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.

TO A MINATURE.

BY JOHN WILFORD OVERALL.

'Tis strange that Art can weave a face
So radiant and divine—
So eloquent with thoug[illegible] grace,
So beautiful as shine—
I almost see the warm blood seek
The blue veins on thy brow,
And glow upon thy pearly cheek—
So life-like seemest thou.

I love thy dark eye's sunny glee;
There's something in its glance
That tells thy heart is fond and free,
And full of love's romance.
The dimpled lake, the sky's soft glow,
Can no such charms impart,
As those whi h thou dost mutely throw
Around the burning heart.

And o'er that bosom, white as snow,
Entwined in thy fair finger,
Dark, dreamy ebon ringlets flow,
As if they loved to linger;
And blest as heaven are they blest,
Rocked in their sea-wave motion,
Like sha lows on the tiny breast
Of some sweet mimic ocean.

Oh! could'st thou break the silent spell
That binds thy lips so long,
Each soft, enchanting tone would tell
That thou wert born for song.
To me, Art's melody but mocks—
For, in the gifted South,
The softest, sweetest music box
Is woman's *rosy* mouth!

How fair these daughters of the sun,
These black-eyed, sparkling things,
These jewels of the Holy One,
These angels without wings!
One golden look, one crystal tear,
One sweet, emphatic word,
Is worth the wealth of Ind, so dear,
Are all we've seen or heard.

Thou art not old, bright tropic gem—
A bud, yet half a blossom.
Too young to leave the parent stem,
Too frail for man's fond bosom:
Thou yieldest but a star-like light—
But, wert thou woman, girl,
I'd brave the battle's fiercest fight
For one bright smile or curl.

Miscellaneous.

THE RETURNED SON.

BY MRS. OPIE.

Once on a time, and when the names of the famous and the infamous did not travel as far and as fast as they now do, for mail coaches were not then invented, a young north countryman tramped up to London, with almost all his wardrobe on his back, and his purse slenderly filled with guineas, but his head full of learning, and what was better still, with great intellectual powers of various kinds. He had also self-denial, and unwearied industry; and at length, after long toiling days, and short nights, he found himself suddenly raised into opulence, consequence, and fame, by the successful exertion of his talents, and his scientific knowledge, assisted no doubt by the fortunate circumstances which had called them into action. But his health required some relaxation; and as his heart yearned towards that tender mother who had been widowed during his absence, and the brothers and sisters, who were grown, since he saw them, out of childhood into maturity, he resolved to indulge himself in a visit to his native mountains, and with an eager, impatient heart he set off on his long journey. My hero, who I shall call William Deleval, was conscious of his high reputation, and no doubt enjoyed it; but when he first saw his native hills, and was welcomed by his mother and his family, he felt that there was a pleasure in the indulgence of natural affection far beyond any enjoyment wealth could bestow; and while they hung round his neck, and welcomed the long absent wanderer home, the joys of family love banished awhile from his recollection the pleasures of gratified ambition. He soon discovered that his mother was wholly ignorant what a celebrated person she had the honor of entertaining; and as he travelled without a servant, and was as plainly dressed as a gentleman at that time of day could venture to be, it was not possible for her even to suspect that he was a man of property; and when he produced some handsome presents for herself and sisters, she expressed her fears that he had laid out more money than was prudent "and though," added she, "I know that thou art *well to do* in the world, and can maintain thyself, still, Willie dear, remember to take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Willie smiled complacently on this effusion of maternal prudence; but perhaps he could not help being a little mortified at seeing that he who was somebody in the world's opinion and esteem, was a mere nobody in his mother's, compared with her eldest son Robin, who looked after the farm; and as he had lost his powers of climbing, running, wrestling, and breaking ponies, his younger brothers and sisters thought him very inferior to themselves; but as he was kind and generous and admired them for the abilities which he did not possess, he was very soon their dear, dear Willie, and they did not know how they ever should bear to part with him again.

Things had gone well with his family, as well as himself, during his long absence, for the father, a weak, do little man, as the phrase is, had been a hindrance, rather than a help; therefore his death was an advantage to his survivors in a pecuniary point of view, and the mother and children had, before Willie's arrival, increased both in consequence and in wealth, and were looked upon as considerable farmers. William Deleval's arrival was soon known amongst their relations and friends; and he was warmly welcomed as a young man who had been so pains-taking and industrious, as not for many years to require assistance from his parents; but this was of as far as they knew, the very height Willie's excellence, for it was not in his nature to boast of himself; and he was contented to leave the discovery of what he really was, to time, and what we call accident.

"Pray, mother," said he, soon after his arrival, "are Lord and Lady W —— at the castle?"

"No; but they are expected. I suppose they live a great way from thee, Willie, and thou art not likely to see them in London?"

"I do not see them very often."

