American Volunteer.

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

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THE VOLUNTEER.

John B. Bratton, Editor and Proprietor.

CARLISLE, THURSDAY SEPT. 6, 1849.

Letter from Judge Black.

The following letter from the Hon. Jeremiah S. Black of Somerset, to a Democratic 4th of July celebration in Philadelphia, should be published in every Democratic journal in our state. It is a fair index to the sentiments of the talented Patriot by whom it was penned. His prophecy concerning the late administration has been already verified. A few more such Democratic triumphs and it will be gloriously vindicated.

SOMERSET, June 30, 1849.

DEAR SIR:—I have just received your obliging letter conveying to me the invitation of the Eastern Democracy to join them in their celebration of the 4th of July, at Brown's. I thank you for this token of your remembrance, but for many reasons not necessary to enumerate, I cannot by any possibility be with you.

Since the last anniversary of our independence, the Democratic party of the Union has been defeated by a combination of causes which need not now be mentioned, but the administration which closed last March will soon receive ample justice. The premature death of its lamented chief and the retirement to private life, of those who were associated with him in the executive department, will consecrate its measures to impartial history much earlier than could have been expected under the circumstances. The Oregon question settled by compelling England to accept, with gratitude, a compromise which she rejected before with expressions of scorn—a foreign war, planned and conducted with such wisdom and energy, that in *forty two* battles, always against superior numbers, there was not one defeat—the limits of the Republic extended by the addition of new territory, many thousand miles in circumference, teeming with fertility, and filled with inexhaustable treasures—a commerce profitable beyond all former example, and furnishing a revenue sufficient for all proper purposes, by a system of taxation so light that it is complained of by some, for its very lightness—a currency guarded by every means which the General Government could adopt to save it from fluctuation—the national honor so successfully vindicated, that the American name is a familiar object of admiration in every part of the world—these are some of the triumphs of the late administration, on which it bases its claim to public respect and gratitude. When it is recollected that each of these achievments were wrought out in the face of an opposition, the most able, uncharitable, and persevering that ever beset any government with its clamours, no Republican can permit himself to fear that the "sober second thought" of the people will withhold their approbation from so rare a union of talents and firmness. Justice is seen already in the retiring ebb of that accidental popularity which floated the Whigs into power. Mr. Polk and the great statesmen who composed his cabinet, will not need to wait the tardy judgement of another age to vindicate them; their bitterest enemies are even now paying unconscious hostage to the virtue and ability that guided the councils of the nation from 1845 to 1849. The events of that period have ministered something to their pride as well as to ours and they feel that the cubit added to the stature of American citizens has made them taller too.

Please to present the annexed sentiment to the company at Brown's.

I am very respectfully, yours, &c.,

J. S. BLACK.

The American Democracy—Moderate in victory, it can afford to be calm in defeat—a rock built on principle; misfortune cannot shake its deep foundations.

The Cold-Hearted Butcher.

A Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald*, a Taylor paper, under date of August 17th, writes:

"A Democratic clerk in the land office last month, directly after he received his pay, set a good example, not generally followed, of paying his debts. He had but fifty cents remaining in his pockets, and with this; he the next day liquidated his barber's bill. Two days after, having sent a communication to the Secretary of the Interior; signed by 40 or 50 clerks, soliciting that his salary be increased; he received a reply, informing him that the Department had no further occasion for his services! Penniless, and with a sad heart, he sat down and asked Mr. Ewing by note, to retain him until the month was out, that he might obtain the funds to "Carry him back to Old Virginny's Shore." Mr. Ewing did not reply. The Ex Clerk, however, was determined to obtain an answer verbally, and so he watched for the Secretary, and headed him as he was on his way to the department. "Good morning, Mr. Ewing," "Good morning, sir." "My name is ——, whom you have discharged. I wrote to you, asking to be retained until the first of the month, and I wish to know whether you say "yes" or "no" to my request."—"No," replied the Secretary, sharply, his face losing the smile it usually wears; and, with a load of books under one arm and a bundle of papers (probably notifications of removals and appointments,) in his right hand, he hurried out of the office."

