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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THE VOLUNTEER.

John B. Bratton, Editor and Proprietor.

CARLISLE, THURSD'Y, AUG. 17, 1848.

THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA.

It was this battle which made General TAYLOR the Federal candidate. Eleven days before it was fought and while the whole country was agonized by the reports that our troops had been overwhelmed and cut to pieces, THOMAS CORWIN stood up in his place in the United States Senate, and advised the Mexicans to give to these troops "A WELCOME WITH BLOODY HANDS TO HOSPITABLE GRAVES." This same Thomas Corwin is now Taylor's friend, and is asking the suffrages of the people for that individual, because he fought *against* the Mexicans!

"Whig" Sentiments.

Boston Whiggery says:—"I consider the statement that the Taylor papers make, that "Taylor is the people's candidate," to be the great humbug, or THE BASEST LIE ever promulgated. Some of the editors, who have the title of *Rev.*, know (if they know the truth,) that IT IS A LIE—a black lie—MADE TO DECEIVE. Such papers know that the *truth* would ruin Taylor's prospects in a moment. Hence THE RESORT TO FALSEHOOD, to buoy up that arch slaveholder—that slayer of men, women and children, and render him "*available*."

Louisiana Whiggery, on the other hand declares of Gen. Taylor, that—"He is from birth, association, "and conviction, indentified with the South and her "institution; being one of the most extensive slave-"holders in Louisiana; and supported by the slave-"holding interests, is *opposed* to the *Wilmot Proviso* "and in favor of securing the privilege to the owners "of slaves to remove with them to newly acquired "territory." Such is the beautiful consistency of Federal no-party Whig principles!!!

A WHIG SENTIMENT.—The following toast was drank at a Whig mass meeting, in Massachusetts, by an ex member of Congress:

"*The Soldier's Land Right.*—Let it be four feet by six."

From the Pittsburg Post.

HON. JAMES BUCHANAN.

At the instance of a number of distinguished Democrats, a letter was addressed to the Hon. James Buchanan, to ascertain whether he would permit his name to be used as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, at the ensuing election.—In his reply declining that honor, he states it is his desire to return to private life on the day when he confidently expects to witness the inauguration of Gens. Cass and Butler, and that it would ill requite the Democracy of his native State, for all they have done for him, if he would now solicit new favors at their hands, or stand in the way of worthy Democratic friends, who may desire to become candidates for the office of Governor. The following is the letter referred to above:

WASHINGTON, July 15, 1848.

CHAMBERS M'KIBBIN, Esq., Pittsburg:

Dear Sir:—In answer to your kind letter of the 11th instant, I hasten to say that I shall not be a candidate for the office of Governor. It is my desire to retire to private life on the day when I confidently expect to witness the inauguration of Gens. Cass and Butler.

I have been long and uniformly sustained by the Democracy of my native State, and am content with the public honors which they have already conferred upon me. I shall bear with me into retirement, a deep devotion to their principles, and a heart overflowing with gratitude for their kindness. Indeed, I should but ill requite them for all they have done for me, were I now to solicit new favors at their hands, or stand in the way of worthy Democratic friends, who may desire to become candidates for the Governor's office. Yours, very respectfully,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

☞Ex-President Van Buren in his present factious and disorganizing course, must certainly when he reflects upon the past, be deeply sensible not only of the gross inconsistency which now marks his conduct, but, also, of his ingratitude towards the Democracy of the Union.

In 1843, Mr. Van Buren, writing to the Democrats of Indiana, said:

"My name and pretensions, however subordinate in importance, shall never be at the disposal of any person whatever, for the purpose of creating distraction or division in the Democratic party. Every attempt to use them for such a purpose, whenever and wherever made, shall be arrested by an interference on my part alike prompt and decisive. I regard the Presidency as the highest and most honorable of political distinctions, YET IT IS ONLY AS THE UNDOUBTED AND FREE-WILL OFFERING OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF THE NATION THAT I WOULD ACCEPT IT, because it is in that aspect only that I could hope to render the discharge of its high duties either useful to the country or honorable to myself.

M. VAN BUREN,"

GEN. TAYLOR'S SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.—The purely moral! devotees of Federalism, who have recently been certifying to Gen. Taylor's *piety!* had better recollect the old adage that "liars should have good memories." The New Orleans Delta of June 20th contains the following:

"Gen. Taylor came down from his plantation near Rodney, ☞ON SUNDAY,☜ in the steamboat Concordia, to Baton Rouge, where he joined his family. On stopping at Natchez, a crowd assembled on the wharf, cheered the old General, and fired several rounds of cannon. Gen. Taylor, during the passage, mingled freely with the passengers, who were about equally divided into Whigs and Democrats, and conversed upon the weather, crops, &c., but politics he gave a wide berth."

