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TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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THE FIRST DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY MRS. T. H. BEVERAGE.

I saw a youthful mother,
Once on a summer's day,
Set down a smiling infant,
To watch its frolic play;
It gamboled on the flowers
That decked the carpet o'er,
And seemed with childish wonder,
Each object to explore.

A something on the instant
Its glad career arrests,
And earnestly it gazes where
A golden sunbeam rests;
While on the new found glory
It fixed its wandering eyes,
And truthfully reached out its hand,
To seize the glittering prize.

And now its tiny fingers clasp
The treasures rich and rare,
Which in its baby innocence
It surely thought was there.
But ah! that hand uncloses,
And to its earnest gaze
Reveals no gem of beauty—
No bright imprisoned rays!

And then the first of many tears
Fell on the cherub face—
The first sad disappointment
In life's uncertain race!
And thus it has been with us all,
Who its dark game have played—
We've sought to grasp the sunshine,
And only found the shade.

HOW A POOR BOY BECAME A MERCHANT.

Children, and older persons as well, ought always to speak the truth, from a love of doing right, and a loathing of wrong. But it sometimes strengthens upright arms to know that honesty is the best policy, and that one who uniformly adheres to the truth, is certain in the end to prosper. The following story in the New York Chronicle has a moral for our young readers.

The country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers.—One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own raising, and the other was supplied with clams and fish. The hours saw with pleasure his stores steadily decreasing and an equivalent in silver bits shining in his money cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said:

"What a fine large melon. I think I must have this for my dinner. What do you ask for it my boy!"

"The melon is the last one I have, sir, and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot on the other side," and the boy turned it over.

"So there is," said the man, "I think I shall not take it. "But," he added, looking into the boy's fine open countenance, "is it very business like to point out the defects of your own fruits to customers."

"It is better than being dishonest, sir; said the boy honestly.

"You are right, my little fellow; and you will find favor with God and man also.—You have nothing else I wish for this morning, but I shall remember your little stand in future."

"Are those clams fresh?" he continued turning to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning. I caught them myself," was the reply. And a purchase being made; the gentleman went his way.

"Harry! what a fool you was to show the gentleman that spot in the melon. Now you can't take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those clams I caught yesterday? Sold them at the same price I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben I would not tell a lie, nor act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

And so it proved: for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruit and vegetables of Harry, but never invested another penny at the stand of his neighbor. Thus the season passed, the gentleman finding he could always get a good article of Harry, continually patronized him, and sometimes talked a few minutes with him about his future prospects and hopes. To become a merchant was his great ambition; and when the winter came on, the gentleman wanting a trusty boy for his store deciding on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and safely he advanced in the confidence of his employer until, having passed through various grades of clerk-ships, he became at length an honored partner in the firm.

OCCULTING LIGHTS.—The best lighthouses consist of one argand lamp surrounded by glasses, which concentrate the greater part of the light in a direction parallel to the surface of the sea. Now, it is well known that if an opaque cylinder is lowered over the glass of an argand burner, the light will be entirely hidden. If the shade be lowered and then quickly raised, the light will suffer a temporary extinction, which is called an occultation; at whatever distance the lamp can be seen, this occultation will be perceived. It has been found by experiment that if these occultations succeed each other at about the distance of one second, they can not only be seen but easily counted, thus affording a ready means of expressing small numbers. To express large numbers, as for example, three hundred and seventy-four, it is only necessary to make three successive occultations, and allow a pause of twelve seconds. After this the series may be repeated. Thus the number, three hundred and seventy-four, can be communicated to all within sight of the lamp in little more than half a minute. One great advantage of this system of signals is, that number can be repeated by mechanism until it is acknowledged to have been observed. In the case of a lighthouse, the same number has to be repeated from sunset to sunrise. Another advantage is, that this kind of telegraph is adapted to all existing numerical codes of signals. During the day the light of the sun itself might be used for an occulting telegraph.

