Lancaster Intelligencer.

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS, WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.

VOL. XLVIII. CITY OF LANCASTER, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1847. NO. 48.

Intelligencer & Journal.

LANCASTER, PENN'A.

DECEMBER 28, 1847.

The Germans of Pennsylvania.

So deeply is the State of Pennsylvania indebted for her prosperity to the GERMAN part of her citizens, that we feel that an article devoted to them will not be out of place in *this* meredian, where they comprise nearly the entire population. The German character once employed the pen of the elegant and enlightened TACITUS, one of the first historians of antiquity. They evidently inherit all the virtues ascribed by this author to their ancestors, with none of their vices, which Christianity has banished from among them. These ancestors migrated chiefly from the Palatinate, from Alsace, Swabia, Saxony, and Switzerland, with an admixture of natives of every principality and dukedom in Germany. When we reflect at this day, that the stock of most of these bold pioneers in the settlement of Pennsylvania consisted only of a few pieces of gold or silver coin, a chest of clothing, a Bible, and a Psalter, and that now their descendants own the most immense possessions, we are forcibly struck with the miraculous changes wrought in the progress of Time by an Overruling and Divine Hand. If it were possible to determine the relative proportions of these sums, the contrast would form such a monument of Human INDUSTRY and ECONOMY as has seldom been witnessed in any age or country.

The principal part of the Germans of Pennsylvania are FARMERS—hardy and industrious tillers of the soil—that most noble of all the occupations which can engage the attention of man. More skilful cultivators of the earth, too, we hazard nothing in saying, can be found nowhere on the face of the globe.

The Germans set a great value upon patrimonial property. This useful principle in human nature prevents much folly and vice in young people. It moreover leads to lasting and extensive advantages in the improvement of a farm; for what inducement can be stronger in a parent to plant an orchard, to preserve forest trees, or to build a commodious and durable house, than the idea, that they will be possessed by a succession of generations, who shall inherit his blood and name.

What strikes a traveller through our German counties most forcibly, is their mammoth barns, called in their own language *Schweitzer Scheuer*.—Indeed, it is their invariable custom, in settling a new tract of land, *first* to provide large and suitable accommodations for their horses and cattle, before they expend much money in building a house for themselves. No feature in their character speaks so loudly in behalf of their Humanity, as this willingness to suffer discomfort *themselves*, rather than impose it on the dumb and uncomplaining beast. But from this let it not be inferred, that their dwellings are deficient in the comforts of life. The reverse is true. No class, so emphatically as they, live "on the fat of the land"—and none boasts of so many and such substantial domestic enjoyments.

Another fact, which never fails to rivet the attention of a stranger, is the extraordinary size and strength of their horses. A German horse is known in every part of the State. He seems to "feel with his lord" the pleasure and the pride of good and bountiful living. It is a well-established fact, that the German horses of Pennsylvania perform double the amount of labor of the New England or Southern breed, from the fact that they are more plentifully fed. For the same reason their cows yield double the quantity of milk, and of a quality vastly superior.

In a word, a German farm may be distinguished from the farms of the other citizens, by the superior size of their barns—the plain but compact construction of their dwellings—the height of their enclosures—the extent of their orchards—the fertility of their fields—the luxuriance of their meadows—the giant strength of their cattle—and by a general appearance of plenty and prosperity in all that belongs to them.

The favorable influence of agriculture, as conducted by the Germans in extending human happiness, is manifested by the joy they express upon the birth of a child. No dread of poverty, nor distrust of Providence from an increasing family, depresses the spirits of these industrious and frugal people. Upon the birth of a son, they exult in the gift of a ploughman or a wagoner; and upon the birth of a daughter, they rejoice in the addition of a spinster or milk-maid, to their family. Happy state of human society! What blessings can civilization confer, that can atone for the extinction of the ancient and patriarchal pleasure of raising up a numerous and healthy family of children, to labor for their parents, for themselves and for their country; and finally to partake of the knowledge and happiness which are annexed to existence!—The joy of parents upon the birth of a child, is the grateful echo of creating goodness. May the mountains of Pennsylvania be forever vocal with songs of joy upon these occasions! They are the infallible signs of innocence, industry, wealth and happiness in the State.

The German MECHANIC, too, is a most useful and enterprising citizen, possessing all the traits of character in common with the Farmer. His first ambition, on starting into life, is to become a *Freeholder*, so as not to live in a rented house—and the highest temporal delight he can enjoy springs from his ability to declare: "This house is *my own*."—Admirable quality that, which renders him afraid of *Debt*, that prolific source of Misery, and Want, and Crime!

But the genius of the Germans of Pennsylvania is not confined to Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts. Many of them have acquired great wealth by foreign and domestic commerce.

