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, JUNE 3, 1852. NO. 52.

Poetical.

A CONSTANT DRIPPING WILL WEAR A STONE.

Of all the proverbs, none better is known
Than a "constant dripping will wear a stone;"
We mark its truth in peace or in strife,
In each ebb or flow of the tide of life,
The Past by its tales this lesson hath shown,
That a "constant dripping will wear a stone,"
And the Future too, spite all we may say,
Time's constant dripping will soon wear away.

Look well at that boy with the laughing eye,
Hark, hear how his song on the breeze sweeps by;
The future to him seems open and fair.
A garden of flowers without a care,
Of a noble name, and deeds of truth;
Of one who in life shall be all his own,
But a "constant dripping will wear a stone."

Full soon will the cares of the cold world come,
And sorrows will darken his once bright home.
His youthful hopes, like the bubbles that swim,
In their graceful pride on the goblet's brim,
Will fade from his heart at one breath of care,
Not leaving a trace of their short life there.
And weeping, he'll stand in the world alone,
The "constant dripping is wearing the stone."

Time has drawn its lines on his open brow,
And the pleasures of earth are worthless now,
He turns to the Past, but the friends of old,
Are mouldering fast in the churchyard cold.
There are none to love him; no heart to prove,
By its generous deeds, its wealth of love;
And he sinks in the grave unwept, unknown,
For the "constant dripping has worn the stone."

Miscellaneous.

WATERLOO.

This famous battle field lies about ten miles from Brussels. It was a cloudy gloomy day, that I left the city to visit this spot on which the fate of Europe was once decided. I stopped a moment to look at the house where the ball was held the night before the battle, and from the thoughtless gaity of which so many officers were summoned by the thundering of cannon to the field of battle. Before reaching the field, we passed through the extremely beautiful forest of Soignies composed of tall beeches, and which Byron, by political license, has changed into the forest of Ardennes. Ardennes is more than 30 miles distant in an opposite direction, but still it was more classic than Soignies, and so Byron, in describing the passage of the British army through it on their way to the battle says:—

"And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Wet with nature's tear drops, as they pass—
Grieving, if aught inanimate o're grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which, now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low."

At length we came to the small village of Waterloo, and taking a guide wandered over the field.—Not to weary one with confused details, conceive a large undulating plain with two ridges rising out of it, lying opposite to each other, and gently curving in from the centre. These opposing ridges are mere elevations of ground, separated by a shallow valley, varying from a quarter to a half a mile in width.—Standing on one of those curved ridges, along which the English army was posted in two lines, the other ridge or elevation of ground faces you, along which French were drawn up. The main road from Brussels to Genappe, cuts directly across this valley, and through these ridges, in the centre of the field. On the extreme right is the chsauteau of Hougoumont, a farm house, with an orchard surrounded by a high wall in the shape of a parallelogram. This defended Wellington's right. The centre rested its left on a small house called La Haye Sainte, while the left wing extended farther on to another farm house, called Tor la Haye. Thus fortified on both extremities, and in the centre, the allied forces awaited the approach of the French on, the opposite ridge. Fifty foUr thousand men were drawn up for the slaughter on one side, a mile and a half in length, while Bonapart brings to the battle seventy five thousand Frenchmen. Back of the French line is a house called La Belle Alliance, near which Bonapart placed his observatory.

This was the position of the field, and such the strength of the mighty armies that stood thirty years ago, on the morning of the 15th of June, looking each other in the faces. Two unconquered generals were at their head; and the fate of Europe the stake before them. As I stood on the mound reared over the slain, and looked over the field along which the grain waved as it waved on the day of that fierce battle, a world of conflicting emotions struggled in my heart. One moment the magnificence and pomp of this stern array converted it into a field of glory—the next, the conception of the feeling that agitated the bosoms of these two military leaders, and terrible results depending—all Europe hanging in a breathless suspense on the battle, imparted to it a moral sublimity utterly overwhelming; the next fierce onset, the charging squadron, the melee of horses and riders; the falling of mangled companions before the destructive fire; the roar of artillery and the blast of the bugle, and braying of trumpets, and rol of drums, and the tossing of plumes and banners, and wheeling of regiments, and shock of cavalry, changed it into a scene of excitement, and daring, and horror, that made the blood flow back chill and dark on the heart. Then came the piles of the dead and the groans of the wounded, whole ranks of orphans, and whole villages of mourners, till a half uttered 'woe to the warrior,' was choked by tears of compassion.

