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.

TO MY LITTLE BOY.

BY MRS. HENRIETTA L. COLEMAN.

I watched a rose one lovely morn,
Parade herself a summer queen,
While by her side a bud, dew born,
Lay locked in leaves of softest green:
As that fresh bud to beauty blew,
That rose lost all its scent and hue!
Alas! I cried, that this should be!
For I thought, dear boy, of thee and me!

I watched a parent bird that fed
Her fledging many a vernal day,
Training his dainty wings to spread
And lightly flit from spray to spray:
Away—afar—I marked him soar,
Never to avoid fond guidance more;
Can care and love thus wasted be;
Sadly I thought of thee and me.

I watched the moon rise sweetly bright,
With one fair star that lay below,
Each lovlier shone from mutual light,
As hearts united gentler flow:
Though moon and star in heaven divide,
Time brings them over side by side,
Glorying I spoke, thus may it be!
For I thought, dear boy, of thee and me.

Miscellaneous.

From the New York Times.

THE DUEL IN THE DARK.

A True Incident in the Annals of Vicksburg.

Every traveller who has descended the Mississippi within the last twenty five years, must remember Vicksburg, so singular in its situation for a town on the shelving declivity of high, rolling hills, with its houses scattered in groups on the terraces. Every reader of American newspapers, during any one of the last twenty five years, must remember Vicksburg, so rich has been the fund of material it has supplied for the circulating libraries of "horrible murders," duels, affrays, and executions, by all sorts of "summary process."

The public will not likely soon forget the hanging of the gamblers and the steam doctors. In fine, everybody knows that the place has been noted, since its earliest settlement for the belligerant character of its inhabitants, and the number and atrocity of the violent deeds which may be asserted, with literal truth, to have stained its very streets with the blood of human hearts.

It is not our present purpose, however, to sketch any of these more celebrated brute battles, that prove nothing beyond the wilful wickedness of the respective combatants. But we will select, for the sake of its mournful moral alone, a solitary tragedy, which was briefly chronicled by the press of the day, and then faded from the recollection of all, save one, from whom the writer received the story in all its particularity. *She*, of course, could never forget.—The wife of the murdered hero wept at the sad reminiscense twenty years after the date of the catastrophe.

In the year 1827, a young lawyer, (whom we shall call John Thomas, to avoid harrowing the memory of some relative or friend who might chance to skim over these columns,) emigrated from Worcester, in Massachusetts, to the State of Mississippi. He was poor, had married a beautiful and accomplished woman, who had renounced wealthy parents for his sake, and hence was anxious to better his fortune in as little time as possible. This consideration determined the legal adventurer to locate at Vicksburg, then considered through the west as the paradise of the bar.

In a very short time, the new lawyer had ample reasons to congratulate himself on the choice of his position. His bland demeanor, studious habits, and more than all, his eloquence in debate, won him patronage; and he rose almost at a single bound, to the first place in his profession. He was employed in all the land suits, and in most of the still more numerous and equally lucrative cases of homicide, so that in the brief period of two years after his advent, he had cleared the round sum of $30,000. Let no sceptical disciple of Lord Corke, deem this statement incredible. S. S. Prentiss, now of N. Orleans, realized, cash in hand, $40,000 by his opening speech in Vicksburg.

During his career thus far, young Thomas was remarkable for one respect. He never went armed, and although in the fierce and fiery altercations of the forum, he necessarily made some enemies, no attack had hitherto been ventured on his person. The athleticism of his noble form, and the look of invincible determination in his keen blue eyes, had doubtless warned the desperadoes that the "Yankee orator," as he was generally termed, could hit as hard blows in the court yard as he did in the court itself. However this may be, two years elapsed, years, too, of eminent success, before the peaceable attorney was insulted. Alas! this Halcyon period was doomed to a change alike sudden and terrible.

There resided at that time, in the town, a notorious duellist by the name of Johnson, whose matchless prowess inspired universal fear. He had slain half a dozen foes on the public "field of honor," and as many in private and irregular encounters. All the members of the "bloody fancy club" spoke of Mike Johnson's feats with rapturous enthusiasm.—But all good men, all lovers of peace, when the "brave wretch" passed, turned pale and were silent.

At the May term of the District Court, 1829, the grand jury, mustering extraordinary courage, returned a true bill against Johnston, for the murder of W. Lee, an inoffensive youth, whom he had shot down in a drunken frolic, under circumstances of peculiar aggravation. Thomas was retained by a friend of the deceased, to aid in the prosecution, and, notwithstanding the earnest advice of his well wishers to the contrary, appeared on the trial of the case, one of the most exciting ever argued at the bar of Vicksburg. On the last evening of the session, after adjournment, Thomas rushed into the presence of his wife, with looks of such evident agitation, as to fill her soul with overpowering alarm.

