American Volunteer.

JOHN B. BEATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY" AT $2 00 PER ANNUM.

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Poetical.

THE BLIND BOY AT PLAY.

BY ELIZA COOK.

"The blind boy's been at play, mother,
And merry games we had;
We led him on our way, mother,
And every step was glad;
But when we found a starry flower,
And praised its varied hue,
A tear came trembling down his cheek,
Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,
Where falling waters made
A rainbow o'er the rill, mother,
As golden sun-rays played!
But when we shouted at the scene,
And hailed the clear blue sky,
He stood quite still upon the bank,
And breathed a long, long sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
When e'er we found the spots
Where partly lilies slept, mother,
O'er with forget-me-nots.
"Ah, hist!" said he, while tears ran down,
"As fast as summer showers,
It is because I cannot see
The sunshine and the flowers."

Oh, the poor sightless boy, mother,
He taught me to am bless,
For I can look with joy, mother,
On all I love the best;
And when I see the dancing stream,
And daisies red and white,
I kneel upon the meadow sod,
And thank my God for sight.

Miscellaneous.

MR. BIM'S DIFFICULTY.

"What's got into this shirt, Mrs. Bim?" asked Mr. Bim, as he struggled and strove with a desperate attempt to encase himself in a clean shirt that Mrs. Bim had laid out for him the night previous. "What has got into it? I don't know," said she, yawning, "what's in it unless it is yourself." She had hardly got her eyes open, it was so early in the morning; she had, in fact, been awakened from her slumber by Mr. Bim's anxious questions as to what there was in his shirt. It was a queer question for a respectable lady to hear at so solemn an hour in the morning as four o'clock, and she didn't half comprehend it when she became fully conscious, but she soon did when she turned the question over in her mind, and then she turned herself over, and looked at Mr. B's operations, dimly revealed by a sickly, consumptive looking lamp.

Mr. Bim was going to Albany that morning by the first train, and the night previous Mrs. Bim had carefully laid out the aforesaid garment for him to put on for the journey. Everything had been got ready over night for an early start—boots were blacked, shaving had been performed, the valise packed, and the shirt would most undoubtedly have been donned then had not he feared rumpling it during sleep. At four o'clock he had awaked, and dimly got on his pants in his haste before he recollected the shirt.

He had that strange, wooly feeling about the eyes, which one experiences before the morning ablutions are performed; and everything was seen through a cloudy medium, which was not relieved by two lamps most dismally burning. Under this disadvantage Mr. B. sought the garment where it had rested the night previous. All right, and now in a great hurry he seizes upon it, thrusts his head within its folds, pushes desperately for the arms, and gets it on somehow. "Blame the thing!" he muttered to himself, at first gently, and then louder, "there's the buttons!" and he fumbled away desperately in the dark; and then "what has got into this shirt?" closing the string of ejaculation, and Mrs. B. answering in manner and form as above, turned over. "There isn't any stiffening in the dickey!" growled he, "and the buttons are all on the wrong side; I can't make head nor tail of it." Here he gave another plunge through the cotton. "It seems as if the Old One himself was in it." "I shouldn't be surprised," said Mrs. B., rising on her elbow. It couldn't have been that she wished to convey the idea that she thought her spouse the veritable being whom all good beings hold in such holy horror; but she wished to say something, and this was an acquiescent response to the suggestion of Mr. B. Sympathy goes far in soothing trouble.

His face was red and steamy. He, in fancy, heard the car-bell ringing in the passengers, and he heard the shrill notes of the engine, as it gaily travelled over the ground, whistling like a ploughman proverbially whistlers; and he saw expectant correspondents turn away from the depot, cursing his delinquency, and here he was, a hundred miles away, raving about his chamber with doubtful practicability of his getting his shirt on!

"Bring the light," said Mrs. B., and let me look at it." Mr. B. did as she desired. He strove no longer, his master spirit strove against the wave of adversity, and it had overwhelmed him; and humbly he obeyed, child-like, that simple direction to bring the light. It was a misnomer by the way, for never was baptismal appellation more inaptly bestowed; that struggled there for existence, a light.

He brought himself and light before his then, in truth, helpmate. "Why, for heaven's sake!" (Mr. B. didn't exactly see the relevancy of the ejaculation,) "for heaven's sake, Mr. Bim! why you've got your shirt on bottom side up!"

The truth flashed upon him at once that such must be the fact, and he straightway proceeded to remedy the difficulty. This was speedily done, and he arrived at the cars just in season. The whole journey he was thinking about it, and thanked his lucky stars that he had a wife to consult in trouble.

