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 DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE.

Matt. xxvii. 19.

BY CHARLES W. BAIRD.

"It was not sleep that bound my sight,
Upon that well remembered night;
It was not fancy's fitful power
Beguiled me in that solemn hour;
But o'er the vision of my soul
The mystic future seemed to roll;
And in the deep prophetic trance
Revealed its treasures to my glance.

"Before my wondering eyes there stood
A vast, a countless multitude;
The hoary sire, the prattling child,
The mother and the maiden mild,
The gladsome youth and the man of care—
All tribes, all ages, mingled there;
And all, wherever I turned to see,
In humble silence bent the knee.

"Still o'er the crowded scene I gazed:
Against the lurid eastern sky
I saw the shameful cross upraised;
I saw the sufferer doomed to die.
'Twas he, whom late, with sorrowing mien,
In Zion's streets I oft had seen;
And now in blood and agony,
He turned a dying look on me,

"Then softly from that gathering throng
Arose the sound of solemn song;
And while I caught the swelling lay,
The myriad voices seemed to say:
'An' we believed in Him that died,
By Pontius Pilate crucified—
That He shall come, when time is fled,
To judge the living and the dead.'

"I woke; thou wast not by my side,
I heard a loud, exulting cry;
I heard the scornful priests deride,
The elders murmur—'Crucify!'
O Pilate! hast thou marked my prayer,
That guiltless blood to shield and spare,
That deed of horror would not be
A stain to thine—a curse to thee!

"Our scenes of early love are past:
Our youthful spring is withered all;
Afar from home our lot is cast,
Beneath the sunny skies of Gaul.*
The thoughts that memory treasures yet
Of other days, begin to flee;
But never shall my heart forget
The Crucified of Galilee!"

* Pontius Pilate died in exile in Vienna, a small town near Lyons, in France.

Miscellaneous.

From the American Courier.

THE RUSE DE GUERRE.

An Episode in the life of Murat.

While Italy was in possession of the French, a mutiny broke out in one of the regiments stationed at Livourne. Napoleon, when he heard of it, determined to make an example of the offenders, and commissioned Murat to punish the ringleaders.

Murat soon arrived at Livourne, and ordered the seditious regiment to parade in the *place*; he then told the soldiers that he had been commanded by the Emperor for to punish them for their misconduct, and he would shoot every tenth man in the regiment. The force of his gestures and language, coupled with the authority of his name, caused the men to submit at once. They became greatly alarmed, threw themselves on their knees, before him, and prayed for mercy; but he was inflexible. He ordered the regiment to be confined in the citadel until the day appointed for the execution. While there, the soldiers sent deputations continually to Murat, beseeching him to intercede for them with the Emperor. They seemed so penitent, that at last Murat sent them word that if they would select three men to be shot he would pardon the rest. The victims were soon designated; and their execution was appointed for the next morning. In the meantime, the rest of the men remained close prisoners. In the middle of the night, the three soldiers who were to die, the next morning, were sent for by Murat. When they came he said to them—

"You will be shot to-morrow. I hope you will endeavor, by dying bravely, to remove the stain from your names. I will promise to convey your last wishes to your parents. Have you thought of your mothers? Tell me!" (Sobs choked their utterance.) "They would have been proud of you if you had died on the battlefield; but *here*—oh! unhappy men!—go! I will send you a priest to offer you the consolations of religion. Think of God and France—you are no longer of this world!"

The soldiers threw themselves at his feet, not to ask for their lives, but for his pardon before they died.

As they were going out he called them back.

"Listen," said he: "if I give you your lives, will you be honest men?"

"No, we want to die," answered one of the soldiers; "we deserve death—let us be shot."

"But if I do not wish you to die, you will still say so? I have never shed blood but on the field of battle. I have never ordered my own soldiers to be shot at, and I do not wish to have you killed, for you are Frenchmen, and my brothers, although criminal."

The soldiers could not restrain their tears.

"Listen to me," continued Murat; you have committed a great crime, but as you seem so penitent, I will spare your lives. You must, however, be considered dead, especially by your own regiment. To-morrow, before day, you will be conducted to one of the gates of the town—there you will be shot at by a file of men; you must fall as if dead; your regiment will then pass by. As soon as the last file has turned into the cross street, a man whom I have bribed will place you in a cart and carry you to the country; there you will find some sailors' clothes and 1000 francs for each of you. You must secrete yourselves somewhere for three days; in that time an American vessel will be ready to sail for New Orleans; you must go in her. I hope you will become honest men. Go! I will take care of your families."

