American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY" AT $2.00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 38. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1851. NO. 26.

Poetical.

TO A DECEMBER HYACINTH.

Thou cam'st to me a gift of love,
In the moist earth implanted;
Thy beauty claimed each gazer's eye,
Thy fragrance charmed the passer-by;
For me thou hast a grace above
These sweets that so enchanted.

To one who could the ages lift,
And read those notes of waiting
Upon thy fair and sky-veined leaf,
Witness of sad Appollo's grief,
Thy story were itself a gift
Of interest unfailing.

So looking back to vanished years,
With a most tender thinking,
I took thee from the warm, brown earth,
Home of thy sea girt island birth,
And placed thee in an urn of tears,
Which thou art daily drinking.

Tears seem, in sooth, thy native food;
They bring forth leaf and blossom,
With scarce a sun-ray to their aid;
As if of wo thy life was made,
As if from sorrow came the good
Which fills thine odorate bosom.

And thus, sweet one, though born of tears,
And greeted oft by weeping—
For pity moistens the soft rays
With which upon thy charms I gaze—
The presence still the lone heart cheers,
The lyre in tune thus keeping.

Miscellaneous.

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

FAMINE was rioting in the streets of Paris. All industry was at an end. The poor, unemployed, were perishing. The rich were gathering the wrecks of their estates, and flying from France. There was no law but such as was proclaimed by the thunders of Napoleon's batteries. The National Guard he immediately reorganized, and soon efficient order was established. Napoleon was incessantly occupied in visiting all parts of the city, and words of kindness and sympathy with suffering he combined with the strong and inexorable arm of military rule. More than a hundred families, says the Dutchess of Abrantes, were saved from perishing by his personal exertions. He himself climbed to the garrets of penury, and penetrated the cellars of want and woe, and, with a moistened eye, gazed upon the scene of fearful wretchedness with which Paris was filled. He caused wood and bread to be distributed to the poor, and, totally regardless of ease or self-indulgence, did everything in his power to alleviate suffering.

One day, when alighting from his carriage to dine at Madame Permon's, he was addressed by a woman who held a dead infant in her arms. Grief and hunger had dried up the fountains of life in her bosom, and her unweaned child had perished of starvation. Her husband was dead, and five children were mourning for food at home. "If I cannot obtain relief," said the famished mother, "I must take my remaining five children, and drown myself with them." Napoleon questioned her very minutely, ascertained her place of residence, and giving her some money to meet her immediate wants, entered the house and sat down with the guests at the brilliant entertainment. He was, however, so deeply impressed with the scene of wretchedness which he had just witnessed, that he could not obliterate it from his mind, and all were struck with his absent manner and the sadness of his countenance. Immediately after dinner, he took measures to ascertain the truth of the statements which the poor woman had made to him, and finding all her assertions verified, he took the family immediately under his protection. He obtained employment for the girls in needlework among his friends, and the family ever expressed the most profound gratitude to their preserver. It was by the unceasing exhibition of such traits of character, that Napoleon entwined around him the hearts of the French people.

There was at this time in Paris, a lady who was rendered quite prominent in society by her social attractions, her profound loveliness, and her elevated rank. She was a widow, twenty-eight years of age. Her husband, the Viscount Beauharnais, had recently perished on the scaffold, an illustrious victim of revolutionary fury. Josephine Tascher Beauharnais, who subsequently became the world renowned bride of Napoleon, was born on the island of Martinique, in the West Indies. When almost a child, she was married to the Viscount Beauharnais, who had visited the island on business, and was captivated by the loveliness of the fair young Creole. Upon entering Paris, she was immediately introduced to all the splendors of the court of Marie Antoinette. The revolutionary storm soon burst upon her dwelling with merciless fury. She experienced the most afflictive reverses of friendlessness, bereavement, imprisonment, and penury. The storm had, however, passed over her, and she was left a widow, with two children, Eugene and Hortense. From the wreck of her fortune she had saved an ample competence, and was surrounded by influential and admiring friends.

Napoleon, in obedience to the orders of the Convention, to prevent the possibility of another outbreak of lawless violence, had proceded to the disarming of the populace of Paris. In the performance of this duty, the sword of M. Beauharnais was taken. A few days afterwards, Eugene, a very intelligent and graceful child, twelve years of age, obtained access to Napoleon, and, with most engaging artlessness and depth of emotion, implored that the sword of his father might be restored to him. Napoleon had no heart to deny such a request. He sent for the sword, and, speaking with kind words of commendation, presented it with his own hand to Eugene. The grateful boy burst into tears, and, unable to articulate a word, pressed the sword to his bosom, bowed in silence, and retired. Napoleon was much interested in this exhibition of filial love, and his thoughts were immediately directed to the mother who had formed the character of such a child. Josephine, whose whole soul was absorbed in love for her children, was grateful for the kindness with which the distinguished young general had treated her fatherless Eugene, that she called, in her carriage, the next day, to express to him a mother's thanks. She was dressed in deep mourning. Her peculiarly musical voice was tremulous with emotion. The fervor and the delicacy of her maternal love, and the perfect grace of manner and of language with which she discharged her mission, excited the admiration of Napoleon. He soon called upon her. The acquaintance soon ripened into an unusually strong and ardent affection.

