American Volunteer.

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

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Poetical.

For the American Volunteer.

WEEP NOT FOR THE HAPPY DEAD!

There is a home where mortals rest,
Far, far beyond this glittering sphere;
Where friend meets friend—and all are blest—
Where sorrow never wakes a tear.

'Tis there the weary find repose,
A pillow for the aching head—
Far, far from earth and all its woes,
O, weep not for the happy dead!

Who, who would wish them back again,
To drain the cup of worldly grief,
To tread the path, endure the pain,
From which they find a sweet relief?

Soft be their rest beneath the turf
That gently wraps their mouldering clay,
We would not wish them back to earth,
Again to tread life's thorny way.

Ah, no! we would not, if we could
Dissolve their deep and dreamless sleep;
And bid them stand where once they stood,
Again to sigh, again to weep.

But still, the burning tear will start,
While bending o'er their silent urn,
And sorrow's shade comes o'er the heart,
To think they never can return.

Yet, oh! it is a pleasing thought,
And one that calms the troubled breast—
To know there is an Eden spot,
Where they have found eternal rest.

Carlisle, July 3, 1851. J. M.

MY BOYHOOD'S HOME.

BY ERNEST H. WALTON.

Bring back my boyhood's golden hours
From the treasury of the past;
Oh linger nigh! life's first Spring flowers,
That faded 'fore the blast;
The rocky cliff, the hill and glen,
The joy and laughter free;
I would I were a boy again—
O bring them back to me.

Bring back my early childhood's home—
The altar and the hearth,
The song of praise—devotion's tone—
The lov'd that fled from earth;
The days that flitted by so fast,
Life's streamlet to its sea,
Which lie deep buried in the Past—
Oh bring them back to me,

In Fancy's realms, I wander still
By my boyhood's cherish'd home,
And gather flow'rs by brook or rill,
And over wood-lands roam;
Oh linger night! though visions dim
And shadows faint ye be,
Tho' filled life's chalice to the brim,
Yet bring them back to me!

MY GIRLHOOD'S HOME.

BY EMILY G. MACAULIFF.

Bring back the days, the sunny hours,
Of girlhood's thoughtless glee;
The placid stream, the opening flowers—
Oh bring them back to me.
The noontide walks, the hallowed eve,
The loved, the lost—that brow
On which love sat like sunset's leave—
Oh bring them back to me now.

Where is my home—my girlhood's home
Of sweetness? Has it fled?
Alas 'tis gone; the joyous tone
Of its lived cadence dead.
Bring me the happy scenes, which there
Passed like a summer's dream,
The soft'ning tints of memory,
Ere sorrow o'er me came.

Oh! let me dream I see it still,
With bird and sun and flower;
'Twill serve to soothe a treasured will
In this sad trying hour.
Home of my youth—farewell, farewell!
Once I did hail your glee;
Painful as is the bosom's swell—
Oh bring it still to me.

Miscellaneous.

OBEYING ORDERS.

The "oldest inhabitant" perfectly remembers the Widow Trotter, who used many years ago, to occupy a small wooden house away down in Hanover street, in somewhat close proximity to Salutation alley.—Well, this widow was blessed with a son, who, like Goldsmith, and many other men distinguished in after life, was the dunce of his class. Numerous were the floggings which his stupidity brought upon him, and the road to knowledge was with him truly a "vale of tears."

One day he came home as usual with red eyes and hands.

"Oh you blockhead!" screamed his mother—she was a bit of a virago, Mrs. Trotter was—"you've ben gettin' another lickin' I know."

"O, yes," replied young Mr. Trotter; that's one uv the reg'lar exercises—lioken' me. 'Arter I've licked Trotter," says the master "I'll hear the 'rithmatic class." But mother to change the subject, as the criminal said when he found the Judge was getting personal, is there enny arrant I can do for you?"

"Yes," grumbled the widow; "only you're so slow about anything you undertake—go get a pitcher of water, and be four years about it; will ye."

Bob Trotter took the pitcher and wended his way in direction of the street pump; but he had'nt got far, when he encountered Joe Buffor, the mate of a vessel, issuing from his house, and dragging a heavy sea chest along after him.

