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.

CHANGES OF HOME.

BY R. JOHNSTON.

I stood in the old, ancestral hall;
The comrades of youth had fled;
Green mould was on the tarnished wall,
And my thoughts were of the dead;
I looked around for some friendly face
I had known in other days,
But none descried in that lonely place
To glad my longing gaze.

The towers with ivy's were'over-grown,
And weeds round the portal grew;
Moss lay deep on the threshold-stone,
And the chambers were wet with dew.
I leant on my staff of friends bereft,
With trembling head and hands,
Though long ago those towers I left,
To journey in distant lands.

My elder brother in war was slain,
Transfixed by a foeman's spear;
His bones bleach now on the sandy plain,
The warrior's dismal bier.
The youngest slumbers beneath the wave
Far off, amid Indian isles;
On the deep sea-green of his watery grave
The Sun of the Tropic smiles.

My parents long were left alone,
Then fled to a shadowy land;
And I remain the only one
Of a happy household band.
My kindred—all—are swept away,
Like a vision they have passed,
And I like a lonely column, stay
In the midst of a desert vast!

Historical.

The following extracts are from a work entitled,

THE NAPOLEON DYNASTY;
OR,
The History of the Bonaparte Family.

BY THE BERKLEY MEN.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The first twenty five years of Napoleon's life he was growing *down*; but when he started up, heshot to the stars. He has titles enough to greatness, without borrowing plumes from the gratuitous bedeckings of prurient writers. On every subsequent emergency he displayed capacity for which his contemporaries found no parallel. He outstripped the standard measurements of power in all its forms, and distanced competition at every step.

* * * * * * *

It has often been remarked by superficial authors that Napoleon rose at a favorable moment—that events were waiting for him. It is true—but not in the sense they understand it. It was a favorable moment for a great pilot to seize the helm—for the ship was driving on the rocks—but it took a mighty hand to guide her.

The fiery chariot of Revolution was rolling by, but every Phaeton who had mounted the flying car, had been dashed to pieces. It had crushed a thousand leaders in the dust, and was still careering its lightning way over the bosom of France. Napoleon sprang to the car, and drove it whithersoever he listed. His will was too strong for everything but omnipotence! He had a great opportunity, but to attempt to grasp it would have been fatal to any other man. He reached the shore when it was strewn with the wreck of a whole mob of great men. Among them lay the mangled corpse of Robespierre—the coward demon of the Reign of Terror. This Caunte of a political ocean controlled the waves.

THE BATTLE OF LODI.

Napoleon came up and resolved to bring on the battle at once. While he was making his preparations, he dispatched a heavy body of cavalry to cross the river by a distant ford, and hold themselves in readiness to fall on the Austrian rear, while Napoleon charged across the bridge. He watched anxiously, and at the first sign of their appearance in the distance, he gave the order to advance, and a column of grenadiers rushed on the bridge mingling their shouts of *Vive la Republique* with the roar of the Austrian cannon which were raining grape shot into their ranks. The solid masses of indomitable valor recoiled for a moment when they received the storm. But Napoleon and his principal officers rushed to their head—the French bugles again sounded to the charge, and the irresistible tide swept the bridge as the waves swept the floods of the ocean. Lannes was the first man who cleared the bridge and Napoleon the second. The batteries were carried—the men bayoneted at their guns, and the on rushing phalanx plunged into the very heart of the Austrian column. Meantime the French cavalry were doing their work of death on the rear. Once more Beaulieu's army was broken and put to flight. When Europe heard of the battle they named the conqueror "THE HERO OF LODI." The few men still living who mingled in the carnage of that day, never mention the name of Lodi without a shudder. The battle of Lodi gave the victor control of the home of the Lombard kings, whose massive gates flew open four days after for his triumphal entry.

THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.