Thirty years ago Wellington stood where I stood, and surveyed the field over which the two mighty armies were manoeuvering. At length, at this very hour (eleven o'clock) when I am gazing upon it, the cannonading begins and soon rolls the whole length of the line. Yonder on the extreme right, Jerome Bonaparte with 12,000 men descends like a mountain stream on the cheateau of Hougonmont. Column after column, the dark masses march straight into the deadly fire that opens in every direction. In perfect order and steady front they press up to the very walls and thrust their bayncts through the door itself. At length the house takes fire, and the shrieks of the wounded who are burning up, rise a moment over the roar of strife, and then naught is heard but the confused noise of battle. Slowly, reluctantly, those 12,000 surge back from the wall—12,000 did I say? No, in this rapid half hour 1500 have fallen to rise no more, and there in that orchard of four acres, the bodies are scattered, rather piled, besmeared with powder and blood. Between me and them fresh columns of French infantry, headed by a long row of cannon that belch forth their fires every few moments, come steadily up to the English squares. Whole ranks of living men fall at every discharge, but those firm squares neither shake nor falter.—The earth trembles as cannon answers cannon, burying their loads in solid masses of human flesh. In the midst of this awful melee, the brave Picton charges home on the French, and they roll back like a wave from the rock—but a bullet has entered his temple, and he sails back and falls at the head of his followers. And yonder, to save their flying infantry, a column of French cavalry throw themselves with the ocean's mighty swing on the foe, but those fast squares stand rooted to the ground. Slowly and desperately that daring column walk their horses around and around the squares, dashing at every opening, but in vain.

And now from wing to wing it is one wild battle, and I see nothing but the smoke of cannon, the tossing of plumes, and the soaring of the French eagle over the charging columns; and I hear naught but the roll of the drum, the sound of martial music, the explosion of artillery and the blast of the bugle sounding the charge. There stands Wellington, weary and anxious. Wherever a square has wavered he has thrown himself into it, cheering on his men.—But now he stands and surveys the field of blood, and sees his posts driven in, his army exhausted, and exclaims while he whipes the sweat from his brow. "Would to God that Blucher or night might come." The noble Gordon steps up to him begging him not to stand where he is exposed to the shots of the enemy, and while he is speaking a bullet pierces his own body and he falls. Bonaparte surveys the field with savage ferocicity and pours fresh column on the English infantry. For four long hours has the battle raged and the victory wavered. But look! a dark object emerges from yonder wood, and stretches out into the field. And now there are banners, and horsemen, and moving columns. The Prussians are coming. Bonaparte sees them, and knowing that nothing can save him but the destruction of the English line before they arrive, orders up the old Imperial Guards, that had been kept aloof from the battle all day. He addresses them in a few fiery words telling them that all rested on their valor.—They shout 'the Emperor forever!' till the sound is heard even to the British lines.

With the impetuous Ney at the head, they move in perfect order and beautiful array down the slope. The storm of battle is hushed. No drum, or trumpet or martial strain cheers them on. No bugle sounds the charge. In dead silence, and with firm and steady steps they come. The allied forces look with indiscribable awe and dread upon the approach of those battalions that had never yet been conquered. But the momentary pause is like the hush of the storm ere it gathers for a fiercer sweep. The cannon opens at once, and whole ranks of the gallant band fall like a snow wreath from the mountains, yet they falter not—over the mangled forms they pass, and with steady, resistless force, come face to face with their foe. The lines reel, and totter, and away backward. The field seems lost—but no, that awful discharge on their bosoms from the rank of men that seemed to raise from the ground, has turned the day—the invincible guard stop as if stunned by a terrible blow. A second discharge and they wheel and fly. The whole English line now advance to the assault. Look at that mangled column—how that discharge of artillery has torn its head and carried away half its number.

'Tis over! that magnificent army that formed in such beautiful order in the morning on the heights, is now rent and the fugitives darken the field. 'Tis night—but the Prussians, fresh on the field, pursue the flying the long night. Oh! out where the thunder of distant cannon come booming on the midnight air! Death is dragging his car over the multitude, and the very heavens look aghast at the merciless slaughter.—*Headly.*

Woman's Rights.

David Hale, late editor of the "Journal of Commerce," once wrote a *jeu d'esprit* on the "Rights of women," in which he showed that the balance of wrongs was decidedly on the side of the men. "When the simple question of superiority is at issue, the men always have to give up. If ladies and gentlemen meet on the side walk, who has to turn out? If there are not seats enough for all the company, who has to stand up? When there is danger to face, who has to go forward? If there is curiosity to gratify, who goes behind? If there is too much company for the first table, who eats at the second? Who has always the right hand, and the most respectable position?" We could mention a hundred other cases in which, on the simple question of right, everything is yielded to the women.

