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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
John B. Bratton.

TERMS.

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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.

[*Selected for the "Volunteer," by a lady.*]

MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

O! could there in this world be found
Some little spot of happy ground
Where village pleasures might go round
Without the village tattling;
How doubly blest that place would be,
Where all might dwell in liberty,
Free from the bitter misery
Of gossips' endless prattling.

If such a spot were really known,
Dame Peace might claim it as her own,
And in it she might fix her throne
Forever and forever.
There like a queen might reign and live,
While every one would soon forgive
The little slight they might receive,
And be offended never.

'Tis mischief makers that remove
Far from our hearts the warmth of love,
And lead us all to disapprove
What gives another pleasure.
They seem to take one's part—but when
They've heard our cares, unkindly then
They soon retail them all again,
Mix'd with the poisonous measure.

And then they've such a cunning way
Of telling their ill meant tales, they say
'Don't mention what I say, I pray,
I would not tell another;'
Straight to your neighbor's house they go,
Narrating every thing they know,
And break the peace of high and low,
Wife, husband, friend and brother.

O! that the mischief-making crew
Were all reduced to one or two,
And they were painted red or blue,
That every one might know them!
Then would our villages forget
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,
And fall into an angry pet,
With things so much below them.

For 'tis a sad, degraded part
To make another bosom smart
And plant a dagger in the heart,
We ought to love and cherish;
Then let us evermore be found
In quietness with all around,
While friendship, joy and peace abound
And angry feelings perish!

Miscellaneous.

A STORY OF LEAP YEAR.

It is a well known fact, that the ladies are allowed, by the conventional rules of society and common consent, to take the lead of the men every leap year; and, if they feel disposed, to go so far as to "pop the question," without being considered rude or forward. Although the right and privilege is conceded to the ladies, we seldom hear of them taking advantage of it.—However, one case, in which the lady did avail herself of the privileges of leap year, did occur in this city on New Year's day. We will relate the particulars, but not give the real names, for the reason that the parties are residents of this city, and might not relish the idea of having the privacy of their domestic affairs brought before the public.

There is a certain fashionable boarding house in this city, (we will locate it on Third street,) where a very handsome young widow was boarding. This lady we will call Widow Cheerly, who has a fortune of some $30,000, left her by her deceased husband, and no children. Three young clerks, (we will name them Smith, Brown and Jones,) who formerly boarded at this boarding house, called upon the land lady on New Year's day. The widow Cheerly was in the room, and saw the young gents approaching. She immediately "dressed herself up in her bridal array," called the landlady and inquired the names of the young gents.—The landlady informed her, when she remarked, "I intend to have one of those young men for a husband." The landlady smiled incredulously, and then went down to the parlor to receive her visitors. The widow followed immediately, and without waiting for an introduction, approached Smith and said—

"Will you consent to become my husband?"

The young man blushed, and was very much confused at hearing the question from a lady he had never before seen, but he finally succeeded in stammering out—

"Owing to the shortness of our acquaintance, (very short, having never seen the lady before,) and another person having some slight claims upon my affections, you will please excuse me."

"Certainly," said the widow, "I will with pleasure, as I did not notice this gentleman," addressing Mr. Brown, "before I spoke to you, or else I would have proposed to him first.—Will you marry me, Mr. Brown?"

"I will," said Brown, "the ice is now broke. I would have been a married man years ago, if I could have mustered courage enough to pop the question; but as you have taken advantage of leap year, and removed the stumbling block, I will become your husband just as soon as you please."

"Right off," remarked the widow. "Landlady, you will please send for my bonnet, and other out-door wearing apparel."

The necessary articles were sent for, and Mr. Brown, with his intended hanging gracefully on his arm, started for the residence of the pastor of the Boatman's Church. When the minister was about to unite the couple in the bonds of wedlock, they gave him their names, and each heard the other's name for the first time. Everything went on as "merry as a marriage bell," with the new married couple all that day.

Next morning, when Brown awoke, the effects of the numerous drinks of the day previous having now entirely worn off, he began to reflect. He became serious. He thought he was in rather a bad scrape—out of employment, in the middle of winter, very little money, and a wife depending on him for support. While revolving the subject over in his mind, and not being able to decide what he had better do—run off or commit suicide—his wife awoke.—"My dear," said she "have you any objection to collecting a few bills?"

He started, thinking that she supposed he had some money coming to him, and that she desired him to collect a "little money," for her benefit, and muttered, rather surly, "No, I have no objections to collect money, when there is any coming to me."

"I do not mean that, my dear. Get up and go to my bureau drawer, and there you will find bills to the amount of $500, for rents due me for the past month; you will please collect them, and accept the money from me as a New Year's gift."

Brown leaped from the bed, scarcely believing his senses, that he had distinctly understood his wife, and then rushed to the bureau and there found the bills.

