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.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

Ye pamper'd great, who proudly ride,
In gilded coaches, as ye glide
Among the vulgar crew;
Scorn not the man who tills the fields,
Who reaps the fruits that autumn yields,
That man's as good as you.

Tho' fortune adverse for his home,
Has raised no state no splendid dome,
Nor spread upon his board
Delicious dainties—and his name,
Unblazon'd in the rolls of fame,
Is just among the crowd.

Yet calm content, around his heal,
Will still her genial influence shed;
He envies not your lot!
When day declining, night returns,
And o'er his hearth one faggot burns,
He hastens to his cot.

His infants, sporting round the fire,
In lisping accents greet their sire,
(While each strike's his care)
With wanton gambollings strive to please,
And eager climb his honor'd knees,
The envied kiss to share.

The breathing cot to rest he goes;
Ambition heaves not his repose,
Nor robs his soul of rest,
For envy, hate, corroding care,
The dire effects of fell despair,
Are Strangers to his breast.

Can all your wealth—can all your power—
(Those glittering playthings of an hour)
Bring happiness like this?
Can pomp or titles and estates,
The fleeting gifts of illumed fates,
Be reckoned equal bliss?

Nay!—hence, ye vain delusive toys!
Ye poor, fantastic, short-liv'd joys!
Give me a conscience pure,
Give me a mind, content, serene—
No cloud of guilt to intervene,
My joys will still endure.

Miscellaneous.

From the New England Offering.

THE WOUNDED DOVE.

AN INDIAN TALE.

"Daughters of the red man, whither have ye wandered since the sun arose and smiled into the wigwam? Behold, his last red glance is upon the water, yet the brow of Sunny Cloud reflects not its ray, and thou, Talking Bird, what hath hushed thy ever joyous voice? Tell me, have ye been upon the track of the wolf to day?"

Thus spoke the Indian mother to two dark maidens, who came and stood before her as she rested at sunset from labor.

Talking Bird, the younger of the maidens, replied:

"Nay, we were but thinking of a new found friend. We are sad, because he is of a race our mother loves not. Bending Oak is a wise squaw.—Her words are mild and fearless as the south wind over the prairie. Sunny Cloud and Talking Bird will tell their tale, and then listen to the wise words of Bending Oak."

"The sunbeams had not warmed the stream when we entered the canoe to go and seek medicine herbs in the great prairie far down the river. Everything was calm and glorious as the smile of the Great Spirit. Sunny Cloud and I were happy. We mocked the birds that sang above us, we repeated the wild legends of our tribe, and talked of all we have ever enjoyed, or hope to enjoy. So the time passed, till the moonbeams fell upon our heads, and the burning water dazzled our eyes. We rowed into the shelter of a willow grove, and rested. As we sat in the canoe, listening to the low tripples of the stream, and thinking pleasant thoughts, there came a flash like lightning through the trees, then a sound quicker and sharper than thunder; and a pretty dove fell wounded into the canoe beside me. I took the poor bird and smoothed down its feathers. It panted for one moment, and then its breath was gone. Just then a hunter appeared under the shade of a papaw tree. His robes were curiously fashioned, and he bore upon his shoulders a load of the choicest game. He was not like our chieftains; for his face was of the hue of the January snow, when the yellow sun shines upon it, and his eye was bright as the depths of the moonlit sky in summer."

"'A white hunter!' Why does Talking Bird use golden words when he speaks of him?" said the aged squaw, peering into the maiden's face. "The brows of our young men are like the wings of night; and methinks that the dark forest girl should admire them more than the bleached visages of her nation's foe."

The maiden turned and averted her eyes, and Sunny Cloud spoke in her defence.

"The pale hunter was bold and kind. He laid his burden upon the grass, and spoke to us as a brother speaks. He smiled upon Talking Bird, and told her it grieved him to have killed a warbler gentle as herself; whose voice was musical and tender, as her own."

"And did the silly Talking Bird return his smile? Those were not the words of a brother, but of a demon. The rattlesnake knows but too well how to lure the mocking bird. His charm is bewitching, but he hath a deadly sting."

"Yet surely this is no traitor," persisted Sunny Cloud. "He spoke of his home in a far off land, as beautiful as the hunting ground of our dead warriors. And he called us sisters, saying that we had one Father. Then he lay dazzling ornaments into our baskets, and promised, before another moon, to bring richer gifts to the wigwam."