"Come, Bob," said Joe, bear a hand and help me down to Long Wharf with this.

"Well, so I would," said Bob, "only you see mother sent me after a pitcher of water."

"What do you care for your mother—she don't care for you. Come along."

"Well," said Bob, "first let me hide the pitcher where I can find it again."

With these words he stowed away his earthenware under a flight of stone steps, and accompanied his friend aboard ship. The pilot was urging the captain to get off and take advantage of the wind and tide, but the captain was waiting the arrival of a boy who had slipped the day before, and wishing to his eyes for the delay he had occasioned. At last he turned to Bob and said—

"What do you say, youngster, to shipping with me? I'll treat you well and give you ten dollars a month."

"Should like to go," said Bob, hesitatingly, "but my mother——"

"Hang your mother," said the captain, "she'll be glad to get rid of you. Come, will you go?"

"Haint no clothes."

"Here's a chest full. The other chap was just your size, and they will fit you to a T."

"I'll go."

"Cast off that line there!" shouted the captain, and the ship fell off with the tide, and was soon standing down the bay with fair wind, and every stitch of canvass set. She was bound for the North-west via Canton and back again, which was then called the double voyage, and usually occupied about four years.

In the meanwhile, the non-appearance of Bob seriously alarmed his mother. A night passed, and the town crier was called into requisition a week, when she gave him up, had a note read to her in meeting, and went into mourning.

Just four years after these occurrences, the ship got back to port, and Bob and his friend were paid off. The wages of the widow's son amounted to just four hundred and eighty dollars, and he found, on squaring his accounts with the captain, that his advances had amounted to the odd tens, and four hundred dollars clear, were the fruits of his long cruise.

As he walked in the direction of his mother's house, in company with Joe, he scanned with a curious eye, the houses, the shops, and people that he passed. Nothing appeared changed; the same signs indicated an unchanging hospitality on the part of the same landlords, the same loafers were standing on the same corners—it seemed as if he had only been gone a day. With old sights and sounds, Bob's old feelings revived, and he almost dreaded to see debouching from some alley, a detachment of boys, sent by his ancient enemy, the school master, to carry him back to receive the customary walloping.

When he was quite near home, he said,

"Joe, I wonder if anybody's found that old pitcher."

He stooped down, thrust his hand under the stone steps and withdrew the identical piece of earthenware he had deposited there just four years ago.—Having rinsed and filled it at the pump, he walked into his mother's house, and found her seated in her accustomed arm chair. She looked at him for a minute, recognized him, screamed, and exclaimed:

"Why, Bob! where *have* you been? What have you been doing?"

"Gettin' that pitcher of water," answered Bob, setting it on the table; "I always obey orders—you told me to be four years about it; and I was."

VICTIMS OF SCIENCE.

Some years since there appeared on the boards of a Parisian Theatre an excellent and much applauded comic actor, named Samuel. Like many a wiser man before him, he fell deeply in love with a beautiful girl, and wrote to offer her his hand, heart and his yearly salary of 8000 francs. A flat refusal was returned. Poor Samuel rivalled his comrade, the head tragedian of the company, in his dolorous expressions of despair, but when, after a time his excitement cooled down, he dispatched a friend, a trusty envoy, with a commission to try and soften the hard hearted beauty. Alas, it was in vain!

"She does not like you," said the candid ambassador; "she says you are ugly; that your eyes frighten her; and, besides, she is about to be married to a young man whom she loves."

Fresh exclamations of despair from Samuel.

"Come," said his friend, after musing for a while, "if this marriage be as I suspect, all a sham, you may have her yet."

"Explain yourself."

"You know that, not to mind the matter, you have a frightful squint!"

"I know it."

"Science will remove that defect by an easy and almost painless operation."

No sooner said than done. Samuel underwent the operation for strabismus, and it succeeded perfectly. His eyes were now straight and handsome; but the marriage after all was no sham—the lady became another's and poor Samuel was forced to seek for consolation in the exercise of his profession. He was to appear in his best character; the curtain rose, and loud hissing saluted him.

