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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JOHN THOMPSON'S DAUGHTER.

A fellow near Kentucky's clime,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver dime
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who would cross the Ohio,
This dark and stormy water?"
O, I am this young lady's beau,
And she, John Thompson's daughter.

We've fled before her father's spite,
With great precipitation,
And should he find us here to-night,
I'd lose my reputation.

They've missed the girl, and purse beside,
His horsemen hard have pressed me,
And who will cheer my bonny bride
If yet they shall arrest me?"

Out spoke the boatman then in time,
"You shall not fail, don't fear it;
I'll go not for your silver dime,
But for your manly spirit.

And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry,
For though a storm is coming on,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the wind more fiercely rose,
The boat was at the landing,
And with the drenching rains their clothes
Grew wet where they were standing.

But still, as wilder rose the wind,
And as the night grew dreary,
Just back a piece, came the police,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh, haste thee! haste!" the lady cries,
It's anything but funny;
"I'll leave the light of loving eyes,
But not my father's money!"

And still they hurried in the face
Of wind and rain unsparing;
John Thompson kept the landing place,
His wrath was turned to swearing.

For, by the lightning's angry flash,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand held all his cash,
And one was round her lover!

"Come back, come back," he cried in woe,
Across this stormy water,
"But leave the purse, and you may go,
My daughter, Oh, my daughter."

'Twas vain; they reached the other shore,
(Such dooms the Fates assign us,)
The gold he'd piled, went with his child,
And he was left there, *minus*.

A Beautiful Story.

From Wilson's Tales of the Borders.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Seven or eight years ago, I was travelling between Berwick and Selkirk, and, having started at the crowing of the cock, I had left Melrose before four in the afternoon. On arriving at Abbotsford, I perceived a Highland soldier, apparently fatigued as myself, leaning upon a walking stick, and gazing intently on the fairy palace of the magician, whose wand is since broken, but whose magic still remains. I am no particular disciple of Lavater's, yet the man carried his soul upon his face, and we were friends at the first glance. He wore a plain Highland bonnet, and a coarse gray coat, buttoned to the throat. His dress bespoke him to belong only to the ranks, but there was a dignity in his manner, and a fire, a glowing language in his eyes, worthy of a chieftain. His height might exceed five feet nine, and his age about thirty. The traces of manly beauty were still upon his cheeks, but the sun of a western hemisphere had tinged them with a sallow hue, and imprinted unthimely furrows.

Our conversation related chiefly to the scenery around us, and we had pleasantly journeyed together two or three miles, when we arrived at a little sequestered burial ground by the way side, near which there was neither church nor dwelling. Its low wall was thinly covered with turf, and we sat down to rest. My companion became silent and melancholy, and his eyes wandered anxiously among the graves.

"Here," said he, "sleep some of my father's children, who died in infancy."

He picked up a small stone from the ground, and throwing it gently about ten yards, "that," added he, "is the very spot. But, thank God! no gravestone has been raised during my absence. It is a token I shall find my parents living—and," continued he, with a sigh, "may I also find their love. It is hard, sir, when the heart of a parent is turned against his own child."

He dropped his head upon his breast for a few moments, and was silent; and hastily raising his forefinger to his eyes, seemed to dash away a solitary tear. Then turning to me, he continued—

"You may think sir, this is weakness, in a soldier; but human hearts beat beneath a red coat. My father, whose name is Campbell, and who was brought from Argyleshire, is a wealthy farmer in this neighborhood. Twelve years ago, I loved a being gentle as summer moon. We were children together, and she grew in beauty on my sight, as the star of evening steals into glory through the twilight. But she was poor and portionless, the daughter of a mean shepherd, and our attachment offended my father.—He commanded me to leave her forever. I could not, and he commanded me to leave his house. I wandered, I knew not, and I cared not whither. But I will not detain you with my history. In my utmost need, I met a sergeant of the forty-second, who was then upon the recruiting service, and in a few weeks I joined the regiment of proud hearts. I was at Brussels when the wolf and the raven sang at midnight through the streets. It was a herald of glory and death. There were three Highland regiments of us—three joined in one—joined in rivalry, in love, and in purpose: and, thank Fate! I was present when the Scots Grays, flying to our aid, raised the electric shout, 'Scotland forever!' 'Scotland forever!' returned our tartaned clansmen; 'Scotland forever!' reverberated from the hearts we had left behind us, and 'Scotland forever!' re-echoed Victory! Heavens,' added he, starting to his feet, and grasping his staff, as the enthusiasm of the past came gushing back upon his soul, "to have joined in that shout was to have lived an eternity in the vibration of a pendulum."

In a few moments, the animated soul that gave eloquence to his tongue, drew itself back into the chambers of humanity, and resuming his seat upon the low wall, he continued—"I left my own regiment with the prospect of promotion, and have since served in the West Indies, but have heard nothing of my father—nothing of my mother—nothing of her I love!"