"Have ye put the white foe on the Indian's trail?" said the squaw, angrily. "Doth the dove uncover its nest to the glaring eye of the hawk? Bending Oak is rightly named. She is like yon tree, that leans from the crag across the stream. A few more storms will howl round her head, and she will fall broken and withered. But she will fall from a high place. She has looked over the tree tops, and seen the tempest sweeping up the valley, while others stood quiet, nor dreamed of danger. And she can tell her simple daughters, that in the track of the white man, the red race hath ever been swept away, like leaves before the wintry blast. The tongue of the pale face has two sides; the one is smoother than oil, the other is like coals of fire. If Talking Bird listens to him, her fate will be like that of the bird that fell by his fire arrows. It was a token from the Great Spirit to warn her."

"But the Indian girls must not forget to be grateful," appealed Talking Bird, who had been standing a listener. "As I stood in the canoe, to turn its course down the stream, my blanket caught in a bough, and I fell. I could have swam to the shore but the blanket choked me, and I hung like a reed in the deep water. But for the strong hand of the white hunter, Talking Bird's voice might never again have mingled with the songs of the youths by the wigwam fire. Surely, when he comes, we must give him venison and a shelter."

The Indian mother's heart almost yielded, but the frown lingered on her brow, and she departed, muttering, "Where's the brave that once dwelt in the tent of Bending Oak? He fell long ago in the distant white village, and the buzzards have picked his bones. May the same fate come upon every one of the murdering race. The curse of Bending Oak is upon the white wolf, and on all who smile upon him."

The next day the aged squaw talked with the chiefs, concerning the expected intrusion into their camp; and besought them, by removing to the borders of a distant river, to evade their visiter. But the girls of the tribe had preceded her with glowing descriptions of the treasures which the white trader would bring to offer in exchange for their furs; that curiosity and avarice overcame all her warnings and maledictions.

At the appointed time the boat of Elliot, the white hunter, was seen approaching the Indian encampment. He brought with him a supply of arms, beads, and such other articles as might please the taste of his red friends. His gifts won for him a gruff welcome from the men; but Elliot read a warmer one in the beaming glances of Sunny Cloud and her young sister. But, whenever, during his stay, he crossed the path of Talking Bird, the keen, suspicious glance of Bending Oak was bent upon them.—His business was concluded, and he spoke of departing. The day was decided, and the evening previous, by some strange coincidence, Elliot and Talking Bird were standing side by side, in a deep woody glen, not far from the wigwams. The eyes of the dusky maid were humid and sorrowful as she said:

"You leave us too soon, my brother!"

"But I will not forget my forest sister. Her memory will be like a sweet song from afar. May her life be as peaceful and happy as yonder beautiful stream, that is quietly sparkling in the long, low sunbeams."

"But will the waters be bright when the sun has ceased to shine upon them? Talking Bird's white brother has become the light of her life. When he is gone she cannot be glad, for it will be dark."

The young man started and trembled at this confession. His heart had yearned towards the gentle forest, but he had not realized that the feeling was so deeply reciprocated. He knew the odium that a connection with her would attach to him in the view of his kindred and acquaintance; but, in the excitement of the moment, he felt that he could bear it all for the sake of her guileless love. He would be happy with her and let the world take its own course.

"Will the talking bird go and make the music in the lonely cabin of her white brother?" said he, "the lonly man shall make us one, and, afar from both red and white, we will live for each other alone. Shall it not be so?"

The maiden laid her hand in his, and said, "I will go."

At that moment there was a sudden rustling—something flashed swiftly through the air—Elliot fell to the ground with a deep groan. An arrow had pierced his breast. In frantic agony Talking Bird tore it away, and staunched the blood with her garments. But the wound was fatal. The hunter could only whisper "farewell." Just as the word died upon his lips, Bending Oak issued from the shade, and muttered in a cold, satisfied tone:

"The pale demon that would lure the Indian fawn from her covert, is dead—and by a woman's hand. Leave his carcass, poor fool, and learn not to throw thyself again upon the coil of the serpent."

There was a wild stare in return, but Talking Bird heard her not. An arrow had entered her own soul. Thought forsook its throne, and she became a quiet, melancholy maniac. The Indian girls changed her name, and spoke of her now as the "Wounded Dove." Day after day she would wander with her favorite, Sunny Cloud, to the glen where the fatal event occurred, and together they would chaunt many a low, mournful song. After a few brief moons had waned, they laid her to rest beneath the turf where the white hunter fell, and the secluded spot was ever after called the "Glen of the Wounded Dove."

OVERLOOKING NOTHING.

Some men seem to go through the world with their eyes shut—others keep them always open. The latter, at every step, are adding to their stock of knowledge, and correcting and improving their judgement by experience and observation. They keep their minds ever awake and active, and on the alert—gathering instruction from every occurrence, watching for favorable opportunities, and seeking, if possible, to turn over their failures and mischances to their advantage. Such persons will rarely have occasion to say, "I have lost a day," or,

"To weep o'er hours that flow
More lily than the summers wind."

