American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY"

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Political.

ADDRESS

Of the Democratic State Central Committee.

To the People of Pennsylvania:

Our political enemies have long since ascertained that their principles are condemned by a large majority of the people. For this reason they are constantly urging upon Democrats the propriety of voting without regard to party principles. For this reason, they are endeavoring, at this moment, to deceive the unwary into the belief that party principles are not involved in the election of Judges—that the Judiciary Ticket should be a mixed ticket—that the best men ought to be selected, *without regard to the political principles of the nominees.* We might meet our opponents fearlessly on the single issue of qualifications. Every man on the Democratic Judicial ticket has long been before the public, exercising the solemn and important duties of the Judicial station—every man on our ticket has been tried, and has proved himself able, experienced, safe, and upright. Not so with the ticket nominated by our opponents. With one exception, the Whig nominees are comparatively new men, inexperienced and untried. But it is not our purpose, at present, to speak of the qualifications of the candidates. That shall be done as occasion shall require. Our object at this time is to draw the attention of our Democratic fellow citizens to the importance of the political questions involved in the approaching election, and to show the danger of listening to the advice of our enemies, to disregard the high and important principles of the Democratic creed in the election of Judges. In this our first experiment of our elective Judiciary—in this the greatest of all tests of the capacity of the people for self government, it is more than ever necessary that the Democratic party should not be deceived into an abandonment of its exalted political creed. Principles can only be maintained by placing in power those who are deeply imbued with their truth, and sincerely determined, on all proper occasions, to support them. It is true that, in an ordinary controversy of citizens, respecting their private rights, no political question can or ought to be involved. In such cases, if the Judge be competent and upright, it is not material to what political party he may belong. But other cases are constantly rising in which the Democratic faith, embracing the true principles of our free government, is distinctly involved. Upon the proper support of this faith by the Judiciary, in their appropriate sphere, the rights and liberties of the people, and stability not only of our State government, but of this Union of Independent States, must necessarily depend. Our government is established with checks and balances wisely ordained for the preservation of liberty and equal rights. A Legislature to make Laws—a Governor, to execute them—constitute the depositories of sovereign power in the States; and a similar organization of co ordinate departments marks the features of our National Government. In the exercise of powers by the latter, a strict construction of the Constitution "has ever been held to be the fundamental principle of the Democratic creed, and all powers not expressly granted, to the National Government, or necessary to the exercise of the powers thus granted, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

In the construction of the powers of Government, thus distributed there has been a constant difference of opinion between the Democracy of the country and their opponents, by whatever names the latter may call themselves. The Democratic party deny the power of the federal government to charter a United States Bank—to prostitute the tariff power to the purposes of building up one branch of industry at the expense of another, without any regard to the revenue principle—to squander the money of the nation on *local* objects of improvement, in favorite sections, without regard to the general interests of the whole nation.

They also deny the power of the General Government to interfere with the domestic institutions of the several States, and they are so deeply attached to the Union, and to the principles of national justice that they do not believe it to be politic, or moral, or honest, while they receive protection to their property, and of their lives and liberties, under our Constitution, to refuse to perform the obligations, in the same compact, which secure to other members of the Union rights of property equally well recognized, and equally dear. They believe in the capacity of the people for self-government, and are at all times ready to submit to the decisions of the majority, and to support, fairly and honestly, the distribution of power prescribed by the popular will in the Constitutions of the State and Union. While every department is left within the limits assigned to it, and this great frame of Government is administered according to the true principles of Democracy, it will continue to be the asylum of liberty here, and the hope of the oppressed throughout the world.

In order that this distribution of power may be fairly maintained, every department of the government should be placed in the hands of the friends of human liberty and Democratic principles.

The Legislative, Executive, and Judicial departments, should be in the hands of honest and fearless Democrats. It would be madness, by Democratic votes, to place either of these departments in the hands of our political enemies, who would deem it a matter of duty to exercise the power thus conferred upon them, for the destruction of the most sacred principles of the Democratic party. The Judiciary should be filled with men whose attachment to Democratic principles is unquestioned.

Will it avail to the country, in the present momentous crisis, if we secure a Legislature to enact laws, and an Executive to enforce them, but fail to secure a Judiciary to give that construction to the Constitution and laws, which, from the days of Jefferson, has formed as essential a part of the Democratic faith as any other element in the political creed? Of what avail are the triumphs of Democracy, if a Judiciary be elected by Native Americans, Abolitionists and Federal Whigs, who might construe the Constitution and laws, in such way as to advance the objects of those who are hostile to equal rights and to our happy and glorious Union?

