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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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.

THERE NEVER WAS AN EARTHLY DREAM.

There never was an earthly dream,
Of beauty and delight,
That mingled not too soon with clouds,
As sun rays with the night;
That faded not from that fond heart
Where once it loved to stay,
And left that heart more desolate
For having felt its sway.

There never was a glad bright eye
But it was dimmed by tears,
Caused by such grief as ever dulls
The sunshine of our years.
We look upon the sweetest flower,
'Tis withered soon and gone;
We gaze upon a star to find
But darkness where it shone.

There never was a noble heart,
A mind of worth and power,
That had not in this changing world,
Pain, misery, for its dower;
The laurel on the brow had bid
From many a careless eye,
The secret of the soul within;
Its blight and agony.

There never was—there cannot be
On earth a precious spring,
Whose water to the faithful lip
Unfailing we may bring;
All changeth on this troubled shore,
Or passeth from the sight;
O, for the world where joy and peace
Reign as eternal light!

IT SPOILS A MAN TO MARRY HIM.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Believe, dear girls, this maxim true,
In precept and in practice too,
That it spoils a man to marry him;
The creature never ought to go
Beyond a honey-moon or so;
If they survive that, they will show
That it spoils a man to marry him.

When first he kneels before your feet,
How soft his words, his looks how sweet;
But it spoils a man to marry him.
When once a fate consent he'll wring,
And get your finger in a ring,
O, then he's quite another thing—
It spoils a man to marry him.

Have you a fancy?—You must drop it;
A will, it may be?—You must lop it,
Before you think of marrying;
And even if you venture then,
Select the very worst men;—
If not, nine chances out of ten,
Twill spoil a man to marry him.

Miscellaneous.

STRONG HEARTS IN IRON BOSOMS.

Strong is the tall pine in the native woods—strong is the iron ribbed oak, pointing up to heaven, bidding defiance with its stately top to the warring elements—strong is the iron horse with his ribs of steel and feet of brass, clattering and clashing over our fair valleys—strong the mighty ship ploughing the deep waters—strong is the great river winding, dashing on—stronger the great boiling ocean with its wide billows, its tempests, its lightning, its drowning of men and sinking of ships—but stronger far, yet more potent than all, is the strong courageous man, with the big heart in an iron bosom. Yes, stronger than all is the determined man, crushing down sorrow, gulping down misery and woe as daily draughts, and smiling to himself in proud confidence and haughty calmness.

Be then strong and bold, and calm and confident, while thy form, wear the laurel upon thy brow—make the notes of victory ring in thine ear.

Be strong like noble De Lacy when returning from the wars of Palestine, and finding his lands confiscated—his castle in ruins—his friends dead—his dependents traitors—his betrothed false—himself an outlaw and proscribed—he yet turned himself to his mighty heart for consolation, and thanked God that the Heavens were above him for his delight.—He stood like the majestic oak, the unwithered pine—tall sublime, God-like.

Be strong like lion hearted Richard when standing before the blazing walls of Acre—raise thou thy potent battle-axe of courage—strike the strong blow of hope—crush down the battlements of opposition—scale the fiery walls of sorrow, and perch thyself full high above them all—and shout in manly voice thy pæans of victory.

Have thou the determined *will* of Satan, without his malignant heart of envy. When Poverty standeth before thee with hot iron bars of slavery say thus:

"Talk of chains
When I am thy captive, proud flinstary cherub."

When opposition sits above thee, and sorrow is thy portion, when enemies smile in savage glee—when fortune frowns—when all things are gloomy, then say unto the manly heart that is struggling in thy bold breast:

"What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield;
(And what is else not to be overcome?)
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me, to bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and defy his power,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire."

What we call Duties.

Every man ought to pay his debts—*if he can.*

Every man ought to help his neighbor—*if he can.*

Every young man and woman ought to get married—*if they can.*

Every representative in Congress, and the legislature ought to inform their constituents what they are doing—*if they can.*

Every man should do his work to please his customers—*if he can.*

Every man should please his wife—*if he can.*

Every wife should rule her husband—*if she can.*

Every wife should sometimes hold her tongue—*if she can.*

Every lawyer should tell the truth—*if he can.*

Every preacher of the gospel should be a Christian—*if he can.*

Every man should take his county paper—*if he can.*

And finally, every reader should add to the above something good—*if he can.*

THE FEMALE ASSASSIN.