They will make every event the occasion of improvement, and will find

"Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

To the attentive observer, even nature itself will appear a vast scroll, written all over by the finger of God, with instructive, though sometimes mysterious characters, while to the careless it will seem at best but a blank, or perhaps a scene of confusion, "without form or comliness," possessing little to excite curiosity or admiration.

To the young, especially, would we recommend habits of close and careful observation. We would say to them, overlook nothing. Do not despise the day of small things. Endeavor to turn the leisure you have—the money you may earn to inherit—the privileges you may enjoy—in short, everything to the best possible account. Take care of the minutes and pence, and the hours and pounds will take care of themselves.

He who learns to regard his leisure moments, as valueless, and habitually squanders for trifles the small sums of money he may have, because they are small, will never be learned or rich. The secret of success, is to be careful of little things.

Spend no moment but in purchase of its worth,
And what its worth, ask deathbeds,—they can tell.

The Selfish Man.

It is the decree of Heaven, that the exclusively selfish man shall be miserable even in this world.—As he never gives love to any man, he can never receive a return of love. He is at war with the general good of his species, and is therefore the common enemy of mankind. His money may command attention, and procure the outward show of respect—but he can never receive the homage of an unbought smile or the warm tribute of a grateful heart.—Wealth is too poor to purchase love; and power is not strong enough to enchain affection. The eye may fall abashed in the presence of grandure—the lips may chaunt the praise of affluence; the knee may bend in homage before the splendor of authority—but the heart is above all bribe, and will give its affections to goodness alone. The selfish man is therefore shut out from all that gives grace and value to life, all that makes life a blessing—for what is exclusive worth to him who has no man's sympathy, no man's love?

Anecdote of Judge Parsons.

When Judge Parsons was a practising lawyer, he was once employed to plead two cases in court, which were precisely alike, but in one he was engaged for the defendant, and in the other for the plaintiff. It happened that both cases were tried on the same day. He spoke for half an hour to the first jury, and the case was given to them and they had retired. When he appeared before the second jury he made use of very different arguments from those before employed by him, of which the court took notice, reminding him that he seemed to have changed his tune, and repeated to him what he had said but a few minutes before.

Mr. Parsons fixed his keen eye upon the Judge, and replied—"May it please your honor, I *might have* been *wrong* a half an hour ago, but now I *know I am right*." He proceeded: and when the juries returned, it was found he had gained a verdict in both cases!

A man being upbraided for contracting a number of debts, coolly replied that he did nothing of the kind. "On the contrary," said he, "I have done everything in my power to *enlarge* them."

WHEN I WOULD DIE.

I would not die in spring time,
When all is bright around,
And fair young flowers are peeping
From out the silent ground;
When life is on the waters,
And joy upon the shore,
For winter, gloomy winter,
Then reigns o'er us no more.

I would not die in summer,
When music's on the breeze,
And soft delicious murmurs
Float ever through the trees;
And fairy birds are singing,
From morn till close of day;
No! with its transient glories
I would not pass away!

When breezes leave the mountain—
It balmy sweets all o'er—
To linger round the fountain,
And fan our bowers no more
When summer flowers are dying
Within the lonely glen,
And autumn winds are sighing—
I would not perish then!

But let me die in winter,
When night hangs dark above,
And cold the snow is lying
On bosoms that we love.
And may the wind at midnight,
That bloweth from the sea,
Chant wildly, softly, sweetly,
A requiem for me!

WASHINGTON.

From the Custis recollections and private memoirs of the Life and character of Washington.

Wherever Washington established a home—whether temporary or fixed, whether amid the log huts of Morristown or the Valley Forge, the Presidential Mansions in New York or Philadelphia, or his own beloved Mount Vernon—everywhere order, method, punctuality, economy reigned. His household, whether civil or military, was always upon a liberal scale, and was conducted with due regard to economy and usefulness.

The Steward—Francis, who kept the tavern in New York where Washington took leave of his officers in 1783, was the first steward to the President. Francis was a rare Whig in the Revolutionary day, and attached no little importance to his person and character from the circumstances of the memorable parting of the commander-in-chief with his old and long endeared companions in arms, having taken place at Francis' Tavern in New York.

The steward was a man of talent and considerable taste in the line of his profession, but was at the same time ambitious, fond of display, and regardless of expense. This produced continued difficulties between the President and certainly one of the most devotedly attached to him of all his household.

