American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2 00 PER ANNUM.

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Poetical.

From the Home Journal.

SAD THOUGHTS

"Lay her i' the earth;
And from her unpolluted flesh
May violets spring."—*Hamlet.*

How sad on the heart,
Strikes the sound of the bell
As the lov'd and the beautiful
Pass from the sight,
The tone and the smile
We have cherished so well,
Fade away from the earth,
Like a dream of the night.

How lone is the home
To which we are turning
With a sorrowing heart
And tear-streaming eye—
White deep in the soul
As wild thoughts are burning
We pine for the dear one,
And ask but—to die.

Let her lie in her grave
'Mid the flowers of the earth—
(She mourn'd at their fading
And joy'd in their bloom)
They shall spring from her mould
And the place of her birth
Shall enhance their soft beauties,
Enrich their perfume!

And thus, with the nights dews
Distilling above her,
To freshen the flower buds
That nod o'er her rest,
Shall she fragrantly rise
To the angels who love her,
And who call her with smiles
To the bower of the blest.

Miscellaneous.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

MY FIRST PARTY.

BY J. R. PORTER.

"I was not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass."

There is no period in a person's life more awkward or embarrassing, than when he divests himself of the trammels and confinement of a school-boy's life, and takes his station in the world—his own lord and master.

Neither my education, habits, nor taste, fitted me for fashionable life. Nature had done still less for me; for while at school, I enjoyed the reputation of being called the ugliest looking boy in the village. My mother has often told me that when a babe, I was frightful to look upon, but she then comforted herself with the old adage, that "an ugly child changed to a handsome man." But as I grew in years, the contracted features of my ugliness expanded into hideousness, so that when I left my paternal roof, I was considered the eighth wonder of the world.

At eighteen I obtained a situation in a retail dry goods store—and with a light heart and willing hands, I engaged with much assiduity in my new avocation. I had been in B—— about a month, when one night as I came to my boarding house, a note was handed me by the servant. The pink paper, the green sealing wax, and the general appearance of the note, quite startled me, and it was several moments ere I was sufficiently composed to open it—however, I regained my self possession, broke the seal, and read—

"Mrs. Kemp requests the pleasure of Mr. Michael Snider's company, on Wednesday evening, twentieth instant."

The Kemp family was one of the most fashionable in the city. My father became acquainted with Mr. K., the winter he was sent a representative to the General Court; and is said to have assisted him very materially in passing a favorite measure through the house.

The next morning I held a consultation with my friends, as to the propriety of accepting or refusing the invitation. I gave the note to the oldest clerk and requested his advice. He read the billet very carefully, then measured me with eyes from head to foot, he burst out into an intolerable fit of laughter.

"How like the deuce you will look at a party Snider; why you will frighten every lady out of the room. However, go, by all means—you will make an assortment; but take care of yourself, and I will give you a few lessons before you make your debut."

Such was the kind advice of my friend; and I was soon persuaded to accept the invitation, and retired to the desk to write an answer. But here was trouble. I had never written a note in my life; for in our village, when a party was to be given, one of the house walked round and gave a verbal invitation to the guests and made them say whether they would come or not; as mother said, people wanted to know how much cake to make, and how many walnuts to crack. However, an answer must be written. In the first place I took a sheet of foolscap paper, and with my penknife cut an exact pattern of the note I had received; then, ruling four lines with my thumb nail, I requested one of the clerks to mend a pen for me, and I went to work.

I will not describe the agony I suffered during one weary hour in attempting to reply to this note. A dozen sheets of paper I defaced ere I was able to write a decent answer. I either began too near the top of the paper—or I left out a word—or in referring to the dictionary I found I had mispelled; in fine, I had nearly exhausted all my paper and patience, when a version struck me which I thought proper.

I began again, and wrote the following:

"Dear Madam—I got your note last evening, asking me to your house next Wednesday; and as father told me to get into good company if I could, I guess I'll come. Your friend,

MICHAEL SNIDER."

I saw no impropriety in this diction—so I folded the note, sealed it with a wafer, and having no one to buy my summons, I was obliged to leave it myself on my way home at night.

In dressing for the party, when the night came, my knees began shaking, and my whole body suffering under such excitement, that one would have supposed that I was under the operation of a galvanic battery. In the act of shaving, I lacerated my face in several places; in brushing my teeth I used the shaving brush instead of the proper implement. I washed my hands with the tooth-powder—brushed my hair with the shoe brush; in fine, my wits were so disordered, that I was unconscious of the office I was performing.