But another fact which speaks louder in their praise, than any other, is this, that they are particularly attentive to the religious education of their children, and to the establishment and support of the Christian Religion. For this purpose they make the erection of a school-house and a place of worship the first objects of their care. But they do not stop here. They take great pains to produce in their offspring, not only *habits* of labor, but a *love* of it. In this they submit to the irreversible sentence pronounced upon man, in such a manner as to convert the wrath of Heaven into private and public happiness. "*To fear God and to love work*" are the first lessons they teach to their children.

As members of civil government, the Germans are the most exalted sense patriotic and unswervingly attached to the principles of our free institutions, and contributing largely to the public revenue, they constitute the "sinews and stands" of the State. Many of them have become eminent in the science of government, and they have furnished some of our most distinguished statesmen who have served in the highest Executive and legislative offices. We will be content with reference to a single illustrious example, the revered SIMON SNYDER, whose name has become the very synonyme of sterling sense, unflinching honesty, and far-seeing sagacity—and whose administration of the Chief-Magistracy of the State, for a period of nine years, is referred to, at the present day, by men of *all* parties, as a very model of good government.

The Germans of Pennsylvania, to their credit be it spoken, never besiege the Government for favors in their domestic pursuits. They are never known to crowd the legislative halls, clamorous for special privileges, and rely for wealth and prosperity, not on acts of assembly, but on their own daily toil and industry. They are, perhaps, the only class of people who practically regard government, its objects, and its functions, in their true light. All that they desire from Government is to be *let alone*.

As neighbors, they are extremely kind and friendly. They frequently assist each other by loans of money for a short time, without interest. But, to secure their confidence, it is necessary to be punctual, as they never lend money a second time to one who has once violated his obligation. We have heard it remarked, that during the War of Independence there were very few instances of any of them discharging a bond, or a debt, in depreciated paper money!

These are some of the traits of character which have raised the Germans of Pennsylvania to a degree of moral and political elevation surpassed by no other race of men in the world. From this proud spectacle we may learn to prize knowledge and industry in AGRICULTURE, coupled with a due observance of Christian duty, as the basis both of domestic happiness and national prosperity.

The Eloquence of Bathos.

The following extract of a speech delivered in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, by a MR. LINCOLN, whig member from Hingham, on a resolution to pass a vote of thanks to the brave volunteers in Mexico, surpasses all the specimens of eloquence, ancient or modern, that have ever come to our notice. We doubt whether the annals of Greece or Rome, to say nothing of the stump-oratory of our own country, can furnish a parallel to the outpourings of Mr. Lincoln. As the speech was written out by the author, and published in the whig newspaper of his own town, it may be relied upon as genuine.

Mr. Lincoln rose and said:

SIR, I have heard that spoken aloud, and that vote declared in this Hall of the Representatives of the People of this Commonwealth which I cannot listen to in silence. I have no disposition, any more than any other man in this House, to seek occasion to pass votes of thanks to men of war, more than to others, who have done well, and more than well, what law and order required them to do. Neither have I any disposition to avoid any duty devolving upon me as a member of this House. I never should have travelled out of what I consider my strict line of duty to be, to have introduced any such Resolves as are upon your table. The gentleman from Groton must answer for that if there is any answer required.

If the wise judgment—the undazzled and unawed understanding—the Conscience based Reason of Massachusetts are to be drowned in a chaos of riotous feeling and tumultuous passion, and, her former masters and pilots are to sleep the slumber of death, and, lines must be drawn and sides must be taken, I take sides against her tingling nerves—her spleeny stomach—her Phrenological organ of Vanity, and, in justice to men I known and respect, I must add her sympathising, suffering breast, bleeding, perhaps, for herself, bleeding, perhaps, for others, and, I go for her quiet, orderly, peace, law and justice loving Phrenological organ of Conscientiousness, and, I go for her Mighty Heart, bearing for home and fireside, for mother and sister, for wife and maiden, for Constitution and Country, and, I go also for the boiling red-hot blood of her right arm when it strikes for the past—for the Present and for Future Protection.

Still further, if the vote of yesterday should be rescinded and the question upon the passage of those resolves should come fairly before the House upon their passage, and it is crowded and pressed with determined, settled purpose, and with force to endanger, so that men will consider it their duty to defend what they hold dear and necessary for protection, and to strike for safety, to those whom in manliness, they are bound to defend, there will be fiercer battles fought in this Hall, than were fought in Mexico.

And, if Massachusetts' firm judgment—solid understanding—friendly heart of sympathy and God-based reason are cloven down, in this disastrous battle-field, and when the heat and dust of the conflict are over, glittering, polished beams of night reflected from the Milky Way of Heaven, and from the luminous fogs of sea-breeding storms and the smoke of rose-wood shavings kindled over the ashes of Martin Luther, borne by a cold, isolated breeze of sorrow over a cheerless sea, are suffered, with their hazy mists to dim the Pilgrim and Patriot-burnished brightness of the Coat of Arms of Massachusetts, the wails of woe and lamentation which will hereafter arise from her thick-crowded cities, from the villages clustering around her sea-girt rocks to the remotest hamlet on her barrier hills, will drown all sympathy for suffering and all cries of agony from the battle-fields of Mexico and from the country of the Aztecs.