SHATTERED BY THE FIRST STORM.

At the ripe age of twenty one Harry Melville decided to go into business on his own account.

"Wait until you are twenty-five," said Harry's prudent father.

"And lose four years!" returned Harry almost with indignation; "It is folly."

"And gain ten," said old Mr. Melville.

"The earlier a young man goes into business, the oftener he has got to fail before he grows wise enough and strong enough for success. My advice is to wait until you are thirty. There will be ten chances in your favor then to one in your favor now."

Harry, however, considered his father old-fashioned and behind the times. and so let his prudent counsel go for nought. Harry had been three years in a city house, and considered himself fully posted in business matters, and quite equal to the common run of traders. Indeed, his talk on matters of trade was quite edifying; and an uninitiated listener could hardly have failed to give him credit for considerably more knowledge than was his due.

Harry Melville had ten thousand dollars left to him by an uncle. At twenty-one it came into his posession. Upon this sum he commenced business, in company with a young friend about his own age, and about equally experienced.

Ten thousand dollars in cash was something of a basis for credit; and although our young traders expended two thousand in fitting up their place of business, they found no difficulty whatever in stocking it with more than all the goods they needed.

The times were propitious. Money was cheap. Everybody bought and everybody sold with scarcely the formality of inquiry as to the basis upon which confidence rested. In less than two years Melville and Morris were doing business at the fast rate of many thousands per annum, and making fabulous profits. To marry, and set up expensive domestic establishments, came as a natural result. Both the young partners committed this additional folly. To marry would have been well enough, if modest Prudence had smiled her quiet blessing on the rites. But, as it was, silly Pride and weak Ambition reigned triumphant.

Old Mr. Melville shook his head, looked grave, and remonstrated in private with his son; but Harry grew impatient at the old gentleman's narrow-minded interference, & finally requested him to waive the repetition of language that was only felt as an annoyance. Of course the father was hurt and did not go near his son again for some weeks. As a peace-offering, Harry bought a new house, for which he paid down one-half in cash and gave bills for the remainder. With the title-deeds in his pocket, he called at the modest paternal residence.

Mr. Melville received his son kindly, yet not with his accustomed cordiality, for one or two sentences uttered during their last interview stung him severely, and the pain had not yet subsided.

"What are these?" asked the elder Mr. Melville as Harry laid upon a table before his father the title-deeds of the new house.

"Read them," was the smiling answer.

With a half curious manner, Mr. Melville opened a broad parchment sheet. His eyes glanced hurriedly over the contents; but his face, instead of brightening, grew clouded.

"Explain this, Harry," he said, looking up at his son.

"Does it not explain itself, father?" said Harry.

"No!" replied Mr. Melville; and he shook his head, to make his "no" still more emphatic.

"I have always looked forward to this time with a pleasure that words can hardly express," said Harry, leaning towards his father, and speaking with a sudden warmth of manner.

"These papers are simply the title-deeds of a house, which is yours. Take them, as some small return for all that I owe you.—A son's debt to a good father can never be wholly cancelled."

Mr. Melville was touched by this act, and softened by the manner of his son. For almost a minute he sat with his gaze upon the floor. Then looking up, he said, in a low voice that trembled with suppressed feeling, "My dear boy, it pains me deeply to refuse what in the generous impulse of your heart, is now so freely offered. But this house is not yours to give, and therefore honor and right compel me to decline its acceptance."

"Not mine to give!" exclaimed Harry. Father! what do you mean?"

"It belongs to your creditors, Harry."

"My creditors!" said Harry. "Am I, then, only a bankrupt in your eyes? Father, this is too much!"

"You are scarcely two years in business my son," said his father; "and now you propose to take from that business, two thirds of your original capital, and put it into a house for me."

"But we have made above fifty thousand dollars," said Harry, "and are actually coining money in our business."

