

# AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

BY G. SANDERSON & E. CORNMAN.]

"NOT BOUND TO SWEAR IN THE WORDS OF ANY MASTER."—HORACE.

[AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.]

VOLUME 25, NO. 34.

CARLISLE, Pa. THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1839.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 3, NO. 28

## Terms of Publication.

The American Volunteer is published every Thursday morning, in the white frame building, (rear of the court house,) at Two Dollars per annum, payable half yearly in advance, or two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year.

No subscription taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted until all arrears are paid. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of a term, will be considered a new engagement.

Advertisements will be thankfully received, and published at the rate of \$1.00 per square for three insertions, and 25 cts. for each subsequent insertion. Those not specifically ordered will be inserted till forbid.

Handbills, Blanks, Cards, &c. neatly executed at short notice, and at moderate prices.

## AGENTS FOR THE VOLUNTEER.

The following Gentlemen will please act as agents for this paper: subscriptions received, and money paid to either of these individuals will be acknowledged by us—

JOHN MOORE, Esq. Newville.  
JOSEPH M. MEANS, Esq. Hopewell township.  
JOHN WUNDERLICH, Esq. Shippensburg.  
DAVID CLEVER, Esq. Lee's 24 Roads.  
JOHN MENAFFE, Esq. Dickinson township.  
ABRAHAM HAMILTON, Esq. Hogestown.  
GEORGE F. CAIN, Esq. Mechanicsburg.  
FREDERICK WUNDERLICH, do.  
JAMES ELLIOTT, Esq. Springfield.  
DANIEL KRYSHER, Esq. Churchtown.  
JACOB LONGNECKER, E. Pennsboro' township.

## DR. I. C. LOOMIS,

### DENTIST.

INTENDS residing permanently in Carlisle, and would respectfully offer his professional services to the citizens of the place and vicinity.

He has taken rooms at Col. Ferrer's Hotel, where he may be found at all hours.

Persons requesting it will be waited upon at their residences.

Reference.—  
Dr. George D. Foulke,  
Thionese, Pa.  
Rev. Thos. C. Thorton,  
Dr. David N. Mahon,  
Carlisle, Dec. 6, 1838.

## Dissolution of Co-partnership.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers under the firm of John H. Weaver & Co. was dissolved on the 7th inst. by mutual consent—all persons indebted to the late firm will please call on John H. Weaver, in whose hands the book accounts, notes, due bills, &c. are left for collection, and to whom payment must be made.

JOHN H. WEAVER,  
ANDREW RICHARDS,  
Carlisle, Feb. 14, 1839.

N. B.—The public are respectfully informed that the subscriber continues to do business at the old stand.

JOHN H. WEAVER.

To the heirs and legal representatives of JOHN D. WALTENBERGER, late of the Borough of Newville, dec'd.

that I will hold an Inquisition on a writ of Partition and Valuation, on the premises late of John D. Waltenberger, dec'd., on Friday the 8th day of March 1839, at 11 o'clock A. M., where all interested may attend.

JOHN MYERS, Sheriff.  
Carlisle, Feb. 12, 1839.

To the heirs and legal representatives of SAMUEL NEIDIG, late of Frankford township deceased.

that I will hold an Inquisition on a writ of Partition and Valuation, on the premises late of Samuel Neidig, dec'd., on Tuesday the 12th day of March 1839, at 10 o'clock A. M., where all interested may attend.

JOHN MYERS, Sheriff.  
Carlisle, Feb. 12, 1839.

## A VALUABLE TAN YARD

FOR RENT,  
AT HARPER'S FERRY, VA.

THE subscribers will lease for one or more years, their valuable Tan Yard, with all its appendages. It is one of the best locations in Virginia for carrying on the business on an extensive scale, as there is abundant room and the materials are ample. A number of the Vats are under cover, and all the buildings are of the most suitable kind—besides the grinding of Bark (which can be got convenient and at fair prices,) is done by water power.

