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THE HORRORS OF WAR. BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

Lines suggested on hearing the Tower-Guns fired at night in London to celebrate the late slaughter in India; and on reading the speeches on the subject, by Members of both Houses of Parliament, on the 23d of March, 1846.

AGRICULTURAL.

Weybridge, Aug. 7th 1847. Mr. Bell, Esq. Sir: In your paper of the 13th ult. I noticed an article on Herefordshire Cattle from Messrs. M. & A. L. Bingham.

Without wishing to bring to any breed of Cattle any undue or unjust criticism to which from read merit they are entitled, I would ask, what claims have the Herefordshire Cattle upon the patronage of the Vermont Farmer?

When it was rumoured through the neighborhood, that Kate was about to be sacrificed by her relentless parent, every body was indignant; the women gave vent to expressions of pity and sympathy, and the men clenched their fists, and showered fearful imprecations upon the Squire and his baronet.

WRIGHT CHAPMAN.

THE WAY TO EMINENCE.—That distinguished jurist, Sir William Jones, after having made himself familiar with some twenty different languages, and with the general circle of literature and science, may be said to have come to the end of his journey.

Young readers may be curious to know something of the early history of this great and good man. After the instruction of a pious mother, who was a Unitarian, he was bred in the family of an Episcopalian, to whom he was attached by a mutual affection.

When young scholars see the lofty pinnacle of attainment on which that name is now reposing, they feel as if they had been created, rather than travelled thither. No such thing.

CHEAP TRAVELING.—The fare from Buffalo, N. Y. to Chicago, Illinois, in first class steamboats or floating palaces, via the Lakes, —a distance of 1000 miles— is only 88; the passenger being found every thing and a continuous concert of music to boot!

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S LADY'S MAGAZINE. EATIE DARTINGTON. BY AGUSTA BROWN.

"Kate, my child, I wish you to order your bridal dress, without further delay. Sir Harry will leave for London in less than a fortnight, and he desires to take his bride with him."

"You are a foolish, unfeeling girl, Kate. Sir Harry is wealthy, I believe, and a most capital fellow to ride after the hounds. Were I in your place, I would be proud of his notice."

"But his wealth and sportsman-like abilities could never make me happy."

"I see how it is, Kate. Your head has been turned by that popinjay captain you met last summer at Leamington. But you need not flatter yourself that I will ever give you to him."

"If you would allow yourself to see him, my dear father, perhaps you would think more favorable of him."

"If the popinjay should ever have the effrontery to show his face here, I would not hesitate to order one of my servants to kick him out of the house. The impudent jackanape! to make love to my daughter, without my permission!"

"Remember, Father, you refused him an audience when he wanted to ask your approbation of his suit."

"Well, well, you must think of him no more. My wish is to see you well provided for; and the present opportunity, to give you a noble fellow for a husband, must be embraced. You will, therefore, do as I directed and prepare yourself, in a becoming manner, for the nuptials."

Squire Dartington was blurt in his manners; and ostentatious in his purposes. His friendships were ardent, and his animosities almost inveterate. For some reasons, perhaps unknown even to himself, he had conceived a violent antipathy to Sir Harry Weybridge, a baronet, whose name was less than two years, and whose accomplishments did not reach beyond the sound of the hunting horn, or the reach of the wine bottle.

The day appointed for the solemnization of the nuptials at length arrived. The Squire, as was his custom, rose early, and was about to take his morning ride, when he was started with the intelligence, that Kate was missing. A grand council of the household was ordered, but no one could tell what had become of the young lady.

"I venture to say," observed Sir Harry, "that Miss Dartington has gone to some Gretina over the border."

"To Gretina! With whom?" thundered the Squire.

"Very properly by Captain Rodney, her favorite."

"What with that popinjay, who turned her head at Leamington? I'll disinherit her, as sure as my name is Ralph Dartington!"

"He has the bride now—fortune or no for Jane?"

"Sir Harry, we will make instant pursuit! Jarvis, order one of the primest horses to be saddled, and direct two of the grooms to prepare to go with us."

"It will be well for us to go well armed," suggested Sir Harry. "I know Rodney; he is an active fellow, and brave as a lion."

