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. 39. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1852. NO. ~~19.~~

Poetical.

The following effusion, from the Hudson *Freeman*, in reference to *that* Cleveland speech of Gen. Scott, we cannot forbare publishing. We consider it decidedly rich, and think that our readers will coincide in our opinion.

"I LOVE THAT RICH BROGUE."

"I love that rich brogue." Now Ginral you're jokin',
'Tis cruel at Patrick such fun to be pokin'.
That "brogue" you've heard two score year every whit,
And hot loved it before, a d—l a bit.

"I love that rich brogue." You love it how well,
Let your long spoken sentiments honestly tell—
You would welcome us here from Erin's green lands,
But in making yer laws, you'd give us no hand.

"I love that rich brogue." Did you love it when,
So indignantly "fired," you snatched up your pen,
In the Astor House parlor, and earnestly wrote,
That Irishmen were not deserving a vote?

"I love that rich brogue." Ah, you loved it indeed,
When you gave your assent to an infamous creed,
When you claimed of that party, the leader to be,
Who would take from the Irish, their rights to be free.

Did you love "that rich brogue," when you told us your mind,
To repeal all naturalization inclined?
No matter how decent or honest men we,
That Paddy should never a citizen be?

"I love that rich brogue." I know you belong.
To the party which always love Irishmen strong.
As the day when their votes are wanted draws near,
Although we're but *cattle* the rest of the year.

"I love that rich brogue." When did you begin?
When Greeley told you, you could'nt get in,
That you never could set in the President's Chair,
If you could'nt get Patrick to help put you there.

You love it as well perhaps you'll be owning',
Faith afther election day fo the mornin',
When for President Pierce, it falls on your ears,
That some "rich brogue" in three hilligant cheers.

"I love that rich brogue." No doubt Misther Scott,
Our votes you'd love better still, would you not?
Now Ginural be easy, quit coaxing and taxing,
When Pat's afther voting, its himself he'll be plasing.

"I love that rich brogue." 'Tis blarney, old fellow,
You can't sugar that pill, so Paddy will swallow.
Could'nt he see what you are, he'd indade be a fool,
That same *Native** wolf covered up with Whig wool.

*Native American. SHILLALEH.

Miscellaneous.

THE CARNIVAL BALL.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

The carnival of 1774 was drawing to its close, and a gay period of festivity and excess it had proved.—The young Count de Mormont was sitting alone, luxuriously wrapped in his brocade dressing gown, and daintily sipping a cup of pure Mocha coffee, then at the height of his popularity in Paris, when his valet entered, and presented him a deliciously perfumed note upon a silver salver.

The Count lazily examined the seal; the devices of which were quaint and pretty, but the arms were not those of any noble house he could on the moment recall. The superscription was in a fine female hand, but that too, was unknown. In consideration of these circumstances, he opened the note with some degree of interest and read as follows:

MY DEAR COUNT:—You will be without fail at the opera ball to night; it is the last one of the Carnival and will be so gay. But it is not for that I bid you come—I must see you in relation to matters of im portance. You will know me by wearing a pink domino with a star on the shoulder. I shall know you in whatever disguise you may assume. The heart is the best clairvoyant.

Yours, AMIE.

Mormont tossed the note from him rather carelessly and recommenced sipping his coffee, muttering, meanwhile to himself—'Who can this be? But Pshaw! am I not engaged to Julie de Fontauge, the prettiest little Peri out of Paradise? And have I not promised her to cut those balls? But this is the last one of the season, and 'faith I should like to go. Now I should like to go above all things for the last time.'

'Does monsieur think of going to the ball masque to-night?' asked the obsequious valet, Lecompte who had been watching his master's face with keen eyes, such a look as a terrier dog might regard a suspicious hole in the floor. 'Ah! it will be magnificent! All the noblesse will be there, and monsieur looks so well in the new blue and silver suit.'

'Silence!' cried Mormont.

The countenance of the valet fell. If he had lost his father or mother, he could not have looked more heart stricken.

'Monsieur will be the death of me,' he said.

'Well, then I am going,' said Mormont, rising; 'but see you say nothing of my purpose to any one.'

'Yes, Monsieur.'

'Remember.'

'I shall be dumb, Monsieur.'

The valet laid his hand upon his heart, as he promised this faithfully to obey his master's injunction, and Mormont went to the new riding school, with all confidence in the integrity of his servant.