Josephine was two years older than Napoleon, but her features had resisted the encroachments of time, and her cheerfulness and vivacity invested her with all the charms of early youth. Barras, now one of the five Directors who had been established in power by the guns of Napoleon, was a very ardent friend of Josephine. He warmly advocated the contemplated connection, deeming it mutually advantageous. Napoleon would greatly increase his influence by an alliance with one occupying so high a position in society, and surrounded by friends so influential.—And Barras clearly foretold that the energetic young general possessed genius which would insure distinction. Josephine thus speaks in a letter to a friend, of her feelings in view of the proposed marriage:

"I am urged to marry again. My friends counsel the measure, my aunt almost lays her injunction to the same effect, and my children entreat my compliance. You have met General Bonaparte at my house. He it is who would supply a father's place to the orphans of Alexander Beauharnais, and a husband to his widow. I admire the general's courage, the extent of his information, for on all subjects he talks equally well, and the quickness of his judgment, which enables him to seize the thoughts of others almost before they are expressed. But I confess I shrink from the despotism he seems desirous of exercising over all who approach him. His searching glance has something singular and inexplicable, which imposes even upon our Directors; judge if it may not intimidate a woman.

"Barras gives assurance that if I marry the general, he will secure his appointment to the command of the army of Italy. Yesterday Bonaparte, speaking of this favor, said to me, 'Think they, then, that I have need of *their* protection to arrive at power? Egregious mistake! They will all be but too happy, one day, should I condescend to grant them mine!'

"What think you of this self-confidence? Is it not a proof of excess of vanity? A general of brigade protect the heads of government! That truly is an event highly probable! I know not how it is, but sometimes this waywardness gains upon me to such a degree, that almost I believe possible whatever this singular man may take into his head to attempt. And with his imagination, who can calculate what he will not undertake."

Though the passion with which Josephine had inspired Napoleon was ardent and impetuous in the highest degree, it interfered not in the least with his plans of towering ambition. During the day he was vigorously employed in his professional duties, and in persevering study. But each evening found him at the mansion of Josephine, where he met, and dazzled by his commanding genius and brilliant conversational powers, the most distinguished and most influential men of the metropolis. In these social entertainments, Josephine testified that Napoleon possessed unlimited powers of fascination, whenever he saw fit to employ them. His acquaintance and his influence was thus extended among those who would be most available in the furtherance of his plans. On the 6th of March, 1796, Napoleon and Josephine were married, Napoleon being then twenty-five years of age. It was a union of very sincere affection on both sides. It cannot be doubted, that next to ambition, Josephine was to Napoleon the dearest object of his admiration and homage. Marriage had then ceased to be regarded in infidel France as a religious rite. It was a mere partnership, which any person could form or dissolve at pleasure. The revolutionary tribunals had closed the churches, banished the clergy, and dethroned God. The parties contemplating marriage simply recorded their intention in the State register of Paris, with two or three friends to sign the record as witnesses. By this simple ceremony, Napoleon was united to Josephine. But neither of the parties approved of this mercantile aspect of a transaction so sacred. They were both, in natural disposition, serious, thoughtful, and prone to look to the guidance of a power higher than that of man. Surrounded by infidelity, and by that vice with which public infidelity is invariably accompanied, they both instinctively reverenced all that is grand and imposing in the revelations of Christianity.

When Napoleon was crowned Emperor, he was privately married again by Cardinal Fesche, in accordance with the forms of the church, which the Emperor had re-established. "Josephine," said Napoleon, "was truly a most lovely woman; refined, affable and charming. She was the goddess of the toilet. All the fashions originated with her. Everything she put on appeared elegant.—She was so kind, so humane—she was the most graceful lady, and the best woman in France. I never saw her act inelegantly during the whole time we lived together. She possessed a perfect knowledge of the different shades of my character, and evinced the most exquisite tact in turning this knowledge to the best account. For example, she never solicited any favor for Eugene, or thanked me for any I conferred upon him. She never showed any additional complaisance or assiduity when he was receiving from me the greatest honors. Her grand aim was to assume that all this was *my* affair, that Eugene was *our* son, not hers. Doubtless she entertained the idea that I would adopt Eugene as my successor."