The soldiers bathed his feet with their tears, and declared he should be satisfied with them.

Everything happened as Murat had foretold. A severe example was given to the regiment, and Napoleon thanked Murat for having sacrificed only three men. The Emperor was happily deceived, and never became cognizant of the ruse played off upon him. Murat's plan was known only to a few of his friends, and was not revealed till after his death.

In the fall of '31, a young man, who was hunting near New Orleans, was overtaken by a thunder storm. He took refuge in a thick part of the forest, and soon perceived a small cottage in a little clearing, at a short distance. He approached it, and knocked at the door. It was opened by an old woman, who invited him to enter, and led him into a small but neat hall, the walls of which were decorated with portraits of Napoleon, (surrounded by laurel branches,) and numerous engravings of his principle battles.

"It seems," says the young hunter, "that my good star has conducted me to the house of a compatriot."

"Yes, sir," replied the old lady, "we are French people. My son is in the garden—I will call him," she continued.

"Your son is French also?"

"Yes, sir," replied the old lady, hesitatingly; "he has been established here for a long time, and thanks be to God he has not repented it. That young woman is his wife. We live respected and happy."

The master of the house now entered.

"This gentleman," said his mother, "has done us the honor to stop for a little while under our roof until the rain is over; he is one of us, a Frenchman."

The farmer made him the military salutation, and welcomed him. He seemed singulary struck with his figure, and was so much moved he could not speak. However, at length, he stammered out—

"Sir, you will, perhaps, consider my question impertinent; but I am obliged to ask your name, your figure, ——

"My friend," interrupted the young huntsman, "that is the only question which I cannot answer. I could easily deceive you by giving a false name, but I prefer to be silent. However, although I refuse to give my own, can I ask your name?"

The farmer sighed, but did not answer.

"It seems," says the young man, "that you are obliged to be silent also."

"Yes, sir, the name I bear is not my own; but what good will it do you to know it? Here I am called Claude Gerard."

"At all events," said his mother, "it is not necessary for the young gentleman to imagine that my son has disgraced his name, there are reasons which, ——

"It is so with me," said the hunter; I do not wish to tell my name except to those who deserve to know it—but as I believe you are worthy people, I will tell you. I am Achille Murat, the son of the King of Naples."

Claude Gerard and his mother fell on their knees and wept. The Prince, seeing them weep, knew not what to think of it. Claude, as soon as he could speak showed the Prince a portrait of the King of Naples, and cried—

"Behold this, my benefactor and the gaurdian saint of this farm—your glorious father; I owe all to him—he saved my life."

"On the field of battle?" asked Prince Achille.

"No," replied Glaude Gerard; "I was condemned o death. Two comrades as guilty as myself were to be shot with me. We were led out to the gate of Livourne; we were shot at—we fell. It was your father who arranged all this; with his money I came to America. My two comrades died two years ago in New York. I have worked, and have now a competence. My mother, who believed her son dead, received a letter from him calling her to America. The poor woman nearly died with joy at recovering me. Now if the son of my royal benefactor wishes for my life, my goods or my farm, they are all at his service."

MONROE EDWARDS.—L. Gaylord Clarke, Esq., editor of the Knickerbocker Magazine, thus speaks of the late Monroe Edwards:

We passed an hour in Sing Sing State Prison the other day, and while reading with irresistible sympathy the wretched inmates, we could not help thinking, how little, after all, of the actual suffering of imprisonment is apparent to the visiter. The ceaseless toil, the coarse fare, solemn silence, the averted look, the yellow white pallor of the convict, his narrow bed, with scanty furniture, his hard couch; these indeed are visible to the naked eye.

Yet do but think of the demon thought that must cut up the heart during the long and inconceivably dismal hours which he passes there in darkness, in silence, and alone.

Think of the torture he must endure from the ravages of that pleasantest friend, but most terrible enemy, imagination! Oh, the height, the depth, the length, and breadth of a sensitive captive's sorrow. As we came away from the gloomy scene we paused on a hill, within the domain of a guard, the Prison Potter's Field, where lie, undistinguished by headstones or any other mark, the bones of those who had little else to lay there when their lives of suffering had ended. There sleeps Monroe Edwards, whose downward fate we have marked in successive years. We first saw him when on his trial, a handsome, well dressed, black whiskered, seemingly self possessed person, with the thin varnish of a gentleman, and an effrontery that nothing could daunt.

