American Volunteer.

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

VOL. 35. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1849. NO. 41.

Sheriff's Sales.

BY virtue of sundry writs of Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county, and to directed, I will expose the following Real Estate, situate in Cumberland county, to public sale, at the Court House, in the Borough of Carlisle, on Saturday the 31st day of March, 1849, at 10 o'clock, A. M., viz:

A lot of ground, situated in Newton township, bounded by lands of James Kelso and others, and the Walnut Bottom Road, containing 4 acres, more or less, having thereon erected a two story

Log House, &c.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Jas. H. Coan.

Also, a tract of land, situated in Mifflin township, containing 144 acres, more or less, bounded by lands of John Miller on the south, Samuel McGaw on the north, Joseph Wolf on the east, and Jacob Jacoby on the west, having thereon erected a two story

Log House, Log Barn, &c.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of John Dunbar.

Also, a half lot of ground, situated on the north side of the Public Square, in the Borough of Carlisle, being the southern moiety of lot No. 144 in the plan of said Borough, bounded on the north by a lot of F. Watts, Esq., east by Hanover street, and south and west by an alley, having thereon erected a two story

Brick House & Back building.

Also, the Stone Stable and Carriage House, situated on the south end of lot No. 126 with right and privilege of the yard in front of said Stable & Carriage House, in common with the owner of said other moiety of lot No. 144, bounded on the north by a Stone Stable of F. Watts, Esq., east by said yard, south by an alley, and west by lot No. 118.

Also, one moiety of lot No. 118, bounded by lot No. 126 on the east, south by an alley, west by lot No. 110, and north by the other moiety of said lot No. 118. Seized and taken in execution as the property of Michael Ege, dec'd.

Also, two lots of ground, situated in Springfield, Westpennsborough township, bounded by lots of Thos. Duffield on the east, by a road leading from Springfield to the turnpike, south by a 16 feet alley, and west by lots of Wm. Moore, having thereon erected a two story LOG HOUSE, LOG STABLE, &c. Seized and taken in execution as the property of Emanuel Steigleman.

And all to be sold by me,

JAMES HOFFER, Shff.

Sheriff's Office,
Carlisle, March 1, 1849.

Tavern License.

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply at the next term of the court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, for a license to keep a tavern or public house in the house I now occupy as such, in the borough of Newville.

DANIEL S. DUNLAP.

March 8, 1849—3t

We the undersigned citizens of the borough of Newville, Cumberland county, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named Daniel S. Dunlap, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

[illegible]	George Bricker,
John Kinsley,	Wm. B. Thompson,
John Bricker,	Jacob Zeigler,
L. Rhoads,	James Gilmore,
S. P. Ziegler,	Wm. Woodburn,
John Wynkoop,	Jacob Kinsley.

Tavern License.

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply at the next term of the court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, for a license to keep a tavern or public house in the house I now occupy as such, in Dickinson township.

JOHN HOCKER.

March 8, 1849—3t*

We the undersigned citizens of Dickinson township, Cumberland county, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named John Hocker, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

John Spence,	John Minnigh,
John Kissinger,	A. G. Miller,
John Kutchison,	R. C. Hoover,
John W. Foust,	Wm. Harper,
Samuel Beetem, sr.	John Beetem,
Simpson Kissinger,	Daniel Rife,
Daniel Keller,	James Weakley,
Jacob Mumma,	Thompson E. Taylor,
John Mehaffie,	A. H. Heshven.
Wilson Hubley,	

Tavern License.

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply at the next term of the court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, for a license to keep a tavern or public house in the house I now occupy as such, in Mifflin township.

ISAAC CHRISTLIEB.

March 8, 1849—3t*

We the undersigned citizens of Mifflin township, Cumberland county, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named Isaac Christlieb, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

Andrew M. Middleton,	Robt. Middleton,
Henry Reling,	S. J. McCormick,
James Lewis,	John B. Perry,
William Hoon,	William Montgomery,
Samuel Reling,	Peter Wisler,
William McCrea,	Andrew McElwain,
William Brown,	Thomas Dunlap,
John Wolf,	John Negley.

Tavern License.

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply at the next term of the court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, for a license to keep a tavern or public house in the house I now occupy as such, in the East Ward, in the Borough of Carlisle. CATHARINE WUNDERLICH.