"Samuel!" "Where is Samuel?" "We want Samuel!" was vociferated from pit and gallery.

When silence was partly restored, the actor advanced to the footlights, and said, "Here I am; I am Samuel!"

"Out with the impostor!" was the cry, and such a tumult arose, that the unlucky actor was forced to fly from the stage. He lost the grotesque expression, the comic mask, which used to set the house in a roar he could no longer appear in his favorite characters. The operation for strabismus had changed his destiny; he was unfitted for tragedy, and was forced after a time, to take the most insignificant parts, which barely afforded him a scanty subsistence.

One fine day, a poor man was seated on the Pont Royal in Paris, waiting for alms. The passers by were bestowing their money liberally, when a handsome carriage stopped near the mendicant, and a celebrated oculist stepped out. He went up to the blind man, examined his eye balls, and said, "Come with me; I will restore your sight." The beggar obeyed; the operation was successful, and the journals of the day were filled with praises of the doctor's skill and philanthropy. The ex-blind man subsisted for some time on a small sum of money which his benefactor had given him; and when it was spent, he returned to his former post on the Pont Royal. Scarcely, however, had he resumed his usual appeal, when a policeman laid his hand on him, and ordered him to desist, on pain of being taken up.

"You mistake," said the mendicant, producing a paper; "here is my legal license to beg, granted by the magistrates."

"Stuff!" cried the official; "this license is for a blind man, and you seem to enjoy excellent sight." Our hero, in despair, ran to the oculist's house, intending to seek compensation for the doubtful benefit conferred on him; but the man of science had gone on a tour through Germany, and the aggrieved patient found himself compelled to adopt the hard alternative of working for his support, and abandoning the easy life of a professed beggar.

A Prompt Sentinel.

An account is given in an exchange paper, of a somewhat ludicrous incident which occurred at New London, Connecticut, during the revolutionary war. At a certain point in the outskirts of the town, near the bank of the Thames, the sentinel on duty was shot at every night. Two had been killed, by the same person, who landed in the dead of night, and before the sentinel could hail three times, according to military tactics, fired his piece and escaped under cover of the darkness.

The exposed post naturally became dreaded by the soldiers, who had but little taste for being shot. At length a negro belonging to the rank and file, was stationed on the spot one night, and ordered, if any person appeared, to hail, "who goes there?" three times and if no answer was returned to fire his musket at him.

Pompey had never stood sentry, but he promised to obey the directions. He paced backward and forward, stealthily, with his ears open to the slightest sound. At the accustomed hour the foe appeared emerging from a clump of bushes under the shade of which he had landed. Pompey instantly levelled his piece and cried:

"Who go dar, once, twice, three times?—bang!" hailing and firing simultaneously.

The aim taken by Pompey's peeled onion was true, the intruder was instantly killed, and the post was no longer exposed to danger.

Home Affections.

The heart has memories that never die: The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them.—They are the memories of home—early home.—There is a magic in the sound. There the old tree under which the light-hearted boy swung many a day—yonder the river in which he learned to swim—there the house in which he knew a parent's protection—nay, there in the room in which he romped with brother and sister, long since, alas! laid in the yard in which he must soon be gathered, overshadowed by yon old church, whither with a joyous troop like himself he has often followed his parents to worship with, and hear the good old man who ministered at the altar. Why, even the very schoolhouse, associated in youthful days with thoughts of tasks, now comes to bring pleasant remembrance of many occasions that call forth some generous exhibitions of noble traits of human nature. There is where he learned to feel some of his first emotions. There, perchance, he first met the being who, by her love and tenderness in life, has made a home for himself, happier than that his childhood knew. There are certain feelings of humanity, and those too, among the best that can find an appropriate place for their exercise only by one's fireside. There is a privacy of that which it was a species of desecration to violate. He who seeks wantonly to invade it is neither more nor less than a villain; and hence there exists no surer test of debasement of public morals in a community, than the disposition to tolerate in any mode, the man who invades the sanctity of private life. In the turmoil of the world let there be at least one spot where the poor man may find affection and confidence which are not to be abused.—*Dr. Hawkes.*

In the Isle of Skye alone it is computed that 10,000 able bodied persons, not entitled to relief, are at this time without work, without food, and without credit. This is in Great Britain.