Again we saw him, while holding court with courtezans at the door of his cell, at "The Tombs" the day before he left for Sing Sing, clad in his morning gown, with luxurious whiskers, and the manner of a pseudo prince receiving the homage of sham subjects. The next time we saw him he was clad in the coarsest 'felon stripe;' his head was sheared to the skull; his whiskers were no more; a dark frown was on his brow; his cheeks were pale, and his lips were compressed with an expression of remorse, rage, and despair. Never shall we forget that look. He had a little while before been endeavoring to escape, and had been punished by fifty lashes with a cat-o-nine tails, *four hundred and fifty lashes on the bare back.* Once again we saw him, after the lapse of many months. Time and suffering had done their work upon him. His once erect frame was bowed, his head was quite bald at the top, and his scanty bordering hair had become grey. And thus he gradually declined melancholily down the "west of life," until he reached his last hour, dying in agony of terror, gnawing his emaciated fingers to convince himself that he was still living, that the appalling change from life to death had not taken place. And now he sleeps in a felon's grave, with no record of his name and fate.

DOMESTIC LIFE.—Pleasure is to woman what the sunshine is to the flower; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshens, and improves—if immoderately it withers, deteriorates and destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised as they must be in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are perhaps as necessary to the full developement of her charms as the shades and the shadow are in the rose; confirming its beauty and increasing its fragrance.

☞ How beautiful are the smiles of innocence—how endearing the sympathies of love—how sweet the solace of friendship—how lovely the tears of affection! These, combined, are all characteristic of woman. They are the true poetry of humanity—rich pearls clustering around the alter of domestic felicity.

☞ A bright and beautiful bird is hope; it comes to us mid the darkness and sings the sweetest song when our spirits are saddest; and when the lone soul is weary, and longs to pass away, it warbles its sunniest notes, and tightens again the slender fibers of our hearts that grief has been tearing away.

☞ To-morrow those that are now gay may be sad; those now walking the avenue of pleasure may be the subjects of sorrow; those on the mountain summit may be in the valley; the rosy cheek may have the lily's hue; the strong may faulter; death may have come.

☞ How barren a tree is he that lives, and spreads and cumbers the ground, yet leaves no one seed, not one good work, to generate after him! I know all cannot live alike, yet all may leave something answering their proportion, their kind.

☞ This whole life is but one great school. From the cradle to the grave we are all scholars. The voices of those we love, and the wisdom of past ages and our own experience, are our teachers. Afflictions give us discipline.

☞ "Wake up here, and pay for your lodging," said a Deacon, as he nudged a sleepy stranger with the contribution box.

THE YEOMAN.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels, by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the law of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels, other things being equal, more strongly than another, the character of man as the lord of the inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a portion is his; his, from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generations before him moved in its round of duties; and he feels himself connected, by a visible link, with those who preceded him, as he is, also, to those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the daily scene of his labors. The roof which shelters him, was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit was planted by his father's hand. He sported, in his boyhood, by the side of the brook, which still winds through the meadow. Through that field, lies the path to the village school of his earliest days. He still hears from his window, the voice of the Sabbath bell, which called his fathers and his forefathers to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where he laid his parents down to rest, and where he trusts, when his hour is come, he shall be dutifully laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them; gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life spring of a fresh, healthy, generous national character.

The Victim of Cannabalism.

The London Missionary Chronicle for November, contains an account of cannibalism as it is practised in the Island of New Caledonia.

This revolting practice has been abolished in every Island of the Pacific Ocean, where the Gospel had taken sufficient root to exert a general influence.—It still prevails in some of those groups from which the darkness of heathenism has not yet been chased away. In New Caledonia, where the practise continues to a limited extent, it is accompanied by circumstances which greatly aggravate its intrinsic horrors.

The extreme barbarity of the natives has hitherto prevented any European Missionary from settling among them. But a devoted Rarotongan convert, named Taunga, has had such moral heroism and spiritual compassion as made him willing to labor to bless a poor people so sunk in darkness and cruelty.