Again, he said of Josephine, "we lived together like honest citizens, in our mutual relations, and always retired together till 1805, a period in which political events obliged me to change my habits, and to add the labors of the night to those of the day. This regularity is the best guarantee for a good establishment. It ensures the respectability of the wife, the dependance of the husband, and maintains intimacy of feelings and good morals. If this is not the case, the smallest circumstances make people forget each other. A son by Josephine would have rendered me happy, and would have secured the reign of my dynasty. The French would have loved him very much better than they could love the son of Maria Louisa; and I never would have put my foot on that abyss covered with flowers, which was my ruin. Let no one after this rely upon the wisdom of human combinations. Let no one venture to pronounce, before its close, upon the happiness or misery of life. My Josephine had the instinct of the future when she became terrified at her own sterrility. She knew well that a marriage is only real when there is offspring; and in proportion as fortune smiled her anxiety increased. I was the object of her deepest attachment. If I went into my carriage at midnight, there, to my surprise, I found her, seated before me, awaiting my arrival. If I attempted to dissuade her from accompanying me, she had so many good and affectionate reasons to urge, that it was almost always necessary to yield. In a word she always proved to me a happy and affectionate wife, and I have preserved the tenderest recollections of her.

"Political motives induced me to divorce Josephine, whom I most tenderly loved. She, poor woman, fortunately for herself, died in time to prevent her from witnessing the last of my misfortunes. After her forcible separation from me, she avowed, in most feeling terms, her ardent desire to share with me my exile, and extolled, with many tears, both myself and my conduct to her. The English have represented me as a monster of cruelty. Is this the result of the conduct of a merciless, unfeeling tyrant? A man is known by his treatment of his wife, of his family, and of those under him."

Just before his marriage, Napoleon received the appointment, to him most gratifying, of Commander-in-chief of the army of Italy. His predecessor had been displaced in consequence of excessive intemperance. Napoleon was but twenty-five years old when placed in this responsible post. "You are rather young," said one of the Directors, "to assume responsibilities so weighty, and to take the command over veteran generals." "In one year," Napoleon replied, "I shall be either old or dead." "We can place you in the command of men alone," said Carnot, "for the troops are destitute of everything, and we can furnish you with no money to provide supplies." "Give me only men enough," Napoleon replied, "and I ask for nothing more. I will be answerable for the result."

A few days after Napoleon's marriage, he left his bride in Paris, and set out for Nice, the headquarters of the army of Italy. He passed through Marseilles, that he might pay a short visit to his mother, whose love he ever cherished with the utmost tenderness, and on the 27th of March arrived at the cold and cheerless camps, where the dejected troops of France were enduring every hardship.—They were surrounded by numerous foes, who had driven them from the fertile plains of Italy into the barren and dreary fastnesses of the Alps. The Austrian armies, quartered in opulent cities, or encamped upon the sunny and vine-clad hill sides, were living in the enjoyment of security and abundance, while the troops of the distracted and impoverished republic were literally freezing and starving. But here let us pause for a moment to consider the cause of the war, and the motives which animated the contending armies.

France, in the exercise of a right which few in America will question, had in imitation of the United States, and incited by their example, renounced the monarchial form of government, and established a republic. For centuries uncounted, voluptuous kings and licentious nobles had trampled the oppressed millions into the dust. But now these millions had risen in their majesty, and driving the king from his throne and the nobles from their wide domains, had taken their own interests into their own hands. They were inexperienced and unenlightened in the science of government, and they made many and lamentable mistakes. They were terrified in view of the powerful combination of all the monarchs and nobles of Europe, to overwhelm them with invading armies, and, in their paroxysms of fear, when destruction seemed to be coming like an avalanche upon them, they perpetrated many deeds of atrocious cruelty. They simply claimed the right of self-government, and when assailed, fell upon their assailants with blind and merciless fury.