While he was speaking, the grave digger, with a pickaxe and spade over his shoulder, entered the ground. He approached within a few yards of where we sat. He measured off a narrow piece of earth—it encircled the little stone that the soldier had thrown to mark out the burial place of his family. Convulsions rushed over the features of my companion. He shivered; he grasped my arm; his lips quivered; his breathing became short and loud; the cold sweat stood trickling from his temples; he sprang over the wall, he rushed toward the spot.

"Man!" he cried in agony, "whose grave is that?"

"Hoot! awa wi' ye," said the grave digger, starting back at his manner, "what na' away is that to gliff a body? Are ye daft?"

"Answer me!" cried the soldier, seizing his hand—"whose grave—whose grave is that?"

"Mercy me!" replied the man of death, "ye are surely out of your head; it's an auld body they ca'd Adam Campbell's grave; now are ye anything the wiser for speerin?"

"My father!" cried my comrade, as I approached him, and clasping his hands together, he bent his head upon my shoulder, and wept aloud.

I will not dwell upon the painful scene. During his absence, adversity had given the fortune of his father to the wind, and he had died in an humble cottage, unlamented by the friends of prosperity.

At the request of my fellow traveller, I accompanied him to the house of mourning. Two or three poor cottagers sat around the fire. The coffin, with the lid open, lay across the table near the window. A few white hairs fell over the white face of the deceased, which seemed to articulate clearly that he died from sorrow rather than from age. The son pressed his lips to his father's cheek. He groaned in spirit and was troubled. He raised his head in agony, and, in a voice almost inarticulate with grief, exclaimed inquiringly, "My Mother!"

The wondering peasants started to their feet, and in silence, pointed to a lowly bed. He hastened forward—he fell on his knees by the bed-side.

"My mother! O, my mother!" he exclaimed, "do you too leave me—I am your own son—your own Willie; have you, too, forgotten me, mother?"

She, too, lay upon her death bed, and the tide of life was fast ebbing; but the remembered voice of her beloved son drove it back for a moment. She opened her eyes—she attempted to raise her feeble hands, and they fell upon his head. She spoke; he alone know the words that she uttered—they seemed accents of mingled anguish of joy and of blessing. For several minutes he bent over the bed and wept bitterly. He held her withered hand in his; he started; and the hand he held was still and lifeless!

He wept no longer; he gazed from the dead body of his father to that of his mother; his eyes wandered wildly from one to the other, he smote his hand upon his brow, and throw himself upon a chair, while misery transfixed him, as if a thunderbolt had entered his soul.

I will not give a description of the melancholy funeral and the solitary mourner. The father's obsequies were delayed, and the son laid both his parents in the same grave.

Several months passed away before I gained information respecting the sequel of my little story. After his parents were laid in the dust, William Campbell, with a sad and anxious heart, made inquiry after Jeanie Leslie, the object of his early affections, to whom we have alluded. For several weeks his search was fruitless; but at length he learned that property had been left her, father by a distant relative, and that he now resided somewhere in Dumfrieshire.

In the same garb which I have already described, the soldier set out upon his journey.

With little difficulty he discovered the house. It resembled such as are occupied by the higher class of farmers. The front door stood open. He knocked, but no one answered. He approached along the passage—he heard voices in an apartment on his right—again he knocked; but was unheeded. He entered uninvited. A group was standing in the middle of the floor, and among them a minister, commencing the marriage service of the Church of Scotland. The bride hung her head sorrowfully, and tears were stealing down her cheeks—she was his own Jeanie Leslie. The clergyman paused. The bride's father stepped forward angrily, and enquired, "What do you want, sir?" but instantly recognizing his features, he seized him by the breast, and in a voice half choaked with passion, continued—"Sorrow tak' ye for a scoundrel! What's bro't ye here, an' the mair especially at a time like this? Sir, I say Willie Campbell, get out o' my house, an' never darken my door again wi' your no'er-do-well countenance!"

A sudden shriek followed the mention of his name, and Jeanie Leslie fell into the arms of her bridesmaid.

"Peace, Mr. Leslie," said the soldier, pushing the old man aside, "since matters are thus I will only stop to say farewell for auld lang syne; you cannot deny me that."

He passed towards the object of his young love.—She spoke not, she moved not; he took her hand, but she seemed unconscious of what he did. And, as he again gazed upon her beautiful countenance, absence became as a dream upon her face. The very language he had acquired since their separation was set aside. Nature triumphed over art, and he addressed her in the accents in which he had first breathed love, and won her heart.

"Jeanie," said he, pressing her hand between his, "it's a sair thing to say farewell, but at present I maun say it. This is a scene I never expected to witness; for oh, Jeanie! I could have trusted to your truth and to your love, as the farmer trusts to seed time and harvest, and is not disappointed. Oh, Jeanie, woman! this is like separating the flesh from the bones, and burning the marrow! But ye maun be anither's now—farewell!—farewell!!"

