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The Wife's Sacrifice.

We have heard the story of a young man who lived during the perilous times of our country. He was ardent and patriotic, and thirsted to be a sharer in those glorious which our brave armies plucked from the

But he had other affections growing in his breast like spring flowers, shedding a perfume of holiness upon his spirit, like the christian's inspiration. There had existed since his childhood, an attachment between him and the only daughter of a widow who resided but a few rods from his father's, and that attachment had ripened to a mutual declaration of love, when the parties became sufficiently old to appreciate the glow of true affection.

At this time George burned to enlist in the ranks of his countrymen, and share their sufferings and their glory. But his young wife looked in his face with weeping eyes, whose eloquence added to the infirmities of his parents, deterred him from the sacrifice.

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reigned paramount in her heart, permitting the presence of none else.

So that same day, ere the sun had reached his meridian, unknown to any one, she left her home and after three hours' weary travel she stood beside her husband in the camp beseeching him to come home. Those who witnessed her earnestness were melted by her tender entreaties—these rugged soldiers that would rush madly on bayonet and cannon, march barefooted over frozen ground and deep snow, sustained only by fervent patriotism—they went as they beheld this fond but timid, wife clinging to her husband, and with eloquent entreatment, begging him for the love he bore her, to return once more to the desolate hearth, now left with no protector.

Behold the hero in his tent—the great godlike, in whom all noble virtues, created for the good of the world, and for the benefit of his fellow-men, were embodied.

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to the officers and requested to be placed side by side with the hardy battlers of liberty.

But the early light of the succeeding day beamed upon a spectacle of worse horror. There lay heaps of the dead, the wounded and the dying. But a little apart from the rest, on a green mound, stained only with their own blood, lay two forms clasped in the faithful embrace of death.

The hearts of the veterans grew big as they gazed upon the melancholy spectacle, and they forebore to part them, but placed them locked together in each other's arms, in the same grave and as the earth was thrown over them, no sacred rite was performed, but the tears of brave soldiers were sufficient pleaders at the bar of heaven, and their sad thoughts an appropriate prayer for the sweet rest and perpetual happiness of two such rare spirits.

No.—The Tribune tells the following story: On Sunday evening, not many nights ago, the rev. Mr. Thompson performed a marriage ceremony at the tabernacle. Both parties said yes at the proper time, and the reverend gentleman said amen.

"I want you to perform the same thing for me," said a well-dressed, youngish man, to Mr. Thompson.

"Now—right off, to-night?" "Can't you put it off a little? It will make it rather late."

"No—the lady says no or never, and am very anxious. Will you go?" "Yes, where is she?"

"Close by, only a few steps west of the park. We are all ready, and will not detain you for a few minutes on your way home."

Mr. T. went to the place, which was a respectable boarding house, and every thing evinced decorum. The lady, young and pretty, neatly dressed, and altogether a desirable partner for the gentleman, was presented, and a short prayer as usual on such occasions, offered, and their hands joined.

"You, with a full sense of the obligations you assume, do promise, here, in the presence of God and these witnesses, that you will take this woman, whose right hand you clasp in yours, to be your lawful, wedded wife; and as such you will love and cherish her forever?"

HEAR AN OLD DEMOCRAT.—John C. Records of Falmouth Ky., a leading democrat of that state, is out in an able letter giving his reasons for joining the American.

In the year 1848 I was elected to represent this county in the lower branch of the legislature. I was then a staunch and unwavering democrat. It was the year that the noble Cass as the standard-bearer of the national democracy, fell in the struggle for the presidency, by the combined efforts of the friends of general Taylor and of Mr. Van Buren.

But I thought I could perceive that the democratic party stood prominent. A large number of the democrats of congress, north of Mason's line and Dixon's line, voted for these measures, while but very few of the whigs in that quarter ventured to do so.

I had great faith in his integrity and capacity. But when he assumed the reins of government, and called around him the motley cabinet which he did, the strength of my confidence and anticipations was considerably impaired.

The character of his appointments, as one after another, they were developed, tended to lessen my confidence in his administration. Genuine national democrats, the very bone and sinew of the party, were passed over to give place to free-soilers, abolitionists, secessionists, filibusters, and even foreigners by birth, who had scarcely had time to form even a slight acquaintance with our political institutions.

At that juncture, the American party sprang into existence. Its infancy and youth were protected by the mantle of secrecy. For a long time my prejudices against it were very strong. Many things transpired which I regarded as developments of its principles, which I could by no means approve, especially the various indications of political and religious proscription.

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