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.

Selected for the American Volunteer.

MY LAST CIGAR.

Tune, "DEAREST MAY."

When off the blue Canaries one glorious summer day,
I leaned upon the quarter deck and puffed my cares away;
The volume smoke arose like incense from afar,
I heaved a sigh to think forsooth it was my last cigar.
Chorus—My last cigar, it was my last cigar,
I heaved a sigh to think forsooth it was my last cigar.

I leaned against the quarter rail and looked down in the sea,
Ere then the eddying wreaths of smoke were curling gracefully.
Oh what had I at such a time to do with wasting care,
I sighed alas, to think forsooth it was my last cigar.
My last cigar, it was my last cigar,
I sighed alas, &c.

I've seen the land of all I loved fade o'er the waters dim,
I've watched alone the blighted heart were once fond hope had been.
But I never knew the sorrow that could with that compare,
When off the blue Canaries I smoked my last cigar.
My last cigar, it was my last cigar,
When off the blue Canaries, &c.

I watched the ashes as they came fast drawing to the end,
I watched them as a friend would watch beside a dying friend.
I threw them off, the zephyrs came and wafted them afar,
I dashed it from me, spare the toil, it was my last cigar.
My last cigar, it was my last cigar,
I dashed it from me, &c.

The moon was shining brightly deep in the orient heaven,
And all the stars fly lightly before her radiance driven.
On such a night long long ago I held her hand in mine,
'Twas smiley as the foaming crest that tips the surging brine.
For many a day amid the evening ray,
I fled to meet her whispers sweet but now she's far away.

Miscellaneous.

POST MASTER GENERAL IN DISGUISE.

BY SOL SMITH.

On my way to the north in 1835, in company with several gentlemen of New Orleans, it happened that the stage in which we were passengers, stopped for supper at a small village situated between the towns of Columbus and Zanesville, on the Cumberland road, in the State of Ohio.

There was a great gathering of militia captains, lieutenants, ensigns, sergeants and corporals, with a considerable sprinkling of privates, all of whom had been exhibiting their patriotism during the day, by marching up and down the road, shouldering arms, carrying arms, presenting arms, charging bayonets preparatory to intended hostile operations against the neighboring State of Michigan, the authorities of which, and those of the State of Ohio, were at open war—almost,—about *boundary*.

For the purpose of amusement, it had been agreed that the stage driver should be informed confidentially, that I was Amos Kendall, *Post Master General of the United States*, travelling in disguise, and assuming the very common name Smith, in order to discover abuse in the transportation department. With many mysterious hints, and strict charges of secrecy, John was made acquainted with the awful fact, that he was actually driving the important individual above named.—The reins almost fell from his hands as he exclaimed,

"What, Mr. Kindle! *Amos* Kindle!—it can't be possible!"

"It is possible," answered the gentleman who was imparting the information, and who was enjoying an outside seat; "and it is his wish to be entirely private to avoid the attention that would otherwise be lavished upon him."

The driver promised his most inviolable secrecy, and proceeded to curry down his horses.

We had not been long in our hotel, where our supper was being prepared, before it was plainly perceptible that *something* was going on; curious glances were thrown into the bar-room where we were sitting—military officers flitted about or collected into groups—the landlord and his family began to spruce up; in brief, it was evident our secret had confidentially been imparted to half of the village.

The first demonstration that was made, consisted of an invitation to my friends and myself to accept of a private parlor. This being at once agreed to, the landlord ventured to suggest that if it was not disagreeable to me, my fellow citizens of the village would like to pay their respects to me, and *take me by the hand*.

"No objections in the world," said I, "let the worthy citizens come in."

Then followed a scene of the richest kind of fun; but Dickens has described a similar adventure, and I pass on,

Supper was announced. I was placed at the head of the table; the richest viands and preserved fruits were set in profusion before us. We feasted—and during the operation numerous female hands; or rather, heads of females, were continually popping in at the windows and open doors—while the piazza was filled with boys of all sizes, who amused themselves by firing off Chinese crackers, sending up young rockets, and shouting: "Hurrah for Jackson! *and his Cabinet!*"

Supper over, we retired to the bar and demanded our bill of expenses. The landlord smilingly answered, that he was too happy to entertain us without compensation—he felt honored by my sitting at his board, and my friends were equally welcome. After much urging I consented to receive his hospitality since he *insisted* upon it, but *my friends*; I would not consent that they should feast at his expense—oh no! They must be allowed to pay for their splendid supper. Well, if I *insisted*, he *would* take pay for *them*—and he did.

"Could I say two or three words to you in private?" asked the landlord in a low voice, as he walked by my side toward the coach which was waiting.

