American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY" AT $2.00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 38. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1851. NO. 3.

Poetical.

CALIFORNIA INDUCEMENTS.

The gold fever has broken out afresh since the arrival of the last steamers with accounts of extraordinary lumps brought to light by fortunate miners and dredging companies, that are scraping up their hundreds of thousands from the very beds of the rivers. So plentiful is the precious metal, that we notice two San Francisco jewellers have laid a heavy wager, as to which shall carve the most beautiful miniature steed from a lump of solid gold. But of all the newspaper items that we have seen, none equals the following, which we take from a Philadelphia paper, and which we commend to those thinking of emigration:

SAN FRANCISCO, May 1st, 1851.

I write, dear friend, to tell the news—
'Tis very strange, I warn you,
But if you my advice will use,
You'll come to California.

I've built a house of solid gold,
On my own private placer—
(It's planned just like the one I sold
To old Squire Doublefacer.)

I ride upon a yellow horse,
With shining bit and bridle,
For in a place like this, of course,
To walk would be too idle.

In cloth of gold we're all arrayed,
From youngest up to oldest,
And our garden flowers are all one shade,
Because they grow in gold dust!

My bedstead has four golden posts,
With gold leaf for the "kivers,"
And there, in summer time, I roast,
In winter time I shivers.

In winter, when it hails or snows—
I almost fear to tell it—
It is so strange—each drop contains
A little golden pellet!

I hope, my boy, you'll come out soon,
I know you can't do better—
Good bye—the steamer sails at noon,
And I must close my letter.

COUSIN CROESUS.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I love it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving the old arm chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embraced it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart,
Not life will break not a link will start,
Would they learn the spell? a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped—
My hopes were shattered, my earth star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now,
With quivering breath, and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide;
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek,
But love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm chair.

Miscellaneous.

NAPOLEON AT MOSCOW.

We subjoin from Headley's work—"Napoleon and his Marshals"—a brilliant account of the burning of Moscow, which is well spoken of in the American Whig Review as superior even to Croly's picture in "Salathiel," of the conflagration of Rome. Headley's descriptive powers have rarely, if ever, been surpassed.

"At length, Moscow, with its domes and towers and palaces, appeared in sight, and Napoleon, who had joined the advanced guard, gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes. Murat went forward and entered the gates with his splendid cavalry, but as he passed through the streets he was struck with the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the heavy tramp of his squadron as he passed along, for a deserted and abandoned city was the meagre prize, for which such unparalleled efforts had been made. As night drew its curtain over the splendid capital, Napoleon entered the gates, and immediately appointed Mortier governor. In his directions he commanded him to abstain from all pillage. 'For this,' said he, 'you shall be answerable with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe.'

"The bright moon rose over the mighty city—tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches, and pouring a flood of light over a thousand palaces, and the dwellings of three hundred thousand inhabitants. The weary army sunk to rest; but there was no sleep to Mortier's eyes. Not the gorgeous and variegated palaces and their rich ornaments, nor the parks and gardens and oriental magnificence that everywhere surrounded him kept him wakeful; but the ominous foreboding that some dire calamity was hanging over the silent capital.—When he entered it scarce a living soul met his gaze as he looked down the long streets; and, when he broke open the buildings, he found parlors, and bedrooms and chambers, all furnished and in order;—but no occupants. The sudden abandonment of their homes betokened some secret purpose yet to be fulfilled. The midnight moon was sailing over the city when the cry of 'fire!' reached the ears of Mortier—and the first light over Napoleon's falling empire was kindled, and that most wondrous scene of modern times commenced—the burning of Moscow.

"Mortier, as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders and was putting forth every exertion, when at day-light Napoleon hastened to him. Affecting to disbelieve the reports that the inhabitants were firing their own city, he put more rigid commands on Mortier to keep the soldiers from the work of destruction. The Marshal simply pointed to some iron covered houses that had not yet been opened, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing like steam from the sides of a pent up volcano. Sad and thoughtful, Napoleon turned over towards the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars, whose huge structure rose high above the surrounding edifices.

