American Volunteer.

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

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Poetical.

I LOVED THEE ONCE.

I loved thee once—but I have learned
To banish hence that thought—
To check the heart which vainly burned
With love that was unsought;
The flame which lit my spirit first,
In youth's bright, dreamy hour—
Which I awhile so fondly nursed,
Hath lost its former power!

I loved thee—but that love I ween
Was to thee all unknown;
By thee unheeded and unseen,
I thought of thee alone.
How oft amid the throng I've wept
For one glance from thine eye;
There by me thou hast often stepped,
Unconscious I was nigh!

I loved thee once—oft have I gazed
Upon thy beaming brow,
Till hence methought a radiance blazed,
Too bright for aught below;
And I have listened to thy song,
And viewed the smiling face,
Till I seemed borne on wings along,
Thro' heaven's aerial space!

I loved thee once—but tears no more
Shall dim mine eye for thee;
In other ears thy flattery pour,
'Tis nothing now to me.
Nor will thy memory cause a smart,
For the last tie is riven,
And I possess once more the heart
So fully to thee given!

From the Pennsylvania Telegraph.

JOHN AND HIS BLOOMERISH WIFE.

BY JAMES L. ROCHE.

WIFE. I had not thought the change, dear,
Such misery would beget;
One feels so very strange, dear,
Bound up in satinett.

JOHN. Your slave I am—do tell, love,
Why thus your peace beset?
You figure very well, love,
In borrowed satinett.

WIFE. 'Tis more than I can bear, John!
But no—I must forget—
It is not that I wear, John,
Your Sunday satinett.

JOHN. Each satin gown you bought, love,
Made me six months of debt!
You see how rich the thought, love,
That sighs for satinett.

WIFE. But prudish girls do talk so,
With downcast looks and coy,
Whene'er they see me walk so,
Say there goes COR-DU-ROY!

JOHN. Those prudes who sigh for beaus, love,
Flirt in their satins yet;
For nice young men oppose, love,
The gallant satinett!

WIFE. But John, before you gave them,
Such strife they did beget—
Oh! 'tis your right to have them,
I'll have no satinett.

JOHN. Forhear, my love! don't pout so—
So trim your Bloomers yet!
But when you wear them out so—
You'll get a—satinett.

Miscellaneous.

AN ADVENTURE.

Freshness is an invaluable ingredient in literature. Old materials have been so often brought before the reading community, combined, re-combined, and re-named, that novelty of subject seems indispensible. Hungary, however, seems to be fresh ground. It has been trodden, but has not yet become a common highway, especially for pirates in literature. Francis and Theresa Pulozky have written a work entitled, "Tales and Traditions of Hungary;" and it has intrinsic merit.—The work is illustrative of Hungarian life, and the following legend will introduce the famous robber Haburak to the reader:

Prince Frederic Schwarzenburg, the son of the celebrated Field-Marshal Schwarzenburg, used often to relate his encounter with the notorious robber Haburak. The Prince once accompanied a lady from Hungary to Vienna. They journeyed on the mountain-roads between the counties of Gomor and Torna. Heavy showers greatly damaged the roads; evening approached; the tired horses had reached the ridge of the woody height, but could not be urged on further; and the travellers were thus compelled to seek shelter for the night in the inn of Aggtelek, a hiding place of ill-note for robbers. The carriage halted before the house, and the servant inquired whether room could be afforded. The publican replied that there was one room for the lady, but that the gentleman could not be accommodated, the large guest room being overfilled. After some visible reluctance he owned that the gang of Haburak was drinking there. The lady became terrified and entreated the prince not to remain; but it had grown dark, the rain was pouring down, the horses were worn out, and the steep descent of the road was so very dangerous, that it was most hazardous to proceed. The Prince tried to re-assure the lady; so she locked herself up in the room assigned to her. Her companion, wrapped in his white officer's cloak, under which he kept his pistols in readiness, stepped into the apartment where the robbers were assembled, and sat down at the table, facing the window, while his servant likewise armed, kept watch outside the house, close to the window, on the alert in case his master should want any aid.

The company consisted of about ten or twelve men. Their rifles leaned upon the wall, their axes lay upon the board, on which stood the wine jugs. They drank, sang, and talked over their adventures, and did not take any notice of their newly arrived guest. The Prince mixed in their conversation, took wine with them, and listened unto their conversation until it had grown late. Suddenly he rose, called the publican, threw a gold coin on the table, and said: "This is for the wine these good folks have drank; they are my guests. But now," he continued, addressing the robbers, "it is time to sleep. In the adjoining room is a sick lady—the entertainment has lasted long enough—I cannot allow any one longer to occupy this room, or disturb this lady's rest by noise."