☞ "No newspaper ought to support any man for any office in the county in which it is published, unless he is a regular subscriber to it. The press has long enough been the drudge for the elevation of illiberal and selfish men."—*Nor. Herald.*

The justice of the above sentiment, we presume, but few will question. It is, however, too generally the opinion that an Editor is a pack-horse, made for the sole purpose of manufacturing great men out of small ones, and entitled to no consideration in return. But we think that an Editor, like every other man of proper feelings, should befriend those who befriend him; and if his profession is not worthy the support of political aspirants, his influence is not worth having about nominating and election times.—*Leb. Cour.*

SENATOR HOUSTON AND WOMAN.—In a political address recently delivered at Nashville, Texas, Senator Houston was gallant enough to say the following handsome things of woman:

"He owed his reformation to the ladies (a good many of whom were present)—to woman! And he was proud to make it a boast everywhere, that in Texas the rights of women were more securely guarantied than in any other state in the Union. To the credit of her sons, be it said, that they most highly appreciate the worth and influence of the ladies. He attributed all the bad habits of the Texans to the want of female population. That evil was removed, and we were another people. Woman exercised an illimitable influence in giving taste to the mind of man, and in forming his character. In health she adorns and embellishes his habits; in sickness she is a balm and a solace to the weary and worn spirit."

The North American, at Philadelphia, the leading Federal paper in this State, publicly announces that Gen. Taylor's pilgrimage is a political one.

The women in England are asserting their rights. They have established a club, in Salisbury, for cricket playing, and at the last advices, a match was about to be played between two elevens—one consisting of married, and the other of single women.

☞ A great Hungarian meeting was held in Philadelphia last week.

Poetical.

ADVERTISEMENT OF A LOST DAY.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Lost! lost! lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in Paradise—
Set round with three times eight,
Large diamonds clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost—where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's mazes wind,
Where trifling folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind;
Yet to my hand was given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white robed choir attune,
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!
I feel all search is vain;
That gems of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again;
I offer no reward,
For till these heart strings sever,
I know that heaven intrusted gift
Is rest away forever.

But when the sea and land
Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in His hand
Who judgeth quick and dead;
And when of scathe and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall I answer there?

I SAW HER ONCE.

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

I saw her once; and still I see
That placid eye and thoughtful brow;
That voice! it spoke but once to me—
That quiet voice is with me now.

Where'er I go my soul is blest;
She meets me there, a cheering light,
And when I sink away to rest,
She murmurs near—Good night! good night!

Our earthly forms are far apart;
But can her spirit be so nigh
Nor I a home within her heart?
And love but dream her fond reply?

Oh, no! the form that I behold—
No shaping this of memory!
Her self, her self is here enscroll'd
—I saw her once; and still I see.

Miscellaneous.

From the Lady's Book for September.

THE TWO THOMPSONS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"God made the country and man made the town."

It has become very fashionable of late, with writers of a certain grade, to draw invidious comparisons between the city and the country, and to dwell pathetically upon the miseries and mortifications to which town bred people are subjected by unsolicited and interminable visitations from their rural acquaintances.

For some years past, the patient public has been deluged with dolorously ludicrous tales and sketches on these same delightful topics; they have a strong family likeness, and their features are something of this sort:

A wealthy and aristocratic city family, elegant, polite and refined to the last degree, are, some fatal morning, surprised, taken by storm, by the incursions of certain low-bred, illiterate, scheming, drawling impertinent, and altogether disgusting country people, in bell crowned hats and steeple crowned bonnets, sheeps grey flaunting calico, flourishing bandanas; telling endless stories in an impossible dialect; laughing loud, guessing and asking questions; a wild, predatory race, yet in primeval ignorance of the mysteries of silver forks, napkins, finger glasses, party hours, French cooking, the polka and the opera; a bold and venturous people, who, with eyes yet unsealed to behold the rude material and curious cut of their own clothes, or the appalling greenness which is spouting out of every crevice of their characters, give themselves up with a charming abandon to the enjoyment of their new atmosphere and surroundings, undazzled and unoppressed by luxury and state; spread themselves extensively on damask sofas and are delightfully at home on embroidered ottomans and in velvet *fauteuils*.

The men, who are invariably course, loud voiced, and roughshod, alarm and stun the courteous master of the house with long political harrangues; rank with that bar room democracy, which takes the fact of an American being a gentleman as a proof of his being bribed with "British gold," and looks upon a display of clean linen as the sure insignia of aristocracy. The women, familiar and exacting, drag their amiable hostess, a sweet, uncomplaining martyr to her politeness, all over town, on endless shopping expeditions, or go forth slyly by themselves, and come back, heated and noisy, to dinner, with numberless "great, good bargains," cheap shawls, hose, and "*handkerchers*," in brown paper parcels, under their arms.

After many days, weeks it may be, during which all imaginable vexations; mortifications, and importinences have been endured by their entertainers, with unfailing politeness and exemplary fortitude, the terrible visitors take their depature, selfish; envious, unsatisfied and ungrateful to the last.