When questions concerning our free institutions shall arise, every reflecting mind must perceive the importance of having on the bench sound Democrats and, at this particular crisis, the safety of our Union requires that every man of even doubtful principles should be opposed by the true friends of the country, as entirely unsafe for a trust so important.

The fines, imprisonments, persecutions, and oppressions practiced under the alien and sedition laws might have been instantly arrested by a DEMOCRATIC Judiciary, faithful to the Constitution and to the true principles of liberty. The country might have been saved the fearful struggle against the moneyed power of the United States Bank if there had been a Democratic Judiciary ready to crush the monster by the application of the Democratic principle of construction, which denies to Congress the power to charter an institution so dangerous to liberty. In a more recent but equally memorable attempt to trample upon the rights of the people by "treating elections as if they had not taken place," and imposing upon the country a spurious House of Representatives who had not been elected by a majority of the people, the importance of a Democratic Judiciary was equally manifest. Under the control of a Judiciary not attached to the Democratic principle, of submission to the majority, the acts of the people, in support of their own regular and constitutional House of Representatives, might have been construed to be treason or some other crime, and the free citizens of this Commonwealth might have been deprived of liberty and life for no other offence than their patriotic efforts to maintain their own rights of self-government. Under a Federal Judiciary, the acts of the spurious House of Representatives might have been recognized and enforced as constitutional. It is easy to believe that power thus unlawfully acquired would have been used to perpetuate itself, and to enslave the people. But, in that dark hour of trial, how cheering to the heart of the patriot was the reflection that if the constitutional House of Representatives should be driven from the capitol, and a band of usurpers placed in their stead, by the power of "*Buckshot and Ball,*" Democratic judges stood ready to sustain the unconstitutional acts or the usurpers. It was the knowledge of this important fact that kept our political enemies in check, while it gave confidence and energy to the true hearted Democracy. To this cause may be attributed, in a great measure, the triumphant defeat of this fearful attempt to overthrow our government.

We know not at what moment an attack upon our institutions may be made by the enemies of Democratic principles. "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance." Let every department of Government, Legislative, Executive, and Judicial, be always prepared for the assault! "In peace prepare for war." The existence of a power always ready to repel assaults upon our principles is the best method of preventing them.

There is nothing in the rise and fall of nations which have passed away—there is nothing in the history of our own nation—which should induce us to believe for a moment, that the blessings of free government, acquired by the blood and treasure of our ancestors, can be perpetuated without the exercise of constant vigilance by their descendants. On the contrary, we are, at this moment, in the midst of dangers of the most alarming character. The attempts of fanatical abolitionists in the eastern States to disregard a part of the National Constitution, and interfere with the domestic institutions of the Southern States, have driven the latter in desperation to the verge of secession. The state of public opinion in certain portions of the Union is such, on this question, that it is believed that secession can never take place without the introduction of a most appalling and bloody civil war—ending, at last, in the destruction of our glorious Union, and all the hopes of freedom throughout the world. The perils by which our Union is surrounded have brought out from the trammels of mere party discipline the great and the noble patriots of the land. Each brought his sacrifice to the alter, and a compromise was at last effected to preserve the Union.

The means of compromise adopted by the last Congress, (including the act for the surrender of fugitives from labor,) have made a settlement—we trust a final settlement of the questions which threatened the destruction of our Union. But these measures will but increase the danger, if not honestly carried into execution. We see that a large portion of our political enemies, for the purpose of securing the abolition vote, have determined to interrupt the peace of the country by keeping up the exciting and dangerous *agitation* under pretence of "*amendment*" or "*modification*" of the fugitive slave law. We see also that the fanatical demagogues have set up their own perverted judgments as a revelation of a "higher law," under which they hold themselves ready to violate the rights of a portion of their fellow citizens, and to trample down the Constitution itself! We see also, throughout the length and breadth of this broad land, that the fugitive slave law has been denounced by our political opponents as unconstitutional and void. Our citizens have been invited to resist it by open violence, and State laws have actually been passed by the enemies of Democratic principles, authorizing State judges to disregard it, and to issue writs of *habeas corpus*, and other writs for the purpose of nullifying its provisions!! If these views are carried out by their advocates, rebellion and civil war must be the inevitable results! and our happy country will be deluged with the blood of her own citizens! How can we hope for the blessings of God to preserve us from these great evils, unless we endeavor to render ourselves to Him by an honest fulfillment of our constitutional obligations?