At this imperative command, one of the robbers jumped from his seat, and contemptuously laughing, cried out: "Does the gentleman fancy that, because he has a carriage and four, and plenty of money in his pocket, he has the right to command us?"

An uproar followed. The men vociferated:—"We are poor lads, and therefore we are masters here."

"We are no timorous peasants, who take off our hats to every gentleman."

"We have yet money and credit enough to swallow a draft when we are thirsty."

"We do not accept any gift from people who fancy themselves any better than we are."

"We will not be ruled."

All this was simultaneously uttered, with a loud tumult from all sides. All the robbers had got up. The Prince mechanically caught hold of his pistols and threw off his cloak.

"I am a master of the craft in which you are but apprentices!" he exclaimed with dignity. "You are robbers, I am a soldier, and fear neither the mouth of a rifle nor the edge of an axe."

During this uproar, a man of middling height and strongly-marked features had risen from the bench beside the stove, where he had quietly sat during the whole conversation, without partaking of the wine. He now said in a commanding tone: "Silence!"

The robbers grew speechless at this order, and again sat down to the table.

"Mr. Officer," continued the man, "do not think that you frighten us. I, too, have been a soldier, and have probably smelt more powder than you ever did. I am Haburak. If I desired to do you any harm, a single whistle would suffice. The table at which you have sat would be overthrown, the candles extinguished, and before you are aware of what was going on, you would be a dead man, no less than your servant there at the window, who thinks he watches us, whilst we watch him. But I saw you help a lady out of the carriage, and take her to the adjoining room. We never will disturb a lady's rest; we war with men, not with women. For the present we shall leave this shelter; yet remember, sir, that it is the first time for a fortnight that these men have been under a roof, and that the couch there below on the damp oak leaves is by no means comfortable. Farewell!

"Friends, let us go," he called to his men.—They took up their arms and went.

The Prince was greatly struck by the whole proceeding. He did not entirely trust the robber's words; and relieving his servant, they paced up and down, thus keeping watch the whole night.—But no robber again appeared.

On the morrow the lady continued the journey with her companion. The weather had cleared up, and only the puddles in the lanes and the drops of rain glistening on the branches, reminded them of the clouds of the previous day. After they had ridden about an hour, they suddenly heard the discharge of a rifle close to them in the woods. Haburak stepped forth from the bushes, and bid the coachman halt.

The horses stopped; the Prince drew forth his pistols. But Haburak, without heeding this threatening mein, rode close up to the carriage door and said—

"We yesterday sacrificed our comfort that the rest of this lady should not be disturbed. Now I will see whether it was worth the trouble"

With these words he lifted the veil which hung down from the lady's bonnet, and looked for an instant into her face. The lady blushed, and the robber said—

"She is really very pretty."

He turned round, plucked a wild rose from a bush close at hand, and offered it to the lady with these words—

"Accept this rose kindly, as a keepsake from the poor robber Haburak; and if you sometime hear that he has been hanged, pray an Eve Maria for his soul."

The lady took the rose and the robber vanished.

Two years later, the newspaper related that the robber Haburak had been caught; that he had been tried at the assizes in Torna, convicted of desertion and highway robbery, and hanged.

THE WIFE'S NIGHT CAP.

Mr. ———, who does not live more than a mile from the Post Office in this city, met some "Northern friends with Southern principles" the other evening, and in extending to them the hospitalities of the "Crescent City," visited so many of our princely saloons and "marble halls," imbibing spiritual consolation as they journeyed, that when he left them at their hotel at the midnight hour, he felt, decidedly felt, that he had a "brick in his hat," Now, he has a wife, an amiable, accomplished and beautiful lady, who loves him devotedly, and finds but one fault with him. This is, his too frequent visit to the palaces where these "bricks" are obtained.

After leaving his friends, Mr. ——— paused a moment, took his bearings, and having shaped a course, on the principle that continual angles meet made sail for home. In due course of time he arrived there, and was not very much astonished, but rather frightened, to find his worthy lady sitting up for him. She always does. She smiled when he came in. That also she always does.

"How are you, dear E?" said she, "you stayed out so late that I feared you had been taken sick?"

"Hic—ain't sick, wife; b but don't you th think I'm—I'm a little tight?"

"A very little, perhaps, my dear—but that is nothing—you have so many friends, as you say, you must join them in a glass once in a while!"

"Wife, you're too good—the truth is, I'm d——d drunk."

