American Volunteer.

"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY"

JOHN B. BRATTON. AT $2.00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 37. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1851. NO. 51.

Poetical.

BEN BOLT.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who blushed with delight if you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old Church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
That stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noontide shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
A quiet that crawls round the walls, as you gaze,
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless woods?
And the button-ball tree, with its motley limbs,
That nigh by the door-step stood?
The cabin is ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
You look for the tree in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest stood,
Grow grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
And the master so cruel and grim?
And the shaded nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry;
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the cords of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelve months twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends, yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale.

MEET ME, MISS MOLLY MALONE.

Air—"*Meet me by Moonlight.*"

Meet me, Miss Molly Malone,
To-night and I'll tell you a tale,
But remember and don't come alone,
Bring a jug of the master's strong ale,
A plate of cold beef and bread,
With salad or cucumber green,
Some food, or a sucking pigs head,
The loveliest ever was seen.
Then meet me, Miss Molly Malone,
Meet me, &c.

Pastry may do for the gay,
Old maids may find comfort in tea,
But there's something in meat I must say,
That is sweeter to thee and to me.
Oh remember my cupboard is bare—
Then come, if my poor life you prize,
For I'd for the last fortnight on air—
Only sav'd by the three mutton pies.
Then meet me, &c.

Thrilling Tale.

From Gleason's Drawing Room Companion

IDA OF ATHENS;

or, the Crescent and the Cross.

BY FRANCIS A. PURVIAGE.

—To live with fame
The gods allow to many! but to die
With equal fame is a blessing Heaven
Hoists from all the choicest boons of fate,
And with a sparing hand on few bestows.
Leonidas.

During the heroic struggle of the modern Greeks for independence, when the heart of every liberal throughout the world was beating with anxiety for the fate of the patriots, the defenders of Missolonghi found themselves leaguered by a powerful Turkish army. Moslem cannon had breached their walls; the ground about them had been mined by their antagonists. Their ammunition was about exhausted; their wounded were accumulating on their hands, and finally to complete the horror of their situation, famine stared them in the face. Yet there was nothing left them but to struggle to the last, for the foe was merciless, and capitulation would only bring death to the men, and a servitude worse than death to the women.

In the ruins of an old church, a council of war, hastily summoned, was assembled by torch light.—Nouf Bozzaris, the oldest living member of an heroic family, distinguished in the annals of Greece, the aged patriarch of Missolonghi, presided at the council. Grouped around him were the wild and haggard forms of warriors clad in the picturesque garb of their native land. Some were gray-haired and bowed with age—others in the flower of manhood, or the vigor of youth, but all bore traces of hardship and suffering.

The patriarch, with a trembling voice, counselled patience. Succor might arrive—he had no positive advices, but still hope and faith whispered in his ear. In the enfeebled state of the garrison, fighting was no longer practicable.

Demetrius Pallicaris, a young Suliote, sprang to his feet when the patriarch had concluded.

"Father," said he, energetically; "I grieve to differ from you. But you are old. The snows of seventy winters rest on your venerable head. Resignation—fortitude—martyrdom—are the inspiration of your years; but we of hotter blood cannot brook the course you counsel. What! shall we, in the flower of life, with arms in our hands, sit here and starve to death like rats in a dungeon? Forbid it, Heaven! Forbid it, our ancestral fame! The memory of Marathon, of Platea, of Thermopylæ, speaks to us a different counsel. Our ammunition is almost gone—but we have yet our good swords. Our ancestors had no other weapons. With these we may cut our way through the ranks of Osman; and open a path for our aged and our women to liberty and life. My voice then is for a sortie. Let us take the sacred standard of the cross and this very night attack the foe. Your relative, the noble Marco, father, died in such an attack, but he died in the arms of victory. Remember that, father."

A young man, in a foreign uniform, followed Demetrius. Gerald Falconer was an American of wealth, who had abandoned the luxuries and endearments of home, to devote his sword and fortune to the Greek cause. The friend of Demetrius, he shared his opinions, and defended them eloquently.—The sortie was decided upon, and the council of war broke up.

Within half an hour, a small but resolute band was collected in the shadow of the ruined church, that rose like a vast bulwark against the glorious summer heaven, now beginning to be lighted by the unclouded rays of the full and rising moon. The balmy breeze breathed through groves of olive and myrtle, and came laden with the sweet perfume of flowers. It was a night for lovers to walk arm in arm—it was a night for quiet converse—for peaceful contemplation—tyranny had willed it to be a night of deadly strife.