SOCIAL KINDNESS.—How sweet is social affection! When the world is dark without, we have light within. When cares disturb the breast—when sorrow broods around the heart—what joy gathers in the circle of love! We forget the world and all its animosities, while blest with social kindness. That man cannot be unhappy who has hearts that vibrate in sympathy with his own—who is cheered by the smiles of affection and the voice of tenderness. Let the world be dark and cold—let the hate and animosity of bad men gather about in the place of business—but within he enters the ark of love—like some chosen circle—he forgets all these, and the cloud passes from his brow, and the sorrow from his heart. The warm sympathies of his wife and children, dissipate every shadow, and he feels a thrill of joy in his heart that words are not adequate to express. He doubts if he is a stranger to the joys of social kindness, has he began to live.

UNEASY JOE.

Joe Bumstead was one of those uneasy, restless beings, who are never quiet a minute whether awake or asleep. He was always twisting and turning, always uncomfortable, and he was universally known among his companions as Uneasy Joe. Sometimes we used to play off practical jokes upon him for the fun of the thing, but generally speaking, if we let him have his own way, he made mirth enough by "selling himself." Among his numerous dislikes, Joe despised rats and mice. Indeed he said they seemed born into existence only to tease and annoy him. When a child, he was bitten by a mouse, and severely too, for which reason he always dreaded them. If Joe had occasion to visit any new house, or to sleep in a strange room, he never failed to give the premises a careful inspection to assure himself that there were no mouse-holes about. We roomed together one night in New York, and I laughed at Joe for his watchfulness and close examination before retiring.

"Is it all right, Joe?" we asked, after he had peeped behind the furniture, and in every corner of the room.

"Yes, there can be no mice here, that's sure," he said at last.

"Well, blow out that light, and go to bed then, will you, Joe?"

"Yes, here goes," and Joe suited the action to the word, and leaped into bed.

It must have been nearly morning when Joe awoke us with:

"Hist! hist! dont you hear that noise there?"

"Not a bit of it, Joe. You are dreaming," we replied, turning over to get a fresh nap.

"There it is again."

"What?"

"Why, the noise."

"You are making all the noise. You uneasy thing, can't you let a fellow sleep quietly?

"Look here," said Joe, "it is well enough for you who don't care a farthing for mice or rats, but you know I have a natural horror of the varmin, therefore—there, didn't you hear that noise?"

"Joe, lie down, and be quiet; you took that punch too strong last night, and hav'nt more'n time enough to sleep it off before morning."

"Fough! you hav'nt any feeling for my nerves."

"Nor you for mine, to wake me out of such a sound sleep for nothing."

Joe slipped noiselessly out of bed and seized one of his patent leather boots, which he felt for some time on the floor before he got it.

"What are you up to now?" said we.

"Be quiet, it's on the table, don't you hear it? pit pat, pit pat."

"Well, it does sound like a mouse."

Joe ballanced the boot in his hand so as to bring the heel to bear as the weapon, and felt his way to the table by the head of the bed, where the noise was heard.

"Hist! the little rascal is nibbling something he has found here."

"Let him have it, Joe, and then keep quiet, for heaven's sake."

Following the sound, Joe soon got within striking distance, and poising his weapon, he brought down the heel with unerring aim and precision upon his victim. Sure enough; the little pit pat was stopped, and after congratulating himself, he crept to bed again.

Next morning, Uneasy Joe found that he had smashed his valuable gold repeater into the shape of a pancake!

How the Boy Knew his Father.

At a justice's court in the Green Mountain State, some years ago, the following incident occurred, as it was related to us by one of the attorneys present on the occasion. A very ill-natured person was convicted in a street brawl, one dark night, and got a blow from somebody, which resulted in a black eye, and a suit for assault and battery. In course of the trial a son of the plaintiff was called to the stand—a regular whip-jack of the old block," about fourteen years of age. The boy testified to some knowledge of the affray but couldn't give many particulars, as the night was a very dark one. "Now sir," said the cross examining attorney, "will you venture to swear that your father was there at all?"

"Yes, sir, I know he was there."

"But you didn't see him, nor hear him speak; how then do you know he was present?"

"Why, I'll tell you; just as I came out of the gate, I heard Joe Smith (the defendant) holler out, "there comes the old devil!" and I knew he meant dad."