After various reverses, I succeeded in arranging my dress to my satisfaction; and, as I viewed myself in the glass, I became more composed—feeling convinced I never before appeared to so much advantage. My tailor had indeed exercised to perfection his talent in making, what he called, a good fit. My coat was of blue broad cloth, ornamented with brass buttons of enormous circumference. The waist of the coat evinced a strong inclination to take its seat between my shoulders, while the top of the collar formed nearly a dead level with the crown of my head. The sleeves fitted tight to the arm, but whether, from mistake or fashion, they barely concealed the wrist, and left the whole hand exposed. My vest was of woollen, and had a dark ground, but stripes of red and yellow relieved its otherwise dull appearance. My trousers were of a red mixed color, cut after the Turkish fashion; a nice pair of white woollen stockings covered the immense length of my feet made still longer by the prevailing fashion of having the pump an inch longer than the foot; so that my body appeared as though set upon runners. A snow white cravat surrounded my neck, while the stiff starched collar stood firmy up under my ears, as though my head depended upon that support.

Thus equipped, I paced my chamber till 7 o'clock; and supposing this the proper hour for making my obeisance to Mrs. Kemp, I started for the house.—The night was rainy and boisterous in the extreme; and not wishing to incur the expense of coach hire, I pulled a pair of woollen stockings over my pumps, took an umbrella and commenced my walk. The barber had dressed my hair so much to my mind, that fearing to disarrange it, I carried my hat in my hand, and made the umbrella perform a double office. During my walk, I meditated on the proper form of address on being presented to the lady of the house, and after various trials, I hit upon one I thought appropriate. "I have the honor of wishing Mrs. Kemp good evening." This will do, thought I, so I continued repeating it until I arrived at the door of the house.

Have you ever called on a dentist to have your tooth extracated? if so, did not your heart beat almost to bursting, as you touched the fatal bell that announced your coming? But you know not half the agony I suffered, as I gave a Knock at the house where I was to pass the evening. The door flew open as if by magic, I was within the house, and my fate was sealed. But all was confused: my fortitude forsook me; and I stood like a statue.

"Walk into the kitchen," said the servant.

This aroused me.

"The kitchen, sir! I was invited to come and see Mrs. Kemp; is this not her house?"

"Oh yes, sir; I beg pardon, sir; I really mistook. Please walk into this room, sir," showing me into a basement parlour.

"No," I replied; "I want to take off my stockings before I see the ladies."

"Oh, this is the only dressing-room: please walk in, sir."

In I walked, freeing my feet from their covering, and prepared to ascend into the parlor.

I speedily arrived at the top of the stairs—I opened the door—walked in—"I have the honor of wishing"—not a being was in the room! Had I mistaken the house? had the servant tricked me? was I too early? each thought flashed through my mind, when a female made her appearance from the closet. "I have the honor of wishing Mrs. Kemp good evening," I said, stalking up to her with prodigious strides.

"La! sir, I am not Mrs. Kemp; I am her servant. But what do you want of her, and how dare you come up into the parlor."

"Ma'am, I am invited here. Is not Mrs. Kemp going to give a party this evening?"

"Oh, then you are invited. But, sir, the company won't be here for these two hours; but sit down, and I will speak to my lady."

"Oh, no, I thank you; I will call again; don't allow me to disturb Mrs. Kemp." If I ever get out of this scrape, thought I, I will never be caught again.

At this moment a lady, most superbly dressed, entered the room. She looked very inquiringly at me, when I informed her "that I was Michael Snider, but I was very sorry I had come so early, and would call again."

"By no means," said Mrs. Kemp. "Sit down Mr. Snider, I want to talk with you."

I took a seat. The prespiration rolled down my face as though I was under a vapor bath.

"Well, Mr. Snider, what is the news in Salem? when did you hear from your parents?"

"Oh, there is nothing new, ma'am. I had a letter from father a few days since; he says that Deacon Hervy's barn is burnt, with three yoke of cattle in it, and that widow Nisbet is dead."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Kemp.

But I will not mention the variety of subjects touched upon by Mrs. Kemp, in order to amuse me, but I will pass to the time when the guests began to assemble.

I took my stand behind the sofa in the corner of the room, and with my eager eyes watched the entrance of each individual.

Ladies after ladies continued to flock in until the room was nearly crowded: but, with the exception of some elderly gentlemen, there was not a beau in the drawing-room. Presently I observed several young gentlemen standing by the door, and, after running their fingers through their hair, adjusting their cravats, and screwing up their faces in a "good evening" sort of a look, they entered, bowed to the lady, then distributed themselves among the company.