March 8, 1849—3t

We the undersigned citizens of the East Ward, of the borough of Carlisle, Cumberland county, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named Catharine Wunderlich, that she is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

Saml. Mytinger,	J. B. Bratton,
J. K. Boyer,	R. McCartney,
J. Goodyear, jr.	Chas. Maglaughlin,
H. Saxton,	Jacob Zug,
H. Wright,	John Moore,
James Noble,	William Breeze.

CAPS—Just received a general assortment of Gentlemen's, Boy's and Children's Cloth Caps, and for sale by GEO R CROOKS

Poetical.

THE BURIAL OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY J. B. DILLON.

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?
In the vale where the willow and cypress weep;
Where the wind of the west breathes its softest sigh;
Where the silvery stream is flowing nigh,
And the pure clear drops of its rising sprays
Glitter like gems in the bright moon's rays—
Where the sun's warm smile may never dispel
Night's tears o'er the form we loved so well—
In the vale where the sparkling waters flow;
Where the fairest, earliest violets grow;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
Bury her there—bury her there!

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?
Where wild flowers bloom in the valley deep;
Where the sweet robes of spring may softly rest,
In purity, over the sleeper's breast;
Where is heard the voice of the sinless dove,
Breathing notes of deep and dying love;
Where no proud column in the sun may glow,
To mock the heart that is resting below;
Where pure hearts are sleeping, forever blest;
Where wandering Peris love to rest;
Where the sky and earth are softly fair,
Bury her there—bury her there!

Miscellaneous.

From the Ladies National Magazine.

MY WIFE'S PARTY.

BY MARY SUNDERLAND.

A better woman than Mrs. Sunderland does not exist anywhere, though I do say it myself. I consider her one of the "salt of the earth," and I think I ought to know. Still Mrs. Sunderland has her faults—no, I will not call them by so hard a name—still Mrs. Sunderland has her weaknesses, and one of these is to think well of everybody. On this head I believe no one can accuse me of weakness. I am not aware, that as a general thing, I think any better of people than I ought to think. No—I am not blind to any body's faults, though I can see and appreciate excellencies as well as any one. But to my story.

After we had risen a little in the world, and could afford not only to live in our own house, but to enjoy our share of the excellencies and luxuries of this life, we found ourselves surrounded by a good many who before, were not over liberal in their attentions.—Mrs. Sunderland believed their friendship sincere; but I reserved to myself the right to doubt the genuineness of some of the professions that were made. I didn't like the "my dear Mrs. Sunderland!" nor the particular solicitude expressed by not a few in anything that concerned by wife's welfare; and when she talked about Mrs. Jones being such a kind, good soul, and Mrs. Peters being so disinterested in everything, I shrugged my shoulders and reserved the privilege of a doubt in regard to all being gold that glittered.

Not having been raised in fashionable life, we had no taste for display, and, although we had our share of company, whether we cared about it or not, we had never ventured so far to sea as to give a party, although we had accepted several invitations to assemblages of this kind. But some of Mrs. Sunderland's good friends and acquaintances insisted upon it, last winter, that she must give an entertainment, and they used such cogent arguments that she, good soul! was won over. I remained for a long time incorrigible; but as nothing could put it out of Mrs. Sunderland's head that it was due her position and relations to give a party, I with much reluctance withdrew my opposition and forthwith the note of preparation was sounded.

"Who shall we invite?" was the first question.

Our circle of acquaintance had been considerably enlarged within two or three years, and when we went over the list it was found to be very large.

"You will have to cut it down considerably," said I.

"To do so without giving offence will be difficult," replied my wife.

"Better cut all off then," was on my tongue, but I repressed the words, feeling it would be unkind to throw cold water upon the affair at this stage of its progress.

"You havn't got Fanny and Ellen on your list," I remarked after a good number of erasures had been made. They were two of my nieces; good girls but poor. Both were dress-makers apprentices. They were learning a trade in order to relieve their father, an industrious, but not very thrifty man, from the burthen of their support. I liked them very much for their good sense, agreeable manners and strong affection for their parents.

"Shall we invite them?" inquired my wife.

"Certainly!" I replied. Why not?

"Will they be able to make a good appearance? You know that a number of fashionable people will be here."

"If you doubt it, we will send them each a handsome dress pattern with the invitation."

"Perhaps we had better do so," was Mrs. Sunderland's approving remark, and the thing was done as I had suggested.

The pruning down of the invitation list was no easy matter, and it was not without many fears of giving offence that my wife at last fixed upon the precise number of persons who were to honor us with their company.

