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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Poetical.

For the American Volunteer.

THE LOVER'S ADIEU.

Fare the well, my heart's fond treasure!
Fare thee well my dark-eyed maid!
'Tis with pain, and not with pleasure,
That the word farewell is said.

Fare thee well, but not forever,
Dearest one think oft of me;
Absence will increase the fervor
Of the love I bear for thee.

Fare the well, but for awhile,
Only for awhile farewell!
Oft in dreams I'll see thee smile,
Oft on thee my thoughts shall dwell.

Fare thee well, my own true-loved one!
Time can never break the spell
Which thou hast around me woven,
Or this burning passion quell.

Fare the well, my star of hope!
Long from thee I will not dwell;
Every passing hour I'll note,
Till we meet again—farewell.

Carlisle, July 21, 1851. J. M.

From the Louisville Journal.

TO AN ABSENT ONE.

BY J. R. BARRICK.

I miss thee—oh, I miss thee,
In our home at close of day;
I miss thee at the morning's hour,
In the glow of evening's ray;
And the hearth seems dark and dreary,
With a dreary sky above,
Since thy smile has wandered from me,
With its joyousness and love.

I miss thee—oh, I miss thee,
Where'er, I chance to stray,
I miss thee in the hush of eve
When its shadows dim my way;
For thy presence wove a halo
Round my lone and weary hours,
As the spirit-art of beauty
Weaves a glory round the flowers.

I miss thee—oh, I miss thee,
In the day and in the night,
I miss thee in the twilight hour
When the stars are shining bright;
Where'er I chance to wander,
Where'er I chance to be,
On my heart and on my spirit
Steals a burning thought of thee.

I miss thee—oh, I miss thee,
In the shadowy realm of sleep,
I miss thee in the night's deep shades,
That across my spirit creep;
And the silent land of slumber
Hath no pleasant dream for me,
Since I wander 'mid its shadows,
Lonely and afar from thee.

I miss thee—oh, I miss thee,
Where'er my footsteps roam,
I miss thee in the world abroad,
In the quiet of our home;
And there rests a lonely shadow
On the face of nature now,
And a shade of care is stealing
On my heart and on my brow.

I miss thee—oh, I miss thee,
In my own deep solitude,
I miss thee in the weary hours
That above my spirit brood;
And to me all nature's dreary,
As in eclipse the white,
Since thou art here to bless me
With the sunshine of thy smile.

Miscellaneous.

OUR OWN CONSEQUENCE.

We think of our own consequence; our talents; our attainments. We think what a breach will be made when we die—of the mourners who will gather around us with broken hearts. We think of the solemn, sad procession that will go with us to the tomb; forgetting how seldom it is that the hearts of any considerable proportion in a funeral procession are serious and solemn at all, or care anything about the dead. We look at our own affairs and press forward as if the world had no interest so great that they may not be required to yield to our convenience.

Now, how contrary all this is to truth and reality, it is hardly necessary to attempt to show. Few will care about it when we die; and the world at large will care nothing, and know nothing about it. A very little circle of friends will be afflicted—as a little circle of water is agitated when a drop of rain falls into the ocean. At the centre of that small circle of friends there will be some deep emotion, and some tears of genuine grief will be shed; at a very little distance, the emotion will be fainter and feebler; at a point but a little more remote there will be none, and soon, very soon all the agitation there will have died away, as when the little drops of rain fall into the ocean—

"The gay will laugh,
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will share
His favorite phantom."

A few friends will go and bury us; and then they will turn away to their own concerns, forgetful that we are sleeping in the grave. Affection will rear a stone and plant a few flowers over a grave—but the hand that reared the stone or planted the flowers will soon be unable to cut the letters deeper as they become obliterated, or to cultivate the flowers, and in a brief period the little hillock will be smoothed down, and the stone will fall and neither friend nor stranger will be concerned to ask which one of the forgotten millions of the earth was buried there.—No "Old Mortality!" will come to out again those effaced words which told our name, and the time of our birth and death. Every vestige that we ever lived upon the earth will have vanished away. All the little memorials of our remembrance—the lock of hair encased in gold, or the portrait that hung in our dwelling, will cease to have the slightest value to any living being, nor will even momentary curiosity be excited to know who wore that hair, or whose countenance is delineated there.

"On my grassy grave
The men of future times will carneless tread,
And read my name upon the sculptured stone!
Nor will the sound familiar to their ears
Recall my vanished memory."

Rev. Albert Barnes.

KEEP THE SABBATH HOLY.