"No, my dear, I dare say not; they do not often come in the way of a body like thee."

"Deleval smiled, but said nothing. On the Sabbath day following he went to church with his family; and as he beheld them in their holiday attire, and saw the respect which was paid to them by all descriptions of persons whom they met in the churchyard, he experienced the most heartfelt enjoyment; and never during the service, probably, was his soul more fervently, though humbly, offered up to his Creator in thanksgiving and praise.

The next day one of his sisters came jumping into the room and exclaimed, "Why, Willie! I wonder what great man thou art like?"

"Indeed," replied he, his eyes involuntarily sparking, "I believe I am no great man but myself, Annie."

"Oh! but thou must be, for a fine gentleman stopped me in the road just now, and said, "Pray, young lady, if I may be so bold, did I not see a celebrated man walking with you from church yesterday afternoon? No, indeed, sir, said I, it was only my brother Willie from London."

"What is that thou art saying?" said a neighbor present, who was that disagreeable thing, a *banterer*, or a dealer in sarcastic flings, as the phrase is.

Annie repeated what she had said before; poor Deleval had to undergo, during the rest of the day, the coarse jokes of this pers n, and those which it provoked from others, on his being taken for a great man.

"Well, well," said he at last, impatiently, "perhaps I may one day be a great man myself."

"Thee, Willie! Thee! Well, to think of the conceit of these Londoners! Thee a great man, indeed!"

"No, and I am sure I hope not," said his mother, affectionately passing her hand over his face; "for perhaps if thou wert a great man, Willie, thou wouldst forget thy poor old mother!"

A most pleasing consciousness, accompanied by a sort of choking feeling which impeded utterance, forced the tears into the eyes of the affectionate son as he held the caressing hand to his lips; at length he articulated, in a hoarse voice, "Forget thee, mother! never, never!"

The next morning Lord W —— called, but the whole family were out; and when they returned, Deleval was the only one of them who did not feel surprised at the sight of the peer's card.

"Why, what does this mean?" said his mother to the deaf old servant who had gone to the door; "Lord W —— never called here before."

"It was a call of civility, no doubt," said Deleval. "Pho, nonsense!" cried his mother, "he is too proud to call on such as we."

"He asked for you, I am sure," said the deaf servant.

"For me! oh, I now know why he called; he wants to buy my grey pony, neighbor Norton says, and that is what he called for; but here is our neighbor, I will ask him about it;" and the banterer mentioned before, entered the room, on which she immediately showed him Lord W ——'s card, adding, "Our Willie here thought he came to call out of civility; but I told him I thought he came about the poney."

"No doubt," replied banterer Norton, grinning sarcastically at Deleval; "but I suppose that conceited London gentleman thought he called upon him."

"Perhaps I did," replied Deleval, giving away to irresistible laughter, in which he was joined by the banterer; but Deleval remembered the proverb—"Let those laugh who win;" and he knew he had the laugh on his side, and that time would prove it so. Nor did his incognito last long. The next morning, just before Norton and the family were sitting down to dinner, and while Deleval was devising means to get away unsuspected as soon as dinner was over, to return Lord W——'s call, Annie exclaimed: "Well, I declare if there be not that fine gentleman, who spoke to me coming up to the door!" And, before any one could express surprise, the stranger was in the parlor, had announced himself as Sir George L——, and, after sundry low bows to Deleval, had muttered "Proud to make his acquaintance," and so forth, he requested to see him in another room, as he was the bearer of a message and note from Lord W——.

Great, no doubt, was the surprise of Deleval's family, and great the mortification of the banterer at this evident proof of Willie's being *somebody*, till the latter explained, striking his hand on the table, "I have it, I see how it is; this Sir George Thingimmy is going to stand for the county at the next election, and he takes Willie for the son who has a vote; aye, aye, and the fellow will be coming grinning, and bowing and flattering to me *next*, I suppose."

After a short conference, Sir George L—— departed, and Deleval returned to his friends with a look of mild benignity. "*So, London sir*," said Norton, "I suppose that fine spark, with his bows and his speeches, came to ask your vote and interest at the next election, taking you for the landholder?"

"No, sir," returned Deleval, smiling, "he came to offer his vote and interest to *me*; and if you please, I will read aloud the note which he brought from Lord W——."

Before his astonished auditors could reply, Deleval read as follows:

"My dear sir:—I hope you will do us the favor of dinning with us to-morrow; but I lose no time in assuring you that I find, with the greatest satisfaction, you will certainly be returned for the borough of ——, as soon as ever you show yourself; and Sir George L—— will accompany you thither. Parliament is the proper place for talent like yours. I am, dear sir, your friend, W——."