All was now noise and confusion; and feeling a little confidence I ventured to ask young Kemp to introduce me to some of the ladies. Kemp was evidently startled at my request, but was too much of a gentleman to refuse. Whether he intended to quiz me or not I cannot say, but he said he would introduce me to Miss Scott, directing my eyes to the lady in question.

I took his arm, and we made our way through the crowd; but, unfortunately, one of my huge buttons came in contact with the lace cap worn by one of the elderly ladies, and from some cause we were bound together. I endeavored to pass on, and the lady attempted to free herself from such an unpleasant union, but in vain. I saw the difficulty. Being wholly engrossed by the thought of my introduction to Miss Scott, I had recourse to my penknife, and the affair was soon settled. The lady screamed—called me an impudent fellow, but I heard nothing till I found myself before Miss Scott.

"Miss Scott, permit me to introduce to you Mr. Snider, one of my old country friends."

Three times did I incline my body to the ground, and three times did I attempt to speak, but my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and refused utterance. I changed my position from the front of the lady to her side, and leaned my head against the wall.

The lady during this movement retained the same composure and expression as when I first bowed.—"Must I speak first" thought I. I made a desperate push, and taking hold of her sleeve, I asked "what she gave for this calico she had on?"

Miss Scott started. "La! sir, I don't know! you must ask ma."

"I hope you won't think me impudent, ma'am," I replied.

"Oh, by no means, but pray, Mr. Snider, how long have you been in town?" said Miss Scott, thinking she would quiz me a little.

"I have only been in town about a month, ma'am, so I am not quite so genteel as some of the chaps here."

"Ah, you want me to flatter you," answered the lady; "but I won't; but tell me have you seen Rob Roy," referring to Scott's last novel.

"No ma'am, is he here?"

"Oh, I do not mean the person himself, but you know the work. It has come to town."

"Yes, ma'am, I recollect now, we had a case from New York. Capital article for cloaks. We shall sell them at 93 dollars a yard; perhaps you would like a pattern?"

"You do not understand me," said Miss Scott, endeavoring to command her risibles. "I had reference to Scott's last novel."

"A novel! Oh, I never read such things, for they tell me there is not a word of truth in them."

Our edifying conversation was interrupted by the arrival of some refreshments, which the servant proffered to Miss Scott. Here was a chance for my gallantry. The waiter was covered with ice creams, Roman punch, blanc magic, etc., etc., articles never before seen by me; however, I stepped forward and asked the lady what I should have the pleasure of giving her.

"I will thank you for a little Roman punch, Mr. Snider."

Roman punch at this time was held in high esteem in B——. It was sometimes of frozen champagne; sometimes of water, spiced and frozen; but of this I was ignorant.

"Punch!" thought I, "rather queer for a lady to drink punch!" endeavoring at the same time to find the article on the waiter. I looked in vain; nothing resembling what I called punch visible; so I whispered in the servant's ear "Bring me a glass of punch, waiter, quick!" then turning to Miss Scott, "Will you not have some of this white stuff first?" referring to some delicate blanc mange.

"As you please, Mr. Snider," said the lady, smiling.

I covered the plate with this delicious morceaux, asked the waiter if he had not got a knife and fork; he said a spoon was generally used, so I handed it to the lady, and returned to my place at her side. Presently I saw the servant approaching bearing on the waiter a glass of punch. "Now," I thought, "Miss Scott shall have a drink."

"But what is this, Mr. Snider?" observed Miss Scott.

"Why ma'am, this is the punch you ordered, pray take it, no one shall see you drink it, for I will stand before you."

Miss Scott was somewhat embarrassed, but seeing my honest, grave and anxious face, she bursted into an intolerable fit of laughter, and begged me to drink it for her. Now, I had never drank a glass of punch in my life, but, fearing the lady would laugh at me, without hesitation I swallowed the contents of the glass.

Shortly after this I observed an unusual degree of commotion in the drawing rooms; music struck up, and a dance was called. I thought of my proficiency in the "pigeon wing" and "double shuffle," and was anxious for an opportunity of displaying my agility, but resolved to await the second dance.

"Why they are playing psalm tunes," thought I, observing none moving faster than a walk. "I should think they were all frightened to death; but I will show them how the thing is done."

I watched every movement, and when the first dance was completed, I requested the honor of dancing with Miss Scott, she being the only lady with whom I was acquainted.

The lady very politely consented; I led her into the centre of the room, made two slides and bows, placed myself in the third position, and awaited the call of the musician.

I began now to feel the effect of the punch, and it was with some difficulty that I was able to remain in my awkward attitude.

"But the dance will make me all right," I thought when the musician called out, "right and left." I started at once, eager for the dance, but was detained by my partner, who informed me that my turn had not yet come.

