American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2 00 PER ANNUM.

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Poetical.

For the Volunteer.

A PICTURE.

'Tis a lovely picture, that cottage small,
With its flower wreathed porch and vine clad wall,
Its rose trees bending in fragrant bloom,
Filling the air with their rich perfume.

The martin is twittering beneath the eaves,
Its nest half hid by the clustering leaves;
And the bee's low hum in the lilly's bell,
Steals on the heart with a soothing spell.

'Tis morning's hour, the sun's first rays
On the dew-gem'd leaves in beauty blaze,
While the oriole flits like a jewel bright
'Mid the foliage, singing with wild delight.

But the soul of its beauty, the noblest charm,
That bids the heart throb with deep feeling warm,
Is that young mother and infant pure,
'Neath the flowering shade at the cottage door.

Her fair brow is lit with affections light,
And its laughing blue eyes with joy are bright,
While its tiny white hands delighted play
With the golden curls o'er its breast that stray.

And now her soft eyes are raised above,
In the deep sweet faith of a mother's love,
Asking of Heaven for strength to guide
Its opening mind in the way of right.

It is well, young mother, this truth to know:
Thy future is veil'd with its weal or woe;
From the seed you plant in its youthful mind,
You a harvest of happiness or sorrow must find.

B. C.

Miscellaneous.

A Candidate for Church Membership.

BY A. JACK, ESQ.

"Old Steve," or "lying Stevens," as he was familiarly called, by virtue of a strong original genius and an indefatigable perseverance and application, had adquired the reputation of being the greatest *liar* that ever existed in the State of——. Whenever he made his appearance, therefore, at muster or training, he was sure to be surrounded by a host of eager listeners. He greatly excelled the renowned Munchausen, who simply told extravagant stories, and sometimes blundered on the truth. Steve on the other hand, never told a word of truth, even by mistake in his life, and lied circumstantially and in every particular. In a short time it came to him as natural as eating and drinking, or rather as breathing; for he had not only lied to listeners, but even when he had no other person to talk to, he would tell lies to himself, just to keep his hand in. This fact was ascertained beyond any doubt by his denying it in the most solemn manner when somebody accused him of the practice.

It was Mr. Steven's misfortune, at one time, to lose a good deal of money on a horse race. This made him feel uncommonly serious, so he went to a camp meeting, which was held about five miles from his residence, to see if he could not make up a little by "shaking prop" with the boys. They happened however to be too much for him that time, and he was completely *cleared out*. This made him if possible feel more serious than ever, and as there happened to be a powerful preacher there, who could make himself heard at the distance of a mile, he thought he would turn over a new leaf at once. When he got home, therefore, the first thing he did was to send for the minister. The Worthy man came, and to his extreme amazement, found that Stevens wanted to join the Church!

"I have no hesitation in laying your proposition before the brethren," said the old man, trying to smother a laugh.

"Of course you hain't," responded Steve, with great confidence.

"And if you give satisfactory evidence of amendment, Mr. Stevens," continued the minister, emphasizing the word, "they might take you on probation; at any rate, we have a meeting to-night, and I can let you know to-morrow."

"Probation be d—dogged!" ejaculated Steve, as the minister hastily retreated; "why can't they let me join at once while I feel like it?"

The proposition as might have been expected, created real sensation. There was hardly a member of the church, male or female, who had not, sometime or other, been victimized by Steve's slanderous tongue, and they could hardly bear his name with patience. Some of them went so far as to say that if he joined, they would leave, and that settled the matter, for they were among the "forehanded members" who could afford to speak out, because the church could not afford to lose them.

However, to avoid any trouble with an unscrupulous fellow like Steve, it was resolved to break the matter to him as gently as possible. Two of the most respectable men in the church were appointed to call upon him, and it was generally understood that such was their known mildness of disposition that every possible excuse consistent with truth would be made for not receiving him.

The rest of the story must be told in Steve's own words.

"When old Deacon Peabody came along, I sot in the back door whittlin' a hoe-handle, and I hope to suffer if I wasn't mad enough to rare right up. A cousin of my wife's, whose sister was a member, had come over airly and told us all about it."

"Good mornin'," Mr. Stevens,' says the old hypocrite, with a face as long as a yard of pump-water.

"I said nothin', but kept on a whittlin'.

"'I came down to see you this morning,'" says he.

"Well, says I, how do you like my looks?"

"Oh," says he, "what I mean is, that I came down to labor with you."

"Work away, then, why don't you?" was all that he got out o' me.

"But Mr. Stevens," said he very solemnly, "the church sent me down here to talk with you a minute."

"Well, you've been talkin' for more'n five minutes, Deacon Peabody," says I, "and you've said nothin' yet; now, when are you goin' to begin?"