In the course of the morning, however, the valet met in the garden of the Palais Royale Mademoiselle Adele, the plump and pretty waiting maid of Mdle. Julie de Fontangs. These two characters, officiating as the winged Mercuries of their master and mistress, were frequently brought into contact with, each other, and to preserve the dramatic unity' as Mr. Lecompte averred, they fell in love. Of course when they met that day, the ball of the evening was the topic of the moment, and as Lecompte's master had promised Adele's mistress that he would not go to another masquerade ball, it was of course very natural and proper that the faithful servant should inform the young lady that he was going, and that he was going in the blue and silver suit, and that, moreover, he had come to this decision immediately after receiving a note directed in a female hand.

Having obtained this little morsel of gossip, Mdlle. Adele darted away with it in a very birdlike manner to communicate it to Mdlle. Julie de Fontange. When you ask a lady who told her such and such a thing, she will generally smile and answer that a little bird brought her the intelligence. Now nine times out of ten, this same little bird is a light built lass, with a roguish eye, a slender waist, and a foot like a fairy's.

Some women in the position of Julie de Fontange, would have been thrown into a fit of jealous rage, at hearing such a piece of news as Julie had just received, but Julie was a good and sensible girl, and knew very well that Mormont loved her dearly, and so she said very gently to her maid:

'Very well. I shall be there myself!'

'You, Mademoiselle?'

'Yes, Adele, why not?'

'Certainly if madame pleases.'

The little waiting maid clapped her little hands together and almost danced for joy.

'And what dress will madame wear?' she asked.

'That is my secret,' replied the mistress, smiling quietly.

Miss Adele pouted, but asked no more questions, for she knew her mistress was firm and encouraged no familiarity.

Gaily and brilliantly did the ball open that night; music, flowers, perfumes, a vast crowd, universal hilarity, gave it a peculiar and intoxicating charm.—You hardly regretted that the ladies were masked, it was so interesting to guess what their faces might be from the indications of hand, figure and foot, or the contour of the white and finely rounded chin, appearing beneath the lace fringe of the vizard.

Mormont was there, seeking in the throng for the pink domino. He found her at last, but her figure was so disguised in the loose folds of her dress that its contours were not distinguishable, but it was tall and commanding, notwithstanding the fact that peeped forth in the high heeled slippers were beautifully small, and the jeweled hand laid upon Mormon's arm carelessly and lightly, was white and aristocratic.

'Here at last!' whispered the mask to him.

'You are no recreant knight,' whispered one of the most musical voices he had ever listened to. 'You have not made your Amie wait in vain for you.—Now, tell me, can you guess who I am? Come try if you can.'

'You are the Baroness de Fauchere.'

'Wide off the mark,' said the pink domino, laughing lightly.

'You are not.'

'No: and yet I can describe to you the decorations of the baroness's boudoir, to show you that I belong to her sett.'

'If you please,' said Mormont.

And he listened to a minute and correct description from the pink domino of her ladyship's boudoir. Then branching off, as if she delighted to perplex and surprise him, she recounted a thousand particulars of Mormont's life, habits, even his thought, until he was completely perplexed and bewildered.

'I am entirely mystified,' he said at length. 'The riddle of the Sphinx was nothing to this. You must take pity, and reveal to me the being, the good angel who takes such an interest in my affairs. I feel that you must be beautiful; step aside with me and lift your mask. I conjure you, do.'

'Nay.'

'But I insist.'

'Perhaps you may not like me as well.'

'I do not fear, come.'

'Not here, not amid this vulgar crowd,' replied the pink domino. 'But go with me to my hotel, where there are some friends of mine who are desirous of the honor of making your acquaintance, and I will reveal all. When you know us you will thank fortune for having brought you here to-night.'

'Don't accept the invitation,' said another voice in a low whisper—so low indeed, that it reached only the ears of Mormont.

He turned suddenly and saw beside him a young lad, wearing his own blue and silvery livery, but masked like himself.

The page, as soon as he was observed, shook his head, held up a warning finger, and then disappeared in the brilliant crowd that surrounded them.

'But of course, Mormont paid no attention to the impertinent interference of a strange strippling, and yielding to the impulse of his curiosity, left the ball room with his fair friend, and was soon seated beside her in her carriage. He was so fascinated by the wit and gaity of her by his side, that he did not notice the direction the carriage took, only that the course was very rapid. When the driver reined up, and the footman threw open the door, the pink domino gave her hand to Mormont, sprang lightly out of the carriage, and then hurried him into the house and up a dark stair case, and then ushered him into a room which was also in complete darkness.