I think I have given a pretty fair synopsis of the matter of the class of tales to which I referred; the manner of relation is, of course, somewhat varied yet never rises to absolute Miltonic sublimity, or becomes too exquisitely witty to be endured even by persons of delicate nerves.

Now, all this is unnatural, ungenerous, pretentious, and essentially vulgar. It is insulting to the true character of our country people, and should be at once resented by them, were it not so weak and ridiculous, as the expression of a small kind of aristocracy, and as the vehicle of the stalest and cheapest of wit and humor.

In the first place, it is not true that the country people are in the habit of making long, unsolicited visits to the city. Again it is not true that with their fashionable friends, they are free and easy, presuming and importinent; not true that they are insensible to their own peculiarities, or blind to the annoyance they sometimes occasion, slow to take hints, meddlesome, exacting, or ungrateful for kindly attention. On the other hand they are often too much averse to appearing in the society of cities, and too jealously alive to the fear of seeming presuming and intrusive. When thrown for a time into those polished circles, they seldom thurst themselves forward, but are, in general, too silent and humble, and awkwardly respectful. They have often as ready an apprehension, and so native a delinacy, as to prove the least troublesome of accidental acquaintance for people of fashion. They have such a quick pride, such a live sensibility, you may put them down with the wave of the hand, shake their off with a toss of the head, and cut them up root and branch with a cold word, or an insolent laugh.

It is true that the country cousin flushes too deeply and moves too constrainedly in the gas lit drawing room, thinks morbidly on the last year's fashion of her dress, and is never quite oblivious of her freckles and faded ribbons; and the young farmer there stammers awkwardly, and walks, or sits with a new and painful consciousness of hands and feet. But place the girl at home, and as she goes about her simple daily duties, you may have a happy, natural, graceful creature, most lovable and womanly; and the farmer is a true type of a hearty and dignified manhood, when, like Macgregor, "his foot is on his native heath."

Has it never occured to you, my dear reader, that the picture so often retouched and placed in a new light, might possibly have another side than the one always presented by the generous and facetious writers to whom we have referred above? Let us turn it out.

Soon as the dull and dusty summer months come round, town people are suddenly visited by "dreams of all things green," imitations of a previous existence, it may be—propensities nomadic and Nebuchadnezzaran for a pastoral, or rather *pastural* life, and pour out into the country in squads of sporting men, companies of pale women, and battalions of infantry. These are received by families of farmers, often mere acquaintances, with an open hearted and open handed hospitality—a hospitality which has some meaning and some merit; for, in the country, where people are frequently obliged to be their own domestics, and where there are neither lions nor markets, visits from city friends necessarily occasion a great amount of care and labor. Here the entertainers give up all their time and thoughts, with cheerful devotion to their guests. Every day brings some new plan for their good, or pleasure, and sees it carried out. Everything possible is done to make them feel contented and comfortable; in short, *at home*. They are urged to prolong their stay from time to time; and when, at last, they are really off, are accompanied to the coach door with sorrowful farewells; waved to from the porch; and spoken of kindly, even though they leave disordered apartments, trampled grass plots, broken carriage wheels, and used up saddle horses behind them. In return for all this, the farmer and his family are fortunate, if when they are in town a for day or two, they are courteously received by the servants of the house, and not met with careless indifference or stately politeness, which is worse; or patronizing condescension, which is more insufferable than all.

Hospitality is a rural virtue, and in its perfection, as rarely found in cities as clover tufts growing among flag stones: yet, when found, all the more refreshing and beautiful a sight.

That the writer, in her own person, with so much of the atmosphere of rural life about her, has yet been so generously dealt with by her friends of the town, she assigns to her peculiar good fortune in having fallen in with a class of people who might well redeem any metropolitan society from indiscriminate reproach; men and women of sense and heart, who, looking through dress and manner, were pleased to recognize an earnest and independent spirit. For these, and such as these, she has only admiration and grateful feeling; yet for their good, she surely is not penning this present article.

"Lizzie, who were those stylish young ladies, in old Mr. White's pew, to-day?" asked Julian Fielding of his sister, on their way from church, one Sunday afternoon in August.

"Why, they are his grand daughters, the two Thompsons, from New York. They are on here for the summer, to rusticate. It is said that one of them was in love, not wisely, and an absence from the city was rather peremptorily prescribed by the father, who, you know, is a rich Wall street broker."

"Have you called on them, sister?"

"No, not yet; I waited on you to come home, and go with me. They are so elegant and fashionable, I am half afraid. But we will make the call to-morrow, if you say so; for scarcely any one has been to see them, and I am sure they must be very lonely at that dull, old place of the Whites."

