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, MARCH 6, 1851. NO. 39.

Poetical.

SETTLE AT FIRST BUT MIGHTY AT LAST.

BY CHARLES MACKEY.

A traveller through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breath its early vows,
And age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore,
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its wave,
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He wall'd it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judg'd that toil might drink,
He pass'd again—and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Has cooled ten thousand parching tongues
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought;
'Twas old, and yet was new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great;
A watch-fire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love,
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

Miscellaneous.

A Wife's First Grief.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

Who that has sat down in measureless content, and enjoyed the pleasures which full gratification supplied, has not at times felt rising in the mind the painful inquiry, "How long will this last?—What will occur to disturb the happiness which is now vouchsafed?" I never had an animal to which I was particularly attached—and I never had one from a cat to a horse to which I was not strongly attached—that I did not occasionally pause in my use or caresses of it, and ask, "What will occur to deprive me of it—accident, escape or death?"

In the midst of social enjoyment, when the duty of sustaining the amusement or the conversation has devolved upon another, how often will the inquiry arise, "How long will this last?" No sign of rupture is presented, no token of dissolution is observable; but there must be a rupture, there will be a dissolution. How will it come, and when?"

I confess that such anticipations are not always the evidence of a well balanced mind; too often they come from a morbid state of feelings, that frequently produce the very evils they suggest.—The anticipation of evil is not so much the result of unhappy experience, as the consequence of a want of self-sustaining power.

Years ago it was my chance to be near a young woman, at the moment on which she was taking leave of a lover. She stood a moment and watched his departure, until by turning a corner he was concealed from her sight.

"Can it last?" said she to herself. "And why not? if he loves me now, when my station and consequently my manners are less desirable than his, surely he must love me more when I have had the advantage of his association, and have constantly improved by that intercourse."—She passed onward. I heard no other words, but her steps indicated a heart at ease, or if disturbed, it was the commotion of inexpressible pleasure.

Can it last? and if not, when will it fail?—How will its diminution manifest itself? These were queries which arose in my mind often, as I thought of the approaching nuptials. And once, a few days after the marriage, I saw her leaning against the trunk of a tree which was then in full blossom. She was evidently connecting her own new estate with the lovely hopefulness of the branches above her, and as she raised her eyes again, it was evident that she was thinking of the future, which was radiant with hope. For one moment a cloud seemed to pass over her face; it was rather doubt than pain.

She looked again at the tree and its munificence of bloom; the cloud passed from her face, and she came away in evident delight.

That was a spring of disappointment, as I remember; a frost destroyed the early vegetation, and entirely ruined the blossoms on the tree at which she had been looking. No fruit was borne. It was, I apprehend, my own infirmity that led me to think more of changes which might come across the path of the newly married person than anything in her condition; for though I subsequently saw where the danger lurked, yet then it was with me only the foreshadowing of a somewhat morbid sensibility, contrived to anticipate enough to make the present gloomy with the apprehensions of the future. So I watched. Blessed be the race of croakers, whose stomachs are constantly conjuring up a cloud to darken their minds, and who are too unselfish to let any one pass without the benefit of their overshadowing forebodings. I watched this case, for the first exclamation which I have recorded of this young woman had touched a chord of melancholy in my own disposition, and so I was anxious to see "how long it would last;" how long the peace, joy, and domestic felicity would continue. It did not seem to me that the disturbance could originate with her.

The husband was fond of amusements; and he kept and used a good gun and some well-trained dogs. But though these drew him occasionally from his home, yet the fine disposition of the wife found in the dumb but sagacious companions of her husband, objects of regard She learned to like them, and as became their gentle nature, they loved her, joyed in her caresses, and seemed to have a sober resolve to watch over her safety, and to secure it even at the cost of their lives. I confess that I was disappointed at this, having anticipated that the litter of dogs would have disturbed the equanimity of the wife, and thus have provoked reprisals from the husband.

It was not long before some event—I think it was the ordinary result of "security," the miserable pride of trying to make one's self considerable in jeopardizing the peace and comfort of a family by going "security" for a man, in whom others could not have had confidence, or they would not have asked security—that swept from the husband a considerable portion of the property which had made his condition better than the wife's before marriage.

