American Volunteer.

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

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. AT $2 00 PER ANNUM.

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Poetical.

KOSSUTH.

BY JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL.

A race of nobles may die out,
A royal line may leave no heir;
Wise nature sets no guard about
Her pewter plates and wooden ware,
But they fall not, the kinglier breed,
Whose starry diadems attain;
To dungeon, axe, and stake succeed
Heirs of the old heroic strain.

The zeal of Nature never cools,
Nor is she thwarted of her ends;
When gapped and dulled her cheaper tools,
Then she a saint and prophet sends.

Land of the Magyars! though it be
The tyrant may relink his chain,
Already thine the victory,
As the just Future measures gain.

Thou hast succeeded, thou hast won
The deathly travail's amplest worth;
A nation's duty thou has done,
Giving a hero to our earth.

And he, let come what will of woe,
Has saved the land he strove to save;
No Cossack hordes, no traitor's blow,
Can quench the voice shall haunt his grave:

"I Kossuth am; O Future, thou
That clear'st the just and blott'st the vile,
O'er this small dust in reverence bow,
Remembering what I was crewhile.

"I was the chosen trump whereth rough
Our God sent forth awakening breath;
Came chains! came death! the strain he blew
Sounds on outliving clinins and death."

Miscellaneous.

KOSSUTH AT BUNKER HILL.

The reception of Kossuth at Charleston was worthy of the remembrance of the place. The monument was decorated with a line of flags on two sides, from the summit to the ground, at some yards from the base; at the top were American flags at each of the look-outs. Mayor Frothingham welcomed Kossuth. He reviewed briefly the history of Bunker Hill, pointed out spots where great events have transpired, and welcomed Kossuth to the hollowed ground as a martyr to Liberty, and hoped he would soon be able to return to Hungary, see his native land free, and take his place as its rightful Governor. When the Mayor concluded three cheers were given for Kossuth. He spoke to at least 15,000 people.—His allusions to his country, and to his mother and sisters in the grasp of Austrian tyranny, brought tears to many eyes, and several members of his suite, especially Kolopeza and Haywin, sobbed aloud—all wept.

THE SPEECH.

"My voice shrinks from the task to mingle with the awful pathos of that majestic orator, (pointing to the Monument,) silent like the grave, yet melodious like the song of immortality upon the lips of Cherubim—a senseless cold granite, and yet warm with inspiration, like a patriots heart—immoveable like the past, and yet stirring like the future, which never stops; it looks like a prophet and speaks like an oracle. And thus it speaks:

"The day I commemorate is the rod with which the hand of the Lord has opened the well of liberty. Its waters will flow; every new drop of martyr blood will increase the tide. Despots may dam its flood, but never stop it. The higher the dam, the higher the tide; it will overflow or break through. Bow, adore, and hope."

Such are the words which come to my ears—and I bow, I adore, I hope.

In bowing, my eyes meet the soil of Bunker Hill—that opening scenery of the eventful drama to which Lexington and Concord had been the preface.

The spirits of the past rise before my eyes. I see Richard Gridly hastily plowing the entrenchments. I hear the blunt sound to the pick axe and spayd, in the hands to the patriot band. I hear the patriot's lay that "All is well." I see Knowlton raising his line of soil fence upon which soon the guns will rest, that the bullets may prove to their message true. I see the tall commanding form of Prescott marching leisurely around the parapet inflaming the tired soldiers with the classical words that those who had the merit of the labor should I have the honor of the victors. I see Asa Pollard fall the first victim of that immortal day. I see the chaplain praying over him. And now the booming of cannon from ships and from batteries, and the blaze of the burning town, and the thrice renewed storm and the persevverant defence, till powder was gone and but stones remained. And I see Warren telling Elbridge Gerry that it is sweet and fair to die for the fatherland; I see him lingering in his retreat, and struck in the forehead fall to the ground, and Pomeroy, with his shattered musket in his brave hand complaining that he remained unhurt when a Warren had to die. And I see all the brave who fell unnamed, unnoticed and unknown, the nameless corner stone of American Independence.

All the spirits of that most eventful victory under the name of defeat—I see them all; the eyes of my soul are familiar with the spirits of Martyrs of Liberty. But those I see around me have no sad, ghastly look; they have no gushing wounds crying for revenge to the Almighty God; the smile of eternal bliss is playing around their lips, and though dwellers of Heaven, they like to revisit the place where their blood was spilt. It was not spilt in vain; their fatherland is free, and there is a joy in that thought adding over new charms even to the happiness of blessed souls. As the fabulous divinities of ancient Greece liked to rest from the charms of Heaven on Mount Olympus, so must the spirit of Warren like to rest on this top of the monument here.