The exact character of the entertainment was next to be considered, and an estimate cost made. Several ladies *au fait* in such matters were consulted; and their opinions compared, digested and adopted or rejected as they agreed with, or differed from what we thought right.

"It will cost at least a hundred dollars," said Mr. Sunderland after we had come to some understanding as to what we would have. The sum seemed large in her mind.

"If we get off with two hundred we may be thankful," I replied.

"Oh no. It can't go above a hundred dollars."

"We shall see."

"If I thought it would cost so much, I would—"

"There is no retreat now Mrs. Sunderland. We have taken the step initiative, and have nothing to do but go through with the matter as best we can. My word for it we shall not be very eager to give another party.

This threw a damper on my wife's feelings that I was sorry to perceive, for now that the party must be given, I wanted to see it done in as good a spirit as possible. From that time therefore, I was careful not to say anything likely to throw a doubt as to the satisfactory result of the coming entertainment.

The evening came in due time, and we had all things ready. I must own that I felt a little excited, for the giving of a fashionable party was something new in the history of my life, and I did not feel altogether at home in the matter. Unaccustomed to the entertainment of company, especially where ceremony and the observance of a certain etiquette were involved, I was conscious of an awkward feeling, and would have given double the cost of the party for the privilege of an escape from the trials and mortifications it promised to involve.

In order to give additional beauty and attractiveness to our parlors, we had purchased sundry articles of ornamented furniture, which cost over a hundred dollars, and which were no manner of use except to look at.

It was so late before the elite of our company began to arrive, we were in some doubt whether they were going to come at all. But toward nine o'clock they came along, and by ten were in full tide of successful experiment. My nieces Fanny and Ellen were among the first to appear, and they looked pretty and interesting.

As soon as the first embarrassments consequent on the appearance of the extra fashionable had worn off, and I felt at home once more in my own house, I began to look around me with an observant eye.—About the first thing that attracted my attention was the sober aspect of a certain lady, whose husband by a few fortunate adventurers, had acquired some money and lifted her into "good society," as it is called. She was talking to another lady, and I saw that their eyes were directed towards my nieces, of whom I felt not a little proud; they looked and behaved so well.

"What's all this about?" said I to myself. And I kept my eyes upon the ladies as intently as they did upon Fanny and Ellen. Presently I saw one of them toss her head with an air of dignified contempt, and rising up made her way across the room to where her husband stood. She spoke to him in evident excitement, and directed his attention to my nieces. The sight of them did not seem to produce any unpleasant effect upon him; for he merely shrugged his shoulders, smiled and answered in a few words that I could see were indifferent. But his wife was in earnest; and placing her arm within his drew him towards the door. He remonstrated; but she was not in a humor to listen to anything, and with surprise I saw them retire from the parlors.—My first impulse was to follow them, but the truth flashing across my mind, I felt indignant at such conduct, and resolved to let them do as they pleased. In a little while the offended lady bonneted and cloaked and boaed, came sweeping past the parlor doors, with her husband in her train; attracting the attention of a third part of the company. A moment and she passed into the street.

"Who is that? What is the matter?" went whispering about the room.

"It is Mrs. L——."

"Mrs. L——," "is she sick?"

"Why has she gone?"

But no one seemed at first to know. Soon however the lady to whom she had communicated the fact that we had insulted our company by inviting "mantua-maker girls," whispered to another the secret, and away it went buzzing through the rooms, finding its way as well to the ears of Fanny and Ellen as to those of the rest of the company. About one half of the ladies present did not exactly seem to know whether they ought to follow the example of Mrs. L. or not; and there was a portentous movement, when almost the waving of a finger would have caused our party to break up in disorder.

The moment my nieces understood the feeling that had prompted the lady to withdraw indignantly, they arose and were retiring from the room, when I intercepted them and detained them with as little ceremony as possible. They begged hard to be permitted to retire, but I said no for my "blood was up," as the saying is.

"Ellen and Fanny are worth as many Mrs. L's." said I to myself, "as you can find from here to Jerico."

The disaffected ones noticed, I suppose, my decision in the matter, and thought it prudent not to break with Mr. and Mrs. Sunderland, who could afford to be independent: Money is a great thing!—Humph! There was a time in our history—but no matter. We are people of character and standing now!