Napoleon left Vienna at the head of his army, and marched towards Brunn, where the Austrian and Russian forces were concentrated under the eyes of their two Emperors. The armies met on the 1st December, (1805,) and prepared for battle the following day. At midnight when everything was ready, and his mighty host was sleeping on the field, the Emperor laid himself down by a watch fire for sixty minutes, then rose, and mounted his horse and began to reconnoiter. He wished to escape observation, but some of his wakeful soldiers recognised him, and in a few minutes piles of straw were thrown together, and they lit up his path as he rode from post to post, while shout rose above shout till the camp rang with the wild acclamations of eighty thousand soldiers. Napoleon could not account for so unusual a demonstration, and he was on the point of suppressing it by an order, that would have been obeyed. But the shouts told him it was the anniversary day of his coronation, and in their uncontrollable enthusiasm he found a pledge of its glorious celebration. An old grenadier approached him and said, 'Sire, you will not need to expose yourself; I promise, in the name of the grenadiers of the army, that you will have to fight only with your eyes; and we will bring you the flags and artillery of the Russians to celebrate the anniversary of your coronation.'

He rode back to his bivouac, a straw cabin without a roof, which his grenadiers had prepared for him, and wrote a proclamation to his army, in which he said—"Soldiers, I shall myself direct your battalions; if, with your accustomed bravery, you carry confusion and disorder among the hostile ranks, I shall keep out of the fire. But if the victory is for a moment uncertain, you will see your Emperor in the front of your ranks." 'This,' said Napoleon, as he threw down the pen, 'is the noblest evening of my life; but I shall lose too many of those brave fellows to morrow."

The whole camp had risen, and there could be no more sleep that night. Napoleon again mounted, and calling his Marshals and Generals together, gave them his orders, and the whole army waited for daybreak. Towards morning a thick fog overspread the vast plain of Austrlitz, and covered both armies. This omen cast a gloom a for moment over the French battalions. But when the sun came up it rolled the mists into heaven, and flooded the field of Austerlitz with splendor. A single glance told that both armies were ready for conflict.

Napoleon was at this instant surrounded by his Lieutenants, and at a word Marshals Davoust, Lanes, Soult, and Bernadotte, and Prince Murat flew to lead their divisions to battle; while Napoleon himself with ten battalions of his Guard, and ten battalions of Oudinot's grenadiers, and forty pieces of cannon, made up the reserve, ready to strike wherever they could decide the fortunes of the day. Such were the scenes being enacted on the French side.

Across the plain glittered a not less confident, and still more numerous host—under the eyes and orders of the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and led by the Princes and Marshals of two Empires. Two mightier or more magnificent armies never met in the shock of battle.

Riding along the lines on one of his fleetest horses, Napoleon said—'Soldiers, we must end the campaign to day with a thunderbolt.' 'Long live the Emperor,' rang from eighty thousand men, drowning the blast of the bugles which sounded to battle. Two hundred heavy cannon opened their fire; powerful divisions engaged both wings of the enemy, and Murat charged the centre with his dreadful cavalry. For one hour two hundred thousand heroes struggled for the supremacy of Europe. The line of battle swayed to and fro over the plain like a prairie on fire. The soul of Napoleon seemed to have passed into his entire army, and wherever his columns charged, they trampled whole battalions on the plain. Division after division gave way, and from the heights of Austerlitz the two allied Emperors saw their army broken and put to flight.

The whole conflict had been one of terror; but when the Cossack host fled from the field, even Napoleon turned away from the sight. The right wing which had longest contested the day, and made Lannes with Murat's cavalry recoil three times from their deadly onset, were driven at last into a hollow, where they attempted to escape across a lake on the ice. Many had fallen, but 20,000 were in full flight. Napoleon's batteries were trained on their track, and a heavy cannonade broke the ice, and they sunk for ever! The ruin was so complete, it seemed more like the destruction of the host of Sonacharib by the breath of Heaven, than the work of man. The allied Emperors, with the shattered remnants of their army of 100,000 men, fled in terror from the field.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition.—His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song pined in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire—it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and, if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man, the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being; he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or may plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking, as it were the wings of the morning, can "fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest."

But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and, if unhappy in her love her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is praying on its vitals—so is it in nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there let it cower and brood among the ruins of peace. With her, the desire of her heart has failed—the great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—"dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low—but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart.—We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunder bolt that could have smitten it with decay.

☞ There are lessons worthy of heed in the following healthful lines, which proceed from the pen of an old and genial friend and school fellow of the Editor of the *Knickerbocker*, who in himself illustrates (he will pardon us for saying) the very moral of his verse:

PITY HIM!