"No, no!—my ain Willie!" she exclaimed, recovering from the agony of stupefaction, "my hand is still free, and my heart has ever been yours—save, Willie, save me!" and she threw herself into his arms.

The bridegroom looked from one to another, imploring them to commence an attack upon the intruder, but he looked in vain. The father again seized the old grey coat of the soldier, and almost rending it in twain, discovered, underneath, to the astonished company, the richly laced uniform of a British officer. He dropped the fragment of the outer garment in wonder, and at the same time dropping his wrath, he exclaimed, "Mr. Campbell! or what are ye?—will you explain yourself?"

A few words explained all. The bridegroom, a wealthy middle-aged man, without a heart, left the house, gnashing his teeth. Badly as our military honors are conferred, merit is not always overlooked, even in this country, where money is everything, and the Scottish soldier had obtained the promotion he deserved.

Jeanie's joy was like a dream of Heaven; in a few weeks she gave her hand to Capt. Campbell, of His Majesty's ——— Regiment of Infantry, to whom long years before, she had given her young heart.

Miss Susan Nipper's Certificate.

Miss Susan Nipper gives a loud certificate in favor of some of the popular medicines of the day.—She was suffering from general debility, sick headache, heartburn, indigestion, tapeworms, consumption, rheumatism in the shoulders and hips, and besides these she didn't feel very well herself. At length she says:

"I was brought so low that my most impudent friends didn't expect to live from one end to the other. About this time a friend recommended as the last resort, that I should try a few bottles of the Pictorial Oxinated Compound saxefarilla Extract of Wild Cherry Wine, Bitters, satisfaction given or money refunded, to be taken before shaken, destroy the label as soon as possible, no pay no cure, beware of counterfeits—none genuine without the proprietor is on the wrapper. I took three bottles of this invaluable medicine and it gave me immediate relief in three months."

Clergical Wit.

Watty Morrison, a Scotch clergyman, was a man of great wit and humor. One one occasion he entreated an officer at Fort George to pardon a poor fellow who was sent to the halberds. The officer offered to grant his request if he would, in return, grant him the first favor he would ask. Mr. Morrison agreed to this—and the officer immediately demanded that the ceremony of baptism should be performed on a puppy. The clergyman agreed to it, and a party of many gentlemen assembled to witness the novel baptism.

Mr. Morrison desired the officer to hold up the dog, as was customary in the baptism, and said:—"As I am a minister of the Church of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremonies of the Church."

'Certainly,' said the Major, 'I expect all the ceremony.'

'Well, then, I begin with the usual question: You acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?'

A roar of laughter burst from the crowd, and the officer throw the candidate for baptism away.

A Wolf Story.

"Talking of wolves," said Black one evening, "I can tell you a story that no other man on the river can tell."

It was a cold night, storming furiously, and on the very window-sill was the edge of the snow; for it had fallen for forty-eight hours with little interval, and now the wind was rising, and the drifts in the morning might be over the whole hut. There was a large pile of wood in the corner, and a glorious blaze on the hearth; and the wind roared outside, the chimney roared cheerfully and sonorously within; and once in a while a little mass of snow that had gathered on the chimney tops, would come hissing down into the fire, and vanish as it touched the logs. Across the front of the hearth lay Willis, on a pile of deer skins, over which was thrown a blanket. He was lying with his back to the fire, and watched with curious earnestness the appearance of Leo's nose as he lay sleeping on the floor. I was, as usual, on my bear skin, in my corner, lying with my eyes dazzled by the blaze into which I was gazing, and supporting my chin by my two hands with my elbows buried in the fur. I had been reading one of those old books which formed our chief companions then, to wit, a rare old edition of Lucan, which lies on my shelves at this moment, bearing the date of its imprint, 1613. Not to appear pedantic, it may as well be said at once that I read Latin and Greek with some difficulty, but Joe was an accomplished scholar, and always helped my hesitating translations.

Black sat on the stool at the opposite side of the fire, and looked lovingly at us. For Black loved us, as I have said. He will never see this letter, for I will take care not to send it to him, and therefore I will use some freedom in sketching him. He is a large framed man, broad shouldered and strong, but not stout in appearance. His head is of a fine mould, the ear small, the forehead not very high, but decidedly massive, his lip especially well cut, his eye blue and quick, but not sharp. He has not shaved for ten years, but his black beard and moustache are trimmed always, though he does not see any one but hunters like himself from year to year, he is, nevertheless, remarkably careful in this respect, and the effect is to give his face that look of dignity which you see in the old pictures of the cavaliers.—He is about forty-five years old, and has passed more than twenty years in this cabin, or one on this site. Before coming here, he had been in a highly respectable position, and had made a small property, with the income from which he supplies his cabin now with every luxury he desires. He is not much given to reading, still less to writing, but his letters to me are capital sketches of the life he leads, and he tells me a story of familiar scenes with the unmistakeable skill of an intelligent man. Do not mistake me.—Black is a man of character, and were he in the world, would make his mark. I shall not say what keeps him out of it. That is his own concern.