We had rather a dull time after the withdrawal of Mrs. L. For a while the spirits of the company rallied, under the effects of wine and a good supper, but they soon flagged again, and a sober cast of thought settled upon almost every countenance. My poor wife found it impossible to retain a cheerful exterior; and my nieces looked as if almost any other place in the world would have been a paradise in comparison.

At least an hour earlier than we had anticipated, our rooms were deserted, and we left alone with our thoughts, which upon the whole were not very agreeable. Mrs. Sunderland the moment the last guest had retired, went back into the brilliantly parlors, and setting down upon a sofa burst into tears.—She had promised herself much pleasure, but alas! how bitterly had she been disappointed! I was excited and indignant enough to say almost anything, and a dozen times as I paced the room backwards and forwards, did I check myself from uttering words that would only have made poor Mrs. Sunderland feel ten times worse than she did.

"The next time we give a party———"

"We won't!" said I, taking the words out of my wife's mouth. She was recovering from her state of mortification and began to feel indignant.

"You've said it exactly," responded Mrs. Sunderland. "I call this throwing away a couple of hundred dollars in a very bad cause."

"So it strikes me. When fifty or sixty people eat an elegant supper and drink costly wine at my expense again, they will behave themselves better than some of our high bred ladies did to night. As for Mrs. L. Fanny and Ellen are worth a hundred of her. It's my opinion if she knew everything she would curtail her dignity a little. If I'm not very much mistaken her husband will go to the wall before a twelve month passes."

On the next day we settled all accounts with confectioner, wine merchant, china dealers and waiters. The bills were over one hundred and fifty dollars, exclusive of a hundred dollars paid, as before intimated for parlor ornaments to grace the occasion.

"So much paid for worldly wisdom," said I; after all was over. "I don't think we need to give another party."

Mrs. Sunderland sighed and shook her head.—Poor soul! Her kind and generous nature was hurt. She had looked upon a new phrase of character, and the discovery had wounded her deeply.

A few months after this unfortunate party, from which so little pleasure and so much pain had sprung, I said to my wife on coming home one day—

"It's as I expected. Pride must have a fall."

"Why do you say that?" What has happened? inquired Mrs. Sunderland.

"L——— has failed as I predicted, and his lady wife who turned up her aristocratic nose at our nieces is likely to see the day when she will stand far below them in society."

I spoke in an exulting voice. But my wife instantly reproved my levity. She cherished no animosities, and had long since forgiven the offence.

So much for MY WIFE'S PARTY!

THE ORATOR AND THE NEWSPAPER.

Compare the Orator, one of the noblest vehicles for the difusion of thought, with the Newspaper, and we may gain a faint glimpse of the latter. The orator speaks to a few hundred; the newspaper addresses millions. The words of the Orator may die on the air; the language of the Newspaper is stamped on tablets imperishable as marble. The arguments of the Orator may follow each other so rapidly that the majority of the audience may struggle in a net of ratiocination; the reasonings of the Newspaper may be scanned at leisure without a fear of perplexity.—The passions of the Orator inflame an assembly; the feelings of a Newspaper electrifies a continent.—The Orator is for an edifice; the Newspaper for a world; the one shines for an hour; the other glows for a time. The Orator may be compared to the lightning, which flashes over a valley for a moment, but to leave it again in darkness; the newspaper to a Sun blazing steadily over a whole earth, and fixed "on the basis of its own eternity." Printing has been happily defined "the Art preservative of all Arts." Printing makes the Orator *more* than an Orator. It catches up his dying words and breathes into them the breath of life. It is the thinking gallery through which the Orator thunders in the ear of ages. He loans from the tomb over the cradle of rising generations.—*William Wallace.*

Do Something.

The idler is a sponge on society, and a curse to his own existence. He is content to vegetate merely—he springs up like a toad stool, and is about as useless. He never troubles himself to produce a single thought, and his hands are never concerned in the fashioning of a single article of use or ornament.

The most important principle in life is a pursuit. Without a pursuit—an innocent and honorable pursuit—no one can ever be really happy and hold a proper rank in society. The humble wood sawyer is a better member of society than the fop without brains and employment. Yet many young men of our great cities strive only for the distinction awarded to fools. They are content to exist on the products of other hands, and are in truth little better than bare-faced rogues. They live on ill-gotten spoils—go on tick—lie and cheat, rather than pursue a pursuit which would render them useful to themselves and mankind generally. None can be happy without employment, mental or physical. The idler becomes a fit candidate for the penitentiary or gallows.