"In the morning Mortier, by great exertions, was enabled to subdue the fire. The next night, Sept. 15, at midnight the sentinels on watch upon the lofty Kremlin, saw below them the flames bursting thro' the houses and palaces, and the cry of 'fire! fire! fire!' passed through the city. The dread scene had now fairly opened. Fiery balloons were seen dropping from the air and lighting upon the houses—dull explosions were heard on every side, from the shut dwellings, and the next moment a bright light burst forth, as flames were raging through the apartments. All was uproar and confusion. The serene air, and moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds and wild tempests, that swept with the roar of the sea over the city. Flames arose on every side, blazing and crackling in the storm, while clouds of smoke and sparks, in an incessant shower, went driving towards the Kremlin. The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling in wrath over devoted Moscow. Mortier, crushed with responsibility thus thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid this desolation, blowing up the houses and facing the tempest and the flames—struggling nobly to arrest the conflagration.

"He hastened from place to place amid the blazing ruins, his face blackened with smoke, and his hair and eye brows singed with the fierce heat. At length the day dawned, a day of tempest and flame, and Mortier, who had strained every nerve for thirty-six hours, entered a palace and dropped from fatigue. The manly form and stalwart arm that had so often carried death into the ranks of the enemy, at length gave way, and the gloomy Marshal, lay and panted in utter exhaustion. But the night of tempest had been succeeded by a day of tempests, and when night again enveloped the city, it was one broad flame waving to and fro in the blast. The wind had increased to a perfect hurricane and shifted from quarter to quarter as if on purpose to swell the sea of fire, and extinguished the last hope. The fire was approaching the Kremlin, and already the roar of flames, and the crash of the falling houses and the crackling of burning timbers were borne to the ears of the startled Emperor. He arose and walked to and fro, stopping convulsively and gazing on the terrific scene, Murat, Eugene and Berthier, rushed into his presence, and on their knees besought him to flee, but he still hung to that haughty palace as if it were his empire.

"But at length the shout, 'the Kremlin is on fire!' was heard above the roar of the conflagration, and Napoleon reluctantly consented to leave. He descended to the street with his staff, and looking about for a way of egress, but the flames blockaded every passage. At length they discovered a postern gate leading to the Moskwa, and entered it, but they had only entered still farther into the danger. As Napoleon cast his eyes around the open space, girded and arched with fire, smoke and cinders, he saw one single street yet open, but all on fire. Into this he rushed, and amid the crash of falling houses, and raging of the flames—over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire he pressed on, and at length, half suffocated, emerged in safety in the imperial palace of Petrowsky nearly three miles distant. Mortier relieved of his anxiety for the emperor, redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. His men cheerfully rushed into every danger. Breathing nothing but smoke and ashes—canopied by flames, smoke and cinders—surrounded by walls of fire that rocked to and fro, and fell with a crash amid the blazing ruins, carrying down with them red hot roofs of iron, he struggled against an enemy that no boldness could awe, or courage overcome. These brave troops had heard the tramp of thousands of cavalry sweeping to battle, without fear; but now they stood in still terror before the march of the conflagration, under whose burning footsteps was heard the incessant crash of falling houses, and palaces, and churches. The continuous roar of the flames was more terrible than the roar of artillery, and before this new foe, in the midst of the elements, the awe struck army stood powerless and affrighted.

"When night again descended on the city, it presented a spectacle the like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire—the heavens a canopy of fire, and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by the hurricane that whirled the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions from the blowing up of stores of oil, tar and spirits, shook the very foundation of the city and sent volumes of smoke rolling furiously towards the sky. Huge sheets of canvass on fire, came floating like messengers of death through the flames—the towers and domes of the churches and palaces glowed with red hot heat over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment on their basis were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin. Thousands of wretches before unseen were driven by the heat from the cellars and hovels, and streamed in an incessant throng into the streets. Children were seen carrying their parents—the strong the weak; while thousands more were staggering under the loads of plunder they had snatched from the flames. This, too, would frequently take fire in the falling shower, and the miserable creatures would be compelled to drop it, and flee for their lives. Oh! it was a scene of fear and wo, inconceivable and indescribable! A mighty and close packed city of houses and churches and palaces wrapped from limit to limit in flames which are fed by a whirling hurricane, is a sight this world will seldom see.

