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. 36. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1849. NO. 24.

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER,

is published every Thursday, at Carlisle, Pa., by JOHN B. BRATTON, upon the following conditions, which will be rigidly adhered to:

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For one year, in *advance*, $2 00
For six months, in *advance*, 1 00

No subscription taken for a less term than six months and no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid.

Twenty-five per cent. additional on the price of subscription will be required of all those who do not pay in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion, $ 50
One square, two insertions, 75
One square, three insertions, 1 00
Every subsequent insertion, per square, 25

A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year, or for three or six months.

OFFICE.—The office of the *American Volunteer* is in the second story of James H. Graham's new stone building, in South Hanover street, a few doors south of the Court House, where those having business are invited to call.

Poetical.

MY OWN GREEN MOUNTAIN LAND.

BY CARLOS D. STUART.

My native land, in many a dream
Beneath the Northern skies—
Amid the purpling clouds, I see
Thy dark Green Mountains rise;
And proudly o'er the valley sands
The bright blue waters roll,
Whose music broke, at Life's clear dawn,
With glory on my soul.

Though years have flown since last I saw
Thy mountains cressing plires,
I love thee for the memories
That cling around thy shrines;
For all that e're my boyhood knew,
Loved, beautiful or grand,
Is cradled 'mong thy hills and vales,
My own Green Mountain Land.

I love thee for those hera souls
Who answered Freedom's call;
I love thee, for the liberty
Thou claim'st and giv'st to all;
I love thee for the stalwart arms
And braver hearts, that stand
A stronger guard than castle walls,
For thee, my native land.

I may have trod in sunnier climes
Where rolls the flashing Rhine,
Or Albion rears her chalky cliffs—
A kindlier soil than thine;
But never have I seen the spot,
Loved, beautiful or grand,
That tore away my heart from thee
My own Green Mountain Land!

Vermont.

Miscellaneous.

THE OUTCAST.

BY THE DATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

A few days ago, as I was taking my accustomed morning's walk, in a mild October morning, in the suburbs whereof I am a denizen, I found myself, on a sudden, in the open country. The melancholy landscape of Autumn stretched around; and the bright hues which had characterized the season were beginning to disappear. Nothing disturbed my meditations, except the passage of some early market-man or woman, hieing with their little world of cares and sons to the market of the town. I wandered unconsciously onward, until I discovered that I was, as it were, in the midst of a crowd, fronting a low, time-worn tenement. A few vehicles were drawn up around it, and seeing a medical friend whom I knew, I inquired the cause of the assembly. He informed me that a young girl had committed suicide, and was then lying dead in an upper apartment. Moved with a sorrowful curiosity, I complied with his request to enter. In one apartment were several females in tears and distress; in another, the witnesses and members of the coroner's jury. Ascending the staircase, I found myself in the presence of the dead: of one, who, despite the dark day of nothingness had swept the lines of beauty from her features, was lying on a pallet of straw, pale in dissolution. The sight was mournful and solemn. Her face had lingering about it all the features of beauty, its ensign was still floating above the voiceless lip, and the deep sealed eye. Heavy masses of rich auburn hair lay on each of her snowy temples; a faint hue lingered about the cheeks; but the foamy and purple lips indicated how violent a death she had died. By the bed side lay a half eaten apple, and a large rhomboid of corrosive sublimate. Particles of this deadly poison were still on the fruit. Thus the lifesweary taker had ended her days. I looked out upon the gloomy waste of country over which she had gazed her last, at twilight, the evening before, and tried to realize what must have been the depth of agony which possessed her spirit then. How must her bruised heart have throbbed with misery!—how dark must have been her soul!—like that of the Medea of Euripides, when she prepared the deadly garments for her rival, and dedicated to death the children of her womb. Thought of the cause now agitated my mind. She had confided and been betrayed. Cruelty and abuse had been her lot; but amidst all she had been constant and devoted. Her hands were clasped as if in prayer; and the potent poison had overcome her system ere she could disunite them.

There are moments when the mysteries of eternity throng so rapidly upon our imagination that we live years of contemplation in their little round. This was the case with me. There lay the prostrate form of one, whose only crime had been that she had "loved, not wisely, but too well," one who, stung to the heart by the destroyer of her peace, had now determined to lay down her aching head and sorrowful bosom in the rest of the grave.