AS RELATED BY PRINCE CAMBACERES, ARCH-CHANCELLOR OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE.

About the close of the Government of the Directory, the keeper of a *hotel garni*, in the Rue de l'Université, waited on the Minister of Police, and in a state of great agitation, stated that one of his lodgers, whom he named, had been murdered the preceeding night. He had engaged the lodging about six o'clock in the evening, describing himself as an inhabitant of Melun, who had come to Paris for a day or two on business. After ordering his chamber to be prepared for him, he went out, saying that he was going to the Odeon, and would return immediately after the performance. About midnight he returned, but not alone; he was accompanied by a young and beautiful female, dressed in male attire, whom he stated to be his wife, and they were shown to the apartment which had been prepared. In the morning, continued the hotel keeper, the lady went out; she appeared to be fearful that her husband should be disturbed; and she desired that no one should enter the room until her return.

Several hours elapsed, and she did not make her appearance; at mid-day considerable surprise was manifested at her prolonged absence, and the servants at the hotel knocked at the gentleman's door, but without receiving an answer. It was now discovered that the lady had locked the door, and carried the key away with her. The door was broken open, and the unfortunate man was found dead in his bed. A doctor was sent for, and he declared it to be his opinion that the man's death had been caused by a blow of a hammer, adroitly inflicted on the left temple. The female never again appeared; she was sought for in vain.

In about a month after, a similar murder was committed. The victim was likewise a man from the country, and his death was produced in the manner I have before described. The affair excited considerable consternation in Paris. Within another fortnight, a third crime of the same kind was committed; and, in all these affairs, the mysterious female in man's attire was involved. It is scarcely credible, but nevertheless true, that eighteen or twenty of these extraordinary murders were committed with impunity! In every instance the little that was seen of the woman, rendered it difficult for any one to give a minute description of her person—all the information that could be obtained was that she was young, very pretty, little and well formed. This description of course answered that of many women in Paris, besides the murderess.

Meanwhile, Napoleon arrived from Egypt, and possessed himself of the reigns of Government. Being informed of the attrocities which had been committed in the Capital, he directed that active measures should be taken for the detection of the criminal. He spoke to Fouche on the subject. At that time, the Capital was filled with Fouche's spies. One of these spies, a fine looking young man, about twenty, was one evening accosted in the street by a person whom he had *supposed to be a very handsome* youth. He passed on; but suddenly the thought struck him that the *person who had spoken to him* was a woman in disguise, and he immediately recollected the female assassin.

"It is she!" he exclaimed; "I have discovered her, and my fortune is made!"

He turned back and entered into conversation with her. She at first denied her disguise, but finally acknowledged it, and the young man prevailed on the nymph to accompany him home, in the character of a young relation from the country.

"Where do you live?" she inquired.

He named a hotel in which one of the mysterious murders had been committed.

"Oh, no, I cannot go."

"Why?"

"Because I am known there."

These words confirmed the suspicions of the police agent. He alluded to his property; and mentioned two hundred louis which his uncle had given him, of which he said he had spent the twentieth part, adding,

"Well, then, *if you will not go to my lodgings*, where else shall we go?"

The female mentioned a hotel, to which they immediately repaired. The young man was about to leave the room to order supper, when the woman called him back.

"Will it be safe," said she, "to leave your money at night at your lodgings? Is it not likely you may be robbed? Suppose you go and bring it here."

"Ah," thought the young man, "the veil is now raised," and then, without the least appearance of suspicion, he thanked her for her prudent hint, and went away, under pretext of going to fetch the money.

He immediately repaired to the office of the Police Minister, and gave information of the discovery, he had made. *Furnished with the sum of one hundred* and eighty louis, he returned to the house where he had left the woman. He was accompanied by several agents of the police, who stationed themselves *at the door of the apartment.*

The murderess and her pretended lover sat down to supper. She requested him to hand her handkerchief, which she had left on a console behind her chair. He rose to get it, and during the instant his back was turned, she pour a powerful narcotic into *his glass.*

He did not perceive this, and drank off his glass of wine hastily; but he no sooner swallowed it than he exclaimed,

"*What wretched wine.*"

The lady made the same complaint. A second glass was poured out and pronounced better.