EXCHANGING PULPITS.—A few miles below this village, says a Poughkeepsie correspondent, there now lives, and has lived for several years past, a worthy clergyman, a man, however, very short in stature. Upon a certain Sunday, about eight years ago, this clergyman was invited by the pastor of a church in this village, to fill his pulpit for the day. The invitation was accepted, and Sunday morning saw Mr.—— in the pulpit. Now it happened that the pulpit was a very high one, and accordingly, nearly hid the poor little clergyman from view. However, the congregation, out of respect, managed to keep their countenances, and with over pious faces, seemed religiously anxious for the text. They were not obliged to wait long, for a nose and two little eyes suddenly appeared over the top of the pulpit, and a squeaking tremulous voice proclaimed, in nasal tones the text:—"Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." A general four of laughter followed the announcement—the clergyman became confused, and turned all sorts of colors. Many, in the general uproar left the church, and it was a long time before the minister was enabled to proceed with his sermon, so abruptly broken off.

PRONUNCIATION.—A very able but rather dry preacher held forth on "*grace*" and "*free will*" and sundry other rather complex dogmas of religion, till his hearers were nearly asleep, at last he concluded with this *awakening* remark: "My dear hearers, after all, I can only say, that, however true I believe all I have said to be, *Common taters* don't agree with me." Here he closed. The next day one of his excellent deacons called on him, and says he, "Doctor, I was a *leetle* consarned by your sermont yesterday, and my wife is too; and the fact is, nary one of us has any liking for *common taters*, and so I have brought you a bag of rale Down-East *blue noses*; they are the best *taters* you ever eat in your born days. Bile 'em dry, Doctor, and they are as *mealy* as dried flour."

DECISION AND STRENGTH OF CHARACTER.—I have lived long enough to know that man makes his own fate, and that the strongest in character, the most single in aim and purpose, and the most direct in act, are the happiest from these very causes. The only real misery is weakness. Regret, wavering, that kind of puerile idealism which demands all before it can be satisfied, and which will not find happiness of sufficiency in that which it has; indecision, weakness in any shape is unhappiness; a strong, bold, determined, energetic nature, must and does conquer events, and make life and all that surrounds it slaves to its own will. And when I hear men or women lament their fate, I often draw down their indignation by turning the balance, and showing them how, by their want of nerve and muscle of character, they have made their misfortunes heavier, or transformed what in other hands had proved a blessing, by weakness into a curse. Oh! above all would I inculcate on people these words:—"Make your decision firmly, act promptly, and never look back to regret impossibilities, or waste a life so valuable and precious in re arranging the past, and in futile reveries over a now impossible condition."

A SINGULAR TREE.—In the Island of Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable—"the sorrowful tree"—because it only flourishes in the night.—At sunset, no flowers are to be seen, and yet, half an hour after, it is quite full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them, than some of them fall of, and others close up, and thus it continues flowering in the night during the whole year.

FAT AND LEAN.

Dr. Thomas Chambers, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, London, has published a volume on Corpulency, or Excess of Fat in the Human Body. In it he states that those who attain to great age are generally thin and spare, with considerable fat about the heart—"a prominent abdomen being as uncommon among nonagenarians, as it is in youth." The fat, sleek-headed man only "lives up to a certain age, those who top fourscore years being rarely of the podgy order." The Doctor has not told us how one gets fat and the other gets lean—but it seems it is not owing to the amount of food consumed, for some men will get fat if they eat very sparingly, while others get fat, though they consume like a horse-leech—the third man throws off his fat as soon as he makes it, the obese man lays it up in deposit—the fiery breath of the lion keeps him spare, the less restless grazing animal gets flesh. Fat has important duties to perform, it acts as a bed to allow the muscles to move freely, to protect them from injury, blows, falls, &c. It also answers the purpose of retaining warmth—*it is a stove-house of carbon for the use of the lungs.* The fat man will live longer without food than the lean one. Liebig was not the first to discover this! Galen quoting from an older Greek philosopher, says, "fat in the human frame is used in the same way as oil supplies the flame of a lamp—when the flame is less powerful, less fat is required, and it is laid by in a treasure house." An over-development of fat, however, is injurious, for slight accidents to fat persons easily produce erysipelas, low inflamation, gangrene, &c. In respect to consumption, leanness is a symptom of the disease, Dr. Chambers believes that cod liver oil is a remedy, at least to prolong life, if not to effect a cure. The man who has the best chance for a long life, is not the very lean, and certainly not the very corpulent; but the man with an erect form, good amount of flesh on his bones, and whose front exhibits but a small regard for aldermanic distinction.