☞When a man fails in the pronunciation of National Intelligencer, take it for granted that he is drunk.

TALLEYRAND AND ARNOLD.

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, hot foot from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property and power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was going a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land to earn his bread by daily labor.

"Is there an American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of the hotel. "I am bound to cross the water, and would like a letter to some person of influence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"There is a gentleman up stairs, either from America or Britain, but whether an American or Englishman, I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—who in his life was Bishop, Prince, and Prime Minister, ascended the stairs. A miserable supplicant he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

In the far corner of a dimly lighted room, sat a gentleman of some fifty years, his arms folded, and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes looking from beneath the downcast brows, gazed on Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in its outline; the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form, vigorous, even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark, but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced—stated that he was a fugitive—and under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind and feeling offices.

He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English—

"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or home.—You are an American! Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner, the scenes of Paris have filled me with such horror, that a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends. A gentleman like you has doubtless many friends."

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated towards the door of the next chamber, his head still downcast, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backward: his voice was full of meaning—

"I am the only man born in the New World who can raise his hand to God and say—I have not a friend—not one in all America." Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of that look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated towards the next room. "Your name!"

"My name"—with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—"my name is Benedict Arnold."

He was gone. Talleyrand sank into a chair, gasping the words—

"Arnold—the traitor!"

Thus you see he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with a wanderer's mark upon his brow. Even in that secluded room at an Inn of Havre, his crimes found him out, and forced him to tell his name—that name the synonyme of infamy.

The last twenty years of his life are covered with a cloud, from whose darkness but a few gleams of light flash out upon the page of history.

The manner of his death is not exactly known. But we cannot doubt that he died utterly friendless—that his cold brow was not moistened by the farewell tear—that remorse pursued him to the grave, whispering John Andre! in his ears, and that the memory of his course of glory gnawed like a canker at his heart, murmuring forever:—"True to your country, what might you have been, O Arnold, the Traitor!"

THE TWO ROADS.

It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes towards the deep-blue sky, where the stars were floating, like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless things than himself now moved toward their certain goal—the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony, "O, youth, return! O, my father, place me once more at the entrance to life that I may choose the better way!"

But the days of his youth and his father had both passed away. He saw wandering lights floating far away over dark marshes, and then disappear—these were the days of his wasted life.—He saw a star fall from heaven, and vanish in darkness. This was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night. The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son—the lessons they had taught him—the prayers they had offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and, with one despairing effort, he cried aloud—"Come back! my early days, come back!"

And his youth *did* return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young—his faults alone were real. He thanked God, fervently, that time was still his own—that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land, where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that, when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain—"O, youth, return! O, give me back my early days!"

NOT READ FAR ENOUGH.—A member of the Society of Friends happened one day to meet two Oxford scholars, one of them remarked to his companion that they would have some sport with Broadbrim, and immediately gave him a slap on the cheek saying, "Thou Quaker, it is written, 'if one smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also.'" "Thou hast not read far enough," said the Quaker, "turn thou over the other leaf, and there thou wilt find that 'with whatsoever measure thou meetest, it shall be measured to thee again,'" at the same time giving the Oxonian a whack that sent him reeling to the other side of the road.

Why is an old maid like a watch? Because she bears the marks of Time upon her face.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Counts Hadick and Amedy, both belonging to old families of Hungary, were on terms of immediate friendship, which their long and important services had cemented. They resolved to superadd the stronger ties of relationship by uniting their children who were then of about the same age. Therefore Hadick, the sole heir to his illustrious house, was brought up with young Constance, who, from her childhood, displayed as much beauty as goodness. At the age of fifteen, the feelings of those two young persons were already what they were to be throughout their lives. The estates of the two magnates were in the same neighborhood. Constance, in attending the lessons of her young friend, easily learned all those exercises which develope the graces without detriment to beauty. They had also the same passion for music—a passion natural to the Hungarians. Throughout the country they were extolled as patterns of virtue; already did their parents think of fixing the period of their marriage, when war broke out.

