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. 37. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1850. NO. 7.

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. addition on the price of subscription will be required of all those who do not payin 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.

We publish below a beautiful piece of poetry written by GEO. D. PRENTICE:

From Graham's Magazine for May.

LINES WRITTEN IN A BEAUTIFUL MOONLIGHT.

Sweet moon, I love thee, yet I grieve
To gaze on thy pale orb to-night;
It tells me of that last dear eve
I passed with her, my soul's delight.

Hill, vale, and wood and stream are dyed
In the pale glory of thy beams,
And forth we wandered, side by side,
Once more to tell love's burning dreams.

My fond arm was her living zone,
My hand within her hand was pressed,
And love was in each earnest tone,
And rapture in each heaving breast.

And many a high and fervent vow
Was breathed from her full heart and mine,
While thy calm light was on her brow
Like pure religion's seal and sign.

We knew, alas! that we must part,
We knew we must be severed long,
Yet joy was in each throbbing heart,
For love was deep, and faith was strong.

A thousand memories of the past
Were busy in each glowing breast,
And hope upon the future cast
Her rainbow hues—and we were blest.

I craved a boon—oh! in that boon
There was a wild, delirious bliss—
Ah, did'st thou ever gaze, sweet moon,
Upon a more impassioned kiss?

The parting came—one moment brief
Her dim and fading form I viewed—
'Twas gone—and there I stood in grief
Amid life's awful solitude.

Tell me, sweet moon, for thou canst tell,
If passion still unchanged is here—
Do thoughts of me her heart still swell
Among her many worshippers?

Say, does she sometimes wander now
At eve beneath thy gentle flame,
To raise to heaven her angel brow
And breathe her absent lover's name?

Oh, when her gentle lids are wet,
I pray thee, mark each falling gem,
And tell me if my image yet
Is pictured troublingly in them?

Ay, tell me, does her bosom thrill
As wildly as of yore for me—
Does her young heart adore me still,
Or is that young heart changed like thee?

Miscellaneous.

From Dickens' Household words.

A THRILLING STORY.

FATHER AND SON.

One evening in the month of March, 1798—that dark time in Ireland's annals, whose memory (overlooking all minor subsequent *emeutes*) is still preserved among us, as "the year of the rebellion"—a lady and gentleman were seated near a blazing fire in the old fashioned dining room of a large lonely mansion. They had just dined; wine and fruit were on the table, both untouched, while Mr. Hewson and his wife sat silently gazing at the fire, watching its flickering light becoming gradually more vivid as the short spring twilight faded into darkness.

At length the husband poured out a glass of wine, drank it off, and then broke silence by saying—

"Well, well, Charlotte, these are awful times; there were ten men taken up to-day for burning Cotter's house at Knockane; and Tom Dycer says that every magistrate in the country is a marked man."

Mrs. Hewson cast a frightened glance towards the windows, which opened nearly to the ground, and gave a view of a wide tree besprinkled lawn, through whose centre a long straight avenue led to the high road. There was also a footpath at either side of the house, branching off through close thickets of trees, and reaching the road by a circuitous route.

"Listen, James!" she said, after a pause; "what noise is that?"

"Nothing but the sighing of the wind among the trees. Come wife you must not give way to imaginary fears."

"But really I heard something like footsteps on the gravel, round the gable end—I wish"—

A knock at the Parlor door interrupted her.

"Come in."

The door opened, and Tim Gahan, Mr. Hewson's confidential steward and right hand man, entered, followed by a fair haired delicate looking boy of six years old, dressed in deep mourning.

"Well, Gahan, what do you want?"

"I ask your Honor's pardon for disturbing you and the mistress, but I thought it right to come and tell you the bad news I heard."

"Something about the rebels, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; I got a whisper just now that there's going to be a great rising intirely to morrow; thousands are to gather before daybreak at Kilorean bog, where I'm told they have a power of pikes hiding, and then they have to march and sack every house in the country. I'll engage, when I heard it, I did'nt let grass grow under my feet, but came off straight to your Honor, thinking maybe you'd like to walk over this fine evening to Mr. Warren's and settle with him what's best to be done."

"Oh, James! I beseech you don't think of going."

"Make your mind easy, Charlotte; I don't intend it, not that I suppose there would be much risk; but all things considered, I think I'm just as comfortable at home."

The steward's brow darkened, as he glanced nervously towards the end window, which jutting out in the gable, formed a deep angel in the outer wall.

"Of course, 'tis just as your honor plases, but I'll warrant you there would be no harm in going. Come, Billy," he added, addressing the child, who by this time was standing close to Mrs. Hewson, "make your bow, and bid good night to master and mistress."