"And here," said I, "it will cease at last." I hope that my feelings were of the right kind; I think now that they were only those of curiosity. Some people seem to desire an evil that they have foretold—I think I only desired to know how the loss of property was to affect the wife.

Her husband was the first to tell her of the misfortune.

"I am sorry, my dear," said the quiet wife, "sorry indeed. It will compel you to do much of the work which you have hitherto hired others to perform. Do not let the loss of your property mortify you, nor suffer yourself to dwell on the error, if it was an error, of the act by which the loss occurred."

"But you—you, my dear wife——"

"It will not," said she, "essentially affect me; it will not add to my labors or my anxiety. I must look after the household affairs whether we have one farm or two."

The wife shed no tears. She was sorry that her husband should lose the social distinction consequent upon some property more than others possessed; but it was a pardonable feeling in her, that the loss of property placed her more upon his level, and removed something of the appearance of difference between them.

This then was not much of a grief.

"It lasted yet."

The sudden death of the first-born child, a beautiful boy, was the next disturbing cause. I was not in the house during the short sickness of the child, but I attended the funeral, and followed the body from the antique house of mourning to the church-yard. When the clods fell upon the coffin I thought the heart of the mother would have burst. She leaned over to look down into the resting-place of her child, and the arm of a friend seemed necessary to prevent her from "going unto him."

And I said, "It lasts no longer."

The friend and neighbor led her back to her husband. The gentle look of affectionate sympathy which he gave her as he placed her arm within his, and drew her towards him, that she might lean on his manly strength, showed me my mistake.

The mother had suffered, but the affection, nay, the happiness of the wife was complete.

Could a mother be happy returning from the yet unsodded grave of her only child?

Death had softened her heart, and fitted it for the ministrations of new affection. The father had suffered in the death of the boy as well and as much as she, and yet at the moment of deepest anguish he had hushed his own grief that he might her in her sorrow. The mother mourned, but the wife rejoiced. How beautiful and beautifying for the moment had sorrow become. It seemed to me as if affection had never before possessed such charms; it needed affliction to make it apparent, as the sunlight pouring through crevices into a darkened chamber becomes visible only by the floating particles that reflect the languishing rays.

The affairs of the couple were not so prosperous as the virtues, the industry, the economy, and the womanly excellence of the wife seemed to deserve, yet she never repined. I think one or two instances of excess on the part of the husband drew largely upon the forbearance of the wife, but as even the excess was accompanied with expressions of affection they, though maudlin, seemed to compensate. The feeling then was rather a slight apprehension for the future than grief for the present—sorrow and deep mortification might have been felt. But these few instances, joined with so me unaccountable decay of means did not disturb the happiness of the wife, a happiness which seemed to me a perpetual joy.

Was the woman apathetic? Had she no sensitiveness? Was she made to go through life with a gentle laugh, and drop into the grave with a smile? Her anguish at the death of her son proved the contrary.

The loss of property, to one who had been poor before, seemed to produce no grief; and let the reader remember, or if he has not known the fact let him now learn it, that the loss of property is more bitterly felt by those who have from poverty risen to possessions, than it is by those who from infancy to the disaster had always been rich.

The loss of property produced no grief.

The death of her child led to a new affection for and an enlarged joy in her husband.

His unfrequent but still obvious departure from sobriety, long unattended with rudeness or neglect, did not offend the pride of the wife.

"It will last always," said I.

"I must mourn as a mother," thought she, "I must abate a portion of my social state, and I may, once in a long time, be mortified by some low indulgence in my husband, but fixed, deep, permanent grief as a wife it is probable I am to be spared, as a comparison of my own constitution with that of my husband shows that in the course of nature I shall be spared the misery of mourning for his death, and be saved from the solitary woes of widowhood."

The loss of property rendered necessary more labor on the part of the husband, and that labor kept him more from his home than formerly; but the gentle welcome of the wife cheered the toil-worn husband and her delicate caress changed the gloom settling on his brow into smiles of satisfaction. There was perhaps more pleasure in the efforts which she was making to produce the evidence of gratification in her husband, than there was in the mere exchange of smiles of welcome and thanks. The wife grew proud of her influence to bring him back to enjoyment, she felt a new consequence when she found that she could not only reciprocate smiles but dispel frowns, not only share in the pleasure of home, but dismiss the pains. How holy is the office of a good wife, and how pure must be her sentiments, to derive the highest gratification producing the happiness of another.