In order to do this, ordinary business and pleasures must be laid aside, and duty of a strictly religious nature performed. But this is not all. When we are taught to "call the Sabbath a delight," it is important for us to possess such a frame of mind as to exhibit a holy joy whilst we are engaged in solemn exercise. If we could make the impression that the righteous is more excellent than his neighbor, that

"Religion never was designed,
To make our pleasures less."

we must be so heavenly-minded, so filled with love to God and Divine things, so under the influence of gratitude and joy, as to convince intelligent observers that we experience a pleasure which the world can neither give nor take away.

Much harm may result, both to ourselves and others, by neglecting to remember the Sabbath day, or by omitting that preparation for its important exercise, by which we may be "in the Spirit on the Lord's day."

If pious parents and the heads of families produce the impression, by their appearance and manner, upon children and others that holy time hangs heavy on their hands, how unhappy the result. It then, we wish all our families, and all within the reach of our influence, to love the Sabbath, to remember to keep it holy; and if we desire holy time to do, in the highest sense, a blessing to ourselves, let us mingle the exercise of the Sabbath with grateful songs of praise; or some other manifestations of holy cheerfulness and delight, as to give to all about us evidence of the language of our hearts. "This is the day which the Lord has made; we will rejoice and be glad."

"In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end."

"What blessing children are!" as the parish clerk said, when he took the fees for christening them.

From the Baltimore Sun.

THE COSDEN MASSACRE.

Sentence of Shelton, Taylor and Murphey.

CHESTERTOWN, June 25, 1851.

Yesterday having been designated by the Court as the day on which sentences of death should be *pronounced upon William Shelton, Abraham Taylor* and Nicholas Murphey, convicted of the murder of William Cosden and family, a great concourse of people assembled at the appointed hour, 12 M., to hear the sentence.

The prisoners, having been manacled together, were brought into court and placed in the dock. The Chief Judge then, addressing the prisoners in order, inquired what cause they could show why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced upon them. To this Shelton replied, "I have nothing to say, except that I was not there, and know nothing about it." Taylor's reply was, "I am as innocent as that boy in the bar; the witnesses Shaw and Drummond have sworn falsely. There is not a word of truth in what they said, except in the statement of Shaw that I took a drink with him at the spring." Murphey replied, "I am not guilty; I know neither part nor parcel of the matter."

Judge Champneys then proceeded to address the prisoners as follows:

WILLIAM SHELTON, ABRAHAM TAYLOR AND NICHOLAS MURPHEY—You have each been convicted of murder of the darkest, deepest grade. You have had the assistance of most able legal defence. Nothing has been admitted to secure to you every possible advantage. Your Counsel have exhausted every effort which untiring industry in preparation of means, and the most ingenious, intelligent and zealous employment of them could suggest. Yet you have each, by a separate Jury, selected with the strictest regard to their dispassionate and unprejudiced feelings, been convicted, with an unanimity which seems to have been attained immediately on hearing the facts; and which even the powerful appeals of your Counsel, renewed on each occasion with increased earnestness, could not for a moment avert. No voice has since been heard to whisper a doubt of the truth and accuracy of the verdict. Alas! we may add, no voice has been heard suggesting aught to mitigate the enormity of your guilt. The fiendish act has been marked with features of such peculiar, such unprovoked, such unparalleled atrocity, as to make it the theme of remark from one end of this wide spread Union to the other. The records of crime furnish no instance of such wanton disregard of every feeling which can distinguish a human from an infernal being.

On the morning of the 27th February last, there lived in the quiet of their humble home, a worthy family consisting of William Cosden and his wife, then lately the mother of an infant child; with a *sister of each in the morning of youth; one in the* pride and bloom of health and beauty, the other languishing on a bed of sickness. The honest head of this family had gone through his daily round of labor and duty, and sitting at his fireside, in fancied security, surveyed the objects of his affection, doubtless revolving new thoughts how to-morrows labor *should be best applied to multiply their comforts and* his own.

That God, in whom we all live, and move, and have our being, had granted him life and health, and an honest heart had given the will to devote them to the honorable pursuit of the peculiar duties of his station. In a land of law, where the rights and the life of the humblest citizen are regarded and protected with as sedulous care as those of the most exhalted, he could feel no harm from the approach of lawless outrage; from personal malignity he had no cause to dread injury, because with his dying breath he uttered his belief that he had not an enemy upon the wide surface of the earth.

Surely if peace, domestic peace, a peace which even a demon would hesitate to invade, can be pictured to the eye of fancy, it is to be found in such a scene as was to be witnessed at the family circle of Wm. Cosden on that evening when, after the toils of the day, he sat reclining at his own fireside, with the wife of his bosom busied at the table with her domestic duties, his infant of three months in the cradle beside him, and the sister of his affections playfully amusing herself with her little relative, to make all more cheerful. To that scene the fell spirit of mischief directed your steps on that fatal evening. Guileless and harmless themselves, no member of that innocent family had suspected danger or used any means to avert it.