THE AFFAIR OF THE BORDER.

dress was judiciously relieved by a waist-coat of delicate buff cassimere, made single-breasted, with a standing collar, made slightly with an ample row of flat, mirror-like gilt buttons. A neat diamond pin glittered across the crisp embrice on her breast; and a rich gold safety-chain hung suspended across her waistcoat. Her disguise was so complete, that a stranger would not have dreamed she was a woman. Her dress, in its minutest detail, was in excellent taste, though it must be confessed, it would have suited a groom better than a bride.

Captain Rodney was dressed like an old man. His silver wig denoted an age not less than sixty years; and his broad hat, snuff-colored coat, of immense proportions; dainty small-clothes, and white waistcoat, with tarnished buttons, seemed to belong to a generation past and gone. His friend, Captain Grant, wore a common livery dress. Such was the eloping party. The disguises were assumed to facilitate their escape; and so far, each had acted his part well. They had overcome, already a distance of sixty miles, and entertaining a strong hope of reaching the border in two hours' travel. They were all in high spirits; and Kate paced up and down the room, her thumbs thrust in the arm holes of her vest, with an air of staidness that would have reflected honor upon the first Brummell in the kingdom.

"Having hastily refreshed themselves, the ladies were escorted to the carriage. The innkeeper was officious in his attentions; and his blue-eyed daughters ran to the door, to take a last look at the 'bonnie young man,' and to feast their eyes once more upon the charming gait buttons of Miss Dartington's waistcoat. Kate, beam-like, kissed her hand to the blushing damsel as the carriage rattled from the door. Captain Rodney and his friend, waited a few minutes to adjust some defect in a saddle-girth, and before they were ready to mount, a horseman rode up at a terrible speed,—Rodney recognized the face of Squire Dartington, from having once seen him at Leamington Priors.

"My good friends, said the Squire, I am in pursuit of Mr. daughter, who has run away with Captain Somebody, of the army. They cannot be far ahead."

"Have they passed by this road?" inquired the Captain.

"Likely enough, this is the straight road to the border. I have ridden like John G. G. since six o'clock this morning—ran away from three good-for-nothing fellows who set out with me—and I am resolved to keep on until I find the runaway."

"Possible, my dear sir, we may be able to render you some assistance," observed the Captain, as he and his friend vaulted into their saddles.

"Here is my hand, sir," exclaimed the Squire, "I have not the pleasure of knowing your name, but I dare be sworn you are a gentleman."

"It happens quite singularly," said the Captain, "that myself am bound to Scotland on a matrimonial adventure."

"Indeed?"

"And as our road is the same as yours, we may as well travel in company."

"The three equestrians now gave the spur to their horses, and dashed up the road.—Rodney was not entirely prepared for the sudden visitation of Squire Dartington; but he was glad to hear that the rest of the pursuing party had been left far behind. When the adventure would now take, he was unable to conjecture; but he depended upon his military genius to conduct it to a happy issue.

"My good friend," said the Squire, suddenly, "what is that on the hill ahead of us?" It looks like a carriage; but my eyesight is so short that I cannot make it out."

"You are right, sir," replied Rodney; "it is a carriage."

"Then let us push along with might and main; for, on my soul, I believe it contains the runaway."

"The carriage, I think, is mine, sir; but to ease your mind, we will ride up and see what it contains."

"Spur up, then, all of us! Let us see whose nag has the lightest heels!"

"The chase lasted nearly an hour. When the horsemen came up with the vehicle, Rodney made a significant motion to the ladies, which they instantly comprehended, and were relieved from alarm. The Squire looked into the carriage, glanced at each of his inmates in turn but did not for a moment suspect that the fitful flashing of a row of gilt vest buttons, which at once caught his eye, was caused by the palpitating bosom of his trembling daughter."

"It's a wrong scent," muttered the Squire, who was prone to quote fox-hunting phrases; so, if you please, we will gallop on in hope of better luck."

"The Captain having passed a few words with the ladies as he rode by the side of the carriage, immediately obeyed the Squire's request, leaving Captain Grant to ride along with the vehicle."

"In another hour, the two horsemen entered the territory of Dumfries, and soon after alighted at the inn of a small village, which was remarkable only as being the site of one of the free temples of Hymen."

THE AFFAIR OF THE BORDER.

The affair on hand, however, is one of family policy; and for reasons not necessary to be recounted, we are compelled to be married on the wrong side of the border."