It was late in a summer afternoon, and by appointment the husband ought to have returned two or three hours before. The noise of revelry had for a long time disturbed the outer edge of the village in which the dwelling was situated—some vulgar frolic hitherto kept in a distant part of the country, had been adjourned to that neighborhood—but the way of the husband on his return did not lie in that course. The wife had gone out frequently to watch for his approach, and to meet him with a smile of welcome—that smile which makes home delightful, which attracts and retains. She looked anxiously to the left, and stretched her eyes along the road in hope that some token of his approach would be presented; there was none.—Even the dogs that had followed her out failed to give notice of his coming. She leaned over the railing with distrustless hope—he would come soon, and would repay her for all her anxiety by extraordinary evidence of affection. She summoned up for her consolation the thousand kindnesses of her husband, his constant, changeless love, his resistance of those errors that marred the domestic happiness of so many families; and like a true wife, she suffered the lustre of her own purity, excellence, and affection, to gild the character and conduct of her husband.

She was startled from her revery of delight and charity by an unusual outbreak of noisy debauchery from the wretched drinking house below.—She leaned forward, and stood fixed in horror at the sight.

Her husband was in the midst of the riotous host, in sickening, disgusting familiarity with an abandoned one of her own sex.

She stepped back until an angle of her own house concealed from her the painful scene. A thousand previous matters that had scarcely excited a thought became then of importance, in the explanation which was given in what she had seen. She raised her apron to her eyes, but there were no tears; her hands dropped on the fence before her; a feeling came over her heart such as she had not before experienced.

She had felt as a woman regrets for the loss of property—the mother had mourned the death of her child—and anxiety had been felt for some slight errors in her husband; but property could be regained by labor, or relinquised without effort—every dream of the mother gave back to her heart her beloved child and refreshed with a spiritual intercourse; and every waking thought that turned toward the dead one, was lustrous with the sense of his heavenly intercourse, and consoling in the promise of a future union—the errors of a husband, that do not imply dishonor, nor exhibit themselves as evidences of waning affection, may be amended or endured; but when the heart is suddenly overwhelmed with the evidence of shame, insult, dishonor, when all the purity of woman's thoughts is outraged with the proofs of guilt, and all the years of her charity and enduring love are dishonored by the unerring tokens of ingratitude and infamy, and the confiding, the consoling, the truthful wife becomes the witness of the destruction of her domestic peace, despair sweeps over the heart, like the blastings of the simoon; and then, all the unmentioned sufferings of the woman, all the cherished sorrows of the daughter, all the poignant anguish of the mother are lost, in the overwhelming torrent of—"The Wife's First Grief."

ADVICE.

Neither a borrower or a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
Shakspeare.

What could I more?
I warn'd thee, I admonished thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
And force upon free will hath here no place.
Milton.

ADIEU.

Then comes the parting hour, and what arise
When lovers part—expressive looks, and eyes
Tender and tearful—many a fond adieu,
And many a call the sorrow to renew.
Crabbe.

AFFECTION.

Ah! could you look into my heart,
And watch your image there!
You would own the sunny loveliness
Affection makes it wear.
Mrs. Osgood.

AGE.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood.

I know thee not old man; fall to thy prayers,
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester.

The last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childhood and mere oblivion.
Shakspeare.

Though old, he still maintained
His manly sense, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remembered he once was young;
His easy presence check'd no cheerful joy; for he
A graceful ferociness, when he pleas'd, put on;
And laughing could instruct.
Armstrong.

THE ARCHANGEL'S TRUMP.

The last good story in Paris is told at the expense of a very handsome and rich widow of most exemplary character, who has a small and elegant retreat at Versailles, in addition to her town residence. At this pretty rurality she was passing a week at the close of the Autumn, having for her guest, a lad in his teens, who was a distant relative, and who was thus passing his vacation from school. Madame's house-keeper and cook was a respectable female, who, however, had an admirer, a trumpeter, stationed in the barracks near by, and the stolen pleasure of whom was to come in and dine stealthily on the remaining dishes of the mistress' luxuriant table.

