James Cunningham

Refused

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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OFFICE.—The office of the *American Volunteer* is in the second story of James H. Graham's new stone building, in South Hanover street, a few doors from Burkholder's hotel, and directly opposite the Post-office, where those having business will please call.

Poetical.

From the Times and Keystone.

The following lines were suggested by looking at the well known engraving entitled

THE DAWN OF LOVE.

A maiden stood,
In thoughtful mood,
Beside a mountain stream;
Her heart went pit, and then went pat,
So strangely—you would reason that
She must be in a dream.

And at her side,
In manly pride,
A youth was whispering low;
His heart went pit, and then went pit,
So strangely—you would think that it
Could never flutter so.

A willing ear,
A trickling tear,
Was all the maiden gave;
While hearts went pit, and then went pat,
So strangely—you would reason that
The subject must be grave.

An instant more,
All doubt was o'er,
A voice from heaven above
Had soothed each pitting, patting heart,
Declared they never more should part,
And—'twas the Dawn of Love.

Miscellaneous.

CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF FACTS.

Some sixty five or seventy years ago, a vessel from Boston arrived at one of the wharves of London.—Among the hands on board was one by the name of Tudor, a steady, respectable, well looking young man, who acted in the capacity of both cooper and sailor. Very early one morning, and before any hand but Tudor had come upon deck, a young, beautiful, and tolerably well dressed female came tripping down the street to the vessel, enquired of Tudor for the Captain. She was told that he had not yet arose, but she insisted upon seeing him without delay, and with Tudor's permission proceeded to his berth, and arousing him, addressed him with—

"Good morning, Captain; I have called to see if you will marry me."

"Marry you?" replied the astonished Captain, believing her to be of a suspicious character, "leave my vessel instantly, if you know what is for your interest."

She went to the mate's berth and asked if he would marry her, and receiving an answer similar to the Captain's, she went upon deck, where Tudor was engaged in some business, and put the same question to him.

"With all my heart," answered Tudor, in half serious, half jocular manner.

"Then," said she, "come along with me."

Tudor left his work and followed her, with motives which he afterwards declared he could never satisfactorily account for, even to himself. By the time they had reached the principal streets of the city many of the shops had been opened. The lady entered a barber's, followed by Tudor, beckoned him to be seated, and ordered the knight of the razor to take off his beard and hair, both of which operations he unquestionably greatly stood in need of. She footed the bill and they both left the shop, but soon entered a hat store. She requested that the best lot of beavers in the store might be placed upon the counter, and then told Tudor to select such a one as suited him. He soon did this, and the price was paid by the lady! Tudor threw off his old tarpaulin, and left the store with his companion, in a beaver that would not have disgraced his majesty the king himself. The next visit was to the shoe store, where Tudor was not long in selecting a pair of boots, nor the lady in paying for them.

Tudor was by this time puzzled to divine the object the lady had in view, and it must be acknowledged he was apprehensive all was not right. But fully aware that he had committed no crime to make him dread the face of any mortal, and wishing to see the end of the farce which he considered then fairly commenced, he was determined to press forward, prepared for the worst, trusting everything to his guide and companion. He solicited from the lady an explanation of her designs, but she told him to be silent and ask no questions, and immediately led the way into a clothing store, with Tudor at her side. Here Tudor was told to select the best suit of clothes in the store that fitted him, with corresponding articles of clothing; and the sailor in the tar-bedaubed pantaloons and checkered shirt, was in a few minutes metamorphosed into as fine a gentleman, as far as appearance was concerned, as had walked the streets of that great metropolis for many a day. The bill at this place, as well as at the others, was paid by the lady.

Tudor's amazement was now complete. He neither knew what to say or think. Who the lady was, what her intentions were, he could not even surmise. He again asked for an explanation, and insisted upon one, but the only answer he received was—

"Follow me, and be not alarmed—all will be explained hereafter to your entire satisfaction."

One thing Tudor was obliged to acknowledge—the lady, thus far, had done by him as well as he could have wished; he therefore resolved to ask no more questions, and to comply with all her requests and demands. Presently she conducted him into a magistrate's office, and politely requested the minister of the law to unite her and her companion in the bonds of matrimony. This was something of a damper to Tudor, but nevertheless he silently yielded; the ceremony was soon commenced, and in a few seconds the couple were pronounced *man and wife.*

Without uttering a word, or even exchanging a kiss, Tudor and his wife now left the magistrate, but not, however, until she had given him a guinea for his services. The couple passed through the streets in silence—Tudor hardly knowing what he was doing, or what he had done, certainly ignorant of where he was going, or what awaited him; and the thoughts that occupied his wife's mind, the reader will soon be able to judge for himself. Turning the corner of the street, Tudor beheld, a few rods distant from him, a splendid dwelling, towards which the wife seemed to direct her steps, as well as his own, and into the front door of which they soon entered. The room into which Tudor was ushered by his wife, was furnished in a style of the greatest magnificence. She sat in a chair, telling him to make himself contented a minute or two, and then passed into another room.