"The old Israelite looked mad enuff to bite my head off at a snap, but thought it best to keep cool, so he drew a long breath and went on:"

"Nobody wants to hurt your feelings or make any trouble, Mr. Stevens, but the church have come to the conclusion, that, perhaps, on the whole, under the circumstances, and in view of everything, it might possibly be best all around, and taking all things into consideration, for you not to be hasty in applying jist at present. They think on mature reflection that it might be as well if you'd conclude to postpone it a little while, say *for a year or eighteen months.*"

"They dew! Well, now, Deacon, what makes them think so? The church ain't full, is it?"

"*This was a hard question.* The old sarpint knew very well that it wouldn't answer to say he didn't know—for he knew fast enuff—and knew that I knew he did. So says he—

"Mr. Stevens, I'm sorry that you are so riled about it—you've no occasion—I did not come to offend you, but you know as well as I do, why the church don't accept you."

"If I knew I wouldn't ask you to tell me, Mr. Peabody."

"Well," says he, "can't you know what *large stories* you'r in the habit of tellin'."

"Who says I tell large stories?" says I, "it aint untruth, and you can't prove it ain't. Now, ain't it a shame, Deacon, for you to go round scandelizin' a neighbor that way? What story did you ever hear that wasn't true? Come, lay your finger on the first story, and I won't say another word."

"Why, there's so many on 'em," answered the Deacon, "that its a'most impossible to specify any one in particular. But now I think on it: don't you remember that story you told about your father's bein' killed by a bear?"

"My father's bein' killed by a bear?" says I, there it is now! That is just the way folks lie about me! It's all untruth like the rest on 'em, and you *ought to be ashamed, Deacon Peabody*, to be runnin' round tellin' things that ain't so!"

"Well," said he pretty short, "you've made that 'ere observation about often enuff; if you didn't say your father was killed by a bear, what was it you did say?"

"I'll tell you, I said that father was one of the first men to bring sheep into this 'ere town, and that is no story, is it?"

"No," said he, "it ain't."

"And one day, I said that he lost one of them 'ere sheep in the woods; and that is likely if it ain't true—and when he was looking for it, I said he came across a bear. The bear growled at dad, he hollered at the bear, and finally the beast came at him, and tore all his insides out, and then your father, Deacon Peabody—who was a respectable man, sir, and never would 'agone about town scandelizin' his neighbor—your father heard my father holler, and came up, and seeing how matters stood, ran for the doctor. When the doctor came, the fust thing he did was to catch a sheep and cut its insides out, and put them in the place of dad's, and I never said dad was killed by a bear! No, sir, I told the naked truth—I said he grew as well as ever he was, *except that* he hankered after hay all the winter and had wool enough grown to make him an over coat in the spring.—You don't call that a large story I hope. If you don't let a feller jine the church because he tells the truth, you won't find may decent members I guess!"

The old man riz right straight up, and walked away without sayin' a word. What he thought I never could learn, for the old Christian hain't never opened his head to me since.

Is Not This too True?

The gay will laugh
When thou art gone the solemn brood of care.
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom.—*Bryant.*

A few friends will go and bury us; affection will rear a stone, and plant a few flowers over our grave; in a brief period the little hillock will be smoothed down, and the stone will fall, and neither friend nor stranger will be concerned to ask which one of the forgotten millions of the earth was buried there.—Every vestige that we ever lived upon the earth will have vanished away. All the little memorials of our remembrance—the lock of hair encased in gold, or the portrait that hung in our dwelling, will cease to have the slightest interest to any living being.

The Honey Moon.

Why is the first month after marriage called the "honey moon?" Doubtless on account of the sweet lunacy which controls the heads of the parties during that brief and delightful period. What a pity they should ever get quite rational again! that sentimentality should give place to sentiment, sentiment to sense, love yield to logic, and fiction to fact, till the "happy pair" are reduced from the Eden of romance to the Sahara of reality—from Heaven to earth—and perhaps a peg lower.

Strange as it may seem, there have been couples who have quarreled in the first month of matrimony, and have gone back to their astonished parents before the good mother had fairly done weeping (and rejoicing too) at her daughters departure. Their "honey moon" soured at the full, of her horn, and became a moon of vinegar, instead. A bad omen that! There was much sense and propriety in the text which an ancient clergyman chose for a wedding sermon. It was taken from the Psalms of David, and reads thus: "*And let there be peace while the moon endureth.*"