'Where can my lackeys be?' she said pettishly. 'They have taken advantage of my absence; but wait here for a moment, and I will quickly remedy this neglect.'

Mormont was left in darkness, but not entirely alone, as he thought, for a light hand touched his shoulder!

'Mormont!' said a voice that thrilled to his very heart.

'Julie de Fontauge!' exclaimed the young man. 'You here a partner in this mystery?'

'Alas, no!' replied Julie. 'Finding that you disregarded my warning, I got up behind the carriage and followed you into this house. I fear you are betrayed. If so, though unable to save you, I can at least die with you.

She could say no more. Lights appeared, and with them three ruffianly fellows, with long rapiers at their sides, preceded by the pink domino, whose face, now that she was unmasked, exhibited features of great regularity—but were stamped by the unmistakable signet of cunning and cruelty.

'So you are not alone, I find,' she said, glancing at Julie, who was dressed in blue and white livery. 'Who is this boy?'

'My page, madame,' replied Mormont, with perfect coolness. 'But pardon me, I do not recognize you even unmasked. Will you not give me your name, that I may associate it in my memory with the pleasant mysteries of this evening?'

'You will learn that soon enough,' replied the woman, with a mocking smile.

'You must excuse me now, while I retire; these gentlemen will keep you company in the meantime.

As the pink domino left the room, the three men seated themselves, motioning Mormont with clumsy courtesy to follow their example. They were evidently cut throats and robbers. Mormont now bitterly repented having left his sword at home, for he was a master of his weapon, and though against such fearful odds, could at least hope to save his life. He thought of Julie, too, involved in the same mortal peril with himself, and his heart sunk within him.—But he kept up the appearance of perfect coolness, knowing that the slightest manifestation of distrust would be the signal for instant assassination.

'Long live the Carnival!' he exclaimed gaily.—'There is nothing like it for intrigue and this scene to be one of the Arabian night's entertainments.'

The ruffians had never heard of the Arabian nights but they thumped on the table and roared out, 'good!' with their ample emphasis.

'Pray, monsieur,' said one of the ruffians, 'have you the time about you?'

'It is past midnight,' replied the Count, consulting an elegant gold watch set in brilliants.

'Egad, that's a pretty toy,' exclaimed the ruffian, stretching out his hand, and grasping the watch.

'You like it?' said the Count, hastily detatching it from the chain. 'Pray accept it as a slight souvenir.'

'That's a splendid diamond ring of yours!' said another of the ruffians.

'Do you think so?' said the Count.

'Pray accept it for my sake. I set little store by the baubles.'

'What a precious gem it is!' muttered the third ruffian, from between his yellow fang like teeth.

Mormont hastened to present him with a heavy gold chain.

'Hang it,' said the person who had just spoken, 'this is dry work. Let us have a drink all round, in honor of our noble and very liberal guest.'

Wine was brought by one of the gang, and they all filled their glasses.

Mormont tasted it, and then set down the glass with a wry face.

'Excuse me, gentlemen,' he said. 'I am going to be rude, I know; but I must say that your wine is execrable.'

'What!' exclaimed one of the ruffians, starting up, and half unsheathing his rapier, glad of the pretext for a quarrel; 'do you mean to insult us?'

'By no means,' replied Mormont. 'I do not dispute your taste—but your wine merchant is a cheat. Now, I have got some good Burgundy of the first quality; if you will permit me to send my page to my hotel, in five minutes we shall be sipping a nectar fit for the gods. What say you?'

'Agreed! agreed!' cried the man who appeared to be the leader of the gang; but the boy must be quick—for we are thirsty and cannot wait,' he added with a sinister look at his companions.

'You hear, my boy,' said Mormont, addressing Julie, and fixing his keen look upon her intelligent countenance. 'Go as quick as you can and *bring me a dozen bottles of that wine!*'

Julie vanished. The brief space of her absence was an age of agony to Mormont. Had she understood him? Was her head clear and her foot sure? Would no accident befall her? Cold drops of perspiration stood upon his brow. In the meantime the ruffians talked together in whispers; it was evident that they were impatient to finish plundering him, and then killing him to conceal the crime.

Young, rich, fortunate, his career seemed destined to an abrupt and sanguinary termination. He secretly cursed the Carnival, and the credulous folly which took him to the ball. But these reflections came too late. Alas, his fate seemed to be sealed.

Suddenly the door opened, and Julie appeared.

'Good God!' cried Mormont, 'have you forgotten the wine?'