"My love, tell me, in the name of heaven, what has happened?" she cried, pale as a corpse, and shaking like a leaf in the wind.

"Nothing," answered the husband, thinking to conceal the most fearful part of the intelligence.—"Nothing, only the murderer, Mike Johnson, after his acquittal grossly insulted me in the court yard and I knocked him down."

"And he challenged you to fight him with pistols!" almost shrieked his wife, anticipating the rest, with the quickness of woman's keen common sense.

"It is even so," replied the lawyer mournfully.

"Oh! say that you will not meet him. Oh! swear that you will not turn duellist in this Sodom of the South," implored the wife, throwing her arms around his neck, and sobbing like a child on his bosom.

"There, do not weep now. I will not turn duellist, dear Emma, although I much fear that the consequence will be my ruin."

"God will protect you from the bold bad man."

The next morning it was known in Vicksburg that the "Yankee orator" had been chalenged and refused to fight. Accordingly, he was generally denounced as a coward—a word which at that day, and even now, might be considered as expressing far deeper scorn than either robber or assassin. As he passed through the streets, he was astonished to witness the coldness manifested by his old acquaintances, and even professed friends, while the great mass of the people seemed to regard him with ineffable contempt. "Yankee white liver," "boaster," "poltroon" were the sounds most frequently rung in his ears, especially when near the groceries, and there was one then on every terrace of the broken hills.

The matter grew still, worse. About a week afterwards, Johnson met his victim in the public square, presented a cocked pistol at his heart with one hand, and belabored him unmercifully with a cowhide which he grasped in the other. Resistance at the moment was altogether out of the question, for the slightest motion would have been the signal for immediate death. He thought of Emma and her sweet babe, and bore the castigation in silence.

After this, clients deserted his office and gentlemen refused to recognize him or return his salute in the thoroughfares of business, or during his morning strolls over the hills. Had his touch been contagion, or his breath pestilence, he could not have been more carefully shunned.

Another week passed, and the degraded lawyer was in a state of mind bordering on insanity! and yet all the while he concealed the mental torture from his affectionate wife. One evening in a more Illish solitude bitter and gloomy mood, as he walked through the public square, he was again accosted by Mike Johnson, with his cocked pistol in one hand and uplifted cowhide in the other. The assault was the more aggravating as the place was thronged with spectators.

"Coward and villain!" exclaimed Johnson, "did I hit, I tell you that I would cowhide you every week, until I whipped the courage of a man and a gentleman into your Yankee hide?"

"I am not a coward," retorted Thomas, in a hollow tone, so unearthly fierce and wild that it caused every hearer to start. At this instant, his lips were livid, and clenched between his teeth till the blood ran: His eyes were red as a mad dog's and the muscles of his face quivered; but his body and limbs seemed to have the rigidity of marble.

"He will fight now," rung in an eager whisper through the excited crowd, as they saw the terrible tokens of the fiend aroused—the fiend which lurks, at different depths, in all human nature.

"If you are not a coward, why will you not fight?" asked the duellist, somewhat struck in spite of his thorough desperation, hardened in the hot gore of a dozen murders.

"I will fight if you wish it," was the loud ringing answer.

"Then you accept my challenge?"

"I do: Will any one present be so good as to act as my second?" inquired the lawyer, addressing the spectators.

For a minute or two no one spoke, so great was the dread of the arch duellist, Mike Johnson.

"Will no one in such a mass of generous men be my second?" repeated the lawyer, in a louder tone.

"I will," said a shrill trumpet like voice, on the outskirts of the crowd, and a tall commanding form with bravery written on his brow, and the eagle's eye beneath it, made his way to the centre of the scene of contention, and stood close fronting Johnson, with a smiling glance, before which the latter, for an instant, quailed.

The question "who is he? who is he?" circulated among the lookers on. But no one could answer; no one had ever seen him before, and yet everybody would have sworn to his courage, so bold yet tranquil was his bearing.

"Who are you?" inquired the duellist, recovering his presence of mind.

"A stranger from Texas."

"But who will vouch for your respectability?"

"I can give you vouchers sufficient," replied the stranger, frowning till his brows looked frightful; and then stooping forward, he whispered something in Johnson's ear, audible alone to him.

"I am satisfied," said the duellist aloud, and trembling perceptibly. "Col. Morton, will you act as my friend?"

The individual last addressed gave his assent.

"Now let us adjourn to some private room to arrange the preliminaries," remarked the stranger; and the principals and seconds left the crowd, then increasing every minute, and excited nearly to madness by the thick crowding events of the hour.