In the midst of the portentous darkness which thus surrounds us, thank Heaven, we also perceive the lightning flashes from the Democratic judges of the National Government, illuminating the path to national safety. But what can their efforts avail, unless aided by the people and the authorities of the seperate States? Alas! nothing. Let the people of the States come forth to the rescue. Let the thunders of democracy be heard throughout every State in the Union, in support of the Constitution, and an honest discharge of our obligations. Let every department of the government of our good old Keystone State be placed in sound hands, that she may proudly and firmly sustain the Arch of our great Union. Let no unsound or even doubtful judges be elected to defeat the will of the people, or to embarrass their Representatives or Executive in this great struggle to preserve the Union and to perpetuate our free institutions. Let the people speak in a voice which shall warn all abolitionists, fanatics and agitators, to desist from their treasonable practices. Let the people also speak out in a language which shall vindicate their own justice from reproach, while it gives assurance to our irritated brethren in the South that their constitutional rights shall be respected, and that "the Union must and shall be preserved."

It is by this course, alone, that peace, harmony, and safety can be restored. Every consideration which can influence the friends of freedom, now demands of the Democracy a firm support of their WHOLE TICKET. The loss of our Governor, or Canal Commissioner, or even Legislature, might be remedied in a brief space of time, because they are chosen for short terms. But the Judges of the Supreme Court are chosen for fifteen years, and their decisions are final, without appeal to any higher power. An error in electing our political enemies to such high and responsible stations, could not be corrected until the mischief was irreparable. Such an error would be an act of political suicide that would justly bring the intelligence of the Democracy into deserved ridicule and reproach. Let every Democrat scorn the counsels of those who would seduce him to betray his party and his country, in whole or in part, by means of a *mixed ticket.*

The times are full of peril. At this critical juncture the interests of the country demand of every Democrat the performance of his WHOLE DUTY. Let the Democratic ticket be *supported throughout.* Let not a single name be stricken from it. Nominated, as it was, by the oldest and ablest lawyers in the State, it is worthy the cordial and hearty support of every man who lays claim to the title of a Democrat. The high estimate placed upon *all* our nominees by the venerable WILLIAM WILKINS, President of the Convention, after the selections had been made, will, in itself, be sufficient to satisfy the whole country of the ability and purity of our candidates, regardless of any slander that may be concocted by open enemies or secret foes. A united and harmonious effort will secure the election of our entire ticket, by an overwhelming majority.

WM. DOCK, *Chairman,*
WILLIAM S. ROSS,
WILLIAM DEAL,
THOMAS J. POWER,
J. ELLIS BONHAM,
JAMES BURNSIDE,
GEO. W. BOWMAN,
JAMES L. REYNOLDS,
F. K. BOAS, *Secretary.*

Harrisburg, Aug. 13, 1851.

PRETTY GOOD.—I knew an old man who believed that "what was to be will be." He lived in Missouri, and was one day going out several miles through a region infested, in the early times, with very savage Indians. He always took his gun with him, but this time found that some one of the family had it out. As he would not go without it, some of his friends tantalized him by saying that there was no danger of the Indians; that he would not die until his time came, anyhow. "Yes," says the old fellow, "but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and *his* time had come, it wouldn't do not to have *my* gun."—*Ohio Teacher.*

An old merchant in Baltimore said the other day, that a man might as well think of being President of the United States, without having his name in the papers, as to be well known and successful in business without advertising.

Poetical.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

BY FRANCIS D. GAGE.

O, a jovial farmer's boy I'll be,
As fresh as the birds that sing,
And carrol my merry song of glee
Among the flowers of spring.
With a whoop who hoy, to drive my team
Before the rising sun,
To slake their thirst in a silvery stream,
Shall be my morning's fun;

To see the hungry porker fed,
And hear him grunt his thanks;
To rouse the calves from their grassy bed,
To shake their drowsy flanks;
To draw from the generous cow her store,
With young hands strong and free,
Till the brimming pale is running o'er
With the foaming luxury;

To haste to the garden with hoe and seed
While the dew is on the spray,
To plant, to trim, to hoe and weed
The morning hours away,
To raise the flowers for the honey bee,
With their petals bright and fair;
O, I love the budding flowers to see,
In my garden here and there;

Or away to the fields with the reapers hie,
And toil the livelong day,
And think of the happy time when I
Shall be a man as they,
To plow, to harrow, to plant, to sow
The rich and fertile lands;
To reap and bind, to pitch and mow,
With strong and willing hands.

O, I would not live in the crowded town,
With its pavements hard and gray,
With its lonthcned streets of dusty brown,
And its painted houses gay—
Where every boy his ball may bound
Upon his neighbor's dome,
And every shout and every sound
Disturbs some other's home.