Mr. Giddings on Taylorism.

At a late meeting of the so-called Whigs of Connecticut, Mr. Giddings delivered himself in the following strain:—

"We in Ohio, and you in Connecticut, have not been schooled in such 'principles.' Why, the candidate for the lowest office in the gift of the people of Ohio, *who would not avow his principles, would be scoffed at and kicked off the stump*, and out of the canvass, by *the whigs* of that State."

Poetical.

THE POETRY OF THE BLIND.

The exceedingly interesting visit of the distinguished party, says the New York Globe, who accompanied General Cass to the Blind and Deaf and Dumb Asylums of our city, will be remembered by all those who were so fortunate as to be present.—General Cass was prevented by other and pressing engagements from attending, and was very reluctantly compelled to forego the pleasure. Miss Crosby, the sweet poetess, who, although her natural eye beholds not the beauties which a beneficent Providence has spread with such a lavished hand over the face of nature, has yet such a beautiful appreciation of them through the keen vision of her imagination, tuned her poetic lyre to one of its sweetest strains to greet the "Star of the West." At the solicitation of Colonel Benton, who was deputed by General Cass to act as his representative, and the company, she recited, in an arch and pleasant manner, the following beautiful verses:

Address to General Cass.

BY MISS FRANCIS J. CROSBY.

Awake, oh my muse! from Parnassus descending,
Here fold thy white pinions a moment to rest—
The harp thou hast tuned, in sweet melody blending;
Now hails in its splendor, the Star of the West.

Yes, welcome! thrice welcome! in transport we meet thee,
The light breezes murmur our songs as they pass;
E'en nature herself, with a smile seems to greet thee,
And shall we be silent? Long live Mr. Cass!

What visions of joy in thy bosom are glowing?
How bright is the picture which fancy hath drest:
Thy thought's are where Huron's glad water's are flowing;
Thou dreams't of thy home in the beautiful west.

Thy home where the deer, o'er the prairies is bounding,
And flowers are kissed by the winds as they pass,
And the horn of the hunter at morn is resounding—
There fond ones await thee—long live Mr. Cass!

Though lovely that spot from its peaceful seclusion
Events MAY occur which will call thee away,
The future will tell, yet forgive the allusion
These lips may not utter the words they would say.

FAREWELL! Yet the muse hath a delicate flower,
And softly she whispers these words in mine ear,
"I gathered it fresh from affection's own bower,
Present it to Houston, and welcome him here."

"That flower is friendship; though times icy finger
May leave its sad traces on all that is fair;
'Tis the offspring of heaven, and ever shall linger
The hues which so brightly are clustering there."

Then welcome, brave Houston! thy name we will cherish,
Thou guardian of Texas, America's son,
Thy Laurels of fame! oh they never can perish,
For they, in the cause of thy country, were won.

Miscellaneous.

From the Chicago Tribune.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

It is a trite, but at the same time, true remark, that the real incidents of life constantly occurring around us, possess a far more romantic interest than the fanciful ones conceived in the teeming brain of the novelist. Of *this* the following b'er true tale, told us in brief by the steward of the packet-boat Louisiana, on Saturday, will furnish an illustration:

Some ten years ago, as our readers will remember, there was what was termed a "rebellion" in Canada; and after the "patriots" were subdued, some were summarily executed, and a portion banished, for a long term of years to Australia. Most of those latter were men of families, from which they were torn without mercy, to expiate in a far distant land, by imprisonment and hard labor, the crime of having failed in their attempt to rid their country of the evils of misgovernment. We think they acted very unwisely in proceeding to the extremes they did, but this point we will not stop to consider. With one of these expatriated men our tale has chiefly to do.

For seven or eight weary years he had borne the hardships of a lonely captivity, hopeless of ever seeing home or friends again, when a general amnesty was proclaimed by the British Government in regard to all, with one or two exceptions, of those who had been concerned in the rebellion. Our hero was now at liberty, and his first thought was to seek his home. But he had no means to pay his passage there, and he accordingly shipped on board a whaling vessel, which at the end of two years more, landed him upon his native shores.

Wife, children, and friends filled his thoughts, and he hastened on to his old residence in Canada.—Every thing remained as it had been—friends and neighbors greeted him as he passed along—but how his heart sunk within him to find the homestead deserted, and to learn that his wife had been married two years to another, supposing the husband of her youth to be dead. She and her now found mate had left that part of the country and settled somewhere in Illinois.