As I stood gazing at the lifeless object before me—interrupted only by the pitying ejaculations of the few that were present, or the sobs of those who were below—I was requested by the surgeon in attendance, as a personal favor, to go in his private carriage to the residence of the father of the deceased, and apprise him of the fatal occurrence, of which he was still ignorant. Receiving my directions, I went. I drove up to a handsome dwelling in a distant street, and was ushered by a servant into a beautiful drawing room, where a glowing fire was burning in the grate. Everything around betokened ease and plenty if not opulence. The folding doors of the parlor soon opened, and the warm air from an adjoining elegant apartment came in from another fire.

The father stood before me. He was a respectable looking person; but were about him the marks of violent passions, and an indomitable will.

It was by slow and painful degrees that I communicated to him the horrid death of his child. When I had unburthened my mind and heart, he seemed like a statue of marble for a moment; and then sinking upon an ottoman, he gave way to the agony of his soul, his chest heaved with his deep drawn sighs, his lips faltered, and tears, stern tears, "like the first drops of a thunder shower," came to his eye.

I saw him stand a few minutes after, by the corpse of his daughter. Words cannot describe the scene.

The history of her sorrows and fate may be briefly told. She was their first born; was beloved—idolized. When brothers and sisters were growing up and around her, she was favored of them all.

At last, her mother died. She was just budding into womanhood, when this event took place. After the funeral rites, she found that she was destined to fill her mother's place, so far as the guardianship and care of her young brothers and sisters were concerned. She knew the stern disposition and head-strong passions of her parent, and she strove to the utmost to meet his wishes and oblige his will. Soon, however, his demeanor began to change. He insisted that she was unable to perform the duties required, and a house-keeper was procured—one, it seems, not dissimilar to the celebrated Original mentioned by Byron. She was overbearing and vulgar. By degrees, the daughter perceived too surely that her mother's place was filled to the nimpet, in all its relations, by a dishonest and unholy woman. She suffered in silence; she blushed at her own degradation, through the recklessness of her parent, but she breathed not a word. At last her silence was imputed to insubordinate anger: she was pronounced incorrigible, and driven from her father's house—*an outcast!*

Hitherto she had been worthy and innocent. But evil examples and a just filial anger, fired her soul. She sought the house of a friend, a close intimate of her mother's, where she lived as an assistant in the lighter and more elegant duties of a household. By degrees, her beauty attracted the attention of a youth, the son of her protectress. She loved; she was beset with solemn vows, and an unbroken train of temptations, until, finally she was betrayed; and unable to battle against her own remorse, and the thousand shames that rained on her defenceless head, she sought the drug and the grave!

Now, that for which I do somewhat abate my admiration of women, is this. They condemn all declinations from duty, without discrimination. In a case like the present they make no distinction; they see the bruised heart sink into the dust with scarcely an expression of regret, and hear the report that a sister spirit had rushed, unanointed and unannealed into the presence of its God, without one throb of pity. Why this inexorable judgment? Why this absence of extenuating reasons? Why is it, with them, that

"Every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame."

I pretend not to tell; but if their opinions are severe, what shall be said of those fiends in human form, who poison the fountains of virtue in the innocent bosom, whose lips breathe the black lie, and the broken vow? Is there a punishment too great to be inflicted upon the villain who approaches the fair fabric of virtue only to leave it in ruin and desolation? Is *hell* too much? No! To repay the love which one has himself awakened, with disgrace and scorn; to drive the spirit one has polluted into the presence of that Creator from whom it came bright and unsullied; what guilt can be greater, in all the annals of crime?

My heart burns with indignation as I dwell on the theme. How many a very wretch, among the youth of our cities, is dashing in the *beau monde*, whose true place is the penitentiary; whose only relief from its walls, is the prodigal love of some violated virgin who has suffered long and is kind! These are solemn but almost interdicted truths. There are some whom *I know*, of this detestable class; men who will bow and sentimentalize, and flourish at *soirees* and assemblies, at operas and theatres, who have valiently spent years of their worthless and spendthrift lives in daily and nightly endeavors to compass the honor of some lowly and lovely one, whom "nature made weak, trusting her defence to man's generosity;" whose happiness was the end and aim of loving parents, and whose brow her dishonor has laid in the tomb!

FAITH AND HOPE.

A PARABLE—BY WORDSWORTH.

One morning, as the sun arose, two spirits went forth upon the earth.

And they were sisters; but Faith was of mature age, while Hope was yet a child.