Know you a man so distrustful and cold,
That he'll live all his life without gaining a friend;
Constantly toiling for silver and gold,
That he pledges himself that he never will spend?
Pity him!

Know you a heart, confiding and warm,
Where the flame of affection steadily burns;
For whom neither silver nor gold has a charm
But who spends every year far more than he earns?
Pity him!

Know you a man who is striving for power,
Who is ceaselessly toiling for wealth or for fame;
And goading himself each day and each hour,
That a few of his fellows may hear of his name?
Pity him!

Know you another quite careless of fame,
Neither longing for wealth, nor yearning for power
Thoughtless alike of his fate and his name,
And wantonly squandering each day and hour?
Pity him!

Know you another both prudent and kind,
Who has lived to do good, and made many a friend
Who has all his life long kept peace in his mind,
And for whom is reserved greater peace at his end?
Copy him! J. B. B.

A Valuable Thing.

Which will you do—smile, and make your household happy, or be crabbed, and make all those young ones gloomy, and the elder ones miserable? The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. Wear a pleasant countenance; let joy beam in your eyes, and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed; and you will feel it at night when you rest, at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your business.—*Home Journal.*

From the Olive Branch.

ON KISSING.

A sensible contemporary says:—"The woman ought to make a pledge not to kiss a man who uses tobacco."

So they had! but the douce of it is, all the handsome men use it in some shape; and kissing is a little luxury not to be dispensed with! As to a *female* kiss, faugh! there's *no effervescence* in it! it's as flat as an unmixed soda powder! If I'm victimized that way, I always take an early application of soap and water! You will see woman practice it sometimes, just to 'keep their hand in;' (lips, I mean,) but it's miserable substitute! a sham article! done half the time to tantalize some of the male audience! (I hope to be pardoned for turning 'State's evidence,' but I don't care a pin if I ain't!) Now kissing is a natural gift, (not to be acquired by one and a bungler;) when you meet with a *gifted brother*, 'make a note on't,' as Capt. Cuttle says. There's your *universal* kisser, who can't distinguish between your kiss and your grandmother's—faught!—there's your philosophical, transcendental kisser, who goes 'through the motions' *in the air!* then there's ——oh! my senses!—they say there's such a thing as 'unwritten music,' and 'unwritten poetry,' I have my private suspicions there are '*unwritten kisses!*'

[FANNY FERN.

A Treasur, Costing no Money.

Which will you do—smile, and make your household happy, or be crabbed, and make all those young ones gloomy, and the elder ones miserable? The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you show a smiling face, a kind heart and speak pleasant words. Wear a pleasant countenance; let joy beam in your eyes, and love grow on your forehead. There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed; and you will feel it at night when you rest, at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your business.

A smile—who will refuse a smile,
The sorrowing heart to cheer,
And turn to love the heart of guile,
And check the falling tear?
A pleasant smile for every face,
O, 'tis a blessed thing;
It will the lines of care erase,
And spots of beauty bring.

A Touching Letter.

The following letter addressed to Crist who was lately convicted on a charge of murder at Mobile, by his wife, shortly after his arrest in Ohio, is a touching proof of woman's devotion:

CLEVELAND, April 7, 1852.

My Dearest husband—I have been very miserable since they took you away. When you were here, and I could have the happiness of seeing my own darling sometimes, I was better satisfied; but now my heart is almost crushed. They have torn you from me so suddenly and unexpectedly, that I can hardly realize my situation. Can it be possible that we are never to meet again upon earth? O, my darling! it has been but two short years since we stood at the altar, surrounded by our friends, and we the happiest of the happy—and since that, dearest, we have enjoyed each other's society so much! and now that this dreadful sorrow should decend upon our heads to crush our future hopes—O, my God! no wonder I cannot realize my miserable situation. But I must not give way in this manner. I promised you that I would not give up until they proved you guilty. I hope they will never do that. I cannot believe you would commit so horrible a crime as so kind to his family and friends, and always so tender hearted, could never raise his hand against his fellow-man, unless in selfdefence. But the one who murdered "Nye" did not do that; so it cannot be my darling husband. No never, never!