The expenses of the Presidential Mansion were settled weekly; and, upon the bills being presented, the President would rate his steward soundly upon his expensiveness, saying that, while he wished to live conformably to his high station, liberally, nay handsomely, he abhorred waste and extravagance, and insisted that his household should be conducted with due regard to economy and usefulness.

Francis would promise amendment, and the next week the same scene would be re-enacted in all its parts, the steward retiring in tears, and exclaiming, "Well, he may discharge me; he may kill me if he will; but while he is President of the United States, and I have the honor to be his steward, his establishment shall be supplied with the very best of every thing that the whole country can afford."

The story of the fish, related in another part of the work, happened during Francis' stewardship.—Washington was remarkably fond of fish. It was the habit for New England ladies frequently to prepare the codfish in a very nice manner, and send it enveloped in cloths, so as to arrive quite warm for the President's Saturday dinner—he always eating codfish on that day in compliment to his New England recollections.

It happened that a single shad was caught in the Delaware in February, and brought to the Philadelphia market for sale. Francis pounced upon it with the speed of an osprey, regardless of price, but charmed that he had secured a delicacy that, above all others, he know would be agreeable to the palate of his chief.

When the fish was served, Washington suspected a departure from his orders touching the provision to be made for his table, and said to Francis, who stood at his post at the sideboard, "What fish is this?" "A shad, a very fine shad," was the reply; "I knew your Excellency was particularly fond of this kind of fish, and was so fortunate as to procure this one in the market—a solitary one, and the first of the season."

"The price, sir, the price?" continued Washington; in a stern, commanding tone; "the price, sir!"

"Three, three, three dollars," stammered out the conscience stricken steward.

"Take it away," thundered the chief; "take it away, sir; it shall never be said that my table sets such an example of luxury and extravagance." Poor Francis tremblingly obeyed, and the first shad of the season was removed untouched, to be speedily discussed by the gourmands of the servants hall.

The Chief Cook.—This celebrated artiste, as he would have been termed in modern parlance was named Hercules, familiarly termed Uncle Harkless. Trained in the mysteries of his art from early youth, and in the palmy days of Virginia, when her then sand chimneys smoked to indicate the generous hospitality that reigned throughout the whole length and breadth of her wide domain, Uncle Harkless was, at the period of the first Presidency, a highly accomplished proficient in the culinary art as could be found in the United States. He was a dark brown man, little if any above the usual size, yet possessed of such great muscular power as to entitle him to be compared with his namesake of fabulous history.

The Chief Cook gloried in the cleanliness and nicety of his kitchen. Under his iron discipline no to his underlings if speck or spot could be discovered on the tables or dressers, or if the utensils did not shine like polished silver. With the luckless wights who had offended in these particulars there was no arrest of judgement, for judgement and execution went hand in hand.

The Steward, and indeed the whole household, treated the Chief Cook with much respect, as well for his valuable services as for his general good character and pleasing manners.

It was while preparing the Thursday's Congress Dinner that Uncle Harkless shone in all his splendor. During his labors upon this banquet he required some half dozen aprons and napkins out of number. It was surprising the order and discipline that was observed in so bustling a scene. His underlings flew in all directions to execute his orders, while he, the great master spirit, seemed to possess the power of ubiquity, and to be every where at the same moment.

When the Steward, in snow white apron, silk shorts and stockings, and hair in full powder, placed the first dish on the table, the clock being on the stroke of four, ceased the labors of Hercules.

While the masters of the republic were engaged in discussing the savory viands of the Congress Dinner, the chief cook retired to make his toilet for an evening promenade. His perquisites from the slops of the kitchen were from one to two hundred dollars a year. Though homely in person, he lavished the most of these large avails upon dress. In making his toilet his linen was of unexceptionable quality and whiteness, then black silk shorts, ditto waistcoat, ditto stockings, shoes highly polished, with large buckles covering a considerable part of the foot, blue cloth coat with velvet collar and bright metal buttons, a long watch chain dangling from his fob, a cocked hat, and gold headed cane completed the grand costume of the celebrated dandy (for there were dandies in those days) of the President's kitchen.

Thus arrayed, the Chief Cook invariably passed out at the front door, the porter making a low bow, which was promptly returned. Joining his brother loungers of the pave, he proceeded up market street, attracting considerable attention, Market street being in old times, the resort where fashionables did most congregate. Many were not a little surprised on beholding so extraordinary a personage, while others who knew him would make a formal and respectful bow, that they might receive in return the salute of one of the most polished gentlemen and the veriest dandy of nearly sixty years ago.