"By all means," I replied, and he led me a little to one side, into a dark part of the piazza.—After two or three hems! to clear his throat, the landlord commenced.

"Whatever *others* may think of you, sir, *I* consider you an *honest man*."

"Sir, I feel very much obliged by the favorable estimate you have formed of me."

"Yes, sir, let the opposition say what they please, I believe you to be a conscientious individual—I do."

"Well, sir, considering this is the first time we have ever met, I must say your liberty is extraordinary, but I thank you for your good opinion."

"Ah, sir, though we have never met, I know you well—we *all* know you for a most efficient officer, and a deserving man."

"It is true I am tolerably well known in the western and southern counties, and as for my *efficiency* I believe I do push about as hard as a man conveniently can."

"That you do—all parties must acknowledge—you have effected many improvements in your department."

"Yes, I flatter myself that in the *stage* department I have made some improvements."

"Your *removals* have met with general approbation in this part of the country."

"Removals!—oh, yes—I do travel a great deal."

"Yes, you do, and to some purpose. Now I wanted to speak to you about the Postmaster here."

"Indeed! Well, what of *him*?"

"Are you not aware that he is a whig?"

"No—is he?"

"Yes, he is—and it is thought by the friends of the administration here that he ought to be removed, and a good democrat appointed."

"What is the office worth?"

"About five hundred dollars a year."

"Who would be a proper person for the office?"

"Why, I could'nt exactly say—but if—"

"Would *you* accept the appointment?"

"Most willingly, if you should think me worthy."

"Well, I'll tell you what you'd better do.—Write on to the department—state the matter as you stated it to me, and perhaps—"

"If you would just make a memorandum it would be sufficient."

"My dear sir, don't depend on anything that passes between us here—here I am Sol Smith, as you may see by the way-bill; but at Washington you understand."

"Yes, I understand. Then I'll write on to the department."

"Yes—write."

"Sir, I shall depend on your good offices."

"Sir, you may—your supper was excellent, your attentions shall not soon be forgotten—farewell—write on to the department by all means."

The worthy aspirant to the post mastership of the village accompanied me to the coach, carefully turned up the steps when I had entered, and then joined his fellow-citizens in three loud cheers with which our departure was honored.—*N. O. Cres.*

GUILTY, BUT DRUNK!

DAN MARBLE'S STORY OF THE GEORGIA JUDGE.

Not a few of our readers, West and South, who had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with Dan Marble, will recognise the irresistible story he used to 'tell' of the stolen spoons and the Georgia Judge. Col. Bradbury, we believe, once dressed up the joke and set it agoing, and partially in that guise we give it a place in the annals of the comedian:—

"Many years ago, while the State of Georgia was yet in its infancy, an eccentric creature, named Brown, was one of the Circuit Judges. He was a man of considerable ability, of inflexible integrity, and much beloved and respected by all the legal profession; but he had one fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgment, into frequent excesses. In travelling the Circuit, it was his almost invariable habit, the night before opening the Court, to get 'comfortably corned,' by means of appliances common upon such occasions. If he couldn't succeed while operating upon his own hook, the gentlemen of the law would generally turn in and help him.

It was in the spring of the year, taking his wife—a model of a woman in her way—in the old fashioned, but strong 'carry all,' he journeyed some forty miles, and reached the village where the 'court' was to be opened the next day. It was along in the evening of Sunday that he arrived at the place, and took up his quarters with a relation of his 'better half,' by whom the presence of the official dignitary was considered a singular honor. After supper, Judge Brown strolled over to the only tavern in the town, where he found many old friends, called to the place, like himself, on important professional business, and who were proper glad to meet him.

'Gentlemen,' said the Judge, "tis quite a long time since we have enjoyed a glass together—let us take a horn all around. Of course, Sterritt (addressing the landlord,) you have better liquor than you had the last time we were here—the stuff you had then was not fit to give a dog."

Sterritt, who had charge of the house, pretended that everything was right, and so they went to work. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a drinking bout in a country tavern—it will quite answer our purpose to state that somewhere in the region of midnight, the Judge wended his very devious way toward his temporary home. About the time he was leaving, however, some young barristers, fond of a practical joke, and not much afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver spoons of Sterritt to the Judge's pocket.

It was eight o'clock on Monday morning that the Judge rose. Having indulged in the process of ablution and absertion, and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his room to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

'Well, Polly,' said he to his wife, 'I feel much better than I expected to feel after the frolic of last night.'

'Ah, Judge,' said she, reproachfully, 'you are getting too old—you ought to leave off that business now.'

'Ah, Polly, what's the use of talking?'