But there are many cases in which the condition of men is still worse. For instance if on any public occasion, a pew at church, or a seat anywhere, be occupied by men ever so respectable or aged, a smirky little beauty trips along and presents herself at the top of the seat, and they must all jump up and clear out as though they had been shot. Especially ought it to be noticed, that when matrimonial negotiations are to be made, the whole burden of performing the delicate, and often very embarrassing part of making proposals is thrown upon the men, while the women say no, no, no, as long as they like, and never say yes, until they have mind to.

Noble Sentiment.

This is an agreeable world after all. If we would only bring ourselves to look at the subjects around us in their true light, we should see beauty where we behold deformity, and listen to harmony where we hear nothing but discord. To be sure there is a great deal of vexation and anxiety to meet; we cannot sail on a summer coast forever, yet, if we preserve a calm eye and steady hand, we can so trim our sails and manage our helm, as to avoid the quicksands and weather the storms that threaten shipwreck. We are members of one great family; we are travelling the same road, and shall arrive at the same goal. We breathe the same air, are subject to the same bounty, and we shall lie down upon the bosom of our common mother. It is not becoming, then, that brother should hate brother; it is not proper that friend should deceive friend; it is not right that neighbor should deceive neighbor. We pity that man who can harbor enmity against his fellow; he loses half the enjoyment of life; he embitters his own existence. Let us tear from our eyes the colored medium that invests every object with the green hue of jealousy and suspicion, and turn a deaf ear to scandal; breathe the spirit of charity from our hearts; let the rich gushings of human kindness swell up as a fountain, so that the golden age will become no fiction, and islands of the blessed bloom in more than Hyperian beauty.

☞ Quakerism is favorable to longevity, it seems. According to late English census returns, the average age attained by members of this peaceful sect in Great Britian, is fifty one years, two months and twenty one days. Half of the population of the country, as is seen by the same returns, die before reaching the age of twenty-one, and the average duration of human life the world over, is but thirty-three years; Quakers, therefore, live a third longer than the rest of us. The reasons are obvious enough.—Quakers are temperate and prudent, are seldom in a hurry, and never in a passion. Quakers in the very midst of the week's business, (on Wednesday morning,) retire from the world, and spend an hour or two in silent meditation at the meeting house. Quakers are diligent, they help one another, and the fear of want does not corrode their minds. The journey of life to them is a walk of peaceful meditation. They neither suffer nor enjoy intensely, but preserve a composed demeanor always. Is it surprising that their days should be long in the land?

SPITTING.—The New York Mirror says the following:

Spitting is a vile American peculiarity. We are a nation of spitters. If the man in the moon were to visit us, he would think that we had all been tasting something very offensive, or that we were all affected by some loathesome disease of the salivary glands. On our ferryboats one is sickened by the condition of the floor. Many men spit about so often, at any rate; if any special excitement or embarrassement arises, they increase the frequency. The spitting along the street is ludicrous and disgusting. What if every third man was seen occasionally vomiting, at the curb stone! This would be but a step further in the progress of indecency.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—There is to be a "Woman's Rights Convention" in Ohio, the 26th of this month. We "go in" for woman's rights. Every woman has a right to a husband and a baby. Perditioned be the man who would deny her this inestimable blessing and inalienable privilege!

AMERICAN STATESMAN'S WIVES.

FEMALE INFLUENCE AT WASHINGTON.

It is said that at every European court, the ladies are adroit politicians. Washington is the government metropolis of our free country, and experience shows that the rule, true in other cases, applies with striking truth in our own. I am not prepared to pronounce against the system; indeed I believe it operates advantageously, and it is quite certain that no bad results have yet attended it. The influence exerted by the ladies upon Washington politics is great of course, and many interesting anecdotes, if the subject were not alike sacred and secret, might be cited in proof of it. A beautiful and intelligent woman discoursing upon public men and measures, is always sure to have listeners and followers; and it may be called a pardonable vanity in a young, or even a veteran member, to excel in debate when he sees the gallery blazing with a constellation of bright eyes. It is true, we have no De Stael and no Roland, but the pages of more than one of our daily papers, and the several departments of the governments, attest equally the eloquence and the influence of the ladies when they choose to figure in the arena of State affairs. More than one intelligent and virtuous woman has provided for her husband, and her sons by the graces of her conversation and her facinations in the social circle. Society here is an element of the first importance to public men, separated from their own homes, and averse to the dissipations of a gay and crowded capital.