The first one here to address her was her uncle, who, on seeing her enter the room, jumped in astonishment from his chair, and calling her by name, demanded how she had escaped from her room, and where she had been. Her only answer was—

"You fiend in human shape, I allow you just one hour to remove your effects from this house. The actual possession of my property here you have long deprived me of, and vainly thought you had made arrangements by which you could have deprived me of it through life! But I have frustrated your wicked designs—I am now mistress of my own house, for I was this moment married, and my husband is now in the front room."

I must now leave the new married couple for a short time, for the purpose of reverting to the previous history of Mrs. Tudor. She was the only child of a wealthy gentleman, whom I shall designate as Mr. A., not recollecting his actual name, and for the same reason, I shall give his daughter the name of Eliza. He had spared neither time nor expense in the education of his daughter; she being the only object of his care and regard, his wife having died when she was quite young; and before his death, which took place when she was fourteen or fifteen years of age, he had the satisfaction of witnessing her one of the most accomplished and beautiful young ladies of London.

A short time previous to his death, an arrangement was entered into between Mr. A. and a brother of his, by which his brother was to have possession of his dwelling house, his servants, horses, carriages, and such other property as had not been deposited in banks for the benefit of his daughter, till the time of her marriage, when the possession of them was to be given up to her husband. It was a condition of the agreement that in case Eliza died without marrying the property was to go to her uncle and his family.

Immediately after the death of Mr. A. his brother removed into his dwelling; Eliza boarded in his family; and everything went on very agreeably for some months, when Eliza discovered in her uncle and his family, the manifestation that she should never marry—the reason for which, from what has already been said, must be obvious to every reader. Unluckily for Eliza, she did not discover the diabolical plot in season to frustrate it in its bud. It was nothing less than this: to shut her up in one of the centre rooms in the third story of the house, to prevent her leaving it by keeping the doors and windows thoroughly bolted, and refuse her associates by telling them, when they called, that she was either at school or at some of the shops on business, or had taken a ride in the country for her health, or to see some of her relations; or by telling them something else equally destitute of the truth.

Eliza generally received her meals through a small door, in the evening, from the hands of her unfeeling aunt, to whom her cries for liberation from her lonely and dismal prison house, were no more effectual than they would have been had they been directed to the idle winds.

Three years was the unfortunate girl thus shut out from all communication with the world, when one morning her scanty breakfast was carried to her by an old female servant of her father. Eliza once more discovering the face of her old friend and servant, Juan, burst into tears, and attempted several times to speak, but was unable to. Juan well understood the meaning of these incoherent sobbings, and said, herself unable to speak, from emotion, "Hush, hush, Eliza, mistress, speak not; I understand all. Your tyrant aunt was taken suddenly ill last night and the doctor says it is doubtful whether she long survives. I will see you again at noon and at evening. Some of your old servants have long been planning means for your escape, and are now in hopes of effecting it;" and without awaiting for Eliza's thanks and blessings, tripped down stairs.

Eliza, although unable for sometime to partake of her simple repast, did so at last with a better relish than she had ever known before. Her old servants were still about the house, and were bent upon her rescue! Most welcome, soul inspiring intelligence!

"What!" said she to herself, "is it possible that I am to be delivered from this vile place of confinement? Is it possible that there lives one who seeks my liberation and happiness? Is it possible that all connected with this establishment—*my own* establishment—do not possess hearts of adamant? God speed thee, Juan, and thy assistants in thy work of love and mercy."

It is unnecessary to detail all the minutiæ of the scheme for Eliza's escape, and the several interviews held between her and Juan for the three days she supplied Eliza with her meals. Suffice it to say, that on the evening of the fourth day after the above interview, Eliza was furnished with an instrument to unbar her window, and was promised a rope ladder the following evening, from one of the windows in the room adjoining; but having loosed the bars of the window the same evening, she determined not to wait till the following evening for the promised ladder, not knowing but the plot of the servants might be discovered by her uncle, or by some of his children, and she accordingly went to work making a rope, if such it may be called, from her bed clothes, by tearing them in strips, and tying the ends together.—After a few hours labor, she completed her rope, but fearing it might not be strong enough to support her, it was some time before she dared attempt a descent. But, prefering death to a longer confinement and fearing she might be detected, she resolved to make the attempt, resigning herself into the hands of Him who is the orphan's friend. She *did* make the attempt and was *successful.* Yes, she was liberated from a prison in her own house, where, "for filthy lucre's sake," she had been confined by her own uncle; but once more breathed the pure air of freedom! This was about daylight. She immediately bent her steps toward the wharf where the Boston vessel lay, and from that period in her life, until she ushered her husband into her own house, the reader has already an account of.