'It is here,' she answered; and standing one side from the doorway, a dozen gens d'arms with fixed bayonets, rushed into the room, and secured robbers as well as their accomplice—the woman who had allured him thither by means of a deep laid plot, and after making for weeks his private life her study.

Soon after this the gang were tried and all sentenced to the galleys.

Hardly four months subsequent to this date, Mormont and Julie were happily married, and a lifetime of peaceful joys repaid the lovely wife for the foresight, courage and intellingence that had enabled her to frustrate the machinations of the pink domino, and save the life of her betrothed.

From Gleason's Pictorial.

WILT THOU THY FRIEND FORGET?

BY MISS MARY N. DEARBORN.

Shall I forget the cherished hopes
My young affection know?
Shall I forget the fleeting hours,
On golden wings that flew?
Shall I forget the melting strains,
So pleasant to my ear;
Nor seek in memory's haunt again,
Those welcome notes to hear?
Shall I forget the hawthorn hedge,
The wild and clambering vine;
Beneath whose grateful shade I stood,
And promised to be thine?

Shall I forget? ah, yes I may,
When shadows cease to come;
And night no more shall follow day,
Or give the dawning room;
When yonder sun forgets to tread
The glorious arch of heaven;
Or Luna, with her sparkling train,
To deck the brow of even—
Then, then may I forget to love
The choice of early years,
Nor mind me of the parting scene,
Its pleasures and its fears.

Napoleon and Josephine.

Napoleon's acquaintance with Josephine arose from the impression made on him by her son Eugene Beauharnais, when a little boy. He came to request that his father's sword, which had been delivered up, might be restored to him. The boy's appearance, the earnestness with which he urged his request, and the tears which could not be stayed when he beheld the sword, interested Napoleon so much in his favor, and not only was the sword given to him, but he determined to become acquainted with the mother of the boy. He visited her, and soon his visits became frequent. He delighted to hear the details which she gave of the Court of Louis.

"Come," he would say, as he sat by her side of an evening, "now let us talk of the old court—let us make a tour to Versailles." It was in these frequent and familiar interviews that the fascinations of Josephine won the heart of Napoleon.—"She is," said said he, "grace personified—every thing she does is with a grace and delicacy peculiar to herself."

The admiration and love of such a man could not fail to make an impression on a woman like Josephine. It has been said that it was impossible to be in Napoleon's company without being struck by his personal appearance; not so much by the exquisite symmetry of his features, and the noble head and forehead, which have furnished the painter and the sculptor with one of their finest models; nor even by the meditative look, so indicative of intellectual power. But the magic charm was the varying expression of countenance, which changed with every passing thought, and glowed with every feeling. His smile, it is said, always inspired confidence.

"It is difficult, if not impossible," so the Dutchess of Abrantes writes, "to describe the charm of the countenance when he smiled—his soul was upon his lips and in his eyes." The magic power of that expression, and a later period, is well known. The Emperor of Russia experienced it when he said, "I never loved any one more than that man." He possessed too the greatest of all charms, and harmonious voice whose tones, like his countenance changing from emphatic impressiveness to caressing softness, found their way to every heart. It may not have been those personal and mental gifts alone which won Josephine's heart, the ready sympathy with which Napoleon entered into her feelings may have been the greatest charm to an affectionate nature like hers.

It was in the course of one of those confidential evenings that, as they sat together, she read to him the last letter which she had received from her husband, and it was a most touching farewell. Napoleon was deeply affected; and it has been said that that letter, and Josephine's emotion as she read it, had a powerful effect upon his feelings, already so much excited by admiration.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

Impertinence Punished.

A French paper gives an account of a curious incident that occurred at a charity fair in Paris.—A young lady celebrated for her beauty and her wit, presided at one of the tables. Among the throng which pressed around this fair vendor of elegant fancy articles, was a young gentleman of much assurance, who gazed upon the lady with offensive freedom, and affected to admire the various articles exposed for sale, but who bought nothing.

"What will you please to buy sir?" asked the lady, with a smile of more than common meaning?"

"Oh," replied the exquisite, with a languishing look, "what I most wish to purchase, is unhappily, not for sale."

"Perhaps it is," said the lady.

"O, no—I dare not declare my wishes."

"Nevertheless," said the fair one, "let me know what you wish to buy."

"Well, then, since you insist upon it, I should like to have a ringlet of your glossy hair."

The lady manifested no embarrassment at the bold request, but with a pair of scissors immediately clipped off one of her beautiful locks and handed it to the astonished youth, remarking that the price was five hundred francs.