The laws of Hungary, as you are aware, oblige every noble to combat in person in the defence of his native land; and at critical junctures when the whole nation arises, the magnates with their banners march at the head of their vassals. Count Hadick, with due regard to the honor of his house, wished his son to take a part in the impending operations. Young Constance beheld with courage the preparations for the departure of her friend, whose absence the chances of war might render a very long, and perhaps an eternal one.

The day before the departure the betrothing took place, and it was with the certainty of possessing the hand of Constance that the young count set out at the head of his vassals, to join the Hungarian army at Pesth. The issue of that war is well known. The Hungarians sustained in it their reputation of valor. Theodore, for several actions of *eclat*, obtained the cross of Maria Theresa—one of the most honorable military distinctions.

But whilst the youth was winning these laurels, Constance was suffering from a cruel disease. Attacked with the smallpox, she long lingered between life and death. At length she recovered, but the efforts of her physicians could not save her charming face from havoc—it became almost hideous. She was not permitted to see herself in a mirror before her complete convalescence. On beholding herself, she was seized with despair, and, persuaded that Theodore could love her no more, she wished for death. In vain did her father and Count Hadick strive to comfort her; harassed by the dread of being no longer worthy of her *futur*, she rejected all consolation, and was rapidly withering.

She was in this melancholy condition when one morning a servant, who had accompanied Theodore de Hadick to the army, hastily entered the apartment in which she was with her father, and announced that his young master was following him. He was soon heard advancing and crying "Constance, where art thou?"

On hearing his beloved voice, the poor girl had not courage enough to flee; she covered her face with her hands and her handkerchief, and implored her lover not to look at her. "Her beauty was gone," she said, "and she had now but her heart to offer him." Theodore begged her to look at him, observing that it mattered not whether she were more or less handsome, since he could no longer see her. She looked at him—he was blind—a shot he had received having destroyed his sight!

They were soon after married—and never perhaps did a couple so worthy of being happy, prove more so. The countess conducts her husband everywhere, without quitting him a moment. She lavishes on him the most affectionate attentions; and, if you always see her with a veil, it is not because she fears to show her disfigured features, but because she dreads some remarks upon the loss of her beauty which may be overheard by Count Hadick, and sadden a husband whom she adores.

Ladies' Keepsake.

A Good Schoolmaster.

The following excellent story is told of a New York Schoolmaster:

I heard of one of your committees interfering with a vengeance, and turning out a schoolmaster for committing enormities in the way of illustrating lessons. It appears that he had enlisted the feelings of his pupils in Natural Philosophy, but was told to do the teaching and leave the nonsense. But nothing daunted he got some apparatus himself, and told the boys if they would bring a mouse or two the next day he would show them the effects of nitrogen upon them. The next day came the committee to reprove him, because the boys in their eagerness to learn had been up all night trying to catch mice for their master, and disturbed those in the house. He promised to do better, but when he came to Astronomy, he committed a more atrocious crime, for being deficient of an orrery he took a boy in the school and placing him in the Sun, told him now to turn slowly upon his axis as the Sun did, then he placed a little fellow for Mercury next to him, a girl for Venus, then a representation of the Earth, then a fiery little fellow for Mars, and so on till he got all the planetary system arranged and explained to each one how fast he was to turn on his heel as it went round the orbit.

Then giving the signal, the Sun commenced revolving, and away went the whole team of planetary around him, each boy keeping in his proper distance from the centre, trotting with his proper velocity in his orbit, and whirling around in due proportion as he performed his revolutions. It must have been a rare sight, and a lesson which the boys retained; for do you think, my dear sir, that John, who represented Mercury, would ever forget that he had an easy time walking round the lubber in the centre, while Will who personated Herschel, must have been nearly out of breath in scampering around his orbit.