Any quantity of Hides can be procured in the neighborhood, as there is no other tannery within several miles of the place—and there is also every facility for getting hides from the cities, and sending them to market when tanned; either by rail road or canal. There is, likewise, a demand at this place for a large quantity of leather annually by the Government.

Possession will be given immediately.

For further particulars enquire of

HUGH GILLEECE & CO.  
Harper's Ferry, Feb. 7, 1839.

Estate of John Sheaffer, deceased.

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration have been issued to the subscriber on the estate of John Sheaffer, late of East Pennsborough township, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate will present them for adjustment and those who are indebted are requested to make immediate payment.

JACOB SHEAFFER, Adm'r.  
East Pennsborough township,  
February 7, 1839.

## FOR SALE,

A FIRST RATE MULE TEAMS.

FOR further particulars enquire of the subscribers at Oak Grove Farm, Perry county.

PLEIS, FERRING & THUDUM,  
January 10, 1839.

F. H. KNAPP

Physician and Manufacturer of the Sili Metallic or Mineral Incurable Teeth, N. W. corner of Clarion and Fayette streets, Baltimore. May 31, 1838.

## CABINET MANUFACTORY.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the inhabitants of Carlisle, and the public generally, that he still resides at his Old Stand, in North Hanover street, opposite Mr. B. Bullock's Chair Manufactory, where he continues to carry on the

Cabinet Making Business. He has lately furnished himself with a new and

SPLENDID HEARSE,

&c. to accommodate all those who may favor him with a call. He returns his sincere thanks to his friends and customers for the liberal encouragement bestowed on him, & solicits a continuance of the same. He flatters himself that by strict attention to business and a disposition to please, to merit and receive a share of public patronage.

N. B. One or Two Journeymen Cabinet Makers wanted, to whom liberal wages will be given. An apprentice will be taken to learn the above business, if well recommended.

GODFREID HAAG,  
Carlisle, December 6, 1838.—tf.

## THRASHING MACHINES

AND  
HORSE POWER.

CALL AND EXAMINE FOR YOURSELVES!

The subscribers, thankful for past favors, take this method of informing the public that they still continue the building of Thrashing Machines and Horse Power, at their old stand, in Louthier street, Carlisle, where Farmers and others can at all times be supplied. They have made a considerable improvement on the power and machine, and have also attached a

CLOVER THRASHER,

which for durability and simplicity of construction is surpassed by none.

Having all manner of confidence in the superiority of the above mentioned machine, &c. they are willing that Farmers shall test them before making the purchase.

Persons wishing to purchase or examine the machine will please make application at the shop, or to I. Lawshe, Agent, at Macfarlane's hotel, near the Court House, Carlisle.

NEVIUS & MITCHELL,  
May 3, 1838.

## A VALUABLE TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber will dispose of, at private sale, the property which he at present occupies, situate in East Louthier street, Carlisle, viz: A Lot of Ground, with a two story

STONE HOUSE,

30 by 25 feet—and a two story stone back building 38 by 20 feet, with an excellent cellar under the whole building—also a small log house and log stable, with the right of a well of excellent water near the premises.

The above property is well situated for public business of any kind, and will be sold low, as I am determined on removing to the west. The payments will be made easy to suit purchasers, and an indisputable title given. Possession can be had on the first of April next. For further particulars apply to

FRANCIS McMANUS,  
Carlisle, Sept. 27, 1838.

## FARMERS' HOTEL.

In High street a few doors east of the Court House,

CARLISLE.

The subscriber having leased the above named establishment from Mr. Simon Underditch, and having provided himself with every thing necessary, is now enabled to accommodate travellers and others in a style that will not fail to please those who may favor him with a call.

THE BAR AND CELLARS

will receive his special attention. These will be kept constantly provided with the best of LIQUORS.

THE LARDER

will at all times be abundantly supplied with all the delicacies which the season and market can afford, and no exertions will be wanting to please the palate of the most fastidious.