A worthy physician of our city, a member of the *Society of Friends, has a favorite negro coachman* who happens to be a Methodist. Not only is Sam a *Methodist, but he is also as bright and shining* a light in the church as it is possible for such a place *of ebony to be. You know, I presume, how the* blacks conduct their devotions. Well, Sam was in the habit of selecting his master's kitchen as the scene of the social meetings which he led; and these religious services were not conducted entirely on the plan which a Quaker would altogether approve. The Doctor, however, is famous for his good-nature, and he endured the boisterous piety of his servant and his friends with wonderful equanimity. One night, however; when they had been unusually "powerful in prayer," the Doctor thought to administer a gentle reproof. So, the meeting over, the zealous coachman was summoned before his master. "Sam," said the old *gentleman* "*why does thee* make so much noise in prayer? Doesn't thee know that the Almighty is not far off, but nigh unto thee; neither is his ear deaf that it cannot hear; He can hear thee as well when thee whispers as when thee *roars!*" "Massa Doctor," replied Sam, full of confidence in his superior theological lore, "you isn't read de Scripters wid no kind ob 'tention." "How so Sam?" "Why, you done forgot 'pears to me, how *it* says dar, plain as kin be, '*Hollered* be dy name!'" The Doctor gave up Sam in despair, for there was no answering *that* argument.

THE BOY AND THE BRICK—A FABLE.—A boy hearing his father say, 'twas a poor rule that did not work both ways,' said: 'if father applies this rule about his work, I will test it in my play.'

So setting up a row of bricks, three or four inches apart, he tipped over the first, which, striking the second, caused it to fall on the third, which overturned the fourth, and so on through the whole *course, until all the bricks lay prostrate.*

'Well,' said the boy, 'each brick knocked down his neighbor which stood next to him; I only tipped one. I will see if raising one will raise all the rest.'

He looked in vain to see them rise.

'Here father,' said the boy, 'tis a poor rule 'twill not work both ways. They knock each other down but they will not raise each other up.'

'My son,' said the father, 'bricks and mankind are alike made of clay, active in knocking each other down, but not disposed to help each other up."

'Father,' said the boy, 'does the first brick represent or resemble the first Adam?'

The father replied in the following

MORAL:

'When men fall, they love company; but when they rise, they love to stand alone, like yonder brick, and see others prostrate below them. But, my son, this is contrary to that Heavenly Charity which we ought all to possess, and never let it be so with you.'

The Rev. Mr. E——, who lived not a thousand miles from Portland, was preparing his discourse for the next Sabbath. Stopping occasionally to review what he had written, and to erase that which he was disposed to improve, he was accosted by his little son, who had numbered but three summers—

"Father, does God tell you what to preach?"

"Certainly, my child."

"Then WHAT MAKES YOU SCRATCH IT OUT?"

A YOUNG GOOSE.—A market girl sold a gentleman a fine fat goose, warranting it to be young. It turned out, when roasted, to be unmanageably tough.—The next day the gentleman said to the market girl—

"That goose which you sold me for a young one was very old."

"Certainly not," said the girl; "don't you call me young?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am but nineteen, and I heard mother say often, that that goose was six weeks younger than me."

From the National Intelligencer.

THE EMPIRE OF JAPAN.

As any thing which relates to Japan at the present *time may be interesting, I send you the following* concise sketch of that kingdom. It is called by the natives Niphon, and was founded about six hundred and sixty five years before Christ, by Simmu. From him to Sinzakin there appears to have been sixty *one Emperors. After this period, in the year* 1142, a change took place. From this time a double chronology commences, including the reigns of the Dearios and Cubos. The Dearios were military officers, and at one period completely usurped the power of the Emperors; but a general by the name of Jaratimo being crowned, succeeded in depriving the *Dearios of all military power.* At the present time the kingdom of Japan is governed by an Emperor, with full military powers, a Dearia with full civil powers, and a Cubo, or a prime minister, who has authority over certain cities, their Parliament, &c.

The kingdom of Japan consists of three large and thirty or forty smaller islands, situated off the coast of China. The largest of these islands is Niphon, the next Jesso. On the Island of Bungo, southwest of Tonsa, is the city of Nangaschi, and near that city is the little artificial island, Diana, on which a Dutch factory is built.

Jeddo, or Yeddo, the capital of the empire, is situated in the midst of a fine plain, in the province of Musaco. It is built in the form of a crescent, and intersected in almost every street by canals, their banks being planted with rows of beautiful trees.—The city is not surrounded, as most Eastern cities are, by a wall, but has a strong castle to defend it. The river Tongag waters it, and supplies the castle ditch; and being divided into five streams, has a bridge over each. The public buildings are on a magnificent scale. The imperial palace is formed by three cinctura, or circular piles of buildings, and encloses many streets, courts, appartments, pavilions, guard houses, gates, draw bridges, gardens, canals, &c. In it resides the Emperor and his family, the royal domestics, tributary princes and their retinues, the Ministers of State, many other officers of Government, and a strong garrison. The walls of this magnificent palace are built of freestone, without cement, and the stones prodigiously large. The whole pile was originally covered with guilt tiles, which gave it a very grand and beautiful appearance. Many of the stately appartments are formed and altered at pleasure, by movable screens. The principal appartments are the Hall of Attendance, the Council Chamber, Hall of a Thousand Mats, &c.