The Coachman.—John Fagan, by birth a Hessian, tall and manly in person, was an accomplished coachman in every respect. He understood the mechanism of a carriage, and could take to pieces and put together again all the parts, should he meet with any accident on his road. He drove the President the whole tour of the then United States, from Portsmouth to Savannah, in the white chariot built by Clarke, of Philadelphia, without the slightest accident or mishap having happening in so long a journey.

On the President's return Clarke was in attendance to learn the success of what he deemed his master piece of coachmaking. No sooner had the horses stopped at the door of the Presidential mansion than the anxious coachmaker was under the body of the white chariot, examining every thing with a careful and critical eye, till Fagan shouted from the box, "All right, Mr. Clarke; all right, sir: not a bolt or screw started in a long journey and over the devil's own roads."

The delighted mechanic now found his hand grasped in that of the President, who complimented him upon his workmanship, assuring him that it had been sufficiently tested in a great variety of very bad roads. Clarke, the happiest of men, repaired to his shop in sixth street, where he informed the people of the success of the white chariot, the account of which he had received from the President's own lips, when the day ended in a jollification at the coachmaker's.

John Krause succeeded Fagan. He was a steady calculable man, and, having been bred in the Austrian cavalry, was perfectly conversant with horses.—He was an excessive smoker, his meerschaum never being out of his mouth, excepting at meals or on the coach box.

In the stables were ten coach and saddle horses, the two white chargers, a coachman and two grooms. Of the chargers the one usual read by the Chief was named Prescot. He was a fine parade horse, purely white, and sixteen hands high. He was indifferent to the fire of artillery, the waving of banners, and the clang of martial instruments, but had a very bad habit of dancing about on the approach of a carriage, a habit very annoying to his rider, who although a master in horsemanship, preferred to ride as quietly as possible, especially when during his Saturday's ride, he would meet with carriages containing ladies, it being customary with them to order their coachman to stop and to let down the glasses, that the President might approach to pay his compliments.

The other charger was named Jackson, from the fact of his having run away with Major Jackson, aid-de camp to the President, when coming into Princeton, on route from New York to Philadelphia in 1790, to the sad discomfiture of the Major, and the no little amusement of the Chief, and the brilliant cortege of gallant cavaliers with which he was attended. Jackson was a superb animal, purely white, with flowing mane and tail. He was of a fierce and fiery temperment, and when mounted, moved with mouth open, champing the bit, his nostrils distended, and his Arab eye flashing fire. Washington disliked a fretful horse, really road this fine but impetuous animal while Krause, whose duty it was to accompany the President when on horseback, had had divers combats with the fiery charger, in several of which, it was said, the old Austrian dragoon came off rather second best. When putting on the housings and caparison for the Chief to ride Jackson, Krause would say, "Ah, ha, my fine fellow, you'll have your match to-day, and know you'll take care to behave yourself." In fact, the noble horse had felt the power of Washington's stalwart arm, a power that could throw a horse upon his haunches in a single moment, and the sagacious animal quailed before a force not easily resisted nor soon forgotten.

Among the coach horses were a pair of beautiful blood bays bred at Mount Vernon from the celebrated horse Magnolia. These thoroughbreds were the pets of the stables, and always drew the coach when Mrs. Washington paid her visits in Philadelphia.—One day, but for the courage and presence of mind of a servant, a serious catastrophe would have occurred. Mrs. Washington and her grand daughter were just seated in the coach, and James Hurley, (a native of Ireland,) was putting up the step, when the day being warm and the flies troublesome, one of the horses rubbed off his bridle. The coachman, of course, sat powerless upon his box. The affrighted animal at first stared wildly about him, and was in the act of springing forward, when Hurley, perceiving the imminent danger, with a presence of mind equalled by his courage, grappled the animal around the neck, and amid his furious and maddening plunges clung to him, and so incumbered him with the weight of a heavy man that the passengers in the street were enabled to come to the rescue, when the bridle was replaced, and the carriage drove off.

The President was much gratified when inspecting his stables in Philadelphia. They were large and roomy, and every thing in and about them in the most perfect order; the grooming of the horses superb, such as the moderns can have no idea of.

Punctuality.—Washington was the most punctilial of men. To this admirable quality, and the one scarcely less admirable of rising at four o'clock and retiring to rest at nine at all seasons, this great man owned his being able to accomplish such mighty labors during a long and illustrious life. He was punctual in every thing, and made every one punctual about him.

During his memorable journey through the Union, he had, before setting off, arranged all the stages for the whole route; the ferries, the inns, the hour of arriving at and departing from each, were all duly calculated, and punctually did the white chariot arrive at all its appointments, except when prevented by high waters or excessively bad roads.