The squirrel that leaps from limb to limb,
In the forest waving high,
Or the lark that soars with his matin hymn,
Is not more free than I.
Then give me the trade of a farmer boy,
From city trammels free,
And I'll crack my whip, and cry, "Who hoy!"
Oh, a farmer boy I'll be!

From Graham's Magazine.

THE LOVED OF OTHER YEARS.

When summer flowers are weaving
Their perfume wreaths in air,
And the zephyr's wings receiving,
The love-gifts gently bear;
Then memory's spirit stealing,
Lifts up the veil she wears,
In all their light revealing
The loved of other years.

When summer stars are shining
In the deep blue midnight sky,
And their brilliant rays entwining,
Weaves coronals on high;
When the fountain's sprays are singing
In tones night only hears,
Then sweet thoughts waken, bringing
The loved of other years!

The flowers around me glowing,
The midnight star's pure gleams,
The fountain's echoless flowing,
Recalls life's fondest dreams.
When all is bright in heaven,
And tranquil are the spheres,
To the sweet thoughts are given,
The loved of other years!

Miscellaneous.

Father Howe's Dream.

Rev. Mr. Howe, lately of Hopkinton, is known to have been an original man. His waking thoughts were peculiarly his own, and his dreams may be expected to partake of the same qualities. This dream we place in our columns on account of its originality. We give it publicity, also for benefit of singing choirs who are sometimes liable to fall out by the way.

At one time during his ministry, the singers all took offence and left the choir. On the next Sabbath he related the following dream, which had the desired effect of restoring them to their places. He dreamed that a spirit from the other world appeared before him, and informed him that there was singing enough in heaven but none in hell; and that one of the most essential distinctions between angels and devils consists in this, that the former delight in singing while the latter have no inclination to engage in this heavenly employment.

The angels, (continued the spirit) were all created in holiness; but in process of time a part of them became tired of employing their faculties in singing the songs of heaven. When these were urged to use *all* their talents in the service of God, they said they had no *encouragement* to sing, or, in other words no pay! They would not trust the Lord to reward them, but must be paid by their fellow servants. The Almighty, therefore, prepared them a different place and *name.*

I awoke, (said Mr. Howe,) and lay musing on the subject for some time, and then fell asleep; my thoughts turned to my former dream, departed spirits appeared to me, and their conversation was audible. At length one of them stood forth to interpret the dream and said it had respect to the people of Hopkinton. Your last year's singers (observed the interpreter) are all dead. I saw them go to heaven's gate and knock for admission. Whereupon Gabriel opened the gate and said. "Who are you? can you sing?" "No!" "Then you cannot be admitted here." "We did sing for a time," replied they, "but were discouraged." "He that puttoth his hand to the plow," answered Gabriel, "and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God; you cannot be admitted here." "We would have sung, if there had been suitable encouragement." "Those who *will not* sing on earth," returned the angel, "*shall not sing* in heaven. You can't be admitted here.—Depart, Depart!" Upon this, the gulf opened and swallowed them up. "Then I awoke, (said Mr. Howe,) and behold it was a dream; but the *thing was certain, and the interpretation* thereof, *sure.*"

Hear Him Talk.

Saunders of the Evansville Journal, went to Iowa for a new wife. After many incidents and accidents by flood and field he reached the place of his destination, and having secured the object sought after, returned home. After announcing his arrival, and his change of condition, he volunteered the following advice to his old bachelor friends:

"In announcing the fact of our return home with a rib, we cannot refrain from expressing our profound disgust of bachelors—and we expect to be disgusted with both for—several weeks. We are well aware that in times gone by, we occasionally made ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of sensible men, by upholding the bachelor state as the only life of happiness, independence and earthly glory.—But we were young and green then, and of course know but one side of the subject. Now stand up here, you consarned ugly pictures of humanity rejoicing in the name of bachelors, and answer us a few questions.

What are *you* fit for in this world? What good are you doing for your country? What are you doing for posterity? What interest have you in the "generation yet unborn" that you read of? Where will you be, when old men, if your vile habits over permit you to arrive at old age? Won't you be like a lonely, seared and scathed tree, standing in a large clearing without a companion, and your life unprotected from the frosts by your saplings and shrubs at your feet? Or won't you be like pumpkins in a cornfield, more prominent because of your prodigious ugliness and loneliness, than the stalks at your side laden with golden grain? Hold up your heads and talk like men, whether you can act so or not. Now don't you feel ashamed of yourselves? Look at the girls about you, all smiles and sugar—hearts overflowing with love ready to be spilled on the first good fellow that can touch your sympathies. Look at 'em and feel the disgusting position you occupy in the cabbage garden of humanity. What are you holding back for? Now just reform—put on your best looks and other coat—talk to them prettily—then propose, get accepted, marry, and—the country will rely on you as a faithful and well disposed citizen."