Meanwhile, the young man felt his head becoming confused, and his lips growing stiff. With well acted concern the woman rose, and threw her arms around his neck, apparently with the intention of *supporting his drooping head.*

At this moment he mechanically raised his hand, and he felt the hammer in the side pocket of the coat worn by the female. He felt conscious of the danger of his situation; he attempted to rise and leave the room, but his strength failed him. He tried to speak but his tongue was paralyzed. By one desperate effort he made a faint cry, and then fell on the floor in a state of utter insensibility.

The woman drew the little hammer from her pocket, and laid it on the ground. She then searched her victim, took his purse and deposited it in the pocket of the waist coat she wore. She placed his head in the requisite position to receive the deadly blow, and she raised her right arm for the purpose of inflicting it, when the fated hammer was suddenly wrested from her grasp. The police agents opportunely entered the room at that moment.

On the first examination she gave the following romantic account of herself. She was of respectable family, and of irreproachable conduct; but having bestowed her affections on a young man who had treacherously forsaken her, she had from that moment vowed implicable hatred to all the male sex; and the murders she had committed were actuated by no other motive than vengeance for the injury inflicted on her feelings.

An effort was made to screen the wretched victim from the punishment of the law. But when asked why she committed robbery as well as murder, she could give no satisfactory reply. A pardon was therefore refused. This is certainly one of the strongest cases on record.

THE KING'S ADVICE TO THE STABLE BOY.—A king walking out one morning, met a lad at the stable door, and asked him, "Well boy, what do you do? What do they pay you?" "I help in the stable," replied the lad; "but I have nothing except victuals and clothes." "Be content," replied the King, "I have no more." All that the richest possess beyond food, raiment, and habitation, they have but the *keeping, or the disposing*, not the present enjoyment of. A ploughboy, who thinks and feels correctly, has enough to make him contented; and if a king has a discontented spirit, he will find some plea for indulging it.

THE COUNTRY GIRLS.

I love the country spinster,
Who turns the buzzing wheel,
Who plies with busy hands the card,
With merry hum, the reel.

I love the country seamstress,
Who makes the household gear,
And who, with industry and art,
Prepares the homespun wear.

I love the country milk-maid,
Whose daily task supplies
A wholesome food and beverage
For country families:

Her neat and ample dairy
Her industry attests,
And when night finds her weary,
In innocence she rests.

I love the country housewife,
Her neat swept rural home,
Where love, and truth, and kindness dwell,
The ploughman's happy home;

They wear their healthy blushes,
They walk with form erect,
They wear their own wrought homespun,
And gew-gaw show reject.

No "Grecian bend" affected,
No ambling mincing pace,
No scornful tossing of the head,
No mawkish, wry grimace.

No sallow, pale complexion,
No court speaks on the lips,
No camel's hump deforms the back,
No bishop eks the hips.

No "come and see my shoulder,"
No studied vicious taste,
No whalebone frame to choke the breath,
No corsets cut the waist.

No dark midnight carousals
Corrupt their purity,
No treacherous espousals
Convict of coquety.

Faithful to all relations,
As mothers, daughters, wives,
Associates kind, as lovers true,
And virtuous their lives.

FLOWERS.

BY MISS M. E. CONKLYN.