THE STABLES

are commodious and secure, and a careful and attentive hostler will be always in attendance.

BOARDERS will be taken by the week, month, or year, on the most reasonable terms.

A strict attention to business, and an anxious desire to please, will be trusted, ensure him a reasonable share of public patronage.

JACOB REHRAR,  
Carlisle, April 5, 1838.

N. B. The cars run past the above establishment, at 6 and 11 o'clock, A. M. and at 2 and 7 o'clock, P. M.

## EXCHANGE BANK

AND  
SAVINGS INSTITUTION.

No. 66 South Fourth st. Philadelphia.

CAPITAL 250,000 DOLLARS.

Open daily for the transaction of business from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

DEPOSITES of money received for which the following rate of interest will be allowed:

1 year 6 per cent. per annum,  
6 mos. 6  
3 mos. 4

On business deposits, to be drawn at the pleasure of the depositor, no interest will be allowed.

Uncurrent notes of solvent Banks, in every part of the United States, will be received as special deposits, on such terms as may be agreed on in each particular case.

By order of the Board,  
J. DESSA, Cashier,  
Philadelphia, Dec. 19, 1838.

## POETRY.

The Novel Reader.

She slumbered in the rocking chair  
She occupied all day,  
And in her lap, half opened there,  
The last new novel lay.

Upon the hearth the dying brands  
Their latest radiance shed;  
A flaring candle near her stands,  
With a crown about her head.

Her hair which long uncrimped had been,  
Was hanging loosely round,  
A single curl by a crooked pin,  
On the side of her head was bound.

Her gown, it had been white, I ween,  
But white it was not then;  
Her ruffles too, had once been clean,  
And might be so again.

One slipshod foot the fender prest,  
The other sought the floor,  
And folded o'er her heaving breast  
A dull red shawl she wore.

A flickering light is fading fast,  
Yet cares she not for mortal things,  
For in her busy brain,  
The novelist's imaginings

Are acted o'er again.  
But while in this delicious nap  
Her willing sense is bound,  
The book escaping from her lap,  
Falls limbering to the ground.

She wakes, but 'tis, alas, to see  
The candle's quivering beam—  
Nor in the blackened coals can she  
Revive one friendly gleam.

Then groping through the passage fair,  
She steals with noiseless tread,  
And leaving every door ajar,  
Creeps shivering to bed.

The trial and condemnation rapidly succeeded, and the day of execution dawned too soon. Victor met his death calmly and resignedly. But it is not with him our tale has to do—it is with her, the beautiful, the bereaved one—with Isabelle d'Aubigny, the convict's bride. From the period when the promulgation of his sentence rung in her ears, to that moment in which the fatal axe fell on the throat of his victim, nor sigh, nor tear, nor word, had escaped her. Every faculty seemed suspended by misery. The last, long embrace of her husband—the wild choking sob which burst from him, as she left his cell the night prior to his execution—the thousand frantic passionate kisses which he showered on her marble face, at the foot of the scaffold, all failed to dissolve the trance of grief into which she had fallen. But the moment of awakening agony came at last! When the guillotine had done its office, and the body of her beloved Victor lay bleeding and dead before her—sorrow asserting its omnipotent sway over humanity; shivered the feeble barriers of temporary unconsciousness, and let the imprisoned mind free to contemplate the ruin of its only earthly hope, the extinction of all youth's sweetest visions. Then came the groan of anguish, the shriek of despair—the straining of the eye balls, to assure itself of that which stretched every fibre of her heart with agony, till it almost burst with the tension. Then came that piercing look into future years, which so often accompanies calamity in its freshness; when all that would have sustained us beneath the heavy load, had been wrenched from us, for ever and ever!