The kings of Europe contemplated this potentous change with inexpressible alarm. In consternation they witnessed the uprising of the masses in France, and saw one of their brother monarchs dragged from his palace and beheaded upon the guillotine. The successful establishment of the French Republic would very probably have driven every king in Europe from his throne. England was agitated throughout all her countries. From the mud cabins of Ireland, from the dark and miry mines, from the thronged streets of the city, and the crowded workshops, all over the kingdom, there was a clamorous cry ascending for liberty and equality. The spirit of democracy, radiating from its soul in Paris, was assailing every throne in Europe. There was no alternative for these monarchs but to crush this new power, or to perish before it. There can be no monarchists whose sympathies will not beat high with the allied kings in the fearful conflict which ensued. There can be no republican who will not pray that "God speed the Eagles of France." Both parties believed that they were fighting in self defence. The kings were attacked by *principles* triumphant in France, which were undermining their thrones.—The French were attacked by bayonets and batteries—by combined armies invading their territories, bombarding their cities, and endeavoring by force of arms, to compel a proud nation of thirty millions of inhabitants to reinstate, at foreign dictation, the rejected Bourbons upon the throne. The allies called upon all the loyalists scattered over France, to grasp their arms, to rally beneath the banner of friends coming to their rescue, and to imbrue their country in the blood of a civil war. The French, in trumpet tones, summoned the people of all lands to hail the tricolored flag, as the harbinger of their deliverance from the servitude of ages.—From every city in Europe which Napoleon approached with his conquering armies, the loyalists fled, while the republicans welcomed him with an adulation amounting almost to religious homage. And the troops of the allies were welcomed in every city of France which they entered, with tears of gratitude from the eyes of those who longed for the restoration of monarchy. It was a conflict between the spirit of republicanism on the one side, and of monarchial and ecclesiastical domination upon the other.

England, with her invincible fleet, was hovering around the coasts of the republic, assailing every exposed point, landing troops upon the French territory, and arming and inspiring the loyalists to civil war. Austria had marched an army of nearly two hundred thousand men upon the banks of the Rhine, to attack France upon the north. She had called into requisition all her Italian possessions, and, in alliance with the Cardinal, and the armies of the king of Sardenia, and the fanatic legions of Naples and Sicily, had gathered eighty thousand men upon the Alpine frontier. This host was under the command of experienced generals, and was abundantly provided with all the munitions of war. These were the invading foes whom Napoleon was to encounter in the fields of blood. It was purely a war of self-defence on the part of the French people. They were contending against the bullets and the bayonets of the armies of monarchial Europe, assailing them at every point.—The allied kings felt that they were engaged in a war of self-defence—that they were struggling against *principles* which threatened to undermine their thrones. Strange as the declaration to some may appear, it is extremely difficult for a candid and impartial man severely to censure either side. It is not strange, contemplating frail human nature as it is, that the monarchs of Europe, born to a kingly inheritance, should have made every exertion to retain their thrones, and to secure their kingdoms from the invasions of republican principles. It is not strange that republicanised France, having burst the chains of intolerable despotism, should have resolved to brave all the horrors of the most desperate war, rather than surrender the right of choosing its own form of government. The United States were protected from a similar onset, on the part of allied Europe, only by the wide barrier of the ocean. And had the combined armies of monarchial Europe crossed that barrier, and invaded our shores, to compel us to replace George III, upon his American throne, we should have blest the Napoleon, emerging from our midst, who, contending for the liberties of his country, had driven them back into the sea.

SERENADING A YOUNG LADY.—In my young days, says the editor of an exchange paper, I was extravagantly fond of attending parties, and was somewhat celebrated for playing the flute; hence it was generally expected, when an invitation was extended, that my flute would accompany me. I visited a splendid party one evening, and was called upon to favor the company with a tune on the flute. I, of course, immediately complied with the request. The company appeared to be delighted, but more particularly so, was a young lady who raised her hands and exclaimed that it was beautiful, delightful, &c. I, of course, was highly flattered, and immediately formed a resolution to serenade the young lady on the following night. Previous to leaving the party, I made inquiry respecting her residence. I started the next night, in company with several young friends, and arrived at the lady's residence, but made a most glorious mistake by getting under the window of an old Quaker. 'Now, boys,' said I, 'behold the sentimentality of this young lady the moment I strike up the Last Rose of Summer.' I struck up, but the window remained closed. The boys smiled: 'Oh,' said I, 'that is nothing; it would not be in good taste to open the window on the first air.' I next struck up on Old Robin Gray. Still the window remained closed. The boys snickered, and I felt somewhat flat. 'Once more, boys,' said I, 'and she must come.' I struck up again—My Love is like the Red, Red Rose. Still there was no demonstration. 'Boys,' said I, 'She's a humbug. Let us sing Home, Sweet Home, and if that don't bring her, we will give her up.' We struck up, and as we finished the last line, the window was raised.—'That's the ticket, boys,' said I; 'I knew we could fetch her.' But instead of the beautiful young lady, it turned out to be the old Quaker, in his night cap and dressing gown. 'Friend,' said he, 'thee was singing of thy home—I think thee said thy sweet home—and if I recollect right, thee said there was no place like home, why don't thee go to thy home? Thee is not wanted here—thee nor any of thy party. Farewell!' We and our hats went home!

WAR.—It is said of the Marquis of Townsend, that when a young man, and engaged in battle, he saw a drummer at his side killed by a cannon ball, which scattered his brains in every direction. His eyes were at once fixed on the ghastly object, which seemed wholly to engross his thoughts. A superior officer, observing him, supposed he was intimidated by the sight, and addressed him in a manner to cheer his spirits. "Oh," said the young Marquis with calmness, but severity, "I am only puzzled to make out how a man with such a quantity of brains ever came to be here!"