Demetrius whispered to his young friend: "I have sought my betrothed, my beloved Ida, but I found her not. If I should fall in the skirmish of to-night, and you survive me, seek her out, I pray you, and tell her that my last thoughts were of her. More than that—you are rich and independant, Ida is a poor Greek—her parents perished in this struggle. When I am gone, she will have no one to care for her. Promise me, that you will soothe her broken heart; that you will remove her from this scene of strife and bear her to your happy land. There she may cease to weep—happy she can never be while she survives me."

Gerald grasped the hand of his friend and gave him the required promise. Demetrius thanked him and turned to his command.

"Forward, brethren," he said, "Every moment is precious. Tread silently—and keep in my footsteps—when the moment is arrived, I will give you the signal to strike home. March!"

Silently and swiftly the little band of heroes, led by Demetrius and Gerald, issued from a crumbling breach, and keeping in the shadow of trees, and the hollows of the ground, approached the Turkish camp. Their attempt was so daring that no provision had been made against surprise. No sentinel was there to challenge. They burst upon their enemies as unexpectedly as lightning sometimes streams from a single cloud upon a summer's day.

At once all was uproar and confusion in the camp. Horsemen sprang to the saddle but half clad and armed—infantry collected in confused groups—artillerists rushed to their cumbrous cannon, half awake and bewildered—tambours, symbols and horns suddenly broke the stillness of the night—and smothered groans attested the fatal fury of the onslaught of the Greeks. In the midst of the battle, a rocket fired by the hand of Gerald, mounted to the zenith like a shooting star, and then exploding scattered its crimson sparkles all over the face of heaven. It was a token to Missolonghi of the success of the sortie, and warned the inhabitants to follow the path of the victorious troops, and pass through the Turkish camp.

Striking down a man at every blow, Demetrius cut his way to the tent of the Pacha, intending to surprise and slay him. But the Turk had been too prompt. At the first sound of alarm, he had vaulted into the saddle of his Arab steed, and summoning the faithful by his powerful voice, rushed to the charge and rolled back the tide of battle.

"Forward, still forward,
Man followed on man,
While his horse-tails were dashing
Afar in the van."

The shouts of "Allah!" and "Bismillah!" rent the air. Before the devoted Greeks rose a tumbling sea of white turbans, lit by the flashing blades of scimetars, while on their flanks poured an irregular but deadly volley from the Turkish infantry. The standard of the Cross was captured, and the little band of patriots, after fighting till all hope was lost, were driven into Missolonghi, which the Turks all but succeeded in entering. The old men, women and children, who were preparing to fly, filled the air with lamentations as their last hope vanished.

Demetrius sought the patriarch, and throwing down before him the fragment of his shattered blade, said, sadly:

"Father, I have sought death, but I have not found it. When the standard was captured, I could fain have thrown away my life, but I was borne off in the tide of fugitives, and saved against my will."

"My child," said the old man, "murmur not against the decrees of Heaven. The best of us can only do his utmost—the result is with a higher power than man's will. Go to thy betrothed—she needs thy presence doubtless—she, at least, will not grieve at the failure of thy suicidal project."

Meanwhile the Pacha was seated in his tent upon a pile of cushions. An alabaster lamp lighted the rich interior of his military dwelling. He had laved the blood stains from his hands; his faithful scimetar had been removed to its jewelled scabbard, and now, with the amber mouth-piece of his chibook applied to his lips, he was quickly inhaling and expelling wreaths of fragrant smoke, musing perhaps on the delights of that paradise to which his fidelity to the cause of the Prophet had given him such an incontestable claim.

"Well, Hassan," he said, addressing an officer, who was standing respectfully before him, with his arms folded over his glittering vest, "thinkest thou the infidel dogs will renew their attack?"

"No, Pacha! we have them caged now—their fate is in your hands. But what shall be done with the prisoners?"

"They shall all die, by the beard of the Prophet! At the hour of high noon to-morrow, see that their heads are stricken from their shoulders. They will be an acceptable present to the commander of the faithful. So may all the foes of the Sultan perish!"

"And must all die?"

"All? Yes. Why this question?"

"Because there is one whose extreme youth—"

"I said *all*, Hassan," replied the Pacha. "But I confess I should like to see the being who could move your pity."

"Shall I bring him before your highness?"

"Aye."

Hassan inclined reverently and disappeared, but soon returned bringing a Greek boy of slight and graceful figure and exceeding beauty.