The surprised and horror-stricken uncle stood in mute astonishment for some moments after being informed by Eliza of her marriage. She again repeated the demand, "leave my house in an hour, thou monster," and then returned to her husband, when the promised explanation was made.

The amazement of Tudor, and the transport of his wife at the sudden change in their fortunes and conditions, may possibly be conceived, but they certainly cannot be expressed. Being incompetent to the task, I will not attempt to describe the scenes that successively followed, the embraces of the happy couple, and the kisses exchanged—the joy of the servants at seeing their young mistress once more set at liberty—the chagrin, mortification, and disappointment of the inhuman uncle and his family; the kind congratulations of friends and acquaintances; the parties that were given by Mrs. Tudor, as well as those attended by her and her husband; their many rides into the country, &c.

One pleasant morning, some four or five days after the marriage, the attention of the officers and hands belonging to the Boston vessel was directed to a splendid carriage, drawn by two cream colored horses, richly caparisoned, which was approaching the wharf, and in a few moments, halted immediately in front of the vessel. The driver dismounted from the box and let down the steps of the carriage; a gentleman gorgeously dressed, stepped out, and assisted a lady with corresponding habiliments to alight; they then stepped on board the vessel, when the gentleman asked the captain what port she was from, how many days he was performing the passage, when he intended to return, the amount of fare for passengers, and other questions of like nature, and receiving appropriate answers for the same, asked leave to examine the cabins and other accommodations of the vessel, (all the while avoiding, as far as possible, the scrutiny of the captain) which were very courteously shown him. He then observed that he and his lady had some thought of soon starting to America, and in case they concluded to do so, assured the captain that they would take passage with him. They then left the cabin, but before leaving the vessel the gentleman turned to the captain, and said,

"Captain ——," calling him by name, "before leaving your vessel permit me to *make you acquainted with Mrs. Tudor!*"

It was not till that moment that the captain and those around him recognized in the elegantly dressed gentleman their old friend and companion, *Tudor, the cooper!*—they supposing that some sad, if not fatal accident had befallen him. I once more leave the reader to judge the congratulations that now followed, and the healths that were drank.

The remainder of my imperfect sketch is soon told. Tudor distributed the wages coming to him among his former associates, bade them good bye, but not, however, until he had extracted a promise from the captain and his crew to call as often as possible upon him before sailing—left the vessel, entered his carriage, and was driven to his own door.

Tudor and his wife lived through life upon the most amicable terms, and were blessed with prosperity, and an obedient and respected circle of children. Some years after his marriage he returned to his native place, Boston, where he built two or three wharves that bear his name to this day. They afterwards returned to London, where they died as they lived since their union, honored by all who enjoyed their acquaintance.

A SIROCCO ON THE DEAD SEA.

We extract the following interesting sketch from Lieut. Lynch's forthcoming "Narrative of the U. S. Expedition to the Dead sea and the river Jordon." The work, we learn, will soon be ready for publication. The delay of its appearance has been occasioned by the numerous illustrations with which it is to be embellished.

At 2.35 P. M. close in with the eastern shore, but liable to land from the soft bottom and shoalness of the water. At 2.50 a light breeze from W. N. W., hauled to the north towards the base of the peninsula. A long, narrow, dry marsh, with a few scrubby bushes, seperated the water from a range of stupendous hills, 2000 feet high. The cliff of En Nuweireh (Little Tiger,) lofty and grand, towering above us in horizontal strata of brows of limestone and beautiful rose colored sand stone beneath. Clouds in the east (minus) seemed to be threatening a gust. At 3,30 steered N. N. E., along a low marshy flat in shallow water. The night wind had subsided, and it was oppressively hot, 97 degs.; water twelve inches below the surface 90 degs. A thin purple haze over the mountains, increasing every moment, and presenting a most singular and awful appearance; the haze so thin that it was trasparent, and rather a bluish than a distinct color. I apprehended a thunder gust or an earthquake and took in the sail. At 3 50, a hot blistering hurricane struck us from the south east, and for some moments we feared being driven out to sea. The thermometer rose immediately to 102 degs. The men closing their eyes to shield them from the fiery blast, were obliged to pull with all their might to stem the rising waves, and at 4.20 physically exhausted, but with grateful hearts we gained the shore. My own eye-lids wese blistered by the hot wind, being unable to protect them from the necessity of steering the board.