"Oh, no indeed, my dear—I'm sure that even another glass wouldn't hurt you. Now, suppose you take a glass of Scotch ale with me, just as a night-cap, dear?"

"You are too kind, my dear, by half—I know I'm drunk!"

"Oh, no—only a julep too much, love—that's all!"

"Yes—juleps—McMasters makes such stiff 'uns!"

"Well, take a glass of ale at any rate—it can't hurt you, dear—I want one before I retire."

The lady hastened to open a bottle, and as she placed two tumblers before her on the sideboard, she put in one a very powerful emetic. Filling the glasses with the foaming ale, she handed one to her husband.

Suspicion came cloudily upon his mind. She never before had been so kind when he was drunk. He looked at the glass—raised it to his lips—then hesitated.

"Dear, wont you just taste mine, to make it sweet—sweeter?" said he.

"Certainly, love!" replied the lady, taking a mouthful, which she was careful not to swallow.

Suspicion vanished, and so did the ale, emetic and all, down the satisfied husband. After spitting out the taste the lady finished her glass, but seemed in no hurry to retire. She fixed a foot-tub of water before an easy chair, as if she intended to bathe her beautiful little feet. But small as were those feet, there was not water enough in the tub to cover them. The husband began to feel sick and wanted to retire."

"Wait only a few minutes, dear," said his loving spouse, "I want to read the news in this afternoon's Delta. I found it in my pocket."

A few minutes more elapsed, and then—and then, oh ye gods and Dan o' the lake, what a time. The husband was placed in the chair. He began to understand why the tub was there; he soon learned what ailed him. Suffice it to say, that when he arose from that chair the brick had left his hat. It hasn't been there since. He says he'll never drink another julep; he can't bear Scotch ale, but he is death on lemonade! He loves his wife better than ever.

Readers, this is a truthful story. Profit by its moral.—*N. O. Delta.*

Industry.

Every young man should remember that the world always has and always will honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler whose energies of mind and body are rusting for the want of exercise, the mistaken being who pursues amusements, as relief to his enervated muscles, or engages in exercises that produce no useful end, may look with scorn on the laborer engaged in his toil; but his scorn his praise; his contempt is an honor. Honest industry will secure the respect of the wise and good among men, and yield the rich fruit of an easy conscience, and give that hearty self-respect which is above all price. Toil on, then, young women. Be diligent in business. Improve the heart and the mind, and you will find "the well spring of enjoyment in your own souls," and secure the confidence and respect of all those whose respect is worth an effort to obtain.

Four story shirt collars are all the rage. We saw one the other day with a staple on it. This increase in building has proved very profitable to the linen and starch trades. Short necked people, in order to keep pace with the spirit of improvement, should have their necks moved up a little higher.

OLD FATHER JONES.

The Lawrenceburg Press tells the following good one:

Two or three years ago if our memory serves us rightly, the old man was appointed Chaplain of the State Prison, and a very proper appointment it was. At the time when the announcement of this fact was made, a member of the Methodist Church, residing within the range of one of the circuits where he had preached for years, having some business to transact with one of his neighbors, got on his horse, and having to pass the house of brother P. on his road, concluded to "pass a joke off." Now brother P. had been all the days of his manhood a zealous, active, spirited member, prompt in his responses of "amen," and such like, and always seemed particularly delighted with Father Jones' preaching, for he would sit in the corner of the church, and co-operate with great satisfaction to himself and that minister. Seeing this worthy brother standing before the door, the good humored disciple rode up to the fence, and after the usual salutation accosted him thus:

"Brother P., have you heard the news?"

"Why, what news, brother S., anything strange?"

"Why, they say old Father Jones has been sent to the *Penitentiary* for one year!"

On hearing this, brother P., with unaffected astonishment, indulged himself in such remarks as, "Why, you don't say so!" Is it possible?" "Is it really a fact?"

"Why," says brother S., "I guess there's no mistake about it! I heard it from brother C., and he saw it in the papers, 'so I reckon it must be so!"

"Well," says brother P., settling himself down on the truth of the rumor, "now brother S., I can't say that I ain't surprised at this, but, between you and me, I always thought old man Jones wasn't the right kind of a man. The fact is, he's better in the Penitentiary than out of it, and I told my wife he'd go there some day."

Having thus delivered himself of his opinion, and after a few similar comments, brother S., left him without explanation, astonished and amused at the effect of his information.

How brother P. felt when he learned the truth about it we have not heard. This is a laughable anecdote, and illustrates the fact that many people are disposed to kick any body down a hill who has in their opinion got a start that way.