A meeting took place the following night, in a dark room, with the door locked, and the two seconds on the outside. The principals were placed in opposite corners of the room, which was twenty feet square, and each was furnished with a large bowie knife—no more. It was midnight—a night without either moon or stars. Black pitch clouds enveloped the sky, and a slight sifting mist rendered the shadows of the earth more intense. Hence the room where the duel was about to begin was wrapped in cayless darkness. The combatants could not even see the blades of their own knives.

At first, they both stooped and stealthily unlived and took off their shoes, so as to make the least possible noise in walking over the floor. The same thought had struck them at the same time—to manouver for the advantage ground.

Thomas moved in a circle, softly as a cat, around the apartment, till he got within a few feet of the corner where his enemy had first been placed, and then paused to listen. For four or five seconds he could hear nothing in the grave like silence but the quick beats of his own busy heart. Presently, however, there crept into his ear a scarcely audible sound, as of suppressed breathing, in the corner of the room which he had previously left; and then he knew that his foe was trying the same stratagem. At length Thomas concluded to stand perfectly still and await Johnson's approach. Motionless now himself, and all ear, soon he could distinguish a soft rustling noise, like the dropping of flakes of wool, circling around the floor, and gradually advancing toward him.

At last, when the sound appeared within about three feet of the lawyer's position, he suddenly made a bounding plunge with his knife, aimed in the dark air, where he supposed the bosom of his foe to be. His blade struck against that of the other, and a few sparks of fire rolled at the fierce collision and fell expiring to the floor.

And then, for an instant, the seconds without the door heard a sharp ringing of steel, a groan, a fall, and all again was silent as the tomb!. The duel at midnight was ended; but how? They were appalled at the horrible question.

Waiting some minutes, and hearing nothing more, Col. Morton and the stranger prepared a light unlocked the door, and entered. The spectacle was most affecting. There lay the bloody corpse of the duellist, Johnston, mangled dreadfully, and above it stood the erect and imposing form of the lawyer, Thomas—unhurt, not a cut on his skin or a rent in his clothing, but weeping as if his heart was broken.

He started back as the flashing light dazzled his eyes, and, growing pale as the dead at his feet, exclaimed, in accents of immeasurable anguish—

"Oh, God! how shall I endure to meet my dear Emma, with this murderous gore on my hands!—Such stains would defile the very gates of heaven, and blacken the floor of hell itself!"

He did, however, afterwards meet Emma and her babe; but we shall not attempt to paint the scene. A week subsequently, he was shot to pieces in his office, while employed in writing after night. The assassin was not known, but supposed to be a younger brother of the duellist, Johnson.

The stranger who acted in the combat as the second of Thomas, was indeed, as he said, from Texas, and then travelling through Mississippi; and was the bravest man, perhaps, that ever drew the breath of life—James Bowie, who fell only with the fall of the Alamo, when his red knife was drunk with the blood of Mexicans.

Reader.—But the *moral?* You promised us a moral?

Writer.—The same moral which lies at the bottom of all true stories, if they be read rightly. I give you this, and can give no more—that the circumstances which make men, make also their actions, as the history of many a New Englander besides poor Thomas, in the south, can attest. Therefore never strongly condemn the deeds of your brethren of the common humanity, until you shall have realised their material and spiritual situation in all its mathematical and moral dimensions. This lesson, studied well, may render you wiser and probably happier men.

A PEJURED HUSBAND.

A TALE IN THE MAGAZINE STYLE.

BY JOE MILLER.

CHAPTER I.

THE INTRODUCTION.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

"Dear me, Arabella, did you hear that Augustus Snooks was introduced to Julia Sniggers last evening, at Mrs. Fitz Faddle's party?"

"La, me! you don't say so!"

"Emily Pumpkin was telling me; she says that old Smashpipes, whom you know is as blind as a bat, intended to introduce young Julius Numbskull, and mistook Augustus for Julius, and introduced him to the handsome Julia, as his friend Numbskull. "Happy to have the honor of your acquaintance, Miss," said Augustus; "my friend Smashpipes has made a mistake, however, my name is Snooks."

"Indeed! what will Angeline Simpkins think when she hears it?"

"I guess she wont like it—very singular introduction, was'nt it?"

"Very!"

CHAPTER II.

THE COURTSHIP.

"Alas, the course of true love never did run smooth."

The roseate tint of the setting sun was gilding the scarlet hair of the beauteous Julia Sniggers with its last faint beam, and the head of the beauty shone like a show-bottle, in a pharmaceutist's window, with a light behind it. Upon the floor at her feet, kneeled the young Agustus; madness was in his heart, and fury in his eye.

"May I hope, dearest?" inquired he, in the agony of his passion.

The beautious cheek of the lovely Julia grew white as her pocket-handkerchief, as she tried to hide the intensity of her feelings.

"Nay, Augustus, spare a victim's young affections," she faintly murmured. "Some other time."