"But this was all within the city. To Napoleon without, the spectacle was still more sublime and terrific. When the flames had overcome all obstacles and had wrapped everything in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into vast billows. Huge domes and towers throwing off sparks like blazing fire-brands, now towered above the waves, and now disappeared in their maddening flow as they broke high over their tops, scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration, and the angry masses that swept it rolled over a bosom of fire.—Columns of flame would rise and sink along the surface of this sea, and huge volumes of black smoke suddenly shoot into the air as if volcanoes were working below. The black form of the Kremlin alone towered above the chaos, now wrapped in flame and smoke, and then began merging into view—standing amid the scene of desolation and terror like virtue in the midst of a burning world, enveloped but unscathed by the devouring elements. Napoleon stood and gazed on the scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them. Said he, years afterwards:

"'It was the spectacle of the sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame, mountains of red rolling flame, like immense waves of sea, alternately bursting forth, and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean below. Oh! it was the most naked, the most sublime and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld.'"

Good Joke on a Widower.

A correspondent at Holly Springs, Mississippi, tells the following, and vouches for its truth. It is the best joke we have heard for some time. It appears that a widower in that town, of somewhat gallant disposition, had been accustomed to visit the widow M———, whether to see the amiable widow herself, or her lively daughters, our informant did not know. One evening he found the family partly hard at work upon some garments of cloth. The girls were sewing and the widow was pressing the seams. The widower hung up his hat as usual, and took his seat by the fire; just at the moment it happened that the widow had done with the pressing iron, (vulgo or tailor's goose,) she set it down on the hearth, and called her negro man in a loud voice—"Jake! Jake! come and take out this goose!"

The widower started up in astonishment, not knowing what to make of this abrupt order.

"Jake do you hear?" again exclaimed the widow.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. M.," said the widower, with visible agitation, "but pray don't call Jake—if you wish me to leave your house, I will go at once without interference of servants."

The ladies roared with laughter, and it took some moments to explain to the chagrined widower his mistake. He has not been known to visit the widow M., since that memorable night.

A GREAT DEAL OF WHITTLING TO BE DONE.—In the advertisement of the Clerk of the Federal House of Representatives of the next Congress, there is set down, among the things needed, 250 dozen pen knives—about a dozen for each member—of which 100 dozen are required to be "four bladed, pearl handled, and of the highest finish and best quality, and 100 dozen of two bladed, and of the highest finish and best quality." Each member must have a large family of boys.

THE DARKEST HOUR OF ALL.—An old "Revolutioner," who had been through all the hardest fights of the war of '76, once said that the darkest and most solemn hour of all to him was occupied in going home one dark night from the widow Bean's, after being told by her daughter Sally that there was no earthly use in his coming back any more.

Pompous funerals and sumptuous monuments are made more out of design to gratify the vanity of the living, than to do honor to the dead. Greatness may build the tomb, but it is goodness which must make the epitaph.

A SONG FOR THE LADIES.

The glorious day is dawning, girls,
When women shall be free—
When gowns and bonnets, capes and swawls,
No longer we shall see!
Miss Wober—bless her heart, sweet girls!
Has put the scheme on foot;
She leads the trump of male attire,
And we must follow suit.

We'll dress in real "bifurcates," girls,
With glossy beaver hats;
And don the most bewitching coats,
And Brummel-tied cravats.
We'll wear superb gilt buttons, girls,
Upon our vests of buff—
Bright, extra rich, plain, treble gilt,
Flat surfaced—that's enough!

Oh! won't we look bewitching, girls,
When we're so trimly drest?
No mortal man can brave our charms,
Though he may strive his best.
Bowhisker'd folks may envy, girls,
Our manly garb and airs;
But let them fret until they tire—
Poor fellows! no one cares.

Perhaps a few may "cut" us, girls,
And lay us on the shelves;
But, what of that? we'll crook our arms,
And act as beaux ourselves!
And if they won't say, MARRY, girls,
We'll call them sad gallants;
But, come what will—float, sink or swim—
We'll never yield our pants!

THE CRUSHED LILY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

There is but one thing in that beautiful house, with its lavish adornments, its stately halls, gorgeously fitted apartments, its broad solemn mirrors, and heavy, rich oaked furniture, that gave a sadness to my heart when I chanced to gaze upon it, sending a thrill of aching anguish to my innermost being; and that object was a child.

It may seem strange, but the first time I beheld this lovely creature, (and never before saw I aught so beautiful,) I shuddered with an undefinable feeling of terror. A something vague, indistinct, mystical, enthralled me, and while I gazed upon the little creature like one fascinated, I felt it could not be a being of earth, I knew it was not a being of heaven.

