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POETRY.

The Red, White and Blue.

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free;
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threaten'd the land to deform,
The ark of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe through the storm.
With her garlands of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

The wine cup you bring hither,
And fill up the land to the brim,
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim.
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true;
The Army and Navy forever;
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

A CAPITAL STORY.

The spirit of the times has an admirable story called "The Big Bear of Arkansas." We take a fragment showing that small musquitoes would be "no use in Arkansas," and setting forth the merits of a certain dog.

"Where did all that happen?" asked a cynical looking Hoosier.

"Happen!" happened in Arkansas; where else could it have happened, but in the creation State—the finishing up country; a State where the life runs in the center of the earth, and government gives you a title to every inch of it. Then its air, just breathe them, and they will make you snort like a horse. It's a State without a fault, it is."

"Excepting musquitoes," cried the Hoosier.

"Well, stranger, except them, for it is a fact that they are rather enormous, and do push themselves in somewhat troublesome. But stranger, they never stick twice in one place, and give them a fair chance for a few months, and you will get as much above them as an alligator. They can't hurt my feelings, for they lay under the skin, and I never knew but one case of injury resulting from them, and that was a Yankee; they take worse to foreigners any how, than they do on the natives. But they way they used that fellow—then he supper-ated, as the doctor called it, until he was as raw as beef; then he took the ager, owing to the warm weather, and finally he took a steamboat and left the country. He was the only man that ever took musquitoes to heart that I know of. But musquitoes is natur, and I never find fault with her; if they are large, Arkansas is large, her varmints and her rivers are large, and small musquitoes would be no more use in Arkansas, than preaching would be in a cane-break."

This knock down argument in favor of the musquitoes used the Hoosier up, and the logician started on a new track to explain how numerous bears were in his "diggins," where he represented them to be "about as plenty as blackberries or a little plentifuler."

Upon the utterance of this assertion, a timid little man near me inquired if the bears in Arkansas ever attacked the settlers in numbers.

"No," said our hero, warming, "no, stranger, for you see it ain't the natur of bars to go in droves; but the way they squance about in pairs and single is edifying. An then the way I hunt them—the old black rascal know the crack of my gun, as well as they know a pig's squealing. They grow thin in our parts, it frightens them so; they do take the noise dreadfully, poor things. That gun of mine is a perfect epidemic among bars—if not watched it will go off as quick on a warm scent as my dog Bowkiewill will; and then the dog, wew! why the fellow thinks the world is full of bar, he finds them so easy. It's lucky he don't talk as well as think, for with his natural modesty, if he should suddenly learn how much he is acknowledged to be ahead of all other dogs in the universe, he would be astonished to death in two minutes."

We have only room for another extract which gives his account of the fatness of the Arkansas bear, and of the soil of the 'creation State,' where 'planting is dangerous.'

"What season of the year do your hunts take place?" inquired a gentlemanly foreigner, who, from certain peculiarities of his baggage, I suspected

to be an Englishman on some hunting expedition, probably at the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

"The season for hunting, stranger," said the man of Arkansas, 'is generally all the year round, and the hunts take place about as regular. I read in history that varmints have their fat and lean season. That is not the case in Arkansas, feeding as they do upon the spontaneous productions of the soil, they have one continued fat season the year round—though in the winter things in this way is a little more greasy than in summer, I must admit. For that reason, bars run with us in warm weather, but in winter they only waddle. Fat! fat! it's an enemy to speed—it tames every thing that has plenty of it. I have seen wild turkeys from its influence as gentle as chickens. Run a bar in this fat condition, and the way it improves the critter for eating is amazing, it sorter mixes the ile up with the meat, until you can't tell 't other from which—I've done this often."

"I recollect one pretty morning in particular, of putting an old fellow on the stretch, and considering the weight he carried, he run well. But the dogs soon tired him down, and when I came up with him, he was in a beautiful sweat, I might say fever, and then to see his tongue sticking out of his mouth a feet, and his cheeks so fat that he couldn't look cross. In this fix I blazed away at him, and pitch me naked into a briar patch, if the steam didn't come out of the bullet hole, about ten feet in a straight line. The fellow, I reckon, was made on the high pressure system, the lead sort of burst his boiler."

"That column of steam was rather curious, or else the bear must have been warm," observed the foreigner with a laugh.