"Profits on paper, at best," answered the incorrigible old man. "But, my word for it, if the balance in your favor is so large, there is a mistake in the figures somewhere. The thing I regard as simply impossible,—You are dashing ahead at too desperate a speed, my son, as I have before declared: and as sure as any disastrous change in the commercial world takes place, you will be hurled suddenly to destruction."

In anger Harry parted with his father on that day. On the next, his bills were all refused. He called in surprise, upon his banker, to ask the reason. There was a stringency in the market, an unusual demand for money; depositors were drawing out heavily, and the bank was restricting its loans. This was the comfort he received. He tried to borrow from accommodating neighbors; but every-body had been cut down or cut off at the bank, and so everybody was "short." A pulse of fear throbbed suddenly in the heart of Harry Melville. He looked to his bill-book, and ascertained the amount which must be paid before three o'clock on the morrow. The sum reached the uncomfortable aggregate of nearly fifteen thousand dollars; while the bank balance was below twelve thousand more required to meet his bills due.

Young Melville considered himself a great financier. His self confidence overleaped all possibilities and impossibilities. But the time of trial and proof had come now. Credit and confidence are sensitive things. When banks restrict, private discount houses take the alarm, and the price of money goes up to ruinous figures. So our young traders found it. Melville's financiering operations on that day were things for after remembrance; he has probably not forgotten them up to this time. By three o'clock his bills were all taken, but at a sacrifice fearful to contemplate.

After a glance at his bank-book for the next day, Melville started for his luxurious home to meet his dainty, fashionable wife, in a state of mind bordering on despair, for the next day's payments were nearly as heavy. He had seen and heard enough during the day's financial experiments to satisfy him that not one-half of that sum could be raised; and so vague terror took the place of conceited confidence; and the frightened young trader, who had come in and gone out with such an elastic tread and proud bearing, entered his home with all his feathers drooping. So quietly had he come in that his wife failed to hear the familiar step in the passage. Wondering at her husband's long stay beyond the usual hour, she came down stairs, under the influence of a restless feeling. Entering the parlor, she started in sudden surprise and alarm, for there reclining upon a sofa, was her handsome young husband, his pale face the image of despair. "Oh, Harry, you are ill!" she exclaimed, flying across the room and dropping down upon the floor in front of him.

"I am in trouble," was his choking reply.

"Oh, what has happened, Harry?"

"I don't know," he answered. I am bewildered. Something has gone wrong in business. Oh, Florry, I have passed through a fearful day! and there is no strength left in me."

What a change from the bold, business braggart of the day before! But Harry Melville was a mere dandy trader. There was no muscle in the man, no reserved power, no elastic property. He had grown as a balloon grows, and, like a balloon, collapsed at the first sharp puncture.

What could a mere summer-blossom of a wife do to help a man in such an extremity? Nothing. She could weep, and wring her hands, and sob like a distressed damsel; but she had no comforting suggestions, no brave words, no hopeful sentiments to offer.

Did our young trader, after a period of cool reflection, take heart again? Did he go out on the next morning, and nerve himself for another struggle with the difficulties which had so suddenly closed around him? No! Busy memory, through the remainder of that day and evening, supplied him with data enough to complete his total overthrow as a man of nerve and action.—His boyish partner came to see him, and tried to re-inspirit him with brave words. But they were of no avail. He was panic-stricken by the fearful aspect of things, and gave up without a struggle.

On the next day the bills of the firm were not met. An assignment followed, and; at the settlement of affairs, the creditors received a dividend of twenty cents in the dollar.

Just twenty-three years of age was Harry Melville when he shrunk back from his advanced position in the business and social world a bankrupt, his name a word of reproach or contempt on hundreds of lips and sought a hiding place with his helpless wife in the house of his father, whose predictions had been but too speedily fulfilled. His bark was shattered by the first storm.