WOMEN AND DANCING.

The following humorous yarn was spun by Lever, the facetious author of Charles O'Malley.—The Bloomers may take a hint from it, and partly on their account we give the extract a place:

"I believe a woman would do a great deal for a dance," said Dr. Growling; "they are immensely fond of salutatory motion. I remember once in my life I used to flirt with one who was a great favorite in a provincial town where I lived, and confided to me she had no stockings to appear in, and without them her presence at the ball was out of the question."

"That was a hint for you to buy the stockings," said Dick.

"No; you're out," said Growling. "She knew that I was as poor as herself; but though she could not rely on my purse, she had every confidence in my taste and judgement, and consulted me on a plan she formed for going to the ball in proper twig. Now what do you think it was?"

"To go in cotton, I suppose," returned Dick.

"Out again, sir—you'd never guess it, and only a woman could have hit upon the expedient. It was the fashion in those days for ladies in full dress to wear pink stockings, and she proposed painting her legs!"

"Painting her legs!" they all exclaimed.

"Fact, sir," said the Doctor, "and she relied upon me for painting her if the cheat was successful."

"And was it?" asked Durfy.

"Don't be in a hurry, Tom. I complied on one condition, namely—that I should be the painter."

"Oh, you old rascal!" said Dick.

"A capital bargain," said Durfy.

"But not a safe convenant," added the attorney.

"Don't interrupt me, gentlemen," said the doctor. "I got some rose pink, accordingly, and I defy all the hosiers in Nottingham to make a tighter fit than I did on little Jenny; and a prettier pair of stockings I never saw."

"And she went to the ball?" said Dick.

"She did."

"And the trick succeeded?" inquired Durfy.

"So completely, said the doctor, "that several ladies asked her to recommend her dyer to them. So, you see what a woman will do to go to a dance. Poor little Jenny! she "is a merry minx—by the by, she boxed my ears that night for a joke, I made about the stockings. "Jenny," said I, "for fear your stockings should fall down when you are dancing, hadn't you better let me paint you a pair of garters on them?"

A SNAKE STORY.

Some years ago there lived in Barnwell District, a Dr. W——, who was looked upon by his neighbors as an excellent physician, and highly respected by the whole community; but the Doctor had (as all men have except the heroes of novels) a weak point, and this was—concerning snakes. He possessed a most perfect horror of everything in the form of a serpent, and very often prophesied that he should some day or other die from the bite of one.

On one Fourth of July, the Doctor had been invited to a pic nic, and on their return home the party agreed as the evening was very pleasant and the moon shining brightly, to go by way of the river.

Accordingly, they landed the ladies into the boat and shoved off, having sent their horses by another route.

Suddenly a tremendous yell arose from where the Doctor was sitting, and he leaped from his seat so violently as to almost overset the boat. The ladies shrieked and the gentlemen seizing the Doctor to prevent his jumping overboard, demanded the cause.

"I'm snake bitten," screamed he; "I always said I'd be, and you see I was right."

"Where has it bitten you?" asked one of the terrified ladies.

"Dosen't matter," groaned he, pressing both his hands to the tail of his coat. "I'm bitten and that's sufficient. I always told you that I'd be killed by a snake, you wouldn't believe me. Now you see it has come true."

The poor fellow, in spite of the agony he suffered, seemed to take melancholy exultation in showing them that his prophecy had been fulfilled.

"But I shall not die unavenged," he exclaimed, seizing a walking stick and belaboring most furiously at something in the bottom of the boat.

"Stop Doctor," said one of the gentlemen very quietly.

The Doctor, surprised by the calm tone in which this was said, suspended his flagelation and looked up.

"I should be very much obliged to you if you would not demolish my whip entirely," continued the gentleman, picking up a hunting whip which had the handle carved in imitation of a snake's head.

"What!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Isn't it a snake?" Well, he must be somewhere, or else how could I be bitten?"

"I don't know whether there is a snake in the boat or not," said the owner of the whip: "but this I do know that if a man comes into a boat with spurs on, he is very apt to sit down on them."

The Doctor sat down amidst shouts of laughter, and he has never as yet, been known to repeat his prophesy since.—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

A Cold Bite of Cat.

A few years ago a farmer, who was noted for his waggery, stopped at a tavern, which he was in the habit of stopping at on his way from H—— to Salem.

The landlady had got the pot boiling for dinner, and the cat was washing her face in the corner.—The traveller thinking it would be a good joke, took off the pot-lid, and while the landlady was absent, put grimalkin into the pot with the potatoes, and pursued his journey to Salem.