But, dearest, if you *did* commit that crime, I beg of you, as a husband and a father, to tell me, before you die, so I can be better satisfied; for, Oh, God knows that if they hang an innocent man, and I should be convinced of the fact, my reason would depart forever, and they would have the blood of two innocent persons to answer for. But if you are hung, and confess that you are guilty, then I would be better satisfied, because I could not blame them for doing their duty—although I shall never feel any different towards you than I do at present; for you have always been to me a kind, beloved husband.—I cannot feel ought towards you but love and respect, whether you live or die—but, as I said before, I can't believe you guilty until they prove you such; and I hope you will convince them of your innocence, that we may meet again and continue to live happily together in this world—and when we die, that we may be joined together in heaven, is the prayer of your once happy, but now really afflicted wife.

I presume Andrews did not go with you, but I presume he will go down immediately, and do his best towards having the matter thoroughly investigated. I had no idea that McGibbony would leave so suddenly. He promised to let father know when he was going, but instead of doing as he should have done, he went off without one article of clothing for you. I presume he was afraid they would mob him for shooting Fuller. I intended sending your clothes down that morning, when the word came that you were gone. You left word to send them to Cincinnati, but McGibbony said he intended stopping at Cincinnati over Sunday, so there was no use sending them there.

After Clarence had gone to sleep last night, he opened his eyes and called papa, as though he had been dreaming of you. I told the dear little angle that papa was gone away. He went to sleep again, and presently he opened his eyes again, and called papa, papa. It made me feel so sorrowful I could not sleep. It almost kills me to think that perhaps we may never see you again. Dearest, I pray every night that God would forgive your sins, and receive you in heaven, if it is to be your fate to die—which I also pray that it may not be. I hope the jailor will be kind to you, and let you write to me often.—I have not heard one word from you yet, but I presume it is not your fault. I know you will write to me if you can.

We are all well, and I hope you are the same.—Mother and Mirando do not believe you guilty.—They send their love to you. Accept my whole love, dearest. I am so overcome with sorrow, that I can write no more to-day. Good bye. May we meet again soon. God bless you, and keep you safe!

From your dearest, faithful wife,

LUCRETIA CRIST.

TO BE HUNG.—Nathan H. Crist, convicted of the murder of Nye, at Mobile, is to be hung on the 2d of September.

☞ When king Agrippa was in a private station he was accused by one of his servants of speaking ill of Tiberius, and was condemned by the emperor to be exposed in chains before the palace gate. The weather being hot he was thirsty, and called to Caligula's servant, Thanmastror, who was passing with a pitcher of water, to give him some drink; assuring him, if he got well out of his captivity, he would pay him well. Tiberius dying, Caligula succeeded him, and set Agrippa at liberty, making him king of Judea; in which situation he remembered the glass of water, sent for Thanmastror, and made him controller of his household.

A young man, who was a great talker, was sent by his parents to Socrates to learn oratory. On being presented to Socrates, the lad spoke so incessantly that he was out of all patience. When the bargain came to be struck, Socrates asked him double price.

"Why charge me double?" said the young fellow.

"Because," said the orator, "I must teach you two sciences; the one to hold your tongue, and the other how to speak."

A fellow down in Massachusetts, who probably drinks nothing but 'common rum,' wants to know what's the use of three cents, now the Maine liquor bill has been passed.

SLEEP.

The most violent passions and excitements of mind cannot preserve even powerful minds from sleep; thus Alexander the Great slept on the field of Arbela, and Napoleon upon that of Austerlitz. Even stripes and torture cannot keep off sleep, as criminals have been known to sleep on the rack. Noises which at first serve to drive away sleep, soon become indispensable to its existence; thus a stage-coach stopping to change horses, wakes all the passengers.

The proprietor of an iron forge, who slept close to the din of hammers, forges and blast-furnaces, would awake if there was any interruption to them during the night; and a sick miller, who had his mill stopped on that account, passed sleepless nights until the mill resumed its usual noise.—Homer, in his Iliad, elegantly represents sleep as overcoming all men, and even the gods, except Jupiter alone.—*Macknight.*

Appearances.