Take the lesson to heart, ye too eager young men. The story is scarcely an exaggeration. Old Mr. Melville was entirely right in his counsel to his son A business commenced at twenty-one or even as early as twenty-five, without experience is almost certain to result in failure.—The first a young man who hopes to succeed in the world needs to learn is, economy in his personal expenditure. If, as a clerk or shopman, he spends his entire earnings, and trusts to get into business, by virtue of credit, the chances of failure are two to one against him. His habits of mind will tempt him to almost certain destruction.

DESIGN OF BEREAVEMENT.

The only child of two thoughtless parents died. The parents became on this account, not only sorrowful but disposed to question the goodness of God. They even petulantly inquired of their minister, how it could be possible that a God of love could have dealt so hardly with them? To this question the pastor promised a reply, and he gave it as follows:—

"You would know from me why God has taken your child from you. Well. then, he is determined to have from your family at least one member in heaven. You parents would not prepare to enter into heaven; and if that child of yours had been allowed to remain, you would also have prevented it from going thither. Hear further, a parable: There was a good shepherd, who had prepared costly fodder in his fold for his sheep, but the sheep would not enter. He gave himself much concern to induce them to enter, but they always retreated farther backward from the open door. Then he took a lamb from the flock, and dragged it in; and behold, the parent sheep ran after it! The good shepherd is Christ; the open fold is heaven; the lamb your child. Have ye the hearts of parents? Prepare to follow your child. It has been taken from you on purpose to allure you to the skies."

The whole number of Indians at present in this country is estimated at 259,000.

HOW MICHAEL FAGAN CURED HIS PIG.

Mr. Michael Fagan is a very worthy representative from "Green Erin," residing in a small dwelling, in a small village near Boston. Michael is an industrious man, and strives hard to turn an honest penny to account, whenever, and however there may be the slightest prospect of profit.

Michael has a little patch of ground behind his house, where he supports a few ducks and chickens; and the freshest eggs in the neighborhood can always be found on his premises, for he never allows himself to be possessed of more than a single dozen ot a time.

In addition to his stock of poultry, Michael purchased a young pig, which after four months' petting and nursing, he prided himself upon exhibiting to his friends and acquaintances, as the "swaitest crather in the world."

But Michael's pig took sick, and from his coughing and sneezing symptoms, it was certainly evident that he had contracted a bad cold.

Close by the residence of this honest Hibernian, there dwells the village physician, a kind-hearted man, but very skillful, whose practice is none of the largest. As he came from his house, a few mornings since, Michael stood at his gate, ruminating upon the chances in favor of his favorite porker and observing the doctor, he hailed him: "The top of the morning to you, docthur?"

"Ah, Michael, how are you?"

"It's very well I am mesel," docthur; but perhaps ye'll be tellin' a poor man wot he'll be doin' for the pig, sure?"

"Pig," exclaimed the doctor with a smile, "What pig? and what's the matter with him?

"Well, really, Michael, I can't say, I'm not a pig doctor, at any rate?"

"Och, it's mesel' as could say that, sure. But s'posen it were a *baby*, instead the swait crather—what would I be doin' with him for the cowld he has?"

"Well," continued the doctor, considerately, "if it were a child, Michael, perhaps I should recommend a mustard poultice for his back, and that his feet be placed in hot water."

"It's much obliged to you docthur, I am," responded Mike, as the physician passed along; and he entered his domicil.

"Biddy!" he added, addressing his good woman, "we'll cure the pig, so we will." And in a little time the snaizing porker was enveloped in a strong mustard poultice, from his ears to his tail. Notwithstanding his struggle, and his wheezings, and torture from the action of the unyielding plaster, a tub of almost boiling water was prepared, and into it poor piggy was soused above his knees. The result may be easily conceived!

Next morning, bright and early, Michael stood at his little gate once more, awaiting the coming of the doctor, who soon made his appearance as usual.

"Good morning Mike, how's the pig?"

"O, be gorrah docthur! it was mighty oncivil in you to be traiting a neighbor in that way, so it was."