Martyrs of my country! how long will it yet be till a like joy will thrill through you departed souls? When will the smile of that joy play around your lips? How long will yet the gush of your wounds cry for revenge? Your Fatherland still bleeding, down trodden, oppressed; there is a sorrow in that thought casting the gloom of sadness even over the bliss of Paradise.

Almighty Father of Mankind! let the day of mercy not to be too far. Excuse my emotion, gentlemen. The association of my ideas are natural.—Your Bunker Hill and our Kapolna are twins. Both called defeat, and both eventful victories, both resulting in the declaration of an independence. But yours acknowledged before it was delivered and supported by foreign aid—ours not acknowledged even when achieved, and meeting foreign aggression instead of aid.

Well, past is past, and cannot be changed—but the future is open yet—and often I have bowed before the recollection of this hallowed ground. I adore the Almighty with unfaultering hope. Part of my hope rests in the justice of Him who rules the Universe, and holds in his hands the destinies of mankind. My people's sufferings are recorded in the book of his eternal decrees, and the tears of my people numbered in his scale—I trust to him.—Part of our hope rests with ourselves. We know that God helps those that help themselves, and will. We look not for unmerited good luck, but for well-merited reward, and are decided to merit it. Allow me to say that I am proud of my people—proud not only of its past, but proud of its present also. An exile's heart not often does rejoice, but I rejoice to know how my people behave. Greater and nobler yet in its present sufferings than when it bore up against a world in arms, and raised its country's name higher in its very fall, than it stood over in its brightest days. The responsibilities of my position do well guard me from easily believing what I warmly wish. I weigh calmly every incident. But joy is so communicative that I cannot forbear so much to say, that I have reason to be proud of my people, and bow with profound veneration at its name. The tidings I receive, entitle me to say:

"Young Nero in Vienna's old walls—thou mayest rage and pour the embers of thy fury over my people's head—thou mayest raise thy scaffold and people thy dungeons with thousands of new victims, and drain the life sweat of my people and whip it with the iron rod of thy unparlleled tyranny. I defy thee to break my people's high minded spirit—foolish boy!—Thou mayest torture my family—break the heart of my old mother—murder my sisters, and send forth thy assasins against him who, with ill-fated but honest generosity, once saved thy crown. Thou mayest do all that thou canst—thy days *are* numbered—thy power is falling and my country must be free."

But part of my hope rests also with you Americans. The distinguished patriot whom the genius of his powerful mind and the confidence of his native land entitled to act the part of the interpreter of his people's sentiments at the inauguration of this Monument, has but spoken an irrefutable truth when he told that the results of the Battle of Bunker Hill will continue to rain influence on the destinies of not only your country but of the world, and indeed he was right to say that "at the rising of the sun—at the setting of the sun—in the blaze of noon day, and beneath the milder effulgence of lunar light," yonder obleisk will look and speak to the full comprehension of every American mind.

It has looked and spoken for nine years in its accomplished majesty. Meanwhile you have gloriously fought the battle of active vitality, and extended your sway to the shores of the Pacific, uniting with new ties your own future to the destinies of the old world. The comfort of indolence and habitude of passivity, small party considerations, and even the reputation of well founded authority may grasp into the rolling wheel of necessity; the necessity will not change, and you are decided to answer that necessity. I have laid my hand upon your people's heart, and I have watched the logic in the progress of exigencies, and I dare say, with firm confidence, the foretold instructions of that Monument's magical eloquence is felt by the people's instinct, is fully comprehended by the intelligence of Massachusetts. And the new exigencies of new time will be answered by Masschusetts with that energy with which it has answered the exigencies of all former times. The Pilgrim Fathers founded a community—the battle of Bunker Hill founded a nation—the approaching struggle for liberty in Europe will see that nation a power on earth.

That's what we wish, and that's what I hope and that hope will not, cannot fail.

Gentlemen, a great crisis is approaching in the condition of the world; but the world is prepared for that crisis. That is a great change in the spirit of time. Now a days principles weigh more than a success formerly, and therefore principles will meet success. I remember well when your foro-fathers were about to fight the battle of Bunker Hill, there was a periodical paper at Boston—*Tory Massachusetts* was its name—which dared not to say that the annals of the world had not yet been deformed with a single instance of so unnatural, careless, wanton and wicked a rebellion. So it styled the sacred cause which the Adamses, the Hancocks admired, Washington led, and for which woman bled. And now that cause fills the brightest page in the annals of humanity; but it was success and its unparalleled results which cast the lustre of that glory around it. Unsuccessful, its memory might have been blasted with the name of an ill-advised rebellion. Now a days it is not mere success which makes the merit of a cause, but its principle. The results of the day of Bunker Hill have changed the basis of future history, because it gave birth to a nation whose very existence is the embodiment of a principle true like truth itself, and lasting like eternity. It would be strange indeed, should that principle forsake itself.