With a willing obedience to the call which every morning's dawn sends from Heaven to man, "to rise and pursue his labor until night," his window was unbarred, with no suspicion that a visitor less welcome than the light of Heaven would seek admittance there. Poor man! how awfully were all your hopes in one sad hour blasted—and forever. The tale of horror is too dark, too black to allow us to find appropriate words to narrate it. Credulity falters at the belief of a deed so damning and so vile. But it is too true. True, that three men, or creatures in human form, could relentlessly, inhumanly, indiscriminately imbrue their savage hands in the blood of this innocent, this happy and unsuspecting family.

Yes, 'tis true that you three men, and men you should not be termed, if your condition did not in some measure disarm even just indignation of its feelings, you were capable of this wanton, unprovoked, and most foul tragedy. When you had, by the first fatal aim through the window, laid poor Cosden a bleeding victim before your eyes, weltering in his gore, and in agony fast breathing out that life which was the prop and staff of the helpless females, and still more helpless infant, did no emotion of remorse penetrate the dark recesses of those hearts of stone? Did not nature for one moment assert her claim and tell you "that man is a brother—an unoffending brother? One who with the stamp of God's own image on his soul, should have time and means to prepare that soul for its never dying destiny?" No, no.

It would seem that nature's laws were strange, nature's sympathies dead, in your souls. Like the wild beast of the desert, you were but maddened by the human blood you had caused to flow. But let not the ferocious tiger be dishonored by the comparison. He yields obedience to the instincts and the appetites which have been impressed upon him as the law of his being. You could only reach this depth of depravity by violating the holy will and every commandment of your Maker. I shudder to speak of the hellish spirit which urged you to the rapid succession of heartless, inhuman, revolting crimes, which but befit the inmates of infernal regions, whose wicked propensities have been cultivated, and increased from the beginning of time. The mangled person of your first victim, mortally perforated by bullets, and lying half lifeless at his hearth, was permitted to witness the cold blooded slaughter of his sister and his wife, and then to become the object of further brutal violence, by stabbing and stamping.

But, if there be degrees of deep and desperate degradation in this scene of more than savage barbarity, perhaps the last act of this terrific tragedy may be regarded as the climax. A poor, helpless female, with a face pale from disease, and doubly pale from terror, lay prostrate on her bed. To the monster who approached her, she raised her eyes, her hands, and her prayers imploring that her life might be spared. The untamed savage of the aboriginal forest, with no knowledge of woman's civil claims, or man's obligations, which all in civilized life recognize, obeying only the instincts of his untutored nature, yet were not on female helplessness. The scalp of an innocent, inoffensive woman, murdered in cold blood, when in sickness and fright imploring mercy, would add no honor to the decoration of a savage, whose trade is blood. But to you, the pallid face, the wasted form, the piercing, earnest, agonizing cry for mercy—for life—all were addressed in vain. Then—in her bed—helpless—feeble—unresisting—a suppliant—appealing to that God who made woman dependent, and man her protector—you, with souls dead, callous to every emotion that makes distinction between man and devils—you murdered, butchered Miss Webster.

It is not to make you more odious to the community that we have given this recital of your foul deeds. It would probably be a vain effort, were we to attempt to aggravate the universal horror which has been felt. Surely it is with no design to gratify any unkind purpose of ourselves towards you. Far, very far from it. Our only object is to use this last occasion we shall ever have, to do you good. The ways of an Infinite God are truly mysterious, and past finding out. To finite, feeble mortals, it must be so. Why you should be permitted to revel and riot in the blood of an innocent family is a mystery—why a whole innocent family should, by a murderer's hand, be hurried from a scene of harmless, happy, domestic enjoyment, to their dread account at the bar of God, is awfully mysterious; but a greater mystery than all this we now announce to you. That mystery is, in the rich provision made for the salvation of even the vilest sinner through the blood of a crucified Saviour. Wonderful is that scheme of divine and infinite wisdom and goodness, which can reconcile the claims of mercy. 'Tis to impress on your minds the perfect conviction, that on this mysterious dispensation of mercy, must your hopes rely. From man's mercy you can have no hopes. The obligations of justice are imperative—alike imperative by human and divine laws.—We cannot make these consistent with the mercy which would rescue you from punishment.—To God alone this attribute belongs, to be exerted in a future world, and to disembodied spirits. His awful fiat here is—"He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." You cannot wonder nor complain that the whole country has been engaged in searching out the history of this unparalelled outrage. You cannot wonder nor complain that every effort has been used by an offended, insulted community, to bring its authors to condign punishment for the bold and daring inroads upon its peace, which threatens danger and death in the midst of fancied security and comfort. You cannot complain of the untiring industry, the highest intellectual devotion, the soul stirring appeals of the counsel who have prosecuted you, nor of the honest, truthful jurors who convicted you. As well might you complain of the Omnipotent Ruler of all events, who wills not that the murderer shall escape, who has not only ordained that his blood, in just retribution, shall be shed by man, but generally, in the order of his providence, so arranges his proceedings that the blood-stained criminal shall be detected.