We landed on the south side of the peninsula, near Wady Humier, the most desolate spot upon which we had yet encamped. Some went up the ravine to escape the stifling wind; others driven back by the glare, returned to the boat and crouched under the awnings. One mounted spectacles to protect his eyes, but the metal became so heated that he was obliged to remove them. Our arms and the buttons on our coats became almost burning to the touch; and the inner folds of our garments were cooler than those exposed to the immediate contact of the wind.

We bivouacked without tents on a dry marsh, a few dead bushes around us; and some of the thorny nuck, and a tree bearing a red berry a short distance inland with low canes on the margin of the sea. At a short distance to the N. E., on the peninsula, we found fragments of an immense and very old millstone. The mill had doubtless been turned by a canal from the ravine, down which the water must flow copiously in the rainy season.

At 5, finding the heat intolerable, we walked up the dry torrent bed in search of water. Found two successive pools rather than a stream, with windows in them; the water not yet stagnant, flowing from the upper to the lower pool. There were some succulent plants on their margins, and fern roots; and a few bushes around them. There were huge boulders of sand stone in the ravine; a dead palm tree near the largest pool, a living one in the cleft of the rock at the head of the gorge; and high up to the summit of the beetling cliffs, the sandstones lay in horizontal strata, with perpendicular cleavage, and limestone above, its light brown color richly contrasting with the deep red below.

The sandstone below limestone here, and limestone without sandstone on the opposite shore, would seem to indicate a geological fault.

Washed and bathed in one of the pools, but the relief was only momentary. In one instant after leaving the water, the moisture on the surface evaporated and left the skin dry, parched and stiff. Except the minnows in the pool, there was not a living thing stirring; but the hot wind swept moaning through the branches of the withered palm tree, and every bird and insect, if any there were, had sought shelter under the rocks.

Coming out from the ravine, the sight was a singular one. The wind had increase to a tempest; the two extremities and the western shore of the sea were curtained by a mist on this side of a purple hue, on the other a yellow tinge; and the red rayless sun, in the bronzed clouds, had the appearance it presents when looked upon through smoked glass. Thus may the heavens have appeared just before the Almighty in his wrath rained down fire upon the cities of the plain. Behind were the ragged crags of the mountain of Moab, the land of incest, enveloped in a cloud of dust swept by the simoom from the great desert of Arabia.

There was a smoke on the peninsula a little to the north of us. We knew not whether those who made it might prove friends or foes; and therefore that little smoke was not to be disregarded. We had brought one of the Ta'amirah with us, for the express purpose of communicating with the natives, but he was so fearful of their hostility that I could not prevail upon him to bear a message to them.—With his back to the wind, and his eyes fixed on the streaming smoke, he had squatted himself down a short distance from us. He thought we would be attacked in the night; I felt sure we would not, if we were vigilant. These people never attack each other but at advantage, and fifteen well armed Franks can in that region bid defiance to anything but surprise.

We throw ourselves upon the parched cracked earth, among dry stalks and canes, which would before have seemed insupportable from the heat. Some endeavored to make a screen of one of the boat's awnings, but the fierce wind swept it over in an instant. It was more like the blast of a furnace than living air. At our feet was the sea, and on our right through the thicket, we could distinguish the gleaming of the fires and hear the shouts from an Arab encampment.

In the early part of the night, there was scarcely a moment that some one was not at the water breakers; but the parching thirst could not be allayed, for although there was no perceptible perspiration, the fluid was carried off as fast as it was received into the system. At 9, the breakers were exhausted and our last waking thought was water. In our disturbed and feverish slumbers, we fancied the cool beverage purling down our parched and burning throats. The mosquitoes, as if their stings were envenomed by the heat, tormented us almost to madness, and we spent a miserable night, which we were compelled to lie encumbered with our arms, while, by turns, we kept vigilant watch.

We had spent the day in the glare of Syran sun, by the salt mountain of Usdum, in the hot blast of the sirocco, and were now bivouacked under the calcined cliffs of Moab. When the water was exhausted, all too weary to go for more, even if there were no danger of a surprise, we throw ourselves upon the ground—eyes smarting, skin burning, lips and tongue and throat parched and dry; and wrapped the first garment we could fine around our heads to keep off the stifling blast; and in our brief and unbroken slumbers, drank from ideal fountains.

Water, water everywhere
Nor any drop to drink.
"The little rills which down the grassy side,
Of Cascatino flow to Arno's stream.