"Stranger, as you observe, that bar was warm, and the blowing off of the steam showed it, and also how hard the varmint had been run. I have no doubt if he had kept on two miles further, his insides would have been stewed; and I expect to meet a varmint yet of extra bottom, who will run himself into a skunk of bar's grease; much utilitarian things have happened."

"Whereabouts are those bears so abundant?" enquired the foreigner with increasing interest.

"Why, stranger, they inhabit the neighborhood of my settlement, one of the prettiest places on Old Mississippi—a perfect location and no mistake—a place that had some defects until the river made a 'cut-off' of the 'shirt tail bend,' and that remedied the evil, as it brought my cabin on the edge of the river—a great advantage in wet weather, as you can roll a barrel of whiskey into my yard in high water as easy as falling off a log; it's a great improvement, as toting it by hand, in a jug, as I used to do, evaporated it too fast, and it became expensive. Just stop with me, stranger, a month or two, or a year if you like, and you will appreciate my place. I can give you plenty to eat—for besides hog and hominy, you can have bar ham and bar sausages—and a mattress of bar skins to sleep on, and wild cat skin pulled off hull and stuffed with corn shucks for a pillow. That bed would put you to sleep if you had the rheumatics in every joint in your body; I call that a bed a quietus. Then look at my land, the government ain't got another such a piece of land to dispose of. Such timber, and such bottom land, why you can't preserve any thing natural you plant in it; useless you pluck it young, things they will grow out of shape so quick. I once planted in these digging a few potatoes and beets, and after that an ox team couldn't have kept them from growing. About that time I went off to Old Kentucky on business, and did not hear from things for three months, when I stumbled on a fellow who had stopped at my place with an idea of buying me out—"

"How did you like things?" "Pretty well," said he, "the cabin is convenient, and the timber land is good, but the bottom land is not worth the first red cent."

"Why," said I, "Cause it's full of stumps and Indian mounds," said he, "and it ain't cleared."

"Lawd," said I, "them ar cedar stumps ar only beets, and them ar Indian mounds is later hills. As I expected, the crop was overgrown and useless, the site is too rich, and planting in Arkansas is dangerous."

I had a good sized cow killed in that same bottom land; the old thief stole her ear of corn, and took it down where she slept at night to eat; well, she left a grain or two on the ground, and lay down on them; before morning the corn shot up, and the percussion killed her dead. I don't intend to plant any more; natur intended Arkansas for a hunting ground, and I go accordin' to natur."

Cucumbers—Yellow Bug.

I have always been successful in protecting my cucumbers from the striped bug, by making little balls of clay, dipping them in turpentine, and setting one in every hill; [though by the way, my 'hills' are always hollows, or at least plains]; or more expeditiously by dropping a little of the essential oil about the plants. In the latter case, care must be taken not to let any of the oil come in contact with the young cucumbers, as they will be inevitably destroyed by it. So long as the odor of the turpentine is perceptible, the plants are secured from insect depredation, when the quantity of the spirits of turpentine used, has been too small, and the hot weather has dissipated it, I have once or twice dipped the balls the second time. I have often thought of planting a bunch of mint or pennyroyal in the midst of my cucumber beds, as a substitute for the oil of turpentine, but have never executed the task. Perhaps some one will be curious enough to act upon the suggestion and report.

MEXICO.

Some account, geographical and statistical, of the Mexican republic may be of interest at this time. Our relations with that country are likely to render a preliminary knowledge of its condition and geography especially useful.

The natural features of Mexico are outlined with great boldness. As the peninsula between the Gulf and the Pacific narrows towards the isthmus, the land rises into mountains and mountain elevations, all bearing traces of volcanic origin. The city of Mexico stands 7,400 feet above the level of the Gulf. Yet the city itself seems to be in a valley; for it is encircled by mountains and is situated in a vast plain of alluvial formation.

The territory of the republic extends from latitude fifteen South to forty-two degrees North. In point of position no country is more advantageously situated—for, it commands both oceans, looking towards Europe and Asia; it is connected by the Gulf and the Mississippi with every part of North America, and to the Southern portion of the Continent it has every facility of approach on either coast. The route of commerce which is one day to unite the Atlantic and the Pacific and to bring Europe and the East into approximation; which is to leave Cape Horn to its storms and concentrate the trade of the world in central America—must pass through the territory of the Mexican Republic.