You are soon to be separated from this world and all it contains—let no delusive, lingering hope of escape lessen your earnest efforts to prepare for another and better world. Abandon all such vain, and in your condition, ruinous expectations.

You are to be taken from all which should be dear to your affections. You have, each one of you, families—two of you children, and both among these an infant, one of a few weeks the other a few months old. The children you were bound to nourish and protect, and to educate them for honest usefulness, as much as you were bound by the more formal pledge to cherish and comfort the mother who bore them. All these you are to leave helpless and unprotected; nay more, you are to leave them the legacy of a name steeped in infamy and crime. May it never happen, that while the hot blood they derive from you courses in their veins, excited to redoubled action by some allusion to the hated memory of him whom they should have loved, they may be tempted to curse the father that begat them.

You have brought desolation and death to husband, parent, wife and sister. They sleep their last sleep in the silent tomb; but the tear of pity, of regret and sorrow, has embalmed their memory.

You have in turn brought death upon yourselves, being husbands, fathers, brothers, sons; for you fill all these several relations. Alas! no tear of pity or of sorrow will mark your ignominious exit from a world in which the law regards you as unfit to live.

But carry with you no thought of hatred or unkindness to those you leave behind. Their only sin is that they have performed their duty. When a thought of unkindness would rise up in your minds against a witness, remember that if you had not committed crime, he would not have testified to it. If a harsh feeling should be excited towards the counsel, or the jurors, who have contributed by their voice to bring you to an infamous death, remember that your bold defiance of the laws of God, and of your country, left them no option but to deliver you to its awful penalties; and lastly, remember that we who announce your doom, are but the ministers of that law to make known its unrelenting sentence.

Our sole object is to persuade you to a better and safer course. Go before an angry and offended God. Bow down your heads and your hearts at his footstool. Remember and confess that he has given you life, and breath, and health, and strength, and that you have employed these, his gifts, in destroying your fellow man. Think that the mental faculties given by his goodness to promote his glory and the happiness of his creatures have been abused to vile and fiendish machinations of rapine and blood. Think of the desolation which you have caused in that retired household, where, until polluted by your presence, peace and comfort reigned. Think of the dreadful appearance which your affrighted soul is yet to encounter at the bar of infinite justice—where, before the face of Him "from whom no secrets are hid," you are to meet the mutilated corpses of those unoffending victims whom you have sent before you, without one moment's time for preparation; but, above all, think of that dark, deep abyss of untold horror, where you may be everlastingly consigned to "the fire that is never quenched, and the worm that never dieth." Let thoughts like these prepare you to adore that wondrous and redeeming love which has made provision for the vilest sinner—even for your escape. Shudder on the brink of the lake of fire, seven times hotter than the heated furnace, and then call loudly, earnestly, on the Lord who hath died for sinners. Cease not cries day or night; with deep humiliation of soul, agonize for pardon and forgiveness—pray for faith to repent, for faith to believe, for faith to be saved from the torments of the damned spirits who are shut up in everlasting agony and despair, and whose wailings cease not forever.

The law makes provision for an indulgence, at the discretion of the Executive, of not less than 20 *days after this sentence. Let us beseech you to* improve as it is designed. Ask the aid of the ministers of the Gospel of Salvation. They will instruct you in the way of repentance and faith—they will pray for you and with you; and if you surrender yourself to their guidance, you may yet have hope of escape from the second death.

Our sentence is that you be taken hence to the jail from which you were brought, and from thence, at the time appointed by the Governor of the State, to the place of execution, and there be hanged by the neck until you be dead. And may the spirit of the ever living God, that once produced light and order out of darkness and chaos, move upon your benighted souls, penetrate its deep recesses, where darkness and guilt have ruled, and enlighten them to see and to feel the grace which alone can save you from the wrath of an angry God, and place you in the favor of a reconciled Redeemer.

During the delivery of this deeply solemn and impressive sentence, the utmost stillness prevailed throughout the crowded auditory. The feelings of all were stirred, and each seemed to appreciate the deeply thrilling character of the scene. Yet the doomed men, of all present, were most unmoved—scarcely a sign of emotion could be discovered in the features of either of them, and when at the conclusion of this terrible ceremony, the crowd dispersed and they were removed from the dock, no sympton of concern for their terrible condition could be observed. The Governor has fixed Friday, the 15th of August, for the execution of these men.