Hence it is, that the female character, illustrated by the intellectual, accomplished, and experienced woman, accustomed to the ways of fashionable life in Washington, and preserving its winning purity in every vicissitude, exercises an almost resistless sway. Hence it is that a lady may wield a most potent influence when even the veteran politician would plead in vain. A lady, who has spent her life in Washington, could write a most attractive history of men and of events. Mrs. Madison survived her husband many years, and to the last retained the freshness and the vivacity of her mind. In her old age, it was gratifying to see how she was waited upon by high and by low. Successive Presidents, made her a sort of household divinity, and attended upon her, wants. She was one of the links that united the dead past with the living present; a sort of contrast between the customs and the opinions of another age, and the advancing impetuosity of our own. She died two or three years ago. The widow of the polished and powerful Alexander Hamilton is still alive. I saw her at the last President's levee, looking remarkably venerable and well—an object of profound and respectful interest to all. In the crowd of beauty, ambition and youth, by which she was surrounded, she seemed to be, as it were—indeed she was—the type of another era living among her own posterity. Her husband was the confidante and companion of Washington, of the elder Adams, and of the great men who stood on the threshold of the nineteenth century, and saw that Government launched into being which in fifty years has become the political marvel of the world. She knew these mighty intellects, and doubtless in her own day, bloomed among the loveliest of the social circle. She has seen them retire, one by one, from the busy stage of affairs; their high resolves, their god-like aspirations, their bright hopes, their fears, their rivalries and their enmities,—all quenched in the impenetrable "gloom of the grave." Her own great loss—the sad, the sudden, the world regretted death of the brave, eloquent and learned Hamilton—was the master sorrow of her career; and she seems to have been spared to experience the wholesome truth how keely a great nation can cherish the memory of its devoted sons. It is no longer a party that reveres the example of Hamilton; his great abilities have left their impress upon the nation; and if some of his opinions have been tested and discarded, many more have been approved and adopted. Mrs. Hamilton is now ninety five years of age.

Do you know that Mrs. Henry Clay has never visited Washington? Her domestic character seems to have been formed for the quiet shades of Ashland; and although her woman's heart beat high when she saw "young Harry with his beaver on," in the midst of the greatest events that have made his name immortal, yet by her the blessings of home and fireside were to be preferred. Now that the statesman is wasting away, her presence would alleviate his sufferings and prepare him for his final reckoning.—But now she is too old to come. She could not bear the toilsome journey from Lexington, and she remains, as it were, a watcher for the fatal news.

A few days ago she sent him a bouquet of flowers; but when they reached here they were faded—a melancholy evidence that both the giver and the receiver were fast hastening to that bourne whence no traveller returns. The old man held it to his lips for a few seconds, and said with mournful pathos, "the perfume is almost gone!" But not so with his fame. That will live forever green in the memory of man. His physical frame will decay, but his great history will never be forgotten. Of him and of his place, in the regard of men, in the dim future, it may well be said:

"You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

BULLFROG CONCERT.—An eastern editor has been favored with a grand Frog Concert. He transcribes the recitation as follows:

"Kung de nung—kung tung;
Koo de kung, to koo,
Titteri, titteri koo,
Titteri, titteri nong,"

Full Chorus.

Bung de kung—kick a ku!
Te te wee noun de koo.

Solo Soprano.

Tiddery po de we de kum,
Pe de weet, pe de weet!

Chorus of Bass Voices.

Kung, kung, trata kung,
Digggory dum, de kum de boo.

Tree-Toad Solo.

Tr—a—a to weet!
Weeterry deo!

The effect was truly astonishing; the stars blinked, and the balmy zephyrs stopped to catch the enchanting melody.

THREE hundred and four Taverns are licensed in Lancaster county, twenty-two in Columbia, and the others in the several townships and boroughs—numbering from one to seventeen in each. "Strangers and travellers," in Lancaster county, have no difficulty in finding a sufficiency of houses licensed for their accommodation, whatever the "entertainment" may be.

A MODEL WIFE.—There is a woman in Indiana on the Wabash river, who takes it into her head, and sometimes practices, (while her old man has gone to town,) plowing, nursing and fishing, all at once.—She first yokes an ox and her cow to the plow—then puts her twin babies into the corn basket and suspends it on a tree—then takes the bell off the cow and attaching it to the end of her fishing pole, which is stuck in the ground at the water's edge; she then commences her plowing around the field; at every revolution she gives the aerial cradle a send, which lasts until she gets round again, at the same time keeping her ears open, so that when any rash member of the finny tribe swallows the hook she may hear of it, for under her arrangements the calamity is announced by the ringing of the bell.

Our informant says that she is a pattern of the kind they have there.

"JOHN, stop your crying," said an enraged father to his son, who had kept up an intolerable "yell" for the past five minutes. "Stop, I say, do you hear?" again repeated the father after a few minutes, the boy still crying. "You don't suppose I can choke off in a minute, do you," chimed in the hopeful urchin.