When Deleval had ceased to read, the silence, caused no doubt by good and also partly by bad feelings, remained a while unbroken; while he was absorbed in watching the emotions of his agitated mother, who, at length, bursting into tears, and throwing herself on his neck, exclaimed, "Oh! Willie, Willie! now then I see thou art already a great man; and still a good man too, (blessed be He who made and kept thee so!)—for thou hast not forgotten thy poor old mother!"

FLOGGING A CLERGYMAN.

About twenty years ago, when there were but few settlements in the northern part of Ohio, an itinerant preacher of the Methodist society, by the name of Johnson, was employed to travel on the extensive circuit in that section of country. Johnson was a man somewhat above the middle stature, with brawny shoulders, and endowed with great muscular strength, and a degree of courage and self-possession adequate to any emergency, qualities which admirably fitted him for conflict with the rude and boisterous elements pervading the society by which he was surrounded. In his manner he was ever affectionate, but faithful in what he considered his duty, without regard to consequences. The fearlessness with which he assailed the strongholds of depravity and licentiousness, had the effect of drawing down upon his head the indignation of a certain class of characters, who determined to get rid of him, insulted and annoyed him in various ways, but through his coolness and shrewdness, not only were their plans entirely defeated, but not unfrequently their wicked devices were made to recoil upon their own heads.

After every expedient had signally failed, it was resolved that, as a last resort, to cause the preacher to be waylaid and severely beaten, with the assurance that unless he should decamp immediately, the same course of treatment should be followed up until the desired effect should be produced. As the instrument of their vengeance, they were induced to select an Irishman of the name of Kennedy, who had the reputation of being the most athletic man in the country, and who, for a stipulated reward, readily undertook the disgraceful business.

One time, as the clergyman was riding on horseback, he was met in an unfrequented spot by the ruffian, who was also on horseback; Kennedy saluted him with mock respect, and informed him that he intended to give him a sound drubbing.

"Ah, but my dear sir, you had better go about your business. If you try it you will be sure to get the worst of the bargain."

"There's little fear of that," exclaimed Kennedy, "I have basted stronger men than you before to-day." So saying he aimed a blow with his fist at the preacher's head, intending to knock him off his horse, but missing, received one in return which brought him instantly to the ground. The preacher then dismounted, and picking up his prostrate and chopfallen adversary, threw him over an adjoining fence.

The bully, finding he had got hold of the wrong customer, wisely concluded upon a cessation of hostilities, and looking over the fence, he cried out, as the preacher was patiently waiting for another attack—

"I say, Mister, will you be good enough to throw my *horse* over after me?"

Johnson was thereafter permitted to ride and preach without the slightest molestation.

BUENA VISTA.

BY ADDISON BILL.

AIR—*Roslin Castle.*

On the plain of Buena Vista,
Where red battle waved his wand,
'Mid the smoke both murk and misty,
Fiercely met they, hand to hand!
Every sword was brightly gleaming
In the flashes of the sun,
And the blood was freely streaming
O'er the field our Eagle won!
Here a nation's pride and glory,
Its bright honor and its name,
On the roll of deathless story,
Reaps the meed of endless fame.

From the mountains and dark passes,
Rushed the Mexic fierce and bold!
From ravines and deep morasses,
Came they forth like hordes of old!
Veteran heroes skilled in battle,
Each one vowed he ne'er would yield,
Until our cannon began to rattle
With *iron hail*, which swept the field!
Then the wail of thousands dying,
Rent the air in mournful strain,
The early dead—the wounded flying,
Shall never march to fight again!

Weep then friends! let tears of sorrow
Fall upon our country's brave!
Weep for those who know no morrow—
Who proudly filled a soldier's grave.
Weep, ye fathers, sisters, mothers,
Weep, for those in battle slain;
Weep, ye patriots and brothers,
For those who ne'er shall fight again!
Columbia's Genius shall forever
Protect their fame with watchful eye,
And neither time nor chance shall sever
Their men'ry till in death we lie.

From the Cincinnati Nonpareil.

DEATH UPON THE OCEAN.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

Upon a recent voyage from Liverpool to N. York, I became intimately acquained with a young man, a fellow passenger, who was going on a visit to America. When I first saw him, I was struck with his appearance. He was of slender make, with a glorious forehead, and eyes of delicate blue. His hair was light auburn in its color, and his countenance expressed a nobility and frankness that is rarely found. We were introduced, and, from some cause, became quite intimate. I soon found that we possessed mutual friends in England. He had come from one of the best families in the upper stratum of what is called the middle class of English society. It is not strange that we became intimate, for I loved his native land, and he loved mine.

Upon the pleasant moonlight nights we sat upon the quarter deck, conversing about the land, the homes, and the friends we were leaving—of England's poets and statesmen; or, shifting the scenes, of our own New England, or the broad, expansive West, with its everlasting prairies. Often the unwelcome sounds of the midni ht bells broke upon us, ere we had finished our conversation, so pleasantly had passed the evening away. He was not long in gaining the friendship of all his fellow cabin passengers.