That scene in the cabin is before you. Black's feet are toward the fire, and his eyes fixed on the toes of his moccasins, which he wore in the evenings. The firelight dances on the varied skins around the cabin, and on the cross poles, the trophies of many a long day's sport. The dogs have selected, each his own place, and Nora (then young) was as usual between me and the fire, baking her brain.

I contrast that scene with this in which I now write. I am in my easy chair before the grate; a lady, lounging on a sofa at my right, is discoursing to one who occupies the opposite sofa at my left, on the last concert we attended together, and the last dinner which she unfortunately did not attend. The firelight playing from the English coals, alone is like the cabin, but it dances on a white wall, casting huge shadows of carved furniture in puzzling shapes upon the sides and ceiling. I write by the brilliant glare of gas, and I dip my pen in a quaint cup of ink which a bronze knight of the olden time holds out to me with his one hand, supporting himself the while with his lance grasped in the other. And by my faith, but for the company, I would rather have the cabin, and I have been discussing to-night the feasibility of our adjourning there, all of us together.

But I neglect Black's story.

"Talking of wolf hunts," said Black, "I can tell you a story."

Whereupon Joe turned over toward the fire, and looked up at Black, but in so doing, struck his foot against Nora's nose, who sprang suddenly upon him, thinking it was some of Joe's fun, whereat Joe rolled out into the room and woke Leo up, who joined the sport, and while Joe was wrestling with the dogs, Black continued, on this wise:

When I first came to the cabin, there was no clearing within thirty miles, and the only neighbor I had, was George B——, who died last year, up by the cedar hill, ten miles or so away. It was a little lonesome, and yet I liked it for a year, and I saw George three times during that twelve-month. But the next six months I never saw a man, and I used to sit and look at myself in the still water over the side of my canoe, and like it, for it seemed as if I had company. But one day in November I was tired out of being alone, and I started off toward evening to go up to George's. I crossed the river just here and went along up the edge of the water, swinging my rifle in my hand, whistling for company's sake, for it made a pleasant echo in the woods.

The night was coolish, very clear, and there was a pleasant moon. Just as I had reached the Rock brook, close on the side of the pond, I heard a growl that startled me, and stopping short, I saw a wolf standing with his paw buried in the carcass of a deer, while his jaws were full of the flesh. But he was not eating, for he had seen me and seemed to be discussing the comparative merits of his meal before him, and the possible meal which I presented for him. He was'nt any of your dog wolves, but a grizzly rascal, large as Leo yonder, with larger hair and stouter legs. He snarled once or twice more, and I was fool enough to show fight. If I had let him alone, he would have been content with his feed; for they are cowardly animals, except when there are droves of them, or unless you disturb their eating. I took a short aim at him, and shot. He jumped the moment I pulled trigger, and I missed his breast and broke his fore paw. Then he yelled and came at me, and I heard, as I thought, fifty more answer him. It was'nt ten seconds before I was in the first crotch of the nearest tree, and four of the grisly scoundrels were under it, looking at me, whining and licking their lips as if their mouths watered for me. I didn't understand their language, or I would have suggested the idea of satisfying their appetites on the door which lay a few rods off. But I couln't persuade them to take any hints of the sort, and so I loaded my rifle and shot one of them as dead as the deer.

There was more for them to eat if they had chosen to devour their own sort, but I could'nt blame them for refusing the lean, bony carcass of such a comrade, especially when a tolerably well fattened man was in a small sapling close by, and the more especially when, if they had any eyes, they could see that the sapling was splitting in two at the crotch, and I must come down soon, in spite of my repugnance to a closer acquaintance with them. So it was though, and before I had time to reload my rifle and despatch another of them, crack went the tree and I dropped my rifle just quick enough to catch with arms and legs around the tree and hold on for life, till I could get out my knife from my pocket, open it, and shove it in my belt. That done, I watched my chance, and if there ever was a scared wolf, that was one when I lighted on his back and wound my arms around him and we rolled away together. The other two did'nt understand it at all, and backed off to watch the fight,—a pretty moonlight tussle that was. At length the wolf got me under and he and I both thought I was done for.—He planted his two paws in my breast, and the claws left marks that are there yet,—while he seized my shoulder with his villainous jaws.