The city is under the rule of two Governors, who rule a year each.

The next largest city is Meaco. It is also a royal city, and is situated on a lake near the middle of the Island of Niphon, and surrounded by mountains, which give a remarkable and delightful prospect to the whole; the circumjacent country between the city and the mountains is covered with temples, sepulcher, &c., &., and is embellished with a variety of orchards, groves, cascades and purling streams.—Three considerable rivers water this fertile plain, and unite their streams in the centre of the city, where a magnificent stone bridge facilitates the communication between the different parts of the city. A strong castle defends the town; it is six hundred yards in length, has a tower in the centre, and is surrounded by two ditches, the one dry, the other full of water. This splendid city is twenty miles long and nine wide within the suburbs, which are as well populated as the city. The number of the inhabitants of the city proper is supposed to be 529,000. The universities, colleges, temples, &c., are almost incredible in number and magnificence. It contains twelve capital or principal streets, in the centre of which are the royal palaces, superbly built of marble, and adorned with gardens, orchards, pavilions, terraces, groves, &c.

The next principal town is Ozeaco. It is deemed the chief seaport, is very populous, and has an army of 80,000 men always ready, at the disposal and command of the Emperor. It is near fifteen miles in circumference.

The city of Nangaschi is the Japanese naval depot; but as they have not yet found any use for a navy, *their vessels are only in the rough material,* and stored away for emergencies.

The kokensa or prison is here. The name means, in the Japanese, hell; it has one hundred dungeons and cages. The history of these few cities gives a fair outline of the whole empire. Their private dwellings are small; but neat and ornamental, with small gardens; in this they excell, as they are the very best of horticulturists. A few feet of ground are turned to the very best advantage, as the Japanese understand, perfectly, the art of dwarfing plants, trees, fruits, and flowers. They use neither tables, bedsteads, nor chairs; but sit, eat and sleep like most eastern nations, on mats.

Almost the first accomplishment learned by them, is the art and grace of suicide; the child in the *nursery stabs itself with its finger or a stick, and falls* back imitative of death; the lover cuts out his intestines before his obdurate mistress and the latter pour's out her heart's blood in the face of her faithless lover; the criminal executes himself, and, in fact, the whole nation, from early youth revels in the luxury of suicide.

Their trade is, at present, under great restrictions, as they only trade with the Chinese and Dutch.—The latter have always fostered, cherished, and increased the prejudices of the Japanese against all other nations, particularly the French, English, and Portuguese.

The mechanics and manufacturers in Japan excel in their different branches, and are even far superior to the Chinese. Their silks and cottons are excellent, and their Japan ware and porcelain unequalled. Their exports are raw and manufactured silks, iron, steel, artificial metals, furs, teas, finer than the Chinese, Japan ware, gold, silver, copper, gums, medical herbs, roots, diamonds, pearls, coral, shells, ambergris, &c. Whatever goods the Japanese want, they pay *for in gold and silver.*

The Japanese worship the two principal gods, Xaca and Amida. At Macao there is a stately temple, built to one of these gods; it is of freestone, as large as St. Paul's, with an arched roof, supported by heavy pillars, in which stands an idol of copper, which reaches as high as the roof, and, according to a description given by Sir Thomas Herbert, his chair is seventy feet high and eighty feet long, the head is big enough to hold fifteen men, and the thumb forty inches in circumference. There is another statute called after the god Dabio, made of copper, twenty two feet high, in a sitting posture.—This shows that the Japanese understand the art of *working in bronze, and they are far ahead of Christian* nations in this particular. They allow polygamy, and they often strangle their female children, but never the males. The nobility extract the two front teeth, and supply them with two of gold.

The principal rivers are the Ujingava and Askagava—the former so rapid and wide that a bridge cannot be built over it; the latter remarkable for its *depth and perpetual fluctuations.* The chief lake, called Citz, is 100 miles long and 21 wide. A large valley exists in the interior, filled with carbonic gas, and called the Valley of the Upas. It is covered with the skeletons of numerous wild and tame beasts and birds. The Emperor, it is said, often sent criminals to the valley to bring away a precious gem of inestimable value, and the bones of men also whiten its deadly sides.

Acidulated lakes and thermal springs are common throughout several of the islands.