When we saw Brown he was out collecting his bills—found it a very easy job—and heard him expaciating upon the benefits of matrimony.—*St. Louis Herald.*

☞ Sawbones, the celebrated German surgeon, has succeeded in amputating "a limb of the law."

Ethan Allen.

A good story is told of that rare old reprobate, Col. Ethan Allen, whose services to his country, in the "times that tried men's souls," were only equalled by his daring assertions of the right of private opinion on theological matters. A well known Divine, the pastor of the village church, called one evening, on the Col., and while enjoying his true New England hospitality at the supper table, the conversation turned upon church matters:

Quoth the minister, 'Colonel, how does it happen, that a man of your extensive influence and information, has never seen it his duty to join our society. You know we want laborers in the vineyard; especially such laborers as you. Your example would tend greatly to strengthen our hands, and fortify our hearts against the dire assaults of the evil one.'

'Well brother,' replied Allen, 'I have often thought as you do about the business, and one day I had almost made up my mind to fall into the ranks, but that night I had a dream which caused me to give it up.'

'Ah!' exclaimed the minister, 'what did you dream?'

'Well, I thought I was standing at the entrance of paradise, and saw a man go up and knock.

'Who's that,' asked a voice from within.

'A friend wishing admittance,' was the reply.

The door was opened and the keeper stepped out.

'Well, sir, what denomination did you belong to down yonder?'

'I am an Episcopalian,' replied the candidate for admission.

'Go in then, and take a seat near the door on the east side.'

Just then another stepped up, he was a Presbyterian, and the guardian directed him to take a seat. A large number were admitted and received directions where to seat themselves. I then stepped up to the entrance.

'Well, sir, what are you?' asked the guardian.

'I am neither High-Churchman, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Calvinist, Catholic or Jew, but I am that same old Ethen Allen that you probably have heard of from below.'

'What! the man that took Ticonderoga?'

'The same,' I replied

'All right, Ethan,' said he, 'just step in and sit down *wherever you please.*'

PRETTY FEET.

Many women, who spend much time and much money in adorning their bodies, utterly neglect their feet. But no one is well dressed who is not well shod. Even a man well gloved and well booted may carry off a seedy suit of clothes. With women it is essential to anything like success in costume, that they should pay attention to the decoration of their hands and feet. The latter may be little seen; but they are seen. As to the extremities themselves, the real state of the case may generally be gathered from inference and association. It seldom happens that a woman with large, misshapen feet, moves gracefully and well.

We have said that women with large or misshapen feet seldom or never move gracefully.—They can neither walk nor dance well. And running is an impossibility. To real grace of movement, it would seem almost essential that the foot should be *arched*. This is coming to be better understood among us. High heeled boots now so generally used, give an artificial hollow to the foot. The frightful habit of turning up the toes in walking is thus almost entirely destroyed. Indeed, nothing is more observable than the improvement which in this respect, has taken place during the last two or three years. Our women walk better than they did, and are better shod than they were.

Our streets are consequently far less disfigured than they were by the spectacle of shoals of women all showing the soles of their feet to people meeting them from the front. These high or "military heels," necessarily force down the toes, and compel the proper movement in walking—the proper exercise of the right muscles. It is said, that, in this respect, the confirmation of French women is better than that of our own, because the absence of side pavements, from so many of their thoroughfares, and a very common use, in the large towns, of thin shoes, compels them to pick their way on their toes.

It may, perhaps, be thought that we have devoted too much consideration to this matter of the feet; but we look upon it as the very keystone of the architecture of dress, and that any inattention to it will loosen and destroy the entire fabric. How common it is to see, in this country, the becomingness of a whole toilet nullified by a mistake of this kind, and, in spite of bonnet, shawl and gown of the best character, the vulgarian betrayed by the boots It is essential that the shoes should be in keeping with the rest of the apparel; but the spectacle of really, in other respects, well dressed women, with heavy black boots, under dresses of light color and fabric, is one of the commonest in the world.—*Exchange.*

Energetic Call to Pay Up.

Father Brownslow, of the Knoxville *Whig*, concludes an earnest appeal to delinquent subscribers to pay up with the following unmistakeable expressions:

Those of you who can't pay, and will write to us, acknowledging your indebtedness, we will record as clever fellows, and those of you who will not do either, we will publish this spring, in an extra sheet, as a set of graceless rascals, willing to have a poor man labor for you for years for nothing, and pay for paper, ink, and the hire of hands to serve you, without pay.

Come to Knoxville, you lousy rascals, on a pilgrimage, and see our little ones, "chips of the old block," looking daggers at us, and crying for bread. Come and see us with our elbows out, and the officers of the law leading us about for debts created to furnish you a paper, and you will fork over at once!