Black paused to show us the scars on his breast and arms, particularly the large scar where the flesh was torn from the bone on his shoulder. He continued:

I was a little faint when his teeth went in. It was unpleasant, and I had no time to think of a dozen other ways of dying, any one of which I would have preferred to that, had a choice been possible.—The wolf apparently did'nt like the hold he had, for he tore out my coat, shirt and flesh, too, and seized again on my fur cap. It was a lucky mistake for me. I felt his wet lips on my forehead, and had just time to let go my hold of his throat and clutch my knife, when he shook off the cap and made another attempt to get a mouthful, but his throat was in no fix to swallow it if he got it, for my knife blade was working desperately across his jugular, and the point of it was feeling between the vertebræ for his spinal marrow. He was a dead wolf, and he gave it up like one fairly whipped.

I had bled considerably when I rose, but I was'nt weakened a particle. The whole had passed in less than half a minute, and I was ready for the other two, that now came at me both together.

I seized my rifle and met one with the barrel across the nose and floored him. As he picked himself up, I seized him by the hind foot. If the first wolf was scared when I fell on him, this one was more so. I shall never forget the howl which escaped him as I swung him into the air and struck the other a blow with the body of his comrade. The other one, the first I had wounded, frightened at the novel fight, vanished in the woods, and I was left with this one in my hands. He seemed to let out his voice with tremendous force as he swung around my head twice. The centrifugal force, as they used to call it at school, forced out his wind, but as I let him fly, his scream was fairly demoniacal. He went a rod from the bank, and the howl stopped only when he reached the water. I was faint and weak now, and my visit to George was of course out of the question; so I seized my rifle, loaded it with difficulty as I ran, and following the water I at length saw him come up. He struck in for the shore, but seeing me, did'nt dare to land. I teased him so for two miles, and each time he approached the shore I showed myself and he kept off.

I saw he was getting tired, but I didn't want to shoot him yet, and I followed him till he went over the rapids and into the deep hole by the haunted Rock. Here I had to leave the river bank, and so I watched him swimming along the edge of the rock until he found a little shelf, on which he crawled out and shook his hide. But he couldn't get up that rock,—that was pretty certain; and while he was discussing it all alone by himself, I helped him settle the question with a rifle ball in his side. He gave a half bark and half yell, and sprang into the river, but didn't rise again.

How I got to my canoe I don't know. I man aged to paddle over and get in here, half dead, with my blood all over me, and my wounds frozen dry.—It was a month before I was well enough to hunt again, and I have been shy of wolves ever since.

As Black concluded, I looked at him with wonderment, knowing that this was not the most hazardous adventure of his life by many. He gazed into the fire a little while without speaking, sighed heavily, and then resuming his kindly look again, stooped to pat Leo, who was sleeping with his broad lower jaw on Joe's breast, while Joe lay on his back, looking up at the bark roof, and listening to the roar of the tempest.

PREDICTION OF THE FIRST ECLIPSE.

BY PROF. O. MITCHELL.

To those who have given but little attention to the subject of astronomy, the prediction of an eclipse seems sufficiently mysterious and unintelligible. How, then, it was possible, thousands of years ago to accomplish this same great object, without any just views of the structure of the system, seems utterly incredible. Follow me, then, when I attempt to reveal the train of reasoning which led to the prediction of the first eclipse of the sun, the most daring prophecy ever made by human genius. Follow, in imagination, this bold interrogator of the skies to his solitary mountain summit—withdrawn from the world—surrounded by his mysterious circles, there to watch and ponder through the long nights of many—many years. But hope cheers him on, and smooths his rugged pathway. Dark and deep as is the problem, he sternly grapples with it, and resolves never to give over till victory crowns his efforts.

He has already remarked that the moon's track in the heavens crossed the sun's, and that this point of crossing was in some way immediately connected with the coming of the dread eclipse. He determines to watch, and learn whether the point of crossing was fixed, or whether the moon, in each succeeding revolution, crossed the sun's path at a different point. If the sun in his annual revolution could leave behind him a track of fire, making his journey among the stars, it is found that this same track was followed from year to year, and from century to century, with undeviating precision. But it was soon discovered that it was far different with that of the moon. In this case she, too, could leave behind her a silver thread of light, sweeping round the heavens, in completing one revolution, this thread would not join, but would wind around among the stars in each revolution, crossing the sun's fiery track at a point west of the previous crossing. These points of crossing were called the *moon's nodes*. At each revolution the node occurred further west, until, after a cycle of about nineteen years, it had circulated in the same direction entirely around the ecliptic. Long and patiently did the astronomer watch and wait, each eclipse is duly observed, and its attendant circumstances are recorded, when, at last, the darkness begins to give way, and a ray of light breaks upon his mind. He finds that no eclipse of the sun ever occurs unless *the new moon is in the act of crossing the sun's track*. Here was a grand discovery.—He holds the key which he believes will unlock the dread mystery, and now with redoubled energy, he resolves to thrust it into the wards, and drive back the bolt.