No, it will not—it cannot do it. Great is the destiny of your nation. You approached it not in vain with so successful gigantic steps. Opportunity will do the rest. Upon this, humanity may with confidence rely, and opportunity will come. Its forecast shadow is already seen. I could wish for my poor country's sake that you should be free.

Pointing to the monument, Kossuth desired the people to remember the words it spoke; and assured them that though Washington's success might not be his, the devotion of Warren would dwell in his heart.

The speech was frequently applauded, and made a deep impression.

Fun not confined to Man.

The following interesting paragraph is taken from a work entitled "Passions of Animals."

"Small birds chase each other about in their play, but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is the most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops about in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersets. The Americans call it the mad bird, on account of these singularities. The Crane expands its wings, runs around in circles, leaps, and throwing little stones and pieces of wood in the air, endeavors to catch them again, and pretends to avoid them as if afraid. Water-birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water, with out-stretched necks and flapping wings, throwing an abundant spray around. Deer often engage in a sham battle, or a trial of strength by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals that pretend violence in their play, stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the ourang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feints of biting him. Some animals carry out in their play the semblance of catching their prey; young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even to the leaves strewed by the autumn wind; they crouch and steal forward, ready for the spring, the body quivering, and the tail vibrating with emotion, they bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another. Bengger saw young jaguars and cougars playing with round substances, like kittens. Young lambs collect together on their little hillocks and eminences in their pastures, racing and sporting with each other in the most interesting manner. Birds of the Pie kind are the analogues of monkeys, full of mischief, play and mimicry. There is a story told of a tame magpie, that was seen busily employed in a garden, gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studied air, buried them in a hole about eighteen inches deep, made to receive a post. After dropping each stone, it cried "curruck!" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in this hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement."

GEMS.

What is the best government? That which teaches us to govern ourselves.

The mind, in proportion as it is expanded exposes a large surface to impression.

A punctual man can always find leisure, a negligent one never.

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

The face of truth is not the less fair of all the counterfeit vizards that have been put upon her.

He who hunts two hares, leaves one and looses the other.

Attempt not to fly like an eagle with the wings of a wren.

Hasty climbers have sudden falls.

Truths, like roses, have thorns about them.

Goodness thinks no ills where no ills seems.

It is better to suffer wrong than to do it.

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady, is to have in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdow, and in her behavior modesty.

With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin. What difficulty is there at which a man should quail, when a worm can accomplish so much from the leaf of the mulberry?

Children's Joys and Sorrows.

I can endure a melancholy man but not a melancholy child; the former, in whatever slough he may sink, can raise his eyes either to the kingdom of reason or hope; but the child is entirely absorbed and weighed down by one black poison drop of the present. Think of a child led to the scaffold, think of Cupid in a Dutch coffin; or watch a butterfly, after its four wings have been torn off, creeping like a worm, and you will feel what I mean. But wherefore? The first has been already given; the child like the beast, only knows purest, though shortest sorrow; the one which has no past and no future; one such as the sick man receives from without, the dreamer from himself into his asthenic brain; finally, one with the consciousness not of guilt, but of innocence. Certainly, all the sorrows of children are but shortest nights, as their joys are but hottest days; and, indeed, both so much so, that in the latter, often clouded and starless time of life, the matured man only longingly remembers his old childhood's pleasures, while he seems altogether to have forgotten his childhood's grief. This weak remembrance is strangely contrasted with the opposing one in dreams and fevers in this respect, that in the two last it is always the cruel sorrows of childhood which return; the dream, this mock-son of childhood—and the fever, its distorting glass—both draw forth from dark corners the fears of defenceless childhood, which press and cut with iron fangs into the prostrate soul.—The fair scenes of dreams mostly play on an after stage, whereas the frightful ones choose for theirs the cradle and the nursery. Moreover, in fever, the ice-hands of the fear of ghosts, the striking one of the teachers and parents, and every claw with which fate has pressed the young heart, stretch themselves out to catch the wandering man. Parents, consider then, that every childhood's Rupert—the name given in Germany to the fictitious-being employed to frighten children into obedience, even though it has lain chained for tens of years, yet breaks loose and gains mastery over the man so soon as it finds him on a sick-bed. The first fright is more dangerous the sooner it happens; as the man grows older he is less and less easily frightened; the little cradle or bed-canopy of the child is more easily quite darkened than the starry heaven of the man.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

Mrs. Caudle and the Bloomers.