It was at this precise instant of time that the Judge, having put on his overcoat, was proceeding according to his usual custom, to give his wife a parting kiss, that he happened, in thrusting his hand into his pocket, to lay hold of Sterritt's spoons. He pulled them out. With an expression of horror almost indescribable, he exclaimed—

'My God! Polly!'

'What on earth's the matter, Judge?'

'Just look at these spoons!'

'Dear me, where'd you get them?'

'Get them? Don't you see the initials on them?'—extending them towards her—'I stole them!'

'Stole them, Judge?'

'Yes, stole them!'

'My dear husband, it can't be possible—from whom?'

'From Sterritt, over there—his name is on them.'

'Good Heavens! how could it happen?'

'I know very well, Polly—I was very drunk when I came home, wasn't I?'

'Why, Judge, you know your old habit when you get among those lawyers.'

'But I was very drunk?'

'Yes, you was.'

'Was I remarkably so when I got home, Mrs. Brown?'

'Yes, Judge, drunk as a fool, and forty times as stupid.'

'I thought so,' said the Judge, dropping into a chair in extreme despondency—'I knew it would come to that at last. I have always thought that something would happen to me—that I should do something very wrong—kill somebody in a moment of passion, perhaps—but I never imagined that I should be mean enough to be guilty of deliberate larceny.'

'But there may be some mistake, Judge.'

'No mistake, Polly. I know very well how it came about. That fellow, Sterritt, keeps the meanest sort of liquor, and always did—liquor mean enough to make a man do any sort of a mean thing. I have always said it was mean enough to make a man steal, and now I have a practical illustration of the fact.' And the old man burst into tears.

'Don't be a child,' said his wife, wiping away the tears, 'go, like a man, over to Sterritt, tell him it was a little bit of a frolic—pass it off as a joke—go and open court, and nobody will ever think of it again.'

A little of the soothing system operated upon the Judge, as such things usually do; his extreme mortification was finally subdued, and over to Sterritt's he went, with a tolerable face. Of course, he had but little difficulty in settling with him; for, aside from the fact that the Judge's integrity was unquestionable, he had an inkling of the joke that had been played.

Judge Brown proceeded to Court, and took his seat; but spoons and bad liquor—bad liquor and spoons—liquor, spoons, drunk, larceny, and Judge Brown, was so mixed up in his worship's bewildered head, that, he felt awful *pale*, if he did not look so. In fact, the Judge felt cut down, and his usual self-possessed manner of disposing of business, his diction and decisions were not what Judge Brown had been noted for.

Several days had passed away, and the business of the court was drawing towards a close, when one morning, a rough looking sort of a customer was arraigned on a charge of stealing. After the clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the usual question—

'Guilty or not guilty?'

'Guilty, but drunk,' answered the prisoner.

'What's that plea,' exclaimed the Judge, who was half dozing upon the bench.

'He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk,' replied the clerk.

'What's the charge against the man?'

'He is indicted for grand larceny.'

'What's the case.'

'May it please your honor,' said the prosecuting attorney, 'the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum from the Columbus Hotel.'

'He is, eh? and he pleads'—

'He pleads guilty, but drunk.'

The Judge was now fully aroused.

'Guilty, but drunk! This is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, are you certain you were drunk?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Where did you get your liquor?'

'At Sterritt's.'

'Did you get none nowhere else?'

'Not a drop, sir.'

'You got drunk on his liquor, and afterwards stole his money?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Mr. Prosecutor,' said the Judge, 'do me the favor to enter a nolle prosequi in that man's case. The liquor of Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do any thing dirty. *I got drunk on it the other day myself, and stole all Sterritt's spoons—release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff. I adjourn the Court!*'"

EARLY TIMES IN INDIANA.

Said Major Oudesley, as he causually dropped in on us yesterday morning and commenced talking away in his usual, quiet, chatty, and peculiar manner—

"I'm sick and tired of this artificial way of doing things in these latter days."

'Why so, Major?'

'There is an eternal sight too much parade about everything that is going on.'

'I was at a wedding last night; the daughter of an old and much esteemed friend was to be married, and I was so urgently invited, that I couldn't help going; there was so much fuss and parade that I was perfectly disgusted. I couldn't help comparing the proceedings where a couple was married in Lawrenceburg many years ago, when Indiana formed part of the great North-western Territory. At that time the settlement of the emigrants were mostly confined to the rich bottom lands of the water courses. Lawrenceburg was a small village of a few log cabins. My father was acting magistrate for the district, and very promptly attended to all the various duties of that office, in addition to which he was in the habit of doing a good deal of manual labor on his own hook.'

'That was when you wasn't big enough to do much, Major.'