THE CHARACTER OF PAUL.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

Paul in his natural character before his conversion, resembles Bonaparte more than any other man—I mean both in his intellectual developements and energy of will. He had the same inflexibility of purpose, the same utter indifference to human suffering when he had once determined on his course, the same tireless, unconquerable resolution; the same fearlessness both of man's power and opinions, and that calm, self-reliance and mysterious control over others. But the point of greatest resemblance is in the union of a strong, correct judgment, with rapidity of thought and sudden impulse. They thought quicker yet better than other men. The power, too, which both possessed was all practical power.—There are many men of strong minds, whose force nevertheless wastes in reflection, or in theories for others to act upon. Thought may work out into language, but not into action. They will plan better than others, but they could work better than all other men.

The same self control and perfect subjection of his emotions—even terror itself—to the mandates of his will, are exhibited in his conduct when smitten to the earth, and blinded by the light and voice from heaven. John when arrested by the same voice on the Isle of Patmos, fell on his face as a dead man, and dared not stir or speak till encouraged by the language, "Fear not." But Paul, (or Saul,) though a persecutor, and violent man, showed no symptoms of alarm or terror. The voice, the blow, the light, the glory, and the darkness that followed, were sufficient to upset the strongest mind; but he, master of himself and his emotions, instead of giving way to exclamations of terror, simply said: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" With his reason and judgment as steady and strong as ever, he knew at once that something was wanted of him, and, ever ready to act, he asked what it was.

From this time on, his track can be distinguished by the commotions about it. Straight back to Jerusalem, from whence he had so recently come with letters to legalize his persecutions, he went to cast his lot in with those he had followed with violence and slaughter. His strong heart never beat one quicker pulsation through fear, when the lofty turrets of the proud city flashed on his vision. Neither did he steal away to the dark alleys and streets, where the disciples were concealed, and tell them secretly his faith in the Son of God. He strode into the synagogues, and before the astonished priests preached Christ and him crucified. He thundered at the door of the Sanhedrim itself, and shaking Jerusalem like an earthquake, awoke a tempest of rage and fury on himself. With assassins dogging his footsteps, he at length left the city. But, instead of going to places where he was unknown, and where his feelings would be less tried, he started for his native city, his father's house, the home of his boyhood, for his kindred and friends. To entreaties, tears, scorn, and violence, he was alike impervious. To Antioch and Cyprus, along the coast of Syria and Rome, over the known world he went like a blazing comet, waking up the nations of the earth. From the top of Mars' Hill, with the gorgeous city at his feet, and the Acropolis and Parthenon behind him; on the deck of his shattered vessel in the intervals of the crash of billows, in the gloomy walls of a prison, on the borders of the eternal kingdom, he speaks in the same calm and determined tone.—Deterred by no danger, awed by no presence, and shrinking from no responsibility, he moves before us heave and embodiment of power. The nations felt his presence. Bands of conspirators swear neither to eat or drink till they have slain him; rulers and priests combine against him; and people stone him: yet, over the din of the conflict and storm of violence, his voice of eloquence rises clear and distinct as a trumpet call, as he still preaches Christ and him crucified. The whip is laid on his back till the blood starts with every blow, and then his mangled body is thrown into a dungeon; but at midnight you hear that same calm, strong voice which has shaken the world, poured forth in a hymn of praise to God, and lo! an earthquake rocks the prison to its foundations; the manacles fall from the hands of the captives, the bolts withdraw of themselves, and the massive doors swing back on their hinges.

One cannot point to a single spot in his career, where he faltered a moment, or gave way to discouragement or fear. Through all his perilous life, he exhibited the same intrepidity of character and lofty spirit. With his eyes fixed on regions beyond the ken of ordinary mortals, and kindling on glories, it was not permitted him to reveal, he pressed forward to an incorruptible crown, a fadeless kingdom. And then his death, how indescribably sublime! Napoleon, dying in the midst of the midnight storm, with the last words that fell from his lips a battle cry, and his passing spirit watching in its delirium the torn heads of his mighty columns, as they disappeared in the smoke of the conflict, is a sight that awes and startles us. But behold Paul also, a warworn veteran, battered with many a scar, though in a spiritual warfare, looking back not with alarm, but transport; gazing not on the earth, but on heaven. Hear his calm serene voice ringing over the storms and commotions of life: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." No shouts of foemen, nor smoke or carnage of battle surrounded his spirit struggling to be free; but troops of shining angels, the smile of God, and the songs of the redeemed, these guarded him and welcomed him home.