They were both beautiful. Some loved to gaze upon the countenance of Faith, for the eye was serene, and her beauty changed not; but Hope was the delight of every eye.

And the child sported in the freshness of the morning; and as she hovered over the gardens and dew lawns, her wings glittered in the sunbeams like a rainbow.

"Come, my sister," she cried, "and chase with me the butterfly from flower to flower."

But her sister was gazing at the lark, as it arose from its low nest, and warbled among the clouds.

And when it was noon, the child said again:—"Come, my sister, and pluck with me the flowers of the garden, for they are beautiful and their fragrance is sweet."

But Faith replied:—"Nay, my sister, let the flowers be there, for thou art young and delightest thyself in thy beauty. I will meditate in the shade until the heat of the day be past. Thou wilt find me by the fountain in the forest. When thou art weary, come and repose on my bosom."

And she smiled and departed.

After a time, Hope sought her sister. The tear was in her eye; and her countenance was mournful.

Then Faith said: "My sister, wherefore dost thou weep; and why is thy countenance sad?"

And the child answered: "Because a cloud is in the sky, and the sun is overcast—see; the rain begins to fall."

"It is but a shower," Faith replied; "and when it is over, the fields will be greener than before."

Now the place where they sat was sheltered from the rain, as it had been from the noontide heat. And Faith comforted the child, and showed her how the waters flowed with a fuller and clearer stream at the showers fell.

And presently the sun broke out again, and the woods resounded with song.

Then Hope was glad, and went forth to her sports once more.

After a while the sky was again darkened, and the young spirit looked up, and behold, there was no cloud in the whole circle of the heavens.

Therefore Hope marvelled, for it was not yet night.

And she fled to her sister, and cast herself down at her feet, and trembled exceedingly.

Then Faith raised the child, and led her forth from the shade of the trees, and pointed to the sun, and said:

"A shadow is passing over the face thereof, but no ray of his glory is extinguished. He still walketh in brightness, and thou shalt again delight thyself in his beams. See, even yet his face is not wholly hidden from us."

But the child dared not look up, for the gloom struck upon her heart.

And when all was bright again, she feared to wander from her sister, and her sports were less gay than before.

When the eventide was come, Faith went forth from the forest shades, and sought the lawn, where she might watch the setting of the sun.

Then said she to her young sister: "Come, and behold how far the glories of sunset transcend the beauties of the morning. See how softly they melt away, and give to the shadows of night."

But Hope was now weary—her eye was heavy, and her voice languid. She folded her radiant wings, and dropped on her sister's bosom, and fell asleep.

But Faith watched through the night—she was never weary, nor did her eyelids need repose.

She laid the child on a bed of flowers, and kissed her cheek. She also drew her mantle round the head of the young sleeper, that she might sleep in peace.

Then Faith looked upwards, and beheld how the stars came forth. She traced them in their radiant courses, and listened to their harmonies, which mortal ear hath not heard.

And as she listened, their music entranced her soul.

At length, a light appeared in the East, and burst from the portals of the heavens. Then the spirit hastened to arouse the young sleeper.

"Awake! O my sister! awake!" she cried, "a new day hath dawned, and no cloud shall overshadow it. Awake, for the sun hath risen which shall set no more!"

Bad Temper.

The greatest plague in life is a bad temper. It is a great waste of time to complain of other people's; the best thing is to amend our own; and the next quality is to learn to bear with what we meet in others. A bad temper will always tire itself out, if it finds no one to resent it; and this very knowledge is worth a trifle. Irascibility is very injurious to health, and so, in fact, is every morbid indulgence of our inferior nature. Low spirits, melancholy, diffidence, disinclination for duties, discontent, fretfulness, even down to mental lassitude, indolence or despair—are very inimical to enjoyment in life, and every possible effort should be made to cast them to the winds, and look unblushingly into the truth of the fact. It is astonishing what a little reflection will do. The fears are mostly imaginary, and with one dash of resolution may all be overcome.

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Mournfully! Oh, how mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody,
Of ages long gone by!
It speaks a tale of other years—
Of hopes that bloomed to die—
Of sunny smiles that set in tears;
And loved that mouldering lie.

Mournfully! Oh, how mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan;
It stirs some chord of memory,
In each dull, heavy one.
The voice of the much loved dead
Seem floating thereupon—
All, my fond heart cherished
Ere youth and love had gone.