"Why, what has happened, Michael?"

"Happen'd is it, I put the powltice on the pig so I did, an' he squailed bloody murther to be sure, an' the wull came off his back, from nape to dock!"

"What!"

"An' thin I put the swait baist's feet into the hot wather, as ye bid me do, an' be jabers! in five minits *the hoofs draft clain o'him entirely too!* so they did!"

Poor Michael Fagan, he had spoken truly.

Through his ignorance he had blistered off the bristles, and with the hot water he had scalded off poor grunter's feet. He died under his double dose, and through Michael has never since asked the doctors advice upon similar matters, he always insists that it was "a mare thrick so it was." *Middleboro (Mass.) Gazette.*

THE HARMONY OF COLORS IN DRESS

The rules of the contrasts and harmonies of colors, as derived from nature, and recognized by painters—who, from the nature of their studies, may be considered the best judges of colors—are allowed to be the following: yellow, red and blue are contrasts in all the shades, and the harmonising tints are discovered by the union of two of them.

The colors have different qualities: blue is of a cold, unassuming nature; yellow illuminates, and red warms, yellow and blue form green; yellow and red form orange, and blue and red produce violet; and, though yellow, blue, and red are contrasting colors, yet still greater contrasts to each may be produced by the union of two of them,—thus, blue and red form violet, and violet is the greatest contrast to yellow.

The other intermediate colors, also, of green and orange, form the greatest contrasts to red and blue. Gray and black are contrasts to white, yellow and a yellowish tinge the harmonizing tints, yellow and a deep color are contrasts, with which orange and a pale yellow green harmonize. The deepest blue is the greatest contrast to orange, and the harmonizing tint is red; but bright red must be mixed in a very small proportion, and not allowed to interfere, but be introduced as a harmonizing principle.

Orange and blue, when mixed together, give an olive color, which may be not unsuitably introduced with the contrasts of blue and orange, as it harmonizes with both red and orange. Green, graduating from yellow to the deepest shades, has contrasts in red, which should incline to purple when the greens incline to yellow; green, in its deepest shade, is the contrast to bright scarlet, and the intermediate color is red, or very deep scarlet. The colors that are not very unfit to be mixed with these, are orange, blue, and and a small proportion of yellow, purple and plack.

Religion is a flower that never fades.

THE NEW BORN AND THE DEAD.

Lavater, in his "Physiognomy," makes the following curious remarks. "I have had occasion to observe some infants, immediately on their births, and have found an astonishing resemblance between their profile and that of their father.

A few days after, this resemblance almost entirely disappeared; the influence of the air and food, and probably the change of posture, has so altered the design of the face, that you could have believed it a different individual. I afterwards saw two of these children die, the one at six weeks and the other at four years of age—and about twelve hours after their death they completely recovered the profile which had struck me so much at their birth; only the profile of the dead child was, as might be expected, more strongly marked, and more terse than that of the living.

On the third day their resemblance began to disappear. I knew a man of fifty years, and another of seventy, both of whom, when alive, appeared to have no manner of resemblance to their children, and whose physiognomies belonged, if I may express myself, to a class totally different.

Two days after their death the profile of one became perfectly conformed to that of his eldest son, and the image of the other father might be traced in the third of his sons.

The likeness was quite as distinctly marked as that of the children who immediately after their death, brought to my recollection the physiognomies which they had at their birth."