"Slave!" cried the Pacha, as the boy stood erect and with folded arms, before him, "where is your reverence? know you in whose presence you stand?"

The beautiful lip of the boy curled with a scornful smile.

"I am no slave," he answered, "though a captive. I never quail or stoop before the face of man. Do I know you? Yes—I know you as the assassin of my race—the oppressor of my countrymen."

"Infidel dog!" said the Pacha. "Know you the fate reserved for you?"

"I know not—I am a prisoner of war taken with arms in my hands—you may perhaps shoot me."

"We do not shoot rebels," replied the Pacha.—"It is a waste of ammunition. No! there is a keener way of solving the mystery. That fair neck and the edge of the scimetar will be made acquainted to-morrow. Then thy body will be stripped and exposed on the public highway till the hungry dogs devour it."

A sudden paleness overspread the face of the Greek—his dark eye closed, and he would have fallen, had not Hassan caught him in his arms.

"Your highness!" he exclaimed—"this is no boy—it is a woman."

"Ah!" cried the Pacha with kindling eyes.—"You are right—and a woman fit to be the light of the Sultan's harem. But for my vow—but that I had sworn that all the prisoners should die, I would reserve her for myself. But she revives."

The Greek girl for such she was, recovered the use of her faculties, and pushing Hassan aside, stood erect again and nerved herself for the termination of the interview.

"You have betrayed yourself, fair infidel," said the Pacha, in a milder tone than he had before assumed. "The fear of death was too much for your nerves."

"You shall see that I know how to meet it with the firmness of a man. Ida of Athens is equal to her fate."

"Now, by the beard of the Prophet! this is glorious news!" cried the Pacha. "Thou art the betrothed of the dog Demetrius, the leader of last night's onslaught. Wert thou as beauteous as the Prophet's loveliest houri, thou should'st die. Away with her, Hassan. The prisoners die at noon—remember."

"To hear is to obey," was the answer of Hassan, as he led the unfortunate Ida from the Pacha's presence.

At the approach of the appointed hour, in the centre of a square of Turkish infantry and cavalry, and in the presence of the Pacha and his mounted staff, a block was prepared, attended by an executioner bearing a ponderous scimetar, the instrument of death. Within the square, and on the left of the executioner, stood the handful of doomed Greeks, among whom Ida was conspicuous by the beauty of her features, her dress, and her heroic bearing.

Before the executioner had received his orders to commence his savage work, the sound of a bugle was heard, and an officer, advancing to the Pacha, announced the arrival of two messengers from Missolonghi, the bearers of a flag of truce. The Pacha immediately ordered them to be set before him; and in obedience to the command, Demetrius and Gerald, mounted on fine horses, rode up to the Turkish commander. A faint cry escaped the lips of Ida as she recognized her lover.

"Pacha," said the latter, "I come to treat with you for the ransom of yon boy."

The Pacha smiled bitterly.

"What interest," he asked, "do you feel in that—that *boy*?"

"He is the son of a friend," faltered Demetrius; "I would fain save him for his father's sake."

"You will be sorry to learn, then," said the Pacha, coldly, "that on the hour of noon he dies. Dog of an infidel!" he added fiercely, "do not think to blind me. Yon is no boy—it is Ida of Athens—your betrothed. Ha! ha! am I not avenged?"

"Pacha!" cried Demetrius, as the cold drops of agony stood upon his brow, "you know me well; I am your deadliest enemy—the sworn foe of your race. In the cities of minarets the Moslem mothers are yet weeping for their first born, slain by the sword of Demetrius. Only last night I made your bravest bite the dust, and even yet my leadership may save Missolonghi. Well—I offer you that hated life.—Liberate yon captive, and receive me in her place."

"Pacha! be firm! listen not to his proposal!" cried Ida.

"I hate thee, Greek dog!" answered the Pacha, through his set teeth, "but your death alone is insufficient to satisfy that hate. I would not have thee die till thou hast quaffed the cup of misery to its dregs. The means of wringing that proud soul is in my power. Your beloved dies. Remain and witness her death, or go back to Missolonghi and tell them when the shadows begin to fall to the east, Ida of Athens is no more."

"At least," said Demetrius, "you will permit one last word to the prisoner?"

"Granted," said the Pacha, "for it will only add to the agony of both. But be brief."

At a motion of his hand the ranks opened, and Demetrius rode into the hollow square.