Mournfully! Oh, how mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell,
With quaint and pensive minstrelsy;
Hope's passionate farewell.
To the dreamy joys of early years,
Ere grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom—aye, well may tears
Start at that parting knell.

"THE WORLD OWES ME A LIVING."

BY HORACE GREELEY.

The world owes me a good living, and I'll have it," says some blackleg, as he finishes a luxurious repast; "here, landlord, another bottle of your prime Madeira!" Half a dozen empty heads fops, who sit gazing on him by stealth in silent admiration, hail the sentiment with rapturous applause. "That's it! That's it! That's it! the world owes us a good living, and we will have it! Landlord! more wine here! we won't go home till morning! Let's go it while we are young. Who cares for expenses?"—The consequence of this is; the pilfering of money drawers; the ignominious loss of employment; genteel loaferism, &c. &c.; until one of those enterprising gentlemen in eager pursuit of the "good living" the world owes him, puts the wrong man's name to a check, or in some kind of a way gets a ticket for the marble palace at Sing Sing, where the State provides a living for those it considers deserving, but not such a one as consists with their own estimate of their exalted merits.

The great error in this case is in the original maxim. It is false and detestable. The world owes you a living? How owes? Have you earned it by good services? If you have, whether on the anvil or in the pulpit; or as a teacher; you have acquired a just right to a livelihood. But if you have eaten as much as you earned, or worse still, done little or no good, the world owes you nothing. You may be worth millions and able to enjoy every imaginable luxury without care or effort; but if you have done nothing to increase the sum of human comforts, instead of the world owing you anything, as fools have babbled, you are morally a bankrupt and a beggar.

Mankind are just awaking to a consciousness of the duty resting on every man to be active and useful in his day and in his sphere. All are not called to dig and hew—or plow or plain—but everyman has a sphere of usefulness allotted to him by Providence, and is unfaithful to his high trust if he deserts it for idle pomp and heedless luxury. One man may be fitted by nature and inclination for an artizan, another for a sailor, and a third for a merchant; but no man was ever born fitted for an idler and a drone.—Those who become such are the victims of perverse circumstances, and a deplorable faso education.

But has not a rich man the right to enjoy his wealth? Most certainly. We would be the last to deprive him of it. He has a natural and legal right to possess and enjoy it in any manner not injurious to others, but he has no moral right to be useless because he has superior means of being useful. Let him surround himself with all the true comforts and true luxuries of life; let the master pieces of art smile upon him in his galleries, and the mighty minds of all ages speak to him from his library. Let plenty deck his board, and the faces of those he loves gather joyously around it. Let him possess in abundance the means of satisfying every pure and just desire of his nature; and become wiser, nobler, larger in soul, than his less fortunate neighbor. But let him never forget, and if he is properly trained, he never can, that it is his solemn duty to be useful to his fellow creatures, especially to the depressed and suffering—to labor for their benefit, and suffer if need be for their elevation.

The servile idolatry with which ignorance and vulgarity have looked up to power and wealth—the bissanalis which the trampled millions have sung before the cars of conquerors and other scourges of the earth—are fading and flitting forever. In the twilight which succeeds this igrose darkness, there comes a season of moral anarchy, when men, having lost faith in the juggles which once blinded and bound them, resolve to believe nothing—to decry and prostrate all that rises above its lowest level. Now, the laborer with his sinew, returns hatred for the contempt once cast upon him, and says—"What good is there in anything but manual labor? away with all else! those whose labor is chiefly mental are deceivers and moths!" But this is a transitory ebullition. The world soon learns to respect its benefactors in whatever sphere, and to realize that he who truly and honestly exerts himself in some department of useful effort, may justly claim a brotherhood with all who till, and make and earn. Let the rich cease to look down on the poor—the merchant on the porter; let each respect the dignity of man, and whether in his own person, or that of his less fortunate brother—let haughtiness and pride cease on one side, and envy, jealousy, and hatred, with their trains of direful consequences, will vanish from the other, and all animated in common concord to the attainment of the highest good.

Hazlitt's Advice to his Son.