Vainly the friends who surrounded Isabelle strove to tear her from the body of Victor. There was fascination in the gaze, though horror was blended with it. Her own, her beautiful, lay a mutilated corpse before her—her whom she had loved with an absorbing intensity, which would have defied time to lessen, circumstance to change; with whom she had hoped to journey through existence, partner of his pleasures, soother of his griefs. And now she was alone and desolate! Then indeed did she feel, that fate had levelled its deadliest weapon, and henceforth every hour was stamped with stern, unchanging, dreary despair. Great misfortunes either strengthen or enfeeble the mind. When the grave had closed over the body of Victor, Isabelle—the weak, the gentle, the timid Isabelle, returned to her lonely hearth, a calm, stern, determined woman.

All the elite of Milan were gathered together in the magnificent theatre of La Scala. Beauty lent its attraction, rank its patronage, and fashion its influence, to grace the farewell benefit of "La Florida," the unrivalled *dansuse*, the boast of Italy, the idol of the Milanese.

It is not an easy task to rouse an English audience into a *furor* of ecstasy: an Italian one is composed of *matériel* of a more inflammable nature; and demonstrations which would seem to us extravagant and absurd, only appear to them a meet homage to genius. To-night their wonted enthusiasm received double impetus, from the consciousness that it was the last public testimony they could afford, of their appreciation of the consummate skill and loveliness of the fair creature before them. The ensuing week would see her united to a wealthy noble, and this night witness her parting obeisance to the audience, of whom all the men were her worshippers, and even the women her partisans and admirers. The curtain rose, and certainly the appearance of the heroine of the evening was warranty enough for the burst of rapturous applause which followed. Her form, itself of the most faultless symmetry, acquired additional captivation from the display of costliness-permitted by theatrical costume. Her face, too, was one of surpassing beauty. Large, deep blue eyes, waves of the glossiest hair, and a skin of that clear-transparent whiteness, which shows with such dazzling effect at night—all these attractions were in themselves enough to fascinate the sight. But there was that about "La Florida" which interested the feelings fully as much. The dreary melancholy of her profound and passionate eyes—the entire repose of all her features—the extraordinary expression about the small cherub mouth, which seemed formed for love and smiles, yet which none had seen relax into a smile—this it was lent such witchery to her beauty, and threw around her a kind of mysterious charm, even amid the glare and frivolity with which she was surrounded.

The amount of all the ready money he could command. He rustled from the house in a state of phrensy. The money must be paid on the following day. To whom could he apply? Auguste, who might have assisted him, was in England, whither he had gone to be present at the *debut* of a celebrated *dansuse*. He suddenly recollected that his friend had left a large sum at his banker's. Forgetful, in the desperation of the moment, of every thing but escape from present embarrassment, he forged a check for the sum required. It was duly honored—but his doom was sealed. He instantly wrote to apprise De Biron of what he had done; pleading in mitigation that they had often shared the same purse, and binding himself to return the money at the earliest possible period. No reply was given to his letter. The time flew onward—the day for his marriage arrived. The bridal solemnity was over, when, as the party were leaving the church, D'Aubigny was arrested on a charge of forgery!

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Though assailed by temptation in every shape, so rigid and unblemished had been her conduct, that the noble family, to which she was about to be allied, vainly sought in it a pretext to dissolve the engagement between herself and their relative. Yet she lived in utter unprotectedness, with only the companionship of a young girl who officiated as her attendant. With society she never mixed, nor left her home, except to attend to her professional duties.

On this, her last evening of public existence, all was done that could render her exit triumphant. The stage was literally filled with bouquets flung at her feet, accompanied by many a valuable and less-perishing testimony to her worth and talent. When she made her farewell acknowledgments, each felt a pang of regret at parting with one so lovely and gifted, and many a bright eye was filled with tears—yet she, the cause, alone remained unmoved. There was gratitude in the graceful bowing of the head, and the meek folding of her hands on her bosom—but the face was calm and impassive as ever. The curtain fell amid an outbreak of such feelings, as shook the walls of La Scala to their foundation, and Florida was seen there no more.

"Now pray, signora, on this, your wedding-day, do look as if you were happy—Heigho! if I was so beautiful, beloved too by the marchese, I should be smiling all day long."

