American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

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Political.

Address of the Democratic State Central Committee.

To the People of Pennsylvania:

FELLOW-CITIZENS—In our last address we charged the Federal Legislature, which, by peculiar circumstances had accidentally brought into power, in both branches at the last session, with attempting to transfer the main line of the State improvements between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, from the control of the people to that of an irresponsible corporation, for an inadequate compensation, and giving the company extraordinary powers incompatable with the safety and interest of the people. We denounced it as a bold, reckless and bad measure without any parallel, save that of the recharter of the Bank of the United States by the notorious combination in the Legislature of this State in 1836.

That it was a Federal measure we proved by a reference to the journals; and also showed that its consummation was only prevented by the indomitable energy and determination of the Democratic members of the House of Representatives, for which they were denounced in all the leading Federal papers.

This subject is one of such great magnitude, of such vital importance and interest to every man in the community, affecting not only the tax payers, but every boatman' transporter and business man of every description, that we cannot discharge our duty without exposing more fully the monstrosity of the scheme, and invoking your special attention to the enormity of the attempt.

By the provisions of the bill, as we stated before, the line of railroads and canals from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, including all the engines and other property of the State connected therewith, was to be valued at twenty millions of dollars, one half of which, to wit, ten millions, were to be sold in shares of one hundred dollars each to individuals payable in State loans or stocks, which were then worth about seventy dollars in the hundred. At this rate the company could have secured the possession and control of the whole line of improvements with all the engines and other property of the State thereto belonging for seven million of dollars.

The business of the company was to be managed by twelve directors selected by the individual stockholders, and by the Canal Commissioners, provided the latter never should exceed three in number. Thus you will perceive that while the State retained one half of the stock she was only to have three members of the board of directors, while thei ndividual stockholders were to have twelve, thereby rendering the direction of the State a more nominal thing and enabling the individual directors to do as they might think proper; and, if needs be, exclude the State directors from all participation in the direction, as the Bank of the United States did the Government directors of that institution. Now we would enquire what fairness or justice is there in this provision.—If the State retained an equal interest, or an equal amount of stock, with the individual stockholders, *why not give her an equal voice in the direction?*—Why give the individual stockholders twelve directors *and the State but three?* *Does not this clearly* prove some design, to deprive the people of the proper control of their own property, and to place it entirely in the hands of those who are in no way responsible to them, and *that* forever.

But again, the individual stockholders were to be paid an interest of five per cent on their stock, before the State was to receive any thing on hers. *Then if* there was any thing left after the payment of expences and the five per cent to the stockholders, the State might receive it, but it was provided that *in no event should she receive more than five per cent on her stock, thereby giving to the individual stockholders*, all the chances and advantages of the increasing value and productiveness of these works, which no human foresight can now estimate. It will also be perceived and should be borne in mind, that unless the net profits could be made to pay more than five per cent on the whole capital, by which an excess could be made to accrue, to be divided among the individual stockholders, they would have no interest *in making the net receipts more than equal to the five per cent on their stock.* Hence they would have *inducements*, to expend all above five per cent on their own stock in repairs and making new improvements which the act authorizes, by which they could make good jobs for their friends.

But even these provisions unjust and bad as they are, are not the worst features of the bill. The bill was intended to confer, and would have conferred, had it become a law, transporting powers on the company, thereby giving them a monopoly of the carrying trade, that passes upon this great artery of internal commerce.

The 7th section contains this provision "That the said President and directors, shall have full power to *conduct and regulate the transportation of passengers and freight of all kinds* on said work, and appoint such officers and agents as they may deem necessary for the proper management of the affairs of said corporation."

And in the 8th section it is provided this, "That the said company is hereby authorized to purchase, contruct and hire steamboats, all cars, boats and machinery, necessary for the transportation of passengers and tonnage, and to make and construct any canal or canals, or railroads not exceeding in length ten miles in any of the counties of Washington, Alleghenv, Westmoreland, Indiana, Somerset, Cambrin, Blair, Huntingdon, Centre, Juniata, York, Franklin and Cumberland, which lead to and connect with said main line of canals and railroads and for this purpose shall have full power and authority to enter upon any lands, make survey thereon, and occupy and use such land as may be necessary for the same. And the said company shall have power to borrow money on security of the corporate property, for the purpose of carrying into effect any of the provisions of this section, or of making such extraordinary realts as are defined in the 14th section of this act, Provided: *That the total amount of such loans shall* not exceed the sum one million of dollars, without the consent *of the legislature.*".

And the 11th section contains this provision:—"*And the said company shall have full power and* authority, by and with the consent of the corporate authorities *of the city of Allegheny*, to *construct* a basin in the *Allegheny river*, at the out-let *lock of* said canal, of sufficient dimensions to accommodate the *steamboats and other vessels* used or owned by the said company."