The boy did not stir, and Mrs. Hewson taking his little hand in hers, said—

"You need not go home for half an hour, Gahan; stay and have a chat with the servants in the kitchen and leave Billy with me—and with apples and nuts—she added, smiling as she filled the child's hand with fruit.

"Thank you, ma'am," said the steward hastily.—"I can't so—I'm in a hurry home, where I wanted to leave this brat to-night; but he *would* follow me. Come, Billy; come this minute, you young rogue."

Still the child looked reluctant, and Mr. Hewsom said peremtorily—

"Don't go yet, Gahan; I want to speak to you by and by; and you know the mistress always likes to pet little Billy."

Without replying the steward left the room; and the next moment his hasty footsteps resounded through the long flagged passage that led to the offices.

"There's something strange about Gahan, since his wife died," remarked Mrs. Hewson. "I suppose 'tis grief for her that makes him look so darkly, and seem almost jealous when any one speaks to his child. Poor little Billy! your mother was a sore loss to you."

The child's eyes filled with tears, and pressing closer to the lady's side, he said:

"Old Peggy dose'nt wash and dress me as nicely as mammy used."

"But your father is good to you?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, but he's out all day busy, and I'vd no one to talk to me as mammy used; for Peggy is quite deaf, and besides she's always busy with the pigs and chickens."

"I wish I had you, Billy, to take care of and to teach, for your poor mother's sake."

"And so you may, Charlotte," said her husband. "I'm sure Gahan, with all his odd ways, is too sensible a fellow not to know how much it would be for his child's benefit to be brought up and educated by us, and the boy would be an amusement to us in this lonely house. I'll speak to him about it before he goes home. Billy, my fine fellow, come here," he continued, "jump upon my knee, and tell me if you'd like to live here always and learn to read and write."

"I would, sir, if I could be with father too."

"So you shall;—and what about old Poggy?"

The child paused—

"I'd like to give a pen'north of snuff and a piece of tobacco every week, for she said the other day that *that* would make her quite happy."

Mr. Hewson laughed, and Billy prattled on, still seated on his knee, when a noise of footsteps on the ground mingled with low suppressed talking was heard outside.

"James, listen! there's the noise again."

It was now nearly dark, but Mr. Hewson, still holding the boy in his arms, walked towards the window and looked out.

"I can see nothing," he said,—"stay—there are figures moving off among the trees, and a man running round to the back of the house—very like Gahan he is too!"

Seizing the bell rope, he rang it loudly, and said to the servant who answered his summons—

"Fasten the shutters and put up the bars, Connel; and then tell Gahan I want to see him."

The man obeyed; candles were brought, and Gahan entered the room.

Mr. Hewson remarked that though, his cheeks were flushed, his lips were very white, and his bold dark eyes were cast on the ground.

"What took you round the house just now, Tim?" asked the master, in a careless manner.

"What took me round the house, is it? Why, then, nothing in life, sir, but just that as I went outside the kitchen door to take a smoke, I saw the pigs that Shaneen forgot to put up in their stye, making right for the mistress' flower garden; so I just put my *dudheen*, lighting as it was, into my pocket, and ran after them. I caught them on the grand walk under the end window, and indeed ma'am I had my own share of work turning them back to their proper spear."

Gahan spoke with unusual volubility, but without raising his eyes from the ground.

"Who were the people," asked his master, "whom I saw moving through the eastern grove?"

"People! your Honor—not a sign of any people moving there, I'll be bound, barring the pigs."

"Then," said Mr. Hewson, smiling to his wife, "the miricle of Circe must have been reversed, and swine turned into men; for undoubtedly, the dark figures I saw were human beings."

"Come, Billy," said Gahan, anxious to turn the conversation, "will you come home with me now? I am sure it was very good of the mistress to give you all them fine apples."

Mrs. Hewson was going to propose Billy's remaining, but her husband whispered:

"Wait till to-morrow." So Gahan and his child were allowed to depart.