"Now, Caudle, just keep awake. I want to tell you about the Bloomer costumes."

"Sick of hearing about it—sick of seeing great green girls galloping round the street with ankles like an elephant, toes turned in, and great soup plates of hats turned over their ugly faces!"

"What has that to do with me, hey, Caudle?—Don't pretend you are asleep now—because I know you ain't and what's more, I don't intend you shall be. Now you see, Caudle dear, it takes a pretty woman to wear that beautiful dress. Think it will suit me then? of course it will. What are you laughing at? Let me see; it will take twelve yards of silk for the dress and five for the trousers."

"Don't think it would be anything new for me to wear them? I don't know what you mean by the insinuation, and if I did I despise you for it."

"Wish I would not keep digging my elbows into your sides? well keep awake then; take care of your end of the schooner, and I will take care of mine."

"As I [illegible] just twelve yards for the dress, and five for the breeches—trousers. Laugh away! Laugh away, Caudle, I don't care what you call 'em, if I get 'em on."

"If I do wear 'em, you'll put on petticoats, will you? All I have to say to that is, that you will then appear in your true colors and not be such a walking lie as you are now. But there is no help for it as I know, any way that's neither here nor there. Shall—I—have the bloomer or not, Mr. Caudle?"

Hereupon Mr. Caudle groans out a faint "yes," muttering as he turns over—

"I wish I had never been born, I do;" to which his wife devoutly responds—"AMEN."

Peter the Great.

This great monarch, in order to promote literature in his empire, ordered a number of foreign works to be translated into Russian. Among the many important works selected for this purpose, Puffendorf's Introduction to his History of the European States, was one; the translating of which Peter confined to a learned monk. The task being finished, the monk presented the manuscript to the Czar, who, in his presence began to turn over the leaves, reading a few passages to himself. Having stopped at a chapter towards the end of the book, the attending officer observed that his face changed color, and exhibited strong marks of displeasure. 'Fool,' said the Czar, turning to the monk, 'What did I bid you do with this book?'

'To translate it, sire?'

'Is this then a translation?' replied the soverign, pointing at the same time to a paragraph in the original, where the author had spoken harshly of Russia and the character of the inhabitants, but which the good monk in part had omitted, and in part softened down in the most flattering manner to the nation. 'Hence,' added the incensed monarch, 'and be careful that thou translate it carefully. It is not to flatter my subjects that I bade thee put the work into Russian and print it; but rather to correct them by placing under their eye the opinion which foreigners have of them, in order that they may at length know what they once were, and what they now are through my exertions.

BEET SUGAR IN UTAH.—Messrs. J. W. Coward, W. Collinson and Russel, who have recently emigrated from England to Utah, have taken with them machinery for the manufacture of beet Sugar on the largest scale. They are wealthy men, and have invested $150,000 in this enterprise alone.

FROST BITTEN.—A Miss Frost, in Massachusetts, has recovered $365 of a gallant, for a breach of promise. He courted her a year, and had to to pay at the rate of a dollar a day for it.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—A Kentuckey paper says it's getting to be fashionable in that quarter to enclose a gold dollar with marriage notices, when sending them to the printer.

Nice people out there! We get neither money or cakes.

The Sheriff of Victoria county, Texas, having lately been wounded in a cowardly manner by a son of Judge Sharkey, U. S. Consul at Havana, Sharkey was found the next morning hanged by Judge Lynch.

THE Texas papers announce the death of Taylor White, the greatest stock grower in the State. The sum of forty thousand dollars in specie was found in his safe.

☞ The New Orleans Delta states that the McDonough estate is rapidly melting away in the litigation. The executors and Attorneys have already disposed of nearly one hundred thousand dollars, and a large portion of the personal and real estate of the deceased is advertised to be sold to meet the current expenses.

A down-East poet in one of his desperate efforts thus eloquently sets forth his choice of life:

Some poets' theme is the foreign clime,
Or a life on the raging sea,
But a life in the woods, with the country bloods,
And a *tater* patch for me.

THE BIGAMIST.—Joannah Council, convicted of having married two men in Washington, has failed to receive the interference of the President, and, on Tuesday, she was removed from the jail to the penitentiary, to remain under sentence, for two years.