His punctuality on that long journey astonished every one. The trumpet call of the cavalry had scarcely ceased its echoes when a vidette would be seen coming in at full speed, and the cry resound far and wide, "He's coming!" Scarcely would the artillery men unlimber the cannon, when the order would be given, "Light your matches, the white chariot is in full view."

Revolutionary veterans hurried from all directions once more to greet their beloved chief. They called it marching to head quarters, as the glorious old fellows would overtake their neighbors and friends, they would say, "Push on my boys, if you wish to see him; for we who ought to know can assure you that he is never behind the time, but always punctual to the moment."

It was thus that Washington performed his memorable tour of the United States—every where received with the heartfelt homage that the love, veneration, and gratitude of a whole people could bestow; and there is no doubt yet living a grey head who can tell of the time when he gallantly rode to some village or inn on the long remembered route to hail the arrival of the white chariot, and join the joyous welcome to the Father of his country.

And equally punctual in his engagements was this remarkable man nearer home. To the review, the theatre, or ball room he repaired precisely at the appointed hour. The manager of the theatre, waiting on the President to request him to command a play, was asked, "At what time, Mr. Wignell, does your curtain rise?" The manager replied, "Seven o'clock is the hour, but of course the curtain will not rise until your Excellency's arrival." The President observed, "I will be punctual sir, at the time, nobody waits a single moment for me." And, sure enough, precisely at seven, the noble form of Washington was seen to enter the stage box amid the acclimations of the audience and the music of the President's march.

In the domestic arrangements of the Presidential mansion, the private dinner was served at 3 o'clock; the public one at 4. The drawing room commenced at seven, and ended at a little past ten. The levee began at three, and ended at four. On the public occasions the company came within a very short time of each other, and departed in the same manner.—The President is punctual, said every body and every body became punctual.

On the great national days of the 4th of July and 22d of February, the salute from the then head of the Market street (8th street) announced the opening of the levee. Then was seen the venerable corps of the Cincinnati marching to pay their respects to their President General, who received them at headquarters, and in the uniform of the commander in chief. This veteran band of the Revolution had learned punctuality from their General in the times that tried mens' souls; for no sooner had the thunder peals of Col. Proctor's brass twelve pounders caused the windows to rattle in Market street, than this venerable body of the Cincinnati were in full march for the head quarters.

A fine volunteer corps, called the Light Infantry, from the famed Light Infantry of the Revolutionary army, commanded by Lafayette, mounted a guard of honor at headquarters during the levee on the national days. When it was about to close, the soldiers, headed by their sergeant, marched with trailed arms and noiseless step through the hall to a spot where huge bowls of punch had been prepared for their refreshment, when after quaffing in deep carouse, with three hearty cheers to the health of the President, they countermarched to the street, the band struck up the favorite air, forward was the word and the levee was ended.

"Old times are changed, old manners gone."

True, we have become a mighty empire in extent, wealth, and population; but where, Americans, is the spirit of '76, the glorious and immortal spirit that dignified and adorned the early days of the republic and the age of Washington? Shall it decline and die among us? Swear on the altar of your liberty that it shall live forever!

Long years have elapsed since the Recollections have been offered to the public. In answer to numerous inquiries why they have not been published in book form, the author begs leave to observe that, having no views as to profit, he was desirous that the private memoirs should go to the masses of the people in the cheapest and most diffusable manner practicable. Most liberal offers have been made to publish the Recollections in two volumes, with fine engravings from the four originals at Arlington House, viz: the Provincial Colonel in 1772, by the elder Peale; the retired General and illustrious Farmer of Mount Vernon, for relief of Houdon, 1785; the splendid equestrian Portait by Trumbull, 1790, and the President of the United States, (the best possible likeness,) by Sharples, 1796. In this form the work will be hereafter published.

The work will also contain the private letters of the commander-in-chief to his step son and aid de camp, John Park Custis, (the father of the author,) during the whole of the war of the Revolution; also the paternal letters of Washington to the author, his adopted son, when a student at college in 1796, '97 and '98. Neither the Revolution nor Paternal letters have ever been published.

If it has appeared that the Recollections have embraced particulars too minute, the author's apology is in various letters, received both from at home and abroad, urging him to omit no details, however minute, or deem anything trivial that relates in the smallest degree to the Life and Character of Washington.

It is somewhat remarkable, yet such is history, that, when all the public life and actions of a great man have been published to the world, the world invariably demands the private memoirs. Mankind wish to learn something of the private life, habits, and manners of the individual whose great public actions have commanded their admiration, whose illustrious public services have won their gratitude and love. Voltaire, in speaking of Sir Isaac Newton, said, "Does the great Newton eat like other men?"