"Ida," he said, in a melancholy voice, "our days of happiness are numbered. Greece, I fear, is fallen—our dream of felicity and glory is expelled. I came here to die for you."

"I could not have purchased life at such a sacrifice," replied Ida. "Go, dearest, we shall meet in a better world. Go and tell them at Missolonghi that Ida is happy in dying for her country."

"Ida! there is one hope," whispered Demetrius. "This barb is fleet as the very winds of heaven.—Your foot and sinews are light as the gazelle's.—Spring up behind me and away! They can but kill us—and it will be so sweet to die together."

In an instant the lithe Greek girl was on the horse, her arms around her lover's waist. With the bound of a panther the fleet animal sprang forward with his double burthen.

Gerald was beside them.

"Fire!" shouts the Pacha, rising in his stirrups, as he headed the pursuit.

A rattling volley of musketry instantly followed the command, but the confusion of the soldiers, and the bounds of the flying horses disconcerted their aim. Winged as the wind, the Greek horses sped upon their way, and the lovers and their friend were soon in Missolonghi.

That night, in the same ruined church which had been the scene of the council of war, the patriarch united the hands of Demetrius and Ida, before the ruined altar. The ceremony was brief and suited to the crisis. The bridegroom was armed to the teeth, and the bride, unveiled and unadorned, wore yet her Amazonian attire. A yataghan hung by her side, and a brace of pistols were stuck in the silken sash that encircled her slender waist.

"The gates of Missolonghi are opened," said the patriarch; "the foe will soon enter. Go, all you who are yet able to meet them. Your only hope is to cut a way through their ranks with your good swords—to perish."

"But you, father—what is reserved for you?" asked Demetrius, anxiously.

"The crown of martyrdom, perhaps," replied the old man.

"Come with us?" cried Ida. "We will place you on a horse and bear you off in safety."

"Daughter," replied the old man, "it were vain. I am tottering on the brink of the grave—the effort alone would kill me. Leave me here—the church where I worshipped as a child—where I have ministered as a priest, is the fittest tomb for Nouf Bozzaris. Farewell, my children, and may Heaven bless you."

The clash of arms interrupted further remonstance. Demetrius and Gerald mounted their steeds, placing Ida on another horse between them. Thus disposed, and surrounded by devoted friends, they rushed to meet the advancing foe, now pouring into Missolonghi through the open gate. A furious battle ensued, but the handful of Greeks cut their way out into the open country.

Meanwhile the infuriated Moslem inundated the city. A few, who, like the patriarch, had refused to quit the place, retired fighting to the church, when they ranged themselves with their venerable leader, before the ruined altar.

"Bravely done, my friends," said the patriarch.—"We have done our utmost—we have struggled to the last—another blow is vain. Hither come the oppressors and destroyers of our nation, to sacrifice us at the altar of our faith. And here they shall meet their reward. In the vault of this church lies a store of gunpowder. Behold, the match is burning in my hand—the train lies at my feet. Let us commend our souls to Heaven—our hour has come."

The patriarch and his followers were still kneeling, when the Pacha and a portion of his troops burst into the church.

"Kill every man!" shouted the fierce Moslem.—"Spare neither youth nor gray hairs, but destroy them utterly, in the name of the Prophet."

The church was filled with savage men—rank on rank rushed into the sacred enclosure—even some of the spahis pushing their snorting horses forward to their thirst for blood.

At this moment of anticipated triumph, the Greeks rose from their kneeling attitude—a spark of fire gleamed at the altar's foot—a rushing sound ensued, then an awful burst of subterranean thunder, hurling victor and vanquished, Musselman and Christian, priest and soldier, to destruction.

Demetrius and Ida had turned to look their last upon their late abode, when the earth shook beneath them with sudden thunder, and a vast volume of smoke and flame, filled with fragments, material and human, told the awful story of the patriarch's vengeance.

"Now there is nothing left to linger for," said Gerald. "Ride forward, my dear friends. Missolonghi has fallen, but her foes have perished."

Often did Demetrius and Ida, when seated at the hospitable fireside of General Falconer, recur to this scene, and when, after the battle of Navarino, they returned to their country, they erected a simple but striking monument to the memory of the Patriarch of Missolonghi.

Miscellaneous.

Napoleon's Advice to a Young American.