And you hypocrites, who are members of different churches, owing us for our paper, how dare you, around your family altars, night and morning, pray to God, "pay us this day our debts, as we pay to others"? He knows you owe us, and won't pay, and until you do pay, you may pray yourselves out of breath, and you will never be heard! yes, you saintly villians, you have been owing us long enough to make us "poor, halt, miserable, blind and naked," and yourselves ride at our expense. You get to heaven without paying us up—never.

SECRET OF WEALTH.—Amos and Abbot Lawrence began life poor; they determined that the strictest integrity should pervade every business transaction until their dying hour—and it was so. Among the results are the accumulation of millions of money, the possession of a name for mercantile integrity, worth more to them, to their children, to their age and nation, than a title to dukedom; while they did, during life, and at death, institute charities, which will heap sweet blessings on their name and memory for ages yet to come. Let every merchant's clerk on this broad earth make that same experiment, and take encouragement from the assurance, founded in the very nature of things, that similar results will accrue to him.

I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.

BY C. H. GRISWELL.

I hear the soft wind sighing,
Through every bush and tree;
Where now dear mother's lying
Away from love and me.
Tears from my eyes are starting,
And sorrow shades my brow;
Oh, weary was our parting—
I have no mother now!

I see the pale moon shining
On mother's white head-stone;
The rose bush round it twining,
Is here, like me—alone.
And just like me are weeping
Those dew-drops from the bough;
Long time she has been sleeping—
I have no mother now!

My heart is ever lonely,
My life is drear and sad;
'Twas her dear presence only
That made my spirit glad.
From morning until even,
Care rests upon my brow;
She's gone from me to heaven—
I have no mother now!

An Attachment.

We have heard a good story told of which an Alabama Sheriff was the hero. Court was in session, and amid the multiplicity of business which crowded upon him at the term time, he stopped at the door of a beautiful widow, on the sunny side of thirty, who, by the way, had often bestowed melting glances upon the said Sheriff. He was admitted, and the widow appeared; the confusion and delight which the arrival of her visitor occasioned, set off to greater advantage than usual the captivating charms of the widow M——. Her cheeks bore the beautiful blended tints of the apple blossom; her lips resembled the rose buds upon which the morning dew yet lingered, and her eyes were like the quivers of cupid; the glances of love and tenderness with which they were filled resembled arrows that only wanted a BEAU (pardon the pun) to do full execution. After a few common place remarks:

'Madam,' said the matter of fact Sheriff, 'I have an attachment for you.'

A deeper blush than usual mantled the cheek of the fair widow; the downcast eyes whose glances were centered upon her beautiful foot, which half concealed by her flowing drapery, gently patted the floor, she with equal candor replied:

'Sir, the attachment is reciprocal'

For some time the sheriff maintained an astonished silence, at length he said:

'Madam, you will proceed to court.'

'Proceed to court,' replied the lady, with a merry laugh; then shaking her head, she said:

'No, sir! though this is *leap year*, I will not take advantage of the license therein granted to my sex, and therefore greatly prefer that *you should proceed to court.*'

'But, Madam, the justice is waiting.'

'Let him wait; I am not disposed to hurry matters in so unbecoming a manner: and besides, sir, when the ceremony is performed, I wish you to understand I greatly prefer a *minister* to a justice of the peace.'

A light dawned upon the sheriff's brain.

'Madam,' *said he, rising from his chair with* solemn dignity, 'there is a great mistake here: my language has been misunderstood: the attachment of which I speak was issued from the office of Squire C., and commands me to bring you instantly before him to answer a contempt of court in disobeying a subpœna in the case of Smith vs. Jones!'

Chinese Scenery.

The following article foreshadows the time when a trip to the Celestial empire will be a favorite excursion for fashionable tourists.

"Two American gentlemen have recently penetrated the country for some distance in the neighborhood of Shanghai. They write as follows. "The country has been charming—hills, valleys, groves, and streams, being found in pleasing variety. The sides of the mountains are sometimes terraced very neatly, each ascending step a cultivated field. The mountains have a naked appearance, though many of them are covered with the bamboo, so common in this country. The streams are all rapid and clear, flowing over a pebbly or rocky bed. On their banks are numerous small paper manufactories. The principal machinery consists of an overshot water wheel, with a huge trip hammer, which pulverizes the material, chiefly bamboo, of which the paper is made."

Of a view from the top of Heaven's Eye Mountain, which is two hundred miles southwest of Shanghai, and which is nearly a mile above the level of the sea, they thus write: "The view surpasses all that we had previously seen. As far as our vision extended, in all directions there were mountains. The intervening valleys were cultivated, many of them ornamented by streamlets, which glittered in the rays of the morning sun like a thread of silver."

USE OF A NOSE.—A good story is told of Mozart, at the time he was a pupil of Haydn. The latter challenged his pupil to compose a piece of music which he could not play at sight.—Mozart accepted the banter, a champagne supper was to be the forfeit. Everything being arranged between the two composers, Mozart took his pen and a sheet of paper, and in five minutes dashed off a piece of music, and much to the surprise of Haydn, handed it to him, saying:

"There is a piece of music sir, which you cannot play, and I can. You are to give the first trial."