The labors of America's distinguished historians have given to his country and the world the life and actions of Washington, as connected with the mighty events thereof in which he bore so prominent and illustrious a part. It has become the honored duty of the author of the Recollections to lift the veil that always conceals the private life of a great man from public gaze, and to show the Peter Patrick amid the shades of domestic retirement, where, in the bosom of his family, on his farm, and at his fireside, friendship, kindliness, and hospitality shed their benignant lustre upon his latter days.

A GEM OF POETRY.

We have seldom seen as much expressed in a few lines as there is in the following, from an article in the Knickerbocker for December:

"Hark! that rustle of a dress,
Still with lavish costliness;
Here comes one whose cheek would flush
But to have her garments brush
'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
Wave the weary broidery in;
But in the midnights chill and murk
Stitched her life into the work;
Beading backward from her toil,
Lest her tears the silk might soil;
Shaping from her better thought
Heart's ease and forget me not!
Subduing her despair
With the emblems woven there!"

See the daughter of wealth and fashion in costly array, walking in pride—in the very rustling of her dress, there is music, and in whose bearing one would never learn the meaning of such a term as labor. She is a thing to be worshiped—not to soil her jewelled fingers with toil. She would blush to have her garments touched by the girl who made it.

Ah, go to that lonely room—there she sits in her pale, lonely beauty, with aching head and heart—with every stitch she feels a stitch in her side. Aye, this is no figure—she stitches her life into the work, and with every stitch the thread of her waning life grows shorter, and as the crystal drops of sorrow gather in those mild eyes, she bends

"Backward from her toil,
Lest her tears the silk might soil!"

The figure is beautiful—beautiful because often so true.—*Michigan Express.*

WORDS.

What a power have words—simple words! When wreathed into form and thoughts by word artists, when breathed upon and inspired by the souls we call poets, how they stir up the inner depths of the spirit; calling up quiet and beautiful pictures of the long, long ago, when we dwelt in the sunshine of youth and happiness. Here is a net-work of words which have flung a spell of gladness over our soul transient, but genial!

"I sit in the holy sunshine
As it falls on the pictured floor,
And my soul goes forth in singing
Like the tuneful Memnon of yore.
I bless the hol sunshine,
It falleth so peacefully,
And waketh the heart to gladness:
God's love, it seemeth to me."

And here is another, sending the thoughts forward to the tranquil close of a weary life, when the sunshine which has ever and anon gladdened our path, crimsons the western skies, and fades gently away, its last radience resting on the green and embowered grave.

"Bury me in the country, where the flowers
And the tall, bright green grass
Shall float above me as the summer hours
Dreamily, gently pass.
Bury me where the friends I love may tarry,
Nor shrink away in dread;
Where little hands fresh flowers of Spring may carry,
And little feet may tread."

DYING FOR ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.—Mr. —— resides in Henry street. His wife, who is an economical body, had sent a costly silk gown to a French dyer. The dyer himself brought the dress home, and unlucky, as it happened, met the husband of the lady at the door. "Is madame within?" asked the Frenchman. The husband, who is of a jealous disposition, replied, "And suppose she is, what do you want with her?" "I am dying for her, saire."—"You dying for my wife—get out of my house, you scoundrel!" And he had just raised his foot to kick the honest mechanic into the street, when the lady made her appearance, and set the matter to rights.

THE MISCHIEVOUS.

I resided in Philadelphia, in the vicinity of ——ket. One evening, as I was quietly sitting with my family, I heard a loud rap at my front door. I immediately went to the door, and was surprised on opening it, to find no one there. I shut the door, and turned to go to the parlor. I had hardly proceeded a yard before rap, rap, went the knocker again. I hastily opened the door, but no one was to be seen. I concluded that some mischievous boy was disposed to have a little sport at my expense; but as I was not willing to be annoyed with mischief, I shut the door and kept hold of it. Very soon the raps were repeated. I suddenly opened the door, but nobody was to be seen. The evening was dark, and as I stood in the door the raps were renewed for a few seconds. I stood in astonishment; but upon putting my hand upon the knocker the mystery was unravelled. I found a string tied to it, and my little persecutor was standing behind one of the pillars of the market with one end in his hand, operating upon my knocker at his pleasure. I closed the door and went out a back way, passed down the street on the foot way till I got some distance from the lad, when I turned and came up behind him, and took hold of his arm. He was very much alarmed, and began to entreat me to let him go, when the following dialogue took place:

"Well, my lad, thou art amusing thyself at my expense. I want thee to go home with me."

"Oh, you are going to whip me; please let me go, and I will never do so again."

"I will not whip thee, but thou must go home with me."