At the call of "side couples right and left" I jumped three feet into the air, strained every nerve, and went to work, and much to my satisfaction, found myself in my place again. Elated with my success and excited with the punch, I turned to Miss Scott and asked if there was not any "down in the middle of this dance."

"No," she replied.

"Oh, I am great in that. I wish you could see me."

"How well you dance, Mr. Snider."

"Do you think so? You shall see me cut a 'pigeon wing' presently," I replied.

"Forward and back, and cross over," called the musician.

Away I started, and as I got opposite my partner "now is the time," thought I, 'to take the pigeon wing.' Springing from the floor, with all my strength I made a flourish with my feet as I came down, but the carpet proved a slippery foundation—my heels flew up—I lost my equilibrium and fell prostrate on the floor. My feet came in contact with those of the servant's who was handing about ice-creams; the force of my fall was so powerful that I upset the servant, and the contents of the water came tumbling in my face and eyes. Mistaking the frigidity of the ice-creams for boiling punch, I hollowed most distily that I was scalded, but recovering my feet and observing the whole assembly laughing at my misfortune, I made a desperate push for the door.

A waiter was coming up stairs with wines and lemonades. Over him I tumbled, and we both fell together to the bottom. I remembered nothing more. When I awoke in the morning it was with a terrific head-ache; and I was told that a servant in livery had brought me home the preceding evening.

"Such a shameful doings, Mr. Snider," said my landlady, "only think of getting tipsy at your age."

Thus innocence suffers sometimes equally with guilt. I have never drank punch, or gone to a party since.

LATE HOURS.

All animals except those that prowl at night, retire to rest soon after the sun goes down; from which we may conclude that Nature intended that the human species should follow their example. It is from the early hours of sleep, which are the most refreshing, that the re-accumulation of muscular energy and bodily strength takes place, as well as of that due excitability in the brain indispensable to the operation of our waking hours. Sleep has been called the "chief nourisher in life's feast," but few find it such! In order that sleep may be refreshing, it is necessary to take sufficient exercise in the open air during the day, to take a light supper, or none at all, avoiding tea or coffee late in the evening, to sleep on a hair mattress, with a light covering of bed cloths, in a room freely ventilated. It is well known that the Duke of Wellington, now a hale old man, is accustomed to sleep on a narrow, hard pallet; and we believe the couch of Queen Victoria is also of the simplest possible construction. It is reported that the Duke justifies the narrowness of his resting place that when a man wishes to turn, it is then high time to get up. It is seldom the laborious peasant complains of restless nights. The indolent, pampered epicure, or the man who overtasks his brain and denies himself bodily exercise, is very liable to sleeplessness.

"There are few sights," says Mr. Fortune "more pleasing than a Chinese family in the interior, engaged in gathering the tea leaves, or indeed in any of their agricultural pursuits. There is the old man, patriarch-like directing his descendants, many of whom are in their childhood, in the labors of the field. He stands in the midst of them, bowed down with age. But to the honor of the Chinese as a nation, he is always looked up to by all with pride and affection, and his old age and grey hairs are honored, revered and loved. When, after the labors of the day are over, they return to their humble and happy homes, their fare consists chiefly of rice, fish and vegetables, which they enjoy with great zest, and are happy and contented. I really believe there is no country in the world, where the agricultural population are better off than they are in the north of China. Labor with them is pleasure, for its fruits are eaten by themselves, and the rod of the oppressor is unfelt and unknown.

FRANKNESS.—Be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion; and take it for granted you mean to do what is right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or to keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly but firmly with all men; you will find it the policy which pays best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing to a man's face another behind his back. We should live, act and speak out of doors, to the phrase is, and say and do what we are willing should be known and read by men. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but as a matter of policy.

A modern writer pithically remarks that the title of Esquire is now conferred on all who wear a clean shirt.

The climax of human intelligence has arrived when a woman don't care how she looks.

Burning of Forty-Seven Women.

The infernal rites at the death of an Indian Prince are thus described in an extract of a letter from Tanquebar, in the East Indies, written by a Danish Missionary. They dug without the walls of the city, where that Prince, who died at the age of eighty made his residence, a pit, which they filled with wood, ranged and piled up as for a bon fire. The corpse of the deceased, richly habited and adorned was brought forth in great pomp and laid on the pile; after which the Bramins (heathen priests) kindled the fire with an abundance of superstitious ceremonies. The wives and concubines of the deceased, who, according to the law or custom of the country, ought to die with him, appeared there at the same time, and walked several times round the funeral pile. They were in number forty-seven, all finely decked with jewels, and adorned with flowers. The favored wife or concubine carried the poinard of the defunct prince, which she delivered up to his successor and made a short speech, exhorting him to use it with moderation, so as never to let it light on any but the guilty. Then she boldly turned her face towards the pile, and, after invoking her gods, leaped into the midst of the flames. The second was the sister of a prince named Tandaman, who was present at these horried rites. She gave him the jewels she wore, and the prince in receiving them embraced her most tenderly, and poured out a flood of tears, but the princess without betraying the least concern, looked attentively, with a steady countenance on the pile and on the spectators, and crying with a loud voice, "*Chiva, Chiva!*" which is the name of one of their gods, she jumped as cheerfully into the flames as the first did.