"Alas, is it so?" said Augustus. "I never had a gazelle—but, no! Moses is an enthusiast," said Snooks, calmly rising, and buttoning up his coat. "Julia, let us take a walk and have some ice-cream."

CHAPTER III.

THE DECLARATION.

"By those bright eyes like the roe, my love, my life, I love thee."

"Shall it be vanilla or lemon?"

"Vanilla, if you please," gently answered the fascinating Julia.

"Bring two vanillas," said Augustus to the waiter.

The ices were brought, and the spoons were soon put into requisition to convey the cold comfort to their mouths.

"Cold, is my lot," soliloquized Augustus; "I feed on ice, and relish the shivery luxury. Alas, it was not so ere I knew the idol of my affections." Then, starting up hysterically, he inquired, with intensity—

"Julia, will you be mine?"

CHAPTER IV.

THE ACCEPTANCE.

"She is thine—the word is spoken."

Startled by the terrible demonstration of passion, the fair Julia swooned.

"Alas!" said Augustus, "she is dead! Ho, burn feathers and sal volatile!" shouted he delliriously; "to the rescue! to the rescue!"

But the call was unnecessary; slowly the beauteous Julia opened her bright, humid eyes and smiled.

"Oh, Augustus, how you frightened me! *I think you will be able to come it!*"

CHAPTER V.

THE MARRIAGE.

"Bright eyes looked love to eyes that spoke again."

The saloon was crowded, and the guest were happy. The Rev. Bishop Smith performed the ceremony.

"Wilt thou," inquired he of the fair Julia, "take this man to be thy wedded husband?"

They eye of the maiden acquired a brighter brilliancy, as she unhesitatingly answered—

"I won't do nothin else."

CHAPTER VI.

THE VOW.

"'Tis deeply sworn; well; we will see anon."

Months rolled on, and Augustus and Julia were happy—economy and neatness presided over all their domestic arrangements.

"I think," said Julia, one evening, at their pleasant meal, "I think I should like some catfish for breakfast; will you get up early in the morning and purchase some?"

"Dearest, I will," answered the husband.

"Nay," replied the fair wife, "you are such a vile deceiver, I can hardly believe you."

"Hear me swear," said Augustus. "By yonder moon I swear, that you shall have half a dozen of catfish for breakfast to-morrow; let the oath be registered."

CHAPTER VII.

THE PERJURY.

"Take them, I implore thee, take them."

Blithely the young wife rose on the morrow to a breakfast which she deemed would be happy. Augustus came; *in his right hand he held a string of fish—but were they catfish?* Stand aghast, ye heavens, when ye hear it!—they were PERCH! Julia caught one glance—her delicate system could not stand the shock.

"Perch!" she wildly cried, and sank lifeless upon the ground.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DENOUEMENT.

"Man's inhumanity to woman makes countless thousands mourn."

Sadly they bore her to her lone home; flowers were strewn over her grave, and the faces of all her acquaintances wore a lugubrious aspect. But there was one whom that sad sight struck down to the earth—it was the perjured Augustus. Wildly he rushed forth, and sought consolation in the bowl—*it was not there*—and, goaded to frenzy, one day he walked calmly down to the Navy Yard, and enlisted in the Marines.

"*Don't* lay in that posture, dear," said Mrs. Partington to her nephew, who was stretched upon a sofa, with his heels a foot or more higher than his head. "Don't lay so, raise yourself up and put this pillow under you. I know a young man who once had a suggestion of the brain in consequence of laying so—his brains all ran down into his head!" and with this admonition she left him to nap in the little sitting room.

AARON BURR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

The history of every nation is fraught with romantic incidents. England has the story of Alfred; Scotland of her Wallace, her Bruce, her Mary, and her Charles Stuart; Ireland her Fitzgerald; France her man with the Iron Mask and Maria Antoinette; Poland her Thaddeus, and Russia her Siberian Exiles. But we very much doubt whether any exceeds in interest the touching story of Aaron Burr, and his highly accomplished and beautiful daughter Theodosia.

The rise and fall of Burr, in the affections of his countrymen, are subjects of deep historical interest. At one time we see him carried on the wave of popular favor, to such giddy heights that the Presidency itself seemed almost within his grasp, which he only missed to become the second officer in the new Republic. He become Vice President of the United States. How rapid his rise! and then his fall how sudden, how complete! In consequence of his duel with Hamilton, he became a fugitive from justice, is indicted for murder by the Grand Jury of New Jersey, flies to the South, lives a few months in obscurity, until the meeting of Congress, when he comes forth and again takes the chair as President of the Senate. After the term expires he goes to the West, and becomes the leading spirit in a scheme of ambition to invade Mexico, (very few will now believe that he sought a dismemberment of the Union,) is brought back a prisoner of State to Richmond, charged with high treason, is tried and acquitted, is forced to leave his native land and go to Europe. In England he is suspected, and retires to France, where he lives in reduced circumstances, at times not being able to procure a meal's victuals.