How many there are in every community, the whole height of whose ambition is to live on appearances; whose souls are bent upon garnishing the outer sepulchre, and becoming fashionable. The cultivation of the mind is neglected, refinement of taste and sense blunted; everything is made to centre on what effect they shall make in other people's eyes. What lofty aspirations! Dressy personage or appearances of importance are neither signs of wealth or moral worth; but just the reverse. The more persons learn the less they assume to know, and you will always find them indifferent to dress, and modest and retiring from the world's gaze.—Often you will find more worth in the beggar in his rags, than the fashionable, lordly personage, who is as likely to be a scoundrel, debauchee or highwayman, as a man of wealth to day; but there is no knowing that he will be a man of wealth to morrow; for there is nothing that sooner takes to itself wings and flies away, than wealth. An abundance is a dangerous staff to lean upon, and the shadow of it is still worse.

Printers in Battle.

Extract from Gen. Pierce' speech at Concord upon his return from Mexico:

'And Concord, too, was well represented in the brigade. There was Henry Cadwell, one of the bravest and most determined soldiers in the army.—There was Sergeant Stowell, who was shot plump through the heart at Churubusco. As his last breath flowed he whispered to me—'Do the boys say I behaved well? If I have, write home to my people.' Then there was Sergeant Pike, who had his leg shot off in advancing along on a causeway swept by three batteries. Two amputations which did not answer the purpose, were performed, and a third was deemed hopeless. Die he must, it was thought. 'I know better than they do,' he said. 'I'll try another; and when they cut it again I hope they will cut it so that it will stay cut.' A third amputation was performed, and he lived through it. He and the others named were printers. In the new levies, the printers exceeded by 20 per cent, those of any other vocation; and on account of their intelligence and high spirit they have proved the most efficient soldiers in the field.'

Thrilling Incident.

At a temperance meeting in Philadelphia, some years ago, a learned clergyman spoke in favor of wine as a drink—demonstrating it [illegible] Bible. While the clergyman sat down, a plain man rose, and asked the liberty of saying a few words:—"A young friend of mine [said he] who had long been intemperate, was at length prevailed upon, to the great joy of his friends, to take the pledge of entire abstinence from all that could intoxicate. He kept the pledge faithfully for some time, though the struggle with his habit was fearful, till one evening in a social party, glasses of wine were handed round. They came to a clergyman present, who took a glass, saying a few words in vindication of the practice. 'Well,' thought the young man, 'if a clergyman can take wine, and justify it so well, why not I? So he also took a glass. It instantly rekindled his fiery and slumbering appetite, and after a rapid downward course, he died of *delirium tremens* a raving madman!" The old man paused for utterance, and was just able to add—"That young man was my only son, and the clergyman was the Rev. Doctor who has just addressed this assembly."

An Encounter With a Boa.

Mr. Mason, in his recently published work, "Pictures in Mexico," relates the following circumstance, which occurred to him while loitering along a shady path in the forest:

"I stepped aside for a moment to admire a rich turf of purple flowers, my mule having plodded on about eight or ten yards ahead, when, as I turned from the flowers towards the path, a sensation as of a flash of lightning struck my sight, and I saw a brilliant and powerful snake winding its coils round the head and body of the poor mule. It was a large and magnificent boa, of a black and yellow color, and it had entwined the poor beast so firmly in its folds that ere he had time to utter more than one feeble cry he was crushed and dead. The perspiration broke out on my forehead as I thought of my narrow escape; and only remaining a moment to view the movements of the monster as he began to uncoil himself, I rushed through the brushwood, and did not consider myself safe until I was entirely free of the forest."

Marked Fish.

The Scotch commissaries of fisheries have been adopting an ingenious device for learning the migration of the salmon. They have marked a large number of fish hatched from the spawn deposited last year in the Tweed, by placing around them a belt or ring of Indian Rubber, numbered and dated. One of the fish was caught two days after being thus marked, and let go, a hundred miles from the mouth of the Tweed. All fishermen taking such marked fish are desired to take note of the weight, the place and date of capture, and various other particulars named in the directions. The idea is a novel and amusing one. It may lead to valuable scientific discovery. For our part, we should like to know what Master fish thinks of his belt. He has no hands with which to take it off, and it is doubtful whether any of his companions will have the politeness to offer any assistance. They may look askance at their little belted brother, and be shy of his society.