Flowers may be justly considered the most beautiful part of creation. They exhibit to us the wonderful love of the Creator, who has bestowed them upon man to contribute to his happiness in this life, and they prove the existence of a Supreme Being, who has moulded them with his own hand. What exquisite workmanship is there manifested in the formation of a Flower. The loftiest intellect and the most skillful artists may labor for years, and still never be able to produce that beautiful blending of color so visible in the smallest Flower that blooms. Who can create perfume so sweet, or execute any thing so perfect, as the "queen of flowers," the lily, or the modest violet? Far above the reach of the human mind is the attainment of this art, yet some even dare call the variegated flowers of nature useless things which serve only to encumber the ground. Flowers are styled the poetry of earth, and the experience of man proves the appellation to be true.—A love for flowers is a mark of a refined mind and an innate taste for the beautiful. The man plunged in crime and vice heeds them not; their various hues and rich perfumes are alike unnoticed by him. Flowers are the companions of the virtuous and refined from the cradle to the tomb. The happy child, with its loving laughter, clasps them in its hand, and with wild delight scatters their bright petals to the wind—and if it should come down to an early grave, the hand of affection spreads flowers over its narrow resting place, after the spirit has taken its final flight, and serve to perpetuate the love and remembrance of those loved ones. Flowers are emblems of joy, and they are also said to be the smiles of the Deity. They are found at the bridal as well as at the dumb, and they cluster around the pathway of our life, cheering us with their smiles and invigorating us with their sweet perfumes.

Some, perhaps, will ask, "for what were flowers made?" We answer

"To comfort man—to whisper hope
When'er his faith is dim;
For who so careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him."

They were made to beautify the earth, to make it not only a convenient but a lovely residence for man. They were given as tokens of the Almighty's love to show that though infinitely holy, he yet loves man, and delights to minister to his pleasure and comfort. The very nature of flowers is calculated to elevate and refine the feelings of man, to furnish him with new and interesting subjects for contemplation.—Who would not adore that Almighty Being who has so bountifully given him all these sources of happiness. When man looks around him, his heart should overflow with thankfulness to the giver of all things—he should love and admire the works of his Creator, and especially those beautiful flowers which adorn and beautify this earth, the habitation of man.

"God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree, and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all,

We might have had enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have had no flowers."

GREAT BUSTLE AMONG THE FEMININES.—Miss Webber, is out, boldly and ingeniously recommending the male attire as the "most appropriate vesture for single females." She adduces authorities to prove that, in early ages, men and women dressed precisely alike; and that the distinction in dress which now exists, "was arbitrarily drawn by the male sex, in the tyrannical exercise of power which they derived solely from the greater physical superiority."

Her plan is to restrict girls to their frocks until the completion of their education. Upon their entrance into society, they are to dress precisely like males of similar condition, and continue to wear male attire until the day of their marriage. Widows, at the end of the mourning season, are to resume men's apparel, unless they are determined never to marry again. In effect, this is is a scheme to distinguish marriageable females from married women and confirmed widows. Regarded in this light, it has at least one merit, and may, on that account, claim the friendly countenance of the bachelor fraternity. It would save them a vast deal of trouble in ascertaining the domestic rank of a new lady acquaintance, and prevent them from committing the now common error of falling in love with married women.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Archimedean.*

THE TWO FLOWERS OF CREATION.—Women love flowers; and flowers are like women in their beauty and sweetness, so they ought to grow up together.—No flower garden looks complete without a woman in it; no woman ever seems so lovely as when she is surrounded by flowers. She should have her fragrant bouquet at the party; window plants in her parlor, if possible; some rich and rare flowering shrubs in her conservatory, but better than all these, and supplying all, every woman should have a flower garden. Every man who has the least gallantry or paternal feeling should make a flower garden for his wife and daughters. Every house—the smallest cottage in the country as well as the largest mansion—should have around it the perfume of lilacs, pinks, and other hardy odoriferous flowers that cost no trouble, but bring with them every year a world of beauty and fragrance.

Change.

Man has generally been characterized as 'fond of change;' but this is true only as far as regards a change of his own seeking. Having exhausted one round, after another of occupation or pleasure, his restless spirit prompts him to seek less excitement in untired scenes: but to the general and universal principle he is naturally averse, and his whole life is a series of efforts to fortify himself against its encroachments, and to surround himself with treasures whose durability, he vainly flatters himself, will outlast its effacing touch. The schoolboy cuts his name in the glossy stem of the beech, under whose waving foliage he has wiled away the holliday afternoon, in the vague and unexpressed hope that something connected with himself will remain when he is gone and forgotten: the poet travels in mental labor, denying himself rest and relaxation, consuming "the midnight oil" and his health together, that there may be retained

"When the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust."