Her bold admirer was thunderstruck at this demand, but dared not demur, as by this time a group had collected and were listening to the conversation. He took the ringlet, paid over the five hundred francs, and with an air of mortification and sadness left the hall.

A PROMISING YOUTH.—"Sammy, run to the store, and got a pound of sugar."

"Excuse me, ma; I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father, and tell him to bring me a paper of tobacco along."

A Complete Collection of the military correspondence of Napoleon is being formed by order of Louis Napoleon. Considerable progress has already been made in it, but it will it is expected, take two years more to finish it. It is to be published, and will run to sixty or eighty volumes.

The will of James McDonough, of New Orleans, under which the citizens of New Orleans and Baltimore, and the States of Maryland Louisiana claimed very large bequests, has been declared null and void by Judge McCaleb. The immense estate will, therefore, go to the heirs at law.

So strict is the espionage maintained in Havana, over strangers, that the other day two British officers were arrested as "Flibusters," for pointing to a fortification in sight. The British Consul, after some trouble, effected their release.

A Splendid Eruption of Etna.

MATA, August 25.

At 8 P. M. of the 20th of August, a party of English, composed of Captain and Mrs. Hallett, two Misses Sankey, Hon. Lieut. Finch, and Lieut. Ravenhill, (Royal Engineers,) with three guides, three muleteers, and a servant, together with eleven mules, left Nicolini with an intention of ascending Mount Etna, and taking a shelter at the Casa Inglese. At 11 o'clock the party in excellent spirits, reached the Bosco, where they put on their light clothing. The wind was blowing fresh from the westward; so much so, indeed, that the guides persuaded a small Italian party to defer their ascent till the morning, but could not succeed with our friends, the leader of whom had weathered too many stiff breezes at sea to turn his back on one on shore—on, therefore, they went.

Passing the Bosco about two miles, the huge crater below Etna, called the Colossi, glared awfully, and shortly threw up large bodies of fire and smoke.—Immediately after Etna vomited forth its fire and ashes, and as the wind set toward the Casa Inglese it was not prudent to seek its friendly shelter, as in all probability it would be destroyed; their course was, therefore, changed, the Colossi being now the point to which it was directed.

The weather, which had been very cold, was increasing in its comfortless intensity, and when our travellers had got above the height of the Casa Inglese, in a narrow defile, of which sand and small lava were the component parts, they were overtaken by a hurricane so violent, that in an instant seven mules and their riders were blown over; and not only so, but to render the scene more terrific it was afterwards found they were blown to the very edge of the crater.

For the gentlemen to descend in search of their companions was the result of a moment's decision. At this time the scene was indescribably grand—and the earth presented one magnificent glare of light—Etna above vomiting its sulphuric flames, the Colossi below belching forth its dense masses of smoke, lurid from the furnace below, the huge mountain pouring out from its interior prolonged moanings; without the hurricane roaring in all its mighty and awful majesty. Crawling on their knees and hands unable to face the violence of the hurricane, the gentlemen sought the ladies, who were not discovered and collected together till after a search of twenty minutes. They were then placed under columns of lava, their light clothing literally blown off their backs, and a pyramid of living beings was formed around them for their safety and protection.

As by magic the scene suddenly changed. An earthquake shook the land. Up jumped the guides, bawling their unmusical *avanti! avanti!* (get on, get on!) mules broke from their keepers, and were abandoned to their fate, the hurricane increased in strength—the scene around was too majestic for contemplation, too diversified for description—in ten minutes the little party had fallen from sheer exhaustion on the pointed lava. To face the wind charged with sand and small stones was beyond their power. In this manner two hours passed away, and most anxious did they look for the approach of dawn.

Within the crater, which some of the party courageously examined, forty small furnaces were burning awfully; these, as they reached Catania, seemed to amalgamate, and one vast issue appeared to carry destruction to some villages and pasture lands, which as reported, have been seriously injured.

Often has the indomitable courage of the soft sex, when tested, been proved to be greater than that of man. Nothing on this occasion could equal their more than heroism. On setting forth on their return the sharp points of the lava presented no obstacle to courageously did they undertake their six mile ed the Bosco at 7 A. M., and after an assistance of sixteen hours, a hasty *dejeuner* was a welcome event. After spending a few minutes in this employment they continued their journey by mules, and reached Nicolini by 10, whence they started for Catania, which they reached at 2 30 P. M. The Italian party which had preceded them had reported their obstinacy in proceeding against the opinion of their guides, and this led to the natural report that they were numbered with the dead.