But if the boys did not forget the lesson neither did the master. They danced but he paid the piper. Horrified, the committee then dismissed him at once—he had been teaching, for aught they know, the dance of the Turkish dervishes.

AN UNPUBLISHED VERSE OF BURNS.—When Burns was in Edinburgh, says the Glasgow Citizen, he was introduced by a friend to the studio of a well known painter, whom he found engaged in a representation of Jacob's Dream. After minutely examining the work, he wrote the following verse on the back of a little sketch which is still preserved in the painter's family:

Dear ——, I'll gie you some advice,
You'll take it no uncivil;
You shouldna paint at angels mair,
But try and paint the d—l.

To paint an angel's kittle wark,
Wi' auld Nick there's less danger;
You'll easy draw a wee-bent face,
But no sae wee a stranger.

A PIG ON SHARES.—This reminds us of our old dead and gone friend Stephen—no matter for the surname—peace to his ashes! He and his mother owned a pig in company, and on purchasing the animal, agreed how they should divide the spoils in killing him—the mother was to have the head and forequarters.

Well, the old lady fed the pig at her own proper cost for three months, and then, thinking it about time to be relieved, she told her son that she thought he ought to buy some corn for the porker.

"No, no, mother, said Stephen; I've nothing to do with the head and fore part that belongs to you; you take care of that, and I'll look out for my half."

Women are not logical, and the old lady admitted this sophism as good reasoning, and went on feeding the pig until he died a violent death about three months thereafter, when she took her share without a murmur, yielding up the hams to Stephen, who had every reason to be satisfied with the success of his arrangement.

The Family Circle.

The Poor Boy.

Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket, than hear one profane and vulgar word escape your lips. No good boy will shun you, because you cannot dress as well as your companions; and if a bad boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my good lad, but walk on. We know many a rich and good man, who was as poor as you. Be good, my boy, and if you are poor you will be respected—a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man, and were addicted to bad habits.—*Olive Branch.*

A True Lady.

Mrs. Francis D. Gage, in a letter to the Ohio State Journal, gives her sex the following fair hits: "Two years ago I made a journey to New England, accompanied by my husband, and also by my father-in-law, an old man of fourscore years. I have seen that good old man offer his seat to some hale woman of half or less his age, and seen her accept it, as if it were a right, without even a passing notice of his gray hairs, or the right of years that entitled him to her kindness and attention.

Once, and only once, a lady of queenly grace and beauty sprang from her seat as we entered, and with a voice that was musical in its every tone, said, "Father, take this arm chair." How my heart sprang to meet her, in her angel goodness! Such has ever been our idea of a lady; which is synonymous of a *true woman*."

The Wife's Influence.

A woman has her husband's fortune in her power, because she may, and she may not, as she pleases, conform to his circumstances. This is her first duty, and it ought to be her pride. No passion for luxury or display ought for a moment to tempt her to deviate in the least degree from this line of conduct. She will find her respectability in it. Any other course is wretchedness itself, and inevitably leads to ruin. Nothing can be more miserable than the struggle to keep up appearance. If it could succeed, it would cost more than it is worth, as it never can, its failure involves the deepest mortification. Some of the sublimest exhibitions of human virtue have been made by women, who have been precipitated suddenly from wealth and splendor to absolute want.

The Cheerful Heart.

It is not essential to the happy home that there should be the luxury of the carpeted floor, the cushioned sofa, or the soft shade of the astral lamp. These elegancies gild the apartments, but they reach not the heart. It is neatness, order, and a cheerful heart, which makes home that sweet paradise it is so often found to be. There is a joy as real, as heart-felt by the cottage fireside, as in the most splendid saloons of wealth and refinement. The luxuries and elegancies of life are not to be despised. They are to be received with gratitude. But these possessions do not ensure happiness. The sources of true joy are not so hollow. The cheerful heart, like the kaleidescope, causes most discordant materials to arrange themselves in harmony and beauty.

Right to the Point.

Almost any one can be courteous and patient in a neighbor's house. If anything goes wrong, or is out of time, or is disagreeable, there it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show it is not felt; or if felt, it is attributed to accident, not to design; and this is not only easy, but natural, in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is natural in the house of another, is impossible at home, but maintain, without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic societies.