The Land of Mystery and Gems.

It is stated that Col. Gaines, of Texas, is about to head an exploring expedition to the Gila.—Somewhere near the junction of the Colorado of the West with that river, is a sandy region, scantily supplied with brackish water, and backed by sharp mountains, never scaled by the foot of the white man, and this there is some reason for believing to be the "emerald fields" of the Aztec princes. Gov. Bermendez once brought a handful of glittering chrystals of an Indian from that section of the Gila country. After some years' delay it occurred to him to submit those beautiful specimens to a French lapidary in Mexico, and after some hesitation and debate, in the course of which Gov. B. began to suspect their value, and ten thousand dollars was offered and received for these precious stones. The purchaser went to France with them, and Gov. Bermendez made an attempt to penetrate the exact situation of the country whence they were brought, but the Indian hostilities in that quarter, and his own death ended the quest. Col. Gaines was his friend, and it is thought that some one also which leads him to attempt, almost single-handed, what the United Mexican engineers have neglected to accomplish—a route along the north bank of the Gila, as far as it is navigable, and an examination of the nature and capabilities of the unexplored Centralia, south of the Mormon territory. The country between the Colorado and Gila is rich in mystery, mines, and dangers, and the enterprising Gaines may have wonders to relate if he lives to record his discoveries.

TO E——

Though, when before thee, dearest maid,
My gestures do not tell,
The pain this aching heart doth feel—
A pain I cannot quell;
I love thee with as pure a love
As honest heart e'er knew;
Oh! wherefore dost thou then forsake
A heart so fondly true?

If there be pity in that heart,
(And surely there must be!)
Thou wilt not drive me to despair,
To die for love of thee!
Ah! pity then this flaming heart—
One soothing word but say;
And as these burning tears flow forth,
My cares shall with them stray.

HOOSIER ARGUMENTS.—"Gentlemen of the jury," said a Hoosier lawyer, "I am satisfied of your integrity and sense of justice, and so are my client; and I respect your honesty so much that, if I was as rich as John Jacob Asturia, I would not offer you a bribe on no consideration. I scorns to influence you in any manner; but I beg leave to observe in the most respectful manner, without any intention of woundin' your feelings, which ar no doubt as tender as a barked shin, that if you give your verdict in favor of my client, it ar my settled intention to take you to the doggery for a drink twice round, (the judge and constable included,) but if you ar deaf to the voice of law and honor, just as soon as the court have adjourned, we mean to lick you like thunder."

FASHIONABLE PIETY.—The poorest kind of religion is better than none. We have it of all sorts, from the frivolous to the fanatical. The latter dooms all who do not belong to the same communion to a hell of unending torments—the former worships God, provided the church is fashionable, or the new bonnet came home in season. Fanatical piety reads the command to keep the Sabbath. "In it thou shalt have *no amusement*, thou nor thy son, nor daughter," &c. Fashionable piety rides to church in a carriage, *teeters* up the middle aisle with a triumph of gratified vanity, and with a simper of elegant self-satisfaction says, "Lord be merciful unto us, miserable sinners!"

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENTS.—The following extract is taken from Nott's address to young men. It is a gem of surpassing brilliancy and beauty. We have seen the extract published once or twice before, but so altered from the original as to have lost much of its freshness and purity:

"I would frown on vice, I would favor virtue—favor whatever would elevate, would exalt, would adorn character, alleviate the miseries of my species, or contribute to render the world I inhabited, like the heavens to which I looked, a place of innocence and felicity. Though I were to exist no longer than those ephemera that sport in the beams of the summer's morn, during that short hour, I would rather soar with the eagle, and leave the record of my flight and my fall among the stars, than to creep in the gutter with the reptile, and bed my memory and my body together in the dunghill. However short my part, I would act it well, that I might surrender my existence without disgrace and without compunction."

USE law and physic only in cases of necessity; they that use them otherwise abuse themselves into weak bodies and light purses; they are good remedies, but bad recreations.

A late philosopher says, that an empty pocket is as great a gulf between hope and success, as impassable as that which divided Lazarus from his friend the millionaire. That philosopher has travelled some.

LOVE OF WIVES!