Mozart smiled at the half excited indignation and perplexity of the great master, and taking the seat he had quitted, struck the instrument with such an air of self-assurance that Haydn began to think himself duped. Running along the simple passages he came to that part which his teacher had pronounced impossible to be played. Mozart, as anybody was aware, was favored, or at least endowed with an extremely long nose, which in modern dialect, "stuck out a foot." Reaching the difficult passage, he stretched both hands to the extreme ends of the piano, and leaning forward, bobbed his nose against the middle key, which nobody could play.

Haydn burst into an immoderate fit a laughter, and after acknowledging the "corn," declared that nature had endowed Mozart with a capacity for music, which he had never discovered.

TRUTH IN CONVERSATION.—The love of truth is the stimulous of all noble conversation.—This is the root of all the charities. The tree which springs from it may have a thousand branches, but they will all bear a golden and generous fruitage. It is the loftiest impulse to inquire—willing to communicate, and more willing to receive—contemptous of petty curiosity, but passionate for glorious knowledge.—Speech without it is but a babble; rhetoric is more noisy but less useful than the tinman's trade. When the love of truth fires up the passions, puts its lightning into the brain, then men may know that a prophet is among them. This is the spring of all heroism, and clothes the martyr with a flame that outshines the flame that kills him. Compared with this, the emulations of argument, the pungencies of sarcasm, the pride of logic, the pomp of declamation, are as the sounds of automata to the voice of man.

Who was Cain's Wife?

How often has this inquiry been made? To a certain class of minds such a question possesses more importance than the gravest investigatsons in theology. Brother Weaver, of St. Louis, in answer to a correspondent, thus responds through the *Herald and Era* to the inquiry "Who was Cain's Wife?"

A subscriber asks this singular question.—We answer, she was Cain's wife. That's all we know about her. That is all the account says of her save that she was the mother of Enoch. It is said that Cain went into the land of Nod: and we suppose that he took his wife with him, as any good husband would. In the land of Nod they had Enoch, and probably other children not a few, and grand children, for they built a city there. The city probably was not so large as St Louis is, but it very likely was a large household of which Cain was patriarch. It might have been his own and the families of his children living in separate dwellings.

What Cain's wife's name was, and who her parents were we are not certified. She might have been the daughter of Adam and Eve, or some of their children. She was probably closely related to Cain, or a sister or a niece, or something nearer than cousin. Cousins marry in our day when the world is full of strangers. It wouldn't have been so great a wonder for Cain to marry his sister, when there were no other girls in the world, and no laws of marriage, and nobody else to claim her affections. The command was to marry and multiply and replenish the earth. And we presume it was pretty well obeyed, for it seems well replenished now, and likely to be.

We know nothing about the number of children and grandchildren the first pair had No doubt it was a goodly number both of male and female; else who inhabited Cain's city and who were the wives of Enoch, Irad, Mehujael Methusalah and Lamech the begamest? We haven't got the whole story of those days only a prop in the bucket, as it were We have the descending line of generation from Adam downward and but little more.

☞ Although uninformed as to whether the author of the following eulogy is now a member of the present House of Representatives at Washington City, yet we cannot, however, but concede that kindred spirits are there, from the exhibition of similar *pertinent* and *appropriate* speeches and *propositions* that were made by members, whilst the House was dallying for weeks with the Speaker's chair. We give it as a specimen of such *forensic eloquence*

Funeral Eulogy,

As delivered in the Florida House of Representatives, 1848.—(Verbatim.)

MR. SPEAKER:—Sir, our fellow citizen Mister Silas Higgins, who was lately a member of this legislature, is dead, and he died yesterday in the forenoon. He has the brownceruns, and was an uncommon individual. His character was good up to the time of his death, and he never lost his voice. He was fifty-six years old, and was taken sick before he died at his boarding house, where board can be had at one seventy-five a week, washing and light included. He was an ingenus cretur, and in the early part of his life had a father and mother He was an officer in our State militia since the last war, and was brave and polite, and his uncle, Timothy Higgins, belonged to the revolutionary war, and was commissioned as lieutenant by General Washington, first President and commander in chief of the army and navy of the United States, who died at Mount Vernon, deeply lamented by a large circle of friends on the 14th of December, 1799 or thereabouts, and was buried after his death with military honors, and several guns was bust in firing salutes.

Sir, Mister Speaker, Sir, General Washington presided over the great continental sandhedrum and political meeting that formed our Constitution, and he was indeed a great and good man. He was fust in war, fust in peace and fust in the hearts of his country, and tho' he was in favor of the United States Bank, he was a friend of edcation, and from what he said in his farewell address I have no doubt he would have voted for the tariff of 1836 if he had been alive and hadn't died some time beforehand. His death was considered at the time as rather premature on account of its being brought on by an ordinary cold.