SURVIVE OR PERISH.—*The Sciences of Life and Death.*—We observe that a machine for casting bullets, capable of turning out one hundred and sixty rifle balls per minute, has been started at Washington.—Twice as much attention is paid to the science of killing as to that of curing. More than five hundred instruments of wholesale destruction have been patented within the last twenty years, and only two great curatives, Holloway's Pills and Ointment, have been introduced within that time. It would seem, however, that these medicines pretty fairly balance the account between the healing art and the science of destruction. The probability is, that they save a much greater number of lives than patent rifles, pistols and cannon destroy; and as their consumption is increasing in almost geometrical ratio in this country, the odds in their favor are augmenting every year. The late California papers represent these remedies as accomplishing the most extraordinary cures in that State, and especially in the *placeres*, wet and dry. That most tenacious of internal diseases, dysentery, is said to have lost all its terrors in the eyes of the miners, since the introduction of the Pills; and the virulent eruptions and ulcerous disorders, contracted by working in excavations half filled with water, under a hot sun, are so rapidly reduced by the application of the Ointment, that the diggers are less careful than they ought to be to avoid exposure. Bilious remittents, and intermittent fevers, have heretofore been terrible scourges in the valley of the Sacramento, and in the neighborhood of all the water-courses where the presence of gold has attracted a population but now, the papers say that these disorders appear to be dying out under the renovating and purifying operation of the former preparation. This is better news than the intelligence of new gold discoveries.—*Pottsville 'Mining' Register.*

HOOSIER GIRLS.—We were, not long since, says an American cotemporary, amused by a couple of *Hoosier* girls who came on board the steamer——at the little town of Mount Vernon. They had evidently never been a thousand miles from home, and were making their first trip on a steamboat. The elder was exceedingly talkative, and perfectly free and unconcerned with regard to the many eyes that were scanning her movements. The other was of the opposite turn of mind—inclining to bashfulness. At dinner the ladies were honored with a seat at the head of the table; and the eldest one, with her usual independence, cut her bread into small pieces, and with her fork reached over and enrolled each mouthful in the nice dressing of a beef-steak before her. The passengers preserved their gravity during this operation by dint of great effort. Perceiving that her sister was not very forward in helping herself, she turned round to her and exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by halt the table: "Go it, Sal! dip in the gravy—and pays as much as any of 'em" This was followed by a general roar, in which the captain led off. The girls arrived at their place of destination before supper; and when they left the boat, all hands gave three cheers for the girls of the Hoosier State.

EARLY VEGETABLES.—Many persons wishing early vegetables, sow the seeds in crocks or boxes, and start their plants quite early; but their early growth is nearly lost in transplanting. Let them try the following method:

Take a flat box, and fill in an inch or two of earth; then take flat or English turnips, scrape out the inside of as many as you wish hills of tomatoes, cucumbers, cabbage or lettuce, place them in your box, filled in and around with rich earth, and sow a few seeds in each. Keep in a warm room and water occasionally. When you plant them, cut off the bottom of the turnip, being careful not to disturb the roots, and your vegetables will be from one to two weeks earlier than those raised in a hot-house and transplanted in the common way. Let three or four cucumber or lettuce plants grow in a hill, and but one tomato or cabbage plant After they are set and growing well, nip off the poorest of the tomatoes and cabbages, for by pulling them up you disturb the roots of the one you wish to grow.—G. CONVERSE. *Wilkesbarre, Pa.*

THE BLOODY AFFRAY AT HAWESVILLE, KY.

The Lynching of Mr. Lowe.—The Louisville Journal has the following particulars of the terrible tragedy at Hawesville, Ky.:

Some months ago a difficulty at a political meeting near Cleveport between Mr. Cicero Maxwell, of Hardtford, Ky., prosecuting attorney of his district, and Mr. Thomas S. Lowe, formerly of this city, and for the last three or four years a merchant of Hawesville in this State. After the occurrance of the difficulty, Mr. Lowe sent a note to Mr. Maxwell by the hands of a friend, but Mr. M. declined receiving it.—Subsequently Mr. Lowe declared publicly that he would horse-whip Mr. M. at sight. An attempt was made by a mutual friend of high character, to bring about an adjustment of the quarrel, but the effort failed and Mr. Lowe's threat of personal violence was renewed in writing. Mr. Maxwell's duties as prosecuting attorney required him to attend the court which met on Monday last at Hawesville, the residence of Mr. Lowe, and of course it was expected that the two gentlemen would then meet. Much anxiety was felt by their friends and another effort was made for adjustment of the difficulty, but although we have reason to know that both Mr. Lowe and Mr. Maxwell were desirous that there should be an adjustment, none was effected.