Madame and her boy relative having started after dinner for a walk, the trumpeter took advantage of the absence, but unluckily prolonged his meal a few minutes too long. In his hurry to conceal himself, when taken by surprise, he became ensconced under the bed of the lady of the house thinking to escape while she passed the evening in her drawing-room as usual. Madame was tired with her walk, however, and proceeded to retire for the night immediately on her return.

The trumpeter, in full uniform, with his brazen instrument beside him, was of course in a position of considerable dismay. As he lay racking his brain, the door suddenly opened, and in walked the school-boy, who to the astonishment of the lady, fell on his knees, and made a tumultuous declaration of love!

"In the name of heaven," cried the astonished object of his passion, "rise, and leave the room immediately! What would be thought of me if you were seen in this indiscreet situation and posture! Rise, this moment, and retire!"

"No!" firmly persisted the academical, "I live but to love you! No power on earth shall tear me from this spot—no—not even if the trump of the last day—"

At this moment, the trumpeter, whose lip was at the edge of his instrument, blew a blast, into which was poured the overwhelming torrent of his previous impatience. "Trrrr—ta ta ta ta"—a thunder-blast, to which the walls of the little cottage trembled to their foundations.

The room was vacated by dame and lover in a trice, and the trumpeter made his escape—but the story got wind, and, without name or place, was told all over Paris.

It was being narrated one evening by a gay man, in a small circle, when the narrator remarked, "I would have given anything in the world to have seen the face of the lady at the moment of that trumpet's sounding."

"The face of the boy on his knees was much better worth seeing, I assure you!" exclaimed, in a tone of pique, a lady among the listeners—unguardedly revealing, by this hasty comment, that she was, herself, the heroine of the story!

Home Journal.

TIME.—Like an inundation of the Indus is the course of Time. We look for the homes of our childhood, they are gone; for the friends of childhood, they are gone. The loves and animosities of youth, where are they? Swept away like the camps that had ditched in the sandy bed of the river.

☞ Formerly, it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married till she had spun herself a full set of linen. Hence all unmarried women have been called spinsters, an appellation they still retain in certain deeds and law proceedings, though many are not entitled to it.

It was a pertinent and forcible saying of the Emperor Napoleon, that "a handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel and the other a treasure."

An Irishman speaking of Canada, says it is the only country that a poor man should think of for a moment. You have not only a plenty of work and plenty of mate, but a climate so cold that you have nothing to do for more nor half the year.

MATRIMONY.—When a young tradesman in Holland or Germany goes a courting, the first question the young woman asks of him is, "Are you able to pay the charges?" That is to say, in English, are you able to keep a wife when you have got her?—What a world of misery it would prevent if the young women of all countries would stick to the wisdom of that question? "Marriage is not made of mushrooms, but of good round cakes," is one of the pithy sayings by which our ancestors conveyed the same rule of prudence.

WETHERILL DIVORCE CASE.

ELOQUENT AND FEELING MEMORIAL OF MRS. ISABELLA WETHERILL,

IN ANSWER TO THE CHARGES AND ALLEGATIONS OF HER HUSBAND, DR. WETHERILL.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

The humble and respectful memorial of Isabella Wetherill respectfully represents—That I have learned with feelings of deep regret and sorrow, that my name has been again presented to your honorable bodies, and that my husband has again seen fit to lay before you a petition praying for a divorce, based upon allegations of my negligence, misconduct and want of fidelity to him. Of this petition I received no notice, nor can I learn that it was ever made public in the ordinary reports of the proceedings of your honorable bodies, prepared for the public press; and I was only indebted to the disinterested kindness of friends, who advised me that certain proceedings were taking which required me, from self-respect, from the love I bore my children, and from my consciousness of innocence, to give them immediate attention. My eldest son (who, with all my children, have been, and I thank my God with all Christian sincerity for it, still are faithful, true and devoted to me in my sadness and affliction,) visited Harrisburg to learn the truth, and on his return yesterday I received for the first time definite information of what was doing, and how near I was to condemnation and my children to disgrace, without notice or hearing. I cannot suppose it possible that your honorable bodies will judge and decide of me, my rights, my children's interests, and their mother's character, without giving her and them a full opportunity of meeting every accusation and disproving every charge. If, by law, I have such a right, I claim it—if I have not I appeal to your sense of sacred justice to give it to me. Indeed I am not guilty in act or thought of any of the things of which I am accused; in the printed memorial of my misguided husband, and which I have now before me. They cannot believe me, be proved—no witness can maintain them; and if any process so to do, I desire and claim the right to be present when such evidence is heard—that my friends and counsel may be there to aid me—that secret testimony may not harm me—that my own witnesses may be examined and heard—that my life and my conduct as a woman, a wife, and a mother, may be proved and made known to you; but until this is done, I pray you do not condemn me and give to the short remnant of my life more unhappiness and sorrow than past years of sadness have caused. The evidence taken for (the last session of the Legislature does not apply to the new and different state of facts presented by the new memorial; and I claim the right, if I have it, that what should be given in support of the one now before you, shall be only taken after notice to me.