She was very slight and fairy like, and her hair absolutely hung about her delicate little form, shrouding it like a glittering gossamer mantle, in a shower of golden gleaming curls. Her deep set yet large and spiritual eyes were, chamelion like, constantly changing in expression, sometimes appearing a deep brown, sometimes a soft dark blue, sometimes intensely black. She was dressed with exquisite taste, and her little robes were lavishly adorned with various shades of silken embroidery. Her complexion was colorless, but dazzling; her expression—ah! there was the mystery—at once spiritual, heavenly, and yet wanting in earthly intelligence. She was an only child, and heiress to an immense fortune.

Perceiving my bewildered and half-averted glance, the father, a man of great beauty of countenance, and a most commanding figure, drew the little girl towards him; and while a shadow veiled his brow, he said in a subdued voice, "this is our Lily, madam, our dear little crushed Lily;" and he folded her to his heart, and gazed down yearningly upon her.

"She was one of the most frolicksome children," he continued, "bounding from room to room, flinging her thrilling bird notes through the corridors, and laughing in infant joyousness, only a year ago."

"It was but a year ago, my Lily," he murmured plaintively, drawing her closer to his manly bosom.

"One day there was a wild storm; a terrific tempest; and we all sat hushed and breathless, listening to the rolling crash of the reverberating thunder, whose hollow echoes yet ring in my ear.

We sat together; I supported my shrinking wife; little Lily had flung herself upon the floor and buried her face in my lap. Suddenly the atmosphere became dark and heavy; even my heart, stern as I am, grew sick with fear. The castle rocked, the wind seemed to pour in sheeted gusts, against the windows.

A great flash of red light filled the apartment; a quick shriek succeeded; and my beauteous child rolled over from my lap upon the floor, with distorted features, and extended eyeballs. O! my God! can I ever forget that moment, freighted with so much wo to me?"

Large drops stood in his eyes, and for myself, I was weeping.

"My poor delicate wife, who adored the child, filled the house with her lamentations; medical aid was at hand. I would have died for my Lily; I besought the Almighty; I—" he bowed his head—"dared him to summon my idol; I was wild, I was mad—mad."

Consciousness was restored; but the mind was stricken; it had folded its wings when the fire bolt scathed their brightness, and it has never soared since."

"But we love her even more dearly, and he impressed burning kisses upon the child's waxen brow, "we love her with a more intense devotion; it would be death to part with her now, God spare me to strengthen the drooping plant; my poor crushed Lily!"

I stole one glance more at the child—she was asleep. The noble father bore her in his arms, and laid her upon a rich velvet couch; then, as the threads of gold fell in shining bands over the rich fabric, and mingled with the glittering bullion that fringed the dark drapery, he sighed heavily, and turning, left the apartment with hurried tread.

"Truly a crushed Lily," whispered I, as I bent over and touched my lips to the crimson petals of her sweet mouth.

Dear little angel, she is in heaven now, and the broad domains of her father have fallen into the possession of distant kindred.

For Gossips.

The following paragraph which we find floating in the newspapers, lays it on the gossips with an unsparing hand. We think there are a few in Carlisle whose cha racters are minutely described by it, and of which the town would be well rid:

"The slanderous woman poisons the atmosphere of her entire neighborhood, and blasts the sanctities of a thousand homes with a single breath. From a woman of this class nothing is sacred; she fattens upon calumny and upon slaughtered reputations. She is the ghoul of Eastern story, transferred from the Arabian Nights to the fireside circle. She never asserts anything—she merely hints, and supposes, and whispers what *they say*. Every neighborhood in the city is infested with some creature of this sort, and in country towns they are often afflicted with two or three of the ghoul woman. One is enough to set a hundred families by the ears; two can break up a church; three are sufficient for any kind of mischief, from the separating the husband from his wife, to blasting the fame of a stainless girl. A pure woman is simply an angel embodied in human shape; a slanderous woman is something worse than cholera—certainly as infectious as the yellow fever.

"Mother, don't you wish you had the tree of evil in your garden?" "Why, Josh, you serpent, what do you mean?"

"As money's the root of all evil, if we had the tree, could'nt we get all the precious stuff?"

THE ORPHAN'S TEAR.

AN ALLEGORY.