From the Chicago Democrat.

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 fanciful ones conceived in the teeming brain of the novelists. Of this the "o'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 these latter, were men with families, from whom they were torn without mercy, to expiate, in a far distant land, by imprisonment and hard labor, the crime of having failed in the attempt to rid their country of the evils of misgovernment. We think they acted very unwisely in proceeding to the length they did, but this point we shall not stop to consider. With one of the expatriated men our tale has chiefly to do. For seven or eight 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 shore.

Wife, children and friends, filled his thoughts, and he hastened to his old residence in Canada. Every thing remained as it had been—friends and neighbors greeted him as he passed—but now 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 new found mate had left that part of the country and settled somewhere in Illinois.

The poor man felt desolate indeed, and determined to see, and, if possible, to reclaim her. After a weary travel, and many enquiries, he traced her 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 suprised or pained to see an apparation 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 two weeks during which time the matter was frankly talked over. At last the rivals came to the wise 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 this? Here two men had almost equal claims upon her affections. One was the father of her children—but one—the companion of her youth—the other, bound to her by near and sacred ties, and by the mutual love they bore an infant which had been born to them. She could not for a moment 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 into her heart, and at last she was ready for a decision. Which could she choose but the man around whom was twined the tendrils of a first and strong affection—to whom she had given the first offering of her heart? The needle may vibrate for a time, but it points 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 vicissitudes, turn lovingly to the sunny warmth of her "first, only love."

A disposition of the youngest 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 along with the children, to be restored to the father at some future time.—The 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 one hundred and fifty persons from the vicinity were present to witness their departure. On Saturday last they came up on the packet Louisiana, on their way to Michigan, where they will take up their residence. We naturally sympathize with the first husband, to whom the wife and children are restored—but, who will not feel for the bereavement of the second?

A Good Story of a Pretty Widow.

The following story is told of an Alabama Sheriff:

"Court was in session, and amid the multiplicity of business which crowded upon him at the time, he stopped at the door of a beautiful widow, on the sunny side of thirty, who, by the way had often bestowed melting glances upon the Sheriff aforesaid. He was admitted, and soon the widow appeared. The confusion and delight which the visitor's arrival had occasioned, set off to greater advantage than usual, the captivating charms of the widow M———. Her cheeks bore the beautiful splendid tints of the apple blossom; her lips resembled rose-buds, upon which the morning dew yet lingered; her eyes were like the quivers of Cupid, the glances of love and tenderness with which they were filled resembling the arrows that only wanted a fine beau (pardon the pun) to the full execution. After a few common-place remarks,

"Madam, said the matter-of-fact sheriff, I have an attachment for you."

A deeper blush than ever mantled the cheeks of the fair widow—with downcast eyes whose glances were centered upon her beautiful feet, half concealed by the flowing drapery, gently patting the floor she with equal candor replied:

"Sir, the attachment is reciprocal."

For some time the sheriff maintained an astonished silence; at last he said, "Madam, will you proceed to court?"

"Proceed to court," replied the lady, with a merry laugh; then shaking her head, she added: "No, sir! though this is leap year, I will not take advantage of the license therein granted to my sex, and therefore greatly prefer that you should proceed to *court*."

"But madam, the justice is waiting."

"Let him wait; *I am disposed to hurry matters* in such an unbecoming manner; and besides, sir, when *the ceremony is performed*, I wish you to understand that I prefer a minister to a justice of the peace.

"Madam, said he, raising from the chair with solemn dignity, "there is a great mistake here—my language has been misunderstood; the attachment of which I speak was issued from the office of Esquire ———, who commands me to bring you instantly before him, to answer contempt of court in disobeying a subpœna in the case of Smith *vs.* Jones!"

Here we drop the curtain.

The Inconsistency of Man.

We are all prone, in adversity, and disappointments, of our too sanguine expectations, to burst out in complaints against fate and her whims, against fortune and prosperity in our undertaking, however unexpected and unforeseen may be such a result, we boast of our discretion, our skill, and our wisdom, forgetting that in most cases the failures arise from our own indiscreet and precipitate actions and words, and that success eminates from Him who reigns above fate, and who, in his inscrutable wisdom, turns the wheel of fortune, and guides it often for our welfare, when we imagine it to be our own misfortune.

A southern poet who cannot raise funds enough to get to the "gold diggins," thus pours out his full soul in glowing strains:

"If I only was an elephant,
I'd pack my trunk and travil;
And away in California
I'd soon be scratching gravil!"