It is not my intention to trouble you with a reply in detail to the memorial which my deceived and unhappy husband has presented. I shall not go through the history of my early life; nor show to you how much or how little, nor what species of kindness was in early life rendered to the members of my family—nor what profits my husband realized by purchasing their property; nor shall I lay before you the bill rendered my sister's husband, after her marriage, for her board during the period she had been a guest in my husband's house. I do desire to say that the expense of a great portion of my sister's education was paid from the limited means of my mother. She subsequently married Dr. Wetherill's nephew, and when a bill was sent to him for her board during her stay in my house, I thought, and still think it was not just to magnify her residence with me into a deep and lasting obligation, for which she or myself have been properly grateful.

If my husband means to charge me with extravagance and disregard of his pecuniary interests, I beg most solemnly to deny it. Had I desired to participate even in the gaieties of those who were his friends and my own—which I did not—my own feeble health would not for many years have permitted it; and it is surely not just to reproach me with having enjoyed those comforts which it was within his means readily to give, and which, before his heart was turned against me, were enjoyed by us in common. Never until the occurrence of these sad details was it suggested to me that my mode of life was other than consistent with his desires and wishes. I have been the mother of *fifteen* children to this my husband, who now seeks to disown and disgrace me; twelve of them are now alive—in them my hope, my pride, my consolation is placed. I desired no extravagant expenditures for town or country house—my hope on earth was a peaceful and happy life, to educate my children in virtue and christianity, and to make them industrious and useful.

Indeed, there is no less falsehood of what is said of my temper and deportment to my husband. It is easy, very, very easy, for one who should defend, to make charges against his wife, but I promise you if you will but give me time to defend myself, that I will show by all the members of my husband's own family, by friends, by all who have known me, or lived with me, or seen me at home or abroad, that these charges are without foundation. In the testimony that was taken last winter, I refer with pride to the evidence given by the brother and sister of my husband. Mr. John Price Wetherill said, from my marriage until my removal to the country, during which time he was a constant visiter at our house, he had never known or seen anything which induced him to believe that I was faithless in my duties to my husband or my children, and Mrs. Gumbes, my husband's sister, says that so far as she could judge, I "was a faithful and affectionate mother and wife." These statements came from those who were called as witnesses against me—judge me even by them. The dying words of my mother's husband were those of kindness and commendation to me for my conduct as a wife. Believe me, I have not forgotten them, or neglected since to deserve them. Nor have I ever refused to execute any or every deed which over required my acknowledgment. I wonder that such a charge should be reported. Mr. John Price Wetherill, in his testimony given last winter, disproved it. It will be found that he said expressly that I had never refused, but was willing to execute the deed; but my unfortunate husband had his heart so turned from me, that he it was that refused to complete the paper, *because my name was in it as his wife.* I womb the evidence on the files of one of your honorable bodies for the truth of what I say. Need I do more to show the injustice with which I am treated, nor what must have been the state of my husband's mind towards me, when in such a manner he refused to associate his name with mine.

Never have I, by word, act or deed, desired or attempted to alienate the affections of his children—never have I attempted to influence his servants to leave him. No, no—it was my hope and wish to reclaim my husband—to make his home a glad one, and his children a blessing to him, in happiness, as they have been to me in misfortune.