After we had been out a few days, I missed him one morning from his accustomed place at the breakfast table. I did not see him on the deck during the morning, nor at the dinner table. When I visited his state room, to my great surprise I found him lying in his berth quite ill, with the surgeon in attendance. He had experienced, in the night, a severe attack from a dangerous disease, and was already very much prostrated. He was glad to see me, and seemed to be in good spirits. Tears came into his eyes when I took his hand, and he wished a fellow passenger, who was a clergyman, to read a portion of the scripture to him. It was the first time I had seen him low spirited, and it was the last. The clergyman came and read a psalm to him—even he was jowful hearted.

The next morning I was shocked to hear the surgeon say that he could not live forty eight hours. I went to him—alas! the surgeon was right. The change that had come over him, in a single night, was miraculous. His fair brow was covered with a damp as chill as death, and his auburn hair was clotted with moisture. But his pure blue eyes had not altered—they had the same affectionate, half sad, half joyous expression that they had always wore.—The flesh had disappeared from his cheeks, for his anguish had been great during the night. I took his hand in mine, but dare not speak, for fear of betraying the emotion of my heart. He said, with a singularly calm and clear voice—

"I am going to die, my friend—but I am not afraid." A pressure was gone from my spirit at once. He went on: "I have a few things that I wish to give my friends—a few trifles—and, if you will call the captain, I will tell you to whom I wish them to be given." I called him, and he continued, calmly: "My gold watch I wish my sister Emma to have; and my silver one—give that to Georgy, my little brother Georgy; and my rifle, let it be kept for him until he is old enough to use it. Give to Meggy the ring on my little finger. To my mother"—his voice faltered when he came to her, and tears crept down his pallid cheek. "Ah, she was a good mother! Give back the Bible that she gave me, and tell her that her boy did not fear to die!" All else he bequeated to his father, to dispose of as he pleased. The captain left the room, and he said, looking earnestly up into my face, "Write to my mother when I am dead, and tell her that everybody was kind to me, and that I had every attention"—(how tender and thoughtful was this wish of his to save his mother's heart from pain)—"that I did not fear death. Tell Meggy that I love her in death; you should see her, she has such soft meek eyes, and her hair curls so beautifully about her fair forehead.—Poor Meggy! And—and—there is one of whom I have not spoken—Mary ——; I was engaged to her—give my best ring to her, and tell her that I hope to meet her in heaven." Becoming exhausted I left him for a short time. When I came back, he said, "I wish once more to see the ocean, in whose depths my grave will soon be made; let me gaze at it once more!" Alas, he was too weak to be raised upon the deck—poor fellow! And then he wished a bucket of sea water brought to him. His eyes were suffused with a smile when he saw it. He put his hand in it, and bathed his forehead, saying "I could hardly tell whether sadly or joyously, "soon shall my body be in the dark blue sea." There was something magnificent in that self-baptism of his—his fearlessness was so triumphant over death.

All the day the wind had been increasing in strength, and at night it blew a hurricane. Towards midnight the sea became frightful—the waves dancing over us amidships, or striking our side, sounding like heavy thunder. Many of our passengers were frightened—nearly all. They were up, and, when the captain came down into the cabin, they gathered about him with anxious eyes and earnest questions. I was up all night with the dying one—some of the time holding him in his berth—a part of the time he lay in my arms. He was perfectly lucid, and his fearlessness was a rebuke to those who were pale with fright from the storm. As the morning came on, the gale increased. At daybreak it had reached its height—at daylight the poor young man said, "I thank you all for your kindness to me—farewell, forever!" and died.

The storm went suddenly down, and the next morning there was a perfect calm, and the canvass idly flapping in the air. The sun shone calmly upon the beautiful sea—the air was balmy like that of the south—but we were all sad, for we were to see what few of us had ever seen before—a sea burial. I will not describe the ceremony, for abler pens than mine have done so. I will say nothing of the little band that sadly stood at the lee-gangway, and saw the corpse stretched upon the death-plank of the horrid plunge of the body into the mysterious ocean—nothing. All that gentle day little parties were clustered together, talking about the poor young man. All of us were sad.