You soon depart for the Western, and I for the Eastern hemisphere. A new career of action is now opened before me, and I hope to unite my name with new and great events and with the unrivalled greatness of the republic, you go to unite yourself once more with a people among whom I behold at once the simple manners of the first ages of Rome, and luxury of her decline—where I see the taste, the sensibility and science of Athens, with her factions, and the valour of Sparta, without her discipline. As a citizen of the world, I would address your country in the following language—Every man and every nation is ambitious, and ambition grows with power as the blaze of a vertical sun is the most fierce. Cherish, therefore, a national strength—strengthen your political institutions—remember that armies and navies are of the same use in the world as the police of London or Paris, and soldiers are not made like potters vessels in a minute—cultivate union or your Empire will be like a colossus of gold, fallen on the earth, broken in pieces, and the prey of foreign and domestic Saracens. If you are wise, your republic will be permanent—and perhaps Washington will be hailed as the founder of a glorious and happy Empire, when the name of Bonaparte shall be observed by succeeding revolutions.

BLOWING GLASS.—The secret of blowing great glass bubbles, like the decanter which the French intend to exhibit at the World's Fair, consists simply in moistening the mouth with a little water before blowing. The water is converted, in the interior of the drop, into steam, which vastly aids the breath to extending the dimensions of the "bell."

THE MAN WHO WON THE BLADENSBURG RACES.

During the last war with Great Britain, there resided in Baltimore county, Maryland, a queer specimen of the *genus homo*, whom I shall name Hector—a consequential man, (in his own estimation,) being the village post-master, inn keeper, and magistrate; and withal a very brave man, that is when he was out of the immediate vicinity of danger.

At this time the British were known to be on the march to Washington, and it was the desire of the Americans to intercept them at a village known at this time as the scene of the Bladensburg Races. Our hero "screwed up his courage to the sticking point," and raised a company of volunteers, of which he was unanimously elected captain. A braver man was never seen in them diggins. "He wa'ant goin' to let one of the pesky varmints escape to tell the tale—the greater eternal game cock of creation should crow over the British Lion!" So armed in all

"The quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,"

he marched to the strife.

As ill-luck would have it, a short time after their arrival, his company was sent out on a scout. They had not proceeded far, when, on emerging from a piece of woods, he discovered a small party of the enemy, though at a considerable distance. Horror and dismay seized the valiant Hector—his courage vanished like the dew before the sun—and in a voice scarcely audible from fear, he faintly articulated:

"Take to the woods, quick—cover my retreat if I am kilt you are lost!"

He did not wait to see his order obeyed, but dashed off in the direction of home like a quarter horse. Over ditches and fences, through hedges and brambles—now skulking among some underbrush in the woods—at another time striking across a field—he ran thus for hours, never once turning his head, and thinking that the whole British army were at his heels, until at last, springing over a low hedge, his musen't-mention-'ems became entangled in the briars. At this critical moment, when striving hard to extricate himself from this peculiarly perplexing predicament, a certain long eared animal in a field near by, gave a loud *guffaw*. He felt like selling out below cost; and without daring to look behind, he cried in piteous accents:

"Oh, Mr. Britishman, don't shoot—jist only let me off this time, on the honor of a magistrate, I'll never do so any more!—Oh—"

But the remainder of his appeal, although it might have been tender enough to have melted the heart of a brickbat, was smothered in mud for he went over the hedge into a tolerably deep hog-pond. He struggled out as best he could, and then for the first time discovered that there was no enemy in pursuit. He set his wits to work to figure out a plan to get "rid of the ridicule" of his neighbors at home; for he firmly believed that he was the only man of his company left, thinking

"They had sunk to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest."

After cogitating on the subject, he at last hit upon a plan which he immediately carried into execution. This was nothing more nor less than to fire three balls through his hat. Having performed this feat he marched into the village, where a crowd soon collected about him, eager to hear the particulars of the battle. He mounted a store box, and harrangued his audience, giving them a thrilling account of the fight, telling them that he fought until he saw his last man fall dead at his side; and ended by showing his hat perforated with balls.

Now, this was all very well so far as it went; but alas! "for the mutability of human affairs," the next day his company arrived safe and sound, and "let the cat out of the bag."

After this, things began to get too hot for him—he was pointed at as the *man who won the Bladensburg races*, and in a short time he pulled up sticks and removed to parts unknown.

Beauty of the Australian Climate.