Their safety, indeed, is miraculous; for had rain ensued, as often happens before an eruption, they would have been washed away; had the wind changed they would have died under the sulphur impregnated air. As it was, the Catanese turned out, and hailed the return of the brave party as men and women miraculously saved from a fearful doom.

The Man with a Big Foot.

We heard to day a laughable anecdote of a man with a big foot. He was a Buffallonian, who must be living now, for a man with so good a hold upon the ground is not likely to 'drop off in a hurry.'—He stepped one day into the small shop of a Bootmaker's, in the flourishing capital of old Erie, and asked Crispin if he could make him a pair of boots.—Looking at his long splay pedal extremities, and then glancing at a [illegible] the wall, he said:

'Well, yes, I guess so.'

'What day will you have them done? To day is Monday.'

'Well, it'll depend on circumstances; I guess I can have 'em done for you by Saturday.'

On Saturday, therefore, the man called for his boots.

'Have you got them done?' said he, as he entered the shop.

'No I hav'nt, I couldn't, it has rained every day since I took your measure.'

'Rained!' exclaimed the astonished, patron 'well what of that? What has that to do with it?'

'What has that to do with it?' echoed Crispin, 'it had a good deal to do with it. When I make your boots I've got to do it out of doors, for I hav'n't room in my shop, and I can't work out of doors in rainy weather.'

TRAVELING OVER MUDDY ROADS.—Portions of Ohio were notorious for muddy roads. At some seasons of the year a mile an hour was considered good progress. Something of an idea may be formed from the following anecdote:

A traveler was riding on horseback near little Union meeting house, where the mud was so deep that his feet tossed the 'inbolly' on either hand. The struggles of the poor [illegible] soft clay were of course desperate, and he could not make more than a mile and a half an hour. The traveler soon came up with a man who was standing on the fence, without coat or hat, and with a fence rail was plumbing the huge mortar bed as though endeavoring to sound its depth.

'Why, what's the matter?' exclaimed the equestrian, 'you seem to be excited and out of breath.—Are you merely amusing yourself?'

'Bless ye, no,' said the fence man. 'I've lost my wagon and team somewhere along here, and I am trying to see if I can find 'um.'

The traveler could only give the unfortunate man his symathy, and proceeded on.

ATTEMPT AT RAPE.—A young negro man attempting to commit a rape upon a very respectable married lady, a few days since, at or near Hickory Wythe, Fayette county. The lady gave the alarm, and persons came to her rescue, seizing the negro and detaining him in custody. When the husband of the lady came, he took his gun and fired at the negro, but without effect. He was prevented by those around him from doing further violence to the negro, but subsequently another party came up, took the colored wretch, and hung him near by.—*Memphis Express, Sept. 30.*

FINN, the witty comedian, was carving a goose at supper when John Everett called out to the carver at the other end of the table, "what sort of a fowl is that brother of yours, "Finn?" "It is almost as great a goose," responded the wit, "as *I Ever-ett.*"

Scarce—Whigs who believe that Gen. Scott is fit to be President.

Scott stock has fallen ninety per cent. since the election on the 12th inst.

Characteristics of Great Men.

Ben Johnston used to set silent in company and suck his wine and their humors.

Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism.

Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a stiff and reserved silence.

Junius was so modest that he could scarcely speak upon the most common subjects without a suffusion of blushes.

Fox, in conversation, never flagged; his animation and variety was inexhaustible.

Dr. Bently was loquacious.

Grotius was talkative.

Goldsmith wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll.

Burke was eminently entertaining, enthusiastic and enteresting in conversation.

Curren was a convivial dog, [illegible] lively English, and was at home in them all.

Dr. Birch dreaded a pen as he did a torpedo; but he could talk like running water.

Coleridge, in conversation, was full of acuteness and originality.

Leigh Hunt has been well termed the philosopher of Hope, and likened to a pleasant stream in conversation.

New Scientific Discovery.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says:—"The scientific world has been in a state of commotion during the whole week, in consequence of the publication of the discovery of the long sought for secret of the fusion and crystalization of carbon. The Sorbonne has been crowded for the last few days to behold the result of this discovery, in the shape of a tolerably sized diamond of great lustre, which M. Despretz, the happy discoverer, submits to the examination of every chemist or *savant* who chooses to visit him. He declares that so long ago as last autumn, he had succeeded in producing the diamond, but in such minute particles as to be visible only through the microscope, and, fearful of raising irony and suspicion, he had kept the secret, until by dint of repeated experiments and great labor, he had completed the one he now offers to public view. Four solar lens, of immense power, aided by the tremendous galvanic pile of the Sorbonne, have been the means of producing the result now before us. M. Despretz holds himself ready to display the experiment whenever it may be required. The diamond produced is of the quality known in the East as the black diamond, one single specimen of which was sold by Prince Rostoff to the Duke of York for the enormous sum of £12000!"