From Hazlitt's advice to his son going home from school, we select the following item, which contains more sound sense, and a deeper perception of human nature than is dreamt of in every one's philosophy:

THE WORLD.—Do not begin to quarrel with the world too soon; for bad as it may be, it is the best we have to live in—here. If railing would have made it better, it would have been reformed long ago; but as this is not to be hoped for, at present, the best way to slide through it is as contentedly and innocently as we may. The worst fault it has is want of charity, and calling knave or fool at every turn will not cure this failing. Consider as a matter of vanity, that if there were not so many knaves and fools as we find, the wise and honest would not be those rare and shining characters that they are allowed to be; and, (as a matter of philosophy) that if the world be really incorrigible in this respect, it is reflection to make one sad and not angry. We may laugh or weep at the madness of mankind—we have no right to vilify them, for our own sake or theirs. Misanthropy is not for the disgust of the mind at human nature, but with itself; for it is laying its own exaggerated vices and foul blots at the door of others!—Do not, however, mistake what I have here said. I would not have you, when you grow up, adopt the low, and sordid fashion of palliating existing abuses, and of putting the best face upon the worst things. I only mean that indiscriminate, unqualified satire can do little good; and those who indulge in the most revolting speculations of human nature, do not themselves always set the fairest examples, or strive to prevent its lower degradation.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.—A celebrated eccentric preacher was once warned that he must be very guarded in his language, in a town where he was to preach, for the people were noted for their highly intellectual and moral character. On observing a great number of mulattoes in the gallery, he said, as he arose—"Brethren and sisters! I have been told that I must be very careful in my language—that I am to address a highly intellectual and moral congregation; but I would just like to ask a question of this moral congregation: *Where did all them galler gals in the gallery come from?*"

Prosperity arrays every object in the most glowing and delightful colors; but to adversity, everything appears black and dismal.

A Pleasant Surprise.

A young man, of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the student's friend, such was his kindness to the young men whom it was his office to instruct.

While they were now walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in the path, which they supposed belonged to a poor man who was at work in the field close by, and who had nearly finished his day's work.

The young student turned to the professor saying; "let us play the man a trick; we will hide his shoes and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar in each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor, behind the bushes hard by, through which they could easily watch the laborer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express.

The poor man soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path, where he left his coat and shoes. While he put on the coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes; but feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance; he gazed upon the dollar, turned it around and looked again and again; then he looked around on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money in his pocket and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his astonishment when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife, sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from perishing.

The young man stood there deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes.

"Now," said the professor, "are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?"

"O, dear sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson now that I will never forget. I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood, 'it is better to give than to receive.'"

We should never approach the poor but with the wish to do them good.

Working Girls.

Happy girls—who can but love them? with cheeks like the rose, bright eyes and elastic step, how cheerfully they go to work. Our reputation for it, such girls will make excellent wives. Blessed indeed will those men be who secure such prizes. Contrast those who do nothing but sigh all day, and live to follow the fashions, who never earn the bread they eat or the shoes they wear—who are languid and lazy from one week's end to another. Who but a simpleton and a popinjay would prefer one of the latter, if he were looking for a companion. Give us the working girls: They are worth their weight in gold. You never see them minting along, or jump a dozen feet to steer clear of a spider or a fly. They have no affectation—no silly airs about them. When they meet you, they speak without putting on a dozen silly airs, or trying to show off to better advantage, and you feel as if you were talking to a human being and not to a painted, fallen angel.

If girls knew how sadly they miss it while they endeavor to show off their delicate hands and anointed skins, and put on a thousand airs—they would give worlds for the situation of the working ladies, who are so far above them in intelligence—in honor—in every thing—as the heavens are above the earth. Be wise then, you have made fools of yourselves through life. Turn over a new leaf and begin; though late, to live and act as human beings—as companions to immortal man and not playthings and dolls; in no other way can you be happy, and subserve the designs of your existence.

A PYRAMID OF SKULLS.