"My good Rosalia, I have long forgotten to smile or weep. In truth, poor child! you have had but a wearisome life, in attending on one in whose bosom the pulse of joy hath for ever stopped."

"Oh say not so, Signora; all the girls in Milan will be glad to wait on so kind, so gracious, so gentle a mistress—ay, and so pretty a one too. For when I am bridging those long tresses, or fastening the sandals on your tiny feet, I feel quite proud in being permitted to serve La Florida, who, all Milan says, has borrowed the face and form of the famous Venus at Florence."

"Fie on the child! I would chide thee for this flattery, but that an unkind word ever sends foolish tears into thine eyes—But hasten Rosalia; the time wears on—Give me my veil, and leave me."

The attendant did as she was bidden, and Florida was alone. For a while she sat in deep meditation, her small white hands clasped upon her brow, as if to still the tumult of feelings rushing through her brain. The day at length had come for which she had patiently waited for years; for which she had devoted herself to a profession which she abhorred, and toiled in it laboriously and ceaselessly—and nourished a life, she would otherwise have allowed the mildew of grief to corrode and destroy. The hour was at hand, when the one purpose of her existence was to be realized—the long recorded vow fulfilled. The near accomplishment of her wishes gave to the cheek of Florida a flush of crimson, deep as the sunset of summer, and lit up her lustrous eyes with almost unearthly brightness. As she contemplated herself in the mirror, arrayed in all the costly magnificence of bridal attire, vanity for a moment preponderated; but it was a transient weakness. An instant more—the brow resumed its look of calm, stern determination—the beautiful mouth, its compressed rigidity. Having adjusted the orange wreath on her temples, and arranged the drapery of a long delicate veil, whose snowy folds enveloped her form from head to foot, she entered the conservatory adjoining her chamber, and taking from it a bouquet of choicest flowers, awaited the arrival of her bride's maids and friends. In a few minutes the expected guests assembled, and leaning on the arm of the brother of her betrothed, she entered one of the carriages, and the party proceeded to the church of St. Ambrose.

The nuptial rites were performed—and Florida was greeted as La Marchesa di Vivaldi.

The marchese, gently passing his arm around her waist, would fain have folded her to his bosom. A quick shudder, which seemed to convulse every limb, passed over her.

"My beautiful love looks pale!"

"This nothing—a sudden faintness. I culled these flowers for you, your favorite heliotrope is there; take them—you will not surely refuse your bride's first gift?"

The marchese took the bouquet presented, pressed them passionately to her lips, inhaled their fragrance, and fell at the feet of Florida a lifeless corpse.

A wild, unnatural burst of laughter from the marchese pealed through the church—"It is well—it is well! Victor, my beloved; thou art avenged. Now I will join thee."

Uttering these words, she took from beneath the folds of her dress a small poniard, and buried it to the hilt in her breast.

The bride and the bridegroom lay dead together.

On searching her desk, a paper was found explanatory of the catastrophe. It is scarcely necessary to say, that "La Florida," was the name assumed by Isabelle d'Aubigny. In the record left of her motives and actions, she stated that after the execution of Victor, she made a solemn vow to become his avenger—but with a refined revenge, when his destroyer, De Biron, was at the height of earthly bliss. For this purpose her first aim was to captivate his heart. As the Widow of Victor she might fall in this. She was aware that he was a passionate admirer of dancing. Through the agency of that accomplishment, superadded to her beauty of person, she hoped to ensnare his affections.