The others followed her close; some of them appeared resolute enough, but others looked wild and dejected. There was one in particular, who being more dismayed than her companions, ran to embrace one of the spectators, who was a Christian, praying him to save her, but this was not in his power to do, and the poor wretch was immediately tumbled headlong into the fire.

However intrepid most of these unhappy victims appeared before jumping into the pit, the note was vastly altered when in the midst of the flames.—There they shrieked hideously, tumbling one over another, striving to reach the edge of the pit, and get out of it; but they were kept in by throwing heaps of billets and faggots upon them, as well to knock them on the head as to increase the fire. When they were consumed, the Brahins drew near to the smoking pile and performed abundance of ridiculous ceremonies over the ashes of the poor wretches. The next day they gathered up the bones, and having wrapped them up in fine linen, carried them to a place near the Isle of Ramesuren, where they cast them into the sea. After which, the pit was filled up, and a temple since erected on the spot, where sacrifices are offered up in honor of the prince and his wives, who from thenceforth are numbered among the goddesses.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.—We find the following story in the N. Y. Sun: "A fashionable young man of about thirty, was noticed, yesterday afternoon promenading between the Park and the Hospital in Broadway. He was attired in somewhat sailor fashion, and presented evident marks of the ruin of dissipation. His dark hair was long and matted, and his toilet apparently had not been attended to for many days. At one of his many turns he met two ladies. One was tall, strikingly handsome, and dressed in deep mourning; the other was short, and fair, and bedecked in light fancy colors. When the sailor and the lady in mourning met, the latter wildly screamed, and would have fallen on the side-walk but for the impulsive effort of the strange looking man to catch her in his arms. 'Good Heavens, Edward,' conclusively gasped the female, and 'Eliza, my own loved one,' was hoarsely whispered by the sailor. He bore the fainting form in his arms gently to Mr. ——'s store, where every attention was paid her distressed situation.

"Quite a gaping crowd was collected, deeply interested by the scene. The lady is an actress of great promise and some European fame, now sojourning at one of our fashionable hotels. She was to have appeared at one of our theatres in the course of the next week. Having heard of the death of her husband, she left England about two months past. The history of her early marriage was one of woe and misfortune. Her husband was a midshipman on board an English war steamer, was dismissed for drunkenness, and joined a cruiser of suspicious character.—In one of his fits of intoxication, this man fell overboard in the Gulf-stream in a gale of wind. A spar was thrown him, by which he was miraculously saved. He was picked up by one of our packets and landed at Peck Slip on Saturday morning. Edward T——n is the husband for whose rumored death his young, beautiful, and accomplished wife went into mourning; and thus, as we have ascribed, did she in a singular manner fall in with her lost one. Heaven pity the afflicted, trial-stricken wife, and restore the erring husband to society."

A BLUSH.—The following is both pretty and poetical—with a savory dash of originality. Who the writer is we know not:

"What a mysterious thing is a blush, that a word, a look or thought, should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tint of summer sunset! Strange, too, that it is only the FACE—the human face—that is capable of blushing! The hand or foot does not turn red with modesty or shame, any more than the glove or sock which covers it. It is the face that is Heaven! There may be traced the intellectual phenomena with confidence amounting to a moral certainty."

DREADFUL INSANITY.

The Kennebec (Me.) Journal says, that Mr. Pinkham, who recently murdered his wife and children, and then commited suicide, had kept his family on bread and water for nearly one year; that he at one time killed a cow and soaked the meat in an infusion of oak bark before salting it; this was the only meat he would allow them to eat. He killed a flock of sheep and offered them up as a sacrifice; and occasionally took his family some distance to a spring, where he washed them for the ascension. His insanity had become so evident to his neighbors that they were about taking measures to have him put in the hospital, when he anticipated them by his horrid work.