After an absence of several years he finds means to return home. He lands in Boston without a cent in his pocket, an object of distrust to all. Burr had heard no tidings from his daughter since his departure from home. He was anxious to hear from her, her husband and her boy, an only child, in whom his whole soul seemed bound up. The first news he heard was that his grandchild had died while he was an outcast in foreign lands, which stroke of Providence he felt keenly, for he dearly loved the boy.

Theodosia, the daughter of Burr, was the wife of Governor Alston, of South Carolina. She was married young, and while her father was near the zenith of his fame. She was beautiful and accomplished, a lady of the finest feelings, an elegant writer, a devoted wife, a fond mother and a most dutiful and loving daughter, who clung with redoubled affection to the fortunes of her father, as the clouds of adversity gathered around him, and he was deserted by the friends he had formerly cherished. The first duty Burr performed after his arrival here, was to acquaint Mrs. Alston of his return. She immediately wrote back to him that she was coming to see him, and would meet him in a few weeks in New York. The letter was couched in the most affectionate terms, as another evidence of the purity and power of woman's love.

In the expectation of seeing his daughter in a few days, Burr received much pleasure. She had become his all on earth. Wife, grandchild and friends all were gone; his daughter alone remained to cheer and solace the evening of his life, and welcome him back from exile. Days passed on—then weeks—weeks were lengthened into months, yet nought was heard of Mrs. Alston. Burr grew impatient, and began to think she too had left him; so apt is misfortune to doubt the sincerity of friendship. At length he received a letter from Mr. Alston, inquiring if his wife had arrived safe, stating that she had sailed from Charleston some weeks previous in a vessel chartered by him on purpose to convey her to New York.—Not receiving any tidings of her arrival, he was anxious to learn the cause of her silence.

What had occurred to delay the vessel? why had it not arrived? These were questions which Burr could ask himself but no one could answer.

The sequel was soon told. The vessel NEVER arrived. It undoubtedly foundered at sea, and all on board perished. No tidings have ever been heard respecting the vessel, the crew, or the daughter of Aaron Burr; all were lost.

This last sad bereavement was only required to fill Burr's cup of sorrow. "The last link was broken" which bound him to life. The uncertainty of her fate but added to the poignancy of his grief. Hope, the last refuge of the afflicted, became extinct, when years had rolled on, and yet no tidings of the loved and lost ones were gleaned.

Burr lived in New York until the year 1836, we believe, when he died. The last years of his life were passed in comparative obscurity. Some few old friends, who had never deserted him, were his companions; they closed his eyes in death, and followed the body to the grave, where it will rest till the trump of the Almighty shall call it into judgment.

Such is a brief sketch of the latter part of the strange and eventful history of Aaron Burr. None of the family now live; it has become extinct; and his name but lives in the history of his country, and in the remembrance of those who knew him.

WHAT TIME DID YOU COME IN LAST NIGHT?

A married man once told a friend of ours that he always got angry and had a scene when his wife asked him in the morning, "My dear, what time was it when you came in last night?" It struck us as being strange, for the question is a very plain one, and might be readily answered. Before, however, vexing ourselves with its consideration, we determined to ascertain whether such was the fact. Accordingly, in the most ingenious manner in the world, we commenced to deduce our conclusions from the induction of many instances. We fell in with those of our male married friends who were in the habit of staying out late at nights, and warned out of them, that there was nothing that put them in such a passion as to be asked in the morning, "what time did you come in last night?" One of them told me that a quarrel once grew out of that inquiry that came nigh producing a separation, and another confidently whispered to me that on a similar occasion he upset the breakfast table, and scalded his wife with a pot of hot coffee. Being satisfied that there must be something particularly irritating about this question, we began to consider what it was. It surely was not in the words, for they are all small words and monosyllables, and it could not arise from the construction of the sentence in the form of an interrogatory, for the same effect is produced when the form of the interrogatory is dropped, and a flat assertion is made in the form of a charge. We were disposed to think that the form of the sentence had something to do with it, for we have often noticed that meetings are thrown into a great state of excitement when the orator puts questions to the crowd, as thus: "Will you, my fellow citizens, suffer your liberties to be trampled on?" No! No!! No!!! the audience responds with intense feeling. We, however, dismiss this view as only a circumstance, and proceeds to grasp the true reason of the phenomenon. The question conveys an imputation, an imputation, I am sorry to say, is not always without foundation, that the husband came home at a very unseasonable hour of the night, of which he does not wish to be reminded. He is also troubled with an inward reproach and regret, and just as the question is being put to him, he is probably on the stool of repentance.—Again he knows that if he answers the question, it will be followed up by others—as, "what were you doing out all that time? Where were you? Who was with you?" and so on, questions which can be readily answered, but which it might not be prudent or safe to answer. Hence the husband shuts down the door at once, and he does it so roughly, that it not unfrequently happens that he pinches his wife's fingers, and then a bulla balloo is raised. Besides that, if he has been out late at night, he feels cross in the morning, and is unwilling to acknowledge the right of any one to inquire what time he came in; or his conscience may not be altogether at ease concerning the doings of the night previous, and like a thorough delinquent he brazens and blusters to cover up his guilt. For ourselves we are happy to say that the question has not been often put to us, but that on every occasion when the inquiry was made, we answered it promptly and satisfactorily.