When the evening came on, and the full moon shone above us, with a lustrous purity, I went out upon the quarter deck, and mused long upon the young man, his English home, and those who dwelt there. His mother, perhaps, was praying, at that moment, a safe voyage for him—a happy sojourn in the new world, and a happy, oh! happy! return; but the sea was his mother now, poor woman! His dear Meggy, "with her hair curling beautifully around her brow," lay, at that moment, perhaps, kissing him in her dreams. Dream on, Meggy—too soon will you wake to the stern agonies of life. Then I thought of the time when every post would be eagerly watched by those at home, for they expected a letter from him. And a letter does come with a foreign post mark, but in a strange hand. The father grows pale as he looks at it, the mother, watching his countenance, asks why he is pale. He hands the letter to her, and she covers up her face and shudders. They dare not open it. The brother does, and reads—the letter that I wrote to them. Shivered, in a moment, are all their beautiful hopes, and they weep in anguish—and Meggy! she is out among the flowers, playing—they have not told her! the brother goes to her, and says, "Come to me, Meggy;" the girl runs to him, and he bursts into tears—he cannot tell her what he wishes. He grows stronger, and tells her that her brother is dead, and is buried in the blue ocean, and will never come back? She asks, sadly, "Will he never, never come back?" "Never, Meggy!"—and the beautiful child cries as if its heart would break; but the dark ocean would not heed its cries, nor its mother's, but hugs him as a trophy in its embrace.

An old Joker in a bad Fix.

In travelling through the western country, one can hardly step on board a steam boat, either lake or river, without finding one at least among the passengers whom he will at once set down as a *character*; and there is often more real fun to be scared up in a trip of a day or two on one of these boats than a month of Sundays any where this side of the Allegheny Range. "Old Steele," as he was called by every one who knew him, was what might emphatically be called "a case" of the first water. He had no *ostensible* means of support; nor was there much known about him, except that he was a hardened old rascal—would cheat the eye teeth out of you in less than no time if he could, and was rather fond than otherwise of beguiling the time and money of any green one he might, by a "game o' keards," shoemaker log, poker, old sledge, or anything else agreeable it was all one to him; he was generally sure to win, provided he could find a customer, which was not always the case. He had a peculiar way of consoling any one who was unfortunate or foolish enough to sit down with him, by saying that "when they'd got used to his play" they wouldn't mind it, and would do well enough; but somehow they never *could* "get used to his play" until it was too late, unless they were right smart themselves.

On one occasions he was *speculating* up and down the Ohio river, and having had a poor run of luck in the Social Hall, where he found some who knew "keerds" as well as he, and others who knew *him* too well to be induced to "take a hand," he thought he would try the lower deck, and accordingly he went below, where for a time he was pretty busy playing high, low—whistle Jack—loo, &c., &c., seated upon an old trunk or astride a barrel, or any thing convenient, and, as he was *smart* properly changed hands brickly enough.

Among his other customers were the firemen and deck-hands, and before the boat reached C—— he had skinned them all; not only of what funds they had in hand, but of sundry watches, breast pins, and one or two orders upon the clerk for wages due—These last he did not see fit to present at the counter, for fear of consequences. But one day as he was seated along counting his profits, the Captain, who had been informed of his operations, came to him and told him he must restore what he had won to the rightful owners.

"Why so?" said S: "I won 'em fair."

"Can't help it," said the Captain; "the main deck ain't the place for you to open in; besides, you *can't* speculate out of my crew, any how—so just give back what you've won, quietly and peaceably, or I'll know the reason why."

Old Steele was deaf to all the Captain's entreaties, and to the questions, "Ain't you ashamed of yourself for robbing folks in this way? Haven't you got any bowels for them?" answered very coolly, "*Not a bowel!*" The Captain finding there was no virtue in words, determined, like the old man in the fable, to try another expedient. He accordingly called upon three or four of his hands (willing ones, of course,) to bring the old sinner forward, and ordering the engineer to "stop her," he had him tied to one end of the *piston-rod*, which was horizontal, allowing him two or three feet of rope, and then ordered the engineer to go ahead. For a few minutes it was short turns and a good many of them for Steele; still he kept his feet, and seemed not to mind it much; but as the fireman kept poking in the wood, and the engineer gave her a turn or two ahead—out of revenge for his having lost a watch which had cost him a month's wages in "Orleans," the old fellow at last found it no child's play to come to time *every* time, without being subjected to a sudden and unceremonious jerk. The captain and passengers (many of whom had collected to see the sport) were dying at the fun of the thing, and occasionally asked him if he would *deliver*; but Steele, without answering, only kept his eye upon the piston, seeming intent upon finding out how many feet stroke it had. At last he began to travel easier. The captain said to him again—

"Come, old boy, you may as well hand over first as last.

"Hand over!" said Steele; "see you —— first; *I'm jist getting used to the critter's play!*"

This was too much—the passengers interfered; even the hands thought the thing had gone far enough, and he was accordingly loosed from his travelling companion, and soon after went ashore at a wood yard—having first invited all hands to "step up and licker," and wondering "why folks never could learn to *git used to his play!*"

N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

POETRY AS IS POETRY.—The Whitehall Chronicle introduces a domestic bard, whose lines have the merit of touching the imagination is a most appetising way:

WHAT I LOVE.

I loves to talk of laughing girls,
I loves the smiles of widows;
I loves the croaking of green frogs
Among the marshy meadows.
But O! I better loves by fur
A whopping big mud-turtle.
I loves 'em when I notions take
To live on fancy wittles,
O how I'd love one big enough
To fill a dozen kettles.
Well I would.