The configuration of the country gives to Mexico almost every variety of climate—tropical on the coast—temperate on the elevated table lands—chilled with perpetual snow on the mountain summits. The qualities of its soil are equally various. It produces the growths of numerous latitudes, and such is the fertility of its valleys that with industry and skillful cultivation it could be made the richest country in the world. Those regions which are made barren by rugged mountains, more than compensate for their agricultural poverty by the treasures of gold and silver imbedded in their bosom.

The population of Mexico is supposed to range from eight to nine millions. Of these more than two fifths are of the Indian race. Those of our Santa Fe traders who have gone into the interior towards the city of Mexico, speak of large and populous towns, with fine edifices along the route. Chihuahua, Zacatecas, San Louis Potosi—these and other towns, some having twenty thousand inhabitants, are found near the mining districts or in the rich valleys of the interior. For years past, the northern frontier has been subject to the incursions of the Comanches, who, sweeping suddenly down, on swift horses, devastate the country, and then with their plunder make a speedy retreat. The unwelcome character of the Mexicans is shown by the impunity with which these invaders carry on their forays—outrages which they dare not attempt on the Texan settlements since the severe lessons they have received from Texan rifles. After passing the frontier of the northern departments, the Mexican country presents an aspect of good cultivation. Farms, plantations, villages and towns are seen, with all the usual accompaniments of rural life in a well peopled district.

To the city of Mexico the approach is ascending from every direction. That capital stands, crowning, as it were, the magnificent region of which it is the centre and culminating point. It is nearly midway between Vera Cruz on the Gulf and Acapulco on the Pacific. Travellers speak in glowing terms of its splendid and imposing aspect. "Mexico is undoubtedly one of the finest cities ever built by Europeans in either hemisphere," says Humboldt, "with the exception of Petersburg, Berlin, Philadelphia, and some quarters of Westminster."

The imposing appearance of this Spanish-built city seems to have made strong impression on Humboldt; for he recurs to it more than once. "From a singular coincidence of circumstances," he says, "I have seen successively, within a very short space of time, Lima, Mexico, Philadelphia, Washington, Paris, Rome, Naples, and the largest cities of Germany. By comparing together impressions which follow in rapid succession, we are enabled to rectify any opinion which we may have too easily adopted. Notwithstanding such unavoidable comparisons, of which several, one would think, must have proved disadvantageous for the capital of Mexico, it has left a recollection of grandeur which I principally attribute to the majestic character of its situation and to the surrounding scenery."

The approach to Mexico when the city first appears to the traveller, with its magnificent valley, and its grand rampart of mountains enclosing it like a battlement wall or series of barriers, is said to present one of the most sublime spectacles in the world. Our fellow-townsmen, Mr. Mayer, who resided in Mexico in 1841 and 1842, says, "I have seen the Simplicon, the Spilchgen, the view from Rhigi, the wide and winding Rhine, and the prospect from Vesuvius over the lovely bay of Naples, its indolent waves sleeping in the warm sunshine of their purple bed—but none of these scenes compare with the valley of Mexico. They want some of the elements of grandeur, all of which are gathered here."

The population of the city of Mexico is estimated at some two hundred thousand. It has numerous public edifices, some of which are massive and magnificent, squares, aqueducts, wide and spacious streets. Formerly there was great wealth in this city, but the many revolutions and distractions to which Mexico has been subject have tended to abate somewhat from the splendor of living and style in which many used to indulge. Forced loans by the Government are sometimes the consequence of too great a display of individual wealth. The Government, indeed, or rather the want of a Govern-

ment, is the greatest misfortune that afflicts Mexico. Under the visitation of this calamity her natural advantages are of no avail; her vast resources are profligate; she pines in poverty amidst the teeming riches of her mines. Without extending this imperfect sketch further at present we may take occasion soon to refer to Mexico in view of the hostile relations now existing between that country and ours.—Balt. American.

A Glance along Pennsylvania Avenue.