The poor man felt desolate indeed, and he determined to see and if possible to reclaim his wife and children. After weary travel and many inquiries he traced them to Knox county, Illinois, where they were comfortably settled in their new home. There he presented himself a few days since. The wife could not have been more surprised or pained to see an apparition from the grave, for she had long considered him as dead. The new husband, too, was rather disagreeably surprised to see before him a claimant for his wife. What should be done? The first husband was anxious to obtain the lady, the second was disinclined to give her up, looking upon his claim as good.

They were reasonable people all around. The original claimant remained in the neighborhood a couple of weeks, during which time the matter was frankly talked over. At last the rivals came to the very just and rational conclusion that the lady was the proper person to make a final decision of the question, and to her it was mutually agreed to refer it, giving her time to consider it in all its bearings.

What more perplexing position could a woman be placed in than that? Here were two men with almost equal claims upon her affection. One was the father of all her children but one, the companion of her youth—the other, bound to her heart by near and sacred ties, and by the mutual love they bore an infant that had been born to them. She could not decide—what true hearted woman could? A tumult of thoughts and emotions filled her heart, alternately swaying her from side to side. Thus the conflict lasted for several days, during which time she was enabled to look clearly into her own heart, and at last she was ready for a decision.

Which could she choose but the man around whom were twined the tendrils of a first and strong affection—to whom she had given the first offerings of her heart. The needle may vibrate for a time, but it points at last with unfailing constancy to the never setting star of the North; and in like manner, the heart of a true woman, having in the wide universe but one fitting mate, will, after all vicissitudes, turn lovingly to the sunny warmth of "first, only love."

A disposition of the youngest child must now be made, and it was mutually agreed by the two men, that, as it could not be deprived of a mother's care, the first husband should take it with the other children, to be restored to the father at some future time. The re-united family now made preparations to go to a new home; and so great was the interest excited in the neighborhood by this singular affair, that as many as a hundred and fifty persons from the neighborhood were present to witness their departure. On Saturday last they came up in the packet Louisiana, on their way to Michigan, where they will take up their residence.

We naturally sympathise with the first husband, to whom wife and children are restored, but who will not feel for the bereavement of the second?

☞Some men divide the world into three classes—fools, knaves, and those who think just as they do.

From the Working-man.

SATURDAY EVENING.

"Come, evening, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet evening and continue long.
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron step slow moving, while the night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employ'd
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day."

COWPER.

No one familiar with the aspect of towns inhabited by artisans, needs to be informed that the close of the week is marked by very striking peculiarities.—As the ponderous engine of human labor slackens its revolutions, and at length stands still, and gentle rest begins to spread her wings over the haunts of toil, there is at once an addition made to the happiness of man, which no enthusiasm can well overvalue. In a few moments we may apply to the great capital or manufacturing town, the expressive verse from Wodsworth's famous sonnet on London Bridge,

"And all that mighty heart is lying still."

The forge and the smithery are ceasing to smoke. The mighty arms and shafts moved by steam, are dropping into repose. The quick report of millions of manual utensils has terminated. Jaded animals, bowing their necks, are set free from the yoke; while innumerable sons and daughters of toil, released from the necessity of further work, are ready for rest and pleasure, for improvement or vice. The thought is pleasing. As I survey the crowded city, and allow my imagination to picture the details of the scene, I behold a thousand delightful images of domestic comfort.

Now, according to an extensively prevalent custom, the well earned labor of reward is received.—Now the anxieties of the tedious week are suspended. Families seperated during the preceding days, come together, better prepared than at other times to aid one another, and to enjoy one another's company.—One unbroken day between two nights of unaccustomed repose, is a golden prize in expectation. The meeting of parents, brothers, sisters, children, sometimes of husband and wife, who have been kept apart by the stress of labor, is not without some points which deserve the poetic touch of a Crabbe or an Elliot. It is, with the virtuous, a season of hallowed affections.

Happy is that working man who, when, at the week's end, he throws off, in the bath, the soils of labor, can with equal ease lay aside the wrong emotions of evil habits of the same period, and with a clear conscience prepare for the day of rest! Happy is the youth who, when he comes home to greet his aged parents, and the sister of whom he is proud, feels that no tarnish has come over his heart! Happy the blooming girl, however lowly her calling, who enters the humble dwelling with the elastic tread of conscious innocence! Blessed family, where the call to rest is but the signal of every kindly affection!