He has visited many districts in the Island, and wherever he went he was well received, and invited to remain; and when he left, they entreated him to send some one to instruct them in this new word.—Taunga travelled to a distant part of the Island, and arrived among a people whose language he could not understand. And here he witnessed a most horrible transaction, such as he never saw equalled in any other part of New Caledonia, although many other scenes of deep horror passed under his observation. The paragraph is given by the Rev. Charles Pitman, of the London Missionary Society, in these words:

"In the district of Eugeno a feast was held, and the people of the Chief, whose name is Pam, brought him food. The son of the Chief, a lad about six years of age, observed among the offerers a very corpulent man, *and asked his father for that man.* His father complied; and when he sent the people away, he ordered the man to stay behind. Poor fellow! he well knew for what purpose. Accordingly, the Chief soon sent for him.

On his arrival, the father asked the son whether he should be killed. The son replied, let him be cut up in pieces alive! The father ordered it to be done, according to the wish of his child. The man who acted the part of the executioner then cut off one arm; soon after, the other; next a leg; then the other leg; till only his head and trunk remained. Notwithstanding this dreadful mutilation, the poor victim lived until his head was severed from his body.

"Tunga was horrified at the dreadful spectacle, and wept at the cruelty of these cannibals. The poor fellow winced at every stroke; but resistance was useless. The teacher remonstrated as well as he could with the chief, and interceded for the poor sufferer; but to no purpose. He inquired if this was a common practice, and found it was a privilege granted to the son of a Chief during his minority; that whenever he desires any individual as food, his wish is granted, and the victim is either killed or cut up in pieces alive."

FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.—*Damages Awarded.*—A suit, in which a marine, named Dunsman, claimed damages from Capt. Wilkes, of the Navy, arising out of a flogging at sea, has just terminated in the U. S. Circuit Court, at Washington.

Dinsman was a marine in the Exploring Expedition, and the injury he complained of was a punishment inflicted on him by the defendant, in November, 1840, near the Sandwich Islands, for a disobedience of orders, or a refusal to perform duty when directed. The plaintiff claimed that the term for which he was bound to serve as a marine had then expired; that the defendant had no right or justification to detain him longer on board; and that his refusal to do duty longer being the only reason, and an insufficient one, for punishing him at all, under such circumstances he was entitled to recover damages of the defendant for subjecting him to receive twelve lashes, and a repetition of it on a subsequent day, after another request and a refusal by him to obey; and also in the meantime for putting him in irons and confining him in a native prison. In the Circuit Court a verdict of damages was rendered for the plaintiff, but on appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, the judgement below was reversed, and a *venire de novo* awarded, and the new trial to be governed by the principles decided by the highest judicial tribunal. The case recently was for malace towards Dinsman. Bradly and May, the opposing counsel, fought one another for two long weeks, seven hours a day; and this morning the jury rendered a verdict of damages for Dinsman, the marine, and assessed them at five hundred and fifty dollars. The Supreme Court will have another opportunity to pronounce on this case, as it will be sent to it by Mr. Bradly, on a writ of error.

SINGULAR CASES OF "CHOLERA."—An eminent medical practitioner of Petersburg, Va., was recently called to attend a lady in Chesterfield, the messenger informing him that she had been attacked with Cholera. He promtly waited upon her, and assisted to relieve her pains by bringing into the world a smart boy. At Richmond, a worse case occurred. The faculty were called upon to relieve a lady, marked as a victim to the Cholera, and the result was the birth of twins, and the recovery of the sick lady. In both instances life was produced instead of death, and both exemplify the folly of the insane fear which turns every attack of disease into Cholera.

☞ To do an ill action is base; to do a good one which involves you in no danger, is nothing more than common. But it is the property of a good man to do great and good things, though he risk every thing by it.

☞ He who forgets the fountain from whence he drank, and the tree under whose shade he gamboled in the days of his youth, is a stranger to the sweetest impressions of the human heart.

REDUCING THE REVENUE SERVICE.—Eight of the cutters employed in the revenue service have been dispensed with and their officers discharged, the Norfolk Herald says, by the Administration.

HAPPINESS.

Say what you will of happiness, it depends, after all, more upon the turn of the mind than upon anything else. All outward things, says Du Moülin, have a right and a wrong handle. He that takes them by the right handle, finds them good; he that takes them by the wrong, of course finds them evil; take a knife by the haft it will serve you; take it by the edge, it will cut you. If the soul is happily disposed, all things go on smoothly, and misery almost wants a name. As Burns beautifully says:

"It's not it titles nor in rank;
It's not in wealth like London bank;
To purchase peace and rest;
It's not in making muckle *mair;*
It's not in books; it's not in lear,
To make us truly blest;
If happiness has not her seat,
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures nor pleasures,
Could make us happy long,
The *heart* ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrong.