The Child's Heart.

A child's heart responds to the tones of its mother's voice like a harp to the wind, and its only hope for peace and courage is in hearing nothing but peace and gentleness from her, and experiencing nothing but unremitting love, whatever may be its troubles elsewhere. Supposing this to be all right, the mother will feel herself from the first the depository of its confidence,—a confidence as sacred as any other, though tacit, and about matters which may appear to all but itself and her infinitely small.

Truth.

We never yet knew a boy or a man who from early life spoke the truth and shunned a falsehood, that was not virtuous in all respects, and who did not acquire and enjoy the confidence and esteem of society. Truthfulness is one of the chief corner stones in a good and respectable character.—Young man! never utter a falsehood; never be tempted to depart from strict truth in all sayings. False words come from a false heart, breeds corruption that soon taints and spoils the whole character.

Bad Company.

Keep out of bad company. "The companion of fools shall be destroyed." If others waste their time in folly and sin, avoid them. They may be smart, but they will do you no good, and they may do you much harm. Bad company is the ruin of many; even of those who are older than you.—Keep away from idlers, swearers, liars and Sabbath-breakers. Even "one sinner destroyed much good." Keep away—"touch not the unclean thing."

A Word to Girls and Boys.

Never be rude, mischievous nor boisterous, in the absence of your parents or teachers. Remember the eye of God is upon you. Read the 139th Psalm.

Never take liberties, or manifest undue self-importance, when visiters or strangers are present.—Some very bad children, on such occasions, not only disgrace themselves, but also dishonor their parents.

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother, for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck. 'Prov. I. 8, 9, 'Honor thy father and mother,' which is the first commandment with promise."

Resolve never to do anything, when you are alone, that you would not do if your parents were present.

Never be offended when corrected for your faults. Some little boys and girls are displeased, when their faults are pointed out, and receive it unkindly. This is wrong. They should be very humble and thankful for some kind friend to correct their vicious habits, and teach them better manners.

Never invite any one to visit you without first consulting your parents or guardians. Children and youth should never assume the high responsibility of selecting either their books or associates; it is fearful! None but parents or guardians have a right to make the selection. 'Cursed be he that setteth light by his father, or his mother; and all the people shall say, Amen.'

Small causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy, when great ones are not in the way. For want of a block, he will stumble at a straw.

KEPT THE TODDY HOT.

Old Parson B., who presided over a little flock in one of the back towns in the State of M., was, without any exception, the most eccentric divine we ever knew. His eccentricities were carried as far in the pulpit as out of it. An instance we will relate:

Among his church members was one who invariably made a practice of leaving the church ere the parson was two-thirds through his sermon.—This was practised so long, that after a while it became a matter of course, and no one, save the divine, seemed to take notice of it. He notified brother P. that such a thing must, he felt assured, be needless; but P. said at that hour his family needed his services at home, and he must do it; nevertheless, on leaving church, he always took a deviating course, which, by some mysterious means, always brought him in close proximity with the village tavern, which he would enter, and "thereby hange a tale."

Parson B. ascertained from some source that P's. object in leaving the church was to obtain a dram, and he determined, too, to stop his leaving and disturbing the congregation in future, if such a thing was possible.

The next Sabbath P. was going out, as was his custom, when the old parson cried out, "Brother P!"

P., on being thus addressed, stopped short and gazed towards the pulpit.

"Brother P." continued the parson, "there is no need of your leaving church at this time. As I passed the tavern this morning, I made arrangements with the landlord to keep your toddy hot until the church was out."

The surprise and mortification of the brother can hardly be imagined. He shrunk back to his seat, and for the rest of the day was "the observed of all observers." He did'nt visit the tavern after church, neither did he again leave the church ere services were concluded.

Kind Words in the Family.