Doctor Books.

The folly of dabbling in medicine is very pleasantly hit off in the following humorous piece:

"About four years ago I was happily married to a very prudent lady, and being of the same disposition as myself, we made a very prudent couple.—Some time after our marriage my wife told me that doctors bills were very high, and, as we could not always expect to be free from disease, she thought it best to purchase some doctor's books, 'and thus,' said she with a smile, 'we can steal their trade at once. This I agreed to, and made it my particular business to attend all auctions of books, in order to buy medical books at the lowest rate. In fine, in less than twelve months I had bought a couple of 'Dispensatories,' 'Buchan,s Family Physician,' two or three treatises on the art of preserving health, by different authors; seven treatises on the diseases of children, and divers others of the greatest note.—My wife spent all the time she could spare from the economy of her household in studying them, and as soon as my store was shut up in the evening, I edified myself with a few receipts from my Dispensatory.

"As soon as spring arrived, my wife informed me that she found it positively enjoined by some of our writers, that we must swallow a large dose of cream of tartar and brimstone, to be taken every evening for three weeks, in molasses; this the whole family complied with: I, who being the head of the family, to be first; my wife, my brother Dick, who lives with me, my son and my daughter, my negro boy and the servant maid. This cure we all went through to the entire satisfaction of my wife, who had the pleasure to find her medicine had the desired effect.

"Soon after this the contagion of reading medical books spread through all my family, and scarce a day passed but some of them made use of some medicine or other. My poor brother Dick, after he had permission to read my books, had acquired a dejected countenance, the cause of which I could not conceive. At last he broke silence; 'Brother,' said he, (supposing that I had read more than himself,) 'feel my pulse; I think I have too much blood; had I not better get bled? you know that if too much blood gets into the head it produces apoplexy; the symtoms of its appearance, says Buchan, are remarkable redness in the face, and you see that is exactly the case with me.' I could not but laugh at him; he was indeed red in the face, but such redness as indicated the very offspring of health. Our maid, from an education at a country school, had learned to read; she earnestly requested her mistress to lend her a doctor book to read on Sunday afternoon. This reasonable request was granted; but poor creature! being not of the fairest complexion in the world, she in a little while became quite low spirited, and finding my wife and me alone one evening, she came in and ventured to express herself thus: 'La! mistress; I am concerned and afraid I shall get the yellow jaundere, as I begin to look yellow in the face'.—Decency prevented my smiling for a while, but when she had left the room I could not but enjoy a laugh. My negro boy is always eating roasted onions for a cold, but as he cannot read, he has luckily escaped every other disorder. One night as we were about going to bed, my wife desired me in the most serious manner that if she should ever be taken with a locked jaw that I should rub her jaw with musk, as she was convinced from comparing the arguments of a variety of authors, that this was the best remedy.—I told her there was no danger of such an event, as I had Dr. Cullen's word that it seldom attacked females: indeed, I am convinced that a *lock jawed lady is a rara avis in terris.*'

"Hitherto our family medicines were used with confidence and satisfaction on all sides, till I considered one day that a family without a doctor, had consumed more medicine in one year than my father's family used to do with the advice of a physician in six years. But one day when my wife told me she thought it would be well enough to weigh our food before we eat it, lest we should eat too much or too little, and that *Sanctorious* advised it for good reasons, I got such a disgust to our scheme that I resolved gradually to abandon it. I am now convinced of the truth of a saying of a rational medical writer, 'one or more things must happen to every human body—to live temperately, to use exercise, to take physic, or be sick.' And I am pretty certain that if I and my family persevere in the two former courses, we need not be in danger of the two last."

Cinnamon Trees.

There are many Cinnamon Plantations in the vicinity of Columbo. The cinnamon trees or shrubs are planted in rows; their height does not at the utmost exceed nine feet; the blossoms are white and senseless. From the fruit, which is smaller than an acorn, oil is obtained; when the fruit is crushed and boiled, the oil swims at the top; it is used for lightening, mingled with cocoa-nut oil. The cinnamon harvest takes place twice in the year, the first called the great harvest, from April to July; the second, the little harvest, from November till January. The bark is pulled off the slender branches with a knife, and dried in the sun, by which process it acquires a yellowish or brown color, and about the thickness of a card board.—The fine cinnamon oil used in medicine is obtained from the cinnamon itself: it is shaken in a vessel full of water, in which it is steeped for eight or ten days; the whole is then thrown into a still, and distilled over a slow fire; on the surface of the water thus obtained, the oil, after a short time, collects, and is removed with the greatest care.