Whitehall, Feb. 12, 1849. A. B. C.

THE KISS.—A lover gazed into the eyes of his mistress until she blushed. He pressed her hand to his heart and said—"My looks have planted roses on thy cheeks; he who sows the seed should reap the harvest."

"Papa," said a little fellow, as he looked up into his father's face; "Papa, does the logwood they put into the wine give it its red color?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well Papa, is it the logwood in the wine that makes your nose so red?"

"Hush your nonsense, child; here, Betty, get a candle and put this child to bed."

LONGEVITY.—The New Orleans Crescent, of the 13th ult., notes the death of a colored woman in that city at the advanced age of one hundred and thirty-one years.

HOW TO MAKE A WHISTLE OF A PIG'S TAIL.—Married, on the 7th ult., in Chestnut Grove, by the Rev. Mr. Suivable, Mr. Jonathan Whistle, to Miss Jedutha Pigtail. Look out for music.

From the Auburn Daily Advertiser.

TO A CANARY BIRD.

Thou dear little minstrel w'th bright golden wing!
Now silently musing with me—
Dost thou dream of a home of perpetual spring,
Away in the billowy sea!

Where blossom forever the orange and lime,
Nor autumn or winter is seen;
But all the year long it is sweet summer time,
And woodbine and ivy are green?

All day hast thou gladdened my heart with thy strain,
But now thy sweet harp-strings are mute;
O, say! wilt thou wake me to gladness again,
At morn, with thy silvery lute?

How pleasing to dream, that to thee—as to me—
Some hope of the FUTURE is given;
Be thine to return to thy Isle in the sea,
And mine to my Father in Heaven.

Fall oft hast thou turned thy sweet viol to me—
The kindness I fain would requite
By turning my harp strings' low trembling s to thee—
Now, sweet little minstrel, good-night!

From the Eaton (Ohio) Democrat.

ENVY.

There rankles not in the heart of man a baser passion than Envy. It closes the mind against the reception of the truth or distorts that truth when once received. With a malicious leer, it scowls on virtue as exhibited in the character of others, and hates its possessor. Jealousy, has this difference from Envy, that while the former refers to talents possessed *by itself*, envy refers to talents possessed *by others*. A man may be jealous of his rights, but he is *envious* of the rights of others. Jealousy may be predicated of a *class of people*. Envy, of *one individual*. The Americans are *jealous* of their liberties.

Envy then transports a man, as it were, out of himself, and, forgetful of his own qualities, poisons his mind with Envy in reference to the reputation of others. Man has many marks which fix indelibly on him the fearful ruins of the Fall, but nothing in his composition of badness, savors so much of Satanic influence, as this malignant passion of Envy. Degraded, polluted, miserable as we are, it would be one relieving feature in our character; were we not embittered at the thought of virtue in our fellows.—The darkness, thick and grief-brewing, that envelopes man would be eradiated by one beam of forgiving light, could he look up from his dungeon and sweetly smile to see his brother clad in the spotless robes of innocency; but alas! for him, he wraps his mantle of corruption only the more tightly about him and snatching the filth that poisons the atmosphere around him, flings it fiend-like upon the unsullied garments of the innocent—the pure.

This passion, deep-rooted as hell, towers betimes to the skies. In olden times its tent was pitched on sunny plains, "where angels bashful looked" and in the hearts of those whose voices swelled the oratoria at the throne, it made a gloomy home to hatch its abominable brood. White looms up unfading light so gently beaming—where music floats come stealing o'er the sea—where spirit voices rapturously swell the pæans of the sons of Light—where unseen hands did twine the flowery wreath to deck the brow of the hardy warrior and valiant Christian knight, even there, did Envy enter, and with its foul melaria contaminate the pure untarnished joys of Angelic hosts. This turned upbraidingly the eye of Lucifer toward the Lord of Hosts—this fired his heart with flames of lust and hatred—this nerved his arm to battle with God. Throughout that cerulean plain the armed warriors send their challenges of daring deed and bloody strife, until beneath the wheels of the dread Artillery of Heaven, the rebellious Angels sunk to feel the fearful weight of Jehovah's wrath. It dwells on earth, this foulest offspring of a degenerate ancestry, and invades the sanctuary of the heart. Mingling in the nauseating vileness of the brothel, it turns its jaundiced eyes on those whose unsophisticated hearts have never yet drank in the deadly draught. Mounting the heights of virtue veiled as an angel of light it treads lightly the sunny hill, rambles freely along the flowing streams, bows down reverentially in the temple, where pious hearts adore the God of Heaven, joins in the hymns of praise which mellowing comes from the inner sanctuary, burns refreshing incense on its censor, and then darting its fires into the hearts of the humble worshiper, drives him madly from these elysian groves to wander despondingly amid the arid deserts and frowning cliffs of debauchery and guilt.