He will forgive you, Father.

He stood leaning upon a broken gate in front of his dwelling. His tattered hat was in his hand, and the cool breeze lifted his matted locks which covered his noble brow. His countenance was bloated and disfigured but in his eye there was an unwanted look—a mingled expression of sadness and regret. Perhaps he was listening to the melancholy voice of his patient wife as she soothed the sick babe, on her bosom, or perchance he was gazing on the sweet face of his eldest daughter, as at the open window she plied her needle to obtain for her mother and the poor children a sustenance. Poor Mary! for herself she cared not; young as she was, her spirit was crushed by poverty, unkindness and neglect. As the inebriate thus stood, his eyes wandered over the miserable habitation before him. The windows were broken, and the doors hingeless, scarce a vestage of comfort remained, yet memory bore him back to the days of his youth when it was the abode of peace and happiness. In infancy he saw again the old arm chair where sat his father with the bible upon his knee, and seemed to hear again the sweet tones of his mother's voice as she laid her hands upon the head of her darling boy, and prayed that God would bless him, and preserve him from evil. Long years had passed away, yet tears came into the eyes of the drunkard at the recollection of his mother's love.

"Poor mother," he muttered, "it is well that thou art sleeping in the grave! it would break thy heart to know that thy son is a wretched and degraded being—a miserable outcast from society."

He turned slowly away. Deep within an adjoining forest was a dell where the beams of the sun scarce ever penetrated. Tall trees grew on either side, whose branches meeting above, formed a canopy of leaves where the birds built their nests, and poured forth happy songs. Thither the drunkard bent his steps. It had been his favorite haunt in days of his childhood, as he threw himself upon the soft green sward, the recollection of past scenes came crowding over his mind. He covered his face with his hands, and the prayer of the prodigal burst from his lips—"Oh God! receive a returning wanderer!" Suddenly a soft arm was thrown around his neck, and a sweet voice murmured—"He will forgive you, father." Starting to his feet, the inebriate saw standing before him, his youngest daughter, a child six years old.

"Why are you here, Anne?" he said, ashamed that the innocent child should have witnessed his grief.

"I came to gather the lillies which grow upon the banks," she replied: "see I have got my basket full, and now I am going to sell them."

"And what do you do with the money?" asked the father, as he turned his eyes to the basket, where among the broad green leaves the sweet lillies of the valley were peeping out.

The child hesitated, she thought she had said too much; perhaps her father would demand the money, and spend it in the way in which all his earnings went.

"You are afraid to tell me, Anne," said her father, kindly. "Well, I do not blame you, I have no right to my children's confidence."

The gentleness of tone touched the heart of the affectionate child. She threw her arms around his neck, and exclaimed, "Yes, father, I will tell you. Mother buys medicines for poor little Willie. We have no other way to get it. Mother and Mary work all the time they can get, to buy bread."

A pang shot through the inebriate's heart." "I have robbed them of the comforts of life," he exclaimed, "from this moment the liquid fire passes my lips no more."

Anne stood gazing at him in astonishment. She could scarcely comprehend her father's words; but she saw that some change hed taken place. She threw back her golden ringlets, raised her large blue eyes, with an earnest look to his face—"Will you never drink any more rum?" she whispered timidly.

"Never! dear Anne," her father replied solemnly. Joy danced in her eyes. "Then we will all be so happy. Oh, father, what a happy home ours will be!"

Years passed away. The words of little Anne, the drunkard's daughter, had proved true. The home of the reformed man, her father, was indeed a happy one. Plenty crowned his board, and health and joy beamed upon the face of his wife and children—where once squalid misery alone could be traced. The pledge had raised him from his degradation, and restored him once more to peace and happiness.

An Affecting Anecdote.

