoons, under command of Lieut. Davidson, (75 in all,) with orders to proceed against the Clear Lake Indians, and *exterminate*, if possible, the tribe.

The troops arrived in the vicinity of the Lake, and came unexpectedly upon a body of Indians, numbering between two and three hundred.—They immediately surrounded them, and as the Indians raised a shout of defiance and attempted to escape, poured in a destructive fire indiscriminately upon men women and children. "They fell," says our informant, "as grass before the scythe." Little or no resistance was encountered and the work of butchery was of short duration. The shrieks of the slaughtered victims died away, the roar of muskets ceased, and stretched lifeless upon the soil of their native valley were the bleeding bodies of these Indians—neither sex nor age was spared; it was the order of *extermination* fearfully obeyed. The troops returned to the stations, and quiet is for the present perfectly restored.

WOMEN DRESSED IN PANTS.—A correspondent of a Detroit paper, writing from Beaver Island, Lake Michigan, states that the women have commenced dressing in pants. The writer says they "look comical, but not bad."

Varieties.

There is a man in the New York penitentiary, who has had twenty-seven wives. He is just thirty-six years of age, and has been engaged in the matrimonial state business since he was sixteen.—*Ex. Paper.*

What an extraordinary whopper!

WHO ESTIMATED IT?—In England and Wales, it is said, the expense of the funerals annually amount to the enormous sum of $25,000,000.

Want of prudence is too frequently the want of virtue, nor is there on earth a more powerful advocate for vice than poverty.

KILLING THE FISH.—The gas tar from the city works at Lancaster, Pa., is rapidly destroying the fish in the Conestoga.

Louis Phillippe is troubled with the dropsy, they say. If he is, he will never be so great a swell as his successor.

Plank roads are being constructed in many parts of the State of Indiana, as we learn from our exchanges. They are already numerous in New York and the other eastern States, and are rapidly taking the place of stone turnpikes in almost every direction.

BALTIMORE MORALS.—A riot occurred last week, in which several persons were shot—two or three seriously.

Liebig, the eminent German chemist is coming to the United States for the purpose of giving lectures.

HORACE GREELEY has won the Silver Cup offered by Y. B. PALMER, for the best essay on Advertising.

DROWNED.—Mr. Hayes from Lancaster, Pa., was drowned in Trinidad Bay, California, in May last.

Men are always murmuring at the hardships of this world, yet how they dread to leave it.

The most important part of every man's education, is that which he gives himself.

Gen. Tom Thumb weighs two pounds less than he did a year ago.

A white gunpowder, said to be more powerful than the black, has been manufactured in England. It is composed of chlorate of potash, loaf sugar, and prussiate of potash.

Wm. B. Astor, the heir of John Jacob Astor, has been fined $25 by the city of New York, for not removing filth from the rear of his houses.

SPOILING A GOOD WORKMAN.—Some thirty years ago, a Mr. Mynders, of Seneca Falls, remarked to a friend who was residing with him, "Look at that young man, just passing—he is the best workman in my shop, and I am sorry to say that he is now going to make a fool of himself, by leaving a good trade to study law." That young man, Millard Fillmore, is now President of the United States.

EDUCATION AND TOBACCO.—It costs more to gratify a *penchant for* tobacco, than it does to educate all the children in the United States. How is it with rum, gin, whiskey, and a thousand other strong drinks which brutify man's nature?

The time of Congress is wasted by the long speeches of the members. It is suggested that the cost of printing a speech over one column be paid by the member who makes it. This would materially curtail its dimensions.

If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty and in autumn no fruit—so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

"Ma, that nice young man, Mr. Saufung, is very fond of kissing." "Mind your seam, Julia; who told you such nonsense?" "Ma, I had it from his own lips."

"I am like Balaam," said a dandy on meeting a pretty girl in a passage, "stopped by an angel." "And I am like the angel," said she, "stopped by an ass."

FOURTH OF JULY TOAST.—"Old Bachelors—Leafless trunks in a garden of roses. Each dwelling is to them a suggestion; each bird's nest a standing admonition."

Mrs. Margaret Shannon, in her one hundred and fourth year, died at Circleville, Ohio, a few days since. She emigrated to this country from Scotland about the time of the Revolution.

Pearson, the murderer of his wife and children, in Massachusetts, it is said has confessed that he employed a man, for $50, to murder them, but did not commit the deed himself.

An officer named Jones, was attempted to be thrown overboard by two runaway negroes he arrested on a boat; but, pulling both in the water, one was drowned, while himself and the other swam ashore.

Last year, a few days before the cholera visited Lafayette, In., and its prevalence there, the muscles in the canal were found floating on the top of the water, dead. The same fact has been noticed this season, and it is feared the disease will again prevail in that town.

A CAPITAL TOMATO RECIPE.—The following has been handed to us as the recipe of a good house-wife for preserving or curing tomatoes so effectually that they may be brought out at any time between the seasons "good as new" with precisely the flavor of the original article—Get sound tomatoes, peel and prepare them just the same as for cooking, squeeze them as fine as possible, put them in a kettle, bring them to a boil, season with pepper and salt; then put them in stone jugs, taken directly from water in which they (the jugs) have been boiled. Seal the jugs immediately, and keep them in a cool place.

THE CHOLERA.—The Cecil, Md., Whig says that several cases, very nearly resembling the Asiatic cholera, have occurred in that county, within the past week; one of which proved fatal.

The Hindoo law says: "Strike not even with a blossom, a wife, though she be guilty of a thousand faults." The English law would let you "hit her again" with what the blossom grows on.

A city watchman of Cincinnati, while taking a cozy nap the other night, was robbed of his boots, hat and revolver.

Never tell a man that his children don't look like him.

There has been received at the Philadelphia Mint, from California, from the first deposit in December, 1848 to the 29th of June, 1850, in all, $15,750,000 in gold.

As gold which he cannot spend will make no man rich, so knowledge which he cannot apply will make no man wise.

An elderly lady, telling her age, remarked that she was born on the 22d of April. Her husband who was present, observed, "I always thought you were born the *first* of April." "People might well judge so," responded the matron, "in the choice I made of a husband."