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.

TRUE LOVLINESS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

She who thinks a noble heart
Better than a noble mien—
Honors virtues more than art,
Though 'tis less in fashion seen—
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me!

She who dreams that inward grace
Far surpasses outward allow,
She who values less the face,
Than that charm the soul can throw—
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me!

She who knows the heart requires
Something more than lips of dew—
That when love's brief rose expires,
Love itself dies with it too—
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me!

MARY BRAND'S RESCUE;

Or, a love of Fifteen years Rewarded.

A TALE OF THE FAR WEST.

Among the Mormons which they emigrated from Nauvoo, was an old man, named Brand, from Memphis county, State of Tennessee, with a family of a daughter and two sons, the latter with their wives and children. Brand was a wiry old fellow; nearly twenty years of age; but still strong, and wielded axe or rifle better than many a young man. If truth be told, he was not a very red hot Mormon, and had joined them as much for the sake of company to California, whither he had long resolved to emigrate, as for any implicit credence in the faith. His sons, were strapping fellows, of the sterling stuff that the Western pioneers were made of; his daughter Mary, a fine woman of thirty, for whose state of single blessedness there must doubtless have been sufficient reason; for she was not only remarkably handsome, but was well known in Memphis to be the best tempered and most industrious young woman in those diggings. She was known to have received several advantageous offers; all of which she had refused; and report said that it was from having been disappointed in very early life in an *affaire du cœur*, at an age when such wounds sometimes strike strong and deep, leaving a scar difficult to heal. Neither his daughter, nor any of his family, had been converted to the Mormon doctrine, but had ever kept themselves aloof, and refused to join or associate with them; and, for this reason, the family had been very unpopular with the Mormon families on the Arkansas; and hence, probably, one great reason why they how started on their journey.

One fine sunny evening in April of 1847, when the cotton woods on the banks of the Arkansas began to put forth their buds, and robins and blue birds—harbingers of Spring—were hopping, with gaudy plumage through the thickets; three white tilted Conestoga wagons emerged from the timbered bottom of the river, and rumbled slowly over the prairie, in the direction of the Platte's waters. Each wagon was drawn by eight oxen, and contained a portion of the farming implements and household utensils of the Brand family. The teams were driven by the young boys, the men followed in the rear with shouldered rifles—old Brand himself mounted on an Indian horse, leading the advance. The women were safely housed under the shelter of the wagon tilts; and out of the frail tent, the mild face of Mary Brand smiled adieu to many of her old companions, who had accompanied them thus far, and now wished them God-speed on their long journey.

The women were sadly down hearted, as well they might be, with the dreary prospect before them; and poor Mary, when she saw the Mormon encampment shut out from her sight by the rolling bluffs, and nothing before her but the bleak, barren prairie, could not divest herself of the idea that she had looked for the last time on civilized fellow creatures, and fairly burst into tears.

They had for a guide a Canadian voyageur, who had been in the service of the Indian traders, and knew the route well, and had agreed to pilot them to Fort Lambaster on the north fork of the Platte.—Their course led for about thirty miles up the Boiling Spring river, whence they pursued a northeasterly course to the dividing ridge which separates the waters of the Platte and Arkansas. Their progress was slow, for the ground was saturated with wet, and exceedingly heavy for the cattle, and they scarcely advanced more than ten miles a day.

At the camp fire at night, Antonie, the Canadian guide, amused them with tales of the wild life and perilous adventures of the hunters and trappers who make the mountains their home; often extorting a scream from the women by the description of some scene of Indian fight and slaughter, or beguiling them of a commiserating tear by the narrative of the sufferings and privations endured by those hardy hunters in their arduous lives.

Mary listened with the greater interest, since she remembered that such was the life which had been led by one very dear to her—by one, long supposed to be dead, of whom she had never but once, since his departure, nearly fifteen years before, heard a syllable. Her imagination pictured him as the bravest and most daring of these adventurous hunters, and conjured up his figure charging through the midst of whooping savages, or stretched on the ground perishing from wounds, or cold, or famine.

Among the characters who figured in Antoine's stories, a hunter named La Bonte was made conspicuous for deeds of hardiness and daring. The first mention of the name caused the blood to rush to Mary's face; not that she for a moment imagined that it was her La Bonte, for she knew the name was a common one; but associated with feelings which she had never got the better of, it recalled a sad epoch in her former life, to which she could not look back without mingled pain and pleasure.

Once only, and about two years after his departure, had she ever received tidings of her former lover. A mountaineer had returned, from the far west, to settle in his native State, and had found his way to the neighborhood of old Brand's farm. Meeting him by accident, Mary, hearing him speak of the mountain hunters, had inquired tremblingly after La Bonte. Her informant knew him well—had trapped in company with him—and had heard at the trading fort, whence he had taken his departure for the settlements, that La Bonte had been killed on the Yellow Stone by Blackfeet; which report was confirmed by some Indians of that nation. This was all she had ever learned of the lover of her youth.