Their great source of opulence are their mines of gold and silver; but they have no antimony, calamine, sal ammoniac, borax, or cinnebar, (quick silver.) These articles are in demand, and bring a high price. Birds, and every kind of ducks and poultry are plenty; camphor trees are abundant, and the cedars are the finest in the world. Few countries open so fair a field as the Islands of Japan, for botanical and geological research. It is not necessary here to enter into the detailed statistical account of the commerce of Japan. A direct trade to that empire would increase the commerce of this country about $200,000,000 annually, if not more.

It has always been in contemplation with this country to make an effort to open a direct trade with Japan. Commodore Porter, as far back as 1815, addressed a letter to Mr. Monroe on the subject. It was intended to fit out a frigate and two sloops-of-war, and place them under his command. Subsequent events prevented the consummation of this design, but it has been revived from time to time, without being carried out. But a few years ago, the undersigned drew the attention of Hon. J. Y. Mason to the subject, by the recommendation of a steam line to China, with a view of incidental *commercial intercourse, and finally, direct trade with* Japan. It would require but small efforts to accomplish commercial intercourse with *so shrewd* a people as the Japanese, who are alive to commercial feelings. A steam line direct from New York to the Isthmus being already in existence, it is an easy matter to continue it to the Gallipagos, which islands abound in coal; thence to the Marquesas, and on to *Shangahi or Jeddo.*

W. D. PORTER.

BATHING.—Dr. Mayo furnishes some hints on "Bathing" that may be read with advantage at this season of the year. At night, warm water should be employed—in the morning, cold. The frame, after the exhaustion of the day, is in a condition to be better for the soothing influence of warm bathing. The whole person should, preparatory to retiring to rest, be laved with warm water, and afterward a moderate glow should be produced by gentle drying with towels. It has been said that cold water used at night has the advantage of preventing the feet from becoming tender. The reverse is the fact. Tenderness of the feet is much sooner, and surely remedied by the use of warm water than cold. The direct purpose of bathing is better obtained by warm than cold water. Nevertheless, there are some who are compelled to use cold water for their feet at night; if they use warm water, there is no reaction, and their feet and ankles become painfully chilled and deficient in circulation. But the morning is the proper season for the employment of cold water; the temperature of which, however, should bear a relation to the time of year and to the temperature of the weather, as well as to the strength of the person using it. Sometimes, therefore, it is better to use water in the morning, tepid; just as at night it may happen, for various reasons, to be desirable to avoid the relaxing effects of water too warm. A person in health and strength is the better for having the entire person bathed with cold water in the morning, followed by sufficient friction to produce a general healthy glow. In these simple directions, two effects are contemplated; one, niceness of the person; the other a stimulating, or soothing influence on the nerves or on the system generally. Both of these effects are capable of being attained to a still greater extent by the use of baths.

DEMEANOR IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.—Perhaps nothing is a surer sign of vulgarity of breeding than irrevalent behaviour during attendance upon public worship. Not seldom have our hearts been pained to see young men manifesting in the house of God a total want of that reverent demeanor and attention to the service which is befitting the Audience chamber of Deity. But when we see this tendency exhibited by young ladies, it argues a shallowness of mind and perverseness of heart that are appalling. We have seen young ladies elegantly dressed, and bearing all the external marks of respectable parentage and decent associations, who seemed to consider the services of the Almighty as requiring no more attention and reverence than a concert of music. A well-bred gentleman or lady will always conduct themselves with propriety in a place of worship, whatsoever may be his or her individual opinions, out of self respect alone.

HOW INDIGO IS PREPARED.—The indigo is a shrub-like plant two or three feet high, with delicate blue green leaves, which, at the harvest time, about the month of August, are cut off close to the stem, tied into bundles, and laid in great wood-en tubs. Planks are then laid on them, and great stones to cause a pressure, and then water is poured over them, and after a day or two the liquor begins to ferment. In this process of fermentation lies the principal difficulty, and every thing depends on allowing it to continue just the proper time. When the water has acquired a dark green color, it is poured into other tubs, mixed with lime, and stirred with wooden shovels till a blue deposit separates itself from the water, which is then allowed to run off. The remaining substance, the indigo, is then put into linen bags, through which the moisture filters, and as soon as the indigo is dry and hard, it is broken into pieces and packed up. Indigo is cultivated in the East Indies to a considerable extent.

DRUNKENNESS, CRIME AND DEATH.—The Cincinnati Commercial contains a brief but affecting and in*structive comment* on the career of Hon. E. A. Hannegan, of Covington, Indiana, late American Minister *to Austria.* A man of superior talents and eloquence, a great favorite with all who knew him, he rose rapidly to eminence in the profession of law, was honored as the representative of Fountain county in the State Legislature of Indiana, and afterwards was sent, by the almost unanimous voice of his district, representative to Congress, and on the expiration of his second Congressional term, was elected by the Legislature Senator in Congress, from whence he was taken by Mr. Polk, and sent Minister to Vienna. This man by the indulgence of one vicious habit, has now sunk himself into an abyss of infamy and crime which should (though it will not, except temporarily) act as an effectual warning against the use of ardent spirits. Recently, while in a state of inebriation, he and a brother-in-law, an intimate and endeared personal friend, fell into a quarrel, in the course of which Hannegan stabbed and killed his friend.