Now Sir, Mister Speaker, such being the character of General Washington, I motion that we wear crape around the left arm of this legislature, and adjourn till to morrow morning as an emblem of our respects for the memory of S Higgins who is dead, and died of the browncreturs yesterday in the forenoon.

A Singular Human Being.

We have in this village one of the most singular human beings, all things considered, to be found in this corner of the world. He is a dwarf, about eighteen years of age quite small and deformed, and not exactly an opium eater, but a laudanum drinker. He has been a victim of the habit for years, and all attempts to prevent his indulgence in the stupifying drug have been in vain. The desire for more has steadily gained on him, until at the present time he actually drinks two ounces of laudanum every day; and, what is still more remarkable, *all at one time!* This enormous potation is swallowed at a regular hour, in the afternoon of each day: a pipe and tobacco then follow, and smoking is in order till midnight, unless indeed the subject—which is sometimes the case—falls asleep, when he is helped to bed.—The only object for which this strange being seems to live is this deadly narcotic, and his only care and ambition are centered in procuring the little means required to buy the two ounce draught. As it has been found impossible to place an effectual barrier between the drug and the drugged—the attempt has been abandoned, and it has been thought best hereafter to interpose no obstacles in the way of free indulgence. In accordance with this determination, we understand that the victim—whose yellow and haggard visage gives fearful evidence of the presence of the coiled serpent which alternately writhes and slumbers in his bosom—has made a contract for the daily supply at reduced prices with one of our drug stores, from which he draws the 'living death'—whose influences have been likened to shadowy glimpses of heaven followed by the realities of hell—with the most punctilious punctuality.

[*Elmira Advertiser.*

☞ A lady was once declaring that she could not understand how gentlemen could smoke.

"It certainly shortens their lives," said she.

"I don't know that," replied a gentleman, "there's my father who smokes every blessed day, and he is now seventy years old."

"Well," was the reply, "if he had never smoked he might have been eighty."

☞ Tying a mackeral to your coat tail, and imagining yourself a whale, is one of the first lessons in codfish aristocracy.

☞ What is the difference between an auction and sea sickness? One is the sale of effects, the other the effects of a sail.

A Case of Circumstantial Evidence.

The following anecdote, *apropos* of the gold medals—some of them of great value—which the French government is distributing to the members of the International Jury and others, it related by the French correspondent of the Courier des Etats Unis. The scene is laid in a drawing-room in Paris. One of the company was showing a gold medal which had been awarded him, and which was worth 5,000 francs. The medal passed from hand to hand and when half an hour afterwards, the owner asked for it again, it could not be found. Ever nook and corner was searched, but in vain. This sudden disappearance produced considerable agitation in the company, which was select, but numerous, and finally some one proposed that every one should be searched the men by the men and the women by the women. All the persons present eagerly signified their assent, with the exception of a single individual, who had been presented that night for the first time in the house. This man declared very calmly, but very decidedly, that he could not consent to be searched. The effect these produced may easily be imagined. It was no longer doubted that he was the robber, and the gentleman who introduced him was more dead than alive

The master of the house was about turning the supposed thief into the street, and the owner of the medal had already entreated the company to forget the circumstance, when a lady having risen from her seat, lo! the missing medal suddenly fell out of one of the flounces of her dress, into which it had accidently slipped and buried itself. The sensation produced by this sudden *denouncement* was prodigious A cry of joyful surprise resounded throughout the room. The individual suspected of the theft was declared innocent

Renouncing thereupon the stoical calmness, verging on indifference which had hitherto characterized his demeanor—"This," said he, "gentlemen, is the explanation of my conduct which doubtless seemed to you inexplicable. If I would not consent to be searched it was because I was a stranger to every one present, with one exception, and because, by a strange coincidence—so strange that no one would have believed it possible—I had on my person a medal exactly similar to the one that was lost." He then produced the medal which if it had been found on him, would have turned him a quarter of an hour before, but which was now but an additional proof of his innocence. This incident, which I myself witnessed, is but another proof of the uncertainty of human judgements.

Correspondence of the Chicago Press.

AN ELOPEMENT IN ILLINOIS.

TOULON, Ill., Jan 30, 1856.

There has been the most intense excitement in our neighborhood the past week, occasioned by the elopement of A Moncrief, Esq., a married man, with the wife of Wm. Rose, Esq., on the 22d inst. The guilty parties both reside here.