As the wagons of the lone caravan roll on toward the Platte, we must ask the reader to accompany us to a camp in the wilderness, where La Bonte, Killbuck, and a stranger, were sitting before a fire;—Killbuck inquired:

"The doins of them Mormon fools can't be beat by Spaniards, strangers. Their mummuns and thummuns you speak of won't shine whar Injuns are about; nor pint out a trail, whar nothin' crossed but rattle snakes since fust it snowed on old Pike's Peak. If they pack along them *profits*, as you tell of, who can make it rain humpribs and marrow guts when the crowd gets out of the buffalo range; they are some, now, that's a fact. But this child won't believe it. I'd laugh to get a sight on these darned Mormonites, I would. They're no account, I guess; and it's the meanest kind of action to haul their wo men critters and their young 'uns to sech a starving country as the Californys."

"They are not all Mormons in the crowd," said the strange hunter; "and there's one family among them with some smartish boys and girls, I tell you. Their name's Brand."

La Bonte looked up from the lock of his rifle, which he was cleaning—but either did'nt hear, or hearing, did'nt heed, for he continued his work.

"And they are going to part company," continued the stranger, "and put out alone for Platte and South Pass."

"They'll loose their hair, I'm thinking," said Killbuck, "if the Rapahos are out thar."

"I hope not," continued the other, "for there's a girl among them worth more than that."

"Poor Beaver!" said La Bonte, looking up from his work; "I'd hate too see any white gal in the hands of Injuns; and of Rapahos wofse than all—Whare does she come from, stranger?"

"Down Below St. Louis, from Tennessee; I've heard them say."

"Tennessee," cried La Bonte—"hurrah for the old State! What's her name, strah—"

At this moment Killbuck's old mule pricked her ears and snuffed the air, which action catching La Bonte's eye, he arose abruptly, without waiting a reply to his question, and exclaimed,

"The old mule smells Injuns or I'm a Spaniard!"

The hunter did the mule justice, and she well maintained her reputation as the best "guard" in the mountains, for in two minutes an Indian stalked into the camp, dressed in a cloth capote, and in odds and ends of civilized attire.

"Rapaho," cried Killbuck, as soon as he saw him; and the Indian catching the word, struck his hand upon his breast, and exclaimed in broken Spanish and English mixed,

"Si, si, me Arapaho, white man amigo. Come to camp—eat heap *carne*—me amigo white man. Come from Pueblo—hunt cibola—me gun break—no puedo matar nada; mucha hambra (very hungry) heap eat."

Killbuck offered his pipe to the Indian, and spoke to him in his own language, which both he and La Bonte well understood. They learned that he was married to a Mexican woman and lived with some hunters at the Pueblo fork on the Arkansas. He volunteered the information that a war party of his people were out on the Platte trail to intercept the Indian traders on their return from the North Ford; and as some Mormons had just started with three wagons in that direction, he said his people would make a raise. Being muy amigo himself to the whites, he cautioned his present companions from crossing to the divide, as the braves, he said, were a heap mad, and their hearts were big and nothing in shape of a white skin would live before them.

The Indian was provided with some powder, of which he stood in need; and after gorging as much meat as his capacious stomach would hold, he left the camp, and started into the mountain.

The next day our hunters started on their journey down the river, travelling leisurely, and stopping wherever good grass presented itself. One morning they suddenly struck a wheel trail, which left the creek banks and pursued a course at right angles to it, in the direction of the divide. Killbuck pronounced it but a few hours old; and that of three wagons drawn by *oxen*.

"Wagh!" he exclaimed, "if them poor devils of Mormonites ain't going head first into the Rapaho trap. They'll be 'gone beaver' afore long."

"Ay," said the strange hunter, "these are the wagons belonging to old Brand, and he has started alone for Laramie. I hope nothing will happen to them."

"Brand!" muttered La Bonte; "I knowed that name mighty well once, years agone; and should ha to the worst kind that mischief happened to any one who bore it. This trail's as fresh as paint; and it goes against me to let these simple critters help the Rapahos to their own hair. This child feels like helping 'em out of the scrape. What do you say old hoss?"

"I think with you, buy," answered Killbuck, "and go in for following this wagon trail, and telling the poor critters that thar's danger ahead of 'em. What's your talk, stranger?"

"I go with you," shortly answered the latter; and both followed quickly after La Bonte, who was already trotting smartly on the trail.