I am accused in this memorial of leaving his house. I, the woman who is represented to you as extravagant—loving show and splendor—am charged with flying, without cause, from all this—with abandoning, without reason, the splendid mansion in Montgomery county—giving up all the luxuries and extravagancies to which it is pretended I am so much devoted. Do you think, gentlemen, I would have left such a home and *my children*, without great and imminent necessity? I am not here to recriminate upon my husband, but to defend myself. It it should come to pass that nothing can dissuade him from his present course, and you shall give me time to lay before you the truth, *you shall know, as he in his heart knows*, why it was I was driven from his house. He does not say where I went; but he knows it was to his own cousin, Mr. Lippincott, that I fled, and that my refuge was known to Mrs. Price Wetherill. I consulted with my friends—with my husband's relatives. I submitted to my counsel, Mr. Horace Binney, the truth. I was advised not to return—in the most solemn manner I was cautioned against him; but I hoped still for happier times, when my husband would no longer so act; and I could not live without my children, I went back. Against their advice and wishes, I determined to try once more. I did so in vain. I again was compelled to leave my home—my presence gave no pleasure, but a restraint; and to my husband's nephew I went for protection. For my husband's sake, and for my children's sake, I do not desire to enter into the details of the circumstances which drove me from my home. My husband knows them, and his family know them. Nothing but the *eternest necessity*, you will believe, I trust, compelled me to go. If I am driven to give the evidence on this subject for the protection of my character and conduct, the disgrace and contumely which shall fall on my children, has not been produced by me.

A reference is made in this memorial to a settlement, made upon me and my children, during the pendency of the application, during last winter. The circumstances attending it were then fully made known to the Legislature in a letter from my counsel, of which I send a copy.

I truthfully state what occurred. I had more testimony in reference to my treatment by my husband—it was communicated frankly to those who acted as his counsel last winter; and that communication resulted in securing to me, for myself and my children, $5,000 per year; and from that sum they are maintained. *Nine* of them are still to be educated from it; and in all the charges made against me by my husband, thank God, there is but one which hints even that I am not now as I ever have been—patiently and faithfully and humbly discharging my duty towards them. If he had considered this sum too large for their maintenance, support and education, in the manner he desired, (which all acquainted with the expenses of this large city will say it is not) it was optional with him to give it. I could not, and did not compel, nor seek to compel it. It was voluntary on his part. It met the approbation of his counsel and his family—his own brother is the trustee. To me the most important right, secured by that agreement, was the absolute and uncontrolled possession of my children—to have them under my own roof—in my own exclusive care—and so to see that neither in mind or morals should they be injured by contact with those whom I consider unfit associates and companions. My friends and counsel advised me, under the circumstances then presented, (for then there was no attack upon my character and fidelity even insinuated) to be silent, and to spare my husband and my children the consequences which must ensue from my producing the evidence in my favor; and even now perhaps, I might have been content to have been judged by the evidence against me, had my husband been satisfied with resting his claim to your interference, upon the grounds that were presented to the Legislature. But when it is asserted in the memorial that *I have assented, directly or indirectly, to the passage of this bill.*—when it is asserted that this settlement was made on an agreement on my part not to oppose a divorce, I can but meet it with a solemn and truthful denial. I said then, through my counsel, as I say now to you, that I never would assent to the passage of the bill, and that my rights and interests, and feelings, must be judged by those to whom the law had confided them.

If such was my determination then, it has been strengthened by what has since occurred. I find in this memorial, for the first time, an insinuation against my conduct as a faithful wife—that I went to Cape May against my husband's wish, and that my conduct there was the subject of general observation and remark. My own son went with me and secured my apartment—my feeble health, and the advice of my physician, sent me there,—I was in the same house there with my husband's sister, Mrs. Gumbes, to whom I have referred, and with other of his relatives,—my husband refused to accompany me; nay, he expressed, in the presence of my children, a hope that I never would return. Such is the truth—but I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that more is meant than is expressed by the insinuation. Nay, more, I have heard that secret affidavits have been obtained by my husband, which, in bolder terms, accuse me of impropriety, and I am told that these are confidentially exhibited to you, gentlemen, under the pretence of a desire to keep my dishonor from the world. Whatever heretofore may have been my wishes to be silent and quiescent under all my sadness and sufferings, they *leave me now*—you surely will not suffer me to be thus secretly tried and condemned. I know not when, nor where, nor how, nor with whom, I am charged with faithlessness to my husband; but be it when, and where it may, to you, and before my God, I deny its truth. Hear me in my defence—my youth has long since passed away—of this world, little remains to me—my twelve children love and cling to me, and I beseech you to suffer me to have the opportunity to prove to you and to them, that I am worthy to be so loved as their mother—guiltless of want of virtue.