Randolph-iana.

A correspondent of the *Germantown Telegraph* has favored that paper with the following characteristic anecdote of the renowned orator of Roanoke:

RANDOLPH, disgusted at not being able *to have his own way* at Washington, determined to visit "the serfs and slaves of Europe"—his own expression. But he found that even there it was not possible, on all occasions *to have his own way*. During this voluntary exile he visited London of course, where he became acquainted with Lord D., a noted son of the old Dominion, who moved in the first classes in Europe. His Lordship invited Mr. R. to breakfast with him; the invitation was accepted; and taking it for granted that the customs of London were the same as in Virginia, *or ought to be*, he knocked at the door of his lordship's residence, at what he thought a proper hour for breakfast. After some delay, the door was opened by the porter, who exhibited all the signs of having been aroused from a sound sleep. He inquired Mr. R's business.

"I am come to breakfast with his Lordship."

The man in livery stared at him with unfeigned astonishment, as he replied:

"His Lordship has not been two hours in bed; but he told me before retiring, that he expected a gentleman to breakfast—*the usual hour is 2 o'clock*;"

Randolph went away in disgust. Next day Lord D. called on his friend to apologise for the mistake that had occurred. On his announcement by the servant, he heard a loud squeaking voice exclaim:

"Tell his d—d Lordship I am not at home."

During our residence in Washington, we had related to us many laughable anecdotes of RANDOLPH, which we do not recollect to have seen in print. One of the best is the following:

On one occasion there were present at his table, Chief-Justice MARSHALL and JOHN TAYLOR of Caroline. The topic of conversation was the "old line of Virginia gentlemen," which brought many illustrious names on the tapis. RANDOLPH preserved a long silence, but finally defined his position thus: "I maintain," said he, "that the line of ancient Virginia gentlemen barely live survive." "There," pointing to the Chief Justice, "sits one." "There," pointing to Taylor, "sits another."

A long pause followed, every one meanwhile being, we presume, content to let himself be quietly granted that he was himself to conclude the trio. Not so, however.

"Mr. Randolph," said he finally, pointing his attenuated skeleton finger at his favorite place of [illegible] "there sits the third."

Mr. Buchanan on the War.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers the admirable letter sent by Hon. JAMES BUCHANAN to the great war meeting held on the 18th instant in Philadelphia. It is marked by all the clearness and cogency which distinguish the productions of this able Statesman, and places the history of the war in so striking a light that no unbiassed reader can fail, we think, to be convinced by its statements. The letter was received with rapturous applause by the meeting, and will doubtless be greeted with equal commendation by our readers:

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17, 1847.

Gentlemen:—I have been honored by the receipt of your kind invitation, "in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements of the Democracy of the City and County of Philadelphia," to attend "at their mass meeting, to be held at the Museum on Saturday next, in support of the policy of the country, and course of the National Administration in the vigorous prosecution to an honorable peace, of the present war with Mexico."

I deeply regret that my pressing public duties here, especially since the indisposition of the Secretary of the Treasury, render it impossible that I should be present at your meeting. Indeed, I might add, that I have been compelled of late almost entirely to forego the privilege of corresponding with my most valued private friends. My answer to your kind invitation must therefore be comparatively brief.

The facts already before the world conclusively prove, that the war with Mexico, in which our country has been involved, was forced upon us after we had exhausted every honorable expedient to preserve peace. If any corroboration of these facts had been wanting it would be supplied by the letter of Ex-president Herrera, dated on the 25th of August last, in answer to a note from the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, offering him, by direction of Gen. Santa Anna, the appointment of a Commissioner to treat for peace, with the Commissioner of the United States. In this answer, Gen. Herrera distinctly declares, that his Government had been subverted by Gen. Paredes, solely because he had consented to receive our Minister, Mr. Slidell. "For no other act, (to use Gen. Herrera's own expressive language,) than showing that there would be no obstacle to his [Mr. Slidell's] presenting himself, and having his propositions heard, my administration was calumniated in the most atrocious manner—for this act alone, the revolution which deplaced me from the command was set on foot."

Mexico had for many years endured the very worst Government on the face of the earth. Under the name of a Republic, it was in fact an ever-changing despotism; but without either the disposition or the power to protect the rights of peaceable and well disposed citizens.

One military usurper arose after another in rapid succession, and these were alternately elevated and deposed by an army consisting of nearly as many officers as privates, which disposed of the Supreme power as boldly and unscrupulously as did the Pretorian Guards of the Empire of Ancient Rome.