Meanwhile the three wagons, containing the household gods of the Brand family, rumbled slowly over the rolling prairie, and toward the upland ridge of the "divide," which, studded with dwarf pine and cedar thicket, rose gradually before them. They travelled with considerable caution, for already the quick eye of Antoine had discovered recent Indian signs upon the trail, and with mountain quickness, had at once made it out to be that of a war party; for there were no horses with them; and, after one or two of the moccasin tracks, the mark of a rope which trailed upon the ground was sufficient to show him that the Indians were provided with the usual lasso of skin, with which to secure the horses stolen in the expedition. The men of the party were consequently all mounted and thoroughly armed; the wagons moved in a line abreast, and a sharp look out was kept on all sides. The woman and children were all consigned to the interior of the wagons; and the latter had also guns in readiness, to take their part in the defence, if an attack be made.

However, they had seen no Indians, and no fresh sign for two days after they left the Boiling Spring River, and they began to think they were well out of their neighborhood. One evening they camped on a creek called Black Horse, and, as usual, had corralled the wagons, and fortified as well as circumstances would permit, when three or four Indians suddenly appeared on a bluff at a little distance, and making signals of peaceable intentions, approached the camp. Most of the men were absent at the time, attending to the cattle, or collecting fuel, and only old Brand and one of his young grandchildren, about fourteen years old, remained in camp. The Indians were hospitably received, and regaled with a smoke, after which they began to evince their curiosity by examining every article about, and signifying their wishes that it should be given to them.

The other whites presently coming into camp, the Indians sat quietly down by the fire, and when the supper was ready, joined in the repast, after which they gathered their buffalo robes about them, and quietly withdrew. Meanwhile Antoine, knowing the treacherous character of the savages, advised that the greatest precaution should be taken to secure the stock; and before dark, therefore, all the mules and horses were hobbled and secured within the corral, the oxen being allowed to feed at liberty—for the Indians scarcely care to trouble themselves with such cattle. A guard was also set around the camp, and relieved every two hours; the fire was extinguished, lest the savages should aim, by its light, at any of the party, and all slept with rifles ready at their sides. However, the night passed quietly, and nothing disturbed the tranquility of the camp. The prairie wolves loped hungrily around, and their mournful cry was borne upon the wind as they chased deer and antelope in the neighboring plain; but not a sign of lurking Indians were seen or heard.

In the morning, shortly after sunrise, they were in the act of yoking the oxen to the wagons, and driving in the loose animals which had been turned out to feed at day break, when some Indians again appeared upon the bluff, and, descending it, confidently approached the camp. Antoine strongly advised their not being allowed to enter; but Brand, ignorant of Indian treachery, replied that, so long as they came as friends, they could not be deemed enemies, and allowed no obstruction to be offered to their approach. It was now observed that they were all painted, armed with bows and arrows, and dressed in their buffalo robes, appearing naked to the breech-clout, their legs only being protected by deer-skin leggings, reaching to the middle of the thigh. Six or seven first arrived, and others quickly followed, dropping in one after the other, until a score or more were collected round the wagons. Their demeanor, at first friendly, soon changed as their numbers increased, and they now became urgent in their demands for powder and lead, and bullying in their manner. A chief accosted Brand, and, through Antoine, informed him "that unless the demands of his braves were acceded to, he could not be responsible for the consequences; that they were on the 'war-trail,' and their eyes were red with blood, so they could not distinguish between White and Yuta scalps; and the party, with all their women and wagons, were in the power of the Indian 'braves,' and therefore the white chief's best plan was to make the best terms he could; that all they required was that they should give up their guns and amunition 'on the prarie,' and all their mules and horses—retaining the "medicine" buffaloes, (the oxen) to draw their wagons.

By this time the oxen were yoked, and the teamsters, whip in hand, only waited the word to start. Old Brand foamed while the Indian stated his demands; but hearing him to the end, exclaimed,—"Darn the red devil! I wouldn't give him a grain of powder to save my life. But out, boys!"—and turning to his horse, which stood ready saddled, was about to mount, when the Indians sprang at once upon the wagons, and commenced their attack, yelling like fiends.

One jumped upon old Brand, pulled him back as he was rising in his stirrup, and drew his bow upon him at the same moment. In an instant the old backwoodsman pulled a pistol from his belt, and putting the muzzle to the Indian's heart, shot him dead. Another Indian, drawing his war-club, laid the old man at his feet; while some dragged the women from the wagons, and others rushed upon the men, who made brave fight in their defence.