Democratic Union.

From the N. O. Delta.

MIKE HOOTER'S FIGHT WITH A "BAR."

A Yazoo Sketch.

On the Yazoo river there is a precinct of iniquity, aspiring to the name of Satartia. In the vicinity, the country abounds in high hills and trackless wilds, the habitation of wild beasts and a wilder population. The country, though old, is yet a wilderness, and the dwellers therein, who partake of the nature of the region they inhabit, make sport and profit by hunting, unto slaying their little less civilized brethren, the beasts.

Among these primitive dwellers in the wilderness, lives, or lived, one Michael Hooter, "a mighty hunter before the Lord," and his game was "bear." Mike was a kind of unfledged or primitive preacher, and at prayer and camp meetings, where bombast passed current for eloquence, and loud shouting for the fervor of sanctimonious zeal, he shone effulgent, chief of exhorters. On account of his howling propensities, the hill boys called him "Mike Shouter," "*for short*," and a few of the wicked did not scruple to hint that bear hunting was his devotion, and preaching his sport. But our discourse is not now of Mike the apostle, but of Mike the sportsman.

One of his earliest exploits was with an individual of the genus "Ursa Major," and (we hesitate in proclaiming the solemn truth) was enacted on a Sunday. The time was one of great scarcity, and bacon was not to be bought with money, so that our Nimrod, driven to the extremity of distress, was forced to resort for sustenance to the wild beasts of the hills. Properly equipped with the instruments of sport he sallied forth one summer Sunday morning, with a canine pack howling at his heels.

But let Mike tell his story his own way, and in his peculiar vernacular.

"Why, you see," said Mike, "I don't vally a bar not no other human critur, so he comes at me in front, and don't play gouge;" and as he gave voice to this sage enunciation, he squirted a deluge of tobacco juice from between both his teeth, and placing his feet high up on the mantle-piece looked "monarch of all he surveyed." "You see," continued he, "my wife wanted a new barskin petticoat, and Sal, that gal of our'n, kept pesterin me 'bout some bar's fle to slick her hair with, (as the fellers did'nt like to see her momock her head with taller,) so as how I could'nt rest. Well, one Sunday morning, I took "Brown Betsy," my old two-shooter, and all the dogs, and off I set for the cane brake in the hollow, over back of Ike Hamberlin's, the steam doctor's—for I know'd Ike would be tarnation riley if I kilt a bar any wheres close to his clearin, and that made me sorter ambitious like. I had'nt got fur into the woods afore I hearn the allfiredest crackin 'mongst the cane that ever you went any whar, and sez I to the dogs, "sick 'em Bose." I know'd it must be a bar, for I saw 'bundance of *sign* scattered all about, and sorter sjirred up fresh, kinder. In the purpies went, yowling like mad, and talkin' to him most perticklar musical. "Go it, old Bumper," says I; "speak to him, Echo!" And they did speak to him, I swan!—And sich music! Tom Goin's fiddle and my Sal's singin, and all the camp meetin' hallelujahs you ever hearn, war'nt a patchin to it. Oh! man, but it was *some*. But it was no time before the barkin critters begin to play another tune, and the fust thing I spied was they all comin tearin like flinders through the cane, right plumb seek whar I stood, and the bar, drot his pictur, close at their tails, puffin and blowin like a young steamboat, with his eyes shot close together, and his hair all turned up the wrong way! Whew! was'nt I mad? I haint been so riled afore since parson James preached my best sermon down at Dilly's post-office, and when I 'tackled him about it, swanned it was his'n. My dander was up, I tell you, and my har stood straight out like the bristles on a tom cat, when he's kinder techy. I let you know I was dangerous then, and it would'nt er done for one o' them Cole boys to cross my path. I was wrathy, you may know, and I fetch one jump up in the fork of a dogwood saplin 'bout ten foot high, jest to have a good sight at him.—Skeered? Was that you, Mose Bonny, said "skeered?" Oh! the bar was skeered! Well, he warn't nothin' shorter, and if you'd seen him as I blazed away at him with both barrels, right slap plump in the countenance, you'd opinionated he was gwine to kingdom come quicker than my Sal can tote a sommerset. What! Did'nt he roll and wobble and play kerwollop 'mong those ar canes and briers? He had'nt no more use for his feet nor a toad has for a side pocket. But he did'nt lay thar long 'fore the dogs they 'gan to chaw at his hide and kinder tickle the hind slights of the varmint; and the critter seein as how t'would'nt do to play possum no longer, 'gin to grabble about for his walkers; and when he seed he wa'nt perzacly dead, he sorter picked himself up simultaneously like, and toted off through the cane like flujuns! Cracky! did'nt he travel!—Talk about your railroads and telegraphs! They aint a circumstance. Away he went. "Wait for the waggin," says I; but the varmin thought 'twaran't no time for swappin knives, so on he mizzled. "Go it steamboat!" sez I, and me and the dogs up and followed. But he had'nt run far afore his bilers 'gin to git sorter kinder hot, and the fust thing I diskiver, he fetch up kerumpus down in the water in Cole's creek. When I cum up, I know'd I had him, for he was circumsurrounded by the dogs, and his hind parts kerslap up agin the tallest kinder bank.