What madness! what spirit of evil can have instigated my husband thus to charge me, and secretly to prepare the means to destroy the character of his children's mother, and his wife for twenty six years. I cannot tell—no such idea was suggested by a human being, on his former application to your predecessors; and in my soul I acquit him from sincerely believing it.

In February last, when the arrangement to which I referred was made, he signed an agreement with his brother, Mr. J. P. Wetherill, and myself, that I should "forever after take and keep in her" [my] "custody and care all the children" and that "their persons, education and maintenance should be under the exclusive management and absolute control of their mother," [myself.] Can it be that these things are true? If I am the extravagant and bold and bad woman my wretched husband would have you believe, can it be that he would thus surrender to my care the morals and education of his little children? his daughters?!! Do you think he can have supposed me guilty, (as by his memorial he attempts to insinuate, and by these *secret affidavits*, I am told, maintains,) yet so trust me? If there be a feeling deep in any parent's heart, above all price, it is that his children should be far away from vice and immorality; and had I been even *suspected*, it cannot be that my husband would so have confided to me, absolutely and without control, his and my young and innocent children. Call upon my *friends*—I have many who have disinterestedly stood by me in my affliction; call upon my husband's own family—you have seen what they have said of me; call my *children*—call any human being who will dare to say that I have been faithless in word or deed to my husband; but let me meet them face to face, and humble woman as I am, my consciousness of innocence and of oppression shall make me triumph—for it is, indeed it is, false in all things.

I know not how to address you on such a subject. I claim to be heard—to see my accusers—to disprove their allegations, if any be bold enough to make them. For my own sake—for my children's sake, I claim this. Will you refuse it to me and to them?

To pass this bill is to say to me and to them, that you believe these things—to stigmatize an humble, but, thank God, virtuous woman—to disgrace her children. From my heart I pray you to pause, and not to add one more drop of sorrow to a cup of misery filled now nearly to overflowing. What is it that my husband wants? We are separated by agreement. Neither my sad countenance nor his children trouble him—he has no care for me or them. Why is it that he seeks by the immolation of my character to gain a freedom he already enjoys?

Since 1847 I have lived in the hope (do not deprive me of it,) that the evil spell that now entangles and crushes my unfortunate husband, may be broken—that in mind, and as of old, he may be restored to his home and his family—that he may still look with pride and affection upon his children—and that if it be so, after my few remaining years shall have passed, that he will yet outlive his present state of mind.—At least I hope that you will not hastily disgrace me before my children, and my family friends; nor so judge me as that, when I am gone, my children shall, as they grow up, think that their mother was not deserving of their tears upon her grave.

ISABELLA WETHERILL.

February 5, 1851.

Department of Education.

Mr. GRIFFIN has brought forward, in the House of Representatives, a bill to establish a Department of Education. The following is an abstract of its provisons:

The bill gives the Legislature power to elect, on the first Monday of March, 1851, and every third year thereafter, a Superintendent of Common Schools. In case of his removal, resignation or death, the Governor is to have power to appoint for the remainder of the term. The Superintendent is to discharge the duties of State Librarian, and may appoint an assistant. The Superintendent shall, at least once during his term, visit each county of the State, and shall meet at each county seat the several boards of school directors and teachers, and shall present them a uniform and well digested system of classification and instruction for the schools of such county—the superintendent also to have prepared a regular and uniform system of Pennsylvania School Books, and to publish a monthly journal, devoted to the statistics and cause of Education, at a cost not exceeding fifty cents per annum—five copies of the paper to be furnished to each Board of School Directors, the cost to be deducted from the proportion of the public funds to which the district is entitled. All the profits are to be applied to the expenses of the Department of Education. No sectarian or political matter, or reports of Legislative proceedings to have a place in the paper. The bill appropriates $3,500 to keep up the Department, and gives the Superintendent $1400—Assistant $900—the Secretary of Common Schools $700, and the Superintendent $500 as travelling expenses.