THE MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

The memories of childhood, after a mature age has been attained, are more powerful than many people are aware. And especially is this the case, in relation to the religious observances which first arrest the attention of children. Our annual anniversaries, which bring to the Great Metropolis so many ministers of different denominations, are fruitful examples of the strong memories of children in this respect. With the familiar faces of the clergymen who ministered before him in his holy things in his boyhood, come back to the city denizens fresh memories of his early life in the country; the plain village church with its former occupants; the "tidy men," who used to pull his ears and make him change his seat when he was restive under the delays and restraints of the sanctuary. "Do you see that white haired old gentleman?" said a friend to us in the crowded Tabernacle, at a late religious anniversary, pointing to a venerable clergyman, the personification of solemn dignity. "He was our minister in the country nearly forty years ago, and he was called 'old Mr. L———' then. How well I remember his baptizing my little sister—and it seemed but a dream of time, afterward, when I saw him marry her to a young man who had won her heart, and in less than two years afterward he uncovered his white head at her grave, and endeavored to speak consolution to her bereaved friends. The last time I heard him was at a conference meeting, on a summer afternoon at the little school house; and well do I recollect how, as the late twilight drew on, and I was looking out upon the deepening green of the trees that surrounded the humble building, his voice trembled with emotion as he read the parting hymn:

'The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near!

We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds of rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all,
Of what we have possessed.'"

"I should like," continued our friend, as we walked away after the services were over, "I should like to go home to die, when it shall please God to call me away, and have the good old man, the friend and director of my boyhood, speak a few words over my last remains."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Start Right.

Young man, suffer us to approach and counsel you as a personal friend. Your all is at stake on the first few years of your life. If you start aright, if your principles, your habits, your companions, are all of the right character, and if you are constantly on your guard against yielding to evil, a few years will not only build up your character in the estimation of others, but you will be much more likely to continue in the path of virtue and happiness. But one false step, one wrong habit, one corrupt companion, one loose principle, may wreck all your prospects and all the hopes of those who love you. Let your resolution then be taken and adhered to; never to lose sight of the great end of life, never to forsake the path which conscience and truth point out. Perhaps you have left behind you a pious widowed mother. Act at all times as you believe she would wish you to act. Her happiness is bound up in you. Do not destroy it.—Do not make those who love you blush, make not those who confide in you regret their confidence. Be firm in the right, and all the world and all the frowns of fortune cannot make you unhappy.

CRYING.

Why don't somebody write out the philosophy of crying? It is a rich subject and worthy of the best treatment. That tears are a great blessing there is no doubt—perhaps the greatest, next to rain. It is not a great grief that "cries," and the little ones are wonderfully mended, and sometimes cured by this innocent and ancient form of hydropathy. To be sure it is not pleasant to see women and children cry—but then it should be remembered that it is a luxury to *them*, and provided they are not offensively vociferous, e'en let 'em cry! It is dangerous to "dam their eyes"—and should not be attempted.

Carelessness.

There is no surer way to ruin yourself, in character, purse and every thing; than to be careless and indifferent in regard to your affairs in general and your reputation in particular. No man gains the confidence of others, who never knows or cares how he stands, or who cannot place himself upon his own views, without being turned about by every wind that blows. We would say to the young man—be firm—be strong—be careful—stand upright and firmly. Be indifferent to nothing, but very particular in all your dealings. Such a course will secure the approbation of all.

A LAWYER'S STORY.—Tom strikes Dick over the shoulder with a rattan as big as your little finger. A lawyer in his indictment will tell you the story as follows:

"And that whereas the said Thomas, at said place, on the said year and day aforesaid, in and upon the body of the said Richard, against the peace and dignity of the State, did make a most violent assault and inflicted a great many and divers of blows, kicks, cuffs, thumps, bumps, contusions, gashes, hurts, wounds and injuries upon the head, neck, breast, stomach, hips, knees, shins and heels of said Richard, with divers sticks, canes, poles, clubs, logs of wood, stones, daggers, dirks, swords, cutlasses, bludgeons, blunderbusses, and boarding spikes, then and there held in the hands, fists, claws and clutches of him the said Thomas."

SING TO ME, LOVE.

BY J. A. C.

Sing to me, love! I'm sad to-night,
A weight of grief is on my breast,
And thy sweet voice alone can charm
My spirit to its wonted rest.
There's music in the song of birds,
Oft times they make rich melody,—
But music from thy lips, my love!
Is sweeter than all else to me.