You see, then, I could afford to be perlite a few; so I takes off my coon-skin cap, and kinder scraped my foot, and bowed somewhat at him.—Sez I, "Good morning, Mister Bar. How did you leave Misses Bar and all the little Bars?—Takin' a bath, I diskiver, with your breeches on!" He did'nt pay no 'tention to what I was sayin, but looked kinder gloom; so I riled up, and begin to show mad a circumstance. Sez I, "You look hearty, Mr. Bar. Good livin up in Jim Stewarts punkin patch, I spose." Then he begin to turn his head sideways and look at me perticklar queer, like he smelt what I was thinkin 'bout. I was hot, I tell you, so I thought I'd harry his feelins a little speck afore I made bacon of him. Sez I to him, sez I, "The ile what's in your hide would slick the har of all the gals in our neck o' woods till the cows comes home. You carrys a most too much dead capital in that ar skin of yourn, ahy how!" and if its the same to you, I'll just peel the bark off you, and larn you the rudiments of parlitical economy." And, sez I to him, "Mr. Bar," sez I, "the tail of your jacket is a trifle too short for cold weather, and a feller kalkilate the tailor that made your coat was an indosperin in his cloth," sez I. At that he got most alfired ugly, and kickin hisself up sorter permiscuously, he begin rearin and rampaign; and arter a while he com at me on all fours, a rippin and a teatin! Whew! I wa'nt skerred! The cane was so thick he could'nt git away without comin right by where I stood; so when he got agin me, I grabbed him—I wont say wher—and then we had it, up and down; first one and the tother; who should and who should'nt; first one on top and tother on the bottom, and sich a fight you never did see!"

Here, Mike, rolling in his jaws his huge quid of tobacco, picked up his coon-skin cap, and was about to retire.

"But, Uncle Mike," queried Mose, "which one holler'd 'nuff?"

"Why, you see," said Mike, "he was the most ternationed, rapaign bar ever you see. The bars down on Big Black aint none of 'em a primin to him. Thar we had it, up and down, nip and tuck, who should and who should'nt, till you'der thought the very yerth a comin to an eend——"

"Why," said Mike, "the cane was monsous thick, and thar we had it, first one and then tother, nid and tuck, pull Dick pull devil, and—and if you will have it, I got alfired tired, and jest slid down into the creek and *dive* out of the varmints way, or I'm blow'd if we had hit er foot plumb on to Christmas! Come, boys let's licker."

LABOR.

The following is a beautiful tribute to labor: "Why, man of idleness, labor rocked you in the cradle, and has nourished your pampered life—without it, the woven silks and wool upon your back would be in the silk worm's nest, and the fleeces in the shepherd's fold. For the meanest thing that ministers to the human want, save the air, man is to toil indebted; and even the air, by God's wise ordination, is breathed with labor.

It is only the drones who toil not, who infest the hive of the active like masses of corruption and decay. The lords of the earth are working men, who can build or cast down, at their will, and who retort the sneer of the "soft handed," by pointing to their trophies wherever art, science, civilization and humanity are known. Work on, men of toil! thy royalty is yet to be acknowledged, and labor onward to the highest throne of power."

PREJUDICE.

The world is full of prejudice and we suppose it will always be so. We hate this man without knowing him, without even having spoken to him, or been in his company. But there is something about him that we do not like—may be the cock of his eye—the turn of his nose—the color of his mouustache, or some little thing that does not suit us. We hate him and therefore will not speak to him, and will not know him. Otherwise we might find that we were the victim of unfounded prejudice. How often does it happen, that upon an acquaintance of this kind forced upon us by circumstances and met upon the very threshold, by aversion, we find that we have been most wofully deceived and that our new friend is a very clever, agreeable man. When such friendships are formed, they are generally very firm and lasting, because the qualities that induce them must be genuine, in order to conquer our prejudice and enlist our attachment.