Next morning the magistrates of the districts were on the alert, and several suspicious looking men found lurking about were taken up. A hat which fitted one of them was picked up in Mr. Hewson's grove; the gravel under the end window bore many signs of trampling feet; and there were marks on the wall as if guns had rested against it. Gahan's information touching the intended meeting at Kilorean bog proved to be totally without foundation; and after a careful search not a single pike or weapon of any description could be found there. All these circumstances combined certainly looked suspicious; but, after a prolonged investigation, as no guilt could actually be brought home to Gahan, he was dismissed. One of his examiners, however, said privately, "I advise you to take care of that fellow, Hewson. If I were in your place I'd just trust him as far as I could throw him, and not an inch beyond"

An indolent, hospitable Irish country gentleman, such as Mr. Hewson, is never without an always shrewd and often roguish prime minister, who saves his master the trouble of looking after his own affairs, and manages everything that is to be done in both the home and foreign departments—from putting a new door on the pig stye, to letting a farm of an hundred acres on lease. Now in this, or rather these capacities, Gahan had long served Mr. Hewson; and some seven years previous to the evening on which our story commences, he had strengthened the tie, and increased his influence considerably by marrying Mrs. Hewson's favorite and faithful maid. One child was the result of this union; and Mrs. Hewson, who had no family of her own, took much interest in little Billy, more especially after the death of his mother, who, poor thing, the neighbors said, was not very happy, and would gladly if she dared, have changed her lonely cottage for the easy service of her former mistress.

Thus, though for a time Mr. and Mrs. Hewson regarded Gahan with some doubt the feeling gradually wore away, and the steward regained his former influence.

After the lapse of a few stormy months the rebellion was quelled; all the prisoners taken up were severally disposed of by hanging, transportation or acquitted, according to the nature and amount of the evidence brought against them; and the country became as peaceful as it is in the volcanic nature of our Irish soil ever to be.

The Hewson's kindness towards Gahan's child was steady and unchanged. They took him into their house, and gave him a plain but solid education; so that William, while yet a boy, was enabled to be of some use to his patron, and daily enjoyed more and more of his confidence.

Another evening, the twentieth anniversary of that with which this narrative commenced, came round. Mr. and Mrs. Hewson were still hale and active, dwelling in their hospitable home. Tim Gahan, now a stooping, grey-haired man, entered Hewson's kitchen and took his seat on the corner of the settee next the fire.

The cook, directing a silent significant glance of compassion towards her fellow servants, said;

"Would you like a drink of cider, Tim, or will you wait and take a cup of tay with myself and Kitty?"

The old man's eyes were fixed on the fire, and a wrinkled hand was planted firmly on each knee, as if to check their involuntary trembling. "I'll not drink anything this night, thank you kindly, Nelly," he said in a slow musing manner, dwelling long on each word.

"Where's Billy?" he asked, after a pause, in a quick hurried tone, looking up suddenly at the cook with an expression in his eyes, which, as she afterwards said, "took away her breath."

"Oh, never heed Billy! I suppose he's busy with the master."

"Where's the use, Nelly," said the coachman, "in hiding it from him? Sure, sooner or later he must know it. Tim," he continued, "God knows 'tis sorrow to my heart this blessed night to make yours sore—but the truth is, that William has done what he oughtn't to do to the man that was all one as a father to him."

"What has he done? What will you dare say again my boy?"

"Take money, then," replied the coachman, "that the master had marked and put by in his desk; for he suspected this some time past that gold was missing. This morning 'twas gone; a search was made, and the marked guineas were found with your son William."

The old man covered his face with his hands, and rocked himself to and fro.

"Where is he now?" at length he asked, in a hoarse voice.

"Locked up safe in the inner store-room; the master intends sending him to gaol early to-morrow morning."

"He will not," said Gahan slowly. "Kill the boy that saved his life—no, no."

"Poor fellow! the grief is setting his mind astray—and sure no wonder!" said the cook compassionately.

"I'm not astray!" cried the old man fircely:

"Where's the master?—take me to him."

"Come with me," said the butler, "and I'll ask him will he see you?"

With faltering steps the father complied; and when they reached the parlor, he trembled exceedingly, and leaned against the wall for support, while the butler opened the door and said:

"Gahan is here, sir, and wants to know will you let him speak to you for a minute?"

"Tell him to come in," said Mr. Hewson, in a solemn tone of sorrow, very different from his ordinary cheerful voice.

"Sir," said the steward advancing, "they tell me you are going to send my boy to prison—is it true?"

"Too true, indeed, Gahan. The lad who was reared in my house, whom my wife watched over in health, and nursed in sickness—whom we loved almost as if he were our own, has robbed us, and that not once or twice, but many times. He is silent and sullen too, and refuses to tell why he stole the money, which was never withheld from him, when he wanted it. I can make nothing of him, and must only give him up to justice in the morning."

"No, sir, no. The boy saved your life; you can't take his."

"Your raving, Gahan."