Reader, have you a wife? She demands your love and attention. You took her, with your own consent, and she must not be neglected. She has her rights, as sacred after marriage as before. Consider what your wife was when you took her. She was young and happy, perhaps the idol of a happy home, and was cherished as an object of endearment at her father's fireside. What has she done for you? She has left all these to join her destinies with yours; to make your home happy; to do all that woman's love could prompt her, to do to lighten the burden of your life. She left her home for yours; burst asunder, as it were, the bands of love which had bound her to her father's home, seeking no other boon than your affection. She left, it may be, a home of indulgence and ease, and now what must be her feelings, if she finds you love her less than before! She had her expectations, and they were, that after marriage you would be as lavish of your kindness, as in the days of her betrothment. What will be her feelings, if she finds your evenings are spent abroad? that you only come home to satisfy the demands of your hunger, or find a resting place for your weary head? Is she willing to make herself a nurse for your sick chamber, when diseased? Why, then, should you not love her? Why did she leave the bright home of her youthful days? Was it simply to darn your stockings, mend your clothes and attend to the wants of the household? Did she not think she was to be made happy in her connection with the man she dared to love? Did you not solemnly swear at the marriage alter, to love and cherish her?

If you do not, then you are guilty; a recreant to Heaven and to her. If you prove faithless, her tears will be witnesses against you. Her sighs will haunt you in your lonely hours. Her care-worn brow minister to your sorrows. The flowers that decked her brow the morn she was made a bride, mock you. The tokens you gave, as marks of your confiding love, will be made to prove your pretensions false; love her, and she will make your home happy—a heaven of earth.

GROWLERS.

There is a class of men in every community who go about with vinegar faces, growling because somebody feels above them, or because they are not appreciated as they should be, and who have a constant quarrel with their destiny. These men, usually, have made a very grave mistake in the estimate of their abilities, or are unmitigated asses. In either case, they are unfortunate. Wherever this fault-finding with one's condition or position occurs, there is always a want of self respect. If people despise you, do not tell it all over town. If you are smart, show it. Do something, and keep doing. If you are a right down clever fellow, wash the wormwood off your face, and show your good will by your deeds. Then if people feel above you, go straight off and feel above them. If they turn up their noses because you are a mechanic, or a farmer, or a shop boy, turn yours up a notch higher. If they swell when they pass you in the street, swell yourself, and if this does not "fetch them," conclude very good naturedly that they are unworthy your acquaintance, and pity them for missing such a capital chance to get into good society.

Society never estimates a man at what he imagines himself to be. He must show himself to be possessed of self-respect, independence, energy to will and to do, and a good sound heart. These qualities and possessions will "put him through." Who cares for growlers? They are in the way, I can mean enough to go round, like barrels, taking up room, people above them, and whining because society will not take them by the collar and drag them into decency.

MARRIED AGAINST HIS WILL.

Sir Walter Scott used to relate the following curious anecdote:

My cousin Watty was a midshipman some forty years ago in a ship at Portsmouth. He and two other companions had gone on shore, and had overstayed their leave, spent all their money, and had run up an immense bill at a tavern on the point. The ship made the signal for sailing, but their landlady answered:

"No, gentlemen, you shall not escape until you pay your reckoning," and she accompanied her words by appropriate actions, and placed them under the tender mercies of a sufficient number of bailiffs.—They felt that they were in a scrape, and petitioned very hard to be released.

"No, no," said Mrs. Quickley. "I must be satisfied in some way or other; you must be aware that you will be totally ruined if you don't get on board in time."

The sailors made long faces, and confessed that was true.

"Well," said she, "I'll give you one chance. I am so circumstanced here that I cannot carry on business as a single woman, and I must contrive somehow to have a husband, or at all events I must be able to produce a marriage certificate; and, therefore, the only terms on which you shall all three have leave to go on board to-morrow is, that one of you consent to marry me. I don't care a snap which it is, but one of you *I'll have, or else you'll all three go to jail*, and your ship sails without you!"

The village was not to be pacified, and the poor youths, left to themselves, agreed after a time to draw *lots, and it happened to fall on my cousin.* No time was lost, and off they marched to church. The bride and several bottles of wine apiece, and having tumbled them into a wherry, sent them off.

The ship sailed, and the young men scrupulously adhered to the oath of secrecy that had been made previous to drawing lots.

The bride merely wanted to be married, and was the first to propose an eternal separation.

Some months after, at Jamaica, a file of papers reached the midshipman's berth, and Watty, who was observed to be looking over them, carelessly reading an account of a robbery and murder at Portsmouth, suddenly jumped up, forgetting in his ecstacy his oath of secrecy, and cried out: "Thank Heaven, my wife is hanged!"