Night in Australia! How impossible to describe its beauty! Heaven seems, in that new world, so much nearer on earth! Every star stands out so bright and so particular, as if fresh from the time when the Maker willed it. And the moon like a large silvery sun—the least objection which it shines so distinct and so still. "I have frequently," says Mr. Wilkinson, in his valuable work upon South Australia, at once so graphic and so practical, "been on a journey in such a night, and while allowing my horse his own time to walk along the road, have solaced myself by reading in the still bright moonlight." Now and then a sound breaks the silence, but a sound so much in harmony with the solitude that it only deepens its charms. Hark! the low cry of the night bird, from yonder glen amid the small gray gleamy rocks. Hark! as the night deepens, the bark of the distant watch-dog, or the low strange howl of his more savage species, from which he defends the fold. Hark! the echo catches the sound and flings it sportily from hill to hill—farther and farther down till all again is hushed, and the flowers hang noiselessly over your head, as you ride through a grove of giant gum trees. Now the air is literally charged with odors—and the sense of fragrance grows almost painful in its pleasure. You quicken your pace, and escape again into the open plains and the full moonlight, and through the slender tea trees catch the gleam of the river, the exquisite fineness of the atmosphere, hear the soothing sound of its murmur.

FRUIT TREES.

The "Cultivator" states that the new method of raising trees by planting scions is a great consideration in the art of obtaining good fruit. It has many advantages over grafting, because it is more expeditious and requires no stock or tree. They may be planted where they are required to stand, and the labor for one day will be sufficient to plant out enough for a large orchard after the scions are obtained. The method of preparing the plant is as follows:—

"Take the scions as for grafting, and at any time after the first of February, and until the buds begin to grow considerably, and dip each end of the shoot into melted pitch, wax or tallow, and bury it in the ground, the buds uppermost, while the bodies lie in a horizontal position and at the depth of two or three inches. We are informed that trees obtained in this way will bear in four years from the time of planting. We have no doubt of the practicability of this method of raising fruit. A gentleman in this vicinity, the last season, planted about twenty scions of different kinds of pears which appear to flourish.—The composition used by him was melted shoemaker's wax.

INSTINCT OF THE TURTLE.—It has been observed that turtles cross the ocean from the Bay of Honduras to the Cayman Isles, near Jamaica, a distance of 450 miles, with an accuracy superior to the chart and compass of human skill; for it is affirmed that the vessels which have lost their latitude in hazy weather have steered entirely by the nose of the turtles in swimming. The object of their voyage, as in the case of the migration of birds, is for the purpose of laying their eggs on a spot peculiarly favorable. —*Bishop Stanley on Birds.*

The plea of "temptation" is the poorest of all apologies for sin; virtue is a perfectly neutral quality unless exercised in the face of temptation.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME.

"Home, thy joys are passing lovely,—
Joys no stranger heart can tell."

What a charm rests upon the endearing name—my home! consecrated by domestic love—that golden key of earthly happiness. Without this, home would be like a temple stripped of its garlands; there a father welcomes, with fond affection—a brother's kind sympathies comfort in the hour of distress, and assist in every trial—there a pious mother first taught the infant lips to lisp the name of Jesus—and there a loved sister dwells, the companion of early days.

Truly, if there is aught that is lovely here below, it is home—sweet home! It is like the oasis of the desert. The passing of our days may be painful—our path may be checkered by sorrow and care—unkindness and frowns may wither the joyousness of the heart, efface the happy smiles from the brow, and bedew life's way with tears—yet, when the memory hovers over the past, there is no place which it delights to linger as the loved scenes of childhood's home! It is the polar star of existence. What cheers the mariner, far away from his native land in a foreign port or tossed upon the bounding billows, as he paces the deck at midnight alone—what thoughts fill his breast? He is thinking of the loved ones far away at his own happy cottage; in his mind's eye he sees the smiling group seated around the cheerful fireside. In imagination he hears them uniting their voices in singing sweet songs which he loves. He is anticipating the hour when he shall return to his native land to greet those absent ones so dear to his heart.

Why rests that deep shade of sadness upon the stranger's brow as he seats himself amid the family circle? He is surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth can afford; happy faces gather around him, and strive in vain to win a smile. Ah! he is thinking of his own sweet home—of the loved one assembled within his own cheerful cot.

Why those tears which steal down the cheeks of that young and lovely girl, as she mingles in the social circle? Ah! she is an orphan; she, too had a happy home—but that home is now forsaken and desolate; its loved ones are now sleeping in the cold and silent tomb. The gentle mother who watched over her infancy, and hushed her to sleep with a lullaby, which a mother only can sing, who in girlhood days taught her of the Savior, and tuned her youthful voice to sing praises to His name, has gone to the mansions of joy above, and is mingling her songs, and tuning her golden harp with bright angels in heaven. Poor one! She is now left to tread the golden path of life, a lonely, homeless wanderer.