I know that with some even in early life, the end of the week is the begining of a frolic. The time when wages are received is apt to be a season of merriment if not of vice. In summer, multitudes, in every sort of vehicle, stream forth out of the various avenues of our cities and towns. In winter the streets resound till a late hour with the tread of idlers and debauchees. And in every season, Saturday night fills the taverns, oyster houses, porter cellars, and other resorts, with a double allowance of hale fellows. There is a tripple consumption of tobacco and strong drink on these occasions. So that there is a dark side to the picture, as there is indeed to most pictures of human life. But even here I find an illustration of some of my favorite positions about the conservative influence of the domestic institution. The worst'nen, I will continue to affirm, are those, who, either from choice or necessity, have no home. Perhaps out of a thousand families gathered after a week's work, there is not one gathered for vicious indulgence. Where youth are vicious, they commonly hate the hearth stone. Saturday evening is a good criterion of the attachment which a young man bears to the virtuous attractions of home. As the guardian angel of the fireside, woman has here a great and hopeful work. I wish I could impress on the wife, the mother, and the sister, the value of their influence in this particular. Make home delightful, and you will work wonders. That wayward youth may, perhaps, be won by sisterly invitation. Spare nothing that is fairly within your power to make it worth his while to spend his Saturday evening with the family. So long as you have this hold upon him, you may almost bid defiance to the attempts of evil companions.

Let it not be forgotten that we own all these good influences to religion. There would be no Saturday evening, if there were no Christian Sabbath.

In countries where man and beast work seven days in the week, there is nothing which resembles the pleasant scenes to which I have alluded. In such countries there is little of what we mean by home. Who would undertake to explain to a French laborer "the Cotter's Saturday night!"

And since I have been led to name that exquisite production, I cannot leave it without commending it to the attention of every working man who sets a value on family quiet and contentment. This single effusion would not be bought too dearly at the price of all the other productions of Robert Burns. Though written with special reference to an agricultural population, it presents a scene which might be realized of any good man of whatever calling. The return of the cottager, after his labors, is described with the feeling of one who knew what it was to come home weary from the plough. The return of the sons, and of the daughter, is described in the very dialect of nature: and the entrance of the lover is an arch as it is accurate, the chat, the joke, the supper, are all admirably told; the crowning grace of the poem is the account of family-worship:

"The cheerful supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, once his father's pride:
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets* wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And, 'Let us worship God!' he says with solemn air."

The psalm is sung, the chapter read; the family, led by "the priest like father," bows in prayer; they separate with affectionate salutions. Well says Burns, whom we will not suspect of being a fanatic:

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God;'
Add certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind."

*Temples covered with gray locks.

A BOSTON SCIENTIFIC THIEF.—While Mr. A. S. Gove, from Cambridgeport, says the *Chronotype*, was standing on the steps of Quincy Market, to witness the entrance of the Massachusetts Regiment to Faneuil Hall, last Saturday, a person politely directed his attention to some interesting object, and, when Mr. Gove, a moment afterwards, turned to thank the stranger he found that the man had disappeared; having taken this ingenious method to create an opportunity for stealing a valuable gold watch from his vest pocket.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.—The Pittsburg Journal, in noticing the arrival of the troops from Mexico, says: "As the volunteers were marching up the wharf, after disembarkation, a young gallant looking soldier happened to catch sight of a young woman at the same moment that she saw him. She was quite pretty, very neatly dressed, and had a bright little baby in her arms. The young woman uttered a short joyful cry as she saw the soldier. Away went the musket, and darting from his place in the ranks, the brave fellow caught his wife and child in his arms. To us this was one of the most touching occurrences of the day, so fruitful in touching scenes.

TALL PUFFING.—An editor out West, in speaking of Stickney's circus, says: "The witnessing of the performance of the horse Tammany is well worth the last dime a man has—the riding of North will worth all he can borrow—and that of Miss Rosalie Stickney, all he can steal!"

Judgment before Argument.

Long time ago there dwelt in a city of the West, not far from Pittsburg, a worthy gentleman who held the responsible office of Justice of the Peace. He knew some little about law, and a great deal of natural justice. His decisions frequently excited the indignation of the young lawyers who pleaded before him, but he never suffered himself to be influenced by the statues which were brought up against his opinions, or the indirect threats of disappointed law expounders. In fact, his office was a court of inquiry in every sense. It was useless to bring law in opposition to his sense of right. He used to say, 'I am a justice, and bound to administer justice, and no petty technicalities shall ever make me decide against the teachings of my conscience.' It is hardly necessary to say that many curious things happened in the office of this independent justice. A case was one day brought before the squire, which certainly required his peculiar system of administering justice. John Doe had sued Richard Roe for a just debt, but Richard had, by the aid of attorney, found a loophole by which he expected to creep out of the necessity of payment. The case wore a very doubtful aspect, and both parties employed lawyers to plead for them.