The passions of this army had been artfully inflamed against the United States. They clamored for war against our country, and this not merely on account of the territory between the Rio Grande and the Nueces, but for the whole of the sovereign State of Texas, up to the Sabine.

No sooner was it known that the Mexican Government had agreed to receive our Minister, Mr. Slidell, who was empowered to adjust all existing difficulties, than Gen. Paredes, with his whole army stationed at San Luis de Potosi, "pronounced" against Gen. Herrera. Paredes marched in triumph to the Capital, expelled Herrera from the Presidency, and usurped the Supreme power. From this moment, war with the United States became inevitable.

Indeed, to wage and prosecute such a war was the very condition on which Paredes had succeeded in usurping the Government of his country.

Heaven has smiled upon the just cause; and the character of our country has been illustrated by a rapid succession of brilliant and astonishing victories. The exploits of our army have elevated our National character, and shed a lustre upon our name throughout the civilized world. In achieving these victories, the blood of many of our best and most patriotic citizens has been shed in the cause of their country. In justice to their memory we can never retire with honor from the fields where they have fallen, without indemnity for the past, and security for the future. If we *should* do this, then their blood will have been shed in vain. To withdraw our troops at the present moment, would be to convert the glory which we have acquired in a *just* and *necessary* war, into National disgrace and dishonor.

The war has not been prosecuted for conquest. At every stage of its progress, we have been willing to conclude a just and honorable peace. Indeed, we can never wage a war for conquest,—in the popular sense of that term. Our free institutions forbid that we should subject nations to our arbitrary sway. If they come within our power, we must bestow upon them the same blessings of liberty and law, which we ourselves enjoy. Should they be annexed to the Union, as in the case of Texas, they must participate in the freest and best Government upon earth—on equal terms with ourselves.

The Capital of Mexico is now the Head-Quarters of our conquering army, and yet such is the genius of our free institutions, that for the first time its peaceful and well-disposed citizens enjoy security in their private rights, and the advantage of a just and firm Government. From all that can be learned, they appreciate our protection at its proper value, and dread nothing so much as the withdrawal of our army. They know this would be the signal for renewed and fierce dissensions among their military leaders, in which the Mexican people would become the victims. In this wretched condition of affairs, justice to them and to ourselves may require that we should protect them in establishing upon a permanent basis, a Republican Government—able and willing to conclude and maintain an equitable Treaty of Peace with the United States. After every effort to obtain such a Treaty should finally fail in accomplishing the object, and should the military factions in Mexico still persist in waging upon us a fruitless war, then we must fulfil the destiny which Providence may have in store for both countries.

In any event, we owe it to the glories of the past, to the duties of the present, and the hopes of the future, never to falter in the vigorous prosecution of this war, until we shall have secured a just and honorable peace. The people of the United States will act upon this determination, as surely as that indomitable perseverance in a righteous cause is a characteristic of our race.

Yours, very resectfully,
JAMES BUCHANAN.

To J. C. Vandyke, A. Miller, J. F. Bellsterling, G. G. Westcott.

THE DIVINE PHILOSOPHY OF MISFORTUNES.—What a cold, cast-iron, selfish world this would be, if flesh and blood were heir to no misfortunes! if we had not the poor with us always! if there were none to help, to pity, to love! if there were no perils by flood, fire, and field! no pestilence that walked in darkness, nor destroyer that wasteth at noon day? Were it not for these calamities and misfortunes incident to us all, individually and collectively, the great heart of humanity would stagnate like the atmosphere without electricity, or a lake of fresh water, without inlet, outlet, and motion. The best qualities of human nature would never see the light, sympathy would never expand beyond self, and society would become one vast, arid, dewless expanse of selfishness.

WRITE IT ON THY HEART.—The great comprehensive truths written in letters of living light on every page of our history, are these: Human happiness has not its resort but in freedom; freedom, none but virtue; virtue, none but knowledge; and neither freedom, nor virtue, nor knowledge, has any vigor or motion, but as it is kept in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian religion.

☞ If Christians must contend, let it be like the olive and the vine—which shall be the most and best fruit; not like the aspen and elm, which shall make most noise in the world.

Select Poetry.

WEEP NOT FOR HER.

BY REV. G. W. BETHUNE.