GALLANTRY DOWN SOUTH.—A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, who was on the steamship Mexico, bound for Corpus Christi, chronicles the following incident:

Among the passengers on board are a young German and his sister, who are on their way to San Antonia to join their mother. The beauty, modesty and respectable appearance of the young girl, who is about sixteen, attracted the attention of some benevolent gentlemen, who were surprised to learn that she was a deck passenger, and had no berth to sleep in. Her brother was questioned on the subject, and replied that he had barely money enough to get to San Antonia, and could not afford to take a cabin passage for his sister. A purse was immediately made up to pay for a cabin passage, and the young girl taken aft to the ladies' cabin; but Capt. Place, hearing of the circumstances, sailor-like, said she should have a cabin passage free, and gave to the young girl the money which was made up for the purpose.

RAILROAD SUBSCRIPTIONS.—The borough council of Sunbury, Pa., has authorized a subscription of $25,000, to the Susquehanna railroad, and $25,000 to the Sunbury and Erie Railroad—the latter, provided the work is commenced at that place within one year.—The subscription to the Susquehanna railroad was entered by the Chief Burgess, on the books of the company, on Wednesday, last.

DEMOCRATIC UNITY.—We cordially re-echo the following sentiments from the New York *National Democrat*:

"There will be no more quarreling among Democrats, when our standard bearer has been named at Baltimore. When the nominations are made, all diversity of sentiment as to who is "our first choice" will end. He will be the nominee of that body, and nobody else. He will be more than that: *He will be the President of the United States for four years from the Fourth of March next.*

A WORD TO BOYS.—Stick to your trade, boys, and learn how to work, if you wish to be truly independent. There is no more pitiable sight than a half-learned mechanic applying for work. He is always at the foot of the hill, and labor as he may, unless he becomes perfect in his trade he can never rise.

A Daughter's Marriage.

The departure of a son from beneath the paternal roof does not present any spectacle of desolation.—Masculine life has, from infancy, an individuality, an independence, an exotism, so to say, which is essentially wanting to female existence. When a son abandons his parents, to create for himself a separate interest, this separation causes but little interruption in their mutual relations. A man marries, and still maintains his friendships, his habits and filial affections. Nothing is changed in his life; it is only an additional tie. His departure is consequently a mere simple separation; while the departure of a young girl, become the wife of a few hours, is a real desertion—a desertion with all its duties and feelings still fresh about it. In one word, the son is a sapling which has always grown apart from the trunk; while the daughter has, on the contrary, formed an essential part of it, and to detach her from her place is to mutilate the tree itself. You have surrounded her youth with unspeakable tenderness—the exhaustless tenderness of your paternal and maternal hearts; and she, in return, has appeared to pour forth upon you both an equally inexhaustible gratitude; you loved her beyond all the world, and she seemed to cling to you with a proportionable affection. But one day, one ill-omened day, a man arrives, invited and welcomed by yourselves; and this man of your own choice carries off to his own domestic eyry your gentle dove, far from the soft nest, which your love had made for her, and to which here had clung. On the morrow you look around, you listen, you await, you seek for something which you cannot find. The cage is empty; the tuneful linnet has flown; silence has succeeded to its melodious warblings; it does not come as it did only on the previous morning, flutteringits perfumed wings about your pillow, and awakening you by its soft caresses. Nothing remains but a soft calm, a painful silence, a painful void. The chamber of the absent darling offers only that disorder which it is so melancholy for a mother to contemplate; not the joyous and impatient disorder of occupation, but that of abandonment. Maidenly garments scattered here and there; girlish fancies no longer prized: chairs heaped with half worn dresses; drawers left partially open and ransacked to their remotest corners; a bed in which no one has slept; a crowd of charming trifles, which the young girl loved, but which the young wife despises, and which are littered over the carpet like the feathers dropped by the linnet, when the hawk made the timid bird its prey. Such is the depressing sight which wrings tears from the mother's heart. Nor is this all: from this day she occupies only the second place in the affections of her departed idol; and even that merely until the happiness of maternity shall have taught her whom she weeps to assign to her one still lower. This man, this stranger, unknown a few months, it may be but a few weeks previously, has assumed a right over affections which were once almost entirely her own; a few hours of fleeting, and it may be of assumed tenderness, have, in a great degree, sufficed to efface twenty years of watchfulness, of care, and of self abnegation; and they have not only rent away her right to be the first and best beloved, but they have also deprived her of the filial caresses, the gentle attention, and the adored presence of the heart's idol, whom she has herself given to him for life. Nothing is left to the mother but the attachment of respect. All the warm emotions are engrossed by the husband, to whom his young bride owes alike obedience and devotedness. If she loves him, she leaves her home without regret, to follow his fortunes to the end of the world; if she does not love him, she will perform the same duty with resignation. Nature and law alike impose the obligation on her, and her won heart must decide whether it will constitute her joy or her trial; but in either case the result to the mother is the same. Nor can that mother reproach her for this painful preference, for she has reared her in the conviction of the necessity of marriage; she has herself offered to her its example in her own person; Heaven itself has pointed it out as a duty whose omission is culpable; and, therefore, far from venturing to wish that the lost one should restore to her all the tenderness which time and habit may enable her to withdraw from her husband, the mother is bound on the contrary, to pray that they may every day become dearer to each other, even at the expense of her own happiness. This is the misfortune of the mother's last blessing.