Thus it is in this changing world! The objects most dear are snatched away. We are deprived of the friends whom we most love, and our cherished home is rendered desolate. "Passing away," is engraven on all things earthly. But there is a home that knows no changes, where separations never take place, where the sorrowing one of this world may obtain relief for all their griefs, and where the sighs and tears of earth are exchanged for unending songs of joy. This home is found in heaven.

In the shadowy past, there is one sweet reminiscence which the storms of life can never wither—it is the recollection of home. In the visioned future, there is one bright star whose lustre never fades; it is the hope of home—of a heavenly home.—*Musical Visitor.*

ABUSING MASTERS.—Two negroes once agreed to abuse their master.

Sambo was to curse his master first; he did so, and so informed Gumbo, who asked him what his master said?

"Nothing," said Sambo, "he never open he lips."

Gumbo taking courage from this information, met his master and commenced some insulting language, upon which the master inflicted a severe drubbing with his cane. Gumbo smarting under his wounds, met Sambo, and said:

"Ah you nigga—you got me into a nice scrape!"

"Why, what you do?" asked Sambo.

"Why, me not massa, and before I had said two words, massa knock me down and give me what he call an awful flagellation!"

"Yaw, yaw," roared Sambo, "what a fool nigga you be—talk to massa' face!—let him hear you—Sambo too smart for dat—when he cuss massa he go to de woods, far off, look round, see nobody near, and den he tell massa he mind freely! Sambo know too much to abuse massa to he face!"

A NEWLY DISCOVERED MANURE.

The St. Vincent Royal Indies Gazette mentions that a gentleman of that island has sent to England a quantity of Pozzolona, to have it tested as cement, and was agreeably surprised to learn that the chemist who tested it had declared it to be the best manure that had ever yet been discovered, and that it was far preferable to Guano. The gentleman in question was complimented on having a mine of wealth superior to gold. When it is considered, says the Gazette, that the island abounds in this valuable substance—the best cement, and, as it now appears, the best manure known, we cannot refrain from offering our public congratulations on the recent discovery, which must ere long bring great wealth into the island by supplying them with an article which must be much needed by the sugar growers. Pozzolona from St. Vincent could of course be supplied here much cheaper than Guano, and might in consequence of its cheapness be extensively used.

FEMALE PURITY.—All the influence which women enjoy in society—their right to the free exercise of that maternal care which forms the first and most indelible species of education; the wholesome restraint which they possess over the passions of mankind; their power of protecting us when young, and cheering us when old—depend so entirely upon their personal purity, and the charm which it casts around them, that to insinuate a doubt of its real value is wilfully to remove the broadest corner stone on which civil society rests, with all its benefits and all its comforts.

Lines written to a young lady, on being told by her that she did not care three skips of a louse for a certain individual:

"A lady has told me,
And in her own house—
That she cared not for me
Three skips of a louse,
I forgive the dear creature
For what she has said,
Since women will talk
Of what 'runs' in their head."

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.—The late Major Davezac stated that, on the morning after the battle of New Orleans, twelve broiled robins were placed on the breakfast table, prepared for General Jackson and his suite, which had been shot with a rifle, through the head, by one of the Kentucky Riflemen, who had been in the conflict; he had fired thirteen times and missed hitting his bird in the head, only once! This circumstance being soon known in the neighborhood, a certificate of the fact was requested and obtained from General Jackson and his aids by the British officers, that, by such evidence, on their return to England, they might exhibit to their Government the character of the enemy at New Orleans.

"My son, would you suppose that the Lord's prayer could be engraved in a space no larger than the area of a half-dime?"

"Well, yes, father, if a half dime is as large in everybody's eye as it is in yours, I think there would be no difficulty in putting it on about four times."

At a public garden in the suburbs of London, a waiter observing one of his master's customers bolting before his bill was paid, roared out to a brother attendant—"Run, run, Bob, there's two teas and a glass of brandy and water escaped over the fence—catch 'em."

The number of letters advertised in the Sacramento Transcript is 19,808.

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.