Mr. Moncrief has enjoyed, until the past season, the almost universal confidence of our community, as a man of correct principles and as a gentleman. Such has been the confidence reposed in him that several years past he has held the office of magistrate, and other offices, and last fall was the democratic nominee for representative to the State Legislature for this and Peoria county and ran ahead of his ticket No one trusted in him more implicitly as a man of honor and a gentleman, than the injured husband. Mr. Rose, was, up to the hour of his unaccountable elopement, a warm and unsuspecting friend of Mr M., and had stood by him as such while others were abandoning him Both were Masons, Moncrief being master of the lodge here at the time of this calamitous affair, and Mr. Rose holding an office in the same lodge.

Moncrief leaves behind him a wife of irreproachable character, a woman deserving of the best of husbands and a lovely interesting boy. The deserted wife is frantic with grief She is left her lone among strangers, but amid those who will do all that is possible to relieve her in her affliction

Mrs. Rose, was a lady of fine personal appearance of a good family and at the time of the elopement a member of the Baptist church Her husband is one of our most worthy citizens, esteemed by all who knew him He was kind and indulgent to his wife, too much so for the proud, recalcitrant woman who has so basely deserted him

Mrs Rose left three interesting girls worse than motherless. She took with her a little boy. The father and his friends are in hot pursuit of the guilty parties, with the hope of recovering the child

Mrs R., managed to procure her husband to be absent, that she might better consummate her wanton enterprise She broke the crystal out of his gold watch so that he would be compelled to leave it at home as a pillage for her She rifled his drawers, and took besides a quantity of gold, all the valuable property in the house of a portable nature

Moncrief is supposed to have taken a considerable amount of money with him belonging to parties for whom he had collected it in his official capacity He is leaving many creditors to whistle for their dues

Both parties had been married for ten years and upwards, and circulated in the best society. Mrs. Moncrief says that there was never an unkind word passed between her husband and herself; that his conduct is shrouded in the deepest mystery to her. She attributes her soul crushing misfortune to liquor This affair does not take an air of romance with us, it shocks us—it grieves and staggers us.

Mrs Rose left a letter behind for her sister in which after bidding an everlasting adieu, she—the heartless adulteress—"hopes to meet them in heaven"! The entire community deeply sympathize with the injured parties, and may God grant them strength to bear their misfortunes, which now weigh so heavily upon them.

WHAT CAUSES HAPPINESS.—Happiness is to be attained in the accustomed chair by the fire side, more than in honorary occupation of civil office, in a wife's love infinitely more than in the favor of all human beings else; in children's innocent and joyous prattle more than in the hearing of flattery, in reciprocation of little and frequent kindness between friend and friend, more than in some occasional and dearly bought indulgence; in virtue and contentment, more than in the anxious achievements of wealth, distinction, and grandeur; in change of heart more than in change of circumstance; in full, firm trust in Providence, more than in hoping fortune's favor; a growing taste for the beauties of nature, more than in the fee simple inheritance of whole acres of land; in the observances of neatness and regularity, household virtues, rather than in the means of ostentations, and, therefore, rare display; in a hand maiden's cheerfulness, more than in the improved tone of politics; and in the friendship of our next door neighbor, more than in the condescending notice of my lord duke.

SELF-DENIAL.—There never did, and never will exist, anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which is a stranger to the exercise of a resolute self-denial.

Washington correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Peep into a Washington Hell.

Having heard much of the magnificence and grandeur of the Metropolitan gambling houses, I with several Cleveland friends paid one a visit the other night. The entrance was through a narrow, lighted way, opening from the Avenue, just east of the National. A pair of stairs at the further end of the hall brings you abruptly against a small door, fastened on the inside: you ring a bell: a colored servant looks thro' the latticed pannel, to see if all is right. If he discovers a well known customer or a frequent visitor of such places, the whole party is admitted; on the principle of course that a "person is known by the company he keeps"—Gamblers understand human nature better than any body else, and they know this old adage is as true in hell as it is out. We were admitted first into a room beautifully carpeted, fresco painted, with chairs, sofas, lounges, &c., of rosewood, a large centre-table, on which were the leading newspapers of the country, and around which sat several well dressed gentlemen leisurely reading and discussing the news of the day. This was but the half of a double parlor; the reception room, as Milton would say, "the vestibule of hell"

Our guide, who was a well known Washington gentleman, introduced us to the keeper of the establishment, telling him that we had never been in such a place before, and was led by curiosity to explore his infernal domains He appeared highly delighted and immediately opened up to the "inner temple," we entered and found that the half had not been told us—a chandelier, costing from three to four hundred dollars, brilliantly lit up, flung its glittering rays on gold papered walls, satin damask curtains, sofas, &c. In the centre, and near one end of the room, stood a long six legged table with a richly embroidered spread, falling in folds nearly to the floor; on the wall over this table hung a massive gilt frame, and large as life a huge crouching tiger, with eyes of glaring fire, lips apart, and apparently ready for a spring upon his unsuspecting victim—The cloth being removed from the table beneath, revealed a "Faro Bank," with all the implements of that well known fascinating game—ivory chips, representing $1, $5, $25, $250 each, lay piled up in one corner, for the convenience of the betters; in a small box beneath lay piles of bank bills and heaps of double eagles for the redemption of these ivory issues.