"Listen to me, sir, and you won't say so.—You remember this very night twenty years? I came here, with my motherless child, and yourself and the mistress pitied us, and spoke loving words to him. Well for us all you did so! That night—little you thought it—I was landed with them that were sworn to take your life. They were watching you outside the window, and I was sent to inveigle you out, that they might shoot you. A faint heart I had for the bloody business, for you were ever and always a good master to me; but I was under an oath to them that I darn't break, supposing they ordered me to shoot my own mother. Well, the hand of God was over you, and you wouldn't come with me. I ran out to them, and I said—'Boys, if you want to shoot him, you must do it through the window,' thinking they'd be afeard of that; but they wern't—they were daring fellows, and one of them sheltered by the angle of the window, took deadly aim at you. That very moment you took Billy on your knee, and I saw his fair head in a line with the musket. I don't know exactly what I said or did then, but I remember I caught the man's hand, threw it up and pointed to the child. Knowing I was a determined man, I believe they didn't want to provoke me; so they watched you for a while, and when you didn't put him down they got daunted, hearing the sound of soldiers riding by the road, and they stole away through the grove. Most of them died this morning quietly in his bed. Up to yesterday he used to make me give him money—sums of money to buy his silence—and it was for that I made my boy a thief. It was wearing out his very life. Often he went down on his knees to me, and said: "Father, I'd die myself sooner than rob my master, but I can't see you disgraced. Oh, let us fly the country!" Now, sir, I have told you all—do what you like, with me—send me to the gaol, I deserve it—but spare my deluded, innocent boy!"

It would be difficult to describe Mr. Hewson's feelings, but his wife's first impulse was to hasten to liberate the prisoner. With a few incoherent words of explanation she led him into the presence of his master, who looking at him sorrowfully but kindly, said:

"William, you have erred deeply, but not so deeply as I supposed. Your father has told me everything. I forgive him freely and you also."

The young man covered his face with his hands, and wept tears more bitter and abundant than he ever shed since the day when he followed his mother to the grave. He could say little, but he knelt on the ground, and clasping the kind hand of her who had supplied to him that mother's place, he murmered:

"Well you tell him I would rather die than sin again!"

Old Gahan died two years afterwards, truly penitent, invoking blessings on his son and on his benefactors; and the young man's conduct, now no longer under evil influence, was so steady and so upright, that his adopted parents felt that their pious work was rewarded, and that in William Gahan, they had indeed a son.

A TROUBLESOME COMPLAINT.—Dr. Welting, in one of his lectures given lately, remarked there were a great many persons who had not the slightest knowledge of the human frame, or the "ills that flesh is heir to," while they were apparently pretty well informed on most subjects. To prove his assertion, he said that he once met a lady possessed of great conversational powers, and was disposed to think her rather intelligent, till at the close of the colloquy between them one afternoon, she inquired—

"Doctor, what subject do you lecture on to-night?"

"The circulation of the blood," he replied.

"Ah, well, then I shall certainly attend," was the lady's exclamation, "for I *have been very much troubled with that complaint of late!*"

The Doctor was satisfied.

A cross grained antiquated maiden vixen went to a physician for advice.

"Madam," said the doctor, "it seems to me that it would do you good to have a little sun and air."

"Oh, you abominable critter! a son and heir!—Oh, dear will somebody fan me! I shall go off!—The outrageous brute! a son and heir."

The old maid vamosed, and has not since been seen.

A young lady, with mind intent on shoping, entered a store on a certain occasion, and addressing a fresh looking rosy cheeked youth, desired to know if he had any nice silk hose.

"Certainly, Miss," replied he, and immediately the counter was strewn with the delicate articles.—After selecting a pair, she looked up very innocently and inquired—

"How high do they come, sir?"

The clerk blushed, turned in fact all sorts of colors, but spoke not a word. She gave him a look of surprise, and repeated her question. Again the youth stammered, and said—

"Really, Miss, I—that is to say, I think—I could not be positive, but my impression is that they come just above the knee!"

CELEBRATING THE FOURTH.