"Agreed. I like their appearance, decidedly.—One of them is rather pretty."

Oh, very, I think Julian," exclaimed Lizzie, with generous enthusiasm.

The speakers in the above dialogue were the only son and daughter of the Episcopal clergyman of a small, retired village, in the southern part of New York. Julian Fielding, a young gentleman of twenty-one, just out of college, was gay-tempered, spirited, and rather handsome; with considerable natural cleverness, but little knowledge of the world. Still he could not be pronounced a verdant young man; for, with him native wit and tact well supplied the place of experience. He was carelessly rather than courageously original, and deservedly a general favorite. Lizzie Fielding, two years younger, was just such a girl as young gentlemen love to point out as his sister. She was a very pretty, a very charming creature; truly beautiful in face, graceful in figure, tasteful in dress, and modest and unaffected in manner. She was a very embodiment of affectionateness and devotion; somewhat too romantic and sensitive, perhaps, and given to great bursts of sorrow on small occasions; yet merry as a dancing fairy between whiles.

A beautiful love and a perfect confidence existed between this brother and sister from their earliest childhood.

The important call on the two Thompsons was made, speedily returned, and thus began an acquaintance which rapidly deepened into intimacy; an intimacy of the closest and most confidential kind on the part of the young ladies. The sisters were not very pleasantly situated in the sober methodical household of their grand-parents, and soon became almost domesticated at the cheerful home of the Fieldings. They appeared quite unlike city belles; wore gipsy hats, with myrtle wreaths; hunted wild flowers; went trouting; made hay; loved pigs and chickens; had slight fear of cows; drank new milk; in short, were delightfully rural and simple in their ways, and altogether enchanting to honest country people.

It is true, Julian Fielding, *did* give some hints of a most ungenerous opinion that all this was a little too strong, too decided, to be quite natural; and even went so far, once, as to mutter something about "affectation," "humbug;" but Lizzie defended her new friends so warmly and stoutley, that he was obliged to give over.

Miss Helen Thompson, the beauty, proved to be passionately fond of riding; so Lizzie's nice little palfrey was promptly placed at her service, and accepted, with sun-bright smiles and a regular summer shower of kisses. And Lizzie's handsome brother, who could desire a more gallant cavalier?

So it went. Such long, delicious, summer evening rides, through the green lanes and woody glens, and over the hills of A——, with fragrant airs, and singing waters, and gushes of bird music, and waving shadows, and gleams of softened sunlight around them, and "nobody very near." What wonder if a pleasant little flirtation sprang up spontaneously between these two; under the favor of circumstances, the abetting influences of idleness and romance, and the passionate and poetical load of the season, and with old dame Nature looking on, with a quiet, complacent smile, as much as to say, "Well, well, I was young once myself."

By the way, with how much indulgence have lovers ever been regarded in her fair domain! How tenderly the light shadows shelter their paths! The frolic winds are no gossipy retailers of their soft sayings. The flowers smile to each other in the moonlight, and nod their heads in an ecstasy of sympathetic delight. And even the solemn and far-away stars wink at the youthful folly of melting glances, low sighs, clasped hands, and kisses.

But all this is scarcely apropos to my present hero and heroine. It is true that, by the second week of their acquaintance, they recited impassioned poetry and sung among the solitudes, as they rode, or strolled slowly; and, by the next week, conversed fondly and fluently in the language of flowers; and in the next, and all following, pretty decided love, as love goes now-a-days, was talked, looked, and sighed—*et viola tout*. In short, and in truth, it was a *flirtation*—nothing more; with the youth, an agreeable experiment; with the belle, practice, to keep her hand in.

In all this time, Miss Louisa, "the other one," was not forgotten, nor neglected. She cultivated an enthusiasm for the sublime and beautiful, and patronized Nature to a degree quite rare and praiseworthy for a lady of her condition. In other words, she sketched incessantly; and Julian was always on hand in the morning to escort her on her artistic excursions, and to show up all the fine points in the scenery about A——.

Thus two months went by, and then—oh! that dark, mournful day; that dreadful, sorrowful, tearful parting! For a long time, even after the coach was at the door, poor Lizzie clung to her beloved friends, and would not let them go. Dear girls, how tenderly they strove to comfort her with promises of a longer visit the succeeding year, and with glowing pictures of the pleasures they would have in store for their "darling," on her visit to the city. And Julian—with what impressiveness were their farewells spoken to him; and how long did they look back and wave to him, as he stood leaning on the gate, gazing down the road.