An Awkward Mistake.

A farmer who had bought a calf from a butcher, desired him to drive it to his farm and place it in his stable, which he accordingly did. Now it happened that very day, that a man with a grinding organ and dancing bear, passing by that way, began their antics in front of the farm. After amusing the farmer for some time, the organ man entered the farm house, and asked the farmer if he could give him a night's lodging, but he was at a loss where to put the bear. After musing a little, he determined to bring the calf inside the house for the night, and place the bear in the stable, which was done. Now the butcher, expecting the calf would remain in the stable all night, resolved to steal it before morning, and the farmer and his guest were awakened by a fearful yelling from an out building. Both got up, and taking a lantern, entered the stable, where the farmer found, to his surprise, the butcher of whom he had bought the calf, in the grasp of the bear, which was hugging him tremendously, for he could not bite, being muzzled. The farmer immediately understood the state of the case, and briefly mentioned the circumstances to the owner of the bear, who, to punish the butcher for his intended theft, called out to the bear, "Hug him, Tommy," which the bear did in real earnest, the butcher roaring most hideously the whole time. After they thought he had suffered enough, they set him free, and the butcher slunk off, glad to escape with his life, while the farmer and his guest retired to their beds.

LYING.—Lying is the commonest and most conventional of all vices: it is one that pervades, more or less, every class of the community; and it is fancied to be so necessary to the carrying on of human affairs, that the practice is tacitly agreed on. In the monarch it is "kingcraft," in the statesman "expediency," in the churchman "mental reservation," in the lawyer "the interest of his client," in the merchant and shopkeeper "secrets of trade."

The Great Plague in the 14th Century.

A slight sketch of the history of this awful visitation, compiled from a source upon which we may pretty confidently rely, will show by comparison, what a trifling matter is magnified into a pestilence, at the present day. Like the cholera, this fearful pestilence first appeared in the East. It broke out in India, about the year 1348, and thence extended its ravages to the western parts of Asia, into Egypt, Abyssinia, and the northern portions of Africa. It, proceeded over Asia Minor, Greece, and the Archipelago, almost depopulating those regions in its march. According to numerous writers where it was most favorable it spared one person out of three, or one out of five; but where it raged most violently, scarcely one out of fifteen or twenty escaped destruction. Some countries, partly by the plague, and partly by earthquakes, which were awfully frequent at that time, were left quite desolate. It appears to have remained five or six months in one place, and then to have gone in search of fresh victims. Before invading Christendom, it swept off 23,800,000 persons throughout the East, in the course of a single year. From Greece the plague passed into Italy.—The Venitians, having lost 100,000 souls, almost entirely deserted their city. At Florence, 60,000 persons perished in one year, France next felt its fury. At Avignon the mortality was terrible. When *it first broke out there, no fewer than sixty-six Carmelite friars died before any body knew how*, and it was imagined that they had murdered one another. Of the members of the *English College*, at *Avignon*, not one was left alive; and of the whole population, not one in five. In one day 1212 persons perished, and in another 400. Proceeding northward, the pestilence reached Paris, where it swept off 50,000 people. About the same time it spread into Germany, where 12,400,000 persons became its victims. At Lubeck, alone, according to the concurring accounts of several writers, 90,000 people died in one year, and of these 1800 are reported to have perished in the space of four hours.

About the beginning of August 1348, the scourge appeared in England, spreading every where such destruction, that out of the whole population hardly one person in ten survived. In the churchyard of Yarmouth, 7052 people were buried in one year; and in the city of Norwich, 57,373 died within six months. No general statement of the total amount of mortality in London is given; but there are details sufficient to show that it was terrible beyond imagination. The pestilence raged violently in Wales and Scotland; thence, passing into Ireland, it made great havoc among the English residents; but, strange to say, the native Irish were but little affected.

In 1349 the pestilence entirely ceased in England; but the destroying angel continued his march through other regions for several years longer—marks of his presence remaining on record down to the year 1362.

One of the most deplorable effects resulting from this visitation, fell upon the heads of that unfortunate race—the Jews. A belief was prevalent in several countries, that they had caused the pestilence by poisoning the wells and fountains; and in many places they were massacred by thousands by the enraged populace. Twelve thousand of them were murdered in the single city of Mentz; and in other parts of Germany they were exterminated.

No similar visitation has since afflicted the world; nor does its earlier history afford any instance of a calamity, of the same nature, equally wide spread or destructive. Indeed, in almost every other memorable instance of the plague, it has been limited to a particular district, or to a particular city.