☞ As we stood talking with a volunteer, the other day, who was returning from Mexico to his home in Massachusetts, the veteran soldier happined to notice a dog on the opposite side of the street whose jaws were very substantially and securely fastened together by a large leather strap, which encircled his nose, thence passed over the forehead, under his throat and then around the neck—somewhat resembling a halter. The man in blue looked at the quadruped for a moment and then inquired:

"D'ye train dogs under the saddle here? Fire at me from the rear, if there isn't a bulldog with a bridle on!"

"Oh, no," we replied, "it is only a muzzle, arranged in that manner to keep his mouth shut, so that he may injure no one; and also in obedience to the law."

"Well," said the patriotic soldier after a moment's pause, "I'll be d——d if I don't think you had *better take it off the dog, and put it upon Tom Corwin.*"

N. O. Cresent.

SINGULAR WILL.—An eccentric left the following will:—"It is my will that any one of my relations who shall presume to shed tears at my funeral, shall be disinherited. He, on the contrary, who laughs the most heartily, shall be sole heir. I order that neither the church nor my house shall be hung with black cloth, but on the day of burial, the house and church shall be decorated with flowers and green boughs.—Instead of the tolling of bells, I shall have drums, fiddles and fifes. All the musicians of my city shall attend my funeral. Fifty of them shall open the procession with hunting tunes, waltzes, and minuets." This singular will created the more surprise, as the deceased had always been denominated by his family "the misanthrope," on account of his gloomy and reserved character.

ARISTOCRACY.

There are men—we blush to call them men—who turn up their noses at the mechanic and humble laborer. Being liberally educated—as it is called—they look down with a sort of contempt on those who, in some cases, have contributed to their support. "You need not despise a spinning wheel," said an old lady to her pompous son, one day, "for many a night have I worked at it to get money to send you to school."

There are women, too, who will not touch a needle with their delicate hands, who laugh at the poor and industrious, who learn trades or work in factories for a living. "La, how unrefined they are," she says, with a scornfull smile, as she lounges on the sofa, reading the last pink novel. We once knew a lady—shall we call her a lady?—of this complexion. She was loudly belaboring a poor, hard-working girl—calling her low and unrefined. "Why," said she, "her father was nothing but a low mechanic."

"Yes," remarked a woman present, "her father was a mechanic. I knew him well; for he lived in the same neighborhood with your mother, when she went out a washing."

There, reader, if you had been present, you would have seen a strange confusion of face, and heard a vain attempt to utter something that was too prickly to come out. It stuck in the throat.

When we hear men or women speak lightly of the industrious part of the community, we feel just like tracing back their genealogy. We have done so in several instances, and you would be surprised at what we learned. The most aristocratical man of our acquaintance is the grandson of a fiddler; the proudest woman the daughter of a washwoman.

It betraye a lack of good sense, to condemn or look with contempt on any virtuous person, however poor he or she may be. The wise and good respect and love goodness, wherever it is found.

MOTHERS.—"What is wanting," said Napoleon, "that the youth of France, may be well educated?"

"Mothers!" said Campan.

This reply struck the Emperor. "Here," said he, "is a true system of education. Let it be our care to train up mothers, who shall know how to educate their children."

☞ A Quaker who was examined before a Court, not using any other language than 'thee,' 'thou,' and 'friend,' was asked by the presiding judge, "pray Mr. ——, do you know what we sit here for?"—"Yes, verily do I," said the Quaker—"three of you for two dollars each a day, and the fact one on the right, for a thousand dollars a year."

It is said to be very foolish for two young ladies to hate each other, on account of a gentleman who don't care a fig for either of them.

A wag used to remark that the reason why unmarried ladies look so much at the moon was the vulgar belief that there was a man in it.

A merchant advertising goods for sale, gives notice that he will take in payment all kinds of country produce except promises.

Remember, said a trading Quaker to his son, in making thy way in the world a spoonful of oil will go further than a quart of vinegar.

A down east editor, speaking of the wonderful virtues of a wonderful hair oil, says a few drops put upon kittens makes hares of them immediately.

Always live up to an engagement. If you promise to cut your throat by a given time, do it. But mind and never make a foolish promise.

It has been said that any lawyer who writes so clearly as to be intelligible, is an enemy to his profession.

A tree is known by its fruit. This can scarcely apply to the beet-tree which has no fruit at all.

☞ The Revello says there is a young lady in that city who carries a parasol because the sun is of the masculine gender, and she cannot withstand his ardent glances.

Political.

From the Lancaster Intelligencer.

LETTER FROM ANDREW JACKSON TO LEWIS CASS.