J. Q. ADAMS, CALHOUN, BENTON, GEN. SCOTT, GEN. JONES and GEN. TOWSON.

The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce furnishes the following description of a glance along Pennsylvania Avenue:

If a man would see some amusing variety of human life and manners, let him walk deliberately along this national thoroughfare from the Capitol to the President's, and he will be likely to be gratified. If he descends Capitol Hill at 11 o'clock, after crossing the Tiber at its foot, he will see the morning train of cars from Baltimore discharging their crowd of passengers on the side walk, amid the cries and struggles of hackmen, eager for custom, little caring how they accommodate passengers, if they can get their money; and not seldom imposing on those who are willing to give whatever they choose to ask. One of the first things a stranger thinks of, if he is so fortunate as to escape the clutches of these men, is, as he walks along the avenue, and sees all sorts of people hurrying along, which of these are great men? If he lets his fancy loose into the field of conjecture, he will probably commit some amusing mistakes. There comes a tall, well dressed man, who seems to possess a certain air of dignity—he must be one of the great men. "No," remarks a better informed friend, "that is a gambler, who gets his living by preying on his kind. He is a worthless fellow." He has scarcely finished the sentence, when an old gentleman passes with a shuffling gait, taking no particular notice of any one, but frequently noticed by others as he hastens in the direction of the Capitol. That is John Q. Adams, who in all weathers walks the long distance from his house near the "Court End" of the town to his seat in the Representatives' Hall. The stranger, if he has never seen him before, is absorbed in the contemplation of one of whom he has so often heard. But his reverie is soon interrupted by a whisper from his companion, who calls his attention to a man rather above the medium height, his square form dressed in black, and discovering a slight stoop in his shoulders, which are crowned with a head of iron gray hair, and in that head a large, dark, bright, restless eye, that has already taken notice of you. Not recognizing you, he passes on, his body see-sawing to the right and left, somewhat after the manner of a boat skulking across the stream. And it must be admitted the gentleman has often been found, politically speaking, crossing the current. He has recently done it to some purpose. It is John C. Calhoun.

Now behold that dignified-looking gentleman walking slowly around the corner, where the avenue joins 4th street. He has just come down from C. street, where his family, to whom he is ardently attached, has long lived, and which is his home, though he is a Senator from a distant State. His person is broad and well proportioned—his height manly, if not the tallest; and he moves along with a measured, almost martial pace; his countenance marked with firmness and decision. If he recognizes a friend, he bows to him with an air of polite respect, whatever be his rank in life, or his distinction in the political world. The sound of his voice is not to be mistaken. It is deep, almost sepulchral, but not unpleasant. He has gained his political eminence by long and industrious labor. And it may, perhaps, with truth be said, there is but one office which he has not, or might not have had in his power to refuse, the Presidency. I need scarcely name Colonel Benton, the oldest Senator in the Chamber.

If the visitor extends his walk to the vicinity of the War Department, he will be certain at a particular hour of the day, to see a tall and majestic form in the ordinary dress of a citizen, measuring the ground with an easy and semi-rapid movement, and an air that seems to compel you to say, this must be a man of distinction. You are right. It is Major General Winfield Scott. His very name has a martial sound. And he is as much distinguished for his high bred courtesy, as his deeds of gallant daring; for his kindness to a little child, as his noble bearing on the battle field. I have seen him in his golden epauletts and plumed hat in the midst of the court, bend down to speak gentle words to a little boy that attracted his attention. This is the man, who, if taken up by a great party, would go into the Presidential chair with flying colors—there are words associated with his name which would act like a charm upon the American people, kindling a flame of enthusiasm that would consume all effectual opposition.

About the same time may be seen entering at a quick pace the east door of the War Department, a form less tall, but of good military height, and light and graceful in its movements. If you can get a good view of his face, you will find it endowed with an amiable expression; and if you hear him talk you will be surprised at the sweetness of his voice. This is Roger Jones, the Adjutant General of the Army, who is said to be unsurpassed for the elegance of his horsemanship, as he was distinguished for his gallantry in the last war.

There goes a stouter looking man, whose head time is painting with his favorite color, and who in this long and piping time of peace has not forgotten that it is the duty of a soldier to stand up straight. An honest, soldierly look he has—and it will never be altered while Gen. Towson moves among the living. Long may it be before the roar of such cannon as his shall again contend with the thunders of Niagara. He is the Paymaster General.