Sing to me, love! and let thy voice
Rise sweetly in some favorite strain,
For music has a holy power,
To charm my spirit from its pain.
And when the stars begin to glow,
How sweet the quiet hymn of eve!
It whispers of some far off land,
Where we at last shall cease to grieve.

THE "RAZOR STROP MAN."

SMITH, the "Razor Strop man," occasionally broke off from the subject of the very superior quality of his strops, and gave his audience a short lecture upon temperance in his own peculiar and droll way. Here is an extract:

SMITH'S CAT.—When I drank grog I owned a cat, a poor, lean, lantern jawed thing, that was always getting into a scrape. As I had nothing for her to eat, she was compelled to take to the highway, and the neighbors were continually crying out, "cuss that Smith's cat, she's stole my meat, and cuss that Smith's cat, she's drunk up all my milk." Poor thing she had to steal or die, for she could find no pickings at home, for even the few mice that were left, were so poor and scraggy that it took seven of them to make a shadow, and a decent cat will starve to death in three weeks on an allowance of eighteen a day. But when I reformed things took a different turn. The kitchen being well provided, the crumbs were plenty, and the old cat grew honest and fat together. Even the mice grew fat and oily, and the old tabby would make a hearty supper on two of them, and then lie down to snooze, with the pleasing consolation of knowing that when she awoke, there would be a few more left of the same sort.

And again:

When I was a beer guzzler, mother cried, father cried, wife cried, John cried, Bill cried, Moll cried, Bet cried, and the cat cried. But when I signed the pledge, father sung, mother sung, wife sung, John sung, Bill sung, Moll sung, Bet sung, the cat sung, the tea kettle sung, and I bought a new frying pan and put a nice piece of beefsteak in it, and placed it on the fire, and that sung, and that's the kind of singing for a working man.

And a third:

The difference between Smith sober, and Smith drunk, is this—Smith drunk, was rummy, ragged and riotous. Smith sober, is jovial, joyful and jolly. Smith drunk, was stuttering, stupid and staggering. Smith sober is cool, clearheaded, and cautious.—Smith drunk, was sick, sore and sorry. Smith sober is hearty, healthy, and happy. Smith drunk was ill read, ill bred, and ill fed. Smith sober is well saved, well behaved, and well shaved.

BLITZ AND THE DARKIES.

All Boston know or has heard of the negro preacher, Father Snowden, who held forth to his "cullered bredderin" in Belknap street for so many years. It was a Wednesday afternoon when the house was pretty well filled—there being a revival of religion going on among the "gemmen ob color"—when Blitz with some white persons (albeit he is himself as dark as a mulatto, and has curly hair to boot) entered the house. It was pretty warm weather, and consequently the effluvia was not a little offensive to sensos polite; but things went on nicely enough, until the minister had got warmed up in his subject and was using words almost too long for a common sized dictionary, when Blitz thought it was about time to do something.

"And the Lord said unto Moses—"

"Bow, wow, wow!" came apparently from behind the speaker.

The congregation looked at each other in the face with countenances *darker* than ever while the minister after looking under his feet and behind himself, seemed to come to the conclusion that the noise proceeded from the street, and so he commenced again.

"And the Lord said unto Moses—"

"Stand from under!" cried a voice apparently at the top of the house.

The startled congregation rolled up the big whites of their eyes to the ceiling in amazement, while the Minister drew suddenly to one side, expecting something was coming down. But after a moment's pause all seemed quiet, and so Mr. Snowden resumed.

"And the Lord said unto Moses—"

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself? Take your hand off me!" said a voice apparently proceeding from a very neat mulatto girl, who sat in the front pew, and upon whom all eyes were now turned.

"I didn't touch yer," said the man next to her, in amazement.

Some smiled and said, "Sam Johnson ought to be ashamed of himself, to act so in meeting," and the minister frowned upon him in a way that would have thawed a snowball right out, after which Mr. Snowden attempted once more to resume his remarks.

"And the Lord said unto Moses—"

"Well, what did Moses say?" came apparently from the big lips of an attentive listener in the side aisle.

The minister was astounded. He looked at the man as though his boldness had electrified him, while some of the congregation began to think that under the circumstances the inquiry was a very natural and appropriate one.

As to the minister himself, he was a little vexed now, and repeated with emphasis:

"And the Lord said unto Moses—"

"Fire! fire!" roared a voice which seemed to come from the entrance of the house, with most startling earnestness.

This was too much to bear tamely. Even the minister rushed to the door, and the affrighted women screamed like madcats, as they huddled and pushed each other out of the pews and down the aisle. Bonnets suffered some on that occasion, and when they all got fairly out, they looked up to the top of the meeting house, patiently awaiting to see the flames burst through the slated roof.