Weep not for her! Her span was like the sky,
Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and bright:
Like flowers, that know not what it is to die;
Like long-linked, shadeless months of polar light;
Like music floating o'er a waveless lake,
While echo answers from the flowery brake:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! She died in early youth,
Ere hope had lost its rich romantic hues;
When human bosoms seemed the homes of truth,
And earth still gleamed with beauty's radiant dews.
Her summer prime waned not to days that freeze;
Her wine of life was run not to the lees:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! By fleet or slow decay,
It never grieved her bosom's core to mark
The playmates of her childhood wear away,
Her prospects wither, or her hopes grow dark;
Translated by her God; with spirit shriven, [ven.
She passed, as 'twere in smiles, from earth to hea-
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! It was not her's to feel
The miseries that corrode amassing years,
'Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to steel,
To wander sad down age's vale of tears,
As whirl the wither'd leaves from friendship's tree,
And on earth's wintry world alone to be:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! She is an angel now,
And treads the sapphire floors of paradise;
All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,
Sin, sorrow, suffering, banished from her eyes;
Victorious over death, to her appear
The vista'd joys of heaven's eternal year:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! Her memory is the shrine
Of pleasant thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers,
Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,
Rich as the rainbow, with its hues of light,
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn's night:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! There is no cause for wo;
But rather nerve the spirit, that it walk
Unshrinking o'er the thorny paths below,
And from earth's low defilements keep thee back
So, when a few fleet severing years have flown,
She'll meet thee at heaven's gate, and lead thee on!
Weep not for her!

"NOW OR NEVER."

Now or never! now or never!
Let the maxim ne'er depart,
'Tis the watchword that forever
Should inspire each manly heart;
For, if justice must be rendered,
On the wrong that's done to thee,
That no malice be engendered,
"Now or never!" let it be.

Now or never! why to-morrow,
If the deed be good to-day?
There may lurk an age of sorrow
In one hour that's thrown away:
It is better to be doing,
For the future who may see?
And delay may lead to ruin—
"Now or never!" let it be.

Now or never! now or never!
When grim poverty appears,
Do the best of your endeavor
To assuage the mourner's tears;
For a time *may* come, thy measures
May be meted out to thee,
Would ye give from out your treasures?
"Now or never!" let it be.

A MITE FOR THE POOR.

Think of the wretched room,
Of the embers burning low—
Think of the scanty garb,
Of the child of want and woe.

Ye whose bright cup of life
With wealth is running o'er,
Think of your brother man,
Relieve him from your store.

If the widow's humble smile
Received the Saviour's praise,
Shall not your gifts be blest
In these our latter days?

Aye! every deed of love
Is a bright and sparkling gem,
To be wreathed by angel hands
In our heavenly diadem.

SONG FOR YOUNG LADIES.

And do you really want, mamma,
To know my lover's name?
It is too bad of you, mamma,
Indeed it's quite a shame.
His name begins with W,
The second letter's A;
The next to that is L, mamma,
And then, mamma, comes K.
And after K comes E, mamma,
There is yet one letter; well,
Letter the last is R, mamma,
That's all I have to tell.

A SCRIPTURAL VIEW OF SOLDIERS.—It is extremely remarkable, and well worthy of our attention, that among all the various characters we meet with in the New Testament, there are few represented in a more amiable light, or spoken of in stronger terms of approbation, than those of certain military men. It was of a centurion, a military officer, whose servant was cured of palsy by the author of our religion, that he said, I have not found so great faith; no, not in Israel. It was another centurion, who, at our Saviour's crucifixion, gave that voluntary, honest, and unprejudiced testimony in his favor: Truly, this was the son of God. It was a centurion who generously preserved the life of St. Paul, when a proposition was made to destroy him after his shipwreck on the Island of Melita. It was a centurion to whom St. Peter was sent by the express appointment of God, to make him the first convert among the Gentiles; a distinction of which he seemed in every respect worthy, being, as we are told, a just and devout man, one that feared God with all his house, that gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always.

When we see men, bred up in arms, repeatedly spoken of in Scripture in such terms of commendation as these, we are authorized to conclude that the profession they are engaged in, is not, as some mistaken Christians profess to think, an unlawful one. On the contrary, it seems to be studiously placed by the sacred writers in a favorable and an honorable light; and in this light it always has been, and always ought to be considered. He who undertakes the occupation of a soldier, at call and great danger, for the purpose of saving, defending, and protecting his country, is a most valuable and respectable member of society; and if he conducts himself with valor, fidelity, and humanity, and amidst the horrors of war cultivates the gentle manners of peace, and the virtues of a holy life, he most amply deserves, and assuredly will receive the esteem, the admiration, and the applause of his grateful countrymen, and, what is of still greater importance, the approbation of his God.

The Wife.—A Thrilling Sketch.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

She was a beautiful girl when I first saw her. She was standing up at the side of her lover at the marriage altar. She was slightly pale—yet ever and anon, as the ceremony proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson crossed her beautiful cheek, like the reflection of a sunset of cloud upon the clear waters of a quiet lake. Her lover, as he clasped her hand within his own, gazed on her a few moments with unmingled admiration, and warm and eloquent blood shadowed at intervals his manly forehead and melted in beauty on his lips.