When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls, and was seen standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering in steel, with his battle axe on his shoulder, till his fierce hosts filed out to new victories and new carnage, the pale looker on might have fancied that nature was in her death throes; for havoc and dispair had taken possession of the earth—the sun of manhood seemed setting in seas of blood. Yet, it might be, on that very gala day of Tamerlane, a little boy was playing nine pins on the streets of Mentz, whose history was more important to man than that of twenty Tamerlanes.—The Tartar Khan, with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, passed away like a whirlwind, to be forgotten forever; and that Germish artisan has wrought a benefit, which is yet immeasurably expanding itself, and will continue to expand itself through all countries and through all times! What are the conquests and expeditions of the whole corporation of captains from Walter the *Pennyless* to Napoleon Bonaparte, compared with these movable types of Johannes Faust? Truly it is a mortifying thing for your conqueror to reflect how perishable is the metal which he hammers with such violence; how the kind earth will soon shroud up his bloody foot prints; and all that he achieved and skilfully piled together will be but like his own canvass city of a camp—this evening loud with life, to morrow all struck and vanished—a few earthpits and heaps of straw. For here as always, continues true, that the deepest force is the stillest; that, as in the fable, the mild shining of the sun shall silently accomplish what the fierce blustering of the tempest in vain essayed. Above all, it is ever to be kept in mind that; not by material, but by moral power are men and their actions governed. How noiseless is thought!—No rolling of drums, no tramp of squadrons, or immeasurable tumult of baggage wagons attend its movements. In what obscure and sequestered places may the head be meditating which is one day to be crowned with more than imperial authority! Kings and emperors will be among its ministering servants; it will not rule over but in all heads—and with those its solitary combination of ideas, as with magic formulas, bend the world to its will! The time may come when Napoleon, himself will be better known for his laws than for his battles, and the victory of Waterloo prove less momentous than the opening of the first Mechanics Institute.

Carlyle—Article on Voltaire.

Influence of Newspapers.

Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and amply rewarded is its patron, I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a sheet with printed matter without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is away from him at school, should supply him with a newspaper. I will remember what a marked difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had, and those who had not, access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always decidedly superior to the last, in debate, composition and general intelligence.

The Fall of Bem.

A Constantinople correspondent of the London Times says:—"Bem, the Hungarian hero—the Polish patriot—the victor in many a battle, has fallen; not in the field, for then his fate would have been glorious; nor has he perished on the scaffold, to which Russia had condemned him, for then he would have been a martyr. He has deemed to command either our admiration or our sympathy; he is no longer the victorious General, the devoted patriot. Bem is a renegade. He has repudiated the religion of his fathers; he has renounced his country and the noble cause with which his name was so closely identified. Bem has become a Musselman; he has embraced the religion of Mohammed, and from being the hero and patriot, he is now Murad the renegade."

From the Juniata Sentinel.

THE SLANDERER.

"The ignoble mind
Loves ever to assail with secret blow,
The lordlier, purer beings of their kind."

There is a monitor within every human breast that teaches our just relation to each other. Though it be drowned at times by the governing propensity to calumniate and vilify, it nevertheless has its being there, and in the soberer and more reflective moments asserts its moral and calms the raging, riotous passions within. "Man's inhumanity to man" is perhaps the most mysterious element of our natural perverseness. Being all alike prone to deviate from the right even when zealously aiming at moral rectitude, it is strange, surpassingly strange, that we are often most deficient in the most essential trait of character—Charity; but such is the fact.

When we say that our own experimental knowledge of the weakness of our nature and its liability to error when the best guarded, should teach us to deal charitably with our less fortunate fellows, the sentiment will find a ready response in every rational mind. But how sadly, deplorably deficient in all the nobler impulses of nature must they be, who, prompted by malice or gored by envy, stab at the fair name of the innocent and delight in pouring over the mangled reputations of those whose only crime is that they have been marked as victims by the scandals of the community. How lamentably at variance with all that *should* characterize weak, sinful, fallen man.—How boldly, unblushingly confounding all the heavenly precepts given us to redeem our fatal apostacy. How insolently defying all motives of right; how grossly perverting a nature steeped in sin and perverseness since it has had a being. But, strange as it may seem, there is not a community that can boast of exemption from the slanderer.

If there is one crime in the catalogue of human crimes, that is wholly without excuse, it is slander. The impetuosity of youth and the ravages of years alike refuse to be plead in the extenuation of this blistering stain upon the human character. Even the deliberate murderer has a plausible motive; the thief is lured by the hope of ill-gotten gain, and almost every species of human depravity as manifested in unkind actions to our fellows, offers its reward; but the slanderer, unbidden by necessity and unrequited save by the keen remorse of a guilty conscience, rushes blindly, madly along in the work of human degradation. There is no character pure enough, there is none degraded enough, to escape the withering blast of slander. There is no virtues that can elevate the innocent above its pestilential breath; there are no vices yet learned that can sink their votaries beneath its grovelling wanderings—but all, all, from the extremes of virtue to the extremes of vice, are embraced in its theatre of operations.