Lawyers.

An old lady walked into a lawyer's office the other day, when the following conversation took place:

'Squire, I called to see if you would like to take this boy, and make a lawyer out of him?'

'The boy appears rather young, madam. How old is he?'

'Seven years, sir.'

'He is too young—decididdly too young. Have you no boys older?'

'Oh yes sir, we have several; but we have concluded to make farmers of the others. I told my man this little fellow, would make a good lawyer, and so I called to see if you would take him.'

'No, madam, he is too young yet to commence the study of the profession. But why do you think this boy so much better calculated for a lawyer than any of your other sons?'

'Why, you see, sir, he is just seven years old today; when he was only five, he'd *lie* like all nature, when he got to be six, he was as *sassy* and *impudent* as any critter could be; and now he'll *steal* everything he can lay his hands on.'

Mysterious Tracks.

The Boston Journal has the following notice of mysterious tracks, imprinted on the snow in parts of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and which have excited much wonder and speculation.

They were first seen on the morning of the 26th of November last, in the easterly part of Roxboro, and on the morning of the 29th of February—snow having fallen during the previous night—they were seen in the town of mansfield. The tracks were mostly seen near barns, hog-pens, and hen-houses, and had a very near resemblance to the tracks of a calf. They have been traced through fields and over stone walls, as if they presented no impediment, and again under the still of a shed, where hens are accustomed to pass. In one place, they led to a door-step, but none were discovered leading from it—from which it is argued that the animal has wings. They have been seen in Newton, Stoughton, Medway, Bollingham, Franklin, North Bridgwater, Dighton, Berkley, and other places. The following is an exact measurement of the tracks—Length of track, two and one half inches; width of do., 3 inches; length of inside or frog above the inside impression, one-half inch. The evolution inside was entirely flat, unlike the frog of a horse or colt. Width of the outside hoof or shoe, three-fourths of an inch. All accounts agree that the tracks were made in a straight line, one after the other, as if made by two feet instead of four, and as measured by a mechanic, the distance between them varied from 8 to 12 inches.

The Providence Journal has the following notice of them:

The mysterious tracks, which have given rise to so much speculation, have not been confined to Coventry, or to Kent county. They have been seen in other parts of the State. We learn, upon reliable authority that they were seen around the Butler Hospital on Christmas morning, and they have been seen in many other places. The description corresponds in all the cases. The tracks have every appearance of those made by a colt; yet to fulfil all the apparent conditions, the animal should be able to pass through holes that would not admit a large sized cat, should be winged, and should be of such weight as to press the foot into the ground as deeply as the hoof of an iron shod horse. We learn from a friend in Coventry, who has seen the tracks, that a letter has been received there stating that similar tracks have been observed in Ohio, but we have seen no mention of this in the papers. The track is not cloven, so it cannot be made by the devil, as was at first apprehended.—*Providence Journal.*

Lamentable Delusion.

A melancholy evidence of hallucination, caused by the spiritual-rapping absurdities, is exhibited in a long statement, prepared for the press by Judge Edmonds of New York, who has long occupied a prominent position in the political affairs of that State, having been State Senator, Judge of nearly or quite all the courts of the State, from the lowest to the highest—and who is now a Judge of the Court of Appeals—the highest court of judicature in the State. It seems that the Judge's mind has been exercised of late upon spiritualism, and by dwelling upon the subject, he found himself become impressible as a medium. In this condition, he has had interviews with the ghosts of Franklin, Wm. Penn, Sir Isaac Newton and Swedenborg. What is very curious, Sir Isaac was still engaged in considering the laws of gravitation, and Dr. Franklin was explaining spiritual manifestations by the "Odic Force." They were all "bright and shining spirits." After all this, the medium had a glance among the wicked spirits, where he saw them undergoing punishments, by fruitless efforts to gratify the passions they had been most swayed by on earth. We can imagine no more melancholly spectacle, than a once powerful mind driven to the verge of insanity by such a miserable imposture. Are not those who follow as a profitable calling, this business of deluding individuals, with spiritual rappings, knockings, visions from the other world, and similar fraudulent exhibitions, indictable for obtaining money under false pretences?—*Public Ledger.*

LIFE ON A LIE.—Charles XII. of Sweden, condemned a soldier, and stood at a distance from the place of execution. The fellow when he heard this, was in hopes of a pardon, but being assured that he was mistaken, replied in a loud voice, "My tongue is still free, and I will use it at my pleasure." He did so and charged the King with injustice and barbarity, and appealed to God for revenge. The King not hearing him distinctly, inquired what the soldier had been saying. An officer not wishing to sharpen his resentment toward the poor man, told his Majesty that he had only repeated with great earnestness "That God loves the merciful and teaches the mighty to moderate their anger." The King was touched by these words and sent his pardon to the criminal. A courtier however, in an opposite interest, availed himself of this occasion, and repeated to the King exactly the licentious expression which the fellow uttered, adding gravely, "that men of quality never ought to misrepresent facts to their sovereign,"—"This is the first time I have been betrayed to my own advantage," responded the King; "but the lie of your enemy gave me more pleasure than your truth has done."