It was early in the evening, and the players had not got in. The keeper entertained us with tales of the table—how foolishly young men came there as we had, out of curiosity, and were induced to "try their luck" out of curiosity, which generally left them out of cash, out of character and out of friends, in the end We proposed leaving, when he politely invited us to stay for supper; he showed us his bill of fare, which included soup, roast beef, oysters in all styles, ducks, venison, quail, fish, chocolate, coffee, nuts, and all the wines and liquors to be found in the best restaurants. Whoever is admitted to the rooms, either as players or spectators, are also admitted to these suppers *free of charge*; don't gamblers understand human nature? The keeper was impatient to have the House organized, so members could draw their mileage and make his business better (!) This is but one of many institutions in this city, and the Tiger is bound to be fed though the people starve.

Why Don't he Do It?

When the farmer knows that a gate is better and as a time and labor-saving fixture cheaper than a set of bars and posts, and without calling on a carpenter he can himself make one, why don't he do it?

When he has no other fastenings to his gates and barn doors than a stone rolled against them and in a single evening after supper is able to make a better one why don't he do it?

When he sees the boards dropping from his barn and out buildings, and like heaps of rubbish lying piled about the premises, and need only nailing on again, why don't he do it?

If he is afraid of the expenses of nails, and is always crying up the maxim of Dr Franklin to save the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves," and he knows that the same Dr Franklin, also said that "many men are penny wise and pound foolish," and he is not careful to think of the precept contained in the latter why don't he do it?

It is a saving of nearly half the manure of a farmer's stock by keeping them shut up in yards instead of running at large through the most of the winter why don't he do it?

If he knows that many of his fields would be greatly improved by ditching and by the removal of large stumps and stones, why don't he do it?

And when he knows that his pastures would yield nearly double the feed and of a better quality if the bushes were all cut and subdued why don't he do it?

And if he can add fifty per cent to the product of his clover fields and even his pastures by the use of plaster, why don't he do it?

ANCIENT FAMILIES.—It is well known that the Highlanders are great sticklers for hereditary honors and trace back, with the greatest veneration, the origin of families into the remotest ages. An amusing instance of this tenacity to hold to the dignity and antiquity of their kindred, may be found in the case we subjoin:

A dispute arose between Campbell and M'Lean upon this never-ending subject—L Lean would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the M Leans in antiquity, who he insisted were in existence as a clan from the beginning of the world Campbell had a little more biblical lore than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan M'Lean was before the flood? 'Flood! what flood?' said M Lean 'The flood that, you know, drowned all the world but Noah and his family, and his flocks,' replied Campbell. 'Pooh! you and your flood,' said M'Lean, 'my clan was afore the flood' 'I have not read in my Bible,' said Campbell, 'of the name of M'Lean going into Noah's ark' 'Noah's ark!' retorted M'Lean, in contempt: 'who ever heard of a M'Lean that had not a boat of his own!'"

A FAST WOMAN.—"I'm a woman, with a woman's weakness, and having a good constitution, can bear a great deal of happiness! If I was asked my idea of perfect bliss, I should say, 'a fast horse, a duck of a cutter, plenty of Buffalo robes, a neat fitting over coat with a handsome man in it, and—and one of Madame Walsh's little French bonnets.' If that wouldn't be happiness for one life time, I'm open to conviction as to what would!"

Lady correspondent of the Boston Post.

A LOVELESS HOME.—The is no loneliness, there can be none in all the waste or peopled deserts of the world bearing the slightest comparison with that of an unloved wife! She stands amidst her family like a living statue amongst the marble memorials of the dead—the sunset with life yet paralyzed with death—the burning tide of natural feeling circling round her heart—the thousand channels frozen thro' which that feeling ought to flow.—*Mrs. Ellis.*

REV. CHAS. WADSWORTH'S SERMON.

SLAVERY.—We recently gave several extracts from the eloquent Thanksgiving Sermon delivered by this philanthropic Christian Divine, and now give his views upon Southern Slavery, which we commend to the attention of those fanatical Abolitionists who seek to destroy the temple of liberty, in order to gratify their own morbid sympathy. The three thousand New England Clergymen may here receive a profitable lesson, while they endure a wholesome rebuke. On the subject of Negro Slavery, he says:

Nor, on the whole, have we any more serious apprehensions of disaster from that everlastingly vexed question of *Southern Slavery*. The cry of danger to our Federal Union, from this cause, is, at most, the false alarm of over-slept watchmen, who in the somnambulism of a half dream, mistake the sighs of winds through the banner, for the stealthy tread of armed men, or the far peal of trumpets. We do not say that this great confederacy can never, for any cause, be rent into fragments, and instead of one glorious commonwealth, there arise on its ruin, with all their anarchial and revolutionary accessories, two smaller confederacies, like the miserable military republics of South America. Cause may, indeed, arise in the providence of an avenging God, which shall rock our proud nationality into dust, and bury in the grave of our free institutions, at once the liberties of all people, and the hopes of a world. This all may happen as we shall insist upon, from the operation of the principles of the text—that God will surely unplace and destroy every instrument that works not out the purpose of its establishment.