Chased by a Locomotive.

The following is a "Hoosier's" description of his first sight of a locomotive, and his adventures consequent thereon:

"I came across through the country and struck your railroad, and was plying it at about four knots an hour. Now, I heard tell about locomotives, but never dreamed of seeing one alive and kicking; but about two miles from here I heard something coming coffing, sneezing, and thundering, and I looked around. Sure enough, there she comes down after me, pawing the earth up, and spilitting the air wide open, with more smoke and fire flying than orto come out of a hundred burning mountains. There was a dozen wagons folerin' after her, and to save her turnal black, smoky, noisy neck, she could'nt get clear of them. I don't know whether they scared her upon no, but here she came foaming at the mouth, with her teeth full of burning red coals and she pitched right at me like a thousand of brick. I could'nt stand it any longer, so I wheeled round and broke down the road, and began to make gravel fly in every direction; no sooner had I done so than then she spilt right after me; and every jump I made, she screeled like a thousand wild cats!—She began to gain on me comin' up a little hill, but we come round a pint to a straight level on the road. Now thinks I, I'll gin you ginger, as I'm great on a dead level; so I pulled to it, and got under full speed and then she began to yelp and cough, and stamp, and come on full chisel and made the hull airth shake. But I kept on before bounding at the rate of twenty feet at every leap till I got at a turn in the road and I was under such headway, that I could'nt turn; so I turned head over heels down a bank by a house, landed cosmolick into a swill barrel, and my feet stuck out behind, and up in the air. Just at the time the locomotive found that I had got away from it, it commenced spitting hot water into me and just litterly spattered it all over me; I thought in soul that Mount Vesuvius had busted some place in the neighborhood. Do you suppose I staid there long? No, sir! I just walked right through that barrel, and came out so quick that it really looked ashamed of itself. Now here I am, a real double revolving locomotive snolly-poster, ready to attack anything but a combination of thunder, lightening, smoke, railroad iron, and hot water."

Mrs. Hemans—Her Marriage.

A late number of *Blackwood*, on Mrs. Hemans, contains some very interesting particulars of her private history. The following is an extract:

"Not long after the first publication of her poems, the next great event of her life took place—her introduction to Capt. Hemans. The young poetess was then only fifteen; in the full glow of that radient beauty which was destined to fade so early. The mantling bloom of her cheeks was shaded by a profusion of natural ringlets of a rich, golden brown; and the ever varying expression of her brilliant eyes, gave a changeful play to her countenance, which would have made it impossible for any painter to do justice to it. No wonder that so fair a creature should excite the admiration of a gallant captain.—And the love on both sides was ardent and sincere; for Capt. Hemans, soon after their introduction, was called upon to embark with his regiment for Spain. On his return, in 1812, they were married. Of their domestic happiness or unhappiness, nothing is said, but six years after, in 1818, we are simply told that the aCptain went to Rome and never returned. The separated pair never met again.

"'To dwell on this subject,' says her biographer, 'would be unnecessarily painful; yet it must be said, nothing like a permanent separation was contemplated at the time; nor did it even amount to more than a tacit conventional arrangement which offered no obstacle to the frequent interchange of correspondence, nor to a constant reference to their father in all things relating to the disposal of her boys. But years rolled on—seventeen years of absence, and consequently alienation; and from this time to the hour of her death, Mrs. Hemans and her husband never met again.'"

ONE OF THE DIGGINGS.—The Albany Argus publishes an extract from Mr. Henry Judson, who went out to California in Col. Stevenson's regiment, and after being honorably discharged at Monterey, left that place with a party of five others, fellow soldiers, for the mines, well supplied with tools, provisions, a cart, three yoke of cattle, &c., &c., and who went to a place called McCallamey's Diggings. He says:

"We were twenty one days making the journey here from Monterey; when we built us a log house, killed our cattle, jerked our beef, and had everything snug and in order in two weeks. We went to work a fortnight ago, and, in this short time, our party have dug over one hundred and eighty pounds of gold—which gives us nearly five thousand a piece. I happened to discover the spot from which we dug all this gold—which is the only good luck I ever had. We have nearly six months' provisions left—an advantage when every necessary is so extravigantly high, which you can appreciate. After the rainy season next spring, I shall start for the North and American Forks, where the most gold is found. It is too cold to winter there. I shall do well this winter, and when I return I shall have a pile."