'BOBBY, what business did your father follow?'

'It was something connected with bank—but whether it was banker or bankrupt, blow me if I can tell.'

Bobby, we regret to say, is still in doubt.

AN Irish musician, who now and then indulged in a glass too much, was accosted by a gentleman with,

'Pat, what makes your face so red?'

'Please yer honor,' said Pat, 'I always blush when I speaks to a gintleman.'

'NOT one cent for tribute, but millions for de-*fence*,' as the darkey said when a bull was running him across the field.

'Where did you come from?' said Smith to a beggar of the Isle of Wight.

'From the Devil!'

'What's going on in his country?'

'Much the same as here.'

'What's that?'

'The rich taken in and the poor kept out.'

THE Carlon *Democrat* heads an article about the Bank Vetoes of Gov. Bigler, (in alluding to the Mauch Chunk Bank,) with this expressive quotation: "*D——n it how he nicks em.*"

What is the difference between a school master and an engine driver? One trains the mind, and the other minds the train.

'I should think these omnibus wheels would be fatigued after running all day,' observed Sam. 'Well, yes,' replied Seth, taking a squint at them, 'they do appear to be *tired*.'

Lynch Law in Ohio.

The Dayton Transcript gives the following account of a case of lynching, in Madison township, near Dayton:

A man by the name of David Sheets, said to be from Maryland, with his wife, two small children, and three grown up unmarried brothers, moved into Madison township, some two weeks ago, and rented a house of Mr. Eli Beichley, four miles and a half from the city, on the western turnpike. It was soon discovered that the new corners were a hard crowd, without the means of living idle, and without the disposition to work. During last week several persons were stopped by them on the road and ordered to pay tribute to the brotherhood for the privilege of passing that way. One or two individuals who felt disposed to resist such assessments were stoned for contempt, and pretty badly hurt. On Sunday, a woman passing the house on her way to church, was choked for refusing them money. These facts, with others of a like character, soon got in the neighborhood, and a sort of Vigilance Committee, of which Harrison Neibert acted as Chairman, was promptly organized for the purpose of driving off the offenders. On Saturday afternoon, they were notified to leave, or failing to do so, prepare to take the consequences. They didn't go it seems, and awhile before dark, an attack was made upon the house, with stones, brick bats, and such other bodies as "mortal engines" generally propel in attacks of this kind. The doors were broken down, the windows smashed in, and the furniture tumbled out of doors, the party inside having retreated up stairs early in the bombardment. No resistance, we believe was offered by the besieged; and the attacking party having taken the castle below, a white flag was sent down with propositions for a surrender. The terms imposed were, that the vanquished should shoulder duds and defile from the neighborhood. This they did, leaving their violated hearth and home to the spoilers.

David Sheets, the head of the family, made complaint on Monday, before Justice Tilton, against Mr. Neibert and nine others engaged in this business, some of them mere boys, and they were examined yesterday on a charge of riot. Neither the complaining witness or either of his brothers were present to testify—owing to an intimation that certain warrants had been sworn out against them, were proved by others. In disposing of the case, the Justice remarked that if he were sitting to administer the code of Judge Lynch, he should feel bound, except as to the women and children, to enter a judgement of 'served 'em right;' but as he didn't recognize that code, it was his duty, under the laws of Ohio, to hold the defendants to bail. Eight of them accordingly gave security to appear at the next term of Court for trial, and the others, against whom there was no proof, were discharged.

CHANCE FOR A DOCTOR.—Greiner, the Indian agent in New Mexico, has written home that he knows of an opening for an enterprising physician; one vacancy had happened, and he told how: One of the Eutaws on the San Juan river was taken sick, and an Indian doctor on the Rio Verde was called in to attend him. Owing to the strength of the disease, or to the weakness of the prescription of the doctor, the patient died and was buried. After the funeral the doctor was taken by the friends of the deceased, tied up, shot and scalped—his wife's hair was cut off, his house was burned, containing all his property and all his animals killed. This is the law among these Indians, regulating doctors. The vacancy is yet unfilled.