Beautifully Said.

We make the following beautiful extract on the Homestead Exemption Law, from a letter recently written by Judge Dellahunty, of Tennessee:

"Secure to each family whose labor may acquire it, a little spot of free earth that it can call its own—that it will be an asylum in the times of adversity, from which the mother and the children, old age and infancy, can still draw substance and claim protection, though misfortune may rob them of all else, and then feel they are still entitled to walk the green earth, and breathe the free air of heaven, in defiance of the potency of accumulated wealth and the domineering of the pretending and ambitious. The sacredness of that consecrated spot will make them warriors in time of eternal strife. 'Those shocks of corn,' said Xenophon, 'inspire those who raise them with courage to defend them. The largest of them in the field is as a prize exhibited in the middle of the stage to crown the conqueror.' Secure a home to every family whose labor may obtain one, against the weakness, vices or misfortunes of the fathers, and you will rivet the affection of the child in years of manhood by a stronger bond than any consideration that could exist. He will remember where he gamboled in his early youth, the stream upon whose flowery banks he has played, and in whose limpid waters he has bathed, and the family altar where he felt a mother's kiss and a mother's love, and the green spot within the little homestead where sleep the loved and the lost."

A droll story is related of an honest old farmer, who, attempting to drive home a bull, got suddenly hoisted over the fence. Recovering himself he saw the animal on the other side of the rails, sawing the air with his head and neck, and pawing the ground. The good old man looked steadily at him a moment, and then shaking his fist at him, exclaimed, 'Darn your apologies—you needn't stand there, bowing and scrapin'—you did it a purpose, darn your curly pictures!'

A cobbler has just located himself at Spalding, and attracts attention with the following address outside his shop—'Surgery performed upon old boots and shoes, by adding of feet, making good the legs, binding the broken, healing the wounded, altering the constitution, and supporting the body with new soles. No cure, no pay.—Advice gratis on the most desperate cases.'—*London Weekly News.*

TO CURE A WIFE OF GAMBLING.

According to the French journalists, the passion for gambling has reached almost the same heights as when, under the regent, so many were ruined by this profligate practise; and it has extended its dominion over that sex who should be least subject to its influence, because its exhibition in woman seems to be so disgusting and so thoroughly opposed to all the gentle and delicate attributes which give her her peculiar charm. If we may believe accounts which are said to be drawn from the most authentic sources, a very effective lesson has lately been taught by a husband to a wife who was busily engaged in the satisfactory employment of ruining her husband's estate by enormously high play. M. X., the son of a general of the empire, left with the title of baron and a handsome fortune, had married a young and charming wife. After three or four years of happy wedded life, Mdme. la baroune X, who had hitherto exhibited a gentle disposition, clouded by scarcely a single fault, changed all at once; her humor became fitful and quiet pleasure for many journeys, at a period when all the powers fully develope themselves, a restless and ardent disposition manifested itself; she betrayed an undue fondness for admiration, and a passion for play displayed itself in her character with a violence not often met with. The husband suffered and trembled in silence. Mdme. X had already lost large sums of money, and had sold her diamonds and replaced them with false brilliants. Great was the perplexity of the poor husband, when a lucky inspiration or a happy suggestion of a friend came to his aid. Amongst the elegant saloons of the world of fashion devoted to the worship of cards, there was one more dangerous than all the rest, where the play was ruinously high, and the company anything but select. M. X., consented to be presented, and, in company with his wife, walked resolutely into this abyss. Madame hastened to secure a seat at the table where the largest pile of gold was glittering; immediately, as she took her place, a gentleman of respectible age and appearance, carrying at his buttonhole a ribbon of many colored stripes, seated himself opposite to her. At the first turn of the cards this adversary won twenty-five louis and soon the loss of the gambling beauty amounted to twenty thousand france.

'Double or quits!' said the respectable gentleman.

'Done,' said she, endeavoring to look unconcerned. Again she lost.

'Double or quits!' This *refrain*, and the same unlucky result were several times repeated. At first frightened, Mdme X. next thought that she was playing with a gallant adversary, who from motives of generosity, was playing until the luck should turn in her favor. But when the debt amounted to one hundred thousand crowns, the gentleman declined playing any longer, under the plea of sudden illness, and rising, said:

'We will stop here, if you please, madame; I believe you owe me just three hundred thousand frances.'

There was a sensation produced among the crowd by this announcement, and madame retired with despair in her heart. For the first time she feared her husband. Still the terrible avowal must be made, and she made it, pale, trembling, and on her knees.

'Rise, my dear,' said the husband, in a sad but kind voice. 'The evil is done—all that is left to pay the debt; it is true we shall be nearly ruined, but our honor will be safe.'