A corporal of the rifle brigade, *for robbing a Spaniard of some bread*, was tried by a drum-head court martial, and brought out immediately afterwards for punishment. When the brigade was formed, and the unhappy corporal, who till then bore an excellent character, was placed in the centre of the square, close to the triangle, the general said, in a stern voice—"Strip, sir." The corporal never uttered a word till actually tied up, when, turning his head round, so far as his humiliating position enabled him, he said, in a firm and respectful voice—"General Crawford, spare me." The general replied, "it cannot be; your crime is too great." The unhappy man, who was sentenced to be reduced to the pay and rank of a private soldier, *and to receive two hundred lashes,* then added—"Oh, General! do you recollect when we were both taken prisoners in Buenos Ayres? We were confined with others in a sort of a pound. You sat on my knapsack, fatigued and hungry. I shared my last biscuit with you—on that occasion you shook me by the hand, swearing never to forget my kindness—it is now in your power.—You know that when I committed the act for which I am now made so humiliating a spectacle to my comrades, we had been short of rations for some time." Not only the general; but the whole square was affected by this address. The bugler, who stood behind the corporal, then, on a nod, from the bugle major, inflicted the first lash, which drew blood from as brave a fellow as ever carried a musket. The general started, and turned hastily around, said, "Who ordered that bugler to flog? Send him to drill! send him to drill! I remember it well!" all the time pacing up and down the square, wiping his face with his handkerchief, trying to hide emotions that were visible to the whole square. After recovering his noble feeling, the gallant general uttered with a broken accent—"Why does a brave soldier like you commit these crimes?" Then beckoning to his orderly for his horse, he mounted and galloped off. In a few days the corporal was restored to his rank, and I saw him a year afterwards a respected serjeant.—Had the poor fellow's sentence been carried out, a valuable soldier would have been lost to the service, and a good man converted into a worthless one.

What it is to be Polite.

Politeness is a trait which every one admires, and which confers upon its possessor a charm that does much to pave the way of life with success. But it is very much misunderstood. Politeness does not consist in wearing a white silk glove, and in gracefully lifting your hat when you meet an acquaintance.—It does not consist in artificial smiles and a pleasing, flattering speech, but in sincere and honest desires to promote the happiness of those around you; in the readiness to sacrifice your own ease and comfort, to add to the enjoyment of others. The man who lays aside all selfishness in regard to the happiness of others, who is always ready to confer favors, who speaks in the language of kindness and conciliation, and who studies to manifest those little attentions which gratify the heart, is a polite man, though he may wear a homespun coat, and make a very ungraceful bow. And many a fashionable who dresses genteel, and enters the most crowded apartments with assurance and ease, is a perfect compound of rudeness and civility. He who has a heart flowing with kindness and good will towards his fellow men, and who is guided in the exercise of these feelings by good common sense, is the truly polite man—and he alone.

Believe in truth, which always will prevail. Oppressed you may be, but the oppression will not last. In the darkness of night, we look forward to the coming light of the morning—and through the heart's bitterness, also, we may feel assured of the felicity of the future.

VULGARITY.

We would guard the young against the use of every word that is not perfectly proper. Use no profane expressions—allude to no sentence that will put to the blush the most sensitive. You know not the tendency of habitually using indecent and profane language. It may never be obliterated from your hearts. When you grow up, you will find at your tongue's end some expression which you would not use for any money. It was one you learned when you was quite young. By now being careful you will save yourself a deal of mortification and sorrow. Good men have been taken sick and become delirious. In these moments they have used the most vile and indecent language imaginable. When informed of it, after the restoration of health, they had no idea of the pain they had given their friends, and stated that these expressions they had learned and repeated in childhood, and though years had passed since they had spoken a bad word, the early impression had been indellibly stamped on the heart. Think of this, ye who are tempted to use improper language, and never again disgrace yourselves.

It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme,
Rudely appeal'd to on each trifling theme;
Maintain your rank—vulgarity despise;
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise.
You would not swear upon a bed of death.
Reflect, your maker now could stop your breath.

The Lily and the Rose.

Tell me, ye charming daughters of the rough black earth, who gave you your beautiful shapes. What tiny spirits have ascended out of your cups, and what delights did you feel as Goddesses rocked themselves upon your leaves? Tell me peaceful flowers, how did you dispose yourselves in your joyful occupation, and beckon to each other when you wove your fine web, when you decorated and embroidered it in such a manifold manner?

But ye are silent, graceful children, and enjoy your existence. Well let the instinctive fable tell what your mouths keep concealed from me.

The earth once existed as a bare rock. Look, a cheerful band of nymphs convey the virgin soil upon it, and kind Genii are ready to cover it with flowers. They dispose themselves in their occupation in various way; modest Humility has already commenced beneath the snow, amid the cold short grass, and woven the retiring violet: Hope follows after her, and fills with cooling moisture the small cups of the refreshing hyacinth. Now, as these have so well succeeded, comes a proud, glittering company of beauties of divers colors. The tulip elevates the head, and the narcissus looks around with languishing eyes.