☞ Liquor Law prosecutions have been commenced in Massachusetts against a number of persons, and arrests for violation of the law are daily made. The proprietor of the Exchange Coffee House, Lowell, was arraigned on three complaints, and found guilty. Sentence was deferred. According to the law, for the third offence, the penalty is imprisonment, not less than three months. At Cambridge there is considerable difficulty in enforcing the law. The Justices reluctantly grant warrants, and the Deputy Sheriff and constables refuse to serve them unless indemnified. The Boston *Post* says the city government will not take part in the matter, and therefore the police will not and the warrants must go to Lowell. The constables of the city, *en masse*, have waited upon the Mayor, and signified their extreme reluctance, if not refusal, to serve a warrant of this kind, unless by order and on responsibility of the city. They have no fancy for placing themselves in the position of defendants in a long suit at law, and risk the result. Cambridge takes the lead in this matter.

He that makes himself a sheep shall be caught by the wolves.

The young man that left town a few days ago, says his mother would have been no relation to him, if his father had'nt married her.

The heart has its reasons, which reasons, does not apprehend.

The Way they Kill and Pack Hogs in Ohio State.

Aside from the prodigious number of hogs, cattle, sheep and calves disposed of, there is an interest in watching the machine-like order of the work. The butcher's yard and building is, of course, not a very neat place, while the blood and offal of two thousand hogs a day pass through them. The slaughter-house is situated in some retired hollow, with a small stream passing beneath it, and is, generally, a cheap temporary building.

The hogs of each drove are kept in a separate pen, till the hour of execution, when a devoted few, say thirty or forty, are compelled, much against their will, to march up a platform within the building. Here, a man with an iron sledge goes among them, and strikes them on the head with a dull, sickening sound, and they fall without a squeal. While in a senseless state, they are thrown upon a grating near the scalding vats, where they are stuck, and the blood flows into the stream below. The vats are wide enough to place a hog crosswise, and long enough to hold ten or twelve at a time; and there are, in large establishments, two vats, on each side of which are five or six men, making twenty in all. The water is kept hot by steam, and the carcasses are constantly kept turning and stirring as they pass along, so that when they reach the farther end of the vat they are stript to a hair, and are hauled out and hung up by the heels for gutting.

The man who strikes them puts a mark on the leg of each, to show who is the owner. A hog is pushed from the grating, all quivering and bloody, into the scalding water, about once in half a minute, and a clean carcass is hauled out of the other end of the vat as frequently, and also another taken from the gambrel and carried to the hooks as often, where he hangs till the next morning to cool. For two vats, about fifty men are required. The next morning, a four or six horse team appears at the slaughter-house bright and early, and, piling the stiff carcasses into a huge rack, conveys them to the packer's. The butcher, instead of being paid for his expense, pays the drover something—eight or ten, or twelve cents a head—for the chance; and all the offal belongs to him, including everything belonging to the animal.

At the packer's, which is in a more public part of the city, the hog is weighed, and the two men place his body on a bench. On each side of the bench stand two strong men, with huge cleavers, more dreadful than an executioner's axe, on which they put a keen edge between each blow. One stroke, given simultaneously by each of them, severs the head, and also the hind-quarters, from the trunk. These are thrown in different directions to be trimmed and cured.

One of the cutters turns the trunk on its back, and holds it open, while the other splits it along the back-bone. Each one takes half, and, the leaf lard being torn out, cuts off the shoulders, and, at four strokes, the sides are cut in the proper form. The hog disappears in different directions, and in about half a minute from the time he was put on the bench, another takes his place to undergo the same process. The pieces designed for mess-pork are salted into a barrel, headed up, filled with brine, rolled into the street, put on a dray, carried to the river, and the hog may be on his way to [illegible] twenty-four hours after he

THE RICHMOND TRAGEDY.