Evil for evil is a ready dictate of our perverted nature. It seems to be an inherent principle implanted within us that grows with our growth and ripens with our years, unless subdued by the influence of proper education. It accords with the impulses of untutored passions, and pleads its right to supremacy with a boldness and perseverance that but too often prevail. But the human breast in which rankles the elements of slander, and from which its polluted and polluting breath emits, is a stranger even to that poor charity that withholds evil until injuries call to be avenged.—It glories not unless glutted by the anguish of its victims, or crimsoned by the blood of the reputations it has plunged into unmerited obloquy and shame.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

There is an even tide in human life; a season when the eye becomes dim and the strength decays; and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snows. It is the season of life to which the autumn is most analogous; and which it becomes, and much it would profit you, thy elder brethren, to mark the instruction which the season brings. The spring and summer of your days are gone, and with them not only joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being—and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring—or the warm temperament of your summer, there is a season of stillness or solitude which the beneficence of heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and future, and prepare yourself for the mighty change which you may soon undergo.

It is now that you may understand the magnificent language of heaven—it mingles its voice with that of the Revelation—it summons you to these hours when the leaves fall and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of heaven has provided in the book of salvation. And while the shadow valley opens, which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that love which can comfort and save, and which can conduct to those green pastures and those still waters where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

VERDANCY.

We listened, says an exchange, not long ago, to a short dialogue between a "wag" of Gotham, and a six foot "green 'un" from Vermont; which was almost word for word, as follows:

SCENE—*Hotel Steps in Boston.*

Wag—[Approaching "Legs" with a blund countenance]—You are from Vermont, I take it, sir?

Legs—I am, sir.

Wag—You have very green mountains in your State?

Legs—Yes, sir; the mountains are rather green. [Circumflex accent on "mountains," and emphasis on "are."]

Wag—Very high, too?

Legs—Yes, sir—rather. And there's another circumstance about 'em that prabs you never noticed.

Wag—Ah! what's that?

Legs—Why, between any two of 'em you're sure to find a valley.

Wag—[A little disconcerted]—Your soil is rather hard to cultivate, eh?

Legs—Why, yes, rather. But it isn't true that we are obliged to plant our corn by shooting the kernels into the cracks of the rocks with a rifle.—That's a York story. You come from York, did'nt you?

Wag—Yes, why?

Legs—Oh, nothing—it's a good State to "come from."

Wag—[rallying]—I say, mister—Vermont is a great State for raising *sheep*, isn't it?

Legs—Oh, yes—famous! famous for sheep and horses; but for *asses* and such cattle, York beats it all hollow!

[Three cheers for *Legs* and exit *Wag* looking foolish.]

Old Maids.

Thoughtless young people delight in making fun of old maids. A little consideration would teach them better. Some of the kindest, truest and best women we have ever known, were old maids. It is a pity—nay, it is even cruel to wound the feelings of any one—a generous heart would not stoop to it—more especially if that one be a woman. Alas! how little do we know of the trials and sufferings of many who are sneeringly denominated old maids? Perhaps the constancy of youthful affection—the pure and deep devotion of a first and only love has kept many a woman single of life.

Poverty wants many things—avarice is contented with nothing.

AN UNKNOWN WORLD.

THE ENGLISH IN EASTERN AFRICA.—Quite recently, the English have made a settlement at Aden, near the Red Sea. Having once obtained a foothold, they, English-like, began to push about them, and one of their first discoveries was a river where none was marked on any chart, and upon this they steamed 300 miles without finding the least obstruction. Having now passed around this continent, let us look into the interior. For half a century, the English government have been expending lives and treasures in a partial exploration. They have found that this whole tract of country is one of amazing fertility and beauty, abounding in gold and all sorts of tropical vegetation! There are hundreds of woods, invaluable for dying and architectural purposes, not found in other portions of the world. Through it, for thousands of miles, runs a broad river with clear water, and of unsurpassed depth, flowing on at a rate of two or three miles an hour, without rock, shoal, or snag, to intercept its navigation. Other rivers pour into this tributary, waters of such volumes as must have required hundreds of miles to be collected, yet they scarcely seem to enlarge it. This river pours its waters into the Atlantic, through the most magnificent delta in the world, consisting, perhaps of a hundred mouths, extending probably, five hundred miles along the coast, and mostly broad, deep, and navigable for steamboats. Upon this river are scattered cities, some of which are estimated to contain a million of inhabitants, and the whole country teems with a dense population.