THE EARTH'S BULK.—The bulk of our planet is so well adjusted, that were it increased or diminished, the greater number of plants would die, and the animals which did survive, would lead but a burdensome existence; were it greater or smaller, denser or rarer, it would require a change in the structure of all the stocks of the flowers. Was our earth as large as Jupiter, motion would be oppressive to every living being; the deer would crawl like the sloth, and the eagle would have no higher flight than the chimney top. In such a case, too, the air would become so dense that no animal could breathe it—perhaps no animal could sustain its weight. And were the earth to be as small as Mercury, or the Moon, the animals would be exposed to the opposite inconvenience—all our motions would be unstable, like those of a drunken man, the air would be so thin as to be incapable of supporting life.

CATHEDRAL CLOCK.—A clock on the cathedral at New Orleans is pronounced to be a mechanical wonder. It is an eight day clock and has three dials—one six feet in diameter in front of the edifice, over a hundred feet from the ground; another of the same size in the rear; and a third of a small size in the interior—all moved by the same machinery. The large dials are of transparent glass, the figures and the hands being painted white and back of the glass is a cloth of black velvet, making the surface of the dials to appear black. These dials are lighted at night by gas burners, which by an ingenious arrangement of clock work, are extinguished daily at a change of time conforming to the length of the night. The clock occupies but a small space; strikes the hours on a deep toned bell, and three quarters on two smaller bells; and is furnished with a regular compensation pindulum, and besides its regular weight, a small weight acting solely on the escapement, which together render it an almost infallible timepiece.

Starvation of a Captain and Crew.

The following melancholy narrative is taken from a private letter, written February 25th, 1852, at Valparaiso, on board H. M. S. Dido:

We arrived at Valparaiso on the 10th prox.; we should have been heremuch sooner had we not delayed so much time looking after Captain Gardiner, a gentleman of fortune who had joined the Patagonian Missionary Society, and had gone to some small barren Island off the Horn to enlighten the inhabitants, wild as they were. We received intelligence from Rio that we were to look after Capt. Gardiner at the Falkland Islands, where we proceeded, and hearing there that a vessel had left provisions and clothing for him, expecting he would call for them, we resumed our search for him to Staten, a small uninhabited island; there we found nothing that could lead to his discovery, but a large boat moored to a tree and on the hill was a flag staff, with a piece of bedtick for a flag. We cut the name of our vessel on several trees, and got under weigh the next morning. We anchored at Gilbert's Cove, about two or three days' sail; there we sent boats ashore, and cut on a tree was this inscription: "Dig deep, under this spot you will find a bottle." We dug and found it, and in it a note as follows: "Capt. Gardiner—You will find us at Spanish Harbor, at a distance of about 60 miles from this place." We proceeded to that place next morning, after speaking to two canoes of strange looking human beings, quite naked; they were painted, and colored shells hung round them.

We arrived at Spanish Harbor the same evening, and sent boats on shore as soon as we dropt anchor, and then I beheld a sight, which I trust I shall never witness again. Strewed in different parts of the beach were Capt. G. and two of his party. The first we saw was Capt. G. in a state of decomposition. We supposed it to be him, by there being a watch hanging to his skeleton form, and some distance from him there was another. We proceeded some distance to a cave with a lantern; when we entered there was a deadly smell at the end of the cave, where we found the remains of the others. There was furniture and cooking utensils, as though they lived there some time. The boat's crews were allowed to have the clothes, &c., as they found a large chest containing books and clothing; and on the lid of it was nailed his will stating that the first ship that found them should have them. We buried them with the honors of war. And cut on the wall was this inscription: "Proceed on the beach about a mile and a half, you will find three more; do not delay for we are starving." We made the best of haste, and found them dead. It appears they had been shunned by the natives, and had starved to death.

THE BOY.—A writer in one of the papers describes a *real boy* thus:—

"He is the spirit of mischief embodied, a perfect tectotum, spinning round like a jenny or tumbling heels over head. He must go through the process of leaping over every chair in his reach, make drum heads of the doors, turn the tin pan into cymbals, take the best knives out to dig worms for bait, & lose them, is soon companion of the sugar barrel, searching up all the pie and preserves left after supper, and eats *them, goes to the apples every ten minutes, hides his* old cap in order to get his best one, cuts his old boots *accidentally when he wants to get a new pair, tears* his clothes for fun, and for dutto tracks your carpet and cuts your furniture. He is romping, shouting, blustering, and in all his best estate a terrible torment, especially to his sisters. He does not pretend much until he is twelve, then the rage for frock coats and high dickies commences. At fourteen he is too large to chop wood, or do other chores. At fifteen he has a tolerable experience of the world, but from fifteen to twenty—may we be clear of the track when he is in right; he knows more than Washington and Franklin together; in other words, he knows more then, than he will ever know again.'