An Irishman upon seeing a squirrel shot from a tree, said, "faith and he jabers that's a waste of powder, the fall itself, would have killed the squirrel."

The Condemned Forger and his Wife.

The forger had been convicted, and condemned to suffer the dreadful penalty of death. His wife was a sensitive and accomplished lady, although the wife of a felon. An hour had been appointed for the last earthly interview. Pale and trembling the wife with three children entered the tomb of a living being, who had been their only love and hope in this world—he whose solicitude to insure their happiness was the cause of their misery. After an absence, it is natural to rush into the arms of those we love; but disgrace and consequent shame make strange havoc with the impulses of the heart.

"Do you forgive me Maria?" said the husband, keeping aloof from his wife, as if his touch would be pollution.

"Would that others could as readily forgive!" replied the agonized wife, sinking on a seat near to her.

"Ah, you mean God! Ah, have you prayed for me, Maria? Do you think there is hope for me? Speak! I have been a great sinner—a wicked sinner, Maria. Yet do not tell these, your children what a bad man their father was! But wherefore are they here? Is not my punishment sufficiently heavy without bringing my children to reproach me?"

The jailor reminded the bewildered man that he had expressed a wish to see them.

"Yes—true!" he ejaculated, "but I have been mad and have not recovered my senses. Maria, your husband is mad!"

Maria heard him not; she was lying senseless on the floor. The children, aged six and eight, and ten, were crying over her, thinking that her unhappy and evidently distracted father had been the cause of her death.

Both husband and wife had thousands of questions to ask, and more matter to communicate, but the interview was ended. Several hours elapsed ere the wife was restored to perfect consciousness; and it was late in the evening before her husband could be brought to resume the preparations for his fate that awaited him the following morning. "Shall I not see him once more?" inquired the wife as she slowly recovered her recollections. "only once more—only one look!" I am now prepared, and can command my feelings."

This privilege was denied her, as many interviews rarely answer any purpose but to distract the mind of the one whose business it is to forget the world and all its attractions, and to agonize the feelings of the other, who stands in need of all the resolution they possess to sustain the calamities attendant on a catastrophe so fatal to their worldly prospects.

It was evening before the wife and her children could be conveyed home; the latter, while at the prison and on their road, asking their agonized mother a number of questions regarding their father, every one of which penetrated the soul and caused her further anguish. It was the first time the subject of death had been forced on their attention, and they were too young to have anything but a confused notion of it; now they had learned that their father was doomed in a few hours to meet it before the public gaze. In all these cases, the truth is that the wife and children of the offenders are the only parties really punished. Even the hanging itself falls with a heavier weight of suffering on the sensibilities of an attached wife than it does on the actual culprit, whose sense of pain has a termination. The wife, tortured with the picture of the scene of strangulation on her imagination, in vain, when worn out with distress of mind, seeks repose; the excited and deranged nerves, keep the fancy at work; she dreams that they have laid her dead husband, cold and clammy, by her side, and awakes in terror at being so near one whose absence a short time since was her only trouble. The hours, as the morning approaches, are counted; then minutes are watched. The fatal period arrives—the clock strikes eight—she sees the signal—hears the drop fall—feels the jerk—the sensation of choking—and swoons, again to revivete to the consciousness that all is desolation and misery around her.

BE FIRM.

Let the winds blow, and the waves of society beat and frown about you, if they will but keep your soul in rectitude, and it will be firm as a rock. Plant yourself upon principle, and bid defiance to misfortune. If gossip, with her poisoned tongue, meddles with your good name—if her disciples, who infest every town and hamlet, make you disgrace the burden of their song, heed them not. It is their bread and their meat to slander. Treat their idle words as you would treat the hissing of a serpent or the buzzing of many insects. Carry yourself erect; and by the serenity of your countenance, and the purity of your life, give the lie to all who would berate and belittle you. Why be afraid of man? Why cower and tremble in the presence of the rich? Why

Crook the pliant hinges of the knee
That thrift may follow fawning!

Why care for the frowns of an artificial society! No, no, friend fear them not, fear them not. Build up your character with holy principles; and if your path be not strown with flowers, let it be beautiful with the light of divine life; and you will be to the world *a perennial flower, whose leaves will be a* healing to the nations, and its fragrance the panacea of the soul.

Fluency in Conversation.