Far in the interior, in the very heart of the continent, is a nation in an advanced state of civilization. The grandeur and beauty of portions of the country through which the Niger makes its sweeping circuit, are indescribable. In many places, its banks rise hold a thousand feet, thickly covered with the richest vegetation of tropical climates. But all this vast and sublime country—this scope of rich fertility and romantic beauty—is, apparently, shut out forever from the world.

It is the negro's sole possession. He need not fear the incursion of the white man there—for over this whole lovely country moves one dread malady, and to the white man it is the "valley of the shadow of death." In expedition after expedition, sent out from the English poris, on the Island of Ascension, not one man in ten has ever returned alive, all have fallen victims to this seemingly beautiful but awful country. It seems impossible for an Englishman to breathe the air.—So dreadful is it—so small the chance for life, that criminals in England have been offered pardon, on condition of volunteering in this service, more terrible than that of gathering poison from the Upas. This country tempting as it is, can only be penetrated at the risk of life; and it is melancholy to think that those who have given us even the meagre information that we have, do so at the sacrifice of their lives.

Married and Single Men.

A cotemporary very sensibly remarks, that there should be some means of distinguishing single from married men. Unmarried females are known by the prefix of Miss to their names, but all men are styled Mr. How much unnecessary trouble and solicitude might be spared to the anxious mothers of marriageble girls could they make this distinction. How very annoying to a mother and bevy of girls, after laying themselves out to please some "nice young man," to hear him accidentally allude to his wife! This subject really demands attention, and we think that the girls should suggest some plan by which these disappointments might be obviated. We think there already exists a mode by which single men can easily be distinguished from married ones by ladies of discernment. It by is paying a little attention to the conversation and manners of gentlemen. There is an ease and grace in the manners of married men, a sensibleness and want of flutter in their conversation which enable them to be readily distinguished in a mixed company. Unmarried men may be distinguished by a general "greenness," a certain frivolousness of conversation and a peculiar flutter deportment, that nothing but matrimony can entirely cure.

THE HORSE.

The size, position, and motion of the ears of a horse are important points. Those rather small than large, placed not too far apart; erect and quick in motion, indicate both breeding and spirit; and if a horse is in the frequent habit of carrying one ear forward, and the other backward, and especially, if he does so on a journey, he will generally possesses both spirit and continuance. The stretching of the ears in contrary directions shows that he is attentive to everything that is passing around him; and while he is doing this, he cannot be much fatigued, nor likely soon to become so.

It has been remarked that few horses sleep without pointing one ear forward and the other backward, in order that they may receive notice of the approach of objects in any direction. When horses or mules march in company, at night, those in front direct their ears forward, those in the rear direct them backward, and those in the middle of the train turn them laterally across wise—the whole seeming thus to be actuated by one feeling which watches their general safety.

The ear of the horse is one of the most beautiful parts about him, and by few things is the temper more surely indicated than by its motion. The ear is more intelligible even than the eye, and a person accustomed to the horse, can tell, by the expressive motion of that organ, almost all that he thinks of means. When a horse lays his ears flat back on his neck, he most assuredly is meditating mischief, and the bystander should be aware of his heels or his teeth. In play, the ears will be laid back, but not so decidedly nor so long. A quick change in their position, and more particularly the expression of the eye at the time, will distinguish between playfulness and vice.

The hearing of the horse is remarkably acute. A thousand vibrations of the air, too slight to make any impression on the human ear, are readily perceived by him. It is well known to every hunting man, that the cry of hounds will be recognised by the horse, and his ears will be erect, and he will be all spirit and impatience, a considerable time before the rider is conscious of this least sound.—*The Horse and his Rider.*

PARSING.—The following scene is said to have occurred in a school not a hundred miles from London:

Teacher: "What part of speech is the word egg?"

Boy (hesitating): "Noun, sir."

Teacher: "Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter?"

Boy (looking sharp): "Can't say, sir, till it's hatched."

Teacher: "Well, then, my lad, can you tell me the case?"

Boy (quickly): "O, yes, it is (the shell sir."

Business men must not depend upon their own lungs, but those of the press.

The most affecting sight in nature, is that of a very little man trying to appear like a very great one.

There are twenty-seven newspapers published in Texas.

A miser having threatened to give a poor laborer some blows with a stick, the other said, "I don't believe you, for you *never* give anything."