The Opium Trade of China.

It will be remembered that the ruler of China made a desperate struggle, a few years ago, to save his nation of three hundred and fifty millions of people, from the use of this deadly drug, opium, which was slaying its victims by thousands annually.

But by the power of British cannon, and to the eternal disgrace of the English nation, the nefarious traffic, with all its dreadful consequences, is now prosecuted more vigorously than ever.

It is calculated that the opium used in China in the last fifty years, has cost that empire four hundred millions of dollars; that the number of opium drunkards is four millions, and that of these, four hundred thousand annually find a premature grave.

The sales at present amount annually to twenty millions of dollars, and these are made to satisfy much about its philanthropy.

HOW TO USE A COAL STOVE.—The fire should not be permitted to die out during the winter. By keeping the fire up, an immensity of trouble is saved, and paradoxical as it may seem, it is cheaper. The reason is this: The coal burns out during the long nights, because the door of the stove is shut; whereas, if the door is left open, it will not burn out, and will be perfectly alive in the morning.

Less coal is therefore consumed. There is no danger in leaving the door open, as the draft is always strong enough to carry the sparks up the pipe or chimney. If any one sleeps in the room, the upper sash of the window should be lowered two or three inches, even in the coldest weather, and more when it is milder. Having a comfortable fire in the room in cold weather, and yet enjoying fresh air by means of ventilation, is the very ideal of comfort, and is at the same time an encouragement to the habit of early rising. Shake down the ashes, therefore, before retiring, fill up the stove with coal and leave the door open if you wish to save yourself or servant a deal of trouble in the morning, and at the same time economize coal. But, by all means, open the window, if it is only the width of an inch.—*O. Statesman.*

☞A verdict of eight thousand dollars damages, has been obtained by a man named Piper, in Martinsburg, Va., against the Baltimore, and Ohio Railroad Company, for injuries inflicted by an accident from a train.

ROBBING THE DYING.—Mr. J. M. Brown, of Batavia Clermont county, Ohio, a wealthy merchant of that place, died at his residence lately, before day, and while dying, and when his friends were surrounding his bed, some scoundrels broke into his store, and after forcing open his safe, took therefrom over $3000 in cash belonging to him, and over $2000 that had been a day or two before deposited for safe keeping by a friend.

EXTENSIVE DEFALCATION OR EMBEZZLEMENT.—The New York Herald of Monday, says: "A confidential clerk in an extensive mercantile firm down town, has been discovered to be a defaulter to the amount of near two hundred thousand dollars. The whole matter is now under investigation before one of the police magistrates; and if the magnitude of the affair does not swallow itself up, the public may hear, in a short time, some strange developements.

If you make love to a widow who has a daughter ing that you thought they were sisters.

Why is a young lady's heart like a bottle of champagne? Because it intoxicates the gentlemen with its exhilerating effects.

An Irish woman once called upon an apothecary with a sick infant, when he gave her some powder, of which he ordered as much as would lay on a sixpence, to be given every morning. The woman replied, "Perhaps your honor will lend me a sixpence the while, as I haven't got one at all at all."

ONE OF THE FAMILIES THAT DON'T TAKE THE NEWSPAPER.—"Dad who is Sam Francisco, that is gettin' all the gold out there in Californey—he must be the richest fellow in all the diggins'."

"Well, Johny, I rather think he is some sorter relation to Sam Jacinto who was killed in Texas by Gen. Sam Houston."

'Had you, sir,' said Erskin to a dilatory trades, man, 'been employed to build the ark, we should not have had the flood yet.'

The bank of the Union has closed its doors at Washington, D. C. A large amount of its notes is in the hands of Baltimore brokers—one firm alone had has over $4000.

Judge McFarlane, editor of the Harrisburg Keystone, who was accidentally killed on the 27th ult., his life insured for $5000.

A child of Benjamin Shorter, of East Boston, was burned to death on Sunday week, in the absence of its intemperate parents.

Gen. Cass has taken the stump for Pierce in Michigan.

Sands of Gold.

He is unfit to rule others who cannot rule himself.

Sorrow shows us truths, as the night brings out stars.

As daylight can be seen through the smallest holes, so do the most trifling things show a person's character.