All was over—they were, indeed, gone; and mirth and music, the sound of light feet and lighter laughter had died out of the house; the flush and smile of beauty, the gleam of white muslin, the flutter of silken scarfs, the musical rattle, the melodious dissonance of eager, girlish voices, all passed away; and in their stead, silent, and darkened, and lonely places elsewhere. The day was wearisome, the evening intolerable; and Lizzie went to bed, with a headache, to cry herself to sleep. On descending from her chamber in the morning, she was surprised and shocked to find Julian busily engaged in preparing his rods for a days trouting, and actually whistling at his work.

A correspondence was kept up between the friends; rather a one-sided affair, it must be confessed: as Lizzie, who, like a heroine of old romance, had marvelous epistolary gifts, usually filled a generous sheet with wit and sentiment; but seldom received more in return than the most fairy-like missives, on perfumed note paper, begining with "Dearest," or "Sweetest," or "Darling Lizzie," and closing with "in the greatest imaginable haste," or "in a most strong hurry—just off for the opera—carriage at the door—ever and ever yours," &c.

It happened that the winter succeeding the memorable visit of the two Thompsons to A——, a near relative of the Fieldings, a distinguished senator, being with his family at Washington, sent a most cordial and pressing invitation to Julian and Lizzie to spend some time with them at the capital. When they had concluded to accept this invitation, Lizzie was about to write all about it to her friends the two Thompsons; but her brother, the mysterious fellow, begged that she would not do so; and she complied with his request, as a matter of course.

Lizzie's outfit was such as became the daughter of a country clergyman, neat and ample, but far enough from rich and stylish. Yet she was little troubled by these things. Her affectionate heart was bounding in joyful anticipation of so soon meeting her kind relatives, and no less at the thought of seeing again her charming friends of the last summer, as she passed through the city, on her way south. "Ah, what a glad surprise it will be to them—only to think of it!"

It was a bright though frosty winter morning, when Julian Fielding handed his sister out of a cab, in front of —— Hotel, on Broadway. Just at that moment, a gay group of ladies, escorted by two or three moustached officers, were strolling down the sunny *pave*; and first among the party, gorgeous and imposing in rich cashmeres, velvets, furs, and long, floating plumes, were the two Thompsons! Lizzie started impetuously forward, but her brother drew her back; not, however, before she had met the eyes of the dashing young ladies. Avoiding, with a cool and practised assurance, her eager gaze, and glancing over her plain travelling-dress both passed on majestically, without a word, or look of recognition.

As they ascended the steps of the hotel, Mr. Fielding was ungallant enough to pronounce the sisters "a couple of insolent little upstarts;" but Lizzie, true to her own confiding nature, exclaimed, "I don't believe they know us! You, brother, are so changed by your whiskers and by my winter dress. And, then, they are quite near-sighted. You remember they both carried glasses."

"Some city people are often near-sighted when they meet country acquaintances. But no matter."

Julian found it impossible to infuse a large share of his own suspiciousness into the gentle mind of his sister, who yet insisted on sending her card to her "dear, old friends."

The next day, about noon, they came, the two Thompsons, with much "pomp and circumstance;" a stylish carriage, blood horses, coachman and footman in livery, and all that. Our unsophisticated, republican Lizzie was, however, little awed by the state, though deeply grieved by the changed manner of her visitors. They met her with most fashionable indifference, merely extending to her the tips of their gloved fingers, when she would have folded them to her warm, honest heart, throbbing with alternate hope and fear, but most of all, with love.

Lizzie grew faint, then proud, then indignant, and remained almost silent, while her friends rattled on, she knew not what, of up-town gossip. She was inexpressibly relieved when she heard her brothers step at the door. Miss Louisa, who happened to be standing, curtesied at his entrance; and Miss Helen, who was seated, nodded her head, and showed her immaculate teeth in a patronizing smile, but did not proffer her hand.—Julian's lip curled slightly, as he remembered how often he had been allowed to hold that hand in his, and even to raise it to his lips, in the season of the summer flirtation.

"Oh, Mr. Fielding," lisped the beauty, "how good of you to bring one darling Lizzie to our noisy city; even for a day or two. But you cannot conceive how much we are grieved at not being able to take her home with us, at once. The truth is we are just off for Washington, where pa is to take us to spend the remainder of the season."

Lizzie was about to remark that this was also their own destination; but she caught her brother's eye, and was silent.

About three weeks from this meeting and parting, the two Thompsons found themselves, for the first time, in the gallery of the House, at Washington. They had arrived at the capital a day or two before.

Suddenly, Miss Louisa whispered to her sister, and directed her gaze to where, a little distance off, was sitting, by the side of the elegant wife of Senator ——, no other than our Lizzie, listening intently to an elegant speech from the distinguished statesman himself.