And there Blitz left them standing, their eyes rolled heavonward, and Parson Snowdon in a *brown* study.

SUPPORT YOURSELF.—Go to the ant and learn a lesson. There is no necessity for you to be dependent on your grandfather, your brother's widow, or your second cousin. They have enough to look after without you. It may be that they do not tell you in plain words what they think of you; but be sure confident they feel that you ought to take care of yourself. If you were sick, or were destitute of common sense, no one would have a heart to complain. But now—look in the glass—you are stout rugged—have a fist like a butcher's, and an arm that might remove half a ton. You blush, for you feel that you are lazy. Let a sense of your past folly prompt you to vigorous efforts to do something for yourself. Let not the sun go down this day without witnessing the glow on your cheek and the perspiration on your body, produced by healthy exercise. Then will you be a man—but never before. Who that had an independent thought would not scorn to be supported by his aunt, his sister-in-law, or his grandmother?

THE BEGGAR'S HEAVEN.—There is one heaven which is open to all, even to the meanest beggar—the Heaven is the *Toilette*—for by some chance a glittering rag is wafted to him with which he patches up his most needful rents; and with this he struts, regenerated, before his brother beggars, and offers himself, self-complacent, to their silent admiration.

Ritcher.

The Invisible Foe.

Some of the very best jokes are perpetrated at colleges—and the following is said to be as true as it is amusing. It occurred in North Carolina:

One of the Professors of ——— College was in the habit of exercising a surveillance over the students after night fall, which was by no means agreeable to them. He was accustomed to steal cautiously along the corridors of the college, and whenever there appeared to be anything going on not prescribed in the "Rules," he did not hesitate to peep through the keyhole and "take an observation." Some of the students resolved to cure him of this propensity, and they hit upon the following expedient.

In the course of their walks they had frequently seen, at a neighboring farm, a large black ram, which was perfectly tame, and had been taught to butt any one who appeared to challenge him by stooping or bowing his head. They managed one night to entice the ram into the college, where they secured him in an empty, darkened room, and fed him the next day. At night, just before the Professor's espionage, they turned the ram out into the hall, having first shod him with pieces of blanket. He was perfectly black, and of course invisible in a dark corridor.—His step also was noiseless, as he perambulated at pleasure the wide hall.

Presently the learned Professor came stealing up stairs on tip-toe, proceeded toward a room, whence issued rather unusual sounds. As he stooped to apply his optic to the keyhole, the ram, taking it as a challenge, gave him a playful but, and tumbled him heels over head. Picking himself up as well as he could, in his astonishment, he found himself assailed in the rear, and once more prostrated. This amusing illustration of the ups and downs of life continued some minutes, and both parties made an unpremeditated descent of the stairs. The alarmed Professor was not sufficiently hurt by this fall to disable him from flight, and he made tracks for his dwelling with Gilpin speed. The liberated animal flesh also made towards his home.

The next morning the worthy Professor was seen at an early hour examining the doors of the hall very closely, for some tracks which might unfold to him the character of the nocturnal foe. He sought in vain, however—and for days the mystery preyed upon his spirits.

After the graduation of the next class, he inquired of one of the baccalaureates if he had not a hand in the adventure of that night, and begged him if it were so, to explain to him the mystery. When the explanation was given, the Professor was convulsed with laughter, and said that had he discovered the joke in time, he should have pardoned the authors, for the matchless fun of the thing.

Southern Literary Gazette.

THE DECISION.

Said a gent, once contending, how high in the scale
Stood man above woman, so feeble and frail—
"When the trial of virtue in Eden began,
Satan dared not present his temptation to man."
"Nay," answered the fair one, "say not what he dared,
'For,' thought he, 'if I first get the man in my chain,
The most difficult part of my task will remain;
But could I succeed the fair Eve to allure,
Adam follows, of course, and then both are secure!'
So, cease your proud boast of man's firmness, and own
If superior either, that woman's the one;
Since a woman could overcome Adam, poor elf,
But to overcome woman took Satan himself!"

Interesting Squibs.

Injury must never provoke a good man to do wrong.

Instructive ridicule often does more than reprehension.

Impudence is the constant companion of that monster Ingratitude.

It is a common plea of wickedness to call temptation destiny.

It is as difficult to preserve fame, as it was at first to acquire it.

It is better to reconcile any enemy than to conquer him.

It is common, says Tacitus, to esteem most what is most unknown.

It is safer to be humble with one talent than to be proud with ten.

It is wise not to seek a secret, and honest not to reveal it.