After repeated assurances that I would not whip him, at length the poor fellow consented; but he had no faith in my promise not to whip him, and went in with the full expectation that he was to be punished. I seated him in the parlor, and took a seat by his side. He was a bright looking little fellow, about thirteen or fourteen years of age.

I asked him if he went to school.

He replied that he did.

"Canst thou read?" I inquired.

"Yes."

"Well, let us read a few chapters in the Bible."

I opened the Bible, read a chapter and then gave it to him; and I was much pleased to discover that he could read so well.

We spent about an hour in that manner, when I remarked, that we had spent the evening very pleasantly together, but I now thought it was about time for him to go home.

"If thy father or mother inquires where thou hast been," said I, "tell them that thou hast been spending the evening with me; and when thou feelest an inclination to be a little mischievous, call upon me. I shall always be pleased to see thee."

He left my home rejoicing, and never troubled me afterward.—*Youth's Cabinet.*

A Voice of Wisdom and Age.

In my apprehension, the best way to be useful and happy in this life, is to cultivate domestic affections—to love home, and at the same time, to be temperate and just—to pursue lawful business, whatever it may be, with diligence, firmness, and integrity of purpose; and in the perfect belief that honesty is equally binding in the discharge of public as of private trusts; for when public morals are destroyed, public liberty cannot survive.

If we are aspiring, we ought not to lose our confidence; and if ardent for reforms, ought not to lose our discretion. We ought to listen to the maxims of experience, and respect the advice and institutions of our ancestors; and above all, we ought to have a constant and abiding sense of the superintending goodness of that Almighty Being whose wisdom shines equally in His works and His word, and whose presence is every where sustaining and governing the universe.—*Chancellor Kent.*

J. H. GREEN, THE REFORMED GAMBLER.

We were one of the several that were invited by this gentleman to his room at the American House in this city, on Tuesday afternoon, to witness some of his expositions, or rather exhibitions of the science of handling cards. Although he did not go very extensively into the subject at that time, he gave us abundant proff while we were there, of the fact that card playing in any form, or for any purpose, is an arrant cheat.

In the first place, he showed that the backs of all cards are marked on the backs by the manufacturer, and that every gambler had his own peculiar way of designating them by those marks. We suggested that a pack of white backs would form an exception to his statement, and one was produced. But the marks of the manufacturer were also there. The grain of one set ran one way, and that of another set another. He as readily named the face of any one out of a pack of white back cards, from merely looking at the backs, as he did any one out of the pack with colored backs.

Mr. Green then shuffled a pack of cards, had them cut and re-cut by those present, and dealt a round as for whist, remarking that he would give to himself enough of the valuable cards to sweep all before him in the game. He was watched closely, and his dealing was slow and apparently fair; yet, when he came to turn up his cards, sure enough, he had the right cards to sweep the board.

He spread a pack out with their faces up, and requested each person to select a card, and remember its character. The pack was then thoroughly shuffled by him, and cut by another person, and then he proceeded to throw out the designated cards as readily as if he were looking at their faces, at the same time stating when two, or more had designated the same card, who the individuals were, and what the cards. In one case he requested one of the number to select a particular card and remember it. This was done. He then shuffled the pack, had them cut and re-cut, and said that he could tell the card in not more than three guesses. He held up the face of the bottom card of the pack to the individual and asked him if that was it. "No," was the reply. "Then," said he, "take that card and put your finger on it face on the table." He shuffled them again, and showed another. "Is that it?" "No." "Take that and put your finger on it also." Another shuffle and he held up another. "Is that it?" "No," was the answer again.—"Then take that and put your finger on that too." "Now, said he, "if you were in the habit of betting, you would bet high that the card you selected was not one of those three." "I would," was the answer. "What was the card you selected?" "The nine spot of diamonds." "Look there." The first card turned over was the nine spot of diamonds! Many would attempt to explain this, by saying that while he pretended to give the individual the card he looked at, he must have slipped another in its place, by some dexterous process. But even allowing he did, how did he know what card to slip in the place of the other, so as to bring out the nine of diamonds in the end?—*Hartford Courant.*

An old woman was asked what she thought of one of her neighbors by the name of Jones. With a very knowing wink, she replied—"Why, I don't like to say anything about my neighbor; but as to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think, and then again I don't know—but after all I rather guess he will turn out to be a good deal such a sort of a man as I take him to be."

"Sir, I intend to raise your rent," said a landlord to his tenant; to whom the latter replied, "I am much obliged to you, for I cannot raise it myself."

"How do you like General Taylor?" an old Whig was asked a few days since. "First rate," said the old gent. "He *turns out* a great deal better than we expected."—*Boston Post.*