After this, as the reader may apprehend, the poor girl was absolutely overwhelmed by the visits and heartless attentions of her "affectionate friends" as her cousins called them; and even the obdurate Julian was often playfully reminded of "our old friendship," and "those sweet rides," and "that wicked flirtation with sister."

Strange to say, the two Thompsons, being *only rich*, did not possess the *entree* into the best society of the capital, where their little friend was already quite as much of a belle as her gentle, retiring nature would admit.

One morning toward the last of the season, Lizzie received the following note from the sisters:

"LIZZIE, DARLING—Will you and your *beau frere* come to us to-night? We are to have a little *soiree*—a very select affair. Ah! *chere amie*, you *must* come. It would be too stupid without you. We could not survive a refusal. Your charming cousins will receive more formal notes.

"Your *sisters*,

"NELL and LOU."

Lizzie's reply ran thus:

"MY DEAR FRIENDS—We regret to say that it is out of our power to accept your kind invitation to your *soiree*, which, I know, will be very delightful, as we are "due," as brother says, at the Russian Minister's to-night.

"Yours,

"E. FIELDING."

The two Thompsons held their *soiree*; and a sorry affair it proved, as all the world was at M. Bodisco's. Alas! dear girls, they had not even been apprised that Madame D'*Ambassadrice* received on that evening.

Thus were these amiable young ladies taught a wholesome, though painful moral lesson, which, I am happy to say, they have laid to heart. They are now careful never indulge themselves in cutting rural acquaintances, before they have inquired into their true position and family connections.

It is rumored that Lizzie Fielding will spend yet other seasons at Washington, where she even shone a "bright, particular star," but that the next time she will appear as the bride of an Honorable member from her native State; a distinguished lawyer, with whom her brother Julian is studying his profession. This summer she will spend at her beloved home, the pleasant parsonage of A——; but I do not think that she will there have the honor of entertaining her "dear, old friends," the two Thompsons.

REFORMATION OF WM. WIRT.

The distinguished William Wirt, within six or eight months after his first marriage, became addicted to intemperance, the effect of which operated strongly on the mind and health of his wife, and in a few months more she was numbered with the dead. Her death led him to leave the country where he resided, and he moved to Richmond, where he soon rose to distinction. But his habits hung about him, and occasionly he was found with jolly and frolicksome spirits in bacchanalian revelry. His true friends expostulated with him, to convice him of the injury he was doing himself. But he still persisted. His practice began to fall off, and many looked on him as on the sure road to ruin. He was advised to get married with a view of correcting his habits. This he consented to do, if the right person offered. He accordingly paid his addresses to Miss Gamble. After some months attention, he asked her hand in marriage; she replied—"Mr. Wert, I have been well aware of your intentions for some time back; and should have given you to understand that your visits and attentions were not acceptable, had I not reciprocated the affection you evinced for me. But I cannot yield my assent until you make me a pledge never to taste, touch, or handle any intoxicating drinks." This reply to Mr. Wirt was as unexpected as it was novel. His reply was, that he regarded the proposition as a bar to all further consideration of the subject and left her. Her course toward him was the same as ever—his, resentment and neglect. In the course of a few weeks he went again, and again solicited her hand. But her reply was, her mind was made up. He became indignant, and regarded the terms she proposed as insulting to his honor and vowed it should be the last meeting they should ever have. He took to drinking worse, and seemed to run headlong to ruin. One day, while lying in the outskirts of the city, near a little grocery or grog shop, dead drunk, a young lady, whom it is not necessary to name, was passing that way to her home not far off, and beheld him with his face upturned to the rays of the scorching sun. She took out her handkerchief, with her own name marked upon it and placed it over his face. After he had remained in that way some hours, he was awakened; and his thirst being so great, he went into the little grocery or grog shop to get a drink; when he discovered the handkerchief, at which he looked, and the name that was on it. After pausing a few minutes, he exclaimed—"Great God! who left this with me? Who placed this on my face!" No one knew. He dropped the glass, exclaiming—"Enough! Enough!" He retired instantly from the store, forgetting his thirst, but not the debauch, the handkerchief, or the lady; vowing if God gave him strength never to touch, taste or handle intoxicating drinks.

To meet Miss G. was the hardest effort of his life. If he met her in her carriage or on foot; he would dodge around the nearest corner. She at last addressed him a note under her own hand inviting him to her house, which he finally gathered courage to accept. He told her if she still bore affection for him he would agree to her own terms. Her reply was, "My conditions are now what they have ever been." "Then," said the disenthralled Wirt, "I accept them."