MRS. PARTINGTON.

Every one has seen a variety of jokes at the expense of the Dame's stilting; and the Boston Post has said some admirable *things in her name*, which have been copied far and wide. In this way, many have become familiar with the fame of that simple-hearted old lady, who are ignorant of the circumstance, *which gave her the* notoriety she enjoys, and many others go so far with their skepticism as to esteem her a sort of Mrs. Harris, whose name is merely a stalking horse, for the convenience of newspaper wits. This is all a mistake; there was a real Mrs. Partington, and she owed her fame to the wit of Sidney Smith, who, in a speech on the Reform Bill, at Taunton, England, referred to her as follows:

"I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt *of the Lords* to stop the progress of reform, reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on the occasion. *In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon* that town, the tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction! In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop and squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. *Mrs. Partington's spirit was up*; but I need not tell you the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop, or a puddle, but she should not have *meddled* with a tempest. Gentlemen, be of your case—be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington."

THE LOAFER.

"I hain't no home on earth,
Nor no where else I spose;
Misfortune follows me
Wherever 'bouts I goes;
I spose that when I dies,
From Satan I'll be driven,
I made to loaf about
Outside the walls of Heaven,
With none to take me in—
No friendly hand to greet me—
None to cheer me up—
And not a darn'd soul to treat me!"

STEADINESS OF PURPOSE.—In whatever you engage, pursue it with a steadiness of purpose as though you were determined to succeed. A vacillating mind never accomplished anything worth naming. There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim. It dignifies your nature and insures your success. Who have done *the most for mankind? Who have secured the rarest* honors? Who have raised themselves from poverty to riches? *Those who were steady to their purpose. The man* who is one to-day and another to-morrow—who drives an idea pell mell this week, while it drives him the next—is always in trouble, and does *just nothing* from one year's end to another. Look and admire the man of steady purpose. He moves noiselessly along, and yet, what wonders he accomplishes! He rises, gradually we grant, but surely. The heavens are not too high for him, neither are the stars beyond his reach. *How worthy of imitation!*

PRIDE AND VANITY.—The proud man despises other men, and derives his chief pleasure from the contemplation of his own importance: the vain man stands in need of the applause of others, and cannot be happy without it. Pride is apt to be reserved and sullen; vanity is often affable, and officiously obliging. The proud man is confident of his merit, and thinks it so obvious to all the world, that he will scarce give himself the trouble to inform you of it; the vain man, to raise your admiration, scruples not to tell you, not only the whole truth, but even a great deal more.—In the same person, these two passions may, no doubt, be united; *but some men are too proud to be vain*; and some vain men are too conscious of their own weakness to be proud.—*Beattie.*

A fashionable lady, being inquired of how she liked the dinner at a distinguished party, her reply was:

"The dinner was sweet but my seat was so promote from the nicknack that I could not ratify my appetite, and the pickeled cherries had such a defect on my head that I made a motion to leave the table, but Mr.—— gave me some hurtshorn which bereaved me."

Odds and Ends.

TRUE.—Old Walton, *in his "Complete Angler,"* after having given some choice directions how to dress a pike, observes that "this dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men."

INDOLENCE.—*There is no saying shocks me so* much as that which I hear very often, "that a man does not know how to pass his time." It would have been but ill spoken by Methusalesh in the nine hundred and sixty-ninth year of his life.—*Cowley.*

☞Old Sir James Herring was remonstrated with for not rising earlier—"I can make up my mind to it," said he, "but cannot make up my body."

TO MAKE A PERSON STARE.—Mark down all the money you spend foolishly for three months. At the expiration of which time, add it up, and your eyes will grow to the size of saucers.

THE UNRULY MEMBER.—The hardest thing to hold in this world, is an unruly tongue. It beats a hot smoothing iron and a kicking horse considerably.

LYING.—Although the devil be the father of lies, he seems, like other great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation, by the continual improvements that have been made upon him.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—The belief that guardian spirits hover around the paths of men, covers a mighty truth; for every beautiful, pure, and good thought, which the heart holds, is an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul.

EGYPT AND AMERICA.—It is stated in the editorial correspondence of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, under the date of Alexandria, that all the flags in Egypt were kept at half mast three successive days, when the death of General Taylor was announced in that country.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—From China will be sent to the exhibition, specimens of granite, and tools used in cutting it; specimens of the wood and tools used in carving the idols or joshes; a finished idol, and its house; porcelain and colors, with brushes; cotton quilts, and other Chinese curiosities will appear.