'Exactly; I was a tow headed brat of some eight or ten years old when the incident I am about to relate occurred, but I remember all the particulars as well as if it had occurred yesterday. You see it was about dinner time one day in the fall of the year, when the old man, being engaged in laying in a supply of wood for the winter, drove up his ox team with a pretty solid load of fuel.

Just then a young and unsophisticated couple entered the village, hand in hand, inquired for the 'Squire, and were duly directed to the house. The youth was barefooted, and wore a coarse but clean tow linen shirt and pants, and rough straw hat of home manufacture. His fair companion was dressed in a blue cotton frock, pink cotton apron, fine bonnet and coarse brogan shoes without stockings.

These were their wedding-dresses, and their severe simplicity and the thorough independence they manifested made an impression upon my mind that will never be effaced.

'We come to get married,' said the young man to the old lady, my mother, who was properly busy among the pots and kettles.'

'That's a very good business,' said she, smiling graciously, 'though you appear to look very young; but there's the 'Squire, just drove up; he'll splice you in less than no time.' So out she bolted to give the fortunate functionary due notice of the business in hand.

'I can't stop till I unload this wood,' said the old man; 'tell him to come out here.'

Out they came.

The old man was on top of the cart, and every time he threw off a stick he asked a question. Before he was fairly unloaded, he had the youth's whole story, having ascertained the names, ages and residence of the party, how long he had really known the woman, if he really loved her, and was willing to labor honestly to promote her happiness, &c.

The youngster gave simple and satisfactory answers to all the questions propounded.

In the meantime the old lady perfectly understanding Dad's way of doing things, had sent out to say to the people that a wedding was coming off at the house; and by the time the wood was unloaded, quite a crowd had collected to witness the ceremony.

The old fellow having pitched out the last stick, and picked up his long goad, stood up in the cart and commenced the performance.

'Just jine hands,' said he to the young couple. It was done accordingly.

'I am satisfied with both of yo, continued he, 'you've a perfect right to get married;' and he united 'em in short order.

'As the rafters on this house are joined together, so I jine you—you are man and wife—salute your bride. I don't charge you anything for the operation.

'Whoa haw, Buck; get below, Bright!' and with an elegant flourish of his long stick, he started for another load of wood, leaving the newly wedded pair amid the villagers kissing each other with a very distinct and particular evidence of satisfaction.

'That was a wedding worth having,' said Major Oudsley: 'I knew the couple afterwards, and know them yet; for they are both living in a high state of prosperity. And I know their children after them, too, and mighty fine children they are, for one of them is at this very time Governor of the State of Indiana.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Mannerly Youth.

Last week the 'Swampscot Dorcas Sewing Society' held their annual meeting, and on motion it was voted—

'That our parson wait on Tony Jones and see if nothing can be done to correct the manner of young Tony.' The next day the parson called on our old Tony, senior, and informed him respecting the object of his visit. Tony listened patiently while the parson rehearsed the object of his visit, to which he replied—

'Parson, I'd let Tony go to meetin' every Sunday if I only know'd you was goin to preach; but, parson, there ain't a boy in the city of Swampscot whats got more manners than my Tony, and I can convince you of that in a minit. You see Tony out there skinnin' niffers?'

The parson nodded assent.

'No see, I'll call him,' and raising his voice to the highest pitch, he shouted—

'Tony!'

The response was quick and equally loud.

'Sir.'

'Do you hear that, parson?' said the old man.—'Don't you call that mannors?'

'That is very well,' replied the parson, 'as far as it goes.'

'What do you mean by 'as far as it goes?' That boy, sir, always speaks respectfully to me when I call him,' raising his voice he again called—

'Tony!'

The response was equally loud and prompt. Again the old man called—

'Tony!'

The boy dropped a half dressed fish and shaking his fist at his sire yelled out—

'You miserable, black, old drunken snob; I'll come there in just two minutes, and maul you like blazes!'

The parson was astounded. The old man was disconcerted for the moment, but instantly recollecting himself, he tapped the parson on the shoulder saying—

'You see, parson, my boy has got grit, as well as manners. That chap will make an ornament to your society one o' these days.'

From the Louisville Journal.

THOUGHTS OF THE PAST.

Bring music, for it fills my soul
With rapture and delight,
Let roses crown the flowing bowl,
And we'll be gay to-night!
Yes, gay! although a mournful tone
Is lingering in my heart,
And dreams of joy *forever flown*
Within my bosom start.

On with the dance! yet oh, prolong
Each melancholy note,
For as amid the glittering throng
Their plaintive numbers float,
I feel a wild, strange thrill of joy
While yet my heart is sad;
And memory would the smile destroy
Which *seemed* but now so glad.