They were soon married, and from that day he kept his word and his affairs brightened, while honors and glories gathered thick upon his brow. His name has been enroled high in the temple of fame, while his deeds, his patriotism and renown live after him with imperishable lustre. How many noble minds might the young ladies save, if they would follow the example of the heroine hearted Miss G., the friend of humanity, of her country, and the relation of La Fayette.

A Parisian Sketch.

A story is related in one of the Parisian journals, of an adventure between the Colonel of a regiment of French Regulars, and a French barber, which is characteristic of the times and the nation.

The Colonel, who was an officer of imposing appearance, and haughty temper, inflamed by alcohol, went in the shop to be shaved; and laid his loaded pistols on a small table, swearing if the barber drew one drop of blood, or cut one hair from his moustache, he would blow out his brains. This threat caused the journeyman to hesitate about assuming the perilous job. At this juncture, the master of the shop, who was in the room, and heard all that transpired, presented himself, and, calmly bowing, tendered his services. The Col. scanned him with some attention for a moment, then flung himself back in the chair, opened his shirt collar, and grunting "humph," told him to proceed. The ready barber, after making two or three flourishes with his razor, as if it had been a sword, shaved him in the most rapid manner, but without drawing blood or cutting his moustache; then pausing an instant, to be sure of his performance, jerked the towel off his neck.—When this was finished, the Colonel, then glanced at his pistols, which lay within reach all the time; and lastly, looked at himself in the glass, pulling at his moustache, and examining under his chin for blood; finding all was right, he turned again upon the barber, and shaking his finger, said: "It is well for you, sir, that no blood was drawn."—The barber met his earnest congratulation with a malicious grin, and retorted; "No, but it is well for you, Colonel. If I had drawn blood, I should have discovered it before you could; and it was my advantage in such a predicament to have drawn the edge of the razor across your throat from ear to ear. If you a Colonel of the army, I am a Red Republican of the barricades." The Colonel convinced how foolishly he had risked his life, reeled off amidst the jeers of all the spectators, but he never returned to that shop.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—The late eminent Judge, Sir Allen Park, once said at a public meeting in London:

"We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and of the source from whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of man's history, and what would his laws have been—what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our very life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christian love is upon it—not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity—not a custom which cannot be traced in all holy, beautiful parts to the Gospel.

At the sympathy meeting in London, in aid of the Hungarians, one of the speakers said, that if the United States and Great Britian would unite, they could crumple Russia like a piece of paper. In reference to this expression, *Wilmer & Smith's Times* says, the United States and Great Britian could not raise 100,000 fighting men, and that they would be no match for Russia on land. We beg to say to Messrs. Wilmer & Smith, that every able-bodied American is a soldier of freedom, and that the United States can muster 2,000,000 such in one week, enough to eat Russia up. We sent 50,000 boys to Mexico, and never missed them from our ranks.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A LOAD.—Two old gentlemen of our acquaintance were complimenting each other on their habits of temperance. "Did you ever, neighbor, see me with more than I could carry?" said one. "No indeed," was the reply, "not I; but I have seen you when I thought you had better gone twice after it."

KOSSUTH'S GREAT PRAYER.

We perceive that the Imperial Government in Europe have originated a rumor that KOSSUTH and his compatriots are ready to submit to the Austrians. Vain hope! Can the party led by a man who makes such a prayer as the following ever think of yielding while life exists?

Almighty Lord! God of the Warriors of Arpad! Look down from thy starry throne upon thy imploring servant, from whose lips the prayer of millions ascends to thy Heaven, praising the unsearchable power of thine Omnipotence. O God, over me shines thy sun, and beneath me repose the relics of my fallen heroic brethren; above my head the sky is blue, and under my feet the earth is dyed red with the holy blood of the children of our ancestors. Let the animating beams of thy sun fall here; that flowers may spring up from the blood; so that these hills of departed beings may not moulder unadorned. God of our fathers and God of the nations! hear and bless the voice of our warriors; and which the arm and the soul of brave nations thunder to break the iron hand of tyranny as it forges its chains. As a free man I kneel on these fresh graves, by the remains of my brethren. But such a sacrifice as theirs Thy Earth would be consecrated, were it all stained with sin.—O God! on this holy soil, above these graves, no race of slaves can live! O Father! Father of our Fathers! Mighty, over myriads! Almighty God of the Heaven, the Earth and the Seas! From these bones springs a glory whose radiance is on the brow of my people. Hallow their dust with Thy grace, that the ashes of my fallen heroic brethren may rest in peace! Leave us not, Great God of battles! In the holy name of the nations, praised be thy Omnipotence.—Amen.