Many other Goddesses and Nymphs busy themselves in different ways, and ornament the earth, rejoicing over its beautiful form. And look! as a great portion of her works had ceased to bloom to their own and her pleasure. Venus also addresses the Graces, "Why do you dally, charming sisters! Up! and weave from your charms also, a mortal, visible flower!" They descend to the earth, and Aglaia, the Grace of Innocence, forms the lilly; Thalia and Euphrosyne weave with sisterly hands, the flower of joy and love, the virgin Rose.

Many flowers of the field and garden envied each other. The lily and the rose envied none, but were envied by all. They bloom as sisters together on one of the fields of Hora, and mutually adorn each other, for the sisterly graces have woven them inseparable.

Thus do the lillies and the roses bloom upon your cheeks, oh maidens! May their attendants, innocence, joy and love, united and inseperable, dwell upon them also!—*Herder.*

LEPROSY.

The awful disease of leprosy still exists in Africa. Whether it be the same leprosy as that mentioned in the Bible, I do not know; but it is regarded as perfectly incurable, and so infectious that no one dares to come near the leaper. In the south of Africa there is a large lazar house for lepers. It is an immense space enclosed by a very high wall, and containing fields which the lepers cultivate. There is only one entrance, which is strictly guarded. When any one is found with the marks of leprosy upon him, he is brought to this gate and obliged to enter in, never to return. No one who enters in by that awful gate is ever allowed to come out again. Within this abode of misery there are multitudes of lepers in all the stages of the disease. Dr. Helbeck, a missionary of the church of England, from the top of a neighboring hill, saw them at work. He noticed two particularly, sowing peas in the field. The one had no hands, the other had no feet—these members being wasted away by disease. The one who wanted the hands was carrying the other who wanted the feet, upon his back, and, he again, carried in his hands the *bag of seed*, and droped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot, and so they managed the work of one man between the two. Ah! how little we know of the misery that is in this world. Such is this prison house of disease! But you will ask, who cares for the souls of the hapless inmates? Who will forsake father and mother, house and land, to carry the message of a Saviour to these poor lepers? Two Moravian Missionaries, impelled by a divine love for souls have chosen this lazar house as their field of labor. They entered it never to come out again. And, I am told, that as soon as they die, other Moravians are quite ready to fill their place. Ah! my dear friends may we not blush and be ashamed before God, that we, redeemed with the same blood, and taught by the same spirit, should yet be so unlike these men in vehement, heart consuming love to Jesus and the souls of men.—*M. Cheyne.*

GEN. SAM HOUSTON.

The New York Sunday Atlas gives the following interesting particulars of the history of this distinguished individual:

"About the year 1820-1, he was elected Governor of Tennessee. He held the office a brief period only, when he resigned his responsibilities and honors; and abjuring civilized life, migrated to the region west of the *Mississippi*, and was adopted as a son by one of the Indian chieftains. He assumed the habits, and clad himself in the attire of a roving son of the wilderness. He remained in the *forest a year or* two, when he returned to the scenes of civilized life, and commenced the practice of the law in Natchez. It was while he was in Natchez that he set up the famous scheme for the conquest of *Texas*.

There was something of the romantic, of the wild and wonderful in Gen. Houston's abdication of the Executive office of Tennessee. It was an act that few men could or would have survived. It was the result of passion—and that passion was love! He had been married but a few months when his abdication took place. His wife was a lady of great respectability, a native of the county of Rutherford or Maury—we forget which—and was residing temporarily with her parents, whilst Governor Houston was at Murfeesborough, then the seat of the government, attending to his official duties. One day the lady ordered her carriage and proceeded to the seat of the local government. Arriving at the State House, she sent a message to the executive department, informing her husband that she had arrived and was waiting his attention. He returned for answer that he was very much engaged in official duties,—that if she would return to her hotel, he would be with her as speedily as possible.

The lady received the message, and directed her coachman to take her back again to the residence of her parents. "If I be not of sufficient consequence," she said, "to induce Gov. Houston to neglect all other business to attend to me, I am not worthy of being his wife. As husband and wife we never meet again."

All attempts to conciliate and win her back again proved fruitless, and divorce was the consequence.—Stung to the quick, and mortified beyond all conception, Gov. Houston left Tennessee, and adopted the life of an Indian.

A man of learning, without a knowledge of the world, is like one who has a deal of gold, but no small money in his pocket.