We might say, indeed, that this Union can *never be dissolved*; because it is the result of a great organic law, which makes it, as the different members of a common body, by the great principle of a common life, one and indissoluable forever—not a conglomerate of States, but a great and composite Nation. Nevertheless, as violence may destroy a common life by a dissevrance of its members, so this Union, while it cannot be peacefully *dissolved*, like an iceball in the sun, may yet be rent into fragments, as a mountain is rent by an earthquake. We do not say that this shall never happen, but this we do say, with the clearest, the calmest, and the most assured confidence, that this question of Southern Slavery is not the earthquake that has power to sever us.

There has been, indeed, since Solomon's time a regular descent of men, "from whom, though bayed in a mortar, among wheat, with a pestle, yet foolishness will not depart."—Impracticable and malignant fools, who, like Herostratus, would gain for themselves immortal infamy, by the destruction of glorious structures like the Ephesian Temple Diana. And such are the men, who, for the sake of black men scattered thinly over the continent, would destroy this confederacy; and for the abstract and imaginary right of a poor fragment of a race—to whom its exercise, if practicable, were destructive and disastrous—would madly destroy the last hope of a world's salvation, and bring down, upon all races, the burden of ancestral bondage, adamantine and forever. Nevertheless, with such men, the great Anglo-American mind has no sympathy whatever. This question of slavery is, confessedly, a perplexing and disturbing thing in our body politic, and about it men differ honestly and widely; but then there is one greater and grander question, about which the overwhelming and increasing majority of this people never have differed, never will differ, and that is *a steadfast and inflexible purpose, to preserve with all their energies and their heart's best blood, their glorious Union indissoluble and forever!*

Slavery is confessedly an evil, which no man more deeply feels, and more ingenuously acknowledges, than the intelligent slave-holder to whom the evil was a birth-right—and to get rid of the thing without disadvantage to the two races is a problem perplexing all Christian philosophy. If true to ourselves, the God who hath relieved us from sorer evils will work out this problem, and in the end make manifest to the world, the hidden purpose of wisdom and love in that mysterious dispensation whereby these children of Africa have been permitted to bondage. Meanwhile about expedients for removing this evil, so that the black man and the white man shall be mutually advantaged, there may be—and till God reveal his own hidden wisdom there must be—honest and hearty differences: and yet none but a fanatic or a fiend, ever thought seriously, for one moment, of solving the problem by dissolving the Union; for in the first place, such dissolution, so far from freeing the slave, would leave him more hopelessly a bondman in a great Southern military confederacy. And secondly even if it resulted in the abolition of slavery it would be treating an evil on the old house plan of setting fire to a house to get rid of a broken sash, or cutting off a man's head to cure his arm of paralysis.

Oh, No! No! indeed No! Our national bark may be driven, by God's storms, into shipwreck, but it will not be on this poor pebble of negro slavery, we break up piece-meal. We have already escaped a thousand mightier dangers. When the old thirteen colonies arose against British oppression there were three millions of people, scattered along a wild seaboard, and even then, they braved the pressure of disseverd counsels of party jealousies—of State quarrels of sectional encroachments on a central government—of destroyed cities—of stagnant commerce—of burned and blight harvests—of paralysed industry—of a crushing burden of debt, and of a dissaffected and dissolute soldiery. All this great burden they bore triumphantly, through the long conflict with the mightest war power of the world. And if thus and then, a nation only in form and name, with little of the vitality of her subsequent national life—America only grew stronger under this pressure in all those elements that now constitute her glory; tell me, if now, standing erect and mature in the full grandeur of her strength she cannot, against the empty breath of a thousand fools, bear onward unbroken, majestic, this pestiferd of slavery. Oh! away with the doubt, let it come from what quarter it may; let it assume what form it will, of philanthropy or religion, it should be trampled sternly under foot as a hissing reptile; and the man who even in a whisper dares to speak of disunion as a possible and practical thing, should be spurned from the face of all honest men into infamy and exile, *as a traitor to his Country and an infidel to his God.*

Philadelphia Democratic Convention.

The Democracy of Philadelphia assembled in convention, on Tuesday the 5th inst., for the purpose of appointing delegates to the 4th of March convention Sessions were held on Tuesday and Wednesday. The following were among the resolutions passed:

Resolved, That the Democracy of Philadelphia most heartily approve of the administration of Gen Pierce as tru