Now it is evident that this bill was covertly and fraudulently designed to confer transporting powers on said company. Bold as were its projectors they were afraid to attempt such an outrage on the rights of the citizens in plain terms; but they use language from which the power can be clearly deduced. For instance, by the 7th section, "they shall have full power to *conduct* and *regulate* the transportation of *passengers* and *freight* of all kinds." Not to regulate tolls, but to *conduct* and regulate *passengers* and *freight*.

What does the word *conduct* mean, if it does not mean to *carry passengers* and *freight*? But again, in the 8th section, "they are authorized to *purchase, construct and hire, steamboats, all cars, boats and machinery* necessary for the transportation of passengers and tonnage."

Why "construct, purchase and hire *steamboats*, all cars, boats &c., for the transportation of passengers and tonnage?" or why is provision made for the construction of a basin for the accommodation of "steamboats or other vessels used or owned by said company," unless the said steamboats, cars, boats, &c., were to be used by said company in the business of transportation?

Thus we think we have clearly shown that the bill was designed and would have conferred general transporting powers upon the company had it become a law. The people, therefore, would not only have had their public works taken from them for ten millions of State stocks, costing the company about seven millions, but they would have had erected in their midst a *monopoly of all the transportation business* upon those works, with sufficient power to drive all the section boats, and other individual boat owners, off the improvements, and thereby destroy all competition. We assert boldly, that the power to *conduct* and *regulate* the transportation of passengers and freight of all kinds, and to buy steamboats and canal boats, would have given them this power, and that no individual competition could resist the influence of such corporate omnipotence.

What say you, fellow-citizens—you who have invested your all in boats, and who are making a *living in the business*—to be thus driven from your employment by such a monopoly? And you, too, *who have property* to be transported—do you wish to be made dependent entirely upon such an irresponsible association, and that, too, upon your own public works? But if we have read the bill right, this business of transportation was not to be confined to the State works alone. Steamboats are authorized to be constructed, purchased or hired. Where were they to be used? They were certainly not designed to be used on the canals and railroads.—Hence we infer they were to be used on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and any where else the cupidity of the company might suggest. Thus the business of transportation upon our great national rivers, which has heretofore been conducted by *individual enterprize*, and upon individual responsibility, was also to be interfered with by this *mammoth association*.

But it may be asked by some, what motives could *influence* the managers to enter into such operations, *unless they* could divide more than five per cent. to the stockholders. To this we answer: the more *they* would multiply their business, the more influence they could exercise, and the more officers and *agents they would require*. They could thus accommodate themselves with situations and salaries to their entire satisfaction, and in this way absorb all the profits above five per cent. which they would have to pay the individual stockholders, to keep them quiet, and retain their places.

But again: the company was to have power to construct an indefinite number of lateral canals and rilroads within the counties mentioned. Would not this have presented a beautiful field for speculation for managers and influential members of the company? Wherever they could make purchases of valuable beds of coal or ores, they would soon find means to induce the company to believe that it would be to *its interest to make a lateral railroad or canal.* Thus would these individuals be enabled to enhance the value of their own property at the expense of the best interests of the company and the State; and for this purpose the power to borrow money, and pledge the improvements as security, is given in the 8th section.

We have thus, fellow-citizens, exhibited to your view some of the palpable objections to the bill in question. The powers which it proposed to confer strike us as of the most extraordinary and unprecedent character, and such as, in every aspect, whether in regard to the revenues of the State, or the interests of the people in their business or political relations, must have proved, in the end, productive of the worst consequences. That such a bill should have received the sanction of a majority of either branch of the Legislature, of any party, is to us most astonishing. But, fellow-citizens, it did pass the Senate, and every Federal member present voted for it, and every Democratic member, except one, against it; and it certainly would have passed the House had not the extraordinary zeal and determination of the Democratic members prevented final action on it until its passage was arrested by the arrival of the hour of adjournment, for which they were denounced in the terms before stated.

Why it was they should have chosen a period just when the improvements were beginning fairly to develope their usefulness to the people, and to show that under proper management they could be made a productive source of revenue, we cannot tell, unless some of the prime movers of the project thought that if they did not avail themselves of the power they then had, they would never have another opportunity.

We have no doubt now that some of the actors will tell you that they were not in earnest—that they only wanted to see what the Locofocos would say or do.