Government of Schools.

In our reading the past week, we have thought this article worth scissoring for our own readers.—Order is the first thing in every school. "There should be a perfect *system* of order, a seat for every student, and every student at his seat, unless absent from it by permission. In ordinary cases there should be no going out allowed during school hours; there should be a recess for recreation, and ventilation of rooms, which should occur at least once in the forenoon and afternoon of each day. The ascendency of the teacher should be maintained with firmness, yet with kindness and respect rather than otherwise; remembering that mind is acted on by motive, matter by power or force; and as a foundation will not rise higher than its source, so the morals and deportment of the pupils will not rise higher than those of the teacher. Let those who have been accustomed to severe and arbitrary modes of correction try it and see if it will not produce a better effect.

Let their condition be cheerful, throw off moroseness and irascibility; be familiar, come down to a level with the humblest of their pupils, and a spirit of ambition and zeal will be inspired in the hearts of the youth, and the cause of education be advanced."

THE MISER AND HIS TREASURE.—A miser having amassed a large sum of money, by denying himself the common necessaries of life, was much embarrassed where to lodge it in security. After much consideration, he fixed upon a corner in a retired field, where he deposited his treasure, in a hole which he had dug for that purpose. His mind was now for a moment at ease; but he had not proceeded many paces on his way home, when his anxiety returned, he could not forbear going back to see that everything was safe. This he repeated so often that he was observed by a man who was looking over a hedge in an adjacent meadow. He concluded that something extraordinary must be the occasion of these frequent visits, marked the spot; and coming in the night and discovering the prize, carried it away. Early the next morning the miser renewed his visit, when finding his treasure gone, he broke out in the most bitter exclamations. A traveller who was passing, moved by his complaint, inquired the cause.

"Alas!" replied the miser, "I have sustained a most irreparable loss. Some villian has robbed me of a sum of money which I buried under this stone."

"Buried," returned the traveller, with a look of surprise; "why did you not keep it in your house, that it might be ready for your daily wants?"

"What!" replied the miser, with an air of astonishment and indignation, "do you imagine I so little know the value of money? on the contrary, I had prudently resolved to lay it by and not touch a single shilling of it."

"If that was your resolution," answered the traveller, "you have only to put this stone in place of your treasure, and it will answer all your purposes just as well!"

KOSSUTH'S FAMILY.—A Vienna correspondent of the London Times says, in regard to Kossuth's family:—

It having been found impossible to establish a case against Mesdames Meszlenyi and Rattkay, they have been liberated, and are now residing in the Hotel National, in the Leopoldstadt. The Austrian Government has at length come to the conclusion that nothing is to be gained by detaining Kossuth's relations here, and accordingly the whole family—some seventeen persons, I believe—will be permitted to quit this country on the 1st of May.

☞ Miss Sallie Ward, the celebrated Kentucky belle has gone to Europe. "She's all my fancy paint," &c.

Odds and Ends.

THE fourth of July comes on Sunday.

REAL friends are like ghosts and apparitions—what many people talk of but few ever saw.

IN Sweden, when a man gets drunk for the third time, he loses the right to vote.

JUDGE BALDWIN, of the Virginia Court of Appeals, died at Staunton, on Tuesday of last week.

THE National Free Soil Convention is appointed to be held at Cleveland, Ohio, on the fourth of August.

IT is complained of Shakspeare that he unnecessarily murdered Hamlet. But he has paid for it. A great many Hamlets have murdered Shakspeare!

THE Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of the State of Va., decided against the Maine liquor law, at its late session.

A THIEF broke into a book store at Milwaukie, a day or two since, and stole six dollars worth of BIBLES!

THE Whigs of Maryland, in Convention, have declared Fillmore to be their first choice for the Presidency.

A lake, one hundred miles in circumference, heretofore unknown to the whites, has been discovered within 15 miles of St. Anthony.

DEAN SWIFT said with much truth: "It is useless to attempt to reason a man out of a thing he was never reasoned into."

ON the 22d inst., Gov. Boutwell, of Mass., signed the new Liquor Bill, passed by the Legislature, and it will become a law in sixty days.