Mary, when she saw her father struck to the ground, sprang with a shrill cry to his assistance; for at that moment a savage, frightful as red paint could make him, was standing over his prostrate body, brandishing a glittering knife in the air, preparitory to thrusting it into the old man's breast.—For the rest, all was confusion; in vain the small party of whites struggled against overpowered numbers. Their rifles cracked but once, and they were quickly disarmed; while the shrieks of women and children, and the loud yells of Indians, added to the scenes of horror and confusion. As Mary flew to her father's side, an Indian threw his lasso at her, the noose falling over her shoulders, and jerking it tight, he uttered a delighted yell as the poor girl was thrown back violently to the ground. As she fell, another deliberately shot an arrow at her body, while the one who has thrown the lasso, rushed forward, his scalp knife flashing in his hand, to seize the bloody trophy of his savage deed. The girl rose to her knees, and looked wildly toward the spot where her father lay bathed in blood; but the Indian pulled the rope violently, dragged her some yards upon the ground, and then rushed with a yell of vengeance upon his victim. He paused, however, as at that moment a fierce shout sounded at his very ear; and looking up, he saw La Bonte galloping down the bluff, the long hair and the fringes of his hunting shirt and leggings flying in the wind, his right arm supporting his trusty rifle, while close behind him came Killbuck and the stranger. Dashing with loud hurrahs to the scene of action, La Bonte as he charged down the bluff, caught sight of the girl struggling in the hands of the ferocious Indian.—"Wagh! was the war shout of the mountaineer, as he struck his heavy spurs to the rowels in his horse's side, and bound like lightning to the rescue. In a single stride he was upon the Indian, and thrusting the muzzle of his rifle into his very breast, he pulled the trigger, driving the savage backward by the blow itself, at the same moment that the bullet passed through his heart, and tumbled over stone dead.—Throwing down his rifle, La Bonte wheeled his obedient horse, and drawing a pistol from his belt, again charged the enemy, among whom Killbuck and the stranger were dealing death-giving blows. Yelling for victory, the mountaineers rushed at the Indians; and they, panic struck at the sudden attack, and thinking that this was but the advanced guard of a large band, fairly turned and fled, leaving five of their number dead upon the field.

Mary, shutting her eyes to the expected death-stroke, heard the loud shout La Bonte gave in charging down the bluff, and again looking up saw the wild-looking mountaineer rush to the rescue, and save her from the savage by his timely blow. Her arms were still pinned by the lasso, which prevented her from rising to her feet; and La Bonte was the first to run to her aid, as soon as the fight was fairly over. He jumped from his horse, cut the skin rope which bound her, raised her from the ground, and, upon her turning up her face to thank him, beheld his never-to-be-forgotten Mary Brand; while she, hardly believing her senses, recognized in her deliverer her former lover, and still well-beloved La Bonte.

"What, Mary! can it be you?" he asked, looking intently upon the trembling woman.

"La Bonte, you don't forget me!" she answered, and threw herself sobbing into the arms of the sturdy mountaineer.

There we will leave her for the present, and help Killbuck and his companions to examine the killed and wounded. Of the former, five Indians and two whites lay dead, grandchildren of old Brand, fine lads of fourteen or fifteen, who had fought with the greatest bravery, and lay pierced with lance wounds. Old Brand had received a sore buffet, but a hatful of cold water from the creek sprinkled over his face soon restored him. His sons had not escaped scot-free, and Antoine was shot through the neck, and falling, had actually been half scalped by an Indian, whom the timely arrival of La Bonte had caused to leave his work unfinished.

Silently, and with sad hearts, the survivors of the family saw the bodies of the two boys buried on the river bank, and the spot marked with a pile of loose stones, procured from the rocky bed of the creek.—The carcasses of the treacherous Indians were left to be devoured by the wolves, and their bones to bleach in the sun and wind—a warning to their tribe, that such foul treachery as they had meditated had met with a merited retribution.

The next day the party continued their course to the Platte. Antoine and the stranger returned to the Arkansas, starting in the night to avoid the Indians; but Killbuck and La Bonte lent the aid of their rifles to the solitary caravan, and under their experienced guide, no more Indian perils were encountered. Mary no longer sat perched up in her father's Conestoga, but rode a quiet mustang by La Bonte's side; and no doubt they found a theme with which to while away the monotonous journey over the dreary plains. South Fork was passed and Laramie was reached. The Sweet Water Mountains, which hang over the "pass" to California, were long since in sight; but when the waters of the North Fork of Platte lay before their horses' feet, and the broad trail was pointed out which led to the great valley of Columbia and their promised land, the heads of the oxen were turned *down* stream where the shallow waters flow on to join the great Missouri—and not up toward the mountains where they leave their spring heads, from which springs flow several waters—some coursing their way to the eastward, fertilizing in their route to the Atlantic, the lands of civilized man; others westward, forcing a passage through rocky canons, and flowing through a barren wilderness, inhabited by fierce and barbarous tribes.