☞ A correspondent who possesses chemical knowledge as well as much experience, sends to the editors of the Baltimore American the following recipe:

DIRECTIONS FOR BOILING RICE.—Take one pint of rice, wash it, and put it in soak for two hours. Have ready two quarts of boiling water, with a little salt in it, in a stew pan. Half an hour before you wish to use it, pour the water in which the rice is soaked from it, and, with a table spoon, shake the rice into the stew pan without stirring it, and let it boil ten minutes; then strain the liquid from the rice. Return the rice to the stew pan, and then let it steam for 15 or 20 minutes, when it will be done, and the grains will be separate. Add a little butter and send it to the table.

The above is the proper way to cook rice, which is important to know, as we are now prevented from using almost all other kinds of vegetables. This recipe is furnished by a lady in whose family it has been a regular dish on the dinner table since 1832.

FOURTH OF JULY REVELLERS READ THIS.—A French paper says, "The recent sudden increase of Cholera in Paris took place on Sunday, a day of general amusement. One writer says 1600 died in three days. The enormous consumption of ices was one cause." Drinking to excess probably had as much to do with it.

WHITEWASHING.

There are few things that effect a greater amount of possible good, probably, than whitewash. Applied on the ceiling and inside walls of dwelling and out houses, it tends to purify the atmosphere by neutralizing or destroying those noxious effluvia which are always more or less extensively engendered in confined situations, and which are often so deleterious to animal health. Applied to the roofs and walls of barns, sheds, and other buildings, it is a great promoter of durability, and adds also not a little to the neatness and beauty of their apperance. It is cheap, and one who can slack lime, dissolve salt, and use a whitewash brush—not a very difficult task, certainly—can apply it successfully and in a way to endure for years unimpaired. It is an excellent plan in mixing whitewash to add as much salt as the water required to reduce the lime to the requisite consistency, will dissolve. This renders it more durable, and adds not a little to the anti-putrescent qualities of the wash. In some instances sugar or molasses is added to the mixture, as are also glue, white lead, common paste from wheat flour, and rice water. Pigments of various colors, are likewise mixed with it as a matter of mere taste, and when of a nature sufficiently strong successfully to withstand the neutralizing action of the akali, produce a most beautiful and pleasing effect. They do not, however augment the value of the whitewash contemplated as a mere disinfecting agent, as this quality is owing exclusively to the lime.

This application of whitewash to the walls of cellars, and the sprinkling the floors of the same with fresh burned caustic lime, should not be neglected during the spring months, when there is ordinarily a copious evolution of noxious gasses from decaying roots, and other similar substances which still remain in, and cannot well be removed from the bins.

The Frigate Bird.

The following is the account given by the Bishop of Norwich at the late meeting of the Ipswich Museum of Natural History. He had sent to the Museum that day a specimen of the Frigate Bird—which was literally a tenant of the air; it lived in the air, slept in the air, and never came to the shore except in the breeding season. The explanation of this extraordinary phenomenon was as simple as possible. It was admirably constructed for the purpose of its existence. It had an enormous pouch beneath its throat, its skin was loose, its bones and arteries were like air-vessels; and with an extraordinary expansion of tail and wings, it could, by imbibing a quantity of air and rarifying it within its body, become, in fact, an air baloon. In this manner it floated in the air during sleep.

A Suspicious Husband.

There are at present residing at Preston a worthy couple who have been bound in the holy ties of matrimony for about six months. For some weeks past the husband had suspected that his lawful spouse regaled herself with delicacies in his absence, and determined to ascertain whether his suspicions were correct. Accordingly, about a week ago, having an opportunity of sending his worthy lady out of the house on a trifling errand, he amused himself in her absence with closely examining into the various closets and cupboards in the kitchen and celler. He had searched for sometime without success, for the delicacies, upon which he imagined she regailed herself, and was about giving up his task in despair, when a small basin in one of the cupboards attracted his attention. After examining its contents, which were of a light bluish color, he ventured to taste what he imagined to be a jelly. It had certainly an insipid taste; but, inspired wit the thought of revenge upon his wife, he greedily devoured the whole, and was just chuckling over his success, when Mrs. ——— returned.

"Well, Mrs. ———, you never do have anything when I'm out, do you? Oh, no! certainly not, but don't think of deceiving me; I've found you out."