The Drunkard's Will.

I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example and a memory that will soon rot.

I leave to my parents, during the rest of their lives, as much sorrow as humanity in a feeble and desperate state, can sustain.

I leave to my brother and sister as much mortification and injury as I well could bring on them.

I leave to my wife a broken heart; a life of wretchedness; shame to weep over, and a premature death.

I give and bequeath to each of my children, poverty, ignorance, a low character, and the remembrance that their father was a drunkard.

LOUIS NAPOLEON TO GEN. OUDINOT.—The following letter from the President of the French Republic, was addressed to Gen. Oudinot!

My Dear General—I am happy to be able to congratulate you on the result you have obtained by entering Rome in spite of the obstinate resistance made by those who defended the city. You have maintained the *prestige* attached to our flag. I request you to make known to the Generals under your orders, and to the troops generally, my admiration of their perseverence and courage. The recompenses, of which your aid de camp is the bearer, are well merited; and I regret not to be able to distribute them myself. I hope the sanitary condition of your army may continue as favorable as it is to-day, and that you will soon return to France, with honor, to our arms and advantage to our influence in Italy. Accept, dear General, the assurance of my sentiments of esteem and friendship.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON."

A BARBER SHOP SCENE.—The Cincinnati Commercial tells the following; which recently came off in Portsopolis:

At the barber shop opposite Smith's clock store, on Fifth street, a most laughable trick was played off on the boys in the shop.

The room was well supplied with customers, and the chance of getting shaved in a hurry was out of the question."

A small man with a waggish look came to the door, and after surveying the crowd, walked in and took a seat on the sofa.

"How far is it to a doctor's office?" asked the strange gentleman.

"Just across the way," replied one of the boys.

"I feel bad," said he; and at the same time a spasm took him, and his hands clenched, and his legs drew up into a perfect ball, and he rolled off on the floor.

"That's a cholera case," said one, and she took his hat and left. This was a signal, and all followed suit, except those undergoing the shaving operation.

The spasm seem to subside—the arms and legs stretched out at full length, and the patient lay prostrate on his back.

"Wipe off the father," said the fat man next the door, "I'll come in again—I can't stay now."

Just then another spasm took the stranger, and by some strange movement he bounded upon the sofa, without any apparent effort, flat on his back as he was laying on the floor. He rolled up into a ball again, and rolled backward and forward on the sofa in a style that would have done credit to a circus man.

This was a finisher; those who were shaved left, and those not shaved had'nt time to stay; the boys looked at each other in astonishment; The cholera subject uncoiled himself, and asked them if his turn had come; when he took his seat and had a good shave.

"What's the charge?" asked the stranger.

"Nothing," said the barber; "if you will leave your name."

RIOTING AT CAMP MEETING.—A disgraceful riot occurred last week at a camp meeting, held about five miles from York, Pa. The Advocate says:

"It appears that some ignorant vagabonds determined to storm the camp, and for that purpose enlisted a considerable number of evil disposed youths, to assist in carrying out their diabolical intentions. This party commenced operation by throwing stones, about the size of a pint cup, in the congregation, and at the preachers stand, breaking several lamps and endangering the lives of those present. Not succeeding as well as they expected, and fearing detection, they made a hasty retreat. On the following evening they renewed the assault, but were still more unfortunate than the previous evening, as several of them were arrested, and others recognized."

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—It is a singular circumstance that the perpetrators or alledged perpetrators of three homicides that have occurred in Philadelphia during the past five years, should have fallen victims to the scourge which has been destroying so many people in all our large cities this summer. A week or two ago, Joseph Dover, who killed Abram Read in Kensington, and fled from justice, died of the epidemic in Cincinnati, just as the officers of the law had tracked him out. Last week, John Freedley, of Kensington, who was so strongly suspected of murdering his wife and recently acquitted, died of cholera.—Among the deaths by cholera in the County Prison, within the last few days, was that of Carl Papenburg, who was found, on Saturday morning, in the collapsed state, and expired soon after. This man it will be remembered, was charged upon the strongest circumstantial evidence, with the horrid murder of Andrew Tregeli, an old Italian, in Coates street, Northern Liberties, which occurred some four or five years ago.—Papenburg was tried for this homicide, and on the 22d of May, 1845, the jury giving him the benefit of the mere shadow of doubt that surrounded the case acquitted him. Hardly any one, however, believed him innocent. The Court refused to discharge him, and ordered him to prison.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

We see it stated in the New Orleans Delta, that Mr. Frenaer, (Mustang,) is about to start a paper in California.