MR. SLOW ON GRAVE TOPICS.—"Bimelech," said Mr. Slow, shaking his head with oracular and owl-like profundity, "it isn't well to know too much, my *boy, your father never did—he knowed too much for* that. Thoughts is porplexin, and the human mind, Bimelech, is too precious a thing to be worn out by friction. Don't abuse the gifts of nature, my son, cause nater's one of 'em, she is. Don't investigate anything new, my boy, 'cause there's a thousand old things of more consequence to look after—the first of which is number one. New notions perplexes the mind, dear—there's full enough fools in the world who like to look after such things, without your troubling your precious head about 'em—twouldn't be a cent of benefit to you. Call 'em all humbug and moonshine, and them as believes them lunatics and scoundrels, and that will save you a good many discussions, and give you a character for dignity and prudence, and prudent folks make money. Phelosophy and scions and them things is humbug, and every *thing is humbug but money.* Mind I tell ye." Mr. Snow ceased, overcome by his own eloquence.

SLANDER.—Let it be graven upon your memory that a person who repeats a slander even though he give the name of his author is no better, and far more mischevious, than its originator. He endorses the lie by his repetition of it, and as, without his endorsement, it never could have gained credit, he is responsible for the mischief by the law of God and man. We would take a spurious note far more readily from an honest man than from a known counterfeiter, and every additional hand it passes through adds to the deception. Because slander is more ac*cumulative than the snowball.* It is like a salad which every one will season to his taste of those to whom he offers it, or like the kite of a child, to which additional exaggerations are attached, each light in itself put together forming a counterbalancing weight without which the airy trifle would fall again to the earth, when with eager speed he runs to make it soar aloft.

AMONG all the strange reasons for divorce, we never saw one urged that exceeded the following. We copy from a report of the proceeding of the *Ripley Circuit Court, in the Versailles (Ind.) Whig:* "Josiah Squires, also, was divorced from his wife, Fredericka Squires. The cause of divorce was, that the reconciliation was hopeless, and his wife had abandoned him from the fact, that he states, *he did not furnish her with as much liquor as he agreed to,* and that they had been married nearly two years, and he had only purchased her *one keg of beer.*"

HATCHING EGGS BY STEAM.—A Mr. Carman, of Bordentown, N. J., is engaged in hatching eggs by steam. The machine is placed on a table about two and a half feet long by sixteen inches broad, and the water is heated by an oil lamp. The machine contains about a hundred eggs, and the chickens thus produced appear to be as lively and healthy as those produced by natural means.

THE NOBLER AND GREATER MOTIVE.—A French officer, who was prisoner under his parole, at Reading, England, met with a Bible. He read it, and was so struck with its contents, that he was convinced of the folly of skeptical principles and the truth of Christianity, and resolved to become a Protestant. When his gay associates rallied him for taking so serious a turn, he said, in his vindiction, "I have done no more than General Bernadotte, who became a Lutheran."

"Yes, but he became so," said his associates, "to obtain a crown."

"My motive," said the Christian officer, "is the same; we only differ as to place. The object of Bernadotte is to obtain a crown in Sweden, mine to obtain a crown in heaven."

Some men possess means that are great, but fritter them away in the execution of conceptions that are little; and there are others who can form great conceptions, but who attempt to carry them into execution with little means. These two discriptions of men might succeed if united, but as they are usually kept asunder by jealousy, both fail.

Sad End of a Romance.

A correspondent of the Cleveland Plaindealer, writing from Sault Ste Marie, gives a narrative of an ill-assorted marriage, with its melancholy termination. Some fifteen years ago, Catlin, the painter, exhibited a number of Indians in London, among whom was Cadotte, an interpreter. Sarah Haynes, *then a beautiful english girl of sixteen, became en*amored of Cadotte, and they were married. On reaching America, the romance of love was over; for two or three years they resided on the bank of *the river St. Clair, on the little property* the bride was possessed of; and since that at the Sault, where she taught French and music till the time of her decease. She retained her beauty till the last, although exposed to many hardships by living in a birch bark *lodge* with an Indian husband. She died in her 28th year, fortunately leaving no children to mourn the sad effects of an infatuated matrimonial match.

The Wife of Gen. Pierce.