And they gave themselves to one another in the presence of Heaven, and every heart blessed them, as they went their way rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on and I again saw those lovers. They were seated together where the light of sunset stole through the half-closed crimson curtains, lending a richer tint to the delicate carpeting and the exquisite embellishment of the rich and gorgeous apartment. Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girlish buoyancy of the one had indeed given place to the grace of perfect womanhood, and her lips were somewhat paler, and a faint line of care was slightly perceptible on her brow. Her husband's brow, too, was marked somewhat more deeply than his age might warrant; anxiety, and ambition, and pride, had grown over it and left their traces upon it; a silver hue had mingled with the dark in his hair, which had become thin around his temples, almost to baldness. He was reading on his splendid ottoman with his face half hidden by his hand, as if he feared that the deep and troubled thoughts which oppressed him were visible upon his features.

"Edward, you are ill to-night," said his wife in a low, sweet, half inquiring voice, as she laid her hand upon his own.

Indifference from those we love is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun of heaven refused its wonted cheerfulness, and glared upon us with a cold, dim and forbidden glance. It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love refuses to ask our sympathy—that he broods over the feelings which he scorns or fears to reveal—dreadful to watch the convulsive and the gloomy brow, the indefinable shadows of hidden emotion, the involuntary sight of sorrow in which we are forbidden to participate, and whose character we cannot know. The wife essayed once more.

"Edward," she said slowly, mildly and affectionately, "the time has been when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to one who has never, I trust, betrayed your confidence! Why then, my dear Edward, is this cruel reserve? You are troubled, and yet refuse to tell me the cause."

Something of returning tenderness softened for an instant the cold severity of the husband's features, but it passed away, and a bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on and the twain was separated from each other. The husband sat gloomy and alone in the damp cell of a dungeon. He had followed ambition as a God, and had failed in a high career. He had mingled with men whom his heart loathed, he had sought out the fierce and wronged spirits of the land, and had breathed into them the madness of revenge. He had drawn his sword against his country; he had fanned rebellion to a flame, and it had been quenched in human blood. He had fallen, miserably fallen, and was doomed to die the death of a traitor.

The door of the dungeon opened and a light form entered and threw herself into his arms. The softest light of sunset fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once beautiful wife.

"Edward, my dear Edward," she said, "I have come to save you; I have reached you after a thousand difficulties, and, I thank God, my purpose is nearly executed."

Misfortune had softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed his pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eye-lash.

"I have not deserved this kindness," he murmured, in the choked tones of agony.

"Edward," said his wife, in an earnest but faint and low voice, which indicated extreme and fearful debility, "we have not a moment to lose. By an exchange of garments you will be able to pass out unnoticed. Haste or we may be too late. Fear nothing for me. I am a woman, and they will not injure me for my efforts in behalf of a husband dearer than life itself."

"Margaret," said the husband, "you look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air of this dreadful cell."

"Oh, speak not to me, my dearest Edward," said the devoted woman, "I can endure anything for your sake. Haste, Edward, all will be well," and she aided with a trembling hand to disguise the proud form of her husband in female garb.

"Farewell, my love, my preserver," whispered the husband in the ear of the disguised wife, as the officer sternly reminded the supposed lady, that the time alloted to her visit had expired.

"Farewell! we shall not meet again," responded the wife; and the husband passed out unsuspected and escaped the enemies of his life.

They did meet again; the wife and husband; but only as the dead may meet, in the awful communings of another world. Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit until the last great purpose of her exertions were accomplished in the safety of her husband—and when the bell tolled on the morrow, and the prisoner's cell was opened, the guards found, wrapped in the habiliments of their destined victim, the pale but beautiful corpse of the devoted Wife.

THE BIBLE.—How comes it that this little volume, composed by humble men in a rude age, when art and science were but in their childhood, has exerted more influence on the human mind and on the social system, than all other books put together? Whence comes it that this book has achieved such marvellous changes in the opinions of mankind—has banished idol-worship—has abolished infanticide—has put down polygamy and divorce—exalted the condition of woman—raised the standard of public morality—created for families that blessed thing, a Christian home—and caused its other triumph, by causing benevolent institutions, open and expansive, to spring up as with the wand of enchantment? What sort of a book is this, that even the winds and waves of human passion obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long, and yet lost none of its virtue? Since it appeared, many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried and failed; many codes of jurisprudence have arisen, and run their course, and expired. Empire after empire has been launched on the tide of time, and gone down, leaving no trace on the waters. But this book is still going about doing good—leavening society with its holy principles—cheering the sorrowful with its consolations—strengthening the tempted—encouraging the penitent—calming the troubled spirit—and smoothing the pillow of death. Can such a book be the offspring of human genius? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God?—*Dr. McCullough.*

GOOD FEELINGS AND GOOD ACTIONS.—"We once heard a man much praised for his good feelings. Every body joined and said the man was possessed of excellent feelings.