☞If kings would only determine not to extend their dominions until they had filled them with happiness, they would find the smallest territories too large, but the longest life too short, for the full accomplishment of so grand and noble an ambition.

FAME.—Hume, the historian, was a competitor with Burke for the professorship of logic in the University of Glasgow, made vacant by the appointment of Adam Smith to the chair of moral philosophy. The place was given to a Mr. Clow, who owes the perpetration of his name thus long to the distinguished rivals whom he distanced, and the illustrious professor whom he succeeded.

☞Every man's actions form a centre of influence upon others; and every deed, however trivial, has some weight in determining the future destiny of the world.

LAW.—Law, like a razor, requires a strong back, keenness, and an excellent temper. N. B. Many of those who get once "shaved with ease and expedition," seldom risk a second operation.

☞The Washington National Monument is now eighty feet from the surface of the ground, and it is expected to be two feet higher before the close of the season.

☞A late philosopher says, that an empty pocket is a great gulf between hope and success, as impassible as that which divided Lazarus from his

CHARACTERISTIC.—"John Bull," says a writer, "sees with his fingers and hears with his toes. Enter a gallery of pictures, you find all the spectators longing to become handlers. Go to hear an opera of Mozart, your next neighbor keeps all the while kicking time, as if he could not kill it without."

COWARDICE.—The more a man is armed, the less he'd fight. Whenever you see a fellow mixing in society with two revolvers and a bull dog knives, just set him down as a coward, that would much sooner pull heel than trigger. Brave men depend on their pluck for success, not their tools.

CORREGGIO, the illustrious painter, is said to have been born and bred, and to have lived and died in extreme poverty. It is stated that he came to his death at the early age of forty, from the fatigue of carrying home a load of half pence paid for one of his immortal works.

MORE CONTRIBUTIONS.—The Maharajah of Jamoo has sent a collection of shawls, papier mache and carpets from Cashmere to Lahore, en route for London. Their value is £10,000, and they are a gift to the trustees of the great fair. Among the Eastern contributions, is a suit of armor, inlaid with gold, &c.

FOREIGN NEWS.—The late news from Europe indicates an improvement in Cotton, Wheat and Corn. The indications of a War in the Germanic States is subsiding, and the general condition of Europe is *much more pacific than at last accounts.*

GUIZOT, the celebrated French statesman, has returned to Paris, where he takes up his winter quarters. We have seen it intimated that he anticipates the early recall of the Bourbons to the throne of France.

CON.—When is a chair like a lady's dress? When it's *sat-in.*

AMBITION.—The road ambition travels is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too ragged for honesty, too dark for science.

SCIENTIFIC.—The planet Saturn, which moves in its orbit twenty-two thousand five hundred miles an hour, is more than three hours in moving the length of its diameter. A man moves the length of his in less than a second. Which moves the fastest, the man or the planet?

A FAIR HIT.—An exchange says, "It has been said that, in spite of all the medical science and system of the day, a sick minister who has a rich congregation, *can only be cured by a voyage to Europe.* A singular fact in therapeutics."

HABIT.—Whatever we do we do from habit. Once commence doing good, and you will find in a short time, it is as easy as lying.

☞The trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much gold is in us.

MODESTY.—There are two classes of people that can afford to be modest, those who possess a vast amount of knowledge, and those who have but little.

FORGIVENESS.—A deaf and dumb person being asked to give his idea of forgiveness, took his pencil and wrote: "It is the sweetness which flowers yield when trampled upon."

REPUDIATION is forgotten in England. Pennsylvania has had her share of abuse from John Bull, who now begins to find out that he carried the joke too far. A London letter says that nearly one thousand shares in the Pennsylvania Railroad was recently subscribed for by parties in London, and without any solicitation.

CALIFORNIA.—The N. Y. Tribune says that private advices from California state that many of the capitalists in that State are making a move for a change in the constitution of California, so as to introduce African slavery.

SOMETHING NEW.—It is stated that Hartwig Von Blucher, a German naturalist, has introduced a heated roller in Scotland, which, being passed over the land, burns the weeds, and furnishes, in the ashes, an excellent manure.

A CURIOUS CHILD.—The census taker for the Third Ward of St. Louis, reports having met with a child, only *eight* months old, twenty-eight inches in height, and weighs thirty lbs. *But the curiosity consists in this*—that the child now talks and speaks fluently and distinctly.