It is now pretty generally suspected by knowing ones that Gen. Taylor will have no party in the next Congress. He is in a fair way to be a *no party* President.

From Scott's Weekly Paper.

DREAMS OF YOUTH.

BY C. KEMBLE.

How oft in unripe youth the soul,
On her ideal wings,
Forgets the vulgar links that hold
Her to life's little things.
Anticipates romantic scenes
And higher destinies—
Through maze of visionary things,
A dazzling future sees.

The aspiring mind, with hopes inflate,
Soars above its present sphere,
And everything noble and great
Attainable appear;
For time and honor, rank and fame,
Happiness unalloy'd,
Promised hope—how false! how vain!
Who e'er all these enjoyed?

Why must be childhood's fondest dream
But reality?
Or vision as much brighter seem
Than cold reality?
Why Fancy's temple of bliss swept
By adversity's dawn,
And disappointment only reapt
Where such high hopes were sown?

ZITO, THE SORCERER.

Very extraordinary things are related of Zitto, a sorcerer, in the court of Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia, and afterwards Emperor of Germany, in the latter part of the fourteenth century. This is, perhaps, all things considered, the most wonderful specimen of magical power any where to be found. It is gravely recorded by Dubravius, bishop of Olmutz, in his history of Bohemia. It was publicly exhibited on occasion of the marriage of Wenceslaus with Sophia, daughter of the Elector Palatine of Bavaria, before a vast assembled multitude.

The father-in-law of the king, well aware of the bridegroom's know predilection for theatrical exhibitions, and magical illusions, brought with him to Prague, the capital of Wenceslaus, a whole wagon load of morrice dancers and jugglers, who made their appearance among the royal retinue. Meanwhile Zitto, the favorite musician of the King, took his place obscurely among the ordinary spectators. He, however, immediately arrested the attention of the strangers, being remarked for his extraordinary deformity, and a mouth which stretched completely from ear to ear. Zitto was for some time engaged in quietly observing the tricks and sleights that were exhibited. At length, while the chief magician of the Elector Palatine was still busily employed in showing some of the most admired specimens of his art, the Bohemian, indignant at what appeared to him the bungling exhibitions of his brother artist, came forward and reproached him with the unskillfulness of his performances. The two professors presently fell into warm debate. Zitto, provoked at the insolence of his rival, made no more ado, but swallowed him whole before the multitude, attired as he was all but his shoes, which he objected to, because they were dirty. He then retired for a short time to a closet, and presently returned, leading the magician along with him.

Having thus disposed of his rival, Zitto proceeded to exhibit the wonders of his art. He showed himself first in his proper shape, and then in those of different persons successively, with countenances and a statue totally dissimilar to his own; at one time splendidly attired in robes of purple and silk, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, in coarse linen, and a clown's coat of freze. He would proceed along the field with a smooth and undulating motion, without changing the posture of a limb, for all the world as if he were carried along in a ship. He would keep pace with the king's chariot, in a car drawn by barn door fowls. He also amused the king's guests as they sat at table, by causing, when they stretched out their hands to the different dishes, sometimes their hands to turn into the cloven feet of an ox, and at other times, into the hoofs of a horse. He would clap on them the antlers of a deer, so that when they put their heads out of the window to see some sight that was going by, they could by no means draw them back again; while he, in the mean time, fasted on the savory cakes that had been spread before them, at his leisure.

At the time, he pretented to be in want of money, and to ask his wits to devise the means to procure it. On such an occasion, he took up a handful of grains of corn, and presently gave them the form and appearance of thirty hogs, well fattened for the market. He drove these hogs to the residence of one Michael, a rich dealer, but who was remarkable for being penurious and thrifty in his bargains. He offered them to Michael at whatever price he should judge reasonable. The bargain was presently struck, Zitto at the same time, warning the purchaser that he should in no account drive them to the river to drink. Michael, however, paid no attention to this advice, and the hogs no sooner arrived at the river, than they turned into grains of corn as before. The dealer, greatly enraged at this trick, sought high and low for the seller, that he might be revenged on him.—At length, he found him in a vintner's shop, seemingly in a gloomy and absent state of mind, reposing himself, with his legs stretched on a form. The dealer called out to him, but he seemed not to hear. Finally, he seized Zitto by one foot, plucking at it with all his might. The foot came away with the leg and thigh; and Zitto screamed out apparently in great agony. He seized Michael by the nape of the neck, and dragged him before a judge. Here the two set up their seperate complaints, Michael for the loss of his hogs, and Zitto, for the irreparable injury he had suffered in his person. From this adventure came the proverb, frequently used in the days of the historian, speaking of a person who had made an improvident bargain—"He has made just such a purchase as Michael did with the hogs."