Confession of Jane Williams.—The Richmond (Va.) Despatch states that Jane Williams, the colored woman, has confessed to the Rev. Dr. Ryland that she alone is the author of the late massacre of the Winston family in that city. The Despatch has the following particulars of the confession:

"On Saturday evening, about 7 o'clock, the Rev. Mr. Ryland, pastor of the African Baptist Church, of which Jane Williams is a member, visited her and exorted her to make her peace with God, as she would undoubtedly be hung. Jane replied that she intended to do so, and that there was something on her mind which she wished to tell him. Thereupon, she stated that she alone murdered Mrs. Winston and her daughter, and inflicted the wounds upon Mr. Winston and her daughter, and inflicted the wounds upon Mr. Winston's head. She exculpated her husband entirely, stating that he was asleep at the time she committed the bloody deed, and knew nothing of its perpetration. She did not go into the particulars of the transaction then.

"On Sunday, by request, Mr. Starke, her jailor, questioned her concerning the matter, and she also made full and prompt confession to him of committing the murder. She also told him the particulars of the transaction. She said that a little before daybreak, and in advance of her usual hour of rising, she rose without disturbing her husband, procured the broaddedged hatchet, entered the house, proceeded to Mr. Winston's room, and commenced her fiendish labors by knocking Mr. Winston senseless. He scarcely struggled. On leaving him, she stepped around the bed, and commenced cutting into the head of Mrs. Winston. Mrs. W.'s struggles were so great, that Jane says she inflicted stronger and more frequent blows upon her head than she did upon Mr. W.'s, in order to silence her quickly. She then killed the infant, washed off the blood, and laid it in the cradle. She then washed the blood off of the hatchet, hid it, and then gave the alarm. Jane further stated that she considered she had been ill-treated by Mr. and Mrs. Winston, and had been brooding over her bloody revenge for some time. The devil, she stated, had such possession of her that morning, that she believes she could have went further than she did, if necessary. She denies stealing the watch and clothing."

Mr. Winston, it is now believed, will recover.—His mind, though occasionally wandering, is almost restored. The Despatch says:

"He remembers the events of Sunday—the preparations he made for his departure North on Monday morning, the packing his trunk, the depositing his money in secure places where it was found, and the amounts so deposited. He was restless, he says, and did not go to sleep until very late; he heard the clock strike one, he says, and then got to sleep, but says he must have slept very sound and very long, for he was hardly yet awake. In reply to inquiries for his wife and child, he has been informed that they are sick at a relative's house. With regard to his wounds, he has been told he received them in a fall while walking in his sleep. All must dread for him the terrible hour when he is to learn his most unutterable woe, and pray that he may have strength to endure his affliction."

A LATE English paper mentions the death of a man, in London, named Nichols, from actual *starvation*,—and that, too, while under the charge of the parish charitable authorities. He had been a schoolmaster, and had subsequently obtained a precarious living by writing bills for tradesmen's windows.—For some time previous to his death, he had been compelled to rely upon the parish, and had received from the authorities just *one loaf a week* for the support of himself and a paralyzed wife. At his death he had become reduced to a mere skeleton.

Addison wrote in his time, 'If we look into the profession of physic, we shall find a most formidable body of men; the sight of them is enough to make a man serious; for we may lay it down as a maxim, that when a nation abounds in physicians it grows thin of people.' True then, no doubt—doubly true now.

Yankee Sullivan and Johnny Walker are to have a turn up about the middle of next month, for some $300 a side.

THE IMPORTANT OBJECTS.—The discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects of life.

Odds and Ends.

White zinc paint is said to cover from 40 to 100 per cent. more surface than white lead.

In eating hasty-pudding and milk, too much care cannot be taken to chew your victuals fine.

The average life of bank officers is 63, of sextons 57, of railway conductors 30, of brakemen 27.

There is said to be a man in the west so liberal that he never needs a fire, the *warmth* of his generosity answers every purpose.

One of the steamboats that runs from Portland to the Penobscot, advertises in a morning paper, that the boat will leave on Friday, "*to go as far as the ice will permit!*"

Take frequent ablutions; don't mix any brandy with your water; wear a clean shirt, and preserve a clean conscience. This will put you through—the summer.

The Diario, of Rio Janeiro, of March 13th, the official paper, describes the people of the United States as "a set of bankrupts—a nation of savages."