DEATH HAS RELEASED HIM.—A letter from Alleppo, Turkey, of December 19, 1850, says—A higher power has interposed, General BEM, the Hungarian Exile, is no more. He died after a few weeks sickness, at the age of 56 years; he slept with but few and short intermissions during his illness, and was buried according to the rites of the people of that country. Kerim Pasha, the Commandant, and the French and English Consuls attended his funeral. During the march of the procession to the place of interment, the writer says, some twenty or thirty Mollahs set up a monotonous *lailaha-illaha*; after they arrived at the grave, the body was taken out of the coffin and deposited in a grave some five or six feet deep with the head toward Mecca.

A STORY OF JAVA.—A young Dutch officer arrived at Java, fresh from the mother country, and hastened to pay his respects to the Governor.—Before the door lay a black ball, which he thought proper to wipe his feet on, but no sooner had his boots touched it than an angry hiss escaped from the mass and a mighty boa rose up against the intruder. Forgetting all ceremony he rushed into the house, but there a new terror awaited him in the shape of a tiger, which leaped growling toward him. His only weapon was a slight dress sword, which he was about to draw in self defence, when the Governor stopped him by saying, "Don't be frightened, my young friend; this cat will sit quietly by you, if you will honor me with your company to dinner. He is only disturbed by seeing you running so from his old friend the boa. The boa never hurts anybody, and has lived peaceably with us for years, along with the tiger, which has never tasted blood, and has always been the playmate of the children. You will learn here to smile at many things which terrify people in Europe."

☞ Those who befriend genius, when it is struggling for distinction, befriend the world, and their names should be held in remembrance.

☞ There is said to be but one guide board in the whole State of Rhode Island, and that points the wrong way—and if a man asks directions, they set the dogs on him.

SARAH (Abraham's Sarah) is the only woman, it is said, whose age, at the time of her death, is mentioned in the Holy Scripture. Now-a-days, the great difficulty is, to find out a woman's age in her lifetime.

AVARICIOUS men are always punctual, because they are exacting to others, and do not wish to afford a pretext to ask any indulgence from them.

☞ Gold is a poor legacy in comparison with immortal thought. The one is human, worthless; the other divine, invaluable.

THE present Emperor of Russia has disproved the old superstition that no person could sit on the throne of that empire for a longer period than twenty-five years. The twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the government expired on the 1st ult., and he yet holds the reins of power.

☞ The word "Philopœna" signifies, in its common use, "friendship's forfeit." It is a Greek and Latin compound, and, literally interpreted, signifies—"I love the penalty."

☞ An old coquette is like a rose-bush in winter; the flowers and leaves having fallen off, the beauty and fragrance gone, nothing is left but the thorns.

☞ Mr. Macready has actually made his farewell bow, and is about to retire to Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, where, in a house of his own, he will spend the remainder of his allotted time, and seek the peaceful enjoyment of a classic retirement.

A JUST MAN.—Edmund, second son of Henry III, at his death, directed that his body should not be buried until his debts were paid. An example worthy of general imitation.

AN ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.—Quinn, being asked by a lady why there were more women in the world than men, he replied, "Granting the fact, madam, it is in conformity with the arrangements of nature. We always see more of heaven than earth."

A CURIOSITY.—Barnum, it is said, has a small quantity of air, supposed to have been left where the Israelites pitched their tents.

RICH.—The felons confined in the Huntsville (Ala.) Penitentiary, have held an indignation meeting, on account of a negro having been sentenced to confinement there, which they regard as a gross insult to the white convicts.

The last best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindliest soul, is tenderness to the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy towards the misanthropic.

MILTON was one day asked by a friend of female education, if he did not intend to instruct his daughters in the different languages. "No, sir," replied Milton, "one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

The pitying tears and smiles of woman are like the showers and the sunshine of spring; alas! that unlike them, she should often miss her merited reward—the sweet flowers of affection.

The exaltation of talent, as it is called, above virtue and religion, is the curse of the age; if divorced from rectitude, talent will prove more of a demon than a god!

The Providence Transcript says there is a lady in that city so aristocratic, that she refuses to take a newspaper because the paper is made of rags!

Young ladies are like arrows—they are all in a quiver when the beaux come, and they go off without them.