The squire heard the witnesses patiently, rose to his feet, wrote a few seconds at his desk, seated himself again, and gave signs of being ready to attend to whatever might be said. The counsel for the defence made the most of his quibble in a speech which lasted an hour. When he had concluded, the plaintiff's counsel rose and labored and perspired for another hour to overturn the quibble. He also finished; and then followed a slight pause. The Squire sat still, puffing a segar and apparently quite at ease. The lawyers both picked up their hats, looked at each other and then at the motionless Squire. At length the counsel for defendant spoke.

"I suppose you'll require a day or two to think about this case, Squire.

"Can't say I'll ever think of it again," replied the Squire, with an air of mingled indolence and indifference.

"What do you mean?" inquired the other lawyer.

"What do *you* mean, gentlemen?" asked the Squire.

"We wish to know when we may look for a decision," said defendant's counsel.

"You may look for it now if you please, gentlemen—here is the docket."

"The docket!"

"Yes. I entered judgment for the plaintiff (looking at his watch) *a little better than two hours ago.*"

"This gentlemen, is my——"

But the lawyers did not wait until the sentence was finished; nor did they ever again appear before the just justice without being sure that they dealt in plain facts, unaccompanied by law technicalities and quibbles.

☞The following pretty "Song" is taken from the last number of the Literary World:

Love me—not with fancy!
Love me—not in fear!
But love as if life doubled
In thee when I was near.

As if thou knowest I bring thee
All—all that heart can bring;
As if thou trembl'st only,
With doubt that heart to wring.

Love me, only meet me
With fervor true as mine!
Unchanged—unchanging meet me,
As I am changeless thine.

While we like birds wind driven
Apart o'er ocean's breast,
Grow strong, our flights when crossing,
At thought of one dear nest.

The Law of Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office where they are directed, they are held responsible until they have ordered their papers discontinued and settled their bills.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are responsible.

5. The Courts have directed that refusing to take a paper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, while in arrears to the publisher, is evidence of intentional fraud.

Philosophy of Beauty.

We find beauty itself a very poor thing, unless beautified by sentiment. The reader may take this confession as he pleases, either as an evidence of abundance of sentiment on our part, or want of proper ardor and impartiality; but we cannot (and that is the plain truth) think the most beautiful creature beautiful, or be at all affected by her, or long to sit next to her, or listen to a concert with her, or walk in a field or forest with her, or *call her by her Christian name*, or ask her if she likes poetry, or (with any satisfaction) her gown for her, or be asked whether we admire her shoe, or take her arm even into a dining room, or kiss her at Christmas, or April—fool-day, or on May day, or any other day, or dream of her, or wake thinking of her, or feel a want in the room when she is gone, or pleasure the more when she appears—unless she has a heart as well as a face, and is a proper, good tempered, natural, sincere, honest girl, who has a love for other people and other things, apart from self reference and the wish to be admired. Her face would pall upon us in the course of a week, or even become disagreeable. We should prefer an enamelled tea-cup, for we should expect nothing from it. We remembered the impression made on us by a female plaster—cast hand, sold in the shops as a model. It was beautifully turned, though we thought it somewhat too plump and well fed. The fingers, however, were delicately tapered: the outline flowing and graceful. We fancied it to have belonged to some jovial beauty, a little too fat and festive, but laughing withal, and as full of good nature. The possessors told us it was the hand of Madam Brinvilliers, the famous poisoner.—The word was no sooner uttered than we shrank from it as if it had been a toad. It was now literally hideous; the fat seemed sweltering and full of poison. The beauty added to the deformity. You resented the grace. You shrank from the look of smoothness as from a snake. This woman went to the scaffold with as much indifference as she distributed her poisons. The character of her mind was insensibility. The strongest of excitements was to her what a cup of tea was to other people. And such is the character more or less of all more beauty. Nature, if one may so speak, does not seem to intend it to be beautiful. It looks as if it were created in order to show what a nothing the formal part of beauty is without the spirit of it. We have been so used to it with reference to considerations of this kind, that we have met with women generally pronounced beautiful, and spoken of with transport, who took a sort of ghastly and witchlike aspect in our eyes, as without soul, or with some evil intention. The woman who supped with the Ghoul, in the Arabian Nights, must have been a beauty of this species.—*Leigh Hunt.*

THE ELEPHANT'S SAGACITY.