Naturally a great many persons assembled at Hawesville on Monday in anticipation of an affray, and some probably with a thought of taking part in it. Certainly a vast number in the town were armed.—Matters came to a crisis on Tuesday.

According to the statement made to us, Mr. Maxwell on Tuesday was making a speech at the court house in Hawesville.—Mr. Lowe appeared at the door, denounced him aloud as a paltroon, and made another remark much more hard to bear. Mr. Maxwell fired at him. Lowe returned the fire, and then, in rapid succesion, more than a hundred shots with pistols and guns were fired, nearly or quite all of them at Lowe. Maxwell, who was unhurt, desisted after his first fire. John Aldride; a friend of Lowe, was instantly killed, being shot through the head and arm, but we are not informed whether he fired or not. Mr. Miller, a friend of Maxwell, was shot through the thigh and had the thumb of the right hand shot off, and his clothes, including his shirt, were entirely riddled. Lowe retreated to the house of Mrs. Smart, and was afterwards taken to the jail, and a strong guard placed around it to prevent him from being lynched by the populace.

The town was feverish with excitement, and on Wednesday night the mob increased in number, and the thirst for blood. During the night it was decided to force the jail, and lynch Lowe, or if they couldn't approach him, kill him outright.

On Thursday morning, in accordance with the plans, the mob attacked the jail, and fearing to lay hands upon their victim, fired upon him. He received some sixteen or eighteen balls in vital parts, and died instantly. Glutted with vengeance, the mob then retired.

Lowe leaves a family, who resides at Hawesville. His father lives in this city. He was a cool, determined, and most dangerous man.

Our informant, who was a spectator of the scene, says that at least between seventy-five and a hundred guns and pistols were fired at Lowe, and that there were thirty-two bullet and buckshot holes through all portions of his coat, but that not a solitary ball or shot entered his body or even drew a drop of blood. Heavily loaded guns were fired at him at a distance of not more than six feet, and he was repeatedly knocked down and whirled around by the leaden missiles, yet no wounds except contusions were inflicted. The ball which struck his thigh made a very severe bruise but did not enter the skin. Our informant saw a strong man strike him four times with a bowie-knife, but the point of the weapon turned without penetrating.

EX-PRESIDENT FILLMORE CALLED UPON BY THE NATIONAL AMERICAN ASSOCIATION. We have already stated that ex-President Fillmore was sojourning for a day or two in our city. Last evening he was called upon by the National American Association at the Burnet House, and half an hour was very agreeably spent in social greetings.

Mr. Fillmore, in receiving his American friends, made a brief speech, in which he thanked them for their courtesy and kindness on all occasions; for their flattering preferences in the Presidential campaign, in which he had the honor to be their standard bearer, and regretted, for their gratification and the principles of the American party, that the campaign had not resulted differently.

He spoke with confidence and feeling of the justness of the cause, and urged a steadiness of purpose, with all due moderation and regard for the rights of all, which must ultimately lead to most satisfactory results. For himself he would say, that while he was thankful to his American friends for the expression of their confidence and regard, *he had retired from public life forever.*

Gov. Corwin made an oppropriate reply to the Ex-President in which he referred to the distinguished services of the latter in the proud position which he had once occupied as the choice of a majority of the American people, paid a handsome compliment to his statesmanship, and acknowledged public and private worth.

The Association and the large number of citizens present took leave of Mr. Fillmore with the warmest good wishes. He goes East this morning at nine o'clock over the Little Miami road.—*Cin. Gazette of the 5th. inst.*

He who hates his neighbor is miserable himself, and makes all around him feel miserable.

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