SILK WEAVING IN CHINA.—During the course of the day we called at a silk weavers establishment. One of the proprietors received us with kind civility, and without hesitation granted us the privilege of looking at his looms. These looms were exceedingly rude in their structure. It seemed almost incredible that such splendid fabrics as we saw could be manufactured in such hovels, and with such crazy looms. In one was an unfinished piece of white figured silk. The process of weaving it did not seem complicated.

In another loom was a piece of figured silk velvet of a rich and beautiful pattern, to judge from the great number of peculiar spools hanging about the loom, for the weaving of this kind of velvet. He first threw the shuttle two or three times, and then he threw a hollow wooden tube containing a number of wires. One of these wires he skilfully drew one of a tube as it shot across the warp, and he drove it into its place as part of the filling. In the same way as he drove the threads of the shuttle into their place by the lay. This process he repeated several times, first throwing the shuttle two or three times, and then the wooden tube. He then took a peculiar kind of knife, and drew it along the wires, cutting all the threads which held them to the web. The threads thus severed formed the velvet nap of the web.

Rev. J. Lloyd, Amoy Mission.

☞ Unless you want to come under a despotism of the most cruel and inexorable character, you must abandon the morning bitters, the noontide stimulant, the evening bowl, and Whiggery at all times.

☞ The public debt of France is rapidly increasing. It is already fifteen hundred millions of dollars. That of England is four thousand millions of dollars.

☞ The cost of cigars smoked every day in the city of New York is $10,000.

☞ Dr. Franklin, in reply to one of the infidel Paine's inquiries, asked, "If men are so wicked *with* religion, what would they be *without* it?" No answer has ever been reported.

A PANTHER HUNT.

Incredible as the following account may appear to our readers, the incidents related are strickly true, and the hero of the tale still walks the earth in a green old age.

In a certain section of our own goodly State, the first settlers were obliged to depend for a part of their subsistence, upon the wild animals they might take with the aid of their trusty rifles. Many of them could eye a rifle or take a shot of white eye (corn whiskey) without blinking; and it is to be regretted that some of them have suffered severely from wounds caused by the latter.

In the autumn, after the leaves had fallen, as a slight snow lay upon the ground, our hero, who rejoiced in the cognomen of "Cal," (Calvin shortened,) started, with two companions and a dog, to spend an afternoon on a still hunt for deer. Now Cal was one of that cool, self possessed, athletic, yet reckless kind of men, often met with in all new countries; and on training days, at logging bees and at raisings, always ready to climb a sign post or sapling, feet foremost, or walk a ridge pole from end to end upon his hands, with his heels in the air, and then, by way of showing that he was capable of even greater feats, would decend a rafter to the plate of the building in the same manner. The party did not forget to carry their canteens well charged, and as they pursued their way into the recess of the forest, from time to time refreshing the inner man by liberal draughts therefrom.

Not meeting with any game in their progress, it was agreed to seperate and pursue the hunt, and if either fired his rifle, the others were to hasten to his assistance. They had not been long seperated, when one of them fired his rifle, and the others soon came up. The one who fired had discovered a recent track in the light snow, which resembled a cat's, but was nearly as large as a man could make with his hand; by slightly bending his fingers inward, as in the act of grasping. They knew it to be a panther's track, and though the day was far spent, resolved to follow it, and, if possible, secure the animal. On they went, plunging deeper and deeper into the forest; till the shades of night gathered around them, when they came to a huge hemlock, and perceived, by scratches on the bark, that the object of their pursuit was treed. It was too dark to see him through the thick foliage, and they dared not fire at random; they therefore concluded to build a fire at the root of the tree and watch till daylight, when they might secure their prisoner.

Accordingly, the fire was built; and after again wetting their throats, they commenced their night's watch. About six or eight feet from the roots of the tree lay the fallen trunk of another. Owing to the fatigues of the day and their experiments with the canteens, as the night wore away, sleep weighed down their eyelids, and they sunk into her embrace. Cal, however, had one eye open for adventure. The fire had gradually declined, until only a few faint flickerings shot up at intervals. Hearing a scratching above his head, he roused himself, arose, and by the light of the nearly extinguished fire discovered the panther, about fifteen feet up the tree, gradually decending like a cat. His long tail swung to and fro, and as soon as it came within reach, Cal seized it with both hands, shouted to his companions, and gave it a desperate pull, which brought the panther directly down into the burning embers. Bewildered and taken all aback, as the sailors say, he started full jump around the tree, while Cal shouting and holding on to the caudal extremity, following round and round, raising a fine dust in the ashes. His companions had snatched their rifles, and, at a safe distance, called on Cal to let go, that they might fire without danger of hitting him. But Cal thought that a panther caught by the tail, was worth two running in the woods; so round they went as before, till the panther, not liking the "circus," darted off, and just as he was leaping over the above mentioned tree, received a shot through the heart and fell dead on the other side. Cal, still retained his hold, went over after him, and his companions were duly notified that the animal was his game. He was of the largest size, measuring over nine feet from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail.