The man who all his life has been scraping up wealth, consoles himself, when called to part from it, with the reflection that "the property will be kept in the family;" and the lightborn aristocrat is gratified with the idea, that the name and honors of his illustrious line will be perpetuated by his heirs, sleeping all unconscious of the coming greatness, in his costly cradle. However varied may be the objects which twine themselves round our hearts, we are all actuated by one impulse—to shelter them from the swelling stream of Time and Change; and we are idly busied in erecting fair puny barriers against the rising waters. Well is it for us that the operations of change are (for the most part) gentle as they are mighty,—imperceptibly extracting some closely-grasped toy from our reluctant hand, and slipping into its vacant place some new substitute ere we are well aware of our loss; happy it is for us, too, that in its more startling transitions, we possess that pliability which so soon accommodates itself to circumstances; otherwise, how could we behold the fragments of precious hopes wrecked and born away on the restless waves of Change.

Napoleon Crossing the Alps.

Artists have delineated him crossing the Alpine heights mounted on a fiery steed. The plain truth is, that he ascended the St. Bernard in that gray surtout which he usually wore, upon a mule, led by a guide belonging to the country, evincing even in the difficult passes, the abstraction of a mind occupied elsewhere, conversing with the officers scattered in the road, and then, at intervals questioning the guide who attended him, making him relate the particulars of his life, his pleasures, his pains, like any idle traveller who has nothing better to do. The guide who, quite young, gave him a simple recital of the details of his obscure existence, and especially the vexation he felt, because, for want of a little money, he could not marry one of the girls of his valley. The first Consul, sometimes listening, sometimes questioning the passengers with whom the mountain was covered, arrived at the Hospice, where the worthy monks gave him a warm reception. No sooner had he alighted from his mule than he wrote a note which he handed to his guide; desiring him to be sure and deliver it to the Quartermaster of the army, who had been left on the other side of the St. Bernard. In the evening the young man on returning to St. Pierre, learned with surprise, that powerful traveller it was he had guided on the morning, and that Gen. Bonaparte had ordered that a house and a piece of ground should be given to him immediately, and that he should be supplied, in short, with the means requisite for marrying and for realizing all the dreams of his modest ambition.

The mountaineer died not long since, in his own country, the owner of the land given to him by the ruler of the world. This singular act of benificence, at the moment when his mind was engaged with much mightier interests, is worthy of attention.—*Thiers.*

Pickings.

The envious love nothing but the dead, and them they only pardon.

Your goodness must have some edge to it—else it is none.

Hours have wings and fly up to the Author of time.

To the poor man, poverty greater than his own never appeals in vain.

A mother should be like the orange tree, which blooms even after it is loaded with fruit.

He who has most of heart knows most of sorrow.

Heaven has no rage like that of love to hatred turned.

She half consents who silently denies.

A STANDARD OF WISDOM.—We did not make the world—we may mend it and we must live in it.—We shall find that it abounds in fools who are too *dull* to be employed, and knaves who are too *sharp.* But the compound character is the most common, and it is that with which we shall have most to do. As he who knows how to put proper words into proper places evinces the truest knowledge of books, so he that knows how to put persons in its stations, evinces the truest knowledge of men. It was observed of Elizabeth, that she was weak herself, but chose wise counsellors; to which it was replied, that to chose wise counsellors was, in a prince, the highest wisdom.—*Lacon.*

FAIR AND SAFE ON BOTH SIDES.—A fire-eating Irishman covered with wounds received in duels, challenged a barrister, who gratified him by acceptance. The duellist unable to stand without support, requested that *he might* have a prop.

"Suppose," said he, "I lean against this milestone?"

"With pleasure," replied the lawyer, "on condition that I may lean against the next."

The challenger burst into a loud roar of laughter at the joke, and swore he would not fight so good humored a gentleman.