As a summer breeze, the child—
Upon a calm, clear lake,
And scarce upon his placid breast
The silvery ripple wake,
These thoughts of sadness and of bliss
Come sweeping gently by,
Soft as the THRILL of *love's own kiss*
And *mournful* as its sigh.

But summer breeze perchance may wake
The spirit of the storm,
And every ripple on the lake
An angry billow form.
Thus saddened thoughts which seemed at first
So sweetly mixed with joy,
Within my heart now madly burst
And every hope destroy.

For memory's tear oft dims the light
Of pleasure's radiant wing,
And sheds on every flower a blight
Which in the breast may spring;
But oh! when every hope has fled,
What thoughts of anguish start
As tears we must not, dare not shed,
Fall burning on the heart.

Yet once again—oh! softly trill
The notes I love to hear,
And fancy dream of joy while still
The echo fills mine ear.
On with the dance! from dreams of bliss
Perchance my heart may wake,
Nor be the first, 'mid scenes like this
To linger on, and break!

Christina of Sweden.

About the time of Mary Mancini's appearance at the court of France, the French Capital was visited, for the second time, by the person who rendered herself so celebrated by abdicating a throne she disgraced, and devoting herself to the pursuit of pleasure, under the pretence of philosophy. It is be part of the duty of monarchs to set an example of virtue to their subjects, Christina of Sweden was unworthy of filling the throne of Gustavus Adolphus; and we might honor the severity of her judgement of herself, and her abdication proceeded from consideration for her subjects, and not from the volatility of a depraved and licentious mind. She had from the commencement of the civil wars of France, taken much interest therein, and had endeavored to mediate, unsolicited, between the contending parties.—Her mediation had been rejected with brief thanks by all; but after her abdication, as she passed thro' Brussels, she sought eagerly to see Condo who was the great hero of her imagination. At the same time she refused to grant him the same ceremonial honors which she yielded to the the Archduke of Austria. Such a pitiful and unphilosophical instance of her clinging to the shadow of royality, after she had cast away the substance, had the effect which might be expected on the mind of Condo; and he refused to visit her till she agreed to make no distinction between him and the Archduke. She afterwards appeared at the court of France, in 1656; and at the request of Charles Gustavus, to whom she had resigned the Swedish throne, she was received with high honors. A letter from the Duke of Guise is extant, detailing the appearance of the northern heroine at the time of her entering the French territories. After some other remarks upon her person he says: 'She was one shoulder high; but she conceals that defect so well by the absurdity of her dress her demeanor and her actions, that one might lay wagers about it. Her face is large, without being out of proportion; all the features are so also, and strongly marked; the nose aquilino, the mouth large enough without being disagreeable, her teeth passable, her eyes fine and full of fire; her complexion, notwithstanding some marks of the small pox, brilliant and fine enough; the form of the face tolerable, but accompanied by a head dress very singular. It is a man's wig, very thick and turned up on the forehead, very thick at the sides, and below thin and pointed; the top of the head is a tissue of hair, and the back has something of the head dress of a woman. Sometimes she wears a hat; her bodice, laced behind and slanting, is almost made like our pourpoints, her shift coming out all round above her petticoat, which she wears but badly fastened up, and not too straight. She is always very much powdered with a world of pomatum, and never wears gloves. She is shod like a man, and she has a man's voice and tone, &c.' 'I believe,' he adds, after some more remarks, 'that I have omitted no part of her portrait, except that she sometimes wears a sword and a buff jerkin, that her wig is black, and that she had nothing upon her bosom but a scarf of the same color.'—*Life and Times of Louis Quatorze: Bohn's Standard Library.*

A COURT SCENE IN ARKANSAS.—The *Camden* (Ark.) *Herald*, relates the following:

Judge Q., who is a man possessed of the usual *quantum* of judicial dignity, and never suffers it to be run over without a word of explanation from the offender, was administering justice in the town of——. The court was proceeding rapidly in the dispatch of the public business, with an unusual degree of quietude, except the steady peals of the full toned and eloquent voice of Col. W. the zealous State's attorney, when all at once, out in the street, hard by the courthouse, a loud voice was heard, making a horrid use of King's English, and threatening great abuse of the human form divine, in this wise: 'Jist hit me if you dare with that stick, and I wish I may be chawed up if I don't knock the death groans out of your ribs!' This attracted the Court's attention, and caused the speaker to halt.

'Mr. Sheriff, bring that belligerent into court,' said the judge.

The sheriff obeyed, and brought in by the sleeve a liberal specimen of Nature's works in the shape of a man about six feet four inches in his brogans, not a bad face, but indicative of an inordinate passion for fat beef and '*bust-head*.'

'Is that the man raising that disturbance outdoors?' said the Court.