In a deep forest, where the Æolian murmuring of waving forest trees mingled with the gentle complaining of song-birds to their absent mates, and a rivulent smiled sunnily, as it flowed like a thing of light on the green bosom of the sylivan wild, a mother, in the sombre weeds of widowhood, clasped the cold hand of her fatherless daughter. They stood beside the stream, and as their pale features were mirrored on its bright surface, the mother weaved for her daughter a story of her dead father's life; recalling a thousand deeds of gentle tenderness—his caresses and his smiles—kisses and fond embraces—dwelling, with all a wife's tenderness, upon his many virtues and manly graces; then with a voice and quivering lip, she painted his dying bed; how when the low beatings of the pulse had nigh ceased, in husky accents he asked to see his "own sweet Nell;" how, when the little daughter pressed his icy lip, and felt for the last time the beating of his heart against her own, he had faintly whispered his dying blessing, and his heavenly-winged spirit bore upon its pinions a prayer for his wife and child.—And as the sad story melted into the young girl's heart, her pale lip quivered, and her heart's fountain welled up its waters till the eye was full to overflowing, and a tear trembling for an instant on the eye-lid, kissed the pale cheek, and clung to it as though loth to leave the rich couch—then for an instant, glancing through the air like a ray of sun-light, dropped into the bosom of the stream.

Away! with a laugh and smile; through the green forest, glanced the stream; pratling here to a bed of pebbles, kissing there a group of wild flowers—leaving here the roots of a giant tree, and dashing gaily yonder through the arches of a rustic bridge! Away, through the forest and meadow—mingling here with the bright waters that gush from a sylvan spring—meeting yonder a sister stream! Away, the twin sisters glance along, bearing in their bosom the orphan's tear.

The stream had reached its goal, and, with a laugh as clear and a smile as sunny as ever dashes into the bosom of a river! And away past hamlet and town and city, past forest and meadow, and mountain and valley, swells the broad river, bearing on its bosom the Orphan's Tear!

The river has found its home, and foaming, boiling, madly plunging, as though loth to lose the contest, rolls its waters into the ocean's waves; and, borne on billows, mountains high, the Tear gleams upon their snowy crests.

The sun is gliding the ocean with its crimson beams, and leaving a pathway of gorgeous light upon the waters. Thick mists ascends to meet his warm embrace, and, mingling with the skyward vapors, the Tear mounts upwards gleaming in the light of the morning sun! Upward—higher—ascends the Tear, till, it seems forever lost in the thick clouds that hang like wreathed spirits in the sky!

But now lost forever! When the sun has gone to his evening rest, and shadows are closing o'er the world, those vapors seek again the earth; and to-morrow's sun will find the Orphan's Tear a dew-drop on the flower that grows upon the dead father's grave!

Nevin, write the moral? Like the Orphan's Tear is a gentle word. *Though mingling with the thousand accents that fall upon the ear, still it* is never lost, but, as we are borne o'er the stream of youth and the river of life, lives distinct and clear; and when we find at length the ocean of eternity, may have won our hearts to heaven, and even then, through an angel's smiles may speak to earth again!

The Young Widow, or only Thirty-three.

A census taker, going his round last fall, stopped at an elegant brick dwelling house, the exact locality of which is no business of ours. He was received by a stiff, well dressed lady, who could well be recognized as a widow of some years standing. On learning the mission of her visitor, the lady invited him to take a seat in the hall. Having arranged himself into a working position, he inquired for the number of persons in the family of the lady.

"Eight, sir," replied the lady, "including myself."

"Very well—your age, madam?"

"My age, sir," replied the lady, with a piercing, dignified look. "I conceive its none of your business what my age might be—you are inquisitive, sir."

"The law compels me, madam, to take the age of every person in the ward—it's my duty to make the inquiry."

"Well, if the law compels you to ask, I presume it compels me to answer. I am between thirty and forty."

"I presume that means thirty-five."

"No, sir, it means no such thing—I am only thirty-three years of age."

"Very well, madam," putting down the figures, "just as you say. Now for the ages of the children, commencing with the youngest, if you please."

"Josephine, my youngest, is ten years of age."

"Josephine—pretty name—ten."

"Minerva was twelve last week."

"Minerva—captivating—twelve."

"Cleopatra Elvira has just turned fifteen."

"Cleopatra Elvira—charming—fifteen."

"Angelina is eighteen, sir, just eighteen."

"Angelina—favorite name—eighteen."

"My eldest and only married daughter, sir, Anne Sophia, is a little over twenty-five."

"Twenty-five, did you say, madam?"

"Yes, sir, is there anything remarkable in her being of that age?"