THE PARROT.—In a small family in the South part of the city, there was a parrot which had found a home there for years, and had become a pet of the family. A child was taken, sick this spring, and was not seen by the parrot for some days. The bird had been used to repeat her name; and in the child's absence kept repeating the name so incessantly as to annoy the family. The child died. The repetition of the name was kept up until one of the family took the parrot to the room where the corpse lay—The parrot turned first one side of its head and then the other, towards the corpse, apparently eyeing it, and was then taken back. He never repeated the name again—was at once silent, and the next day died.—*Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal.*

An enthusiastic young gentleman resolved to gain a reputation as a poet and to immortalize himself by his first production. He choose for his subject the "Thunder storm!" and commenced in the following beautiful strain:

The Thunder rolled from pole to pole,
The lightning spread from sky to sky,
And—and the cattle stuck up their tails and run—
And——and——

Here our aspirant poet became so exhausted that he fainted.

It would be well for mankind if the following advice was more rigidly observed by many over zealous religionists:

"Never be angry with a neighbor because his religious views differ from yours; for all the branches of a tree do not lean the same way."

Varieties.

"Lines" by the editor of the Freeport, Ill., paper:

Come back, ye sinners, mean and greedy—
Rich or ragged, lean or fat—
Come pay the sums you owe us speedy
For the Prairie Democrat.
Don't be lurking round the bushes;
Perhaps you'll find a hemp cravat!
We know that conscience often pushes
Those who cheat the Democrat!

HOW PRINTERS ARE CHEATED.—The New Hampshire State Patriot says that it has 4 800 subscribers, and thinks that it has the best paying list of any political paper in this country, yet 700 owe for three years, 400 for five years, and 1000 for one year, making the aggregate due the office, $16,000 for their paper time and labor. This is the fashion with which printers are cheated.—The National Intelligencer is said to have $400,000 due that concern from its patrons. It shows how many fortunes are fleeced out of the profession.

NEGRO AND INDIAN SUFFRAGE IN MICHIGAN.—The Michigan State Convention, now in session at Lansing, deliberating on the reconstruction of the Constitution of the Peninsular State, have adopted a clause extending the elective franchise to Indians and their descendants, and have also adopted a resolution submitting to the people, as a separate proposition, the question extending the same right to the African race.

Some queer chap says that grain is treated like infants—when the head becomes heavy it is *cradled*, and generally it is well *thrashed* to make it fit for use.

There is a little baby out West, whose arm at the elbow can be encircled by a lady's ring.—It is three months old, and weighs 13 pounds.

FAITHFUL MOTHER.—The census-taker in the western part of Scioto county, Ohio, informs the editor of the Portsmouth Dispatch that he visited a family in which the mother had recently given birth to her twentieth child! He says it was a sight worth beholding to see the youngsters running about the house, ranging from small to great, like the pipes of an organ.

CHOLERA.—The cholera has been very severe at Uniontown, but we learn by the Fayette Whig that it has almost disappeared. Business had revived and the country people were coming to town without fear. The last cases were among the colored population.

The Warren Ledger perpetrates the following pun—"It is said that although Daniel Webster has filled many honorable and important stations, he has now gone to *Fill-more.*"

A POLITE MAN.—My deceased uncle was the most polite gentleman in the world. He was making a voyage on the Danube, when the boat sunk, and all the passengers went to the bottom. My uncle was just at the point of drowning. He got his head above water for once, took off his hat and said, "Ladies and gentlemen you will please to excuse me!" and down he went.

Col. Reah Frazer, of Lancaster, is strongly recommended for Governor by the Democratic papers of that city. He would make a strong candidate, and an excellent Governor.

The Berks county Democratic meeting, on the 6th inst., adopted resolutions expressive of preference for Col. Wm. Bigler as the next candidate for Governor, and Gen. Lewis Cass for President.

Hon. Thaddeus Stevens has been renominated for Congress by the Whigs of Lancaster county.

OFFICIAL RECREATIONS.—Some of the New York city fathers went to Boston recently on a visit. The city was disturbed during the night by cries of fire and bachanalian songs, and in the morning among the watch cases figured the representatives of Gotham, four New York aldermen.

At the Chester County Court last week, an old man, 60 years of age, named Campbell, was convicted of murder in the second degree, having been indicted for the murder of his wife. He had committed the act when intoxicated. He was sentenced to the Penitentiary for 12 years.