Her first step was to become the pupil of the most celebrated master of the day, and by dint of unremitting toil, she soon qualified herself for public exhibition. She resolved to appear in Italy, to which country Auguste De Biron had retired, to escape the strong manifestations of dislike, which after the execution of Victor d'Aubigny, followed him whenever he entered society at Paris. He was also the heir to a title and considerable estate in the Abruzzi. The death of these, and he became the Marchese de Vivaldi. At this period, Florida, who was cognizant of all that befel him, made her *debut* at Naples. All Italy soon rung with her fame—and she was offered an engagement at "La Scala." She accepted it—appeared—became the idol of the public—and soon the object of her revenge loved at her feet a suppliant for her love—a suitor for her hand. She accepted him. During the life of Victor, he had never seen her; and who, that looked on her fair unruffled brow, or listened to the music of her low sweet voice, could imagine that in her breast every particle of womanly softness was extirpated—that her thoughts were only revenge and death. It was at the altar's foot, that her adored Victor had been torn from her arm; it should be at the altar's foot the expiatory sacrifice should be made—his murderer destroyed. She procured from the East a deadly poison, the simple inhalation of which produces abrupt and certain death. Every flower in the bouquet was steeped in the deadly essence; its effects have been narrated—and thus, by one of those frightful transitions, which circumstances accomplish in human destiny, where the restraining influence of fixed religious principle is absent, Isabella, once loving and irresolute, became a murderess and a suicide!

Of all the evils that make desolate the earthly hearth stone, perhaps there is not one more deadly if we except intemperance, than that of gaming. Young man whose "life's young dream," tells of happy days yet to come—youth, who, gazing upon the ocean of future life, "see pleasure glittering in the beam of hope, and dancing upon the waves of expectation," whose glowing imagination points out to you golden hours of bliss, which are already yours by anticipation—beware—beware, I do beseech ye, of this tremendous whirlpool. Beware lest in the voyage of human life, reason should quit the helm, and you should be lost, irrecoverably lost among the quicksands of iniquity.

Look at the pale victim of this insatiable destroyer of human happiness; his haggard cheek and beamless eye; what language do they speak? With mute and awful eloquence they tell of blighted fame and fortune; of hopes withered and crushed; that fame, fortune and honor, is all a fearful wreck!—Hear his hollow laugh, which tells you he is ruined and undone. His brain is all on fire; his glaring eye balls seems ready to burst from their sockets, as the awful reality bursts upon his affrighted soul. The deep pangs of mental agony, give a fearful lustre to his roiling eyes; his desperate mirth; his wild convulsive joy, tells of black despair wrung from a withered heart.

Look we back for a moment upon his early youth. The morning of his days was bright and glorious. The gayest of the gay, and the happiest of the happy, he set out upon the pathway of life, rejoicing in purity and hope loving and being loved. But alas! although his morning sun rose without clouds, yet, ere it reaches its meridian, it is eclipsed. In an hour, a pander, a demon, must drag him into a labyrinth from whence there is no escape. He must drown his love of virtue in the intoxicating bowl. Soon the wreaths of vice, which has been treacherously thrown around him, hardened to adamant.

Now what is his situation. Cain-like upon his brow is stamped the burning mark of shame, and the cold hand of scorn is pointing a withered finger at his blighted reputation.

"Could he but speak, he would tell you that he has reached the lowest point of degradation and woe. And could he anticipate his end, he would tell you that self murder would shorten his crown his work of guilt, and despair's last work be done." The father who hung over his cradle, weaving bright visions of the future greatness of his boy, would shortly feel a dreadful satisfaction as he gazes on his coffin; that the mother, even the mother, innumerable and everlasting as is her love for her backsliding children; she who has so often lulled him to repose, and enjoyed to watch his waking; even she will not inurmr that sleep has come upon him out of which he will wake no more on earth; even the mother will not repine, that the grave is made ready to receive him; for "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Young man, again we say beware; touch not the unclean thing, lest ye perish.

The San Augustine (Texas) Herald states that they have in their office a cotton-stalk raised on an upland farm by Wm. Todd, of Shelby county, which is thirteen feet six inches in height, and yielded four hundred balls. Two important discoveries have lately been made in Texas. One is a remarkable spring of salt water at the Mustang Prairie, surrounded by a dense forest. The Kickapoo Indians have excavated pits, from which they procure salt water; the water evaporates. The other is coal.

The publisher of the Advocate of Moral Reform, N. Y. has been indicted for a libel upon the character of a highly respectable young lady of that city.