Talents, merit, beauty, rank, and fortune are responsibilities sufficient, without adding to them ostentation.

The fawning courtier and the surly squire often mean the same thing—each his own interest.—*Bishop Berkeley.*

Do you suppose we owe nothing to [illegible] crooked, my verses shall be straight."—*Hazlitt.*

Tears are as dew which moistens the earth, and renews its vigor. Remorse has none; it is a volcano, vomiting forth lava which burns and destroys.

No one can tell the misery of an unloved and lonely child; in after-life a degree of hardness comes with years, and the man is not susceptible of pain like the child.

My notions about life are much the same as they are about travelling: there is a good deal of amusement on the road, but, after all, one wants to be at rest.—*Southey.*

Purpose is the edge and point of character, it is the superscription on the letter of talent. Character without it is blunt and torpid; genius without it is bullion—*splendid and uncirculating.*

Sorrows, pains, and troubles, equally divided among community greatly diminishes them; while the good fortune of an individual is immeasurably increased by the participations of many.—*Hosea Ballou.*

Little truisms often give the clue to long, deep, intricate, undisplayed trains of thought, which have been going on in silence and secrecy for a long time before the commonplace result in which most meditations end is expressed.

The surest hindrance to success is to have too high a standard of refinement in our own minds, or too high an opinion of the judgment of the public. He who is determined not to be satisfied with anything short of perfection, will never do anything at all, either to please himself or others.—*Hazlitt.*

He whose religion is ever on his lips, has seldom any of that valuable treasure in his heart; it keeps watch, like a liveried porter at his door, but there is nobody at home, and there is nothing to steal; if it were well lodged in his soul, he would not be so afraid of its escape. He who vouches for his own truthfulness by an oath, will tell a lie the next moment without a blush.

Joker's Budget.

Punch says the end of man's life is glory. The end of woman's life is about two and thirty.

Dobbs says that when a painter can no longer [illegible] old maids, "*so dry they rattled!*" The fellow ought to be indicted.

As an inducement to their clients, the Circleville Journal says that all subscribers paying in advance, will be entitled to a *first rate obituary notice in case of death.*

The man who never told an editor how he could better his paper, has gone to Schenectady to marry a woman that has never looked into a looking-glass. Their children will not live.

The newspapers are discussing the question whether it is not time for passengers to withhold their "plate" from the "fast" captains, who boast of making the "shortest passage on record."

Cowardice is the "ice" which melts and runs away in time of danger, and is quite a different article from cool courage. Another frigid article of the same kind, is advice which is not warmly received when given gratuitously.

A young lady told her father a few days since, that the doctors said gold was good for canker, and that she had the canker in her mouth and wanted a pair of handsome gold ear-rings! Her father probably thought that such remedies would cause a collapse in his purse.

Said a bed bug to a mosquito whom he chanced to meet: "How is it you make out to extract so much more of life's current than myself, when I can bite as severely as you? How can you explain it?" "For particulars, see small bills," quoted the musquito, with dignity.

Moses says he wishes he could hear of some place where people never die; he would go and end his days there. Moses is the same eccentric individual, who, attending divine service in a church where the people came very late to meeting, observed that it seemed to be the fashion there "for nobody to go to meeting till after everybody had got there."

My tail is ended, as the tadpole said when he turned into a bull frog.

"Say, Jack, can you tell us what's the best thing to hold two pieces of rope together?" "I guess knot."

"The Soup Spiller" is the name of a Democrat.

When a man looks a little pale, thoughts of kicking the bucket naturally suggest themselves.

The great problem is solved! Perpetual motion has been discovered! It has been decided to be a woman's tongue.

Milton was asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughter in the different languages.—To which he replied, "No, sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

Dr. Francis doubts that there ever was a man who blew out his brains, and for this reason, that people who aim a horse pistol at their heads have no brains to blow out.

A young man without money is like a steamboat without fuel. He can't go ahead. Among the ladies he is like the moon of a cloudy night. He don't shine.

A Woman abandons her opinion the moment her husband adopts it; even in church the women sing an octave higher than the men, in order not to agree with them in anything.

When a tailor retires from business and takes to gardening, he don't change his occupation as much as some people imagine. He merely raises his cabbages on the same ground instead of his customers.

The man who has no bills against him, belongs to the order of no bill-ity in more than one sense.

EXCESS OF CAUTION.—An elderly single gentleman, travelling by railway, objected to go in the same carriage with his sister-in-law's wet nurse, for fear of catching cold.