The cholera is still prevailing in Columbus. On the 16th inst., seven deaths were reported, five from Cholera, which had been about the daily average for a week.

Many people who flatter themselves that they are "well-bred," haven't a sufficient sense of common courtesy, to observe the ordinary amenities of civilized life.

Gen. Harrison's widow is living at a goodly advanced age, but in good health, at North Bend, with several of her relatives around her.

Small notes of Foreign Banks, cannot now be passed by individuals, without incurring a penalty of $25 for each offence.

Dr. Webster, the rumor goes, will make another confession, before the eventful thirtieth. This is very likely, as those already made by him, materially contradict each other.

The surest and most effectual gold diggers are those who use the plough and spade, in the pursuit of agriculture.

Why is a steam engine like a stage coach? Because, at the end of the journey, it always discharges its team—(its steam.)

No denunciation is so eloquent as the silent influence of a good example.

Benjamin Wilcox, who recently murdered his wife in Towanda, has since committed suicide in prison.

The Parents of a daughter born on the Fourth of July, and whose former daughters had exhausted the the vocabulary of female names, had the baby named Ann-so Fourth.

Dr. Judson, the missionary, is not likely to live long, it is said. He has left his station for the Isle of Bourbon for his health. His wife, Fanny Forrester, did not accompany him.

Ugly women rail at beauty, but it accomplishes much. It wins the admiration of all men without an effort. Its most formidable rival is wit.

BEWARE AF SLANDER.—A man seldom attacks the character of another, without injuring his own.

Gentlemen of the legal profession are sometimes called Snipes, in consequence of the great length of their *bills.*

The Rhode Island General Assembly adjourned on Saturday last, after a session of four and a half days.

There are nine daily papers, and twenty weekly publications in Pittsburg.

The Son of Gov. Ramsey, of Minnesota, died on the 28th ult., at St. Paul.

When is a wine merchant like a ship? When he's lying in *Port.*

Why is a pig's tail like a carving knife? Because it is flourished over a ham.

The scenes of childhood are the memories of future years.

The way the ladies braid their hair over night and smooth it in wavy folds on their alabaster temples, and that sort of thing in the day time, is very bewitching, but costs them an immense amount of labor and trouble. We wonder if they would take as much to darn their husbands stocking?

Preparing for a Daguerreotype.

A brace of "lovyers," anxious to secure each other's shadow ere the substance faded, stepped into a Daguerreotype establishment recently, to set for their "picters." The lady gave precedence to her swain, who, she said, "had got to be tuk first, and rapl natral." He brushed up his tow head of hair, gave a twist or two to his neckerchief, asked his gal if his shirt collar stood about X, and planted himself in the operator's chair; he soon assumed the physiognomical characteristics of a poor mortal in a dentist's hands about to part with one of his eye teeth. "Now dew look purty!" begged the lady, casting at him one of her most languishing glances. The picture was taken, and when produced, it reminded the girl, as she expressed it, "jist how Josh looked when he got over the measles!" and as this was not an era in her suitor's history, particularly worthy of her commemoration, she insisted that "he should stand it again." He obeyed, and she attended him to the chair, "Josh," said she, "jist look like smilin', and then kinder don't." The poor fellow tried to follow the infinite injunction. "La," she cried, "you look all puckered up." One direction followed another, but with as little success. At last growing impatient and becoming desperate she resolved to try an expedient, which she considered infallible, and exclaimed, "I don't keer if there is folks around." She enjoined the operator to stand at his camera; she then sat in her feller's lap, and placing her arms about his neck managed to cast a shower of flaxen ringlets as a screen between the operator and her proceedings, which however, were betrayed by a succession of amorous sounds which revealed her expedient. When this "billing and cooing" had lasted a few minutes, the cunning girl jumped from Josh's lap, and clapping her hands, cried to the astonished artist, "Now you've got him! put him through!"

Education.