'Well, I 'spose I is, if you call talking in yearnest raising a fuss,' replied the offender.

The Court commenced one of his moral lectures, for which he is so remarkable, strongly animadverting upon the great criminality of swearing, fighting, &c., &c., when the offender, with great earnestness spread over his countenance, something like a mixture of a laugh and a cry, interrupted the Court and said:

'Stop, judge, and let me tell you the *rale* circumstances of it. I warnt the digressor. He draw'd on me a stick full two feet over, and made *circumlocutory* motions about my head, and I jist *congealed* myself on to my dignity, and *suspended* myself on my rights—that's all.'

The speech broke the thread of the Court's remarks and for several minutes, with his underlip between his teeth, he turned over the leaves of his docket. At length he said, 'Let the *gentleman* retire for this time.' As the hero of this sketch passed out of the door he was heard to say—'By *jeemany I cornered* the Court that time.'

THRILLING INCIDENT.

While a British man-of-war was cruising in the river Tagus, a shot was fired from Fort Julian, on some state occasion, which frightened a boy, (the captain's son,) to such a degree, that he jumped overboard, from his mother's arms. The lady precipitated herself into the water, in the vain hope of saving her child; and the marine who was on sentry, had with the rapidity of lightning, thrown down his musket, cast off his heavy chaco and boots, and dashed after them. The quartermaster followed, and seeing him the marine, who was a most powerful swimmer, struck out after the boy, who had already been swept down a considerable distance by the current, leaving the lady to his care, as being in the least danger. We give the balance of the story as the quartermaster tells it:—I soon reached her; she was struggling desperately in the water. I approached cautiously, and endeavored to get behind her, for I had before experienced the dreadful clutch of drowning persons. I had scarcely, however, time to relapse by some volition on her part, suddenly whirled her round towards me, and I was grasped round the body. We sank at once, and being deprived of the use of my arms, I found that, although we rose occasionally to the surface, we should both inevitably be drowned unless I could succeed in disengaging myself. I struggled energetically, but in vain. Only one chance remained; I dived downwards, taking the lady with me. Downwards, still downwards we went, still the same unrelaxing hold. I shall never forget the agony of that descent. I held my breath so long that a sense of suffocation came upon me, and my chest seemed as if the weight of a ton had been placed upon it. I would have given the world for one mouthful of air, but to rise again to the surface unrelieved of my burden would have been madness. This thought flashed through my brain like lightning, and I struggled on almost despairingly. At length we reached the bottom, and I clutched a large stone which was embedded in the mud, to prevent our being swept down by the tide. How long we remained there I know not; to me it seemed an age: reason was beginning to depart, and imagination to usurp her throne. I felt no longer the suffocating sensations I had experienced during the descent; a delightful languor was creeping over me, and visions of green fields, birds singing, and children playing, came to remind me of the [illegible] and I should have been beyond all self-control, but at length I felt the lady relax her hold; she had become insensible, and began to float down with the stream. With a powerful effort, I recalled my wandering faculties, and saw that I might yet save her. I seized her by the hair, a few vigorous strokes brought us to the surface, and once more I inhaled with transport the free air of heaven; but in spite of my joy, I was much exhausted, and would soon have lost my precious burden had not assistance been near. Immediately on the alarm being given on board, the cutter had been manned, and pulled speedily to the place where we had been observed to sink. For two or three minutes they cruised about the spot, expecting to see us soon rise to the surface; but finding their hopes disappointed, they were about to pull after the marine, who had quietly turned himself upon his back, and resting the child upon his breast, allowed himself to float down the river, confident in his own ability to keep himself afloat until one of the boats should reach him. A few strokes had already been given by the cutter in his direction, when I appeared once more, struggling to sustain my lovely, and now insensible burden. A cry of joy was uttered by the first man who perceived us; like a thing of life the cutter swept round, and we were speedily drawn on board. The cutter went round again, and darted off in pursuit of the marine, who was by this time far down the river; and truly there was necessity for increased exertion, for a new and frightful danger was now impending. A brig was seen advancing directly upon the floating marine, who, from his position in the water, was utterly ignorant of her approach. "Pull, for Heaven's sake pull, men," exclaimed the first lieutenant, who commanded the cutter, "that brig will run them down," and nobly was his appeal answered; the crew went to their oars like madmen, until the cutter seemed almost to fly through the water. We gained rapidly upon them, but they were as rapidly nearing the brig. Every heart beat fast with hope and fear. The first lieutenant stood up in the bottom of the cutter, and shouted to the brig to alter her course, but the few men on board that vessel who were attracted by the noise, perceiving no cause for so much outcry, only gazed in stupid wonderment at his frantic gesticulations. It was fast becoming evident that we would not reach the marine in time, and all who were not pulling watched with throbbing hearts for the expected collision. Meanwhile the marine floated calmly along, utterly unconscious of his danger, until the end of the brig's jib-boom appeared above his head. Instantly he threw himself upon his side, and grasped the child in the arm farthest from the vessel—the next moment she was upon him, and he disappeared beneath her bows. But a few seconds elapsed until we swept past the brig and rounded too beneath her stern, expecting to pick up, perhaps, the remains of one or other of the victims, when to our extreme surprise, the gallant fellow was seen still struggling in the eddy of the vessel. An arm had been broken by the concussion, but with the remaining arm he still grasped the child, and managed to keep himself afloat. They got into the cutter and rowed back to the Majestic, where all the sufferers were put into cots, and attended with the most anxious solicitude by the surgeon. A month after the occurrences which have been related, the ship's company were assembled upon the quarter deck, when the captain addressed the marine and myself as follows:

"My brave fellows, you have laid me under a debt of gratitude, which I shall never be able to repay; but my inability shall not prevent me from acknowledging the magnitude of the obligation. I have now called you upon the quarter deck of this ship, to thank you, warmly and sincerely, for preserving all in this world that renders life dear to me. I reported your gallant, your noble conduct to the admiral, commanding on the station, who thought so highly of it that he immediately forwarded the details to the admiralty. Their lordships, to mark their sense of your distinguished conduct, have commanded me to present one of you with a boatswain's warrant, and to announce to the other his immediate promotion to the rank of sergeant."

Getting Desperate.

'Ahem! Ephraim, I heard something about you.'

'La, now, Miss Sophrina, you don't say so.'

'Yes, indeed, that I did; and a great many said it, too.'

'La, now, what is it, Miss Sophrina?'

'O dear, I can't tell you,' (turning away her head.)

'O is, do now.'

'O no, I can't.'

'O yes, Miss Sophrina.'

'La me, Ephraim, you do pester a body so.'

'Well, do please tell me, Miss Sophrina.'

'Well, I heard that—O, I can't tell you.'

'Oh, yes, come now, do,' (taking her hand.)

'Well, I didn't say it, but I heard that—'

'What?' (putting an arm around her waist.)

'Oh, don't, squeeze me so—I heard that—that (turning her blue eyes full on Ephriam's)—that—you and I were to be married, Ephriam.'

THE BABY'S DEAD.—On last Monday, we were riding a short distance from the city, when we met a little girl who appeared in great haste, and on our stopping, she came close up to the carriage, sobbing as if her little heart was broken, while the tear drops were standing in her eyes, she said, "The baby's dead!" We were an entire stranger to her, but she knew of but one baby in the world, and that baby, to whom she was no doubt tenderly attached, was dead. These three short words were a full text for reflection the balance of the ride. We might write columns on them, but we will merely repeat to our readers what the little girl said to us, and let them reflect as we did, on the thought that the "baby is dead."

A Chinese Laundry.

About ten o'clock last evening we stepped into a pretty extensive laundry on High street, carried on by Celestials. At the very first glance we were impressed with order and system observable in the establishment. Those who were at work greeted us with a 'chin-chin' as we entered, and kept on with their work. A grave looking Celestial sat at a table a great deal like pine, inditing a letter to a San Francisco correspondent. From a glance at the letter we thought there was considerable character in it. Still another Celestial drew a bench towards the table, and kindly motioned us to seat. He had, of course, a shaved head—and thereby hangs a tail.

We subsided into the seat, or rather upon it, and took a general survey. What a truly industrious people they are. At work, cheerfully and briskly, at ten o'clock at night. Huge piles of linen and under clothing disposed in baskets around the room, near the different ironers. Those at work dampen in water in a manner more after the ordinary laundries, but used very differently; instead of dipping the fingers in the water and then snapping them over the clothes, the operator puts his head in the bowl, fills his mouth with water, and then blows so that the water comes from his mouth in a mist, resembling the emission of steam from an escape pipe, at the same time so directing his head that this mist is scattered all over the piece he is about to iron; he then seizes his flat iron. This invention beats the 'Yankees' all to fits. It is a vessel resembling a small, deep, metalic wash basin, having a highly polished flat bottom, and a fire of charcoal continually burning in it. Thus they 'keep the iron hot,' without running to a fire every five minutes, and spitting on the iron to ascertain by the 'sizzle' if it be ready to use. This ironing machine has a long handle, and is propelled without danger of burning the fingers by the slipping of the ironing rag. Ladies who use the ordinary flat iron will appreciate the improvement.

Walking Fish.