These were the routes to choose from: and whatever was the cause, the oxen turned their yoked heads away from the rugged mountains; the teamsters joyfully cracked their ponderous whips, as the wagons rolled lightly down the Platte; and men, women and children waved their hats and bonnets in the air, and cried out lustily, "Hurrah for home!"

Four months from the day when La Bonte so opportunely appeared to rescue Brand's family from the Indians on Black Horse Creek, that worthy and faithful Mary was duly and lawfully united in the township church of Brandville, Memphis county, State of Tennessee. We cannot say, in the words of nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand novels, "numerous pledges of mutual love surrounded and cheered them in their declining years," &c., &c.; because it was only on the 24th of July, in the year of our Lord 1847, that La Bonte and Mary Brand were finally made one, after fifteen long years of separation.—*Ruxton's Life in the Far West.*

An Elopement in Russia.

The following story, while it exposes an instance of imperial tyranny and strict police peculiar to Russia, also reveals a trait which is common enough in female character everywhere:

A young widow, the Countess C., was deeply in love with a young officer of the horse guards. The Countess had an immense fortune in land, or rather in slaves, but the will of the Emperor hindered her from sharing it with her lover. The chaste Nicholas had forbidden her marriage.—You are aware that it is next to impossible for a Russian to convert his wealth into ready money without the permission of the Emperor. The moment the latter perceives that one of his subjects is seeking for resources which he can carry with him to a foreign country, the autocrat interposes his supreme will, and attaches the proprietor to the soil, like a serf in the old feudal times. Estates can be alienated only by *virtue of vice*: whoever has been ruined by gambling or debauchery is permitted to sell his property, because, after the settlement of his debt, misery prevents his escape from his master.

The Countess, who knew this, borrowed largely under pretence of lavish expenditure. She bought jewels, diamonds, all the costly luxuries of a young and beautiful woman. Then, after having amassed enough out of Russia to live upon comfortably, she resolved to depart secretly with her young officer, abandoning to her creditors and to the imperial confiscations her annual revenue of two thousand rubles.

All requisite measures were taken with a prisoner's precaution, with wonderful patience, with admirable persistence. Like Latude, the lovers were encompassed by a prison five hundred leagues around, and had a million inhabitants for spies.

A single paltry motive caused all to be discovered. The young officer had feigned illness for a year; by force of doing his stomach with vinegar, and inflaming his eyes by gazing at the sun, he had become really consumptive and almost blind. By this means, he so far imposed upon the Russian police as to obtain a passport, under pretext of going to restore his health at the springs of Aix-la-Chapelle. Once armed with this passport, he makes every preparation for his departure. A servant, of course, must accompany him; this servant was no other than the Countess in disguise. A livery had been made for a young slave of her size, a dark colored wig ordered for a bald-headed friend.

All had been triumphed over—all, except an emotion of feminine coquetry, which the Countess could not overcome. The livery fitted her quite well, but the wig spoilt her looks. At three leagues from St. Petersburg, she doffed the wig; at four leagues, the police officer whom they met found her too pretty to be a man; and solely because the passport ran "an officer and his servant," and because the "servant" spoke suspicions, the policeman arrested the whole party, and dispatched his prize to St. Petersburg.

The lady was banished from court, the officer was exiled, and the chaste Nicholas awarded national admiration by all the husbands in Russia.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE STRANGE WOMAN:

A Choctaw Legend.

It was in the olden times, and two Choctaw hunters were spending the night by their watchfire in a bend of the river Alabama. The game and the fish of their country was, with every new moon becoming less abundant, and all that they had to satisfy their hunger on the night in question was the tough flesh of a black hawk. They were very tired, and as they mused upon their unfortunate condtion, and thought of their hungry children, they were very unhappy, and talked despondingly. But they roasted the bird before the fire, and proceeded to enjoy as comfortable a meal as they could. Hardly had they commenced eating, however, before they were startled by a singular noise, resembling the cooing of a dove. They jumped up and looked around them to ascertain the cause. In one direction they saw nothing but the moon just rising above the forest trees, on the opposite side of the river. They looked up and down the river but could see nothing but the sandy shores and the dark waters. They listened, and nothing could they hear but the murmur of the flowing stream.

They now turned their eyes in that direction opposite the moon, and to their astonishment they discovered, standing upon the summit of a grassy mound, the form of a beautiful woman. They hastened to her side, when she told them she was very hungry, whereupon they ran after their roasted hawk and gave it all into the hands of the strange woman. She barely tasted of the proffered food, but told the hunters that their kindness had preserved her from death; and that she would not forget them, when she returned to the happy grounds of her father, who was the *Hush-la-li* or Great Spirit of the Choctaws. She had one request to make, and this was, that when the next moon of midsummer should arrive, they should visit the spot where she then stood, and then a pleasant breeze swept among the forest leaves, and the strange woman suddenly disappeared.