The following anecdote connected with the decisive battle of the 9th, is too good to be omitted: "The battle commenced by heavy cannonading on both sides. Gen. Taylor, in passing his lines, accosted Capt. May, of the 2d dragoons, and told him—'Your regiment has never done anything yet—you must take that battery.' He said nothing, but turned to the command and said—we must take that battery—follow!" He made a charge with three companies—at least with the remainder of three companies—supported by the 5th and 8th regiments of infantry. They cleared the breast-work, rode over the battery, wheeled, and came through the enemy's line, whilst the fire of the infantry was so deadly in its effects as to carry all before it. Captain May made a cut at an officer as he charged through; on his return he found him standing between the wheels of a cannon, fighting like a hero. He ordered him to surrender. He asked him if he was an officer? Capt. May answered in the affirmative, when he presented his sword, remarking—'You receive Gen. Vega a prisoner of war.' Capt. May gave him in charge to one of his sergeants, who had lost his horse in the charge, ordering him to conduct him to Gen. Taylor out of the line."

Capt. May's attack is spoken of as being one of those splendid efforts which would have adorned the brightest feather of the plume of Murat, in the palmiest days of his glory. It cost him 18 horses, with a few of the gallant riders. The victory, says the extra from which we copy, entirely belongs to the United States army, no volunteers having arrived in time to share in the honors of the day. It will convince our country, that West Point affords the material of exhibiting the courage and bravery of the American soldiers.

I trust we will hear no more of dismounting our gallant dragoons; the affair of the 9th shows them to be the arteries of our defence.

Lake Superior Copper.

The developments of the copper mines on Lake Superior are most extraordinary, and bid fair to excel anything the world ever saw. They are not only rich in copper but in silver also, and will hereafter doubtless supply a large quantity of that precious metal. The following account of Ores lately arrived at Detroit, we copy from the Advertiser of that city, of May 19th.

CORRESP. ORE.—The steamer Detroit arrived yesterday (Sunday) from Sault St. Marie, having on board ninety barrels of copper and silver ore, from the Cliff vein, belonging to the Pittsburg and Boston Company, on location No. 5. The weight of this ore is twenty tons; what will be its product cannot of course be known, until after its reduction at the great establishment of Dr. Hays, at Roxbury, to which place it is consigned. Fifty-four tons more of the same ore, from the same vein, has been brought down, and is now on its way to Buffalo by vessel; and we understand that the same Company have out at this vein 1,000 tons more, which will be shipped as fast as casks can be obtained to pack it in. A new trade is now opening through this channel, with Lake Superior, and is likely to give employment to a considerable portion of our shipping, while a new and steady market is opened among the laborers and miners of that country for the produce of Michigan. The developments of the present winter by the working companies on Keweenaw Point, without a single exception, have established the fact, that for copper, silver, lead and iron, this district of country is likely to displace all the other mining companies of the world; and that the expectations of the most sanguine will be more than realized. The passage by the Legislature on Saturday, of the bill to regulate mining associations will be of essential service to the persons engaged in this great enterprise, and we doubt not that with the aid of the heavy capitalists from abroad who will now embark in it, the whole country will be thoroughly explored, and in a few years our State become one of the most productive in minerals in the Union. In any event, Michigan will reap a rich harvest from the large accession thus made to her population, and the expenditure of the large sum of money requisite to a thorough examination of that country.

Since the above was written, the Franklin arrived with fifty tons more of the same ore, including two masses of native copper and silver, weighing the one, about 1200 lbs., the other about 2,000. These masses were filled with silver injected into the copper, and are the richest specimens yet brought from Lake Superior. We learn that the shipments of the remaining ore on the bank will be made with all possible despatch.

Where is God?

The Superintendent of a Sunday School, discoursing with the children, asked, among other things—"Where is God?" One of the oldest boys answered, "In Heaven." The teacher not appearing satisfied with this reply, repeated the enquiry, when a lad younger than the other, answered, "Every where." Requiring still further explanation, the question was again put: "Where is God?" When a third boy called out, "God is here." The views of the superintendent were now met; and he endeavored to impress upon the minds of the children, the important truth, that "God is every where; God is in Heaven; God is here."

Oh may this thought possess my breast,
Where'er I rove; where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare,
Consent to sin—for God is there.

A STRIKE.—The Journeymen Printer of Pittsburgh have turned out for higher wages.

The Brave Man.