Its power is felt in hell. Before its shrine fierce demons bow their heads. Hither come the fiends to catch the unquenchable fire, and with the talisman of woe to scathe the world.

On earth it reigns—it rules. Its blasting breath has withered the fairest plants that bloomed on Zion's hill. Oh, many a Christian heart has felt—and keenly felt its terrible power! The might or its "red right arm" has battered down the fair cedars of Lebanon—has marred the rich melody of Israel's sweetest singers—has poisoned the springs where delicious waters blessed the weary traveller—has robbed Judah of his sanctuary and Israel of his dominions.

Here a Hamilton was slain. The splendor of his talents aroused the envy of his foe, and now low in inglorious death lies him who stood in other days the boast, the glory of his country. Neptune has lost a noble chieftain, and rising from his ocean kingdom, twines his storm-collecting Trident with the cypress bough. The Peris gently sing a strain of saddest melody and bring their wild sea flowers to deck Decatur's grave. Such is Envy. Its roots strike deep into the vilest passions of our nature, and its boughs wave tranquilly amidst the loftiest peaks of intellectual eminence.

The English Soldiery

In no other country in the world is the soldier so heartily despised as in England; and in none is he more cordially admired. Men look down upon him with unbounded contempt; women look up to him with passionate adoration. He is ridiculed on the one side; he is worshipped on the other. He is at once a lobster and a hero. He is insulted in the streets; he is courted from the areas. The butcher's boy shoulders his empty tray with a face full of impudence, and the cook maid, as she retires with the joint, looks back at him with a face full of love.—His red coat, his erect carriage, his handsome person, the halo of bravery which surrounds him, gladden the eyes, possess the imagination, and fill the hearts of the gentler sex: whilst men think him a poor creature indeed, because he may not put his hands in his pockets, stay out at night-fall, or get drunk at discretion. They see he is at the mercy of the drill sergeant—that he has sold his liberty at a shilling a day—that he is turned into a mere machine, without an opinion of his own, without even the privilege of a free and enlightened citizen to wear as much dirt upon his person as he pleases. For all this they heartily despise him; and because he is adored by the women, they, moreover, cordially detest him.—Besides he is mixed up in their minds with some undefined notions of taxation—and that is enough in itself to render him the most unpopular animal in the world.—*North British Review.*

GOOD ADVICE.

John H. Prentiss, in his recent valedictory on retiring from the editorial chair, which he had filled for FORTY ONE YEARS, has the following:

"No man should be without a well conducted newspaper; he is far behind the spirit of the age unless he reads one, is not upon equal footing with his fellow man who enjoys such advantage, and is disregardful of his duty to his family, in not affording them an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of what is passing in the world, at the cheapest possible teaching. Show me a family without a newspaper, and I venture to say that, there will be manifest in that family a want of amenity of manners and indications of ignorance, most strikingly in contrast with the neighbor who allows himself such a rational indulgence. Young men especially should read newspapers. If I were a boy, even of 12 years, I would read a newspaper weekly, though I had to work by torchlight to earn money enough to pay for it. The boy who reads well will learn to think and analyze, and if so, he will be almost sure to make a man of himself, hating vicious indulgence, which reading is calculated to beget a distaste for."

HINDOO WIDOW.

One morning, soon after the sun had risen, I entered upon a spacious plain, and beheld at one end of it a considerable crowd. Upon a nearer approach I found that the inhabitants of the neighboring city were assembled to celebrate a suttee. The pile of wood was already raised. The victim to be sacrificed was a young female of great beauty.

A spectator informed me that she was the widow of the deceased Rajah—and, as his favorite wife, was to be burned with the body of her husband. The young Rajah, with his court, attended the ceremony. The city poured forth its inmates to witness the pomp, which surpassed any similar exhition that had taken place for many years. The sufferer was preceded by several led horses, superbly caparisoned, attended by forty or fifty Brahmins, and followed by an immense number of women to the sound of tom-toms and other instruments of the country. Having taken leave of the reigning prince who was her son-in-law, in presence of the whole court, she advanced towards a small wood fire, from which the fatal pile was to be lighted, and threw into it the customary offering of incense. She then took off her various golden ornaments, which she distributed to her attendants, bestowing at the same time upon many of the spectators different fruits and flowers. She bade at last farewell to all whom she held dear on earth, without shedding a single tear; ascended the pile with a firm step, and laid herself down by the lifeless body of her husband. The entrance was immediately closed up with dry straw, and the whole pile surrounded with the same combustible material.—The officiating priest set fire to it at the four corners, and the wood, which was remarkably dry, was quickly in a blaze. The musical instruments were sounded upon this, with redoubled force, lest the cries of the victim should be heard.