The amazement of the landlady may well be conceived when, on taking up her dinner, she discovered the unpalatable addition which was made to it.—Knowing well the disposition of her customer, she had no difficulty in fixing on the aggressor and determined to be revenged. Aware that he would stop on his return home for a cold bite, the cat was carefully dressed. The wag called as he was expected, and pussy was put on the table among other cold dishes, but so disguised that he did not know his old acquaintance.

He made a hearty meal, and washed it down with a glass of gin. After paying his bill he asked the landlady if she had a cat that she could give him, for he was plagued almost to death with mice. She said she could not, for she had lost here.

"What!" said he "don't you know where she is?"

"Oh yes!" replied the landlady, "you have just eaten it."

He was never known to boil a cat afterwards.

The man that will take a paper a length of time and then send it back "refused" and "unpaid for," would swallow a blind dog's dinner, and then stone the dog for being blind.

An old maid was heard to exclaim, while sitting at her toilet the other day—"I can bear adversity, I can encounter hardship, and withstand the changes of fickle fortune, but O, to live, droop, and wither, and die like a single pink, I can't endure it, and what's more, I won't!"

It is a good rule, never to speak of men's faults to others, till we have first and faithfully spoken of them to the offenders themselves. This would prevent a vast amount of mischief and slander, and perhaps save many from persisting in sin.

A LOVE-SICK SWAIN.

A love sick swain—who says he has been wounded in a tender place—poetically pours forth his sorrows, through the medium of Cohen's Chester Herald, in some heart rendering stanzas—addressed to the "Chester Belle," who did the mischief—two of which we subjoin:

Oh! I've seen her at the window,
With all her fixins' on,
As lovely and as tender
As a blossom newly blown;
With eyes like melting violets,
And dimples in her cheeks,
And a voice like twenty clarionets,
Unhushed for twenty weeks.

I've seen her at the museum,
Lord knows how many places,
And by the great Methusalem,
Her's the face of faces;
She looks for all the world,
Like an angel just come down,
To get her raven tresses curled,
Then hurry out of town.

GEMS.

Some men of a secluded and studious life, have sent forth from their closet, or their cloister, rays of intellectual light that have agitated courts and revolutionized kingdoms; like the moon, which though removed far from the ocean, and shinning upon it with a serene and sober light, is the chief cause of all those ebbings and flowings which incessantly disturb the world of waters.

A man's troubles are born and grow with him; as they become oppressive, he is better able to endure them; but they who go out the common track to speculate upon happiness not only have, but deserve a larger share of misfortune than he who keeps on the well known beaten track, and is contented with being moderately happy.

Time is a most valuable steed, which while we ride, we cannot control; and which, if we do not well, will certainly throw us; lovers, in particular, who trifle with him, are sure afterwards to repent it.

Want of sense renders some people obstinate, while wisdom makes them firm; since that which would be obstinacy in a wrong cause becomes firmness in a right one. To discriminate between the two is often difficult.

Sophistry is like a window curtain; it pleases as an ornament, but its true use is to keep out the light.

Life is like a portentuous cloud, fraught with thunder, storm and rain; but religion like those streaming rays of sunshine, will clothe it with light as with a garment, and fringe its shadowy skirts with gold.

Nature's beauties do not fade with her leaves, nor with her flowers.

Beauty, as flowing as the blossom, soon fades; but the divine excellency of the mind, like the medical virtues of the plant, remain in it, when all those charms are withered.

A fop is like a cinnamon tree, the bark is worth more than the body.

When there are more children in school than the teacher can supply with suitable instruction, they may be compared to the inhabitants of a besieged city, where there is too little food for the mouths of the besieged. Each must be put upon *short rations.*

What a majesty there is in the christain's death—what a glory in his hope! As the rivers run the smoothest the nearer they approach the ocean;—as the rose smells the sweetest when dying;—as the sun appears most glorious when setting—so is it with a Christian's death.

The violet grows low, and covers itself with its own leaves; and yet, of all flowers, it yields the most delicious and fragrant smell. Such is humility.

Many an enamored pair courted in poetry, and, after marriage, lived in prose.

Understanding Human Nature.