CURE FOR LOCK-JAW.—We have noticed lately, says the Lancaster *Gazette*, accounts of a number of deaths by this disease, which induces us to republish a positive preventative and remedy for this disease. *It is the simple application of beef's gall to the wound.* Besides its anti spasmodic properties, the gall draws from the wound any particles of wood, glass, iron, or other substances that may cause irritation, when other applications have failed.

A BADY AFLOAT.—A gentleman from Wheeling informs us, says the Zanesville Courier, that during the late flood in the Ohio, a cradle with a living infant in it was picked up on the river somewhere below Wheeling. No one know anything of its parentage or where it hailed from.

☞ "Did you present your account to the defendant?" asked a lawyer of his client.

"I did, your honor."

"And what did he say?"

"He said to go to the devil."

"What did you do then?"

"Why then I came to you."

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.—A little boy and his brother were lost in a western forest. On giving an account of the circumstance after they were found, the little fellow said:—"It grew dark, and I kneeled down and asked God to take care of little Johnny, and then went to sleep." How touching! how simple! how sublime! That was true faith—that was genuine prayer. David himself did not exceed it when he said: "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for thou Lord only makest me to dwell in safety."—Perhaps the little boy learned his lesson of trust in God from the Royal Psalmist.

A GREAT COUNTRY.—At Cincinnati, at the last dates, there were steamboats from Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Indiana, Tennessee, Iowa, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana! Old States and new States—slave States and free States—Northern States and Southern States—lying side side in the friendly embraces of commerce. These contained the products of the Alleghenies—the grain of Ohio—the salt of Virginia—the tobacco of Kentucky—the lead of Missouri—iron of Tennessee—the cotton of Mississippi and Arkansas—the sugar and molasses of Louisiana, and the rice of the Carolinas! Bacon for the negroes—sugar-mills for the planter—bread for manufactures—oil and lard for all countries. Such a picture of extended business intercommunication probably could not be presented by any other country in the world; and it shows how much of the prosperity of the country is due to that consolidation of national interests which it seems to be the object and ambition of fanaticism to destroy.—*Public Ledger.*

MINNESOTA.—A correspondent of the Albany *Register*, writing from Minnesota, says:

"It is a singular fact that the ordinary field bird and songsters so common in old settlements, and also the honey bee, unknown here before, have migrated hither with civilized man. The Indians say that the rattlesnakes follow in his walk also. Be that as it may, while they are numerous further down the Mississippi they have not made their debut into this locality. In the neighborhood of Sauk Rapids, however, some have been killed, where, it is said, they were never seen till recently.

EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES IN LOUISIANA.—A law has been passed by the Louisiana Legislature, to take effect in six months from its passage, which prohibits the emancipation of slaves in that State, except upon the express condition that they shall be sent out of the United States within twelve months, and requiring the payment of $150, to be deposited in the treasury for each slave, to be applied in payment of passage to Africa, and support after arrival.

RETAILING.—"Do you retail things here," asked a green looking specimen of humanity as he poked his head into a store on Main street the other day.—"Yes," was the laconic reply. "Well, I wish you would retail my dog—he had it bit off about a week ago."

☞ There is a sign post on the road near lake Erie, which bears the following inscription:

"When this post is six feet under water, this road will be impassible."

☞ "Wife," said a man, looking for a boot jack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it."

"Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours."

Odds and Ends.

LOOK HERE.—Old fellow, if this is a borrowed paper, just send it home, and subscribe for one for yourself. The lender may let you have it with an apparent good will, but you don't know his thoughts.

TELEGRAM FROM CONGRESS.—Ten o'clock A. M.—Doin' nothin' Two o'clock p. m.—Restin' for nothin'. Six o'clock p. m.—Gettin' their pay for nothin'.

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—A writer in the Germantown Telegraph, says that a small quantity of vinegar which has stood a few days in an iron pot, or in which iron filings have been dissolved, mixed with the daily food of chickens, is a certain preventative of this disease.

SURE CURE.—"Sea serpent oil," is said to be a sure cure for consumption. To prove effectual, however, it must be taken externally, and eternally—off until it kills or cures!

MONUMENT TO COL. RICHARD M. JOHNSON.—Lattnetz, an artist of New York, is occupied with the execution of a monument in marble, to the memory of Richard M. Johnson, ordered by the State of Kentuckey.