Roll an empty barrel down hill, and what a rattling noise it makes! So with an empty carriage over the pavements. So also with an empty head.—When it contains but a few scattering ideas, every body can hear them rattle. You can almost see them, when the fellow who carries such a head passes by you. Have you not such an individual in your mind's eye? We have. His name may be Dick or Jim, Bill or Joe—but he is the same everywhere, he wags the same tongue, shoots forth the same ideas. He thinks he is wise, but everybody thinks otherwise. Had he real knowledge, he would talk less, and say more. Generally, a man of sterling talents talks but very little, yet every word tells. Addison was a person of this description. He was always embarrassed in company. Some of our best living authors—men of genius and talent—have been noticed for their paucity of words in common conversation. Yet men who know scarcely more than twice two makes four, are rattling off words, and pass for persons of some consequence. They utter sentences without meaning, and words that would puzzle an editor to understand.

An incessant talker we always avoid. In his presence we feel about as happy as on the brow of a cataract—only there *is some sense in the latter. In* an office or store, what *is more trying than a person* with the gift of gab?—what but a straggling musician under your window, or a fiddle in your garret?

TO PRESERVE APPLES.—Choose those apples which have a taste and pleasant flavor; peel, and remove the cores without dividing them, and parboil in soft water. The syrup should be made of the apple water, and three quarters of a pound of fine, white sugar *should be allowed to every pound of apples.* Boil a small quantity of lemon peel and grate in the syrup. This done, pour the syrup, while hot, over the apples—turn them carefully while cooking, and merely al*low the syrup to simmer, as hard boiling breaks the* fruit. Remove them when tender quite through, and at the expiration of a week repeat the boiling. Preserved in this manner, the apple is a most excellent fruit.

What a mysterious thing is a blush, that a single word, a look or a thought, should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek! Strange, too, that it is only the face—the human face—that is capable of blushing! The hand or foot does not turn red with modesty or shame, more than the glove or the sock which cover it! It is the face that is heaven! There may be traced the intellectual phenomena with confidence amounting to moral certainty.

At Newport, Florida, a marriage took place on the 20th ult., between Mr. G., aged 83 years, and Mrs. C., not more than half that age; it is, however, to be observed, that it is the seventh time she has gone through the interesting ceremony. Three days after the happy event, Mr. G. cautioned all persons from crediting his wife on his account, as she refused to go and live with him.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Theory is the guide of practice, and practice is the life of theory.

In divine account, a man knows no more than he doeth.

Profession without practice will but make a man twice-told a child of darkness.

There is no fear of knowing too much, though there is great fear in practising too little. The most doing man shall be the most knowing man.

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetner of toil, and the soother of disquietude.

He that hath a good book in his hand, but not a lesson of it in his heart or life, is like an ass that carrieth a rich burden, and feeds upon thistles.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

The more people do, the more they can do. He that does nothing renders himself incapable of doing anything. While we are executing one work, we are preparing ourselves to undertake another.

All that have obtained for themselves great and permanent reputation, have won and secured it by patient and persevering labor; by treating time not as a waste land fit only for stubble, but as a true estate, of which no corner is to be left uncultivated.

Women have a much nicer sense of the beautiful, than men. They are, by far, the safer umpires in *the matters of propriety and grace. A mere school* girl will be thinking and writing about the beauty of birds and flowers, while her brother is robbing the nests and destroying the flowers.

None of us know what we can live past, till we have proved it. God sends strange strength to carry us on from one great trial to the next that is reserved for us. We live through them—and past them. So that to the world they seem over; so that strangers cheerfully observe to each other, that "we seem quite ourselves."

As the sun doth not wait for prayers and incantations to be prevailed upon to rise, but immediately shines forth and is received with universal salutations, so neither do you wait for applauses, and shouts, and praises, in order to do good; but be a voluntary benefactor, and you will be beloved like the sun.

Would a man know himself, he must study his natural temper, his constitutional inclination, and favorite passions; for by these a man's best judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind. These are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thousand errors and secret faults find admission, without being observed.

A Judge Puzzled.

A Western Judge or Justice of the Peace was recently thus bothered by one of the half wild vagrants of the backwoods, who was brought up with an empty whiskey bottle in his own personal custody.

"So sir, you're there?" said the Justice.

"Do you always come as near the truth as that?" was the reply.

"Silence, sir; where do you come from?"

"You'll be smart if I keep silence and you find out!"

"Don't be impudent, sir; what is your occupation?"

"Look here, Judge, I'll tell you one thing and I want to do it respectfully."

"Well sir."

"You're d——d *impudent yourself!*"

"This will not do, where do you come from sir?"

"This side of sundown."

"Have you an occupation?"

"Reckon."

"What is it?"

"Bet you a pint o'whiskey I can tell what your's is."