"Well, no, I can't say there is, but is it not remarkable that you should *be her mother when you were only eight years of age?*"

About that time the census taker was observed running out of the house, closely pursued by a broomstick. It was the last time he pressed a lady to give her exact age.

We believe the celebrated epitaph upon the Oxford Pie Woman is not now generally known.—Those who never heard it will thank us for giving it; it is an excellent specimen of the comic style, supposed to have been written by a student:

"Here lies in the dust,
The mouldering crust
Of Elanor Batchelor's shoven,
Well versed in the arts,
Of pies, custards and tarts,
And the lucrative skill of the oven.
When she'd lived long enough,
She made her last puff,
A puff by her husband much praised.
Now here she doth lie,
And she makes a dirt pie,
In hopes that her crust will be raised."

In one of the Cathedral Churches of England, we forget which, there is a most magnificent monument erected to the memory of a very worthless person—we believe Colonel Charteris. He is represented as bursting from his coffin at the sound of the resurrection trumpet. A wag wrote under it:

"Lie still, if you're wise;
You'll be d———d if you rise."

THE PRESENT MOMENT.—There is no moment like the present; not only so, but, moreover, there is no moment at all, that is, no instant force and energy, but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him can have no hope for them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost, perished in the hurry and skurry of the world, or sunk in the slough of indolence.

GOOD BREEDING.

The following anecdote is related by Mr. Walker, in his amusing and instructive publication—"The Original," as affording a fine instance of the value of good breeding, or politeness, even in circumstances where it could not be expected to produce any personal advantage:

"An Englishman, making the grand tour towards the middle of the last century, when travellers were more objects of attention than at present, on arriving at Turin, sauntered out to see the place. He happened to meet a regiment of infantry returning from the parade, and, taking a position to see it pass, a young Captain, evidently desirous to make a display before the stranger, in crossing one of the numerous water-courses, with which the city is intersected, missed his footing, and in trying to save himself lost his hat. The exhibition was truly unfortunate—the spectators laughed and looked at the Englishman, expecting him to laugh too. On the contrary, he not only retained his composure, but promptly advanced to where the hat had rolled, and, taking it up, presented it with an air of unaffected kindness to its owner. The officer received it with a blush of surprise and gratitude, and hurried to rejoin his company. There was a murmur of surprise, and the stranger passed on. Though the scene of a moment, and without a word spoken, it touched every heart—not with admiration for a mere display of politeness, but with a warmer feeling for a proof of that true charity 'which never faileth.' On the regiment being dismissed, the Captain, who was a young man of consideration, in glowing terms related the circumstance to his Colonel. The Colonel immediately mentioned it to the General in command; and when the Englishman returned to his hotel, he found an Aid-de-Camp waiting to request his company to dinner at headquarters. In the evening, he was carried to court—at that time, as Lord Chesterfield tells us, the most brilliant court in Europe—and was received with particular attention. Of course, during his stay at Turin, he was invited everywhere; and on his departure he was loaded with letters of introduction to the different States of Italy. Thus a private gentleman of moderate means, by a graceful impulse of Christian feeling, was enabled to travel through a foreign country, then of the highest interest for its society, as well as for the charms it still possesses, with more real distinction and advantage than can ever be derived from the mere circumstance of birth and fortune, even the most splendid."

A Boy's Love.

A circumstance soon occurred which brought us nearer to each other, and cemented our attachment. Just at dusk, and before the candles were brought in, the servant ushered two of Alice's female friends into the room, and it was soon resolved that we should have a game at forfeits, whilst my sister was appointed dispenser of the penalties.—At the end of the game, therefore, she was blindfolded, and began to name the punishment which each one was to receive before the forfeits could be reclaimed. Now, I had made several blunders in the game, and had several forfeits to pay; and it so happened that most of my penalties were connected in some way with Alice. Once I had to take her hand, and dance with her three times round the room; then, again, I was *ordered to go down on my knees before her, and wait there till* she bade me rise; and these pretty appointments did more to further our love than any words could have done. My last punishment was to kiss all the girls in the room; when I came to Alice my heart sank within me, and I dared not embrace her. The thought of so much bliss overcame me, and I stood for a moment gazing upon her with passionate and irresolute eyes. She saw my confusion, and looked so kindly and sweetly upon me, that I was re-assured in an instant; and obeying the wild impulse of my heart, I flung myself upon her bosom and wept aloud. There was a terrible stir in the room after this strange explosion, and every one but Alice thought I was hurt, or that I was taken suddenly ill. I do not know how I got out of the scrape, but I remember feeling Alice's warm lips upon my forehead, whilst my arms were clasped around her, and I cared very little for anything else. Soon after this our little party broke up, and Alice accompanied my sister and me to the end of the lane, on our way home.—*January Scarle's Life at Home & Abroad.*

Professional Luck.