She lay unmoved till the flames began to curl around her body, when making one dreadful effort, she released herself from her situation, leaped from the pile, and ran into the stream of the Ganges, which flowed near the spot. Instead of emotions of pity and affection, the by-standers, and even the court, expressed openly their contempt and disgust for an individual, who could bring such unheard of disgrace upon her religion and her friends. The Brahmins pursued and brought her forcibly back. They replaced her upon the pile, and as soon as she had been fastened to the wood they let fall the canopy, which had been raised over the deceased Rajah, and thus prevented her further struggles. The whole pile, as well as both the bodies, was shortly consumed; and the ashes of the dead were collected and placed in one urn. The procession returned in the order it came, and I pensively followed it into the city of Benares.—*Smith's Travels.*

From the Washington Union.

HON. EDMUND BURKE.

The following communication breathes a spirit worthy of all praise. Better be stricken down in the path of independence than consent to sacrifice one's principles at the feet of power. If General Taylor, or his Secretaries should consent to sacrifice such men in the Moloch of party, be it so! "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." Mr. Burke acts precisely as an independent and talented citizen should act under such circumstances.

To the Editor.

I observe in the "Union" of this morning a communication headed "*The Commissioner of Patents—Office Seekers*," and referring to the manner in which I have administered the Patent Office with regard to appointments and removals. The communication I am bound to presume, and I believe, is from a friendly source, and prompted by the kindnest feelings towards me personally. But I feel it due to myself to say that it was prepared and published without my knowledge, consent, or approbation. Without intending it, doubtless, the author, by referring to my official course since I have been Commissioner of Patents, has placed me in the position of a suppliant for the mercy of the incoming President. My own sense of personal dignity and self-respect forbids that I should occupy any such position.

I disagree in principle with the party that has been elevated to power in the person of Gen. Taylor; and as an honest man, who scorns to sacrifice his principles, opinions, or independence for any office in the gift of the President elect, I opposed his election—anticipating that it would result in the elevation of a party to power whose policy I believe to be detrimental to the best interests of the country.

I can hold no office under any President except upon the condition that I am permitted to enjoy the free and independent expression of my opinions upon political as well as all other subjects.

I am among the vanquished in this last victorious battle of General Taylor—am subject to the will of the conqueror, and am ready to abide my fate, what ever it may be. And whatever it, may be, I shall meet it in a manner becoming a true American citizen, who cannot stoop to be a hypocrite nor a time-server, in or out of office, and who is too proud to crave mercy from his enemies.

EDMUND BURKE.

Washington, Feb. 28, 1849.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.—In giving an account of the loss of the steamboat Milwaukie, lately sunk by the ice on the Illinois river, a few miles below Naples, the following touching incident connected with the sinking of this boat, is thus related:

When Captain Brickman saw that she was going down rapidly, and that there was no way of preventing the disaster, his first endeavor was to save his son, a youth of some seven years old—but on searching the cabin he could not be found. There was a moment of agony which only a parent can feel, when, after repeated calls and no answer, the father was compelled to save his own life by plunging into the icy stream, with the only hope of swimming to the shore; this he did as did also five others; but ere he had gained an hundred yards he turned and gave one last call, as he supposed to his child—the boy heard the cry—being with several other persons on an immense cake of ice, floating down the stream, and answered his parent's call. "Farewell, my son," exclaim ed the father. "Good bye, father," screamed the child, and both were certain that they had parted forever; but it was not so to be. They did meet again in a few hours afterward, on shore, safe and sound—with what feelings may be better imagined than described. It is almost a miracle that all, both them who took to the water, and those who trusted to the ice, should have escaped death.

RAT CATCHING.—The professed rat catchers in England are in the practice of using both the oil of rhodium and the oil of anise to draw rats from their holes, in order to kill them. Dr. J. V. Smith, of Boston, lately stated at an agricultural meeting the complete success of an experiment in which he used the oil of anise alone, when the rats immediately came out of their retreats, even while he was present. He also said that ground plaster of Paris (gypsum,) well mixed with dry meal, will be eaten greedily by rats and mice, and that it becomes hard in their stomachs and kills them. Nux vomica, powdered, and mixed with Indian meal or oat meal, will also destroy them, without danger to domestic animals, which are often injured, and sometimes killed by other kinds of rat poisons.

The following ingenious mode of catching them is often successfully practised in my part of the country, from twelve to twenty having been caught in the night: we place in the barn or near the corn crib a barrel or deep tub, half full of corn meal, oats, or any other food of which rats or mice are particularly fond, and let them eat of it for a night or two to attract them to the spot. Then empty out the corn, &c., and replace it with water; cover the water with thin flat shavings, and strew over them a thick layer of their favorite food. The rats will jump into the barrel as usual, slip through the covering or shavings, and will be drowned in their efforts to get