The hunters were astonished, but they returned to their families and kept all they had seen and heard, hidden in their hearts. Summer came, and they once more visited the mound on the banks of the Alabama. They found it covered with a new plant, whose leaves were like the knives of the white-man. It yielded a delicious food which has since been, known among the Choctaws as the sweet *tom-chi* or Indian maize.

Afflictions.

The longer the affliction lath been, the sweeter will heaven be to thee at last. The longer the storm the sweeter the calm; the longer the winter nights, the sweeter the summer days. Long afflictions will much set off the glory of heaven. The harbor is more sweet and desirable to them that have been long tossed upon the seas; so will heaven be to those who have long been in a sea of troubles. The new wine of Christ's kingdom is most sweet to those that have been long drinking of gall and vinegar.

Revd. Thomas Brooks.

AN EPIGRAM.—Why is a dandy like a mushroom?
Give it up?
Because he's a regular sap head—
His waist is remarkable slender;
His growth is exceedingly rapid,
And his top is uncommonly tender!

"Are you in love, Maria?"
"Yes mother."
"How much?"
"Well, I don't know exactly, but I should think about five feet, for I feel all overish like.

Gentleman, is a name often bestowed on a well dressed blackguard, and withheld from its right owner, who only wears this qualification in his heart.

A STERN PRESENTIMENT.—I ain't going to live long, mammy."
"Why, you sarpint."
"Because my trowsers is all torn out behind."

A GENTLE WHISPER IN THE HUSBAND'S EAR.

Husband, think of the good qualities of your beloved, not of her bad ones; think of her good common sense, her industry, neatness, order; her kindness, affability, and, above all, her ardent piety, her devotedness to things heavenly and divine. Suppose you had a slattern for a wife, a slipshod hussy, a gossip, a real termagant, whose tounge was not merely a triphammer, but as the forked lightnings! so that even the house top would be a thankful retreat from her unmitigated fury! Suppose all this, and still more, then say has not God dealt very kindly, graciously, mercifully, in giving you such a wife as he has? God has dealt infinitely better than your deserts.

"But she is not all I could wish."

Marvelous, wonderful! And are *you*, think you, all *she* could wish? Turn the wallet. Suppose you cast an eye within and without, view your own ugliness, and crookedness, and blackness! How many things does your beloved wife see in you that she has reason to despise as mean, selfish, miserly, groveling? Are you all that she could wish? far from it. But this prying into and scanning each other's faults hypercritically, is altogether wrong, and will always keep you on the hatchel, fidgety and ricketty. Better a thousand times study each other's graces and good qualities, endeavoring to correct the faults of one another in the spirit of meekness and love. The cause of all this bickering, and sparring, and jarring, and splitting, and *twitching* and *hitching*, is want of love. Love covereth a multitude of blemishes. Let the heart be filled with love, and the little faults which now appear mountains, will be swallowed up, or become as mole-hills. A husband who is always complaining and growling, and snapping, and snarling, is enough to crush a heart of steel, to sour the mind of an angel. The female heart is tender, soothing, sympathetic, lovely. Husband, speak kindly to your beloved—

Speak kindly to her. Little dost thou know
What utter wretchedness, what hopeless woe
Hang on those bitter words, that stern reply;
The cold demeanor, and reproving eye.
The death steel pierces not with keener dart,
Than unkind words, in woman's trusting heart.

The frail being by thy side is of finer mould keener her sense of pain, of wrong, greater her love of tenderness. How delicately tuned her heart; each ruder breath upon its strings complains in lowest notes of sadness, not heard, but felt. It wears away her life like a deep undercurrent, while the mirror of the changing surface gives not one sigh of woe. Man, put away unbelief, banish that sourness and moroseness, and sullenness, and gulliness; put on a smile of sweet affection; exhibit kindness, tenderness, sympathy and love; and rest assured, your wife if not a real termagant; will reciprocate, clasp you to her bosom in affection's *grasp*. Your mouth will be filled with laughter—your domestic fireside, instead of a pandemonium, will be a little paradise. Your little ones will gather around you as olive plants—blooming sweetly in all the beauty and freshness of spring. Man, try it.—*Golden (Ky.) Rule.*

DEATH OF A CHILD.