It is a popular belief that because a girl is weeping when a lover enters the room, that she is crying for him; but it may be that she has just done peeling onions.

North Carolina papers give distressing accounts of a prevailing drought in that State. Wells, springs and streams, heretofore perennial, are dry, or nearly so, in many sections, and all the crops are being seriously injured.

The following toast has done good service on more than one occasion:—"The cartridge-box, the ballot-box, and the band-box: the external, the internal, and the eternal *preservation of republicanism.*"

Two brothers, natives of Ireland, were sun struck in Utica, on Thursday week. One died immediately, but the other, who was pronounced in a dying condition by his physician, was restored by placing his feet in warm water.

The Dutch have a singular contrivance to cure laziness. If a pauper, who is able, refuses to work, they put him into a cistern, and let in a sluice of water. It comes in just so fast that, by briskly playing a pump, with which the cistern is furnished, he keeps himself from drowning.

There has been a riot between the blacks and whites at St. Catherine's, Canada, in which the negroes were driven to the woods, and their villages entirely demolished. These are the colored people who have fled from slavery in the United States.

As a man sows, so shall he reap.

Water is the best drink. Exercise and pure air, the best medicines.

Strong words indicate a weak cause. The more a man swears, the easier he is licked.

The physically blind feel their infirmity; but what shall we say of the morally blind? Those who are lying looks as well as lying words, dissembling smiles, deceiving [illegible]

Unaffected modesty is the sweetest charm of female excellence—the richest gem in the diadem of their honor.

Cunning leads to knavery; it is but a step from one to the other, and that very slippery; lying only makes the *difference*; add that to cunning and it is knavery.

An infinitely small piece of gold can be spread over a wire that might girdle the earth; yet a much less portion of truth will serve to gild a much greater quantity of falsehood.

In fashionable circles, general satire, which attacks the fault rather than the person, is unwelcome; while that which attacks the person and spares the fault, is always acceptable.

Never imagine that you are helpless, because you lack some of the external facilities which others possess. Whether you do anything or nothing depends entirely on the will.

It is always more discreet to be awkwardly silent than ridiculously loquacious; therefore, when the tongue cannot be employed to some purpose, it had better be allowed to rest.

If we scrutinize the lives of men of genius, we shall find that activity and persistence are their leading peculiarities. Obstacles cannot intimidate, nor labor weary, nor drudgery disgust them.

Everything may be mimicked by hypocrisy but humility and love united. The humblest star twinkles most in the darkest night. The more rare humility and love united, the more radiant when they meet.

The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him, can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost, and stifled, in the hurry-scurry of the world, or swamped in the slough of indolence.

Every operation in nature, or the world of matter, has its counterpart in the spirit or world of mind. Hence the student must become thoroughly versed in the objective, before he enters the subjective region; otherwise he may fall under the accusation of *being unable to read.*

Why is a horse like the United States? Ans. He has a mane. (Maine.)

Why are clothes like a class of European soldiers? Ans.—They are a body guard.

Why did woman exist before man? Because Eve was the first *made* (maid.)

Why is matrimony like a cobbler? Because it binds two souls (soles) in unity.

When is a person's mouth like a public park? When it contains several (achers) acres.

Why is a decrepit man like a tooth that cannot be extracted? Because he is *infirm.*

Why is Beach's newspaper like Richard, Duke of Gloucester? Because it is the *Sun* of York.

When you go out to slide on the ice, choose a pond without water, and then you will be sure not to get drowned.

Why should we pity a traveller when about to put up at an inn? Because he is *inn disposed.*—(Indisposed.)

Solomon Slocum who was thrown from the horse-radish a couple of weeks since, Dr. Bumfudgeon reports to be in an *effervescent* state.

Why is a dog shaking his tail over the grave of his master, like a hearse? Because it's a wagging (wagon) for the dead.

Why is the flag of the United States like the Northern Ocean? Because it *waves* from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The wives along the Mississippi never *blow up* their husbands. They leave it all to the steamboats, which are sure to do it sooner or later.

If anything will make a man feel "juicy about the heart," it is to talk velvet to a pair of sky-colored eyes in a clover field. Time—a moonshiny evening in June.