There are few families, we imagine, anywhere, in which love is not abused as furnishing a license for impoliteness. A husband, father, or brother, will speak harsh words to those whom he loves the best, and to those who love him the best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely at times, to his wife or his sister, than he would dare to any other female. It is thus that the honest affections of man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to woman in the family circle than the restraints of society, and that a woman, usually, is indebted for the kindest politenesses of life to those not belonging to her own household. Things ought not so to be. The man, who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearthstone, is a small coward and a very mean man. Kind words are the circulating medium between true gentlemen and true ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the hard language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.

CURIOUS FACT.

A young man in the township of Warsaw, Genesee county, New York, was engaged in cutting wood, and in falling a tree it became entangled in the branches of other trees. While endeavoring to disentangle the tree and bring it to the ground, it suddenly fell; and splitting at the butt, he was caught by the foot and thus suspended with his head downwards. In this condition he cried for help, until his voice was gone and his strength well nigh exhausted. His axe had fallen, and he could hardly touch the end of the helve with his finger. He labored to reach it, but it was all in vain. Could he but get that, he would extricate himself. But alas! it was beyond his reach. What could he do? He had cried for help until he could no longer speak. He was in the woods three-quarters of a mile from any human being. The weather was extremely cold, and he was hanging with his head downwards, suffering extreme pain, not only in the cleft of the tree, but also in the head, caused by his unnatural position and the great exertion he had put forth to make himself heard. Death now seemed inevitable, unless he could immediately be extricated. There was no alternative. Summoning all his courage, therefore, he came to the determination to make the attempt to cut off his leg; and should he succeed in doing this, there was but a faint hope that he would thereby save his life, for there was no surgeon at hand to take up the arteries—no kind friend near to bind up the mangled limb. It seemed more than probable, therefore, that he would bleed to death. But what will a man not do to save his life! He had in his pocket an old dull knife. With this he cut off the legs of his boot and stocking, and then unbuttoned his own ankle. This being done, he crawled to his dinner basket, and binding up the stump with a napkin, which covered his dinner, he started through the snow for home. When he arrived within a few rods of his house he was discovered by some friends, who hastened to his relief. His strength was now exhausted. Help had come and he fainted. He was borne to the house and resuscitated. Now come the curious facts; and I will here say that the gentleman who related the facts to me was present and went for the surgeon. "Go," said the wounded man, "go immediately to the woods and cut off my foot, for it is suffering most excruciating pain." They did so, and brought the foot to the house. He then said it was cold and wished it put into warm water. This request was also granted. It was not in the room in which the unfortunate man lay, yet as soon as the foot touched the water he cried out, saying, "It burns me; the water is too hot!" Upon putting the hand into the water it was found even so. The water was then made cooler, and he was satisfied.—I will also add that a surgeon was obtained from Batavia, a distance of fifteen or eighteen miles, and the limb again amputated—the man recovered and became a preacher of the gospel in the Baptist Church!—*Presbyterian.*

FRANKLIN'S TOAST.—Long after Washington's victories over the French and English had made his name familiar over all Europe, Dr. Franklin chanced to dine with the English and French Ambassadors, when, as nearly as I can recollect the words, the following toasts were drunk: By the British Ambassador: "England—the *sun*, whose beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth." The French Ambassador, glowing with national pride, drank—"France—the *moon*, whose mild, steady, and cheering rays are the delight of all nations; consulting them in darkness, and making their dreariness beautiful." Dr. Franklin then rose, and with his usual dignified simplicity, said—"George Washington—the Joshua, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

THE CHANCES OF MARRIAGE.—This subject is always interesting, and marriage statistics are curious as well as instructive. In England this class of statistics are "got up" with official accuracy. From the "Register General of England" it appears that a lady's chance of getting married is at its maximum between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. Before twenty, her chances are but one-fifth, and from twenty to twenty-five one third of that maximum chance. Men marry later than women, and yet a great majority of marriages are agreed upon while both parties are under twenty-five. Men contract marriage at a later period than women; out of twenty-seven thousand four hundred and eighty single persons who were married in 1848, there was only one spinster above sixty years old, there were twelve bachelors. A widower selects a more steady age than a bachelor, while a widow prefers that her second husband shall be younger than herself.