Believe them not. Their excuse is as deceptive as their original design was false and treacherous to the people they deceived and misrepresented. Give them power, and they will do the same thing over again. Their *conscience never trouble them except* when they are thwarted in their purposes, and their bad conduct exposed to the people. You may depend upon it, that if you trust the Federalists with power they will abuse it in some form; and if they ever get power in this State they will, by some cunning device, deprive the State of the control of her public works, and transfer them to some irresponsible association, and leave you to pay the debt incurred in *their construction.*

We have thought it our duty to bring this subject distinctly to your notice, so that you may know what has been attempted, and what you may expect in the case of Federal ascendency—a thing which we do not think probable at this time, but which it is your *duty*, as well as interest, to prevent.

We admit that in times gone by there was occasion for dissatisfaction in regard to the management of the public works. But why dispose of them now for the trifling consideration of seven millions, as provided in the bill referred to, when the three or four last years have shown a constantly increasing revenue from them, and a diminution of expenses, as compared with former periods? At the very worst and most unpropitious period in our financial history they were thought to be worth at least twenty millions, and it was only on condition that they would bring that sum that they were then authorized to be sold. But by the bill of last session they would have been disposed of in a manner that, in all probability, the State would never have realized from them more than the payment of ten millions of her five per cent. stocks.

But admit that the State works have been mismanaged, what peculiar merits have incorporated companies to claim the confidence of the public, from the superior management of their own affairs?

If the State has been embarrassed and her funds wasted, has not the same thing happened to almost every incorporated internal improvement company within the State? Has it indeed come to this that the people have become so incompetent to manage their affairs that they are obliged to create incorporations, to become the guardians of State interests? Judging from the action of the last Legislature, such would seem to be the conclusion of the Federal party. But this with them is no new doctrine. They have ever preferred the influence of individual and associated wealth to control the government, to the unbiassed and disinterested judgment and action of the masses of the people, whom they regard as an unsafe depository of political power.

There is not an instance in the history of our government, where an issue has been made wherein the Federalists have not been found the advocates of the interest of capitalists, and of a few special interests against those of the great body of the people. *In fact this question* has come to be the great distinguishing characteristic of the two parties.

It presents itself in various forms, but analyze it and it is found to be composed of the same ingredients. Policy has however, to a very great extent *taught the Federalists not to speak* so disrespectfully of the intelligence of the people as formerly.—*They now affect to be their special friends* and try to make them believe that all the schemes for associating wealth *is for their good*, to afford them employment and all this kind of disgusting deception. *But when the election comes the employed* must think as *the employer, or find work elsewhere.* As John M. Clayton said it is then a question of "bread or no bread," *and if the laboring hand prefers* Democratic principles to bread, he must seek the latter elsewhere. *This is what "taking care of the rich* and leaving the rich to take care of the poor," would bring *those to, who have to depend on* the tender mercies of Federal policy. It is thus that Federalism *would degrade freemen* by making the massed *dependant* upon accumulated and associated wealth, and it is thus they yet hope, vainly we trust, to control the destinies of this happy country. Thus far the acquisition of Western territory, and disposing of it at moderate prices, and preferring the actual settlers, have prevented oppression to any great extent to any of our citizens. But every grant of corporate power by which wealth is associated and placed under the control of a few individuals who will have the employment of many, is so much gain to Federalism, and another step toward the establishment of a monied aristocracy by which the federalists hope ultimately to govern the country.—Hence it is the Federalists as a party have ever favored monopolies and incorporations of all kinds, and hence their support of the iniquitous bill of last session, to take from the people the control of their public works, and place them under the control of an irresponsible company, for a mere nominal consideration.

Fellow-citizens: those who favor and aid those schemes are destroying that equality of which we have been proud to boast—are false to themselves and to posterity, and are digging the grave in which Federalism would inter the liberties of their country.

L. REILY, *Chairman*,

I. G. M'GINLEY, *Secretary*.

Harrisburg, July 27, 1847.

Poetical.

THE RINGLET.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

Oh! treasured thus by passion's slave,
Dear relic of the bygone year;
Say, what remains of her who gave?
The vain regret—the useless tear.
The clinging bands—the throbbing brow—
The murmuring of that shadowy word,
To which had answered once—oh! now,
Why is that light quick step unheard!

What in those syllables is found,
That such a start of woe can claim?
A word is but an empty sound,—
Alas! it is—it was—her name!
It was—yes, *she* was once as gay,
As full of life, as aught that lives;
The breath—the life—hath passed away,
But not the pang her memory gives.

Bright tresses! thy beauty bringeth now
A thousand dreams of rapture gone;
Her sunny eyes, her radient brow,
The low, light laughter of her tone.
Gazing on thee, again she stands
Before me, as in days of old;
With airier young head's shining bands,
And all its wavy curls of gold.

Till as I view thee, silken tress,
I feel within my suffering heart,
'Tis all which now my sight can bless,
All that of *her* will not depart.
Oh! thou that wert life's dearest prize,
That now art but a thought of pain;
Why do thy tones—thy laughing eyes,
Rise up to wring my soul again?

I roam in vain: the sun that beams
Is still the sun we looked upon;
My hand, my lonely hand, in dreams,
Seeks still for thine to clasp its own.
My heart resists all time all change;
And fines no other form so dear,
My memory, whereso'er I range,
Clings to the spot where *thou* wert near.

Change! *thou* wert all life's scenery:
To me, the billowy, bounding wave—
The wide green earth—the far blue sky,
Form but the landscape of thy grave!
Oh bitter is their boon of life
Who cannot hope—who may not die—
I linger in a world of strife,
Whilst *thou* art in the happy sky!
I envy thee the peace thou hast,
And but 'tis sin the knee would bow,
And He who made thee all thou wast,
Would make me all that thou art now!

Miscellaneous.

From Star Spangled Banner.

A Tragic Incident of THE BOMBARDMENT OF VERA CRUZ.

BY PETER RAMROD, U. S. A.

Just as I was sighting one of the guns of my battery on the first day of attack, I heard my name called by one at my side, and looking up I saw G——, a young midshipman, whose activity and officer like conduct I had noticed at the time of our landing, when he had charge of a cutter which aided in putting us on shore.

He seemed very much excited; his dark eyes were flashing with emotion; his face was deadly pale, and yet there was something in his look as he stood boldly upon the parapet of my battery, that told me that it was not fear that paled his cheek. Though shot and shell came bustling through the darkened air, he stood unmoved like a sea-girt tower amid the storm, gazing city ward.

'What do you want G——,' said I when I heard his voice, and at the same time stepping clear of the recoil of my gun; while the artillery man advanced *with his match to fire it.*

'For Heaven's sake don't fire yet!' shouted he as he sprang from the parapet's front and glanced along the right of the gun, then seizing a crow, and with the strength of a Hercules heaved the breach of the gun to one side, so that the shot that I aimed with care at one of the largest and finest looking buildings in the city, over which waved the national flag of Mexico, would fly wide of its mark.

'What mean you by this strange conduct, sir?' said I sternly, not liking this interference with my orders.

'Wait one instant till I have fired, and I will explain?' said he, meanwhile sighting the gun. The next moment he snatched the match from the man who stood near him, and fired. Springing upon the parapet to watch the effect of his shot, I saw it dismount and render useless a gun on the enemy's wall which had annoyed us very much all the morning.

He smiled when he saw my look of gratification at this unexpectedly successful shot, and then more calmly than he had spoken before remarked:

'Lieutenant, forgive me for intefering with your duty, but your gun was aimed at a spot which I had *come hither to desire you to spare.* You see that palace with the flag flying at which you were aiming?'

'I do,' I replied, not knowing which way led the *drift of his remarks.*

'For the love of Heaven spare that house? I care not if every other in the town is blown to atoms, but *do not destroy that one!*'

'What is the reason, sir?'

'That is the palace of Don Ignato de Corrulla, a noble Castillian, not a Mexican—'.

'There are Mexican colors flying on his house-top.'

'Oh, it is only because he is brave, and he sides with the Mexicans because he resides amongst them now—but you asked my reason for wishing to spare *that house.* Hear it. My betrothed Anita de Corrulla is there; and oh God! to what danger is she *exposed.* Lieutenant do not deny my request—spare that house: think of the agony which I must feel in knowing that she, my love, my very life, is there protected only by walls which crumble at every *shot!*'

'I will and aim elsewhere, I exclaimed, for indeed I felt for the poor fellow.

'Thank you, dear Ramrod!' said he, 'I have been *to all the batteries* but the mortar on the extreme left, and at the risk of being laughed at, have begged all to spare that house, all have promised me to do so, and if when we storm that place, I can be first over the walls, and reach the doors before the others, I yet may save her from the fearful perils which now environ her!'

'I hope you may,' said I, shuddering as I thought of the fearful excesses which must inevitably occur if we stormed the town; the excesses which the madness of victory and the desire to revenge fallen comrades ever leads even well disciplianed soldiery to *commit.*'

Again he warmly thanked me and turned to go to the battery he had not yet visited. I passed along the line of guns, and directed my men only to aim at the enemy's guns, and especially to spare the house which G—— had pointed out: what were my feelings, when, in the act of pointing it out to one of my gunners, I saw in its place nothing but a cloud of smoke and dust. I knew at once that a *bomb* had struck it, and from the look of things feared the worst for my young naval friend, especially when as the dust and smoke settled I saw the flag gone, a large part of the wall fallen, and the palace a perfect wreck. The bomb *had been* fired by the mortar battery, which he had failed to reach in time to *prevent it.*

I continued on my duty, and a *hot time indeed* we had of it. It was almost painful to see the smoked and sweaty faces of *our worn-out as men they* toiled on in the work of destruction; it was sickening to see here and there a *ghastly* mass of flesh and crushed bones, which, by some huge shot, had been thus *transformed from life* and beauty; but soldiers must sicken at nothing in times like *these.*

I saw no more of my young friend G——; yet during this time, I had thought of him, and his deep anxiety, and inwardly prayed, that for his sake, as well as for the cause of humanity, she was spared.—Oh, it was a harrowing thought, as we fired those showers of shell and shot amongst them, that the innocent, feeble and helpless were even in more danger than the garrison soldiers who stood behind their embrasures, and often I fancied, my very hearts blood curdle with the fancy, that I could hear the shrieks of wounded and dying women, that the pitiful cries of poor children were born down upon the breeze. I could almost see them crushed, mangled, dying, dead! Oh God! save me from ever witnessing the bombardment of any inhabited city, at least if so, let there be none but men within its walls.

When the city had capitulated, I entered with the rest, who were sent to take formal possession, and found the street which led towards the quay facing the castle, where we were directed to march, led directly past the palace which G—— had *pointed out* as that of Don Ignatio de Corrulla. As I looked upon the blackened walls, I felt a strong anxiety to enter it, and try and find out the fate of G——'s betrothed, and obtained leave for a few minutes from my captain. I hastily entered through the ruined arch-way which opened into the court-yard, which always centres a Spanish built palace, and saw at a glance, that G—— had been before me in his visit. The basin of a large fountain was in the midst, but Gen. Scott had cut off the aqueducts which had supplied the city fountain, and this was dry. By its verge, however, on a broad slab of marble, sat G——, and she in his arms. I paused for an instant, as I saw him and the beautiful form which he held, for I thought it indelicate to advance at that moment, but I could not retreat, and there seemed something so strange in his actions, that I could not well tear myself away. He held her still and motionless in his arms, her long black hair fell in dishevelled masses down upon the cold marble, and over a partly bare and lovely shoulder; and though it seemed she was looking at him, for I could see her large black eyes were open, still he spoke not, but with a fixed and strong gaze looked down upon her.

I slowly advanced, he could have heard my footsteps, but he raised not his head, he did not seem to take care whether friend or foe approached. I bent over him and her. I looked down upon her beautiful face—it was as pale as the marble on which she rested; I gazed in those black eyes; they were lakes of beauty frozen over with the ice of death—open but not lustrous. I looked down upon her swelling bosom, uncovered by the disarrangement of her dress, and a ghastly wound, of black and horrible roughness showed how she had died. A piece of the iron shell had clove a rent in her bosom through which her soul had sped to a kinder world than this. In one hand she clenched a locket. I looked upon it and recognized the miniature of G——. O God! what a sight was this? So young, so beautiful, loving and beloved—*yet gone, gone, forever, and in* such a way!

I laid my hand upon G——'s shoulder and spoke to him; then for the first time he looked up, and I saw that in him there was a change almost as great as her. Pale, as death, his eyes fixed and strong in their almost maniac glare, his lips bloodless, cold big *drops of sweat on his pulid brow*, oh, who could describe his look. He spoke not—his eye again *fell upon her form, than which a lovlier never pressed to the bosom of man.*

I could stand the scene no longer. I rushed forth and joined my company, instantly sending word to two of G——'s mesmates where they might find him, and begging them to go to his assistance.

The next day I sent aboard of his ship to enquire after his health, and heard to my sorrow that he was confined to his bed, delirious from a fever, and that feeble hopes were entertained of his recovery.

I learned by one of his shipmates that G—— had become acquainted with Donna Anita on a former cruise, that a mutual love had arisen, been confessed by both parties, and they were to be united at the *close of the war.*

And this, oh God! this is *war!* These are the scenes which the pen of history must record of men who live in the nineteenth century, of the existence of that religion which has, peace, love and charity, for its mottoes and emblems. I know, reader, that *this is a poor train of thought*, and an *inconsistent one for a soldier*, but *were you to see such scenes as* these you would not wonder that I should almost be *willing to exchange the sword* and uniform for the priest's gown and prayer book.

From Peterson's Magazine.

THE DYING GIRL.

The following we extract from a story in the August number of "Peterson's Magazine." Ellen is in the last stage of a consumption, the result of having been betrayed by a gentleman, to whom Isabel, ignorant of his real character, is betrothed. The *dying girl, deeming it her duty to do so, reveals to* Isabel the character of her intended husband.

At the expiration of half an hour, Isabel came forth from the chamber weeping, and summoned the family to return to the invalid. Ellen's eyes, as well as our heroine's, showed traces of tears. But no allusion was made by either of the girls, to what passed during their secret interview. Isabel sat down by Ellen's side, and clasping that thin hand in hers, looked up into the invalid's face with a gaze where sympathy, tenderness and a common bond of suffering were all combined.

"I feel I am growing weaker," said Ellen, faintly. And she pressed Isabella's hand as she said—"you will not leave me yet?"

Oh! it was a beautiful sight—those two girls, so different in their lovelines, yet both so alike in the blight of their young hearts. Isabel gazing up into the invalid's face with eyes blinded with tears; Ellen looking down on her with a smile of ineffable affection.

"No, I will not leave you," said Isabel. "Rest your head, dear, on my shoulder; for you have agitated yourself too much, and ought now to try and sleep."

"I shall soon want neither sleep nor soothing," said the invalid in a tone that brought tears to every eye: then she added, tenderly parting Isabel's hair on her forehead, "you forgive me, do you? You do not think I have done wrong by telling you?"

"Oh! no," said Isabel, you have saved me from a terrible guilt!" And her whole frame shuddered.—"I bless you for your words. To what a villain would I have been linked. When I look on you I wonder that such a wretch is permitted to live."

"Do not think of me," said Ellen. "Sorrow and I have long been sisters. It is you, whose whole earthly happiness has been destroyed in a single hour—it is you who should be pitied."

Isabel lifted her head proudly, her eyes flashing through tears.

"Such a man cannot make me unhappy," she said, "may God assist me not to hate him! I have no fear," she added, with *bitter scorn*, "that I shall ever love him. It is difficult to speak calmly of such a base wretch."

"Hush! hush!! said Ellen. "I forgive him as I hope I have been *forgiven!* I once loved him dearly!—oh! may he yet repent. I will pray for him in a better world."

Every one present was weeping. Ellen looked on them all and resumed in a faint voice.

"Do not weep for me." Rather weep for those who suffer and are left behind. For myself I am full of peace. I am going home, going to join my parents." And her eyes, fixed on vacancy, beamed with strange lustre as she continued—"they stand on the shores of the immortal river, smiling and beckoning for me. Oh! thank God."

The day was now fast drawing to a close, and as the shadows began to deepen in the room, the steps of those moving in and out became more stealthy and and hushed. A strange awe crept over all. Even the little child of three years old, which stood holding by its mother's gown, gazed wonderingly on the invalid's face, and seemed to feel that some terrible but unseen presence was awaiting on the threshold. As they looked, a shadow came over that wan countenance, slowly and mysteriously, like the twilight that steals across a summer sky. Darker, darker, darker—the light within the vase was going out!

The window was up and the sweet evening air coming in grew hushed and stood still in that holy presence. The shout of the gleesome school-boys on the village green died to a whisper and paused on the sill. The gay glitter of the setting sun flashed from *the water of the neighboring mill-pond*; but approaching that room was made solemn and subdued at once. The breath *scarcely came and went in the anxious* spectators. Silence and awe over all, and in the *midst—death!*

Ellen had slept a few minutes uneasily on Isabel's bosom. But now her marble features lighted up she *stirred and waked.*

"Are the church bells ringing?" she asked, suddenly. "Ah! I see—it is *the rustling of the leaves.* Strange! how every thing is full of music. I know *you all*," she said, looking around with a sweet smile, "do not think my mind wanders. But you cannot tell wha I see and listen to: you will know *some day! God bless you all!*

She held out one hand to her sister: the other was already clasped by Isabel, whose tears were falling fast. She looked lovingly first on one, then on the other.

Just at that moment the setting sun shot its last beam into *the room*, and a *halo*, like that of an angel, played around the head of the invalid. Oh, how gloriously beautiful was the wrapt expression of her face! How the room seemed filled with celestial light! The darkness fell upon them. They were with the dead!

From the Kentucky Examiner.

DUELLING.

The death of George C. Dromgoole, of Virginia, occasioned deep regret among a large circle of friends.

We knew him in other days. He was no ordinary man. His mind was unusually clear and strong and, had no adverse circumstances occurred, he would have been an ornament to society, and an honor to the nation.

But it was in private life he charmed. So simple, so kind, so true! We never knew a more generous man; he was wholly disinterested, and knew how to sacrifice self with a grace which won him the love of friends, and respect of acquaintances.

In an evil hour he was tempted, acting upon false notions of honor, to peril his life and the life of another. His antagonist fell. From that hour he was an altered man; he knew no peace; and to drown the bitter thought that he was a murderer, he sullied his soul still deeper in crime by drinking to excess!—And in early life he was taken from us, a debased and self blighted man!

Yet how like the man was the last act of his life. This little paragraph below inserted in newspapers without comment, and glanced at by the reader, possibly without thoughts, tells, at once, the rectitude of his intentions, and his own estimation of the depth of his crime.

"George C. Dromgoole, in his will gave all his property to the children of the individual who fell by his hand in a duel."

It has fallen to our lot, in days when we thought duelling no sin, if we could be said to have thought about it at all, to meet with many, to know well some, who had killed their men. We never knew one who lived in peace after the murder; we know only two who survive, and they are sots.

The first time we were called upon to witness a duel was in Agusta, Georgia, in 1829. We were just entering manhood. The parties were from our native State. We know them both well. They were stationed at their places, and at the word *fire*, the elder of the two, a man of promise and place, fell dead. We saw him, saw his brother, who gazed wildly into his pale face, just now full of life, saw friends as they hurriedly took up his body, and bore him onward to his home. And we saw afterwards the grayhaired father as he bent over that body, hot tears falling down his cheeks, fall as one struck with the palsy, for his prop the boy of his hopes, was taken away, and there was no longer happiness for *him on earth!*

But the survivor! Business relations brought us together; we were his attorney: and we had to see him at his home, and at our house. In company we saw no change in him; he was light hearted, almost frolicksome in his gaiety. He never spoke of the murder; by an unuttered, but well understood compact, (and how terribly did this describe the deed,) none ever refered to it. But soon we learned that he never slept without a light in his room. Soon after we found that he was fast becoming a drunkard, and scarce three years had passed since the duel, ere he was stricken down in early manhood, and laid near his antagonist in the earth.

But his death! we were present at it, and never may we witness such another! That subject—so long kept sealed up by himself—so long untouched by family or friend—the murder of his school companion and neighbor, was at last broken by himself. "I could not help it," said he, as his eyes glared upon us, and his breathing became painful from its quick and audible action. We knew to what he refered, and endevored to direct his thoughts into other channels. In vain. "I could not help it; I was forced into it; could I help it?" And all this was in a duelling sense, true. He had every excuse a man could have to fight; but when so assured he exclaimed wildly, "It will not do—I murdered him—I see him now—I have seen him as he lay dead on the field, ever since I slew him. My God! My God!" And muttering these, and like sentences, with a shriek, such as I never heard mortal utter, he died!

Another instance. A young Scotchman came to Charlestown, S. C., and settled there. He gave offence to a noted duellist, and was challenged; fought and killed him. He removed afterwards to New Orleans; was engaged in successful business, and was regarded the merriest fellow about. His intimate friends thought the murder had made no impression upon him; not one of his relatives believed he cared anything about it.

In 1834 or '35, he was engaged in large cotton speculations. News of a rise in price reached New Orleans, soon after he had shipped a *large number of* bales to New York. If he could sell, or make some particular arrangement, *he could realise a fortune.*—He will penitently and thankfully receive it.

This beautiful star is often dimly seen at first, rising above the horizon of life, and though sometimes obscured by passing clouds, yet it shines out again ere long with increasing brightness. Thus I sat by my window at evening twilight, and saw a brilliant star. As the darkness came over the earth, its lustre increased more and more, till suddenly a dense cloud came over, and I saw it not. I looked long where it should have been, and by and by it passed, and the star seemed brighter than ever. Such is the Christian's hope. At first, indeed, it shines with brilliancy; but, as he moves forward in his pilgrimage, the darkness of sin gathers about him, and *still* triumphing over all, his hope burns the *brighter* for the darkness around him. Sometimes *evil completely* over-shadows him, and the light is *obscured*, and for a time seems entirely extinguished. At length divine mercy drives away the cloud, *and as his hopes* star-like, gains the ascendant, *it grows like the full* blaze of the noon-tide sun, *shedding* beauty and blessedness about *his path.*

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

SOCIAL ARISTOCRACY.

Merit Versus Money.

How frequently do we see cases, in which individuals suppose that because they have accumulated a little money, and are among the rich of the land, they are superior beings, and entitled to social superiority and distinction! They indulge in the error that money makes the man, and not merit—that the poor, the honest and the virtuous, are inferior to the rich, the fraudulent, and the vicious. They fancy that they condescend when they associate on equal terms with individuals, however meritorious, who are compelled from day to day to earn by industry and toil an honest subsistence, and in their intercourse with such persons they assume airs of superiority, pride and power, which, while they indicate at once, ignorance and egotism—are insulting to the independent in thought and spirit. Thus cliques are formed—social circles of an exclusive character are organised—and the poor are regarded by such mushrooms of the hour, as an inferior race, not indeed entitled to breath the same air, or live in the same latitude. Nothing is more despicable—more illustrative of littleness of mind, of empty pride and miserable vanity, than conduct such as we have described. A friend of ours some time since, happened to live in a large house, and within a few doors a very worthy family resided in a small and humble dwelling. One of the children of the latter family was seized with scarlet fever, and an accident happened to the husband, which disabled him for some weeks from pursuing his ordinary avocations. The facts came to the knowledge of our friend, who—very probably, measures people by the standard worth—and be immediately called, proffered his assistance, and during the illness of the husband and child, tendered and practised those little courtesies and kindnesses, which are due from man to man, christian to christian, and neighbor to neighbor. In a short time the sick were restored to health, and prosperity again smiled upon the little household. Soon after, our friend was surprised one evening, at a special visit from his worthy neighbors, with the object of returning thanks and making a formal acknowledgement. So touched were the good people by the courtesy he had shown, that he was quite embarrassed by their expressions of gratitude, and at *last ventured to tell them that he had performed nothing more than a simple act of* courtesy and duty, and that he would have done the same thing under similar circumstances to any respectable friend or neighbor—poor or rich. "True—true"—replied the grateful husband—"but we have lived in this neighborhood for something like two years, have conducted, ourselves with as much propriety as possible, have ventured to call upon several families immediately around us—and yet yours is the only social response that we have met with.—Ours, it is true, is the smallest house in the neighborhood; but we indulged a hope that poverty would not place a barrier between us, and those of our neighbors who had been more prosperous in the world." The incident was trifling in itself, but we have cited it, as not a little illustrative of our subject, and as showing that in some cases at least, money not only hardens the heart, but induces the prosperous to neglect altered notice, and to regard themselves as above the sympathies and sufferings of ordinary humanity.

There is another class of would-be fashionable and important people of the social world, who *deserve to* be pointed out and rebuked. We allude to the mere pretenders and hangers-on, the parasites and imitators of social aristocracy—the class who delight to boast of their acquaintance with wealthy and fashionable families, talk of their intimacy with this rich individual, or that important, functionary—who, in fact, worship money, not as possessing it themselves, but as enjoyed by others. A more miserable species of sycophancy and false pride cannot be conceived off. *To associate with an honest mechanic and his worthy family, would be regarded as a degradation*; but to mingle in the saloons of some mushroom of *the hour, who has accumulated a few thousands, and*, who, vain of his means, is anxious to make a display, *is esteemed a high honor. Alas!* for such vanity—*such misappreciation of the realities of life.* Not long since, a lady who had married into a family of some note, was present at a *brilliant party in New* York, when another lady was pointed out to her as an old friend of the family. The aristocrat, by marriage, directed her eye-glass to the individual designated, and then turning away with a look of pride and hauteur that would have become an actress re*cently married to a Duke, she lisped out*—"*No friend* of ours. Her father was a grocer!". The most amusing part of the matter was, that she herself was the daughter of a tradesman. But instances of this kind are not rare. A rich man, who is at once gentle, benevolent and generous—who, in fact, appears unconscious of his wealth, and endeavors to make all around him alike unconscious of any inequality on such grounds, is an honor to human nature, and an ornament to society. But the empty fool, who prides himself upon his money alone, and who fancies that because he has money, he can, with impunity, insult and play the despot over his poorer fellow citizens, is entitled, not only to contempt, but occasionally to a sharp word of rebuke, a sneer of scorn and pity.

LIFE'S EVENING STAR.

The evening of every man's life is coming on apace. The *day of life will soon be spent.* The sun, though it may now be up in the mid-heaven, *will pass swiftly down the western sky and disappear.* What shall light up man's path when the sun of life has gone down? He must travel on to the next world, but what shall illuminate his footsteps, after the night-fall of death, amid the darkness of his journey? What question more important—more practical—more solemn for each reader of your journal to ask for himself? This is a long journey to travel without light—without a *guide and without a friend?* Yet *every man must perform it. The time* is not far distant when all must begin the journey.

There is an *evening star in the natural world.*—Its radiance is bright and beautiful, and cheering to *the benighted traveller. But life's evening star is* found in a good hope of heaven. Its beauty and *brilliancy is reflected from the Sun of Righteousness*, whose bright rays light up the evening of life, and *throw their cheering* radiance quite across the dark*ness of the grave* into Immanuel's land. It has illuminated the footsteps of many a traveller to eternity. *It is the light of life. It is of priceless value.* A thousand worlds cannot purchase it. And yet it is offered without money and without price to him who will penitently and thankfully receive it.

Will any other lady take a pickle?" as the girl said, when she tumbled into a hogshead of brine.