SORROW.

All clouds of sorrow, all afflictions are but Voices of Angels, which are attuned to the deaf in ear and hard in heart, that they may touch and make vibrate the chords of the inmost soul, or become the medium of mute eloquence, by evolving holy sympathy from others. They are the voices of holy spirits, and do thus speak that all tribes and nations may hear, every man in his own tongue."

Nothing is Lost.

The drop, that mingles with the flood—the seed dropped on the sea shore—the word you have spoken—will not be lost. Each will have its influence and be felt, till time shall be no more. Have you ever thought of the effect that might be produced by a single word? Drop it pleasantly among a group, and it will make a dozen happy, to return to their homes and produce the same effect on a hundred, perhaps. A bad word may arouse the indignation of a whole neighborhood; it may spread like wildfire to produce disastrous effects. As no word is lost—be careful how you speak—speak right—speak kindly. The influence you may exert by a life of kindness—by words dropped among the young and the old—is incalculable. It will not cease when your bodies lie in the grave, but will be felt, wider and still wider as year after year passes away. Who then will not exert himself for the welfare of millions?

SALTING PORK.

A writer in the Southern Planter corrects a popular error on the subject of salting pork. We copy for the benefit of our readers.

The present notion is, that meat must not be salted until it turns cold; and I have known some people, when slaughtering hogs, when the weather was warm, to wait, after killing them, from twenty four to thirty six hours, to get rid of the animal heat, before salting. Now, while it is unquestionably wrong, in such weather, to pack warm, there can be no rational objection to salting warm meat, as we thereby get rid of the animal heat more rapidly, and the salt dissolves and "strikes in" more readily. My rule for twenty odd years, has been to have my pork slightly salted, as soon as I can have it cut out—lay it thin, with the salt upon it, until the next day, and then pack it with plenty of salt. Since adopting this course, I have never had "spoiled meat," except now and then a piece from insects; and, one year from trying the experiment of hanging my meat only forty eight hours after salting; cutting out the meat, while warm, requires a sharper knife and more care, and twice handling and salting, after cutting out, gives a little more trouble; but that is not worth considering, when we look to the comforts of sound old bacon. The course here advocated, is not only best in warm weather, but it is equally advantageous in extreme cold weather. For all experienced housekeepers know that frozen meat will not take salt until it thaws, and it probably spoils more readily after thawing than recently slaughtered meat.

ALLEGED BURYING ALIVE.—In the midst of exaggeration and invention, there is one undoubted circumstance which formerly excited the worst apprehensions: the fact that bodies were often found turned in their coffins and the grave clothes disarranged.—But what was ascribed, with seeming reason, to the throes of vitality, is now known to be due to the agency of corruption. A gas is developed in the decayed body which mimics by its mechanical force, many of the movements of life. So powerful is this gas in corpses that have lain long in the water, that M. Devergie, the physician to the Morgue at Paris, and the author of a text book on legal medicine, says, that unless secured to the table, they are often heaved up and thrown to the ground. Frequently, strangers seeing the motion of the limbs, run to the keeper of the Morgue, and announce with horror that a person is alive. All bodies, sooner or later, generate gas in the grave; and it constantly twists about the corpse, blows out the skin till it rends with distention, and sometimes bursts the coffin itself. When this gas explodes with a noise, imagination has converted it into an outcry or groan; the grave has been re-opened; the position of the body confirmed the suspicion, and, the laceration been taken for evidence that the wretch had gnawed his flesh in the frenzy of despair. So many are the circumstances which will constantly occur to support a conclusion that is more unsubstantial than the fabric of a dream.

Quarterly Review.

A WET NURSE.—A house keeper, recently advertised for a wet nurse. A young Irish girl offered herself:

"How old are you, Bridget?"

"Sixteen, ma'am."

"Have you ever had a baby?"

"No ma'am, but I am very fond of them!"

"Then I'm afraid you will not do."

"Oh, please ma'am, I know I'll do, I'm very apt to teach."—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

LADIES IN MALE ATTIRE.—The ladies of Philadelphia are rapidly adopting the male habiliments of dress. The Spirit of the Times says:

They now wear standing collars, and the girls readily supply themselves from their brothers' assortment. We saw one or two ladies in the streets yesterday, with collars so stiff that they could not turn their heads to look at their beaus, and we are told that a lady's car was found in the Walnut Street Theatre, yesterday morning, evidently cut off by the too great stiffness of the standing collar of some one in the fashionable crowd of the night before.