To predict an eclipse of the sun, he must sweep forward from new moon to new moon, until he finds some new moon which would occur while the moon was in the act of crossing from one side to the other of the sun's track. This certainly was invisible.—He knew the exact period from new moon to new moon, and from one crossing of the ecliptic to another. With eager eyes he seizes the moon's places in the heavens, and her age, and rapidly computes where she crosses at her next change. He finds the new moon occurring far from the sun's track; he looks around another revolution; the places of the new moon falls closer to the sun's path, and the next year closer, until, reaching forward with piercing intellectual vigor he at last finds a new moon which occurs precisely at the computed time of the passage across the sun's track. Here he makes his stand, and on the day of the occurrence of that new moon he announces to the startled inhabitants of the world, that the sun shall expire in dark eclipse. Bold prediction! Mysterious prophet! with what scorn must the unthinking world have received this solemn declaration! How slowly do the moons roll away, and with what intense anxiety does the stern philosopher await the coming of that day which should crown him with victory or dash him to the ground in ruin or disgrace. Time to him moves on leaden wings; day after day, and, at last hour after hour, roll heavily. The last night is gone—the moon has disappeared from his eagle gaze, in her approach to the sun, and the dawn of the eventful day breaks in beauty on the slumbering world.

This daring man, stern in his faith, climbs alone to his rocky home, and greets the sun, as he rises and mounts the heavens, scattering a brightness and glory in his path. Beneath him is spread out the populous city, already teeming with life and activity. The busy morning hum rises on the still air, and reaches the watching place of the solitary astronomer. The thousands below him, unconscious of his intense anxiety, joyously pursue their rounds of business, their cycles of amusement. The sun slowly climbs the heavens, round and bright, and full-orbed. The lone tenant of the mountain top almost begins to waver in the sternness of his faith, as the morning hours roll away. But the time of his triumph, long delayed, at length begins to dawn—a pale and sickly hue creeps over the face of nature. The sun has reached his highest point, but his splendor is dimmed—his light is feeble. At last it comes! Blackness is eating away his round disc—onward, with slow but steady pace the dark veil moves, blacker than a thousand nights—the gloom deepens—the ghastly hue of death covers the universe—the last ray is gone, and horror reigns. A wail of terror fills the murky air—the clangor of brazen trumpets resound—an agony of despair dashes the stricken millions to the ground, while that lone man, erect on his rocky summit, with arms outstretched to heaven, pours forth the greateful gushings of his heart to God, who had crowned his efforts with triumphant victory.

Search the records of our race, and point me, if you can, to a scene more grand, more beautiful. It is, to me, the proudest victory that genius ever won. It was the conquering of Nature, of Ignorance, of Superstition, of Terror, all at a single blow, and that blow struck by a single man. And now do you demand the name of this wonderful man? Alas!—what a lesson of instability of earthly fame are we taught by this simple recital. He who had raised himself immeasurably above his race—who must have been regarded by his fellows as little less than a god, who had inscribed his fame on the very heavens, and had written it in the sun, with a "pen of iron, and the point of a diamond"—even this one had perished from the earth—name, age, country, all are swept into oblivion; but the proud achievement stands. The monuments reared to his honor stands; and although the touch of time has effaced the lettering of his name, it is powerless, and cannot destroy the fruits of his victory.

A thousand years roll by; the astronomer stands on the watch tower of Babylon, and writes for posterity the records of an eclipse; this record escapes destruction, and it is safely wafted down the stream of time. A thousand years roll away; the old astronomer, surrounded by the fierce but wondering Arabs, again writes and marks the day which witnesses the sun's decay. A thousand years roll heavily away; once more the astronomer writes, from amidst the gay throng that crowds the capital of Europe. Record is compared with record, date with date, revolution with revolution, the past and present together—another struggle commences—another triumph is won. Little did the Babylonian dream that he was observing for one who, after a lapse of three thousand years should rest upon this very record the successful resolution of one of Nature's darkest mysteries.—*Daguerrian Journal.*

HANNIBAL AND NAPOLEON.

BY H. W. HERBERT.

Scarce any one at all familiar with history can have failed to observe the extraordinary parallelism between the campaigns, the military conduct, and the fortunes of Hannibal and Napoleon. That parallelism is thus strikingly touched upon by Arnold. 'Twice,' he says, 'in history has their been witnessed the struggle of the highest individual genius against the resources and institutions of a great nation; and in both cases the nation has been victorious. For seventeen years Hannibal strove against Rome; for sixteen years Napoleon Bonaparte strove against England; the efforts of the first ended in Zama, those of the second in Waterloo." The extraordinary similitude of the genius, conduct, and military character of these two giants in arms, is far from ending with this general resemblance.—Almost from point to point their destinies are similar. At the age of thirty-six, Hannibal was elected to the supreme command of the Carthaginian armies, and thenceforth to the close of the war he disposed at his will the resources, and held in the hollow of his hand the councils of his country. At the age of twenty six, Napoleon assumed the command of the Army of Italy and from thence his fortunes and his will were those of France. The scenes of the glory of both were the Alps and Italy. Both had the faculty of seeing at a glance where the blow must be planted, which should cripple the enemy; both delivered that blow instantaneously and irresistibly.—Both had the same reliance on their cavalry as an arm of service; Hannibal winning by it all his greatest victories, and Napoleon insisting to the last, that cavalry in equal force, equally led, must conquer infantry. Both vanquished every leader in the field, whom he personally encountered, save the very last; and there is probably no one so prejudiced as to assert at this day at either Hannibal or Napoleon found in his conqueror a superior in strategy or in military genius. Nor does the similarity end even here; for both found their final vanquishers in generals made in Spain by conflicts with their own lieutenants, who were in no wise superior to other eminent leaders of their enemy; and both ultimately perished miserably, in exile, victims to the countries which they had kept so long in awe and perturbation.