It is wrong to wish for death, and worse to have occasion to fear it.

He that will sell his fame, will also sell the public interest.

He who makes an idol of his interest, will make a martyr of his integrity.

He is an ill boy who goes like a top, no longer than 'tis whipped.

Honesty is more commended than practised.

Honesty is the best policy.

Hypocritical piety is double iniquity.

Idle people take the most pains.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—John G. Whittier, the Quaker Poet, in writing about Irish Emigrants among us, says:

"For myself, I confess I feel sympathy for the Irishman. I see him as the representative of a generous, warm-hearted, and cruelly oppressed people. That he loves his native land—that his patriotism is divided—that he cannot forget the claims of his mother island—that his religion, with all its abuses, is dear to him—does not decrease my estimation of him. A stranger in a strange land, he is to me an object of interest. The poorest and the rudest has a romance in his history. Amidst all his apparent gaiety of heart and national drollery, and wit, the poor emigrant has sad thoughts of the 'ould mother of him,' sitting lonely in her solitary cabin by the bog side—recollections of a father's blessing and a sister's farewell—that sister loved so devotedly—and haunting him—a grave mound in a distant church yard, far beyond the 'wide wathers,' has an eternal greenness in his memory; for there, perhaps, lies 'a darint child,' or a 'sweet crather who once loved him'—the New World is forgotten for the moment; blue Killarney and the Liffy sparkle before him—Glendalough stretches beneath him its dark, still mirror—he sees the same evening sunshine rest upon and hallow alike with nature's blessings the ruins of the Seven Churches of Ireland's apostolic age, the broken mound of the Druids, and the round towers of the Phœnician sun worshippers, beautiful and mournful recollections of home awaken within him—and the rough and seemingly careless and light-hearted laborer melts into tears. It is no light thing to abandon one's own country and household gods. Touchingly beautiful was the injunction of the prophet of the Hebrews—Ye shall not oppress the stranger, for ye know not the heart of the stranger, seeing that ye were stranger in the land of Egypt."

The cholera is prevailing to a considerable extent in parts of Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, and other Western States. Many of the cases are of a fatal character, and of but short duration. Instances are given where half a dozen in one family have fallen victims, in quick succession.

A Southern wag says the reason why South Carolinians are so *foul-mouthed*, in their denunciations against their country and its Constitution, is because they have been salivated with the Charleston *Mercury!*

What a mournful spectacle is presented by the late census in poor old Ireland. In thirty-one counties the decrease in population since 1841, is *one million, seven hundred and thirty seven thousand, six hundred and sixteen persons.*

The English papers have married Jenny Lind to a young American called Fred'k Wood, who "has been her business agent for some time past."

ANYTHING BUT A MODEL HUSBAND.—"My dear, do be reasonable. How can I, with only eight dollars a week, send you to Newport a month? What did you say? Niagara Falls would do. Why, board there is two dollars a day, and bad at that. Won't a trip to Hull next Suday——" Wife turns her back to him indignantly.

The Boy and the Microscope.

There was a little boy, who spent a good deal of his time and really seemed to find pleasure in torturing and killing poor little flies. He would pull off their feet and their wings, and seemed delighted when he saw their efforts to escape. Sometimes he would collect a great number of them, and then destroy them all at once. His father tried to break him of this dreadful propensity; but he seemed to have no idea that they could suffer, or that they had a right to life or liberty. So the child continued idle and cruel, and determined to torture the poor flies as much as ever.

At length, his father one day took a microscope, and told his son to look attentively through it, and observe what he would show him. "See," said his father "how beautifully veined with black and white, and all covered with delicate silk—the eyes surrounded with a fine circle of silver hair. Do you perceive, the little body is formed in two parts, each vying in grace with the other, and the ornaments that cover it, surpass in beauty the most royal attire; and the little fluttering wings are more transparent than the finest gauze, while nothing can exceed the ease and agility with which it moves its feet?"

Astonished and delighted, the child asked the name of this extraordinary animal. Imagine his surprise when his father said; "This is a poor little fly that barely escaped with his life from among a mass of flies, you cruelly crushed about an hour ago."

"My father," said the little boy, "I will never torture or harm such a beautiful little creature again."

"I am satisfied with your resolution," replied his father, "remember also never to treat with cruelty any living thing; God has made all living creatures, and needlessly to give them pain is very wicked.

Merry's Museum.

Extraordinary Case.