As tact is practically better than talent, so to possess a knowledge of human nature, is in many vocations, the great secret of success. We recollect having read a striking illustration of this truth in the case of the celebrated preacher Rowland Hill, who, although a man of eccentric habits, was a devoted clergyman, and labored hard in the cause he had espoused. At one time he was earnestly entreated to visit a town in England, where the small meeting-house had been closed by the hand of violence, and whose inhabitants were entirely without religious instruction. On his arrival, it is stated that the house was crowded, chiefly with enemies to the gospel, and his friends entreated him not to preach, as among other plans the opposing party had obtained the presence of a most notorious prize fighter, on purpose to annoy the preacher personally. But Rowland Hill was one of the last men in the world to flinch from an encounter like this. He declared that he would preach even though he died in the attempt; and having obtained an exact description of the person and dress of the prize-fighter, he made his way, unguarded and alone, to the pulpit. Looking around him from the pulpit, as he never fails to do, his eye caught the pugilist, when he very respectfully beckoned to him. The man, apparently full of fury, ascended the pulpit stairs, when he told him his name was Rowland Hill, that he was the son of Sir Richard Hill, of Hawkstone Park, and a clergyman, that he was come to the town to preach, and had been told that some bad men intended to disturb him; that he had full confidence in his talents as a prize-fighter, and therefore put himself under his protection as a gentleman; that if any disturbance should arise, he should rely upon him to quell it; and at the close of the service he would be glad if he would accompany him in his carriage to dine at Hawkstone. The fury of the man was entirely subdued; he promised his best efforts to maintain quietness, which he actually did secure, and went away, at the end of the service apparently ashamed that he had intended to interrupt so complete a gentleman in his wishes to do good. Did not this conduct show that Mr. Hill understood human nature?

Nice Corn Bread.

For the special benefit of our dyspeptic readers, we give the following receipt, from the *American Agriculturist:*

"We are in the daily habit of eating corn bread made after the following receipe, by our good landlady, Mrs. Norton, of Astoria. It is equal to anything we ever tasted:—To one quart of sour milk add two tea-spoonfuls, well stirred in, of finely pulverized salæratus, two eggs well beaten, one tablespoonful of brown sugar, and a piece of butter as large as an egg. Salt to suit the taste, and then stir in the meal, making the mixture about as stiff as for pound cake. Now comes the great secret of its goodness. *Bake quick*—to the color of a rich light brown. Eat it moderately warm, with butter, cheese, honey, or sugar-house molasses, as most agreeable to the palate."

HAD HIM THERE.—Two young ladies belonging to the "upper tendom," were out riding in a buggy by themselves and after driving through the various fashionable avenues, they concluded to try the plank road. Well, to the plank road they went, and while trotting briskly along they were suddenly arrested by a toll-gate keeper, who demanded his toll.

"How much is it?" asked the girls.

"For a man and horse,—fifty cents," he replied.

"Well then, get out of the way, for we are girls and a mare! Get up Jenny," and away they went, leaving the man mute with astonishment.

The Day of Judgement.

Consider what infinite multitudes of angels, and men, and women, shall then appear! It is a huge assembly when the men of one kingdom, and the men of one age in a single province, are gathered in heaps and confusion of disorder; but then, all kingdoms of all ages, all the armies that ever mustered, all that world that Agustus Cæsar taxed, all those hundred of millions that were slain in all the Roman wars, from Numa's time till Italy was broken into principalities and small exarchates; all these, and all that can come into numbers, and that did descend from the loins of Adam, shall at once be represented; to which account, if we add the armies of heaven, the nine orders of blessed spirits, and the infinite numbers in every order, we may suppose the numbers fit to express the majesty of that God, and the terror of that Judge, who is the Lord and Father of all that unimaginable multitude!

In that great multitude we shall meet all those who by their example and their holy precepts have, like tapers, enkindled with a beam of the Sun of righteousness, enlightened us, and taught us to walk in the paths of justice. Here men shall meet the partners of their sins, and them that drank the round when they crowned their heads with folly and forgetfulness, and their cups with wines and noises. There shall you see that poor perishing soul, whom thou didst tempt to adultery and wantonness, to drunkenness and perjury, to rebellion or an evil interest, by power or craft, by witty discourses or deep dissembling, by scandal or a snare, by evil example or a pernicious counsel, by malice or unwariness.—That soul that cries to those rocks to cover her, if it had not been for thy perpetual temptation, might have followed the Lamb in a white robe; and that poor man that is clothed with shame and flames of fire, would have shined in glory, but that thou didst force him to be partner of thy baseness.

Jeremy Taylor.

A Rowland for an Oliver.