"Do you *mean to satisfy me?*"

"Certainly, Squire, what'll you have?"

"It is necessary you should understand that order and peace are necessary in society. Whatever wild freedom you may find in the woods, you are now here in a community of law, and quiet submission will evince wisdom on your part."

"Squire, I should like to understand you, but you're too big for me. Just say no more about it, and let's go and take a drink."

"*I never drink.*"

"*What?*"

"Never, sir."

"You *don't?*"

"No, sir, never."

"Sir, I bid you good morning. I have no desire for any other acquaintance with you. *Whoah!* I'm coming!" and the backwoodsman broke out of court.

N. O. Picayune.

HOME AND WOMEN.—If ever there has been a more touching and eloquent eulogium upon the charms of home and its dearest treasure, women, than is contained in the following extract from the Christian Inquirer, it has not been our good fortune to meet it.

"Our homes—what is their corner-stone but the virtue of women? And on what does social well being rest but on our homes? Must we not trace all other blessings of civilized life to the door of our private dwellings? Are not our hearth stones, guarded by the holy forms of conjugal, filial, and parental love, the corner stone of Church and State—more sacred than either—more necessary than both? Let our temples crumble and our academies decay—let every public edifice, our halls of justice, and our capitols of State be levelled with the dust—but spare our homes. Man did not invent and he cannot improve or abrogate them. A private shelter to cover two hearts is dearer to each than all the world; high walls to seclude the profane eyes of every human being—seclusion enough *for children to feel that mother is a peculiar name*—this is home and there is the birth place of every virtuous impulse; of every sacred thought. Here the Church and State must come for their origin and support. Oh, spare our homes! The love we experience there gives us our faith in an intimate goodness: the purity and disinterestedness of *home is our foretaste of a better world.* In the relations there established and fostered do we find *through life the chief solace and joy of existence.* What friends deserve the name compared with those whom a bright birthright gave us! Our mother is worth a thousand friends—our sister dearer and truer than twenty intimate companions. We who have played on the same hearth under the light of the same smiles, who date back to the same season of innocence and hope, in whose veins runs the same blood; do we not find that years only make more sacred and important the tie that binds us? Coldness may spring up, distance may separate, different spheres may divide; but those who can love anything, who continue to love at all, *must find that the friends whom God himself* gave, are wholly unlike any we may choose for ourselves, and that the yearning for these is the strongest spark in our expiring affection."

MACKEREL FISHING IN BOSTON HARBOR.—A fleet of between 30 and 40 mackerel smacks made their appearance off Point Alderton and Hull, on Thursday. They were following a school of mackerel which had been working up the south shore during the past week. One vessel, on Wednesday caught 15 barrels in three hours. They fish during the day as well as the night. At daylight the fishermen commence throwing over their bait, which brings the mackerel to the top of the water when they commence fishing, catching as fast as they can swing the line into the water and pull it out. Capt. Trower once caught a barrel in ten minutes with one hook.

Boston Traveller.

An English jury, in a criminal case, is said to have brought in the following verdict:—"Guilty with some little doubts as to whether he is the man."

A PAINTING FROM THE LIFE.

That all that is sent abroad from Washington by letter-writers for the newspapers is not gospel, and that some of it is hardly creditable, is certainly true. But one meets occasionally, in the distant newspapers, sketches which, so far from being mere inventions, or even exaggerations of fact, are life-like pictures of scenes the truthfulness of which will be attested by all who have been placed in circumstances to observe and remark their leading traits. A letter of this character now lies before us. However tempted by descriptions of one or two individual cases, the features of which would be immediately recognised by many, we select, as both instructive and interesting, the following general view of a class of cases of which whoever has lived as long at Washington, as we have, cannot but have known frequent instances.

The caption to this Letter, published originally in the Natchez Courier, is "Etchings; or a series of Letters from an American Tourist travelling in the United States addressed to a Southerner at home;" and bears the date Washington. The following extract is offered to our readers as a sample of it:

"If you were ever in Washington not long after the commencement of an Administration, you will not forget the army or armies of office hunters that thronged the avenues, crowded the lobbies, crammed the ante-rooms of the Secretaries of the Departments, and literally besieged the President in his own castle, the White House."

The scenes in the vestibules and ante-rooms of the Secretaries in these office-seeking times are very rich and very humiliating. For instance, Mr. John Smith, a man of fine feelings, and a respectable citizen in his own town, comes up to get, if he can, the appointment of a one thousand dollar post office. He is backed by "all his friends;" has letters from Col. Bull, who once shook hands with the President, and from Saul Sykes, Esq., who once rode in the stage with the President's mother; from Hon. Peter Parsley, who was once a Representative in Congress, and had been presented, with fifty others, to his Excellency in the east room at a levee, and reminds him of it in his letter: and perhaps a letter from Mrs. Brimble, an ex-Senator's lady, to the lady of the President.