These words are full of strange and moving meaning; winter following spring—nightfall succeeding to dawn! Fanciful ideas crowd upon the mind hand in hand in solemn truths. That little being who knew nothing here, how to know the end of all things!—That vacant intelligence which wondered at the ticking of a watch, now to understand the mystery of its own being. *My own child*, who use to hang upon my lips for instruction now advanced where one word would, from its own mouth, be a revelation to me! That helpless creature borne from arm to arm, guarded by day and watched by night, top shy to bear the approach of a strange face, now launched alone in the "vast profound," escorted by intelligence divine but strange. Will there be no one among that crowd of disfranchised spirits who will claim an affinity with it? Will the little brother who departed a year ago recognize this as the babe who entered the bonds of flesh as he was leaving them? Or will it be one of the first signs of a better existence that the ties of blood are not needed in it? Of all the sorrows in this world, that for the death of a young child brings with it the readiest healing. Would you grudge its having received promotion without money? the rights of citizenship without the formality of residence? the certificate of humanity without the service? the end and aim of life without this weary life itself? The death of a child is an enigma, but one which solves many others. The mind may dream and wonder, and form strange conclusions from the weakness of that life, which has yielded to the strong arm of death; but two truths remain distinct, more plainly read on that cold marble cherub than on any other form of lifeless clay, and those are the worthlessness of that breath which a child is summoned to render up, and the freshness of that grace which a child is able to inherit.

HONEY MOON CONVERSATION.

A correspondent of the *Delawarian*, writing from Brandywine Springs, gives the following report of a conversation between a newly married couple from Virginia. There is a depth of affection in it, which is quite refreshing to contemplate.

"William, dear William," said the wife with a world of affection in her eyes.

"Speak; heavenly charmer," replied the new husband, returning with interest the expressive glances of his spouse.

"Dear William!"
"Adored Eliza!"
"Sweet flattered!"
"Angelic creature!"
"Dear—dear William, pardon me—but do you think a short walk would hurt us, as the divine William says?"
"I fear, loveliest of thy sex, that you may be fatigued."
"Fear, not, dearest!"
"Heavenly emanation—bright dreams of my precarious existence—but I cannot help fearing."
"Sweet William—"
"Celestial Eliza!"

Here they fell to violent kissing, which lasted about fifteen minutes. Almost breathless the lady exclaimed—

"William, dear William, why are you so sweet? Oh, the joy, the ecstacy of wedded bliss! Best beloved will you ever love me thus?"

"By yonder fearful—I say tremendous orb—I swear!" he exclaimed, pointing to the setting sun.

"And as a memento of our wedding day, will you yearly bring me here—will you cherished idol?"

"Yes, my only pet—my life—my love—I will bring you here every year if my capital holds out!"

"Oh! bravest and best of thy noble sex, talk not of capital in this our hour of bliss."

How much longer they talked the writer cannot say, for he was called away at this moment to welcome some friends from Maryland. But he is firmly of the opinion that none but married people know what real happiness is. While the above happy couple were talking, he felt as if immersed in molasses, and everything since has looked, felt, and smelt sweeter.

INTERESTING TO BACHELORS.—A boarding house keeper in Baltimore advertises to furnish "gentlemen with pleasant and comfortable rooms; also, one or two gentlemen *with wives*."

Afflictions are the spine to the soul as the plough to the fallow ground, the pruning knife to the vine, and the furnace to the gold.

"How beautiful," said a lady, "the face of nature looks after undergoing a shower." "Yes, madame—and so would yours after undergoing a similar process."

The Dress of Members of Parliament.

An interesting correspondent of the London Weekly News, (Jerrolds', no longer, unhappily,) thus discourses of the costume of some of England's parliamentary celebrities:

The advent of summer weather has exercised a cheering effect upon the personnel of the House of Commons. The sombre hues in which honorable gentlemen arrayed themselves during the gloom of winter, and the still gloomier spring, have given way to buff, the lilac and the white.

When treating of the House of Lords, I incidently mentioned that attention to the matter of dress did not form a characteristic of their lordships. As regards the majority of those who take the most interest in the proceedings, and whose persons you consequently see the oftnest, slovenliness and shabbiness are the rule. It is mentioned of Napoleon, that he was readily distinguished from the officers who accompanied him, by the plainness of his attire; so many of their lordships seem bent upon improving on the example, with the view, apparently of distinguishing themselves from the clean, well-dressed men who stand at the doors.

I have seen two noble lords, to whose face a razor seemed a stranger, and for whose attire shillings, not sovereigns, would be the coin in which an offer of purchase would be expressed, leave the house and return with a cocked hats on their heads, and their persons arrayed in scarlet robes, maliciously exposing the miserable appliances beneath, and giving rise to the unruly thought, that had the noble personages held a pipe in one hand and a pot of half-and-half in the other, the burlesque would have been complete. Yet these were the men that were to join the Lord Chancellor, as Lords' Commissioners, to give the royal assent to bills!