Soon after the revolutionary war a brave Yankee officer, a former captain in the service, happened to be at St. Petersburg, in Russia, and while there was invited to dine at the table of a distinguished merchant. There was a large number of guests at the table, and among the rest an English lady, who was anxious to appear as one of the "knowing ones."—On understanding that an American was sitting near her, she expressed to one of her friends a determination to quiz him. She fastened upon him like a tigress, making numerous inquiries touching our habits, customs, dress, manners, mode of life, education, amusements, &c. To all these queries the officer gave courteous answers, which seemed to satisfy all the company, with the exception of the lady herself.—She was determined not to be satisfied, and went on:—"Have the rich people in your country any carriages? for I suppose there are some who call themselves rich?" "My residence," replied the captain, "is in a small town, upon an island, where there are but few carriages kept, but in large towns and cities on the main land there are quite a number maintained, suited to our republican manners." "Indeed," replied the fair questioner, in a tone which was both interrogative and exclamatory, "I can't fancy where you find coachmen; I should'nt think the Americans knew how to drive a coach." "We find no difficulty on that account, Madam," calmly rejoined the captain; "we can have plenty of drivers by sending to England after them." "To England!" exclaimed the lady, speaking very quickly; "I think the Americans ought to drive the English, instead of the English driving the Americans." "We did Madam, *in the late war,*" *rejoined the officer;* "*but since the peace, we have permitted the English to drive us!*" There was no more "quizzing" of our American during the dinner. He waited in vain, like Sam Weller in "Bardell vs. Pickwick," for the next question.

Knickerbocker Magazine.

Vegetable Instinct.

If a pan of water be placed within six inches, on either side of the stem of a young pumpkin or vegetable marrow, it will, in the course of the night approach it, and will be found in the morning with one of its leaves floating on the water. This experiment may be continued nightly, until the plant begins to fruit. If a prop be placed within six inches of a young convolvolus, or scarlet runner, it will find it, although the prop be shifted daily. If after it had twined some distance up the prop, it be unwound and twined in the opposite direction, it will return to its original position, or die in the attempt; yet, notwithstanding, if two of these plants grow near each other, and have no stake around which they can entwine, one of them will after the direction of its spiral, and they will twine around each other.—Duhamel placed some kidney beans in a cylinder of moist earth. After a short time they began to germinate, of course sending the plume upwards to the light, and the root down into the soil. After a few days, the cylinder was turned one-fourth round, and again and again this was repeated, until an entire revolution of the cylinder had been completed. The beans were then taken out of the earth, and it was found that both the plume and radicle had been bent to accomodate themselves to every revolution; and the one in its efforts to ascend, and the other to descend, had formed a perfect spiral. But although the natural tendency of the root is downwards, if the soil beneath be dry, and any damp substance be above, the roots will ascend to reach it.

A HOT SPRING.—One of the members of the Mexican Boundary Commission, writing from Santa Rita, New Mexico, to the *Providence Journal*, thus describes a spring discovered on the 2nd of May:

"Having heard of a remarkable "hot spring" a few miles from our road, all that were mounted determined to visit it, and on leaving camp struck off into the plain in a straight direction for it. A ride of about five miles brought us up to the spot, which was indicated by a hill about six hundred feet in circumference at its base, and about thirty or forty feet high, which was formed entirely by deposits made by the waters of the spring. On the summit of this hill was a basin twenty feet in diameter, containing the hot water, the surface of which was four or eight feet below the top of the basin. The temperature of the water was found to be one hundred and twenty-five degrees, and of course so hot that the hand could not be borne in it. Dr. Webb collected the gas which bubbled up from the bottom, and found it to be neither hydrogen nor carbonic acid gas.—His conclusion, therefore, was that it was purely atmospheric air. The water was pleasant to the taste, and would be palatable if cooled. At one side of the hill a small spring burst out, and at a short distance where it collected in a pool, the water was cool enough to bathe in, but even then it was literally a *hot bath.*"

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.—We heard of a conversation which took place a few evenings since, between one of Elmira's fair daughters and a young merchant of the place, which runs thus:—The merchant was speaking of the excellent qualities of a young female friend of his, and closed his remarks by observing that "she was a noble, generous hearted lady, and one that was right here," accompanying the last word with a gesture which bordered near the heart. Her reply was "fudge! that is half cotton!"

Elmira Democrat.

CON.—Why is a schoolmaster, who chastises a refractory scholar, without getting in a passion, like a vessel bound on a whaling voyage to the Pacific? Because he is a *pacific whaler.*

An old writer thus describes a talkative female:—"I know a lady who talks so incessantly that she won't give an echo fair play. She has such an everlasting rotation of tongue that an echo must wait until she dies before it can catch her last words."

A chap down East has invented a *machine* to make pumpkin pies. It is driven by the *force* of circumstances.

Bowie knives are now made with the following inscription on them—"*the common law of Arkansas.*" Rather pointed.