Every one knows that the merest chance will sometimes bring a medical man into a famous practice without possessing talent, whilst, on the other hand, an able man frequently starves on his profession. One of the most eminent physicians in London is said to have owed all his great success to the simple fact of his having been on a particular occasion caught intoxicated. The story is thus related:

Disappointed on his first arrival in that city, he sought comfort at a neighboring tavern, where the servant of the house at which he lodged went to fetch him one evening, after a hearty bout, to see a certain countess. The high-sounding title of this unexpected patient tended not a little to increase the excitement under which he labored. He followed the servant as steadily as he could, and was ushered in silence into a noble mansion, where her ladyship's maid anxiously waited to conduct him to her mistress' room—her agitation most probably preventing her from perceiving the doctor's state. He was introduced into a splendid chamber, and staggered towards the bed in which the lady lay. He went through the practice of pulse feeling, &c., and proceeded to the table to write a prescription, which, in all probability would have been mechanically correct; but here his powers failed him. In vain he strove to trace the salutary characters, until wearied in his endeavors, he cast down his pen, and exclaiming "Drunk, by God!" he made his way out of the house. Two days afterwards he was not a little surprised by receiving a letter from the lady, enclosing a check for one hundred pounds, and promising him the patronage of her family and friends if he would observe the strictest secrecy on the state in which he found her in. The fact simply was, that the countess had been indulging in brandy, and was in the very condition which the doctor had frankly applied to himself, but which her conscience told her he had detected her in.

A man with a large family was complaining of the difficulty of supporting all of them. "But," said a friend, "you have sons big enough to earn something and help you now." "The difficulty is, they are too big to work," was the answer of the father.

CURE FOR CORNS.—Pare off the hard part of the corn with a sharp knife, not so as to cause it to bleed; apply the inner part of an onion, mashed fine; keep it on during the night, and a very few applications will effect a cure.

ANOTHER.—Pare off the top of the hard part of the corn, as in the former case, and rub a small quantity of sweet oil on, once a day for a few days, and your corns will soon disappear. It should be done in the morning, or just before retiring at night.

A Yankee says that prejudice against color is very natural, and yet the prettiest girl he ever know was Olive Brown.

A little girl who had been visiting in the family of a neighbor, hearing them speak of her father being a widower, on her return home addressed him thus:

"Pa, are you a widower?"

"Yes, my child. Don't you know your mother's dead?"

"Why, yes, I knew ma was dead, but you always told me you was a New Yorker."

That Time Will Come.

That time is coming. That month, that day, that hour, that moment is coming apace, and draws nearer and nearer with every rising and setting sun. What time, do you ask, reader? It is the time most solemn, most important and full of surprising interest to you, reader, at any moment of your existence. It is the time when you will die. It will be the end of time to you. Then you will pass out of time. You will have done with time. At that time you will change your mode of existence. You will enter on new and untried scenes in a world of spirits and become the companion of good or evil angels. That hour, that moment will stamp on your destiny the seal of eternity. What a time that will be to each individual! How near and full of interest! And yet how little think the gay and pleasure loving people of their coming hour. Could they lift life's spy glass and look away into the coming future, and see that messenger on the pale horse approaching with every passing hour, how different would be the conduct of many from what it is now! Yet that hour, that moment is coming. The time to die will come.

Death is to every man a serious matter. It makes us serious to think of it amidst the gayest and most trifling scenes. Reflections on death have no affinity to light and vain amusements.—Mirth flees instinctively at the very mention of the name of death. If but one thought of the future world come in amidst the thoughts of vanity, it scatters them as the tempest scatters the chaff.—The two kinds of thoughts, the serious and the vain, cannot exist together. And since the one must exclude the other, it becomes a solemn question, which of the two are better for our happiness? How often and to what extent will it be more profitable to cherish mirth and solemnity? Which may be most safely established with the habits of the mind? Which will most confirm your peace, elevate your character, and lead you most directly to holiness and Heaven?