The derivation of this word will assist us in understanding its meaning, being composed of the Latin word *educo*, which means to lead or draw out. All developements, both of matter and spirit are from within, not from without. The beautiful rose does not grow by accretion, like the rocks; its life flows into it through the nutriments imbibed from earth, the air and the water, which are incorporated with the very life-blood of the plant, as a medicine; it is a manifestation of the life that fills all things, and flows into all things according to their various forms. The analogy holds good as it respects the human mind; though vegetables are matter, and mind is spirit, the former is of course much more confined than the latter. The powers of the mind must be developed by a power from within and above itself, and that is the best education which will accomplish this most rapidly and effectually in accordance with the laws of God, which always have reference to the greatest good and the most truth.

A Shocking Occurrence.

The Danville Intelligencer of the 16th inst states, that quite an excitement existed in that community for a week past, in consequence of the mysterious death of a young and beautiful girl, named Miss Smith, from Luzerne county. The circumstances that have come to light, show conclusively that there has been foul play somewhere, and that of the most inhuman and depraved character—indeed of such a nature as to cause the ruin and death of a young and beautiful girl, at that age when life is so eminently desirable, and which has also caused the inevitable disgrace and unhappiness of a highly respectable family. She was on a visit to a sister residing near Danville, and shortly after her arrival there was taken dangerously ill—a physician was called, but to no purpose—and life was fast ebbing away. She seemed to be greatly distressed, and after earnest entreaty, she disclosed the cause. Her disclosures implicated two persons in the transaction, who reside in the village where she did—one a lawyer named Rankin, and the other a physician named Dr. Wm. H. Crandall. The latter has since been arrested. We hope, if guilty, they may both receive their just reward at the hands of the law.

A SEDUCER.—In the packet ship H——, which came into port the other day, a very beautiful woman, about 30 years of age, having a fine curly headed boy about five years old with her, and being accompanied by a young moustached man, of elegant dress and easy manners, who appeared to be of some tender relationship to the beautiful and interesting stranger. They stopped for three or four days at the Astor House, from which they removed to an exquisite villa in Hoboken. This was most luxuriously furnished, and money seemed no impediment to the gratification of cultivated tastes of the parties. They strolled, of evenings, along the banks of the noble Hudson, and deeply impassioned dialogues were the customary accompaniments of their recreations. * * * On board the Canada, during her fine and rapid passage, might be seen a tall man, of grave demeanor and noble proportions. He was eminently aristocratic in look and bearing. He spoke but little during the passage. Something pressed heavily at his heart, and he could not enjoy the voyage or society of any kind. He, too, stopped at the Astor; made inquiries after a certain lady, child, and gentleman; traced them to Hoboken, and discovered his own brother, the seducer of his beautiful wife, and the destroyer of his peace forever. He returned to Europe with his darling boy, leaving the guilty pair to pursue their course of guilt and shame as they best might. These parties may be met daily in the Elysian Fields, seeking to drown remorse in the enjoyment (?) of each other's society. The cries of the lady after her adored child, are sometimes extremely frantic. She wishes she had never been born.—*N. Y. Star.*

TAXING MILLERS.—DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The Supreme Court at Harrisburg, has given a decison in a case by which millers are required to buy a license, under the act of the 22d of April, 1846. Mr. Bertolet of Berks county, refused to pay the license, as in several of the adjoining counties the millers were not included in the returns of the mercantile appraiser. The case was tried by the Common Pleas of Berks county, and resulted in favor of the defendant. The Commissioners carried it up to the Supreme Court for final adjudication, when the decision of the Court below was reversed, and judgement entered against Mr. Bertolet for seven dollars the amount of the license in dispute.

PROFESSOR J. W. WEBSTER.—As many extravagant stories have been industriously circulated in relation to the luxurious living of the Professor, some stating his daily expense of food, cigars, &c., at Parker's Restaurant, to be $3 per day, we deem it but just to contradict the false rumors, which we do from good authority. The whole expense incurred by the prisoner for his meals, per diem, is 87½ cents, and his food is of the simplest kind. The Professor remains in a calm state, apparently resigned to his fate, and, in the opinion of those whose opportunities of judging are best, will submit himself to the extreme penalty of the law, and disappoint the general belief that he will anticipate his fate by suicide.—*Boston Mail, 13th inst.*

Barnum announces that Jenny Lind will make her first appearance before an American audience on or about the 18th September, at New York.