A correspondent, on whose accuracy we rely implicitly, relates the following extraordinary freak of nature:

Nearly two years ago, a very respectable lady of this city, then seventy-four years of age, had a severe fit of sickness, to a degree that her life was despaired of four or five days. During her sickness her hair, which was rather thin and somewhat gray, came entirely off her head, except a very little near the back part of her neck. About a year since indications were shown of a new growth of hair, which has continued to grow up to this time. Her head is now, at seventy-six years of age, entirely covered with hair, about seven inches long, entirely free from any grey, of a dark chestnut color, and of as healthy and glossy appearance as that of most young ladies of sixteen years of age. The writer of this is not aware that any particular application has been made to her head. —*Salem Register.*

Living with Others.

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have taken out judge's patents for themselves is very large in any society. Now it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticising his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism. It would be like living between the glasses of a microscope. But these self-elected judges, like their prototypes, are very apt to have the persons they judge brought before them in the guise of culprit.

One of the most provoking forms of the criticism above alluded to, is that which may be called criticism over the shoulder. "Had I been consulted," "had you listened to me," "but you always will," and such short scraps of sentences may remind many of us of dissertations which we have suffered and inflicted, and of which we cannot call to mind any soothing effect.

Another rule is not to let familiarity swallow up all courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live such things as we say about strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value than where we mostly think it would be superfluous.—You may say more truth, or rather speak out more plainly, to your associates, but not less courteously, than you do to strangers.

A FLYING LADY.—If we may credit a statement made by the Madrid correspondent of the "*Courrier de la Gironde*," the means of passing through the air by artificial wings have at length been discovered. On the 20th of June last Mlle. Juanite Perez flew over more than half the Prada promenade at Madrid. She rose to a height of over two hundred metres, in a circuit of four hundred metres. The inspection of the wings was not allowed to the public, but their dimensions is at least four or five metres when spread out, and they are worked with ligaments of such flexibility that they move in the air with great facility, and make a noise like a good-sized wind mill.

A Frenchman named Dazville says he is about to surpass the Spanish lady in flying. He has prepared an apparatus by which he crossed the Seine on the 5th of June last at one o'clock in the morning. The experiment succeeded perfectly. His wings were fifteen feet when spread out. He is soon to make a public display in company with his sons. By this apparatus he is enabled to "move about in the air, either sinking or rising, with all the spirit and all the lightness of a swallow."

What next? Imagine the time when the model "husband" shall call to his wife, "My dear, the roads are muddy after the rain storm, and I think I'll not ride to town to-day. I wish you would bring me down my wings."—*Boston Transcript.*

FIX YOUR MIND.—Lay it down as a sound maxim—nothing can be accomplished without a fixed purpose—a concentration of mind and energy. Whatever you attempt to do, whether it be the writing of an essay, or the whittling of a plug, let it be done as well as you can do it. It was this habit that made Franklin and Newton, and hundreds, whose labors have been of incalculable service to mankind. Fix your mind closely and intently on what you undertake—in no other way can you have a reasonable hope of success. An energy that dies in a day is good for nothing—an hour's fixed attention will never avail. The heavens were not measured in a day. The inventions that bless mankind were not the result of a few moments thought and investigation. A life time has often been given to a single object. If you, then, have a desire to bless your species, or to get yourself a glorious name, fix your mind upon something and let it remain fixed till your object is accomplished.

JEMMY MAHER AND GEN. JACKSON.—The Mobile *Tribune* revives the old story of Jemmy Maher, who was so long the gardener of the President's mansion at Washington.

Gen. Jackson had heard rumors that Jemmy was accustomed to get drunk and be uncivil to the visitors at the White House; so one bright morning he summoned him into his presence to receive his dismissal.

"Jemmy," said the General, "I hear bad stories about you. It is said that you are constantly drunk, and uncivil to the visitors."

Jemmy was puzzled for a reply; at last he said; "General, bedad, I hear much worse stories about you, but do you think I believe them? No, by the powers; I know they are lies."

Jemmy was not dismissed.

A FATHERLY TURKEY.—The Providence Post tells the following story:

There is on the farm of Mr. Paris Mathewson, in Johnston, a male turkey, who has, the present season, set upon 21 eggs, and hatched 18 of them—having driven his better half from the nest, and taking upon himself all the female cares of domestic life and spurned all interference from the gentler sex. This isn't all. When his Turkeyship got his own brood out of the shell, he found that some of the women folks in the old flock had also been at work, and that there were in all sixty-seven young turkeys to be taken care of, all those he has taken care of, and is now a sort of lord mayor of the whole tribe, and knocks down all the interfering old ladies that come into his presence. He is a queer fellow, and a good one, into the bargain."