TRAGEDY AT LYNCHBURG.—*Death of Mr. Saunders.* A letter in the Richmond Dispatch, dated Lynchburg, June 5, contains the following additional particulars of the sad tragedy in that town:

We have had a most dreadful tragedy here today, between Terry, of the Virginian, and young James Saunders. You have doubtless seen in last Monday's Republican, a very curious letter from Dr. Saunders. This morning's Virginian contained a most biting personal reply of some three columns in length. In consequence of this, about 8 o'clock this morning the gentlemen met in front of the Market house. Saunders asked if this was Mr. Terry, and the latter replied in the affirmative, when Saunders struck him with a stick. Terry forthwith drew one of Colt's revolvers and fired; when Saunders drew a small pistol fired also.—Five shots were then exchanged between them; three by Terry and two by Saunders. Both then clenched, and were in the act of committing further violence—Terry with a knife, and Saunders with Terry's revolver, which he wrested from him, when they were separated.

Terry was borne off to Dr. Blackford's, and Saunders to Bosby & Holcomb's; both regarded as mortally wounded. Terry received one of Saunders' balls in the centre of the breast or stomach, and Saunders received one of Terry's balls just above the navel. It passed out at the left side, just above the hip bone. Terry's wound is a direct one into the stomach. They are both now lying insensible, surrounded by weeping families and sorrowing friends. No hope is entertained for Terry, and but little for Saunders—none in fact unless a re-action takes place in a very short time.

Capt. Biggers, the police master, attempted to separate them, when he was shot by Terry through the arm, and by Saunders through the leg, and is very severely, though not dangerously wounded.

Thus has ended a most painful and deplorable tragedy.

P. S. Saunders died to-day at 5 o'clock, and such a scene among a family, as there was in his, I have never beheld.

SIMPLICITY OF CHILDHOOD.—A few weeks ago a sweet little girl in New Haven, only three years old was promised one evening that she should accompany her parents to Boston the next morning. She was much elated at the prospect of the journey, and when she had finished repeating her little prayer, as she laid down to sleep, she said with the most exquisite simplicity, "Good bye, God—good bye, Jesus Christ—I am going to Boston in the morning."

Among the attractions of Barnum's travelling menagerie are Gen. Tom Thumb riding on a calf elephant less than four feet high—a diminutive howadji in a diminutive howdah and smoking a diminutive hookah! Bismillah! Great is Barnum, and Tom Thumb is his profit.

A gallant New England knight of the quill, describing a country dance, says—"The gorgeous strings of glass beads will now glisten on the heavy bosoms of the village belles, like polished rubies resting on the delicate surface of warm apple dumplings."

WATERING HORSES.—We see every summer, hundreds of incidents of horses being killed by giving them water when overheated while travelling. It would seem that drivers generally think that the preservation of the horse's life consists in having him watered at every tavern they come to. But we would condemn it as being a most absurd and unnecessary practice. A farmer who works his horses at a plough, harrow or cart, never gives them water from the time they go to work after breakfast, until they come in at noon. In France, coachmen never water their horses except when they feed, and if you take the trouble to inquire into the effect of the system in that country, you will find it has a salutary influence. When the driver stops at an inn, he washes the horse's nose with a little vinegar in a sponge.

COMPARATIVE VALUE OF DAUGHTERS.—Jean Jacques Rousseau says that when his wife died, every father in that neighborhood offered to console him with one of his daughters; but a few weeks afterwards, his cow having likewise deceased, not a solitary individual of them thought of replacing his loss by the offer of another; thereby proving the different value people set upon their cows and daughters.

☞Boys that have been properly reared are men in men in point of usefulness at sixteen, while those that have been brought up in idle habits are a nuisance at twenty-one.

☞Among the attractions of Barnum's travelling menagerie are Gen. Tom Thumb riding on a calf elephant less than four feet high—a diminutive howadjii in a diminutive howdah and smoking a diminutive hookah. Bismallah! Great is Barnum, and Tom Thumb is his profit.

"Ma," said Wilhelmina, "I don't think Solomon was as rich as they say he was."

"Why, my dear?" said the astonished ma.

"Because he slept with his fathers," and I think that if he had been so rich he would have had a bed of his own."

Tom Hood, the ever truthful and merry Tom Hood, defines a laugh to be "the full blown flower of which a smile is the bud."

It is said that some of the landlords in Boston place an extra fork across the plates of their delinquent boarders, an intimation for them to "fork over."