The city police reporter of the *Pennsylvanian*, gives the following account of the mode adopted by a certain Mr. Miller, for celebrating the "glorious Fourth:"

Mr. A. D. J. Miller, (as he writes his name,) is a gentleman of solitary habits. To avoid the risk of quarreling over his cups, like the barbarous Sythians—he drinks all alone, and keeps a demijohn of good liquor constantly in his room, where, by a tacit agreement between him and his lady, he may "carry on" as he pleases, provided he does not make noise enough to disturb Mrs. Miller, in the next apartment. Yesterday, Mr. Miller prepared himself for a celebration, *solus*, by procuring a box of good segars and having his demijohn well filled, resolving on a total abandonment to the fire of patriotism and the smoke of tobacco. About eleven o'clock, Mrs. Miller heard an extraordinary sound proceeding from the cell of the recluse; this sound was produced by an effort of Mr. Miller to sing a patriotic song. This was a violation of the compact, for it was enjoined on Mr. Miller, (as previously stated,) not to make himself heard during his hours of relaxation. "What are you about there, Mijah?" cried Mrs. Miller, from the adjoining room. "Celebrating the Fourth," answered Mr. M., with enthusiasm. "Well, ain't you 'most done with it?" enquired the old lady. "Done!" repeated Miller, "not beginning to be done; I've got the Declaration to read, an oration to make, Hail Columbia and the Star Spangled Banner to sing, and about forty toasts to drink; to say nothing of hurraying, and all that sort of thing." "You've got a declaration to make; I'd like to hear you! Can't you do it in a low voice? and all them other things too, hurraing and hailing Columbia, can't you do them in a whisper?" "No!" indignantly responded Mr. Miller, "I must speak out. Am I not a freeman?" "Heavens!" ejaculated Mrs. Miller, "you married twenty years ago and talk about being a free-man! It won't do, Mijah, I'll have to take away your demijohn." "I'll perish before I surrender," exclaimed Mr. Miller heroically. "Take notice," he shouted, as Mrs M. entered his apartment, "this is Independence day—no submission to tyrants—touch that demijohn and you die!" Miller seized a boot and brandished it like the club of Hercules, the heel, (more by accident than design,) coming in contact with Mrs. Miller's mouth, knocked out the only two teeth the unfortunate lady had left. Her screams brought a crowd of neighbors, by whose assistance the ferociously independent Miller was delivered into the hands of the law. Bound over in $300 to keep the peace.

Singing.

We find the following very sensible observations relative to singing among the young, in an Eastern paper:

All children can learn to sing if they commence in season. I do not say that all will have the same sweet voice of the nightingale—for some have naturally sweet, mild, and soft voices when they talk, while others speak in loud, strong and masculine tones. The same is true in regard to singing.

In Germany, every child is taught to use its voice while young. In their schools all join in singing, as a regular exercise, as they attend to the study of geography; and in their churches the singing is not confined to a choir, who sit apart from the others; perhaps in the corner of the house—but there is a vast tide of incense going forth to God from every heart, which has utterance in this language of the psalmist:

Children, sing; sing with your whole heart!—David sang befor the Lord; and it is meet you should do the same; and always, when angry feelings rise in your breast, curb and check them by singing sweet and cheerful songs.

Beautiful Incident.

A military officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his lady who was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarms for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity, that she cried out, "My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a storm?"

He arose from his chair, lashed to the deck, supporting himself by a pillar of a bed place, he drew his sword and pointing it to the breast of his wife, he exclaimed,

"Are you not afraid?"

She instantly replied, "No, certainly not."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the lady, "I know the sword is in the hand of my husband, and he loves me to well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "remember, I know in whom I have believed, and that He holds the winds in His fists, and the waters in the hollow of His hands."

The Hottest Yet.

Let those who are complaining of the weather read this paragraph:

When the British frigate Liverpool was on her way from Muroat to Bushire, the weather was so hot that thirty three persons were sun struck, the most of whom died. Double awnings were up, and the decks were kept constantly scuttled—to no purpose. No matter for how brief a period the men were exposed to the sun, they were struck down senseless; vertigo followed, accompanied by foaming at the mouth. In the same place—the Persian Gulf—the glare of the moon is so painful, and communicates feelings so disagreeable, that at night a person may be observed sheltering himself from the rays with the same care as he would in the day, from those of the sun.

Evidence of folly.

To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty.

To believe that your own relatives are the best friends you will ever meet with.

To ask a publisher of a periodical, how many copies he sells per week.

To get drunk and complain next morning of the headache.

To judge people's piety by their attendance at church.

CURIOSITIES.—The latch of a snail's gate.
A fence made of the railing of a scolding wife.
Chair in which the sun sets.
A garment for the naked eye.
Brass nails from an elephant's trunk.
Hammer which broke up the meeting.
Buckle to fasten a laughing stock.
The animal that drew the inference.
Eggs from a nest of thieves.
A plate of butter from the "cream of a joke."
The last contract with the "Trade Winds."
A bucket of water from "All's well."
The small coins in the "*change* of the moon."
A glimpse at the "change of a doubt."
A small quantity of tar supposed to have been left when the Israelites *pitched* their tents.
The original brush used in painting the "sign of the times."