The Boston Times says:

Gen. Pierce is now in his forty-eighth year—in very prime and vigor of manhood and with his commanding abilities at their ripest period. He is blessed with an estimable wife, at whose request, it is said, he has declined the many honors which *his State was always ready to award him*; and we learn that on Saturday she received the intelligence of her husband's nomination for the Presidency with an air of sadness. It is to be hoped, however, that her spirits will revive as the campaign progresses, and that she will never have reason to regret the elevation of her noble-hearted consort to the highest office on earth.

A NOVEL DUEL.—We find the following in the Eddyville, (Ky.) Telegraph:

"Two young bloods of our city becoming offended at some imaginary insult, a challenge was passed and accepted, as both thought nothing but blood could wash out the insult. The terms on which the challenge was accepted were these—that they should meet at Dr. N.'s office, and be bled until one or the other should be satisfied.—They accordingly met, and the Doctor opened a vein for them. They bled until both becoming extremely weak, and looking as white as their own linen pronounced themselves satisfied.

CURE FOR THE GOUT.—The following cure for the gout, is worth trying:

First—The person must pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a maid of fifty years who has never had a wish to change her condition.

Second—He must wash it in an honest miller's *pond.*

Third—He must dry it on a parsons hedge who never canted, and was never covetous.

Fourth—He must send it to a doctor's shop who never killed a patient.

Fifth—He must mark it with a lawyer's ink, who never cheated a client.

Sixth—*Apply* it to the part affected, and a cure will speedily follow.

FIRE—THREE CHILDREN BURNED TO DEATH.—Addison, Washington Co. (Wis.,) June 2.—During last night the house of Edward McAnulty, with all its contents, burned to the ground. Mr. McAnulty is with his wife and two children on a visit to New York, leaving five children at home, three of whom, a daughter 4 years of age, and two sons, one 3 and the other 5 years old, perished in the flames. The other two, with a young man living in the family had barely time to save their lives by jumping through the window.—*Cor. Mil. News.*

☞ The Philadelphia Sun, a paper that has invariably acted with the Whig party ever since its exis*tence, comments in the following style upon the pop*ularity of Scott and Fillmore in Philadelphia. It says:

"Our county four years ago gave MILLARD FILLMORE nearly *ten thousand* majority, and can do it again. Nominate SCOTT and Philadelphia county will be five thousand against him—the defamer of the American born, the cringing panderer to Roman Catholic supremacy, and the man who, to secure a low paltry votes, has libeled the noble volunteers who *earned* the laurels in Mexico which he wears. Let him take the vote of the Irish who never turn their backs on friends or enemies, as he falsely asserts, for he hung many as deserters in Mexico; but there is no American who feels as an American, who can vote for such a recreant."

A PHILANTHROPIST.—Mr. Lewis Morse, of Springfield, Ohio, lately deceased, left $70,000,000 to be disposed of in the promotion of popular education. The legacy to take effect after the decease of his widow.

A down-east millitia captain, on receiving a note *from a lady requesting the "pleasure of his company," understood it as a compliment to those under his* command, and marched the whole of them to the lady's house.

THIRTY-ONE guns were fired at Cincinnati on the reception of the news of the nomination of Pierce and King.

Some poetical genius says that "all the world is a show." We should like to own it, provided we could hire Barnum for a traveling agent, and ourselves for the treasurer.

An editor down South, who served four days on a jury, says he's so full of law that it is hard to keep from cheating somebody.

A late writer, in speaking of sour-kraut, says:—"It is the connecting link between damaged cabbage and pickled manure." Neat compliment that to our German population, isn't it?

Miss Dubois says the first time a coat sleeve encircled her waist, she felt as if she was in a pavilion built of rainbows, the window sills of which were composed of milian harps. That young woman should have her feet soaked.

BARNUM, the showman, was once a poor "jour printer," but he got hold of a "fat take," and is now worth his hundreds of thousand dollars.—There are but very few printers that "get up" in the world as much as Barnum has.

THE best "forget me not" a man can leave his wife is a baby. It beats wedding rings all hollow. People about leaving for California will please notice.

ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.—The House has passed a resolution to adjourn on the 16th of August, and it is said the Senate will concur.

LESSING, the German Philosopher, being remarkably absent, knocked at his own door one evening, when the servant looking out of the window, and not recognizing him, said, 'The professor is not at home.' 'Oh, very well,' said Lessing, composedly walking away, 'I shall call another time.'

☞ "Well, Sambo, how do you like your place?"

"O, berry well, mass."

"What did you have for breakfast this morning?"

"Why you see missus biled two eggs for herself, and gib me de bref."

"Mr. Brown, I owe you a grudge, remember that."

"I shall not be frightened then, for I never knew you to pay anything that you owe."

"Do you keep matches?" asked a wag of a retailer. "Oh, yes; all kinds," was the reply. "Then I'll take a trotting match."