"Well, well; I wish you joy with all my heart."

The carriage now made its appearance, and the ladies was ushered into the little apartment styled the parlor. The hymeneal priest being at his post, the ceremony suffered no delay. Rodney and Kate stood up before the bewildered functionary, who at first hesitated to consider Kate an eligible subject for a wife. Squire Dartington was called in to give away the bride. The Squire's vision, and the imperfect light in the room, combined to preserve her recognition during this trying ordeal. The worthy Squire performed the important part allotted to him in a admirable manner; and it was only at the conclusion of the rites when the functionary made formal mention of the name of Charles Rodney and Catharine Dartington, that the old gentleman comprehended the true position of affairs.

"Will you forgive us, my dear father?" said Kate, sinking on her knees before him. "I wish you to be aware of a conspiracy to make your old father look ridiculous; I have half a mind to renounce you forever; but—"

"Oh, say that you forgive us?" persisted Kate.

"Well, well; I forgive you on condition that you never run away again, and that you throw away that dandy suit by time the honeymoon expires. And you, sir, Captain Charles, I forgive you on condition that I like you after seeing you with your disguise removed. Meanwhile we will make ourselves happy."

Next morning the whole party returned to Dartington Hall. The Squire was delighted with his son-in-law. Kate is one of the happiest wives in the world, and she carefully preserves her masculine bridal dress as a memento of the most blissful day of her life."

SPECULATION IN WHISKERS; OR, SHAVING IN A BROKER'S OFFICE.

There lived in Milldeeville, in 1832, a dandified individual, whom we call Jenks. This individual had a tolerably favorable opinion of his personal appearance. His fingers were hooped with rings, and his shirt bosom was decked with a magnificent breast-pin; coat, hat, vest, and boots were made exactly to fit; he wore thick gloves of remarkable whiteness; his hair was oiled and dressed in the latest and best style—and to complete his killing appearance, he sported an enormous pair of REAL WHISKERS!—Of these whiskers Jenks was as proud as a young cat is of her tail when she first discovers she has one.

"I was sitting one day in a broker's office, when Jenks came in to inquire the price of exchange in New-York. He was invited to sit down, and a cigar was offered. Conversation turning on the subject of buying and selling stocks, a remark was made by a gentleman present, that he thought no person should stick in such and such a bank at that time, as it must get better in a few days."

"I will say anything I've got, if I can make anything out of it," remarked Jenks.

"Oh, no," replied one, "not any thing; you wouldn't sell your WHISKERS."

A loud laugh followed this chance remark. Jenks immediately answered; "I would—but who would want them? Any person making the purchase would lose money by the operation. I'm thinking."

"Well," I observed, "I would be willing to take the speculation, if the price could be made reasonable."

"Oh, I'll sell 'em cheap," answered Jenks, winking at the gentleman present.

"I'll do you call cheap?" I inquired.

"I'll sell 'em for fifty dollars," Jenks answered, puffing forth a cloud of smoke across the counter, and repeating the wish.

"Well, that is cheap; and you'll sell your whiskers for fifty dollars?"

"Both of them?"

"I'll take them! When can I have them?"

"Any time you choose to call for them."

THE AFFAIR OF THE BORDER.

"Stop, Mr. Barber," I said, "you needn't shave off those whiskers just yet. So he quietly put up his razor, while Jenks started up from the chair in something very much resembling a passion."

"This is trifling," he exclaimed. "You have claimed your whiskers—take them."

"I believe a man has a right to do as he pleases with his own property," I remarked, and left Jenks washing his face."

At dinner that day the conversation turned on the whisker affair. It seems that the whole town had got wind of it, and Jenks could not walk the street without the remark being continually made by the boys—"There goes the man with Old Sol's whiskers!" And they had grown to an immense size, for he dared not trim them. In short I became convinced Jenks was waiting very impatiently for me to assert my right in the property. It happened that several of the party were sitting opposite me at dinner when we were present when the singular bargain was made, and they all agreed to take the whiskers that very day, and thus compel Jenks to go the half-whiskered, or stay at home. I agreed with them it was about time to reap my crop, and promised if they would meet me at the broker's shop where the purchase had been made, I would make call on Jenks that evening, and I had dressed for the ball. All promised to be present at the proposed shaving operation in the broker's office, and I sent for Jenks and the barber. On the appearance of Jenks it was evident he was much vexed at the sudden call upon him, and his vexation was certainly not lessened when he saw the broker's office was filled to overflowing by spectators anxious to behold the barbarous proceeding.