When a crowd of fashionables was greatest at an exhibition of animals, a girl who had fed the elephant with sundry cakes and apples from her bag, drew out her ivory card case, which fell unobserved in the saw dust of the ring. At the close of the ring performance the crowd opened to let the elephant pass to his recess, but instead of proceeding as usual, he turned aside and thurst his trunk in the midst of a group of ladies and gentlemen, who as might be expected, were so much alarmed that they scattered in every direction. The keeper at this moment discovered that the animal had something in his trunk. Upon examination he found it to be the young lady's card case, which the elephant had picked up, and was only seeking out the fair owner.

SLANDER.

BY ROYAL W. BRYANT.

How foul the name! How poisonous must be that heart from whence *pile slander* issues. A sink of impurity so vile that what originates therein seems vilest of the vile! Slander seems to be the most popular and fashionable vice of the day. We have our Moral Reform and anti-Slavery Societies, Temperance Societies, etc. etc. But we need another still, and that is, an anti-Slander Society. True it is, although greatly to be lamented, that slander is the besetting sin of many. And although they themselves are aware of its blighting influence, still they will persist in it, and very often too at the expense of their own character, as well as that of their victims. How often is it that some snake in the grass, through envy or revenge, assails the good name of an individual who really is virtuous and deserving, and by throwing out sly insinuations and hints, succeeds in destroying his victims' influence, and perhaps stamps misery and disgrace upon him forever. It is often the case, some person at the tea table, or in company with some half dozen others, will rehearse a story in relation to an individual, who, perchance, has been unfortunate, and all these will soon recapitulate, and *their* auditors in turn will every one be eager as possible to do the same; being careful in the *extreme*, in handing from one to another, that not a particle be lost; but try and add a little, until, finally, the poor victim sinks under it no more to rise. Yes, pass it along whether you believe it or not. You *say* you *don't believe* it, but still you will endeavor to keep it a going—use your influence to bear up the false report, and keep it on the current. Strange creatures are mankind! How many hearts bleed at a whisper! How many benevolent deeds have been chilled by a shrug of the shoulder! How many individuals have been shunned by a dark mysterious hint! How many chaste bosoms have been wrung by a single word! How many early graves have been dug by a single false report. Yet you will push the slander along, when, perhaps, without a word you might sink it forever. We entreat you destroy the passion for telling a tale! never lisp a word that will injure the character of another. If an individual has erred, forgive the past. Nothing can be more *Christ like* than forgiveness, and nothing more *Devilish* than hatred and revenge. Shame on the heart that cannot forgive, but that will from feelings of revenge, slander the victim of his malice. If we were all determined never to repeat a story to the injury of another, nor listen to one, slander would die. But repeat it again and again, until the poor, heart-broken creature becomes a maniac, or is consigned to the grave, and *we* have the awful responsibility resting upon us. Let every one beware, lest in digging pits for others he falls in himself.

STORY OF A SAILOR.

Four years ago I left the port of Boston, the master of a fine ship, bound for China. I was worth ten thousand dollars, and was the husband of a young and handsome wife whom I had married but six months before. When I left her I promised to return to her in less than a twelve month. I took all my money with me save enough to support my wife in my absence, for the purpose of trading when in China, on my own account. For a long time we were favored with prosperous winds, but when in the China seas a terrible storm came upon us, so that in a short time I saw the vessel must be lost for we were drifting on the rocks of an unknown shore. I ordered the men to provide each for himself in the best possible manner, and forget the ship as it was an impossibility to save her. We struck—a sea threw me upon a rock senseless, and the next would have carried me back into a watery grave, had not one of the sailors dragged me farther upon the rocks. There were only four of us alive, and when morning came, we found that we were on a small uninhabited island, with nothing to eat but the wild fruit common to that portion of the earth. I will not distress you by an account of our suffering there; suffice it to say that we remained sixty days before we could make ourselves known to any ship. We were taken into Canton, and there I had to beg—for my money was at the bottom of the sea, and I had not taken the precaution to have it insured. It was nearly a year before I found a chance to come home, and I *a captain* was obliged to ship as a common sailor. It was two years from the time I left America that I landed in Boston. I was walking in a hurried manner up one of the streets, when I met my brother in law.—He could not speak or move, but grasped my hand, and the tears gushed from his eyes. "Is my wife alive?" I asked. He said nothing. Then I wished I had perished with my ship, for I thought my wife was dead, but he very soon said "*She is alive.*" Then it was my turn to cry for joy. He clung to me and said, "Your funeral sermon has been preached, for we have thought you dead for a long time." He said that *my* wife was living in our cottage in the interior of the State. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon, and I took a train of cars that would carry me within twenty-five miles of my wife. Upon leaving the cars I hired a boy, though it was night, and I remembered how like a heaven it looked to me. I got out of the carriage and went to the window of the room where the servant girl slept, and gently knocked. She opened the window and asked "who was there? "Sarah, do you not know me?" said I. She screamed with fright, for she thought me a ghost, but I told her to unfasten the door, and let me in for I wished to see my wife. She let me in and gave me a light, and I went up stairs to my wife's room. She lay sleeping quietly. Upon her bosom lay our child, whom I had never seen. She was as beautiful as when I left her, but I could see a mournful expression upon her face. Perhaps she was dreaming of me. I gazed for a long time—I did not make any noise, for I dare not wake her. At length I imprinted a soft kiss upon my little child. While doing it a tear dropped from my eye and fell upon her cheek. Her eyes opened as clearly as though she had not been sleeping. I saw she began to get frightened, and I said, "Mary, it is your husband!" and she clasped me about my neck and fainted. But I cannot describe to you that scene.