"Found me out in what?"

"What was that jelly you had in your cupboard, eh? But you need not look, for I've *eat it all!*"

Upon hearing this, Mrs. ——— examined the cupboard, and seeing the basin, burst into a loud laugh, exclaiming, "Why, you stupid! you've eat all the *starch!*"

A TERRIBLE RESULT.—The Snow Hill (Md.) Shield states, that the unfortunate wife of Rev. Thomas J. Burrows, tried at the late term of Worcester county court, for the homicide of Bishop, has become completely deranged since her husband's acquittal and return to his family at Chestertown. She is now an inmate of the Maryland Hospital, and he has returned to Dorchester county, his native place. The committee appointed by the last Conference of the M. E. Church to investigate the case of Mr. Burrows, have ordered him to that place for trial. The Shield is not advised as to the time the church trial will take place, but says that Dr. Durbin is the chairman of the committee.

THE RUST OF LIFE.—If people lived without an object, they stand, as it were, on the outside of active life, which gives strength to inward occupation, even if no noble endeavor or sweet friendship give that claim to daily life which makes it occasionally, at least a joy to live; disquiet rages fiercely and tumultuously in the human breast, undermining health, temper, goodness, nay, even the quiet of conscience, and conjuring up all the spirits of darkness; so does the corroding rust eat into the steel plate, and deface its clear mirror with a tracery of disordered caricatures. "He who has no employment which he gives himself with true earnestness, which he does not love as much as himself, has not discovered the true ground on which Christianity brings forth fruit."

☞ A clergyman in Connecticut was reading to his congregation the beautiful and poetical psalm of David, wherein he says, "Mercy and truth are met together. Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other." At this passage a little girl in the assembly manifested a great interest, and whispered to her mother—"That's just as true as you live. I see Righteousness Hill a kissing Peace Peabody behind the smoke house—but how did the minister know it?"

PROFESSIONAL ZEAL.—A noted oculist was in a room crowded with company, and was asked what he thought of such a lady—was it not a pity she squinted?

"Squint, sir," replied the infallible doctor, "I wish every lady in the room did the same. There is not, I assure you, a man in all Europe who can cure squinting but myself."

☞ The sons of Henry Clay, John J. Crittenden, and John Davis, have all been appointed to lucrative offices by General Taylor. This is the way the administration takes to silence disaffection. When a leading politician shows his teeth against the administration, a bone is thrown to him to prevent him from biting.

STRANGE INCIDENT.—The St. Louis papers of the 20th ult., state that a Miss Taylor was taken sick of cholera on Sunday. It was supposed she had died. Her brother insisted that she should not be buried until the next day. On Monday, while the funeral preparations were in progress, she suddenly revived, and now bids fair to recover.

A NEW CALIFORNIA SPECULATION.—A yankee marble cutter has sent out to California his whole stock of grave stones, with "Sacred to the memory of," and "erected by his brother," &c., cut upon them. Very significant!

☞ The funds required for lighting the borough of York, Pa., with gas have been subscribed.

The Beautiful Roman Girl.