"In a military point of view, the correctness of their *coup d'œil*; the lightning speed with which they followed up conception by execution; the power of concentration, by which constantly inferior on the whole, in force, they were ever superior at the point of action; the marvellous foresight, by which they showed seeming rashness to be real prudence; the thunderous crash with which, when they delivered battles, they annihilated, not conquered, their antagonists, nay, the unerring certainty with which they throw themselves on the communications of their enemy, and defeated at a blow the most skilful combinations, were identical in these two mighty captains—none other, in my opinion, ever have possessed the same qualities, or used them with the same effect. Both were the makers of their own systems, the founders of their own schools; but on the whole, I must consider Hannibal the greatest strategist of the two, because, in the first place, he was the prime originator and inventor, while his great eulogist, and in some points imitator, had the benefit of his example, as well as that of other mighty conquerors, and in the second place, because with means infinitely inferior, against obstacles infinitely greater, and without the aid of modern science, he accomplished what may be held to have been in the then condition of the world, results nearly equal.

"As men of genuine greatness—I shall observe only, that no single act of Hannibal's life ever subserved to any selfish motives or ministered to his own aggrandizement, and that no single act of Napoleon's did not so. The consideration of self would seem never to have occurred to the one; to have been ever present to the other. Both were fanatics for glory; the one because his own was his country's; the other, because his country's was his own. Both were accused by their enemies of great moral crimes and turpitude, and both, in the main, unjustly. It is one of the sad truths concerning warfare, but no less a truth; that, in playing the game of war, with nations for playthings and the world for a field, expediency must be in a great degree the moral rule; and that, if the game is to be played at all, the suffering's or the lives of individuals, even if those individuals be counted by thousands, must not be considered, where the sufferings or the lives of millions are in question. The sin lies in the plaything the game at all, not in the details or practice of the play. Both these great men were stern and unrelenting in carrying out the lines which they held it true policy to lay down; neither, so far as history shows, was tainted in the least degree by anything resembling personal cruelty. Both have been accused of faithlessness—a charge never in any case to be much regarded, as brought between nations; for nations are ever prompt to reclaim loudly, when the losers, against deeds, the like of which themselves commit readily, when the winners. In the case of Hannibal, the Romans had all the history writing to themselves; thence, Punic faith is to this day the proverb for entire faithlessness. Had the French writers alone made the world's annals of the late great struggle, "perfidious Albion" had gone down a byeword to all ages. Had the English held the like station, the utter faithlessness of Napoleon would have become proverbial with posterity."

A down east editor has got such a cold in his head that the water freezes on his face when he undertakes to wash it.

A Witty Butcher.

A few years ago a butcher of Caen bought a calf of a cattle jobber in the environs. Half a gallon of cider was to clench the bargain, and the butcher jocously observed in conversation, among other things, that he meant to smuggle the calf into town in broad daylight, and to pass the *octroi*, or custom's barrier, publicly, without paying. The cattle dealer declared this to be impossible, and a wager was accordingly laid between him and the butcher, who merely made this condition, that the dealer should lend him his dog for half an hour. He put the dog into a large sack, which he threw over his shoulder, and away he trudged to the city. On reaching the *octroi* he declared that he had nothing to pay, as there was only a dog in the sack, which he had just bought and shut up, that he might not find his way to his former master. The officer of the *octroi* would not take his story, on trust, but insisted on seeing the dog. The butcher was therefore obliged to open his sack, and the dog naturally availed himself of the opportunity to run away. Off scampered the butcher after him, scolding and swearing all the way. In a quarter of an hour he was again at the *octroi*, with a sack on his shoulders as before. 'You have given me a pretty chase,' said he, peevishly, walking through. Next day he invited the officers to partake of a veil cutlet, with which, having won the wager, he treated them and the cattle dealer.

The Hippodrome.