She is now the happy wife of a poor man. I am endeavoring to accumulate a little properly, and then I will leave the sea forever.

FOES OF THE RATTLESNAKE.—The rattlesnake has a superior foe in the deer and blacksnake. Whenever a buck discovers a rattlesnake in a situation which invites attack, he loses no time in preparing for battle. He makes up to within ten or twelve feet of the snake—then leaps forward and aims to sever the body of the snake with his sharpe bifurcated hoofs. The first onset is commonly successful, but if otherwise the buck repeats the trial, until he cuts the snake in twain. The rapidity and fatality of his skillful manœuvre leaves but slight chance for his victim either to escape or eject his position into his alert antagonist. The blacksnake is almost more than an equal competitor against the rattlesnake. When the black and rattlesnake are about to meet for battle, the former darts forward at the height of his speed, and strikes at the neck of the latter with unerring certainty, leaving a foot or two of his own body at liberty. In an instant he encircles him within five or six folds, and then stops and looks the strangled and gasping foe in the face, to ascertain the effect produced upon his corseted body. If he shows signs of life, the coils are multiplied and the screws are tightened—the operator all the while narrowly watching the countenance of the helpless victim. Thus the two remain thirty or forty minutes—the executioner then slackens one coil, noticing at the same time whether any signs of life appear; if so, the coil is resumed, and retained, until the incarcerated wretch is completely dead. The moccasin snake is destroyed in the same way.

IN THE RIGHT.—The motto of David Crockett—an admirable one—was, "be sure you are right, then go ahead." If one is in the right, whatever path he may pursue, he cannot fail of success; or if perchance he fail, he can lie down with his clear commending conscience, and sleep sweetly by the wayside, though his head rests upon a stone. Right is a principle allied to those happy combinations, which, in the great aggregate of life are certain to triumph. Right is like truth and light, indestructible, eternal.

THE MASSES.

We are pleased when we find, in the writings of a professed aristocrat, such testimony to the worth and dignity of the masses as that contained in the following extract from Wilson's essay on the genius and character of Burns:

Show us any series of works, in prose or verse, in which man's being is so well illustrated as to lay it bare and open for the benefit of man, and the chief pictures they contain are drawn from select society. There are none such; and for this reason, that in such society there is neither power to paint them, nor materials to be painted, nor colors to lay on, till the canvass shall speak a language which all the world as it runs may read. What would Scott have been, had he not loved the people? What would his works have been, had he not shown the many-colored characters of the people? What would Shakespeare have been had he not often turned majestically from kings and 'lords and dukes and mighty carls,' to their subjects and vassals and lowly bondsmen, and counted the beatings of lonely hearts' in the obscure, but impassioned life that stirs every nook of this earth, where human beings abide? What would Woodsworth have been had he disdained, with his high intellect and imagination, 'to stoop his annointed head' beneath the wooden lintel of the poor man's door? His lyrical ballads 'with all the innocent brightness of a new-born day,' had never charmed the meditative heart. His Church yard among the mountains' had never taught men how to live and how to die. These are men who have descended from aerial heights into the humblest dwellings; who have shown the angel's wing equally when poised near the earth, and floating over its cottage vales, as when seen sailing on high through the azure depth of heaven, or hanging on the towers and temples of great cities.

Wright's Paper.

Remedy against Moths.

It is an old custom with some housewives to throw into their draws every year a number of fir-cones, under the idea that their strong resinous smell might keep away the moth. Now as the odor of these cones is due to turpentine, it occurred to Reaumur to try the effect of this volatile liquid. He rubbed one side of a piece of cloth with turpentine, and put some months on the other; the next morning they were all dead, and strange to say they had all voluntarily abandoned their sheaths. On smearing some paper slightly with the oil, and putting this into a bottle with some of the grubs, the weakest were immediately killed; the most vigorous struggled violently for two or three hours, quitted their sheathes and died in convulsions. It was soon abundantly evident that the vapor of oil or spirits of turpentine acts as a terrible poison to the grubs. Perhaps it may be said that even this remedy is worse than the disease, but, as Reaumur justly observes, we keep away from a newly painted room, or leave off for a few days a coat from which stains have been removed by turpentine, why therefore, can we not once a year keep away a day or two from rooms that have been fumigated with turpentine?