Syracuse Union.

THE CHOLERA.

"What a strange piece of work is man," is an exclamation almost involuntarily forced from the lips, in witnessing some of the many vagaries of human nature. In ordinary times, for example, men act as if they were immortal—as if death were a fiction, and the hearses that daily pass them in the streets, mere spectral visions. Nothing can make them realize death; no lectures from the pulpit, or from the groves of philosophy can teach them to temper the vaulting ambition; to restrain their hot passions, and to act wisely, prudently, and moderately in all things, as mariners should do "between whom and the waves of eternity there is but a thin plank."—But let a season of pestilence approach, and, *presto*, our sanguine immortals rush to the other extreme of folly; they find out not only that they are mortal, but they see nothing but danger every where. Death is lurking in every corner; hid in ambush beneath a dish of vegetables; waiting to pop out upon them from a secret corner; peeping slighly into their bed room windows, and ever and anon, letting fly an arrow at their unprotected vitals. A frenzy of fear seems to sweep over the community. Men's appetites weaned from strawberries and cream—from new potatoes and corn—now riot upon camphor, laudanum, and lime. They arm themselves with disinfectants. They go forth, asking "who's afraid?"—while a little voice within their jackets, answer in a whisper, "I, I, I." If death could ever, grin horribly a ghastly smile, it must be when he sees the extraordinary respect which is exhibited for him when men for the first time see the danger that is always about them.

We do not think it discreditable to fear the pestilence. But when we have employed all the means in our power to avert it; when by cleanliness, temperance, and prudence, we have done all that man can do, what remains for us, but with confiding trust in that Providence which guides those who rely upon His direction, to go forward calmly and unfearingly, in the daily duties of life? It is weak and unmanly in the extreme to rush from an excess of rashness to an excess of fear. Let us remember that death is ever about us, in a thousand different shapes, whether the cholera be present or not. Let us remember that death is our lot, and that, even if we escape the the pestilence, we only avert for a short time the execution of a sentence which humanity cannot avoid and which is often a blessing rather than a curse.

PROOF READING.—Proof readers are sometimes very negligent. In speaking of Gov. McDowell's speech, the manuscript said, "Many members wept, and among them Mr. Speaker Winthrop more than once gave way to his feelings in a flood of tears." The printed copy read, many members *slept*, and Mr. Speaker Winthrop more than once gave way to his feelings in a *mug of beer.*"

"Dennis, darlint, och Dennis, what is it you're doing?"
"Whist, Biddy, I'se trying an expirament!"
"Murder! what is it?"
"What is it did you say? Why, it's giving hot water to the chickens I am, so they'll be after laying *boiled eggs.*"

BOON RIGHT.—Are you just stepping on the threshold of life? Secure a good moral character. Without virtue you cannot be respected; without integrity you can never rise to distinction and honor. You are poor perhaps. No matter; poverty is oftener a blessing than a curse. Look at the young man who is heir to half a million. What is his standing? Of what use is he to the world? You must make yourself.

☞ Bulwer, in one of his philosophical dissertations says, "Society has erected the gallows at the end of the lane, instead of guide posts and direction boards at the beginning."

King Solomon's Blacksmith.

And it came to pass when Solomon, the son of David, had finished the Temple of Jerusalem, that he called unto him the chief architects, the head artificers, and cunning workers in silver, and gold, and in wood and in ivory, and in stone—yes, all who had aided in rearing the Temple of the Lord, and he said unto them,—"Sit ye down at my table; I have prepared a feast for all my chief workmen and cunning artificers. Stretch forth your hands, therefore, and eat drink and be merry. Is not the laborer worthy of his hire? Is not the skilful artificer deserving of his honor? Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn."

And when Solomon and the chief workmen were seated, and the fatness of the land, and the oil thereof were set upon the table, there came one who knocked loudly at the door, and forced himself even into the festal chamber. Then Solomon the King was wroth, and said,

"What manner of man art thou?"