There is nothing which a truly brave and persevering man may not accomplish. Heat and cold, mountain and seas, storm and sunshine, are like to him, when he is bent upon his object. He pushes ahead—never tiring or fainting—until his proud design is achieved. Whether it be riches or honor, he permits no obstacle to impede his progress. The histories of all distinguished above their fellow men. And you, young man, if determined in your course, whatever end you may have in view, shall be respected and honored. Never permit your energies to slumber, but be ever active in whatever field you choose to labor. To lag—to stop, to doubt—to hang your head in fear, will prove disastrous to your best interests.

"To move along in doubt and fear,
And tremble at the shades of even—
What is it, but a tomb to rear,
And stealing to it, turn from Heaven?"

The reason so many turn out miserable tools—without ambition, life, or wealth even—is, their lack of courage and their fear of the world. What has an honest man, or a man of virtue and integrity to fear? All are but shadows that look dark and forbidding before you—and these vanish before the light of truth and generous ambition. Let nothing stay your progress when you know you are in the right path—nothing but the strong arm of death. Then you will accomplish your bright expectations, while

Shadows fly,
And hope beam beauteous from afar—
A sea of glory fill the sky.

A certain Judge, meeting a minister mounted on a very fine horse, said to some gentlemen who were with him: "Do you see what a fine horse that priest has? I should like to crack a joke with him." "Doctor, said he to the minister, 'You do not follow the example of your great Master, who humbly contented himself with riding on an ass.' "Indeed," returned the minister, "that was my intention; but of late so many asses have been made judges, that a poor minister, though ever so willing, can hardly ever find one to ride on."

The Baptist Register tells a good thing. A losing vagabond called at house in a neighboring town to Concord, one Sunday, and begged for some cider. The lady refused to give him any, and he reminded her of the oft quoted remark, that she might entertain an angel unaware.

"Yes," said the lady, "but angels don't go about drinking cider on Sunday." Hit him again.

HIGHWAYMEN ON THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.—We learn from the Bradford, Vt., Protector, and the Middlebury Galaxy, that a highway robbery was recently committed on a young man and his sister, who were travelling from Bethel over the Green Mountains. They were met by one or two armed men, in disguise, who came from the woods, and presenting a pistol, demanded their money.—Having secured what the gentleman had, the travellers were ordered back towards Bethel, and the robbers then made their escape to the woods. The neighbors were soon aroused, and succeeded at length in overtaking and capturing two men, armed with dirks and four pistols, and painted and disguised. They have been lodged in the Middlebury jail to await their trial. One of them is judged to be an American, about 25 years old, the other is a foreigner, about 35 years of age. Both appear to have been recently from sea.

RESPECT FOR THE GALLANT DEAD.—At a meeting of the officers of the 1st Division, New York Artillery, in that city, on Monday afternoon, a resolution was offered by Gen. Storms, and carried with one voice, that the thanks of the division be tendered to General Taylor, for his courage and skill, in defending his country, and that the usual badge of mourning be worn by the officers for thirty days, in memory of Major Ringgold, and the other officers who had fallen. The meeting then adjourned with three cheers for Gen. Taylor and his Army.

A TENDER WIFE.—Dr. Maunsey, of Chelsea College, was apt to quarrel with his wife. Returning from Fulham, he was overtaken by a terrible storm. A return hearse came up, going to Chelsea. "Any port in a storm,"—The Doctor crept in with the pall and plumes for his companions. The hearse stopped at his door; his lady looked out.

"Who have you got there, coachman?" "The Doctor, madam." "Well, thank heaven for granting me resignation! so the poor man's gone to his long home at last." "Thank you my love," said the Doctor, getting out of the hearse, "for your kind regard for my safety."

The Knickerbocker says that at a wedding the other day, the justice who performed the marriage ceremony said to the bridegroom, "Will you have this woman to be your wedded wife?" to which he answered with a smile on his lip peculiar to "one of the ho-boys," "I won't have nobody else!" The reply of his bride to the kindred query was not less specific and characteristic: "Will you take this man to be your lawful husband?" said the justice; to which she responded, with breathless haste, "Yes Sir-ree!"

The Vicksburg, (Miss.) Sentinel of the 14th inst., states that Col. Pitchly, the Choctaw Chief, now in that city, has declared his determination to raise 5,000 warriors of his nation, and offer their services to the government to march across Texas against Mexico.