A lady, a regular "shopper," who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in the shop—objected that none were long enough.

"I want the verylongest hose that are made."

"Then madam you had better apply at the next engine house."

A lady making inquiries of a boy about his father, an intemperate man who had been sick for some time, asked whether he had regained his appetite.—"No ma'am," said the boy, "not exactly; *appetite* is very poor, but his *drinkatite* is as good as ever."

HIGH LODGINGS.—A down easter lately came to New York and took lodgings for the night at one of what might be called the *high* houses. Telling the waiter he wished to be called in the morning for the boat, both of them proceeded "on their winding way" upwards, till having arrived at the eighth flight of stairs, when Jonathan caught the arm of his guide, and accosted him—

"Look here, stranger! if you intend to call me at six o'clock in the mornin,' you might as well do it now, as 'twill be that time afore I can get down again."

MARRIED MEN.

So good was he, that I now take the opportunity of making the confession which I have often had upon my lips, but have hesitated to make from the fear of drawing upon myself the hatred of every married woman. But now I will run the risk—so now for it—some time or other people must unburden their hearts. I confess, then, that I never find, and never have found a man more lovable, more captivating, than when he is a married man. A man is never so handsome, never so perfect, in my eyes, as when he is married, as when he is a husband, and the father of a family, supporting in his manly arms, wife and children, and the whole domestic circle, which, in his entrance into the married state, closes around him and constitutes a part of his home and his world. He is not merely ennobled by this position, but he is actually beautified by it. Then he appears to me as the crown of creation; and it is only such a man as this who is dangerous to me, and with whom I am inclined to fall in love. But then propriety forbids it. And Moses and all European legislators declare it to be sinful, and all married women would consider it a sacred duty to stone me.

Nevertheless, I cannot prevent the thing. It is so, and it cannot be otherwise, and my only hope of appeasing those who are excited against me is in my further confession, that no love effects me so pleasantly; the contemplation of no happiness makes me so happy, as that between married people. It is amazing to myself, because it seems to me, that I, living unmarried, or mateless, have with that happiness little to do. But it is so, and it was always so.

I was but a little child when I saw my father, one day, coming into the room where my mother was, and placed before her a gift which gave her great pleasure. She kissed his hand; and words and glances of tearful affection passed between them. Never shall I forget the feeling of happiness, nay, of bliss, which gushed through my soul as I witnessed this; standing silently in a corner of the room with my doll. It was as if heaven had sunk down upon my heart. I stood silently under its weight when the glances of my parents fell upon me.

"She blushed so beautifully, the little one!" said my mother, affectionately, and my father came and laid his hand softly upon my head.

Never did I forget that either.

It is something of this first blissful feeling which I experience every time I see the happiness of a good married pair, especially when it is considerably after the honeymoon.—*Miss Bremer.*

A Beautiful Illustration.

A florist will tell you that if you paint the flowerpot that contains a favorite, beautiful, fragrant flower, the plant will wither, and perhaps its blossoms will die. You shut out the air and moisture from passing through the earth to the roots, and your paint itself is poisonous. Just so, mere external cultivation, superficial, worldly accomplishments, or a too exclusive anxiety and regard for that, injures the soul. The vase may be ever so beautifully ornamented, but if you deny the water of life to the flower it must die. And there are kinds of ornamental accomplishments, the very process of which is as deleterious to the soul as the paint upon the flower pot is pernicious to the plant; whose delicate leaves not only inhale a poisonous atmosphere during your very process of rendering the exterior more tasteful, but the whole earth is dried and devoid of nourishment. Nature never paints, but all her forms of loveliness are a growth, a native character, a possession and developement, from the beginning. If the sun can never be called a painter, it is only because the plants absorb his rays, and receive them into the very texture and life of their vegetation. So, whatever is real knowledge, wisdom, principle, character, and life in education, is a process of the absorption and developement of truth, and is not mere painting.—*Rev. Dr. Cheever.*

LONG SPEECHES.—The Presbyterian, in speaking of the impropriety of long speeches at anniversaries, tells the following anecdote:

"At a religious anniversary in England, a few years ago, a very excellent but eccentric clergyman was called on to close the meeting with prayer, and as the exercises had been protracted to an unusually late hour, and many of the audience had already left the house from excessive fatigue, he was requested to offer a short prayer, which he did in the words following:

"O Lord, forgive the tediousness of the speaker, and the weariness of the hearers. Amen."

EVIDENCES OF FOLLY.—Asking the publisher of a new periodical how many copies he sells per week.