'What has he done?' asked an old genius.

'Oh! in every thing he is a man of fine benevolent feelings,' was the reply.

'What has he done?' cried the old fellow again. By this time the company thought it necessary to show some of their favorite's doings. They began to cast about in their minds, but the old man still shouted, 'What has he done? They owned that they could not name any thing in particular.

'Yet,' answered the cynic, 'you say that the man has good feelings; fine, benevolent feelings. Now gentlemen, let me tell you that there are people in this world who get a good name simply on account of their feelings. You can't tell one generous action they ever performed in their lives, but they can look and talk most benevolently. I know a man in this town that you would all call a surly, rough uncomfortable man, and yet he has done more acts of kindness than all of you put together. You may judge people's actions by their feelings, but I judge people's feelings by their actions."

☞ First, I commend my soul into the hands of God, my creator, hoping, and *assuredly believing*, through the *only merits* of Jesus Christ my Savior, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth, whereof it is made.—*Extract from the Will of William Shakspeare.*

The Little Match-Girl.

A CHRISTMAS STORY, BY THE DANISH POET, ANDERSON.

It was so terribly cold,—it snowed, and the evening began to be dark; it was also the last evening in the year,—New Year's Eve. On the cold dark evening a poor little girl went into the street with bare head and naked feet. It is true, she had shoes on when she went from home, but of what use were they! They were very large shoes, her mother had last worn them, they were too large; and the little one lost them in hurrying over the street as two carriages passed quickly by. One shoe was not to be found and the other a boy ran away with, saying that he could use it for a cradle when he got children himself. The little girl now went on her small naked feet, which were red and blue with cold,—she carried a number of matches in an old apron, and held one bundle in her hand. No one had bought of her the whole day, no one had given her a farthing. Poor thing! she was hungry and benumbed with cold and looked so downcast!—The snow-flakes fell on her yellow hair, which curled so prettily round her neck, but she did not heed that.

The lights shone out from all the windows, and there was such a delicious smell of roast beef in the streets,—it was New Year's Eve, and she thought that.

She sat down in a corner between two houses—the one stood a little more forward in the street than the other,—and drew her legs up under her to warm herself, but she was still colder, and she durst not go home; she had not sold any matches or got a single farthing! Her father would beat her,—and it was also cold at home, they had only the roof directly over them, and there the wind whistled in, although straw and rags were stuffed in the largest crevices.

Her little hands were almost benumbed with cold. Ah! a little match might do some good, durst she only draw one out of the bundle, strike it on the wall, and warm her fingers. She drew one out *rich!* how it burnt! it was a warm clear flame like that of a single candle, when she held her hand round it,—it was a strange light!

The little girl thought she sat by a large iron stove with brass balls on the top; the fire burned so nicely and warmed so well! Nay, what was that? The little girl stretched out her feet to warm them, too; when the flame went out, the stove vanished—she sat with a stump of the burnt match in her hand. Another was struck, it burnt, it shone; and where the light fell on the wall it became as transparent as crape; she looked directly into the room, where the roasted goose stuffed with apples and prunes steamed so charmingly on the table which was laid out, and covered with a shining white cloth and porcelain service. What was still more splendid, the goose sprung off the dish and waddled along the floor with knife and fork in its back; it came directly up to the poor girl. Then the match went out and there was only the thick cold wall to be seen.

She struck another match. Then she sat under the most charming Christmas tree,—it was still larger and more ornamental than that she had seen through the glass door of the rich merchant's the last Christmas: a thousand candles burnt on the green branches; and motley pictures, like those which ornament the shop windows, looked down upon her. The little girl lifted up both her hands—then the match was extinguished,—the many Christmas candles rose higher and higher; she saw that they were bright stars,—one of them fell and made a fiery stripe in the sky. "Now one dies!" said the poor girl, for old grandmother, who alone had been kind to her, but who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls, a soul goes up to God!

She again struck a match against the wall, it shone all around, and her old grandmother stood in the lustre, so shining, so mild and blissful. "Grandmother!" exclaimed the little girl, "oh, take me with you! I know you will be gone away when the match goes out,—like the warm stove, the delicious roast goose, and the delightful Christmas-tree!"—and she struck in haste the whole remainder of the matches that was in the bundle,—she would not lose sight of grandmother, and the matches shone with such brilliancy that it was clearer than in broad daylight. Grandmother had never before looked so pretty, so great; she lifted the poor little girl up in her arms, and they flew so high, so high, in splendor and joy, there was no cold, no hunger, no anxiety,—they were with God.

But the little girl sat in the corner of the house, in the cold morning hour, with red cheeks, and with a smile round her mouth,—dead—frozen to death, the last evening of the old year.