"Come, be in hurry," said he, as he took a seat, and leaned his head against the counter for support. "I can't say how several ladies are waiting for me to escort them to the ball."

"True, very true—you are one of the managers—I recollect, Mr. Barber, don't detain the gentleman—go to work at once."

The lathering was soon over, and with about three strokes of the razor, one side of his face was deprived of its ornament.

"Come, come said, Jenks, push ahead—there is no time to be lost—let the gentleman have his whiskers—he is impatient."

"Not at all," I replied coolly, "I am in no sort of a hurry myself—and now I think of it, as your time may be precious at this particular time, several ladies being in waiting for you to escort them to the ball, I believe I'll not detain the other whisker to-night!"

A loud laugh from the by-standers, and a glance in the Mirror, caused Jenks to open his eyes to the ludicrous appearance he cut with one single whisker, and he began to insist upon my taking the whole of my property! But all wouldn't do. I had a right to take it when I chose—I was not obliged to take it all at once; and I chose to take but half at that particular period—indeed I intimated to him very plainly that I was not again to be a very kind creditor; and that if he behaved himself, perhaps I should never call for the balance of what he owed me!"

"When Jenks became convinced I was determined not to take the remaining whisker, he began, amidst the loud expressed mirth of the crowd, to propose terms of compromise—first offering me ten dollars, then twenty, thirty, forty—fifty—to take off the remaining whisker. I said, firmly, 'My dear sir, there is no use talking; I insist on your wearing that whisker for me a month or two.'"

"What will you take for the whiskers?" he at length asked. "Won't you sell them back to me?"

"Ah," replied I, "now you begin to talk as a business man should. Yes, I bought them on speculation—I'll sell them if I can obtain a good price."

"What is your price?"

"One hundred dollars—must double my money."

"Nothing less?"

"Not a fartling less—and I am not anxious to sell even at that price."

"Well, I'll take them," he growled, "there's your money; and here, barber, shave off this inferior set of whiskers in less than no time—I shall be late at the ball."

The barber accomplished his work, and poor Jenks was whiskered! Jenks went to the ball, but before the night was over, he wished he hadn't! [St. Louis Revue.

FOR THE GALAXY. LEIN TUCH OR WET SHEET.

This instrumentality in the water cure is used as a gastro-intestinal and other hydropathic institutions with the happiest results, in fevers and other acute diseases, and is a powerful agent in nearly all the cases treated at their infirmaries. In none more so, than in fevers. So rare and certain as any medical fact, than common colds! The pores upon an ordinary sized person, forms a channel for the egress of morbid matter nearly equal in length to 38 miles. When it is considered that in fevers, this great drain is parched and dried up, and the system is being burnt up by the dried up, and the system, then the cooling, soothing, and refreshing properties of the Lein Tuch (to use the German words) may be seen, and appreciated. Its value to the sick and fevered patient is of more intrinsic value, than a Cart Load of Drugs and Quack Nostrums!

THE GALAXY PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING IN STEWAR'S BUILDINGS, BY JUSTUS COBB, BY WHOM ALL ORDERS FOR PRINTING BOOKS, Tracts, etc. HANDBILLS, CARDS, Blanks, &c. &c. Of every description will be neatly and fashionably executed, at short notice.

THE ARTFUL DODGER. LOCOFOGONOMINATION FOR GOV. ERNOR OF VERMONT.

We are glad that Mr. Dillingham is in nomination, because we honestly think him the best embodiment of the principles of the Locofoco party, by long odds, that there is in Vermont—and those principles may be expressed in one word—non-comittalism. Mr. Dillingham we sincerely believe, is a better practical politician (if possible) a non-committal politician than Mr. Van Buren. He has not a tithing of Van Buren's ability, cunning, or shrewdness, but we rather think he is immensely superior to that adult and plausible gentleman, in multiplying the chances for escape from the effects of a doubtful vote.

THE NATURAL BONE-SETTERS.