The adversary soon made his appearance, and was accompanied to the notary's office by M. X., who, on his return, said to his wife, 'There, is left well content there, but you will find it a dull abode, and that is my only grief.'

Touched with so much kindness, Madame X. left Paris without a regret of its ruinous pleasures. After so many stormy emotions, her soul found the life in the country calm and sweet, and she soon acquired a love for its tranquil pleasures, and was perfectly happy. They lived there ten years.

'Those were the happiest years of my life,' said Mdme. X., 'and nothing ever gave me trouble except the thought that I had caused you to pay so dearly for them.'

"Console yourself, my dear," said her husband, our "savings would more than pay your loss, but you really lost nothing, and our fortune is doubled. The gentleman who played with you was one of those respectable persons who can always win if they please—and he played for the husband!"—*Parker's Journal.*

Anecdotes of Fat Men.

Dr. Beddoes, the English antiquarian, was so enormously corpulent that a lady of Clifton used to call him the 'travelling hay-stack.' He was once requested by a butcher to give out that he bought his meat from *him*, as it would redound very much to the credit of any shop to have the feeding of such a Falstaff. At Cambridge resided a huge professor, and the peasiours were wont to exclaim—"God bless you sir!" when he chanced to walk over their work. In the court of Louis XV., lived two lusty noblemen, who were related to each other. The King said to one of them, when rallying him on his corpulency—"I suppose you take little or no exercise. "Your majesty will pardon me," replied the bulky duke, "but I generally walk round my cousin two or three times every morning." Dr. Stafford, a prodigiously stout man, was honored with this epitaph:—

"Take heed, oh, good traveler, and do not tread hard,
For here lies Dr. Stafford, *in all this church yard.*"

And the following lines were inscribed on the grave stone of a corpulent tallow chandler:—

"Here lies in earth an honest fellow,
Who died by fat and lived by tallow."

We have thus picked up quite a parcel of incidents and oddities relating to big bodied characters, without going into the statistics of Daniel Lambert and company. A reflection upon closing—obese men can feel certain of their existence, find it an easy matter to 'keep quiet,' and are able to lay by a large store of the grease of contentment, which is pretty near as good as the 'oil of gladness' commended in Scripture.

In one of the 'down east' seaport towns lived a sailor noted for his great moral power of swearing, and one day, last spring, he was observed by some persons to fall, 'broadside to,' on a small patch of ice in the street, which had resisted the ameliorating influence of the season. The persons who were passing stopped, expecting to hear some gigantic oaths from Jack, under such trying circumstances. The old salt got up very cooly, however, and, taking a good look at the treacherous ice, merely exclaimed—'Well, old feller, the Fourth of July'll *fix you* anyhow!'

YOUNG Mr. Spalpeen has lately given up work the tin trade, and taken up the profession of writing for the newspapers. Our Hex. met him in the street the other day, and inquired how he was getting along.

'Very poor business,' said Spalpeen, putting his fore-finger lightly upon his forehead, 'this living by one's brains.'

'Just so,' replied Hex. 'especially when the brains are so very poor.'

A GOOD ARGUMENT.—Several individuals were discussing the merits of temperance and anti-temperance, in the city, not long since, among whom were two Irishmen. One of them was an unscrupulous advocate for the 'liberty' to get drunk, and make himself and those around him miserable. The discussion was animated, and when the other Irishman got a chance, he said—"Now, friends, I'll tell you a little story. Once the devil offered a gentleman a large sum of money, if he would commit one of three crimes, and might have his choice—to get drunk, commit adultery, or murder. An' faith he chose to get drunk, just what the divil wanted him to, for after he got drunk, he committed the other crimes without the asking." This was a perfect clincher, and the discussion ended.

Ruling Passion.

The death of Bacon showed the ruling passion strong in death. He was riding in his carriage through the snow, and even there his strong inquiring philosophical mind was at work. It occured to him that the snow would preserve flesh as well as salt, and struck with the idea, he stopped his carriage on the road side, and proceeded to try the experiment. He purchased a fowl, killed it and stuffed it with snow. In doing this, he exposed himself and contracted a severe cold, of which he died.—From his death-bed he wrote to a friend, giving the detailed account of this philosophical experiment, and said that it succeeded 'excellently well.'

Thus did the man, who had filled the measure of human greatness and human meanness, return at last to the mysterious vocation of his genius which had pointed out the path that Providence intended him to pursue, and from which we never deviate with impunity. Seduced by avarice and the slave of ignoble ambition, he was led away from the main stay reaching every dignity in change for guilt, he was hurled by an indignant Parliament into disgrace. His humiliation was sorrowful. He wrote a complete confession of his crimes. In reply to a committee from the House of Lords, as to whether the confession was true and authentic, he said, 'It is my act, my hand my heart; I beseech your Lordship, press not upon a broken reed.'