In very dry seasons, the fish inhabiting small ponds, or pools of water, are reduced to the greatest extremity for the want of their natural element. In some cases they manage to preserve life by plunging themselves to a considerable depth in the mud at the bottom of their ponds, and there remain till a copious [illegible] which [illegible] suffices to keep certain races from becoming extinct. Other species, however, have been furnished by their Creator with the instinct and the power, when so circumstanced, of deserting their native ponds, and of travelling over the land in search of new homes. This has long been known of eels; but Dr. Hancock gives an account of a species of fish, called by the Indians the Flathead Hassar, which, when the pools wherein they usually reside are deprived of water, march in droves by night in quest of other ponds, from which that necessary element has not been evaporated. These fish grow to about a foot in length. A strong, bony arm, edged upon the lower extremity like a saw, projects from the breast of the fish near the pectoral fin, of which it forms the first ray. This arm the animals use as a kind of foot, pushing themselves forward by means of their tail, which is very elastic. In this way they will travel over the land as fast as a man can leisurely walk.—Their bodies are sheathed in very strong plates, which it is conjectured, aid them in their progress like those under the bodies of serpents, which partially perform the office of feet. The Indians affirm that they are furnished with an interior supply of water sufficient for their journey, an assertion which seems to be confirmed by the fact that their bodies, when taken from the water, even if wiped dry with a cloth, instantly become moist again. Mr. Campbell, a friend of Dr. Hancock, and a resident of Esequibo, once met with a flock of these animals, so numerous that his Indian attendants were enabled to fill several baskets with them.

A Persecuted Man.

Hamilton, of the Maryville Tribune, was travelling in the cars the other day from Bellefontaine to Kenton, when he fell in with a decided character. He was tolerably drunk. Let Hamilton tell the rest:

He said he lived in Urbana; that the Methodists had a great revival there a year or more ago, and that more than a hundred were converted; that he had been converted some years before, and had joined the church. We asked him if he still belonged to it.

'No,' said he, 'they turned me out for the most frivolous thing in the world; if I'd know'd they'd a turned me out for such a little thing as that, I'd never joined.'

Said we, "What did you do?"

'Oh, nothing—only I bet my horse would outrun another fellow's; I won the money, and then got drunk, and had two fights. That's all. And they put me out for that!'

THE BARRISTER AND THE WITNESS.—There is a point beyond which human forbearance cannot go, and the most even of tempers will become ruffled at times. At the assizes held during the past year at Lincoln, England, both judge and counsel had much trouble in making the timid witnesses upon a trial speak sufficiently loud to be heard by the jury, and it was possible that the temper of the counsel may thereby have been turned aside from this even tenor of its way. After this gentleman had gone through the various stages of bar pleading, and had coaxed, threatened, and even bullied witnesses, there was called into the box a young ostler, who appeared to be simplicity personified.

'Now, sir,' said the counsel, in a tone that would at any other time have been denounced as vulgarly loud, 'I hope we shall have no difficulty in making you speak out.'

'I hope not, zur,' was shouted, or rather bellowed out by the witness, in tones which almost shook the building, and would certainly have alarmed any nervous or timid lady.

'How dare you speak in that way, sir!' said the counsel.

'Please, zur, I can't speak any louder,' said the astonished witness, attempting to speak louder than before, evidently thinking the fault to be in his speaking too softly.

'Pray, have you been drinking this morning?' shouted the lawyer, who had now thoroughly lost the last remnant of his temper.

'Yes, zur,' was the reply.

'And what have you been drinking?'

'Corfee, zur.'

'And what did you have in your coffee, sir?' shouted the exasperated counsel.

'A spune, zur,' innocently shouted the witness in his highest key, amid the roars of the whole Court—excepting only the now thoroughly wild counsel, who flung down his brief and rushed out of Court.

HOME.—A home! It is the bright, blessed, adorable phantom which sits highest on the sunny horizon that girdeth life! When shall it be reached?—When shall it be a glittering day-dream, and become fairly yours?

It is not the house, though that may have its charms; nor the fields, carefully tilled, and stocked with your own foot-paths; nor the trees, though their shadow be to you like a great rock in a weary land; nor yet is it the fireside, with its sweet blaze-play; nor the pictures, which toll of loved ones; nor the cherished books; but more far than all these—it is the PRESENCE! The Lares of your worship are there; the altar of your confidence there; the end of your worldly faith is there; and adorning it all, and sending your blood in passionate flow, is the ecstacy of the conviction that *there* at least, you are beloved; that there you are understood; that there your errors will meet with even tender forgiveness; that there your troubles will be smiled away; that there you may unburden your soul, fearless of harsh, unsympathising ears; and that there you may be entirely and joyfully—yourself!