New Year's morning rose over the little corpse as it sat with the matches, of which a bundle was burnt. She had been trying to warm herself, said they! But no one knew what beautiful things she had seen,—in what splendor and gladness she had entered with her old grandmother into New Year's Joys.

STRANGE ANTIPATHIES.—Our antipathies and sympathies are most unaccountable manifestations of our nervous impressionability affecting our judgment, and uncontrollable by will or reason. Certain antipathies seem to depend upon a peculiarity of the senses. The horror inspired by the odour of certain flowers may be referred to this cause—an antipathy so powerful as to realize the poetic allusion, to

"Die of a rose in aromatic pain."

For Amatus Lusitanus relates the case of a monk who fainted when he beheld a rose, and never quitted his cell while that flower was blooming. Orfila (a less questionable authority) gives the account of the painter Vincent, who was seized with violent vertigo and swooned, when there were roses in the room. Valtain gives the history of an officer who was thrown into convulsions and lost his senses by having pinks in his chamber. Orfila also relates the instance of a lady, forty-six years of age, of a hale constitution, who could never be present when a decoction of linseed was preparing, without being troubled in the course of a few minutes with a general swelling of the face, followed by fainting and a loss of the intellectual faculties, which symptoms continued for four-and-twenty hours. Montaigne remarks, on this subject, that there were men who dreaded an apple more than a cannon-ball. Zimmerman tells us of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk and satin, and shuddered when touching the velvety skin of a peach; other ladies cannot bear the feel of fur. Boyle records a case of a man who experienced a natural abhorrence of honey; a young man invariably fainted when the servant swept his room. Hippocrates mentions one Nicanor, who swooned whenever he heard a flute, and Shakespeare has alluded to the bagpipe. Boyle fell into a cyncope when he heard the splashing of water; Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water-cresses; Erasmus experienced febrile symptoms when smelling fish; the Duke d'Epernon swooned on beholding a leveret, although a hare did not produce the same effect; Tycho Brahe fainted at the sight of a fox; Henry III., of France, at that of a cat; and Marshall d'Albret at a pig. The horror that whole families entertain of cheese is well known.—*Mind and Matter.*

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE WORDS HANDSOME, PRETTY, AND BEAUTIFUL.—It is the fate of these words, when applied to the female sex, to be used indiscriminately one for the other, and yet, at the same time, no three words can be more different.

By a *handsome* woman we understand one, that is tall, graceful and well shaped, with a regular disposition of features: by a *pretty*, we mean one, that is delicately made, and whose features are so formed, as to please: by a *beautiful*, a union of both.

A lady may be *handsome* and not *pretty*, *pretty* and not *handsome*; but to be *beautiful*, she must be both *pretty* and *handsome*.

Many a *handsome* woman has a forbidding countenance.

It has been the misfortune of many a *pretty* woman, to be crooked.

A *beautiful* woman, is, now-a-days, very rare to be met with.

Prettiness, carries an idea of simplicity; *handsomeness*, of nobility; *beauty*, of majesty.

The ladies, in romances, are described, as, either *beautiful* or *handsome*, the shepherdesses, by the poets, are represented as *pretty*: so, in other things, we say, a *beautiful* palace; a *handsome* house; a *pretty* cottage.

A *beautiful* woman, is an object of curiosity; a *handsome* woman, of admiration; and a *pretty* one, of love.

When applied to other things, *beautiful*, relates to something more serious and engaging; *pretty*, to somewhat more [illegible]; and why we say a beautiful [illegible] rather than a pretty [illegible]

Calhoun and Benton.

Those who take no part in politics, or who look on the two opposing parties as upon two sides of a pyramid—correcting each other's leanings, and holding the strength of the country between them—are still interested sometimes to know the shape in which the corner-stones are hewn—the grain and mark from nature with which eminent men are marked to their fellows. The two great Southern Democrats, Calhoun and Benton, figuring in strong relief in the Senate, and, in a memorandom book, wherein we record any chance approach of ours to the personal orbit of a star, we put ink on the impressions we received of these two, in a week's observation, and herewith we present them to our readers—adding only the conjunctions and prepositions, left out, so universally in things written to be read when one is beyond responsibilities of grammar.

BENTON is a caricature likeness of Louis Philippe—the same rotundity, the same pear-shaped head, and about the same stature. The physical expression of his face predominates. His lower features are drilled into imperturbable suavity, while the eye, that undrillable tale-teller, twinkles of inward slyness as a burning lamp-wick does of oil. He is a laborious builder-up of himself—acting by syllogistic forecast, never by impulses. He is promposly polite and never abroad without "Executive" manners. He has made up his mind that oratory, if not a national weakness, is an un-Presidential accomplishment, and he delivers himself in the Senate with subdued voice, like a judge deciding upon a cause which the other Senators had only argued. He wears an ample blue cloak, and a broad-brim'd hat with a high crown, and lives, moves, and has his being, in a