Not the least gratifying feature in the nominations made at Baltimore is the fact, that both Cass and Butler enjoyed in an unbounded degree the confidence and esteem of Andrew Jackson, and that their election to the Presidency will perpetuate in the Government the principles and policy of that illustrious Patriot. In 1831, President Jackson appointed Gen. Cass Secretary of War, from which he was only relieved in 1836 by the mission to France. Here he gained imperishable laurels by his course on the quintuple treaty, and by his celebrated pamphlet on the Right of Search. So deeply were these important services impressed on the mind of the Hero of New Orleans, that he did not forget them in his retirement—but so late as the month of July, 1843, he addressed the following letter to Gen. Cass, in acknowledgment of his noble and patriotic course. The letter is characteristic of the old Hero—frank, generous, and warm hearted, even to enthusiasm. Huzza, then, for Gen. Lewis Cass, the bosom friend and associate of Andrew Jackson!

HERMITAGE, July, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have the pleasure to acknowledge your very friendly letter of the 25th of May last. It reached me in due course of mail; but such were my debility and afflictions, that I have been prevented from replying to it until now; and even now it is with great difficulty that I write. In return for your kind expressions in regard to myself, I have to remark, that I shall ever recollect, my dear General, with great satisfaction, the relations both private and official, which subsisted between us during the greater part of my administration. Having full confidence in your abilities and republican principles, I invited you to my Cabinet, and I can never forget with what discretion and talents you met those great and delicate questions which were brought before you whilst you presided over the Department of War, which entitled you to my thanks, and will be ever recollected with the most lively feelings of friendship by me.

But what has endeared you to every true American was the noble stand which you took as our minister at Paris, against the quintuple treaty, and which by your talents, energy and fearless responsibility, defeated its ratification by the French—a treaty intended by Great Britain to change our international laws, make her mistress of the seas and destroy the national independence, not only of our country, but of all Europe, and enable her to become the tyrant on every ocean. Had Great Britain obtained the sanction of France to this treaty, (*With the late disgraceful treaty of Washington*—so disreputable to our national honor and injurious to our national safety,) then, indeed, we might have hung our harps upon the willows, and resigned our national independence to Great Britain. But, I repeat, to your talents, energy, and fearless responsibility, we are indebted for the shield thrown over us from the impending danger which the ratification of the quintuple treaty by France would have brought upon us. For this act, the thanks of every true American and the applause of every true republican are yours—and for this noble act I tender you my thanks.

I admire the course of Dr. Linn, in the Senate, in urging his Oregon bill—and I hope his energy will carry it into a law at the next session of Congress.—Instead of the tolling of bells, I shall have drums, fiddles and fifes. All the musicians of my city shall attend my funeral. Fifty of them shall open the procession with hunting tunes, waltzes, and minuets." This singular will created the more surprise, as the deceased had always been denominated by his family "the misanthrope," on account of his gloomy and reserved character.

Receive assurances of my friendship and esteem.

ANDREW JACKSON.

To the Hon. LEWIS CASS.

Letter from Governor Shunk.

Our fearless and popular State Executive, Gen. R. SHUNK, was invited to participate in the reception of Gen. Cass at Philadelphia—but was compelled to decline, owing to continued ill health. He addressed the following admirable reply to the Chairman of the Committee of Reception. The tribute to the distinguished nominees of the Democratic party is alike eloquent and correct; and will elicit a hearty response at the hands of our noble-hearted Democracy—whilst the pledge, contained at the conclusion of the letter, of a brilliant triumph in this State, next November, will be faithfully redeemed:

HARRISBURG, June 8, 1848.

DEAR SIR—I sincerely regret that the state of my health does not enable me to accept your polite invitation to join the Democracy of the city and county of Philadelphia, to-morrow afternoon, in the reception of the Hon. Lewis Cass, "the Democratic standard-bearer of our country."

Sound in his political faith, firm in his morals, and distinguished for attachment to the interests and honor of his country—from the day he entered her service as a youthful volunteer, to the present moment—the Democratic Convention, in presenting the name of Lewis Cass to the American people, as a candidate for the highest office in their gift, have inspired our friends with entire confidence in the success and complete triumph of the great Democratic principles of government, which have advanced our country to its present elevated rank; and which, by their great influence, are guiding other nations to the establishment of free institutions, and securing man in his inalienable right to self-government.

Lewis Cass has filled many of the most distinguished places connected with the government with preeminent ability; and whether we view him in the second war of independence with our ancient enemy, Great Britain, contending for free trade and sailors' rights—as our Minister at the Court of France, resisting the insidious schemes of the allied powers to destroy our independence and nationality on the high seas; or his recent conduct as a Senator, we find him always sensitive to the rights and honor of his country, and ever prompt to maintain and defend them.