Making yourself disagreeable, and then wondering that no one will visit you.

Getting drunk and complaining next day of the headache.

Judging people's piety by their attendance at church.

Neglecting to advertise, and wondering that you do not succeed in business.

Refusing to take a newspaper, and being surprised that people laugh at your ignorance.

A COQUETTE.—A young lady of more beauty than sense, more accomplishments than learning, more charms of person than graces of mind, more admirers than friends, more fools than wise men for attendants.

THE HOME OF TASTE.—How easy it is to be neat?—to be clean! How easy to arrange the rooms with the most graceful propriety! How easy it is to invest our houses with the truest elegance. Elegance resides not with the upholsterer or the draper; it is not in the mosaics, the carpetings the rose wood, the mahogany, the candelabra, or the marble ornaments; it exists in the spirit presiding over the chambers of the dwelling. Contentment must always be most graceful; it sheds serenity over the scene of its abode; it transforms a waste into a garden. The home lighted by these intimations of a nobler and brighter life may be wanting in much which the discontented desire; but to its inhabitants it will be a place, far outvieing the oriental in brilliancy and glory.

It is rumored that the last and greatest curiosity of the age, has just been received at Barnum's Museum. It is the gun with which the question is popped. Probably a large supply will shortly be made for the use of bashful young men.

PRETTY GOOD.—A young lady remarked to a fop the other day, that his penknife, which, by the by was a very neat one, in one respect resembled him. The ladies in the room commenced guessing how it could be. At last, a smart looking little boy, who had, until now, sat in one corner silent, was asked to guess. After examining the knife pretty closely, he turned round, and in a cunning manner said, "Well, I don't know, unless it is because it's *dull*."

TO PURIFY COVERED WELLS FROM FOUL AIR.—It is well known that many accidents take place by persons going down into wells for cleaning them, by the noxious gas in such places. To remove the gas before descent is made into any well or damp pit, a quantity of burned but unslacked lime should be thrown down. This, when it comes in contact with whatever water is below, sets free a great amount of heat in the water and lime, which rushes upward, carrying all the deleterious gases with it; after which descent may be made with perfect safety.

FORGIVENESS.—My heart was heavy, for its trust had been abused, its kindness had been answered by foul wrong, so turning gloomingly from my fellow men, one summer Sabbath day, I strolled along the green mounds of the village burial place; here I was reminded how all human love and hate find one sad level, and how sooner or later, the wronged and the wrong doer, each with a mockened face and cold hands folded over a still heart, pass the green turfed hold of a common grave, whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart. Awed for myself, and pitying my race, 'one common sorrow, like a mighty wave, swept all my pride away, and trembling, I forgive.—*J. W. Whittier.*

THE MOON.

It has frequently been remarked, and is still a vulgar opinion, that the moon has the effect of producing or heightening madness; but notwithstanding the name of lunatic (from LUNA the moon) no well authenticated proof of this exists. Within these fifty years, ere the schoolmaster had stepped so widely abroad, almanacs gravely informed us to kill hogs under the influence of the growing moon, and the bacon would prove all the better in boiling. We were also told to take certain medicines when the moon was in certain signs, as well as to sow certain seeds when she was on the increase. All this shows to what an extent the influence of this planet was vulgarly supposed to exert over the subluinary affairs of men. When she was at her full, country people would say, "It's a fine moon, God bless her;" whilst to the new moon, women curtseyed, and sometimes repeated a short address, that destined to be their future husbands. Nay, have we not ourselves, in our youth, turned our coin in our pocket, on the first appearance of the new moon, that we might never want money during her reign? The connexion of the moon with the weather, too, was always an object of great regard. In Scotland this was, and still is, in some districts particularly, the case; and an old song of that country, written before the reign of James III, has this stanzas:

Late, late, yestreen I saw the new moon
Wi' the old moon in her arms,
And I feir, I feir, my dear maistet,
That we will come to harme.

This allusion to the new moon appearing with the old one in her arms, simply means when that part of the moon which is covered with the earth is seen through it. A hazy ring round her is still considered to fortell rain; but in this there is some appearance of reason, for the circle is caused by water being precipitated in the atmosphere, which commonly indicates rain. These, and a thousand other marvels ascribed to the "Queen of Night," are fast passing from amongst us, leaving us, to be sure, less fanciful but certainly more enlightened and rational creatures.

AN OBLIGING JUSTICE.—Many years ago, in Connecticut, a certain Justice was called to liberate a worthless debtor, by receiving his oath that he was not worth £5.