As a whole, I would say that the Commons, dress better than the Lords. Lord John Russell is for the most part exceedingly neat. He is small but well made, and his surtout clings to him like a glove.—As he promenades in the gallery, the subject of his lordships health forms a frequent topic of comment. Some one will say, "Lord John is not looking well;" "That he isn't," says a second; "How can he," says a third. Upon another occasion the judgment will be reversed. "How well his lordship looks!" says one; "What a change," says a second; "He's been to Windsor," says a third. My impression, however, is, that it is all a matter of waistcoat.—When that region presents a dark and dreary aspect, his lordship is pronounced to be ill; but when something light and cheery peeps forth, his lordship's health has undergone a most wonderful improvement.

Without exception, however, the most remarkable man in the House, in point of attire, is Col. Sibthorp. It would require the pen of a Stultz, at the very least the phrenzy of Thimble's poet, to describe the covering in which that gallant officer envelopes himself. The greater part is composed of waistcoat; and when I mention that its stripes are as broard as ribbons, and that golden chains long enough and strong enough to harness a kid, hang loosly from his neck, some idea of the grandeur of the colonel's presence may be formed. His trousers too, are striped; none of your paltry shepherd's plaid kind of thing, like Boughum's or Sir Robert Peel's, but stripes to match the waistcoat. There is, also, a watch chain and a bunch of seals of a size which at once proclaims that the colonel's ancestors must have been fortunate enough to discover a "diggin" of their own. The coat is curiously devised, and the object being to show as much of the waistcoat as is consistent with preventing the coat from falling over the shoulders. It will readily be supposed that a good deal of linen enters into the tout ensemble. The surmise is correct; as much encircles the neck and streams from the wrists of the fortunate officer, as would convert some of the shirtless looking peers into dandies, and yet, when all this was done, the colonel could not be called a collarless man. Altogether, his appearance is imposing; and the electors of Lincoln had better take care of their household gems, particularly if there is reason to fear that they are susceptable of the foster impressions, upon those occasions when the colonel calls to present them with his packets of tea, or to ask them if the delivery has taken place.—But Mr. Thomas Duncombe has immortalized the illustrious senator. The colonel sneered upon one occasion, at St. Giles's. Mr. Duncombe rose in defence:

"Perhaps the honorable and gallant colonel is not aware how the parish of St. Giles is composed.—[The colonel declared he was not.] It contains several of the Inns of Court, and the residences of many of the most eminent lawyers. I confess I never saw a Lincoln (en poupee); but if I might be allowed to judge of them by their representatives, I should say that from one end of Finsbury to the other—from St. Giles' to St. Luke's—I never saw, for elegence or diction, mental accomplishments, or personal adornment—(bursts of laughter)—any body in the least like the honorable and gallant representatives of the ten-pounders of Lincoln.

The Tomb of Washington.

The proposition that Congress should purchase the Mount Vernon estate, so that the tomb of Washington should be included within national ground, was very generally acceptable to the public, when made; but, for some reason or other, we know not what, it failed of success. A correspondent of the *Boston Atlas*, who recently visited Mount Vernon, says that the present proprietor would be willing to sell the mansion, with several hundred acres of land, to the National Government, although he would not part with a foot of it to any stranger. The correspondent adds:

We do not believe that any person ever visited this hallowed spot without going away with the conviction that the purchase should be made by Congress. Let the nation own it, and fit it up in a manner worthy of the Republic and of the illustrious dead, whose name is our richest inheritance, and whose life was one uninterrupted flow of the highest and purest notions that ever marked the family of man.—It is disreputable that it should long remain in its present state. If we had Mount Vernon in old Massachusetts; if Washington had been her son, and his body was laid within her mould, how the spot would be treasured in our hearts, and beautified by our hands. The people of our Commonwealth would count it as their richest treasure, and our maidens would keep the tomb dressed with flowers in perennial freshness.

☞ The following, from the Philadelphia Bulletin, although containing nothing new, we give place to it on account of the good advice it contains:

Cholera.—The first indication of the approach of the disease is a hardness or fullness in the abdomen, betraying a slight derangement in the organs there situated. If a glass of water is taken, a feeling of distress or uneasiness ensues, generally of a light character, however, and in consequence frequently disregarded altogether, or soon forgotten. In time—on the next day perhaps—pains shoot through the stomach, and a sensation of nausea is experienced. Diarrhœa ensues, perhaps vomiting, the day after, or in violent cases on the same day. Even though the patient may have disregarded the former symptoms, if he will now call in a physician, and take proper remidies, he is nearly sure of recovery, more than a person attacked with fever, or other ordinary disorders. If, however, he neglects these fore-warnings, violent cramp succeeds, and then there is real danger.

POOR UNWHOLESOME.—The authorities of St. Louis have prohibited the sale of pork within the limits of that city, under a heavy fine, for fear of the cholera.

☞ Here is a conundrum for you, girls. Why is the price current like a young lady's back?
Because it shows the rise of *cotton*.