I spent the winter there alone, in a little appartment in an obscure street which opens on the Place d'Espange, with a Roman painter, who took me to board along with his family. My features, my youth, my enthusiasm, my solitary position in the midst of a strange country, had interested one of my travelling companions on the way from Florence to Rome. He had conceived a sudden attachment for me. He was a handsome young man about my own age, and appeared to be the son or the nephew of the famous singer David, at that period the first tenor of the theatres of Italy. David travelled along with us. He was a man already advanced in years. He was going to sing, for the last time, at the theatre of San Carlo, at Naples. David treated me like a father, and his young companion overwhelmed me with attentions and marks of kindness. I replied to these advances with the openness and artlessness of my age. We had not reached Rome, when the handsome traveller and myself were inseperable companions. The courier, in those times, did not employ less than three days in going from Florence to Rome. At the roadside inns my young friend was my interpreter; in the vehicle he kept the best place for me, and if I fell asleep I was sure of having his shoulder as a pillow for my head. When I alighted from the vehicle, at the long ascents of the hills of Tuscany and Sabina, he alighted along with me, explained to me the different features of the country, told me the names of the towns, and pointed me out the monuments. He plucked himself the haddomest flowers, and bought the most tempting figs and raisins, for me on the way. He crammed my hands and filled my hat with these dainties. David seemed to look with pleasure on the affection displayed by his travelling companion for the young foreigner. They smiled sometimes while looking at me, with an air of intelligence, of finesss and good nature. As we entered Rome at night, I alighted naturally at the same inn with themselves. I was conducted to my chamber, and did not awake till summoned the next morning by the voice of my friend, who knocked at my door and invited me to breakfast. I dressed myself in haste, and descended to the saloon where the travellers were assembled to breakfast. I wished to shake hands with my travelling companion, and I sought for him in vain amongst the guests, when a general laugh burst forth from every one present. In place of a son or nephew of David's I perceived at his side the charming figure of a young Roman girl, elegantly dressed, and whose dark tresses, woven in a band around her forehead, were fastened behind by two long gold pins with heads of pearl, like those still worn by the present women of Tivoli. It was my friend, who, on arriving in Rome, had resumed her costume and her sex. I might have suspected the truth from the tenderness of her look, and from the grace of her smile. But I had not the least suspicion. "Dress does not change the heart," said the fair Roman, blushing; "only you shall not sleep any more on my shoulder, and instead of your receiving flowers from me, it is you who shall present me with them. This adventure will teach you not to trust to appearances of friendship which may be displayed toward you hereafter; they may happen to be something widely different." The young girl was a singer, a pupil and a favorite of David's. The old vocalist took her everywhere along with him, and dressed her in male costume to avoid remarks on the road. He treated her rather like a father than a protector, and was by no means jealous of the sweet and innocent familiarities which he had himself permitted to take place between us. David and his pupil spent several weeks at Rome. The day following our arrival, the latter resumed the masculine habit, and accompanied me in the first place to St. Peters, then the Colloseum, to Frascati, to Tivoli, Albano; I thus avoided the fatiguing repetitions of salaried guides who dissect for travellers the dead remains of Rome, and who, in throwing their monotonous litany of proper names and dates over the impressions of the tourist, besiege the thoughts and banish sentiment from the fairest scenes.—*Lamartine.*

Female Temper.

We like to see women of spirit and life; for a dull, supine, proxy woman, is a poor affair indeed. And we have no particular objection to seeing "the sparks fly" occasionally when something really stirring occurs. We like to see her joyful and lively, and if she has a little spice of waggery, we can put up with it very well; nay, we like it all the better. But a cross, sour temper, we have no good opinion of, for a woman who can never look pleasant but is always fretting and scolding, will make an unhappy home for all within her house. And we would as soon undertake to live in a barrel of vinigar in a thunder storm, as to live in a house with such a woman. Solomon was right when he said, "It is better to live in the corner of a house top, than to dwell in a wide house with a brawling woman." Let a woman wear sunshine on her countenance, and it will drive the dark clouds from her husband's face, and joy will thrill through the hearts of her children. Let a woman's words be soothing and kind, and everything is happy around her. Her influence will be powerful. Others will catch her sweet temper, and all will strive to see who can be most like her. Sweetness of temper in a woman, is more valuble than gold, and more to be prized than beauty. If women know their power, and wished to exert it, they would always show sweetness of temper, for then they are irresistible.—*Boston Olive Branch.*

PIOUS WISHES.—Two old highland cronies in the North of Scotland were sitting about dusk one evening before the fire talking about their deceased husbands, their virtue and *deserts.*

"Ah well," said one, raising to light a farthing candle, "Mr. Jemmy, good man, always loved a bright light in this world; I hope he's in the world of light now."

"And my Swaine," answered the other throwing a faggot on the fire, "he poor man, always loved a hot fire in this world; God grant he may be in the world of fire now."

I like to hear men denounce others for things of which themselves are guilty—it looks so much like consistency.

HORRIBLE.—A colored girl, lately convicted at Pensacola, Florida, of an attempt to fire her master's house, was sentenced to have her ears nailed to a post for one hour, and to receive thirty nine lashes, which sentence has been carried into effect.

The *Charge'd Affairs* at the Hague, whom, Gen. TAYLOR has recalled, is the gallant Major DAVEZAC, that fine old gentleman and soldier, who had the misfortune to fight bravely with Gen. JACKSON at the battle of New Orleans.

THE CALIFORNIA MAILS.—About four thousand letters from California reached N. York on Tuesday morning, many of them containing specimens of gold dust.

☞ An editor down South, who served four days on a jury, says he's so full of law that it is hard for him to keep from cheating somebody.

Some Yankees at Boston are shipping grave stones to California.