FREE MASON.—A young bricklayer, just out of his apprenticeship.

Exceedingly fine growing weather lately. It has a most cheering effect upon all kinds of vegetation.

The power of Jenny Lind's voice may be, in some measure, understood, when it is stated that it was distinctly heard more than a quarter of a mile from the Town Hall, on the evening of her concert in Northampton.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* says there are now about 1300 acres of lands in vineyards, in that vicinity, and the estimated produce is between 300,000 and 400,000 gallons.

The "Tree Toad Cordial," is the last medicine out. One of the greatest "vegetable" and "animal" preparations, patent genius has ever discovered.

A very stringent bill in relation to free negroes, has been reported in the Virginia Legislature, the enforcement of which will drive them from the State entirely.

Robert Fisher, free negro, convicted by Anne Arundel county (Md.) Circuit Court, for enticing his wife, a slave, to run away, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for two years and six months.

The Rhode Island Legislature adjourned last Friday evening, after a session of only four days. Only think of a four days session in which the Maine Law, among others, was enacted!

A woman has been arrested in New York and committed for trial, for her extravagance in having two husbands, when many worthy ladies cannot get one.

There is a spring near Logansport, Kentucky, which is said to be a deadly poison. The water is certain death to whoever drinks it.

Down East a fellow was put to jail for swindling. The audacious scamp dried snow and sold it for salt.

Hazlett used to say, he would like well enough to spend the whole of his life in travelling abroad, if he could any where borrow another life to spend afterwards at home.

The American Congress of Fruit Growers is to be held in Philadelphia, on the 16th of September next.

There are but four prisoners in the Marion county, (Ky.) jail—all males, and old Bachelors at that.—Serves 'em right.

Two little boys in Philadelphia, only six years old, quarreled, when one kicked the other in the stomach, from the effects of which he died.

Money is abundant in Philadelphia, and is loaned freely, at 5 per cent. Hope some of it will find its way up here.

Kossuth, it is said, has received two hundred thousand dollars since his visit to this country.

The Theatre in Buffalo, N. Y., was burned on the 11th inst. Lola Montez danced in it the night before. Loss $40,000.

It's our opinion that much of the sickness that prevails now-a-days, is occasioned by bad health.

From various parts of the State we hear that the Wheat crop presents quite an unpromising appearance.

A Connecticut editor, dunning his subscribers, says he has *responsibilities* thrown upon him which he is obliged to meet.

Small Pox prevails in Cameden, to an alarming extent.

The number of slaves by the present census is 3,198,298.

The world is a workshop, and none but the wise know how to use the tools.

Hollidaysburg and Bedford are to be connected by a plank road.

If 'tis happiness to be nobly descended, 'tis no less so to have so much merit that nobody inquires whether you are so or not.

The Borough of West Chester is to be lighted with gas; the company has been already formed for that purpose. The works and pipes will cost $50,000.

It is stated that the passage of horses and cattle over the Wheeling bridge during last winter has been immense. Since the 1st of December the number has probably been not less than 70,000.

Why are every body's pantaloons too short? Because their legs stick through *two feet.*

Blacksmiths it is said, *forge* and *steel*, almost every day—but it is all *iron y.*

Why are ladies' stays like an opposition railway? Because they reduce the fare.

Snooks says that there is a marked difference between birds and women. As an illustration of this he cites the fact that a bit of looking glass on a fruit tree, will frighten away every bird that approaches it, while the same article would attract more fair ones than a load of cherries.

It is stated that there have been twenty-two serious steamboat accidents on the Western waters, since the commencement of the current year, attended with a loss of two hundred and eighty lives.

The Lutherans of Illinois are making arrangements to establish a College and Theological Seminary at Springfield, for which $37,000 have already been subscribed.

Among the dead letters sent to washington from the Northampton post office, the last quarter, about one hundred were addressed to Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, with the postage unpaid.

It is all moonshine about the Connecticut girls petitioning to Congress to have "leap year come oftener." They can get husbands any year.

Wise, the intrepid navigator of the skies, is now on his way to Portsmouth, O., where he makes his first balloon ascension this season.

There are now resident in Boston and vicinity, six of the original members and founders of the Independent Company of Cadets, which was organized in 1776; sixty-six years ago.

Several cannon balls have been dug out of a hill in East Boston, which are supposed have been fired at the battle of Bunker Hill.

Why should we seek that love that cannot profit us, or fear the malice that cannot hurt us?

The winter wheat crops of Wisconsin are stated to be in fine condition this spring. For two or three years past this crop has been rather poor.