"Well, Johnny," said the Justice, as he entered, "can you swear that you are not worth £5, and never will be?"

"Why," answered the other, rather chagrined at that question, "I can swear that I am not worth that amount *at present*."

"Well, well," returned the Justice, "I can swear to the rest—so step onward, Johnny."

AN IRISHMAN'S INDEPENDENCE.—Paddy who was straigned before a court for horse stealing after having pleaded not guilty, the Judge asked him by whom he would be tried? "By the twelve apostles," answered the prisoner. The Judge told him that would not do, for if he was tried by them he could not have his trial till the day of judgment. "Faith" says Paddy, "and I have no objection to that neither, for I am in no hurry about it at all."

EFFECTS OF FRIGHT.—A lady in a delicate situation riding in a chaise with her husband, last Spring, was excessively frightened by the entire top of the chaise being carried away by the boughs of a tree under which they passed. In due time the little stranger made his appearance, all in due form, except that instead of hair, his head was covered with a daff smooth substance resembling carriage leather. Upon touching a spring however, in the temple, the chaise top fell back and presented a fine head of hair, exactly the color of papa's.—*N. Y. Merchants' Day Book.*

REWARD OF MERIT.—As for the trumpery of this court, I have had sight of them. They will live, die and rot, and be no more heard of. The good opinion of such be no more worth having than is the cackling of so many geese. Look abroad. There be thousands of honest hearts and manly intellects in the streets and the fields, the chamber of the student, the workshop of the artisan, and the warehouse of the merchant.—'Tis the breath of their voices that hath the establishing of a reputation. The opinion of courtiers be of no worth, and liveth but for a day; but the judgment of the nation soundeth the trumpet of fame, that hath its echoes from generation to generation, unto the ending of the world. Fear not you shall not have justice done you. I doubt not all your merit standeth as fair a chance of honorable distinction with the world, as any that live."

A most brutal murder occurred at St. Louis on the night of the 4th. A widow woman named Mary Crosby, the mother of three children, was murdered by a man named James Gallagher. It appears that he was a suitor for her hand immediately after the death of her husband, but was repulsed. Recently a more affable person won her favor, and the nuptial day was appointed. This coming to the knowledge of Gallagher, he proceeded to the house of Mary, where he was kindly received, and on his proposing a drink, it was accepted by her. It is supposed the liquor was drugged. The next morning she was found choked to death, her body bearing marks of other violence; and by her side was her brutal murderer in a state of intoxication.

Mrs. Taylor, the widow of the President, continues almost inconsolable. She has, from the time of the General's election, entertained a fatal presentiment that he would meet with the fate of President Harrison and die during his term. If he would have gone away from the city ten days ago—to some quiet and healthy place—his valuable life would have been prolonged. He died of the malaria that hovers around the President's mansion; of the dissensions and deffys of Congress; of the greedy personal cupidity of some of his Cabinet; and of the vexatious opposition of prognostical politicians, like Mr. Tombs and Mr. Mr. Stephens. He endured enough to kill a thousand Presidents.—*Corr. Jour. of Com.*

ASSAULT ON QUEEN VICTORIA.—By a late arrival from Europe we learn that a cowardly assault was committed on Queen Victoria, by a man named Pleto, formerly and officer in the Tenth Dragoons. The offence was committed against Her Majesty in the following manner:

Shortly after 6 o'clock, on Thursday evening, Her Majesty was leaving Cambridge House in company with Prince Albert, when from among the crowd assembled to witness her departure a man walked out with a walking cane in his hand and made an assault on the person of Her Majesty. He struck her on the head and face repeatedly, but, fortunately his blows took no effect beyond a demolition of her bonnet.—The Queen appeared at the Italian Opera the same evening, where she was greeted with an enthusiastic reception.

CLERGYMAN EXPELLED.—The Pittsburg Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which terminated its session at Canton, Ohio, June 28, tried Rev. I. N. M'Abee, of that town, for rape, and found him guilty and expelled him. He is a man advanced in life, with grown up sons and daughters, and for many years was one of the most esteemed and influential preachers in that conference.

THE PRESIDENCY.—The Cassville (Geo.) Standard announces Gen. Lewis Cass, of Michigan, as the Democratic Nominee for the Presidency, in 1852, with Hon. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, for the Vice Presidency, subject to the National Democratic Nominating Convention.

BAD NEWS.—"Friend Jones, prepare yourself to hear bad news."

"My gracious—speak—what is it?"

"Your wife is dead!"

"Oh, dear, how you frightened me—I thought my house was burnt down."