It is, however, surprising how small a quantity of turpentine is required; a small piece of paper or linen just moistened therewith and put into the wardrobe or drawyor a single day, two or three times a year is sufficient preservation against moths.

A small quantity of turpentine dissolved in a little spirit of wine, (the vapor of which is also fatal to the moth) will entirely remove the offensive ordor and yet be a sufficient preservative. The fumes of burning paper, linen, wool, feathers, and of leather, are also effectual, for the insects perish in a very thick smoke, but the most effectual smoke is that of tobacco. A cat smelling but slightly of tobacco is sufficient to preserve a whole drawer. We trust our fair readers will not scold us for thus affording their husbands or lovers an additional excuse for perpetuating a bad habit.

The vapor of turpentine and the smoke of tobacco are also effectual in driving away spiders, ants, earwigs, bugs and fleas. The latter tormentors are an abundant on the continent, as frequently to deprive the weary traveller of his night's rest. If he would provide himself with a phial, containing turpentine, and spirits of wine in equal parts, and would sprinkle a few drops over the sheets and coverlid before retiring to rest, he would probably have reason to be grateful for the hint. Foreigners are in the habit of smoking in their bedrooms—a habit which excites surprise and disgust in England; it will now be seen, however, that there is reason for the practice.

Sharpe's London Mag.

Change of Air.

An occasional change of air may be said to be almost necessary to the perfect well-being of every man. The workman must leave his workshop, the student his library, the lawyer his office, or sooner or later his health will pay the penalty; and this, no matter how great his temperance in eating and drinking—no matter how vigorously and regularly he uses his limbs—no matter how open, and dry, and free from sources of impurity may be the air of the place in which he is employed. In the slightest cases of impaired health, the sleeping in the suburbs of the town in which the life is chiefly spent, or even the spending a few hours of detached days in some accesible rural district, at a few miles' distance from the dwelling, may suffice to restore the healthy balance of the bodily functions, and maintain the bodily machine in a fit state for its duties; or in cases of somewhat more urgency, or of somewhat more aggravated character, a more decided change of air, for even a few days, once or twice a year, may suffice to adjust or restore the due economy of the system.

How they build Houses in New York.

The following account of civic architecture in New York is by MIKE WALSH, who is now connected with a newspaper in Boston. The characteristic which he ascribes to the style of building are strikingly indicated by the illustrations he gives:

Most of the buildings in New York are run up by contract; consequently, the object to the owner and contractor both, being to do and get the work done as cheaply as possible, houses there are very flimsily constructed, and it is getting to be more and more the case here. We have heard it averred, that building contractors, there, have been known to split their bricks and set them edgewise, to make one supply the space of two. We have heard too, that they often cement the bricks together with mud, instead of mortar, to the end that they must soon fall, perhaps by wind, perhaps by fire, and so afford the men work. Lest the houses so erected should bid defiance to both these agents and last too long, they insert strips of spantling between the layers, on pretence of nailing the lathing to them. Of course if the building takes fire, the scantling burns away and the walls come down. This is not the only evil consequent on such a style of building. For example: we have heard of a gentleman who, having moved into a house in Hudson street, tilted his chair backward against the front wall after dinner, as all Americans do, to enjoy his cigar. The dining room was on the second floor. The wall gave away behind him, and he was spilled into the street. He had a two hours' headache as it was. When he sought damages in the Court of Common Pleas, he was non-suited, on the ground that living in a house in New York, he must have been aware of this peril, and was not entitled to compensation for harm of his own wilful or careless seeking. A washerwoman in Canal street, going to drive a nail into the brick wall of the next house, thereto to attach her clothes line, struck the iron through and through into the skull of the tenant, who happened to be taking his afternoon nap in the posture of the sufferer of the preceding story, and killed him as dead as Sisera. She was tried for manslaughter thereof.

☞At a Democratic mass meeting held in Indianapolis, THIRTY SEVEN Whigs come forward and declared that they could no longer go with the anti war party, and would support Cass and Butler. The Hoosiers are coming.

☞It is a pretty strong evidence of the sinking sense of federalism, when its very candidate for President refuses to spend $4 80 for postage on his political letters, out of his ample funds!