And the man answered and said,—"When men wish to honor me they call me Son of the Forge; but when they desire to mock me, they call me blacksmith; and seeing that the toil of working in fire covers me with sweat and smut, the latter name, O King, is not inapt, and, in truth thy servent desires no better."

"But," said Solomon, "why came you thus rudely and unbidden to the feast, where none save the chief workmen of the Temple are invited?"

"Please ye, my Lord, I came rudely," replied the man, "because thy servant obliged me to force my way; but I came not unbidden. Was it not proclaimed that the chief workmen of the Temple were invited to dine with the King of Israel?"

Then he who carved the cherubim said, "This fellow is no sculptor," and he who inlaid the roof with pure gold said; "Neither is he a worker in fine metals."

And he who raised the walls said, "He is not a cutter of stone."

And he who made the roof cried out, "He is not cunning in the cedar-wood; neither knoweth he the mystery of uniting strange timber together."

Then said Solomon, "What hast thou to say, Son of the forge, why I should not order thee to be plucked by the beard, scourged with a scourge, and stoned to death with stones?"

And when the Son of the Forge heard this, he was in no sort dismayed, but advancing to the table, snatched up and swallowed a cup of wine, and said, "O King, live forever! The chief men of the workers in wood and gold and stone have said that I am not one of them, and have said truly. I am their superior; before they lived was I created. I am their master, and they are my servents." And he turned him round, and said to the chief of the carvers in stone, "Who made the tools with which you carve?"

And he said, "The blacksmith."

And he said to the chief of the masons, "Who made the chisels with which the stones of the Temple were squared?"

And he said, "The blacksmith."

And he said to the chief of the workers in wood, "Who made the tools with which you hewed the trees on Lebanon, and formed them into the pillars and roof of the Temple?"

And he said, "The blacksmith."

Then said he to the artificer in gold and in ivory, "Who makes your instruments, by which you work beautiful things for my Lord the King?"

And he said, "The blacksmith."

"Enough, enough, good fellow," said Solomon; "thou hast proved that I invited thee, and thou art all men's father in art. Go wash the smut of the forge from thy face, and come and sit at my right hand. The chiefs of my workmen are men—thou art more." So it happened at the feast of Solomon, and blacksmiths have been honored since.

FIRST BATTLE FOR ANNEXATION.—On Friday last, at the ordinary session of the City Council, one of the members proposed a motion, of the nature of which we are ignorant, but which another member objected to, remarking at the same time that in three months we would be Americans. Hereupon the member who had brought forward the motion, crossed the hall, and administered a tremendous blow to his opponent, which prostrated him on the floor. The war spirit then communicated to others, and the combat threatened to become general, when the Mayor called in the police, who put an end to the quarrel, and ejected the audience.—*Quebec Gazette.*

HOOSIER WEDDING.—The ceremony of tying a nuptial knot is very much simplified in the Hoosier State, as the following scene will show:

"What is your name, sir?"
"Matty."
"Any relation to Van Buren?"
"No."
"What is your name, Miss?"
"Polly."
"Matty, do you love Polly?"
"Well, I does."
"Polly, do you love Matty?"
"No mistake, Squire."
"Well then, you want to be tied?"
"I reckon so."
"Well, then, I pronounce you man and wife."
"Thank you, sir."

The Pittsburg Mercury, recording the marriage of a Miss Holmes, President of the Martha Washington Total Abstinence Society, to Mr. Andrew Horn, appends the following:

Fair Julia lived a Temperance maid,
And preached its beauties night and morn;
But still her wicked neighbors said
She broke her pledge and took a *Horn.*

"Sammy, Sammy, my son! don't stand there scratching your head—stir your stumps, or you will make no progress in life."

"Why, father, I've often heard you say that the only way to get on in the world was to *scratch a-head!*"

FATHER MURDERED BY HIS SON.—One David Ross, of Putnam, Ga., was murdered by his son John, on the 9th inst. The assasin placed himself where he could not be seen until within a few feet. The father was shot with a double barrelled shot gun, and with bird shot.

☞ Thirty-six United States Senators have graduated at Yale College.

This world is a fishing pond, full of slippery eels and suckers.

"You can't do that again," as the pig said to the boy that cut his tail off.

It is thought by those who can see the farthest into futurity, that General Taylor will be the *last of the "earlier Presidents."*

A JURY TURNED JUDGES.—A man named John Welsh has been convicted at New Orleans of murdering his wife. The verdict of the jury was, "Guilty, without capital punishment."—The reader will be reminded of that other famous verdict, "Not Guilty, if he will leave the town."

A lady wrote with a diamond, on a pane of glass:

"God did at first make man upright, but he—"
To which a gentleman added;
"Most surely had continued so, but she—"