Armed thus, Mr. John Smith deems himself irresistible. He expects to carry all before him.—He alights from the cars in Washington, and looks round upon the crowd with a patronizing eye. He orders a hack with an emphasis. He commands a room at Gadsby's. He the next day walks among the big bugs as big a bug as they. He delivers his letters. He finds the President's lady is out, and gives it to the porter. He has not been a week in Washington, at three dollars and *a half a day at Gadsby's, before he learns the late* lesson, that in Washington letters of introduction are "matters of course," and, like everything else which are "matters of course," are esteemed worthless. Nobody reads or notices them. They prove nothing. Two words with an honorable Senator or Representative from the applicant's part of the country a President or Secretary thinks more of than a mail-bag of "letters of introduction." The man who goes without one is more likely to succeed than he who depends on them. I would sooner trust a man who carried his character *in his face rather than in his pocket.*

Mr. Smith having delivered his letters, and especially that to the *President*, goes at the reception *hour to the White House to see him.* The President usually receives men on business from ten to one. During these three hours the office seekers throng the hall and out chamber to his room, each waiting his turn; for it is first come first served.—Mr. John Smith having made his way to the landing finds it filled with people, like a depot platform waiting for the train. Some of the men pace up and down rapidly at every turn, casting their eager glances at a shut door, outside of which stands a servant with his hands filled with cards; for each visiter as he came up handed his card till the attendant holds a pile of fifty, laid in regular order.—Mr. Smith has come too late, he has delayed to be more than usually particular about his toilet, and his card made the fifty-first; that is fifty one men have got to have audience before his turn comes. But he is yet innocent of this fact; (but he learns *it by heart by and by.*) He now bows respectfully to the waiter, and asks him why he does not announce him by going in and telling the President he is waiting. "The President is engaged," answers the man, rather shortly. Before Mr. Smith can say more he is hustled away by seventeen gentlemen, each anxious to know when his own turn is coming. They hear, and go pacing up and down again. What a noise. Full one hundred boots tramping up and down in ceaseless foot-falls.—Men can't sit still waiting in suspense. They must keep in motion.

Mr. Smith thinks he never saw so much walking. Hardly two gentlemen walked in pairs.—Every man seemed to pace up and down alone, and to be shy of his neighbor. Doubtless all were strangers to each other, and felt that the presence of the rest interfered with their own success and prospects of audience. Mr. Smith thought they all wore a scowl and had a sheepish look. After waiting an hour he begins to feel sheepish himself. He feels it is beneath his dignity to be dancing attendance this way—he is a free American! He has seen full a score admitted one by one. It is fast approaching one o'clock. He sees a man about to go in his turn, when three members of Congress appear, and the man is gently put back, and the members admitted. "Why is this?" he fiercely demands. "Members of Congress always take precedence of all who go in by card, sir," an*swered the attendant. Mr. Smith sighs at this* now obstacle. His fancy *conceives a continued* procession of M. C's. calling on the President.—Mr. Smith goes away at one o'clock, his card the thirty-fourth on the list. "Come again to-morrow," says the patient attendant.

The next day he is at his post with four score more. But it is a committee day, and the President is closeted with detailed committees from the Senate or House from ten to one. *Not a soul* is admitted by card! After three weeks, Mr. Smith sees the *President* to be told "to leave his papers and they will be examined." He waits three weeks more in the ante room to get a second interview with the President, to ask him if he has "examined his papers." The President refers him to the proper department, where his papers have been sent. It takes him thirty-three days heel kicking in the Secretary's ante room before he can get audience of this great man. Five times his bill at Gadsby's has been made out and laid upon his dressing table. At length, in despair, he waylays the Secretary as he is stepping into his carriage. "Oh, ah, Mr. John Smith! True, sir! Yes, your papers have been examined, and they are perfectly satisfactory. But"—

"Perfectly satisfactory, sir! I am delighted!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, with exquisite happiness.

"But I am sorry to have to say that the office you seek is not vacant. It is our determination to retain the present incumbent. Good morning, Mr. Smith."

Mr. Smith looks after the Secretary's carriage as it rolls away. His eyes are dim with tears.—He thinks of his debts at Gadsby's, *incurred on* hope; of the borrowed money on which *he came to* Washington, to be paid on *his return of his wife* and children; and the next morning Mr. Smith's body is found in Goose *river!*

The Coroner's inquest *reported*, "Death by drowning." The Recording Angel records, "Death by office-seeking."—*Nat. Intell.*