The Hippodrome is the great curiosity of Constantinople. It is the only public square. It contains the principal remains of ancient art and yet after all it is rather a disappointment. First and foremost is the Burnt Column, a singular many colored shaft, greatly shorn in height and stripped of the metal plates that, once held its granite blocks together, and chiefly noticeable for its obscure history, its odd hues, and its very considerable height. Probably it once bore a statue of Apollo, and instead of being huddled up in old wooden houses; stood its dignified position in the great square. Next comes an obelisk looking very like a deserted stone chimney, once covered with plates of brass, but now threatening to fall. Then comes the three twisted serpents of Delphos, a very queer thing supposed to have supported the tripod of the oracles, but the heads are gone; the tails are not visible, and the twisted copper mass looks the tasteless imitation characteristic of the Turk. Then comes the only tolerable thing, and that spoilt by being out of place and keeping, the Theban Obrlisk, a mate to that still standing at Heliopolis, fifty feet high, of one piece, having on its base a bas-relief exhibiting the machine by which it was raised. Here stood anciently the four bronze horses of St. Mark which have traveled so famously; Constantinople having stolen them from Rome, Venice from Constantinople, and Paris, for a short time, from Venice.

Creating a Fee.

Some years ago, General ——— was Register in Willis in a western county. He was a faithful officer, who revered the law, and as the law allowed him fees for his services, he was very conscientious in collecting them. The Register is allowed a small fee for what is technically termed a 'search,' which generally is showing an inquirer a record, getting a paper out of the pigeon holes, or some similar service. It is related of General ——— that, for this branch of his duties, he was particular in requiring pay. His office being near that of the Recorder of Deeds, he was often annoyed by the inquiries of strangers as to the location

'Can you tell me where the Recorder's office is?' was the inquiry.

'Stop in, sir—I'll look for you.'

Going to the door the General would look down the street a moment then answer—

'The Recorder's office is next door but one below.'

'Thank you sir.'

'You're welcome, but you owe me a shilling for a *search*.'

THE NATURALIST.—A few years ago there arrived at the hotel, erected near Niagara Falls, an old looking man, whose appearance was quite in contrast with that of the crowds of well dressed and polished figures which adorned that celebrated resort. He seemed just to have sprung from the woods. His dress, which was made of leather, stood dreadfully in need of repair, apparently not having felt the touch of either laundress or needle women for many a long month. A worn out blanket, that might have served for a bed, was buckled to his shoulders—a large knife hung on his side, balanced by a rusty tin box on the other; and his beard, uncropped, tangled and coarse, fell down upon his bosom, as if to counterpoise the weight of black hair locks that supported themselves upon his back and shoulders. This strange being, to the spectators seemingly half civilized and half savage, had a quick, glancing eye, an elastic, firm movement, and seemed able to cut his way through the cane-brakes, both of society and of the wilderness.

He pushed his steps into the sitting-room, unstrapped his little burden, quietly looked round for the landlord, and then modestly asked for breakfast. The host at first drew back with evident repugnance at the apparition which thus proposed to intrude its uncouth form among the genteel visiters, but a word whispered in his ear speedily satisfied his doubts. The stranger took his place among the company, some staring, some shrugging, and some even laughing outright. Yet it turned out that there was more in that single man than there was in all the rest of the throng; he called himself an American woodsman; he was a true, genuine son of Nature, yet one who had been entertained with distinction at the tables of princes; learned societies, to which the like of Cuvier belonged, had been proud to welcome his entrance. In short, he was one whose fame had been growing brighter, while the fashionables who laughed at him, and many much greater than they, have utterly perished. From every hill top, and every deep, shady grove, the birds, those "living blossoms of the air," will sing his name. The little wren will pipe it with her matin hymn about our houses; the oriole carol it from the slender grasses of the meadows; the turtle roll it through the secret forests; the many voiced mocking bird pour it along the evening air, and the imperial—the bird of Washington—as he sits in his cragy home, far up on the blue mountains, will scream it to the tempests and the stars. He was John James Audubon, the Ornithologist.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

STONE-DRESSING BY MACHINERY.—A newly invented machine for cutting and dressing stone, for buildings, is described with illustrations in the Scientific American. A rough stone is placed on a carriage, and rolled under the machine, where it receives the edges of three rotating quoin-shaped self-sharpening rolling cutters, secured on the extremities of three arms which are fixed on a boss fastened to a shaft. The shaft is moved by a large pulley connected by a belt with a steam-engine. The cutters are raised or lowered, as the desired thickness of the stone may require, by turning a spindle. The polisher is an iron disc, which operates by a rotary motion. Its face always sets true on a plane, consequently the whole face of the stone is always polished correctly. A hopper with sharp sand, having a small hole at its lower part, is placed in the polisher frame above the stone. A small stream of water through a tube from above, percolates through the sand, carrying a portion of it down on the stone. The machine appears to be a very complete one.

Lord chief justice Kenyon once said to a rich friend asking his opinion as to the probable success of a son, "Sir, let your son forthwith spend his fortune; marry, and spend his wife's; and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession.