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.

THE BETROTHED.

Had I met thee in thy beauty,
When my heart and hand were free,
When no other claimed the duty
Which my soul would yield to thee,
Had I wooed thee—had I won thee—
Oh, how blest had been my fate,
But thy beauty hath undone me—
I have found thee—but too late!

For to one my vows were plighted
With a faltering lip and pale,—
Hands our cruel sires united,
Hearts were deemed of slight avail!
Thus my youth's bright morn o'ershaded,
Thus betrothed to wealth and state,
All Love's own sweet prospects faded,
I have found thee—but too late?

Like the fawn that finds the fountain
With the arrow in his breast,
Or like light upon the mountain
Where the snow must ever rest.
I have found thee—but forget me!
For I feel what ills await,
Oh! 'tis madness to have met thee—
To have found thee—but too late!

JUDGE GENTLY.

O! there has many a tear been shed,
And many a heart been broken.
For want of a gentle hand set forth,
Or a word in kindness spoken.

Then, O! with brotherly regard,
Greet every sob of sorrow,
So from each tone of love his heart
New hopes, new strength, shall borrow.

Miscellaneous.

From Scott's Weekly Paper

THE VOLUNTEER COUNSEL.

A TALE OF JOHN TAYLOR.

John Taylor was licensed, when a youth of twenty one, to practice at the bar of this city. He was poor, but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. The graces of his person combined with the superiority of his intellect, enabled him to win the hand of fashionable beauty. Twelve months afterwards, the husband was employed by a wealthy firm of the city to go on a mission as a land agent to the West. As a heavy salary was offered, Taylor bade farewell to his wife and infant son. He wrote back every week, but received not a line in answer. Six months elapsed, when he received a letter from his employers that explained all. Shortly after his departure for the West, the wife and her father removed to Mississippi. There she immediately obtained a divorce by an act of the Legislature, married again forthwith, and to complete the climax of cruelty and wrong, had the name of Taylor's son changed to Marks—that of her second matrimonial partner. This perfidy nearly drove Taylor insane. His career from that period became eccentric in the first degree. At last a fever carried him off at a comparatively early age.

At an early hour, on the 9th of April, 1840, the court house in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. Save in the war times past, there had never been witnessed such a gathering in Red River county, while the strong feelings apparent on every flushed face, will sufficiently explain the matter.

At the close of 1839, George Hopkins, one of the wealthiest planters and most influential men of Northern Texas, offered a gross insult to Mary Elliston, the young and beautiful wife of his chief overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, whereupon Hopkins loaded his gun, went to Elliston's house, and shot him in his own door. The murderer was arrested and bailed to answer the charge. This occurrence produced intense excitement, and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of popular opinion, or at least to mitigate the general wrath, which at first was evident against him, circulated reports infamously prejudicial to the character of the woman who had suffered such cruel wrong at his hands. She brought her suit for slander. And thus two cases, one criminal and the other civil, and both out of the same tragedy, were pending in the April Circuit Court for 1840.

The interest naturally felt by the community as to the issues, became far deeper when it was known that Ashley and Pike of Arkansas, and the celebrated S. S. Prentice, of New Orleans, each with enormous fees, had been retained by Hopkins for his defence.

The trial for the indictment of murder ended on the 8th of April, with the acquittal of Hopkins.—Such a result might well have been foreseen by comparing the talents of the counsel engaged on either side. The Texas lawyers were utterly overwhelmed by the arguments and eloquence of their opponents. It was a fight of a dwarf against a giant.

The slander suit was set for the 9th, and the throng of spectators grew in number as well as excitement; and what may seem strange, the current of public sentiment now ran decidedly for Hopkins. His money had purchased pointed witnesses, who served most efficiently his powerful advocates. Indeed, so triumphant had been the success of the the previous day, that when the slander case was called, Mary Elliston was left without an attorney they had all withdrawn. The pigmy pettifoggers dared not brave again the sharp wit of Pike, and the scathing thunder of Prentice.

'Have you no counsel?' enquired Judge Mills, looking kindly at the plaintiff.

'No, sir, they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more,' replied the beautiful Mary bursting into tears.

'In such a case, will not some chivalrous member of the profession, volunteer?' asked the Judge, glancing around the bar.

The thirty lawyers was silent as death.

Judge Mills repeated the question.

'I will,' your honor,' said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd, situated behind the bar.

At the tone of that voice many started half from their seats; and perhaps there was not a heart in that immense throng which did not beat something quicker—it was so unearthly, sweet, clear, ringing and mournful.

The first sensation, however, was changed into a general laughter, when a tall, gaunt spectral figure, that nobody present remembered ever to have seen before, elbowed his way through the crowd, and placed himself within the bar. His appearance was a problem to puzzle the sphinx himself. His high, pale brow, and small, nervously twitching face seemed alive with the concentrated essence and cream of genius; but then his infantile blue eyes, hardly visible beneath their massive arches, looked dim, dreamy, almost unconscious; and his clothing was so shabby that the court hesitated to let the cause proceed under his management.

'Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?' demanded the Judge suspiciously.

'It is immaterial about my name being on your rolls,' answered the stranger, his thin, bloodless lips curling up into a fiendish sneer. 'I may be allowed to appear once by the courtesy of the court and bar. Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America!' and he handed Judge Mills a broad parchment. The trial immediately went on.

In the examination of witnesses the stranger evinced but little ingenuity, as we commonly thought. He suffered each one to tell his own story without interruption, though he contrived to make each tell it over two or three times. He put a few cross questions, which, with keen witnesses, only served to correct mistakes, and he made no notes, which, in mighty memories, always tends to embarrass.—The examination being ended, as the counsel for the plaintiff he had a right to the opening speech as well as the close; but to the astonishment of every one he declined the former, and allowed the defence to lead off. Then a shadow might have been observed to flit across the features of Pike, and to darken even the bright eyes of Prentice. They saw that they had 'caught a Tartar;' but who it was, or how it happened was impossible to guess.

Col. Ashly spoke first. He dealt the jury a dish of that close, dry logic, which years afterwards rendered him famous in the Senate of the Union.

The poet, Albert Pike, followed with a rich vein of wit, and a hale torrent of ridicule, in which you may be sure neither the plaintiff nor the plaintiff's ragged attorney were either forgotton or spared.

The great Prentice concluded for the defendant, with a glow of gorgeous words, brilliant as a shower of falling stars, and with a final burst of oratory that brought the house down in cheers, in which the sworn jury themselves joined, notwithstanding the stern 'order' of the bench. Thus wonderfully susceptible are the south-western people to the charms of impassioned eloquence.

It was then the stranger's turn. He had remained apparently abstracted during all the previous speeches. Still, and straight, and motionless in his seat, his pale, smooth forehead shooting up high like a mountain cone of snow; but for the eternal twitch that came and went in his shallow cheeks, you would have taken him for a mere man of marble or a human man carved in ice. Even his dim, dreary eyes were invisible beneath those gray, shaggy eyebrows.

But now, at last, he rises before the bar railing, not behind, and so near the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his long bony finger. With eyes still half shut, and standing rigid as a pillar of iron, his thin lips curled as if in measurless scorn, slightly part, and the voice comes forth. At first it is low and sweet, insinuating itself through the brain as an artless tune winding its way into the deepest heart, like the melody of a magic incantation; while the speaker proceeds without a gesture or the least sign of excitement to tear in pieces the argument of Ashley, that melts away at his touch as frost before the sunbeam. Every one looked surprised. His logic was at once so brief, and so luminously clear, that the rudest peasant could comprehend it without effort.

Anon, he came to the dazzling wit of the poet lawyer, Pike. Then the curl of his lip grew sharper—his shallow face kindled up—and his eyes began to open, dim and dreamy no longer, but vivid as lightening, red as fire globes, and glaring like twin meteors. The whole soul was in the eye—the full heart streamed out on the face. In five minutes Pike's wit seemed the foam of folly, and his finest satire, horrible profanity, when contrasted with the inimitable sallies and exterminating sarcasms of the stranger, interspersed with jest and anecdote that filled the forum with roars of laughter.

Then, without so much as bestowing an allusion to Prentice, he turned short on the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into atoms, and and hurled in their faces such terrible invectives that all trembled as with an ague, and two of them actually fled, dismayed, from the court house.

The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. The united life and soul appeared to hang on the burning tongue of the stranger. He inspired them with the powers of his own passions. He saturated them with the poison of his own malicious feelings. He seemed to have stolen nature's long hidden secret of attraction. He was the sun to the sea of all thought and emotion which rose and fell, and boiled in billows as he chose. But his greatest triumph was to come.

His eyes began to glare furtively at the assassin Hopkins, and his lean, taper finger slowly assumed the same direction. He hemmed the wretch with a circumvallation of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He piled up huge bastions of unsurmountable facts.

He dug beneath the murderer and slanderer's feet ditches of dilemmas, such as no sophistry could overleap, and no stretch of ingenuity evade; and having thus, as one might say, impounded his victim, and grit him about like a scorpion in a circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacre.

Oh! then, but it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His actions, before graceful as the wave of a golden willow in the breeze, grew as impetuous as the motion of an oak in the hurricane. His voice became a trumpet filled with wild whirlpools, deafening the ears with crashes of power, and yet intermingled all the while with a sweet undersong of the softest cadence. His face was as red as a drunkards—his forehead glowed like a heated furnace—his countenance looked haggard like that of a maniac; and ever and anon he flung his long, bony arms on high, as if grasping after thunderbolts. He drew a picture of murder in such appalling colors, that, in comparison, hell itself might be considered beautiful. He painted the slanderer so black that the sun seemed dark at noon day when shining on such an accursed monster; and then he so fixed both portraits on the shrinking brow of Hopkins, that he nailed them there forever. The agitation of the audience nearly amounted to madness.

All at once the speaker descended from his perilous height. His voice wailed out for the murdered dead and living—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment, as her tears flowed faster—till men wept, and lovely women sobbed like children.

He closed by a strong exhortation to the jury, through them to the bystanders. He entreated the panel, after they should bring in their verdict to the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it; in other words, 'not to lynch the villian, Hopkins, but leave his punishment to God.' This was the most artful trick of all, and best calculated to insure vengeance.

The jury rendered a verdict of fifty thousand dollars, and the night afterwards, Hopkins was taken off his bed by lynchers and beaten almost to death.

I have listened to Clay, Webster and Calhoun—to Dowey, Tyng and Bascom—but have never heard anything in the form of sublime words, even remotely approximating the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain, and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire. And this is the opinion of all who ever heard the marvellous man.

MUSHROOM ARISTOCRACY.—The Newburyport Herald, alluding to the United States, says:

'There is not a country in the world where the people are becoming so extravagant in their mode of dress and living as in the United States. It is one of the worst signs of the times. The habits of the mushroom aristocracy are realy disgusting. How it looks to see boys sporting diamonds by the thousand dollars' worth at a time, whose fathers were accustomed to wheel barrows and whose children are pretty certain to be in the work house. And girls silly simpering things, weighed down with jewels and bracelets, whose mothers broke their backs at the washing tub scouring floors and picking oakum. The real substantial aristocracy never indulge in such fopperies and foleries.

KICKING.—Two gentlemen were walking together in Paris.

'I will engage,' said one to the other, 'to give that man before me a good kicking, and yet he shall not be angry.'

He did as he had undertaken to do. The stranger turned round and looked astonished.

'I beg your pardon,' said the kicker, 'I took you for the Duke de la Tromville.'

The duke was very handsome—the man was very plain—he was gratified by the mistake under which he believed he had suffered, shook himself, smiled, bowed and went on his way.

CHINESE SAYINGS.—Some of the ordinary sayings of the Chinese are sarcastic enough. A blustering harmless fellow, they call 'a paper tiger.' When a man values himself over much, they compare him to a 'rat falling into a scale and weighing himself.'—Overdoing a thing, they call 'a hunchback making a bow.' A spendthrift they compare to 'rocket which goes off at once.' Those who spend their charity on rempte objects, but neglect their family, are said 'to hang their lantern on a pole, which is seen afar, but gives no light below.'

How to Tell a Teacher.

A gentleman from Swampville, State of New York, was telling how many different occupations he had attempted. Among others, he had tried school teaching.

'How long did you teach?' asked a bystander.

'Wal, I didn't teach long, that is, I only *went* to hire out.'

'Did you hire out?'

'Wal, I didn't hire out, I only *went* to hire out?'

'Why did you give it up?'

'Wal, I give it up—for some reason or 'nuther.—You see, I travelled into a *deestrict* and inquired for the trustees. Somebody said Mr. Snickles was the man. I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snickles—named my objick in introducing myself—and asked him what he thought about letting me try my luck with the big boys and unruly gals in the *deestrict*.—He wanted to know if I realy thought myself capable, and I told him I wouldn't mind his asking me a few easy questions in 'rithmetic and 'jography, or showing my hand-writing. But he said no, never mind, he could tell a good teacher by his gait.'

'Let me see you walk off a little ways,' said he, 'and I can tell,' said he, 'jist's well's I'd heerd you examined,' says he.

'He set in the door as he spoke, and I thought he looked a little skittish, but I was consid'rable frustrated, and didn't mind much, so I turned about and walked off as smart as I know'd how.

He said he'd tell me when to stop, so I kep' on till I thought I'd gone 'bout fur enough—then I 'spected s'thing was to pay, and looked round. Wal, the door was shut, and Snickles was gone.'

'Did you go back?'

'Wal, no—I didn't go back.'

'Did you apply for another school?'

'Wal, no—I didn't apply for another shool,' said the gentleman from Swampville. 'I rather judged my appearance was against me.'

A Judge's Joke.

The collision between Judge McLean and the Ohio Press, on the conspiracy case, appears to occupy all minds in that region, *apropos* of which the Columbian tells the following:

Another Judge, a jocular fellow, happening to meet, among others a well known reporter, named 'Jack,' on that common neutral ground, a bar-room in Columbus, the conversation turned on the all absorbing topic, as a matter of course, the Judge sustained the legal rights and dignity of the bench—and the reporter, the liberty of the press and the unconstitutionality of the order of prohibition.

The conversation became exceedingly animated and heated, and a number of persons congregated around the disputants, listening with intense interest and avidity.

Finally the Judge became excited, and said he would eject any reporter who would dare disobey the order of the court.

Jack flared up, anathomatized such a court, and asked how he could turn him out.

'Would you,' said he, 'call upon one of your supernumeraries, a Deputy Sheriff, to thrust me out?'

'No, sir,' said the Judge, in a most excited manner, while the bystanders, with eyes open, expected a collision. 'No, sir I would come down off the bench myself and do it!'

'How, sir?' said the reporter, 'by brute, physical force?'

'No,' replied the Judge, smiling, '*I would simply ask you out to drink*.'

At this sudden termination of such a fearful catastrophe, in embryo, the outsiders exploded. The Judge looked calm and complaisant, Jack 'caved in,' acknowledged himself 'sold,' and did the honors on the occasion.

A Hopeful Youth.

We have heard of a good many promising and precocious children, but the following specimen of a hopeful youth is one of a class that 'we read of.'—Perhaps it's well enough that the genius is scarce.

'I want to know,' brawled out Speargrass, 'if that boy hain't got through them taters yet?'

'Snakes alive!' responded the old woman, 'you had better be lookin' arter that Jabez, here it's night, and he hain't been and brought a single bucket of them taters from the field this blessed day.'

'Tow bad,' continued the old man, 'I'll bet he hain't dug a bushel of potatoes this day, and I strictly charged him to be spry, and dig and carry in ten bushels before sundown, or I'd give him the all firedest walloping he ever had in his born days.'

With this piece of eloquence burning on his lips, Sparegrass took down a wattel and started for the field. There stood Jabez, a great loblolly of a slab side, doleas looking whelp, digging for dear life, as though he was afraid dark would catch him before he got the last potato out of the ground.

'Why on airth,' brawls out the old man, 'hain't you been and brought in them taters? Where are they? How many hev you dug?'

'Well dad,' responded the hopeful, trying to wipe the sweat from his brow, and straightening up his long lazy body perpendicular with the shovel handle, 'I have been tuckerin' away like sin all the arternoon, and—'

'What's the taters? brawled the old man.

'Wall, dad, there's one! I were a snakin' out another when you come, and as soon as I tip t'other out, there'll just be three of them.'

Old speargrass went in, and the way he let loose with his wattel, and Jabez out loose for home, was a fine illustration for a comic almanac.

Show us a lady's bonnet, and we'll tell you what sort of an institution she is. If it is showered with red ribbons, cupids, bows, &c., she is as full of love and poetry, as a country inn of politicians and loafers. If it goes in for the simple wrinkles, plain colors, and a couple of modest knots, she is a perfect jewel, sweet, sunny, mild, but as affectionate as a freshly nursed kitten. If it is 'stuck all over' with a paradise of clover, three-story ostrich feathers, wax holyhocks and juniper berries, put it square down that the calico is a single establishment, and will never see a fortieth birth-day. Bonnets are a true index of woman.

JOKES NEVER DIE.—Jokes are immortal. Capital or shocking, they survive the most studied speeches of orators, the profoundest papers of statesman. If some antediluvian editor treated his readers to one, we do not believe that all the waters of the flood could drown it. A good joke now-a-days, goes to help to digest the roast beef and cherry puddings of a thousand families. It makes the circuit of the ocean, steams over the ocean, skates on telegraphic wires, tunnels, mountains, rides expresses, excites the risibles of armies, and of evening circles, makes many merry, and harms no one. Verily, a good joke is a great think, and a bad one is abominable. Let jocose people beware.

JUVENILE AMERICA.—In President Allen's lecture before the Mercantile Library Association, in Boston, on Monday evening, he alluded to Young America in the following style: 'Our children show extraordinary precoctiy. The Miss drops the bib in the evening, and dons the bodice in the morning, and the belle makes but a single jump from the cradle to the cotillion, from pap to the polka. The boy—but we have no boys now—young gentleman is the word—feel insulted if he is met in the street, and not called 'Mister.' He goes from the baby cap to the beaver, and in a twinkling from peanuts to politics. He finishes his education at 14, goes into business at 18, marries at 20, and is bankrupt at 21.'

TRUE WISDOM.—'Enjoy the blessings of this day,' says Jeremy Taylor, 'if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly. For this day only is ours,—we are dead to yesterday, and are not born to-morrow!'

The Boston *Mail* says that female compositors are coming into demand as assistant editors for country papers. Really, this will be a blessing to some country journals which come to us, the editors of which are sadly in need of something to make them more prolific.

DEATH OF HON. HENRY A. MUHLENBERG.

HON. HENRY A. MUHLENBERG, Member of Congress from the Berks county District of this State, died at the residence of Senator BRODHEAD, in Washington City, on Monday evening the 9th inst. He had been lying ill for some time, although his friends had strong hopes of his recovery. Mr. M. was a son of the late Henry A Muhlenberg, was a man of fine talents and great energy of character, and if death had not cut him down at an early age, would no doubt have taken high rank among the statesmen of our country. This is a great loss to Pennsylvania, and a sad bereavement to his native county of Berks, the home of his childhood, and the scene of his early usefulness. On Tuesday the 10th inst., Mr. Brodhead announced the death of Mr. Muhlenberg in the Senate, in feeling and eloquent terms, while Messrs. Drum, Dawson and Straub performed the same melancholy duty in the House of Representatives. We subjoin the remarks of Senator BRODHEAD:

A message was received from the House of Representatives by W. Forney, their Clerk, communicating to the Senate information of the death of the Hon. HENRY A. MUHLENBERG, a member of the House from the State of Pennsylvania, and the proceedings of the House of Representatives thereon.

Mr. BRODHEAD. The melancholy event of which the message from the House of Representatives gives us official notice is of painful interest in this Capitol, and especially in Pennsylvania. To me, personally, it is a great affliction, for the deceased was my friend in the true sense of the term, tried by time and the hour of need. I was much with him during his protracted and fatal illness.—He breathed his last at my residence last evening, at half past 10 o'clock; and I can now hardly command my feelings and arrange my thoughts in a manner proper for this occasion.

The name of MUHLENBERG is intimately associated with the history of Pennsylvania; and, I may add, with that of this country and government. Upon the records of the old Continental Congress, and upon nearly every page of the history of our Revolutionary struggle, it can be found. For more than one hundred years the family has been conspicuous in everything calculated to advance the cause of religion, of letters, and of good government.

The great grandfather of the deceased, an eminent scholar and divine, settled, at an early day, in Pennsylvania, then an almost unbroken wilderness, and well earned the name of the Father of the Lutheran Church in America. His three sons, one the grand father of the deceased, were educated for the same profession; but the difficulties with our mother country came on; their country's agony called them from the temple and the alter to the council-board and the camp; they wielded their pens and their swords in their country's cause, and became the associates of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Wayne, and Greene, and rendered good service over almost every part of the revolutionary contest. The battle-fields of Brandywine, Germantown, Stony Point, and the seige of Yorktown, attest their heroism.

The father of the deceased, although he lived in more peaceful times, was scarcely less distinguished. During the whole of General Jackson's presidential term he was a representative in Congress. He was a statesman without the arts of the demagogue;—wise in council and resolute in action. Such a man could not fail to attract the attention of President Jackson, and entertaining the same political views, they became, consequently, personal and political friends. He was, subsequently, our minister to the Court of Austria; and, on his return, was nominated as the democratic candidate for governor of Pennsylvania, his native State. His friends responded to his nomination in a way that demonstrated their confidence in their chosen chief, but he was stricken down with the banner in his hands, and died but a short time before the election.

His son, HENRY A. MUHLENBERG, my deceased friend, not depending upon the fame and fortune left him by his ancestors, as is too often the case in this country, thought it his duty to make himself useful in his day and generation, and lay in a large stock of reputation on his own account. He possessed the qualities of head and heart to enable him to do it. He was honest and industrious, sagacious and patient. Although a man of self reliance and iron will, (essential ingredients in the composition of a leading mind,) his pretentions never exceeded his real merits. He was the most fearless person I ever knew in the discharge of duty. He never sought security from censure by prudent silence or time-serving neutrality. And great as were the qualities of his mind, they were fully equalled, if not eclipsed, by those of his heart. Thousands throughout the country, and some of the members of this body, who have shared his hospitality, will attest the truth of this remark. On my way to this place I was a guest for days, with my family in his hospitable mansion.

Although but about thirty years of age, he had made himself a man of mark. He was an accurate and well read lawyer; an energetic & thorough man of business, connecting himself with every enterprise calculated to advance the prosperity or give employment to the labor of his native place. He had distinguished himself as a member of our State Senate, in which he served for three years, and was then elected a member of the present Congress by the same "old Berks" district, so long represented by his father; and came here, at the opening of the present session, to enter upon the discharge of his duties in this great arena of national concern. But, alas! how little do we know that which we are! how less what we may be!

He appeared in the House of Representatives but one day—the day on which it was organized. Before he had fairly entered upon the discharge of the high and responsible duties assigned him by a confiding constituency, with the path of glory bright before him, in the noonday of life, we are summoned to mourn his loss. But a few weeks ago his friends and neighbors at Reading, his place of residence, gazed with admiration upon the erect and manly form of their favorite; to-morrow they will see that form stretched upon his lowly bier, brought back to them for interment with his fathers by a committee of the House of Representatives. He has, however, left behind him his character, the influence of his example, and, in his unexpected death, the admonition that public honors and exalted station can add no strength to the tenure by which life is held.

During his illness (typhoid fever) he had the consoling presence of the partner of his bosom, and a devoted sister, whose attentions to him, day after day, and week after week, were as assiduous as it was possible for the most devoted affection of the living to bestow upon the most beloved of the dying. The warmest and tenderest ties have been severed by his death. He has left a widow and an orphan boy to mourn his untimely death. May that "Being who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" protect them against the "wintry blasts" of a cold and heartless world.

Mr. President, I have in my hand resolutions which I intend to submit for the adoption of the Senate, that we may unite with the House in paying some tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased. The last one provides for an adjournment. It is usual to "strike our colors" at each repeated triumph of the "fell destroyer."

I offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard the announcement of the death of Hon. HENRY A. MUHLENBERG, a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Pennsylvania, will feelings of deep sensibility.

Resolved, That, in testimony of respect for his memory, the members and officers of the Senate will wear crape on the left arm for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That, as a further testimonial of respect for the memory of the deceased the Senate, will now adjourn.

An Imperial Bedroom.

The Paris correspondent of the *Mirror of Fashion* gives the following account of the bedroom of the Empress Eugenie, at the Tuileries, having seen it previous to her Majesty's recent return from Fontainbleau. We copy it by way of a suggestion for those who cultivate imperial splendor and luxury on the rich metropolis of the new world:

"The upholsterers have furnished it with a magnificent sky blue silk *tenture* along the walls, which is fixed by gold frames, in the style of Louis XV. The arm chairs, chairs, sofas, and lounges are of the same style and like silk. As for the bed, all made with gilt carved wood, it is covered with a *couvre pieds* of Maline lace, and the curtains, of blue silk and lace, are hung down all around it, in the same manner as the old beds of our grandmothers. The carpet is also of a blue color, and so thick that one would take it for a bear skin. It was made at Aubusson, expressly for the place in which it lays. The ceiling of the room was painted by Mr. Bresson, and it represents a group of geniuses throwing flowers from rich baskets. The painting is so well done that no one could believe that the figures are not alive. In short, this magnificent bedroom is the *ne plus ultra* of riches and elegance. But what are the dreams under those laces?"

A Situation.

Two young officers were travelling in the far West, when they stopped to take supper at a small road side tavern, kept by a very rough Yankee woman. The landlady in a calico sun bonnet, and bare feet, stood at the head of the table to pour out. She inquired of her guests if they choose long sweetening in their coffee? The first officer supposing that 'long sweetening' meant a large portion of the article, chose it accordingly. What was his dismay when he observed the hostess dip her finger deep down into an earthern jar of honey that stood near her, and then stir it, (her finger) round in the coffee. His companion seeing this, preferred 'short sweetening.' Upon which the woman picked up a large lump of maple sugar that lay in a brown paper on the floor beside her, and biting off a piece put it into his cup. Both gentlemen dispensed with coffee that evening. This anecdote we heard from the sister of one of these officers.

Work for 1854.

The New York Sun, speaking of the questions awaiting solution the present year, cuts out the following work for Congress. The job is rather an extensive one, and involves many intricate questions:

First, The Railroad to the Pacific.
Second, The annexation of the Sandwich Islands.
Third, The Question of Cuban Independence.
Fourth, A new settlement with Mexico, including the Mesilla Valley and Tehuantepec disputes, and Santa Anna's Imperial pretensions.
Fifth, The practical assertion and vindication of the Monroe doctrine against British colonization schemes in Central America.
Sixth, Opening the Valley of the Amazon to American trade and enterprise.
Seventh, Adjustment of the Fishery Question.

Besides these there are purely local questions of great interest, such as Tariff Amendment, Naval Reform, Public Land Distribution, Cheap Postage, Increased Ocean Steam Mail Communication, Formation of New Territories, Mint in New York, &c.

The ensuing dialogue will remind our readers of the colloquy which once found a place in this part of our Magazine, embracing an inquiry as to who was the father of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and a familiar illustration of a 'Mr. Smith' and his three sons, John, James, and Joseph:

'Last Sunday, I was endeavoring to explain to one of my Sabbath school scholars, a boy of six or seven years of age, the manner in which the sinner, being clothed with the righteousness of Christ, became accepted by God. 'Now, Tim,' said I, 'what color is that wall?'

'White, sir,' he replied.

'But look through these green spectacles, and what color does it appear?'

'Green, sir.'

'But is the wall really green, or does it only seem so because you are looking through a green glass?'

'It is white, and only looks green from the spectacles.'

'Very well, now. Just so with God and man.—Are not all men sinners?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And doesn't God hate sin?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, now, if God looks at us through the perfections of Christ, how will we appear?'

'*Green*, sir.'

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.—'I was drunk once,' said a young man to us the other day, 'and I shall never forget it. In company with several jovial fellows, I was induced to drink freely and by the time I got home, I scarcely knew where I was or what I was doing. I was put to bed, and how long I laid there I do not know; but when I awoke my sister was sitting beside me engaged in sewing. The moment her eyes fell on my face she burst into a flood of tears, and wept as if her heart would break. Overwhelmed with shame for my conduct, I then formed a resolution that I would never get drunk again. I have adhered to it for some years and I mean it.'

☞ A Western editor of a country newspaper thus announces the acquisition, in his domestic circle, of two "fair, fat and flourishing" babies:

"Bring out the brass band, and place its noisest members on the highest pinacle of the hen coop! Sound the loud horse fiddle, and let the nation rejoice; for one of the humblest citizens of the Commonwealth hath been justly exalted over his compeers, and We have the honor to be that fortunate and meritorious individual. Still we are not proud; we yet speak to our neighbors, occasionally: but at the same time it must be admitted that we feel several inches taller than we did a week ago!"

☞ An Irishman who was busily engaged in sweeping the floor of a grocery store up town, a few days since, was interrogated as follows:

'I say, Pat, what are you doing there? sweeping out the room?'

'No!' exclaimed Pa, I'm sweeping out the dirt and leaving the room.'

A day or two ago a Quaker and a hot headed youth were quarreling in the street. The broad brimmed Friend kept his temper most equably which seemed but to increase the anger of the other.

'Fellow,' said the latter, 'I don't know a bigger fool than you are,' finishing the expression with an oath.

'Stop, friend,' replied the Quaker, 'thee forgettest thyself.'

A tippler called at one of the New York Hotels, and asked for a room with four beds in it. He said he usually retired so drunk, that he could not find the bed, unless there was one in each corner.

The editor of one of two rival newspapers in a village out West, boasted that he had just obtained a font of new type. To which the other retorted,—'Why we procured ours a long time ago!'

The fountain in the wilderness of life, where man drinks of water totally unmixed with bitterness, is that which gushes for him in the calm and shady recesses of domestic life.

Odds and Ends.

THE OLDEST LAWYER.—We see announced the "Death of the Oldest Lawyer." How old he was, we cannot say—but we always thought "The Oldest Lawyer" was what is properly called "The Nick of Time."

THE RUSSIAN LOAN.—The Sultan has despatched a member of council to Paris to negotiate "a loan." We very much fear that he will find himself "alone" in the undertaking.

A scientific hair dresser is about to favor the ladies with the discovery of a wonderful new pommade, which, he guarantees, will prevent the bonnet falling off the head.

Visitors at Niagara Falls will remember a staircase on the west side of Goat Island, called the "Biddle Staircase." Some one asked a friend of ours why it was called by that name. "Because it wound up the bank," was the answer.

"In all labor there is profit." True; but who reaps it? Verily the printing business was unknown when that idea was started.

A fellow out of health went to Saratoga to pick up a little, and picked up enough to send him to the States prison for three years. That is recruiting with a vengeance.

We wind up a watch in order to set it going, but when we hear a merchant speak of "winding up" his affairs, we arrive at the conclusion that his time has come or more properly, that he has stopped.

"'Tis strange," muttered a young man, as he was staggering home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I've been surrounded by tumblers all the evening and now I'm a tumbler myself."

"My brudders in infliction," said a colored preacher, "in all your troubles dar is one place whar you can always find sympathy." "What? What?" inquired several of his hearers. "In de dictionary," replied the preacher, with a big grin.

The Portlander says that the reason why the Vermont and New Hampshire boys are so tall, is because they are in the habit of drawing themselves up so as to peep over the mountains to see the sun rise. It is a dreadful stretching work.

It is said that printed declarations, with blank forms, are to be kept by young ladies who have lovers too modest to propose. The ladies themselves fill up the blanks; and of course no sensible man can refuse signing them.

If the girls would spend as much time with encyclopedias as they do with milliners, they would soon find their heads as attractive as their hats.

Habits, which to young men are like threads of silk, so lightly are they worn, so soon broken, hang on old limbs as if time had stiffened them into gyves of iron.

Johnson says that the greatest magicians of the age are the paper makers. They transform the beggar's rags into sheets for editors to lie on.

No woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

Though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold.

If dull weather affects you, marry some warm hearted girl, and make sunshine for yourself.

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who ever make the humblest origin, matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in this country but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them.

In the bottle discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence.

Assumed qualities may catch the affections of some, but one must possess qualities really good, to fix the heart.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene; prosperity conceals his brightest rays; as night to stars new lustre gives to man.

A lady at a party up town, the other evening, was asked what made her lips so unusually red, and she promptly, the *chaps*.

There is a man in Boston who is such a strict sectarian, that he won't go to a fire unless the alarm is given by the bell on his church.

I'm sitting on the style, Mary, as the fellow said when he sit down on a bonnet of the latest fashion.

Miracles are not wrought on the challenge of a blasphemer, more than on the demand of a sceptic.

A western paper, speaking of a newly elected Senator, says his ignorance is so dense that the auger of common sense will be longer in boring through it, than it will take a boiled carrot to bore through the Hoosac mountain.

An old toper was overheard, the other day, advising a young man to get married, "because then, my boy, you'll have somebody to pull off your boots when you go home drunk."

A dealer in ready made linen in New York, advertises his shirts and shemizetts under the melifluous appellation of "Male and Female envelopes." He'll do.

Mrs. Partington says she never cared much about grand spectacles, or other sights; but there are two things she would like to have seen—the innoculation of Frank Pierce and the corporation of Queen Victoria.

The pride of the heart is the attribute of honest men; pride of manners is that of fools; and pride of birth and rank is often the pride of dupes.

MOCK TURTLE.—Calling a husband "my dear" in public, and "you brute" in private.

BED.—An article in which we sleep and pass a happy part of our lives, and yet one which we never wish to keep.

At Cork, a bill sticker, recently, in posting some bills relative to purgatory, stuck one over a railway announcement, which, at a little distance read—"Reduced fare to Purgatory."

I am glad you are going to stay here to tea this afternoon, said a little boy to a lady visitor of his maternal parent. "Why so, my boy?" "'Cause we always get hot cakes when there's company to tea."

The fellow who cuts his dinner with the fork of a river, generally carves his meat with a shoulder blade.

Complacency is a coin by the aid of which all the world can for the want of essential means pay his club bill in society, it is necessary, finally, that it may lose nothing of its merits to associate judgment and prudence with it.

Exquisite beauty resides with God. Unity and simplicity joined together in different organs, are the principal sources of beauty. It resides in the good, the honest, and the useful, to the highest physical and intellectual degree.