The following well authenticated facts will illustrate the principle that man is never too old to learn:

Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments. This would look ridiculous for some of the rich old men in our city, especially if they should take it into their heads to thrum a guitar under a lady's window, which Socrates did not do, but only learned to play upon some instrument of his time, not a guitar, for the purpose of resisting the wear and tear of old age.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language. Many of our young lawyers, not thirty years of age, think that *nisi prius*, *scire facias*, &c., are English expressions; and if you tell them that a knowledge of the Latin would make them appear a little more respectable in their professions, they will reply that they are too old to think of learning Latin.

Boccacio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature. Yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Cante and Petrarch being the other two. There are many among us ten years younger than Boccacio, who are dying of *ennui*, and regret that they were not educated to a taste of literature, but now they are too old.

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. Most of our merchants and lawyers of twenty-five, thirty, and forty years of age, are obliged to apply to a teacher to translate a business letter written in the French language, which might be learned in the tenth part of the time required for the study of the Dutch; and all because they are too old to learn.

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the great age of one one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times—a singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. How many among us of thirty, forty, and fifty, who read nothing but newspapers for the want of a taste for natural philosophy! But they are too old to learn.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered that indeed he began it late, but he should therefore master it the sooner. This agrees with our theory, that healthy old age gives a man the power of accomplishing a difficult study in much less time than would be necessary to one of half his years.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad; and his most pleasing productions were written in old age.

An eccentric parson in the Old Dominion who is known by the somewhat unique name of Servant Jones, once dined with a Mr. Owl, who placed before his guest the mortal remains of a fowl whose bones formed the *debris* of a former repast. The parson was called upon to ask a blessing which he did in the following manner:

"Lord of love,
Look down from above,
And bless the Owl!
That ate the fowl,
That left the bones
For Servant Jones."

"FOR SALE."—The Lycoming Gazette publishes the following verbatim copy of a handbill, which it says was posted on a store door in that vicinity. It is decidedly rich. Those Guinea hens ought to bring a big price:

FOR SAIL IN

Nippinez tonship the follerin of my property by publik outkri viznulmly I Schotepig 1 buro 1 fish sain, 4 braskandelsticks 4 ginnyen 1 hatchen on 20egg, 1 hors wagn und harnesses, 4 empt eyderbarls und one roushter which will he sold on 6 monat credit the oder thing must be gelt, cause I go move to muscheter Wully dia Schpring, olso howsole fernecher.

Judge B——, a witty old fellow, after spending an evening with a young lawyer whose office was in the second story of a building, took his departure, and had got half way day down stairs, when he stumbled and fell to the bottom. The young lawyer hearing the noise, rushed out and seeing the Judge lying on his back at the bottom of the stairs, inquired in a tone of great anxiety—"Is your honor hurt?" The Judge by this time had regained his feet, and looking up he replied—"No, but my legs are."

A POP OF A FELLOW, who was sauntering about a country village, saw a pretty face at the window of a house, near which a little boy was playing. "Bub," said he, "who is that fair lady looking out?" "Sir," was the laconic reply. "Will you tell me if she is a maid or a matron?" asked the exquisite. "She's a tailoress," answered the lad, resuming his play.

Sheridan was never free from pecuniary embarrassments. As he was one day hacking his face with a dull razor, he turned to his eldest son, (who was a chip of the old block) and said, "Tom, if you open any more oysters with my razor, I'll cut you off with a shilling." "Very well, father," retorted Tom, "but where will the shilling come from?"

An old edition of Morse's Geography says—"Albany has four hundred dwelling houses, with two thousand inhabitants all standing with their *gable ends* to the streets."

Truth is not only a man's ornament, but his instrument; it is the great man's glory and the poor man's stock. A man's truth is his livelihood, his recommendation, and his letters of credit.

"How was Adam ejected from Paradise?" asked a Sunday school teacher recently of a pupil. "Why he was *snaked* out!"

The following is a copy of the sign upon an academy for teaching youth, in one of the Western States—"Freeman and Hugge, School Teachers. *Freeman teaches the boys and Hugge the girls.*"

Why is an ill-made conch wheel like a band of blaguards playing cards? Because it is composed of a circle of fellows—very rough spoken—with a knave in the centre.

The sweetest flowers are those which shed their odors in quiet nooks and dingles; and the purest hearts are those whose deeds of love are done in solitude and secret.

With love, the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odors; but without it, it is a bleak desert covered with ashes.

The receipts of wharfage for the Central Wharf, San Francisco, for the month of March, were $11,000.

He must be a wise man himself who is capable of distinguishing one.

Speech is the gift of all, but thought is the gift of few.