With Cass, and the chivalric and patriotic Butler, at the head of our ticket, the Democrats of Pennsylvania feel the assurance of success at the next election, by a triumphant majority, and confiding in the co-operation of the Democracy of other States, they have entire confidence that their cherished principles will be maintained.

I have the honor to be, yours, very respectfully,

FRS. R. SHUNK.

R. M. LEE, Esq.,
Chairman of Committee of Reception.

BEFORE AND AFTER!

Before the meeting of the Federal Convention, the *New York Tribune* published the following extracts from two of Gen. TAYLOR's letters, for the consideration of the delegates. What will that paper and its partizans do now?

Letter to J. R. Ingersoll, August 3, 1847.

"Very many important changes may take place at home and abroad between now and the time for holding the election for our next Chief Magistrate—so much so as to make it desirable for the general good that some one with more experience in State affairs should be selected as a candidate than myself. And, could he be elected, I will not say I would yield my pretensions, for I have not the vanity to believe I have any, for that distinguished station; but would acquiesce not only with pleasure in such arrangement, but would rejoice that the Republic had one citizen more worthy and better qualified than I am to discharge the important duties appertaining to that position; and no doubt there are thousands."

Letter to the Richmond Republican, April 20, 1848.

"I do not design to withdraw my name if Mr. Clay be the nominee of the Whig National Convention; and, in this connection, I beg permission to remark, that the statements which have been so positively made in some of the Northern prints, to the effect that, should Mr. Clay be the nominee of the Whig National Convention, I had stated that I would not suffer my name to be used, are not correct, and have no foundation in any oral or written remark of mine. It has not been my intention, at any moment, to change position—or to withdraw my name from the canvass, whoever may be the nominee of the National Convention, either of the Whig or of the Democratic party."

Extract of a Speech delivered in 1811 by HENRY CLAY of Kentucky.

"Regardless of all imputations, and proud of the opportunity of free and unrestrained intercourse with all my fellow citizens, if it were physically possible, and compatible with my official duties, I would visit every State, go to every town and hamlet, address every man in the Union, and entreat them by their love of country, by their love of liberty, for the sake of themselves and their posterity—in the name of their venerated ancestors—in the name of the human family, deeply interested in the fulfilment of the trust committed to their hands—by all the past glory we have won—by all that awaits us as a nation if we are true and faithful in gratitude to Him who has hitherto so signally blessed us, to pause—solemnly pause—and contemplate the precipice which yawns before us. If, indeed, we have incurred the Divine displeasure; and if it be necessary to chastise this people with a rod of vengeance, I would humbly prostrate myself before Him, and implore Him, in His mercy, to visit our favored land with WAR, with PESTILENCE, with FAMINE, *with any SCOURGE other than MILITARY RULE, or a blind and heedless enthusiasm for mere MILITARY RENOWN!*"

"No Declaration of Principles for the Public Eye."

The *finale* of the Philadelphia Federal Convention seems to have been in perfect harmony with its entire proceedings. It adjourned precipitately, without adopting a single resolution of any kind or character, or in any shape declaring its opinions on the War, Slavery, Tariff, Currency, and other questions of National policy. All these were tamely surrendered to the overshadowing influence of fifes and drums, swords and sabres, muskets and mortars, bayonets and bombs, and all the other paraphernalia of glorious war.

In 1840 the Whigs nominated Tyler on the ground of expediency, taking him *on trust!* Not profiting by experience, they have taken Taylor on the same terms. Ominous coincidence of name! Burnt children should be more careful of the fire.

Is it within the range of probability, however, that a majority of the American people can again be betrayed into the support of a party, which has not the moral courage to avow its opinions on any one of the great questions that are before the country? It cannot be. Liberty is Hesperian fruit, and can only be preserved by a watchful public jealousy.

HENRY CLAY AND HIS FRIENDS.

Many of the friends of Clay in the Federal Convention, did not hesitate openly to declare that they would not vote for Taylor. Outside of the Convention, these instances were quite numerous; and we heard one active "Whig" say, in reply to an ardent Taylorite, that "if he were a locofoco he might vote for Taylor, but being a whig he would not vote at all."—*Pennsylvanian.*

Gens. Pillow and Shields declined a public dinner that was recently tendered to them at Nashville. In reply Gen. Pillow says:

"In reply to your tender of a public dinner I hope that you will approve of my determination, respectfully to decline any public manifestation, of approbation of my countrymen, under existing circumstances. The rules of military etiquette will be better preserved by such a course, and my public duties and engagements, (independently of this consideration,) are of a character at present to put it entirely out of my power, now, to accept, or to designate with certainty, any time for the future, when I could gratify *my own heart*, by thus partaking of the hospitality of your city."