Cannibalism.

Human flesh is tough, and, to be palatable, requires more cooking than any other meat—but, once done to a turn, (says a recent book on New Zealand,) it is of singular tenderness and sweetness. A voyager by the name of Jenkins, endeavored to save the life of a young female slave, who was about to be killed and eaten in New Zeland. He offered any quantity of pigs for her, but the chief said 'A piece of Maroi's flesh is much better than pork,' and he killed her and ate her. The same account mentions a highly civilized New Zelander who had become partner in an English commercial house. 'He had in his younger days been addicted to human flesh; and, being a very candid and really high minded man, he admits, that, though he has now acquired different tastes, the relish with which he partook of cannibal feasts—especially when the fleshy part of a young female was served up—is still a matter of by no means disagreeable recollection to him.' We copy one more curious remark:—'The cannibal propensity is deeper in the highest conditioned races of man than most people imagine. Why was pork, for instance, prohibited to the Jews? Why, but that it so closely resembles human flesh, that people in a state of semi barbarism might get into the habit of overlooking the distinction!'

Marshal Ney's Death Scene.

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

THE HOLY PLACES DESOLATE.—After a peace of thirty-three years duration, the Wahhabis have suddenly fallen upon and pillaged the holy cities of Mecca and Madina. The garrison of the latter place, having attempted to defend it, were massacred to a man; and a large number of citizens perished with them. The mosques were destroyed, all their contents of any value appropriated, the cities completely sacked, and numbers of women and children carried off to the desert. The courier who carried the intelligence to Constantinople, described the condition of the plundered towns are distressing in the extreme.

The Wahhabis, it will be remembered, inhabit the interior and highland portion of the Arabian peninsula. Before their repression in 1048, they could bring into the field two hundred thousand warriors. They believe, as true Mussulmen in one God, and Mahomet as his prophet; but are peculiar in denying to the latter any claim to divine power. They accept the Koran in its primitive simplicity, as a Divine revelation, and reject all, the articles added by the Turks. The government is administered by two chiefs, one superintending civil, the other religious affairs. The first of these is styled Emir, and boasts an uninterrupted descent from Ebia Sedi, founder of the government. The command of the army, the internal control of temporal matters, and the administration of three or four Bedouin tribes, confederated with the Wahhabis, fall within his jurisdiction.

The Wahhabis, made themselves generally known at the commencement of the present century by the conquest of the same cities which have now again fallen into their power. Mecca was captured in 1803, and Medina in 1804. Unmolested by the Porte, then embroiled in the endless intrigues of the Janizaries or by the Pacha of Egypt equally involved with the Mamelukes, they swept in triumph over the whole of Arabia, from the Persian Gulf to Babelmandel, and reduced Alleppo, Damascus, and the rest of Syria, under their barbaric rule. Mehemet Ali murdered the Mamelukes in 1811, and before another year had ended, re-captured the two sacred cities, and contracted the Wahhabian dominion, step by step, until by the victory of Tahalite, the race was almost annihilated.

Ibrahim Pacha, in 1818, forced his way to Dryache, the capital town of the tribe, took it by storm, put 20,000 inhabitants to the sword, and sent the Emir, Abdallah, with forty members of his family to Constantinople to have their heads cut off.

Revenge for the slaughter of these fathers is, it seems, the motive of the outburst. The Sultan obviously regards the danger as serious. The Arabian army, has been placed, under the command of Mehemet Pacha, a veteran soldier, formerly intrusted with the government of Aleppo, and every preparation made to extirpate the whole race.

SCHOOL MISTRESSES.—Governor SLADE has just imported a fresh supply of school mistresses to Chicago, from down East. The Chicago *Democrat* says, "that school ma'am business is one of the best things for the West that ever happened. It drains the East of its surplus female population, and the very best portion of it, too. It also furnishes our young men with the very best of wives. And no sooner are they married, than they send home for their sisters, cousins, &c, &c. It is often the case that one of these Yankee school mistresses is the means of settling a whole township, and thus of building a school house and filling it with scholars."

VIRTUE.—Virtue springs from industry rather than religion. We care not how pious a man is, let him loaf for a week, and he will feel the devil in him bigger than a woodchuck. The compensation system holds as good in morals as it does in physics.—Whatever hardens the hand softens the heart. In every community, the most vicious classes are the aristocrats and blacklegs—the lazy rich and the proudly poor, stocks the town with thieves and pickpockets, while the former furnish forth your prostitutes and adultery. It is impossible for an idle man to keep out of error, as it is for Barnum to keep out of humbugs.—*Albany Dutchman.*