THE office of Sheriff for New York city and county, is said to yield an income to Mr. Carnley, the occupant, of nearly $100,000 per annum.

OMNIBUSSES are beginning to be constructed of iron in England. They are said to be lighter, stronger than those of wood.

AN exchange down east, notices the return of a friend from California "with twenty thousand dollars worth of experience and sixty two cents in cash."

MAJOR RICHARDSON, the author of Wacousta and other literary works of equal merit, died of erysipelas, last week, at his residence in the city of New York.

THERE is a negro in jail in Troy, N. Y., named Woodin, arrested in Lansingburg on charge of grand larceny, who has two white women after him, each claiming to be his wife.

WOMEN are like houses, the longer they remain "to let," the more dilapidated they become. To keep either from going to destruction they should be early occupied.

A telescope comet was discovered on the 19th inst. at the Cambridge Observatory, by G. P. Bond, which is the eleventh or twelfth first seen by him before information had reached this country.

IF you want every body to know where you are, what you are doing, what you want done, and how cheap you are selling every thing, from a "needle to an anchor," advertise.

THE National Intelligencer announces the appointment of Wm. Hunter, for many years connected with the State Department, as Chief Clerk of that Department, in place of Wm. S. Derrick, deceased.

A writer in the London Times estimates that from 1826 to 1850, there have settled in the United States 1,549,351 Irishmen, of whom 250,000 have since died, leaving 1,209,351 still alive. The number settled in Canada, is about 150,000.

A gentleman popping his head through a tailor's shop window, exclaimed—"What o'clock is it by your lapboard?"—upon which he lifted up his lapboard and struck him a blow on the head, answering, "it has just struck one."

Mrs. John Quincy Adams was married in the year 1804, bore her husband three sons—George Washington, John and Charles Francis, of whom the latter is the sole survivor. George died unmarried, and John left several children, who reside in the home of their grandmother.

A gentleman of New Jersey says that on the first of May 1851, he had 10 hens, valued at 3s. each, and that the cost of their feed till May 1st 1852, was $8.47. They produced eggs amounting to $21.67, and all of them are still alive, so that his clear profit are $13.15 for the year.

THE N. O. Picayune publishes a letter from Havana, which states that four respectable citizens have been condemned by a Military Commission for having in their possession a patriot flag, and four others were condemned for not attending a ball in honor of the Queen. They were all sentenced to be transported to Cuota.

ACCORDING to the Boston Post, the amount of "material aid" received by Kossuth during his visit to Massachusetts, was from $15,000 to $18,000.

A committee of the Virginnia Legislature has reported against the adoption of the Maine Liquor Law.

☞ Never laugh at those who do not dress as well as you. They may know a great deal more than you do.

THE proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for correctness of language, but who, by honest industry, had realized a comfortable independence, being called upon at a social meeting for a toast, gave—'Success to forgery.'

Mrs. Partington says she did not marry her second husband because she loved the male sex, but just because he was the size of her first protector, and would come so good to wear his old clothes out!

The Catholics of Pittsburg are building a Cathedral, to cost $130,000, with a steeple 339 feet high. It is to be 220 by 120 feet in size, and will seat 10,500 persons.

A son of Erin cautions the public against harboring or trusting his wife Peggy on his account as he is not married to her.

K. S. Bussie, near Orleans, Orange county, Ind., last week mortally wounded his own son, a young man of 21 years, who had offended him by gross language.

THE Nashua, N. H. *Gazette says*, Kate V. Poole, the girl who threw her child out of the cars, last winter, has been sentenced to the State Prison for life. She plead guilty.

Warren Felch, of Walpole, N. H. has been carried to the Insane Asylum, at Brattleboro, raving mad—a victim of the spiritual rappings.

CALOMEL is said to be an infallible remedy for the bite of a mad dog. Cleanse the wounds as soon as possible with soft water and castile soap, then apply a plaster of mercurial ointment.

THE Rev. Mr. Green, has been sentenced in Philadelphia to 21 months imprisonment on two bills of indictment for swindling. He pleaded guilty.

☞ Pearson B. Reading, the Whig candidate at the last election for Governor of California, has been appointed Indian Agent in that State.

A young man residing near Schuylkill Haven, cut his foot last week with an axe, and bled to death.

THERE were 17 deaths from cholera at New Orleans during the week ending the 15th inst.

A salmon weighing eight pounds was caught in the river, near Williamsport, Pa. last week.

THE Legislature of Maryland has passed finally the bill prohibiting the circulation of foreign small notes in that State after the first of October next.

THE Catholic population of the United States is 1,999,000.