Mr. Updike, in his history of the Narraganset Church, give the following account of a family of no little reputation of the singular faculty of bone-setting:

"James Sweet, the father of Bononi, emigrated from Wales to this country, and purchased an estate at the foot of Ridge Hill, so called, in North Kingstown—the same in which the late William Congdon, Esq. lived and died. Bononi had been a Captain in the British service—was well informed, and of polished manners. He was a natural bone-setter and the progenitor of the race in Rhode Island. He was styled Dr. Sweet, but he practiced in restoring dislocation only. He was a regular communicant of the church, and officiated as a vestryman until his death.—'July 19, 1751,' says the record, 'died Capt. Bononi Sweet, of North Kingstown, in the ninetieth year of his age. Dr. McSparran preached his funeral sermon, and buried him in the cemetery of his ancestors.' Job, one of the family obtained an eminent and wide spread reputation as a natural bone-setter. During the Revolution he was called to Newport to set the dislocated bones of some of the French officers, an operation which their army surgeons were unable to perform. After the Revolutionary war, Col. Burr, afterwards Vice President, invited him to New York, to restore the dislocated hip bone of his Theodosia, afterwards Mrs. Alston. In this operation, which had previously baffled the skill of the city surgeons, Dr. Sweet was successful. The fear of taking the small pox, deterred him from accepting Col. Burr's invitation when first applied to; but this difficulty having been obviated, he embarked in a Newport packet. Dr. Sweet used to narrate the adventure in this wise: 'that when he arrived, Col. Burr's coach was in waiting at the wharf for his reception. Having never rode in a coach, he objected to being transported in a vehicle that was shut up. He was fearful of some trick, and further he did not like to ride in a thing over which he had no control, but fearing the small pox, he was induced to enter it. He said he never was whirled about so in his life; at last he was ushered into the most splendid mansion he ever saw. The girl who was alarmed at his appearance, when he was invited into her chamber. The family surgeon was soon introduced, and he proposed that the operation should be performed the succeeding day, and 10 o'clock was agreed to, when other surgeons would attend. But the Doctor meant to avoid their presence if he could; he did not fancy a learned man. In the evening he solicited an interview with his patient; talked with her familiarly, dissipated her fears, asked permission, in the presence of her father, just to let the old man put his hand upon her hip; she consenting, he in a few minutes set the bone; he then said, now walk about the room, which to her own and her father's surprise, she was readily able to do.' Doctor Sweet would detail this operation with great naivete. He early in life moved to South Kingstown & settled near Sugar Loaf Hill, where some of his descendants in the fifth generation are in popular practice as natural bone-setters now. Bononi, one of the sons of Dr. Job, emigrated to Lebanon, in Connecticut, where he continued to practice, as some of his sons have since his decease. Numbers yearly visit South Kingstown, to have their dislocations replaced by their legal descendants of the first Bononi, at their residence, opposite Sugar Loaf Hill."

Now, for honor—I'll take two children if I can get them cheap, said a tall Yankee entering an oyster shop near the canal, the other day.

"Two children—what two children?"

"Why, I hadn't got any myself, and your sign reads 'Families Supplied,' don't it? I want to be supplied with two boys."

The proprietor of the establishment being a long bachelor, he of course could not accommodate the enterprising Yankee.

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"The proprietors of the establishment being a long bachelor, he of course could not accommodate the enterprising Yankee."

Now, then, we ask: Why did Mr. Dillingham consent laying this bill upon the table? As a consistent upright and intelligent legislator he voted with a meaning. He refused to lay the bill upon the table either because he wished it to pass or to be rejected—or the other. He sided by his vote to bring the question precisely to this issue; and we are bound to assume, intelligently, and having aided to pass in this final issue, it was his duty to take a man, and take a New England man. Did he not? We leave it to the readers to answer. Immediately after the vote refusing to lay upon the table, the bill was read the third time, the previous

FOR THE GALAXY.

CHARLES K. FIELD, Esq., the Locofoco candidate for Lieut. Governor, was a candidate for Representative of the town of New-fane last year, a strong Locofoco town; but rather than have him go to Montpelier they voted not to send at all! He must be very popular! He will probably be elected Lt. Governor of Vermont!—B.

Among the latest productions of Yankee ingenuity is a machine for pegging boots by water. It was invented at Woburn, Mass., where it is soon to be put in practical operation.