American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

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Poetical.

KEEP IN STEP.

Ay, the world keeps moving forward,
Like an army marching by;
Hear you not in heavy footfall,
That resoundeth to the sky?
Some bold soldiers bear the banner—
Souls of sweetness chaunt the song—
Lips of energy and fervor
Make the timid hearted strong!
Like brave spirits we march forward;
If you linger or turn back,
You must look to get a jostling
While you stand upon the track,
Keep in step.

My good neighbor, Master Standstill,
Gazes on, as it goes;
Not quite sure that he is dreaming,
In his afternoon's repose!
Nothing good, he says 'can issue
From this endless 'moving on,'
Ancient laws and institutions
Are decaying, or are gone!
We are rushing on to ruin,
With our mad, new fangled ways,'
While he speaks, a thousand voices,
As the heart of one man, say—
'Keep in step!'

Gentle neighbor, will you join us,
Or return to 'good old ways?'
Take again the fig-leaf apron
Of old Adam's ancient days;
Or become a hardy Briton—
Beard the lion in his lair,
And lie down in dainty slumber
Wrapp'd in skins of shaggy bear—
Rear the hut amid the forest,
Skim the wave in light canoe?
Ay, I see! you do not like it,
Then if these old ways won't do,
Keep in step.

Be assured, good Master Standstill,
All wise Providence designed,
Aspirations and progressions,
For the yearning human mind,
Generations left their blessings,
In the relics of their skill,
Generations yet are longing
For a greater glory still;
And the shades of our forfathers
Are but jealous of our deed,
We but follow where they becon
We but go where they do lead!
Keep in step.

One detachment of our army
May encamp upon the hill,
While another in the valley,
May enjoy its own sweet will;
This, may answer to one watchword,
That may echo to another;
But in Unity and concord,
They discern that each is brother,
Breast to breast they're marching onward,
In a good, now peaceful way;
You'll be jostled if you hinder,
So don't offer, let or stay—
Keep in step.

Miscellaneous.

THE COUSINS.

BY MISS MITFORD.

Lawyer Molesworth was a rich landlord in Cranley, the native town of Miss Mitford. He had two daughters to whom his pleasant house owed its chief attraction. Agnes was a beautiful woman, Jessy was a pretty girl. The fond father intended that Jessey should marry a poor relation, one Charles Woodford. Charles had been brought up by his uncle's kindness, and had recently returned into the family from a great office in London.—Charles was to be the immediate partner and the eventual successor to the flourishing business of his benefactor, whose regard seemed fully justified by the excellent conduct and remarkable talents of the orphan nephew. Agnes, who secretly obtained an affection for Charles, was destined by her father for a young baronet, who had lately been much at the house.

But in affairs of love as in all others, says Miss Mitford, man is born to disappointments. So found poor Mr. Molesworth, who—Jessey having arrived at the age of eighteen, and Charles at that of two-and-twenty—offered his pretty daughter and the lucrative partnership to his penniless relation, and was petrified with astonishment and indignation to find the connection very respectfully declined. The young man was very much distressed and agitated, as he had the highest respect for Miss Jessey, but could not marry her—he loved another! and then he poured forth a confidence as it was undesired by his incensed patron, who left him in undiminished wrath and increased perplexity.

The interview had taken place immediately after breakfast; and when the conference ended the provoked father sought his daughters, who, happily unconscious of all that had occurred, were amusing themselves in their splendid conservatory—a scene always as becoming as it is agreeable to youth and beauty. Jessey was flitting about like a butterfly among the fragrant orange trees and bright geraniums. Agnes was standing under a superb fuschida that hung over a large marble basin—her form and attitude, her white dress and the classical arrangement of her dark hair giving her a look of some nymph or naid, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessey was prattling gaily, as she wandered about, of a concert they had attended the evening before, at the country town.

"I hate concerts," said the pretty little flirt; "to sit bolt upright on a hard bench for four hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving, or speaking to any body, or any body's getting to us! Oh! how tiresome it is!"

"I saw Sir Edmund trying to slide through the crowd to reach you," said Agnes a little archly, "his presence would, perhaps, have mitigated the evil, but the barricade was too complete, he was forced to retreat, without accomplishing his object."

"Yes, I assure you he thought it very tiresome; he told me so when we were coming out. And then that music," pursued Jessey, "the noise they call music! Sir Edmund says that he likes no music except my guitar or a flute on the water, and I like none except your playing on the organ, and singing Handel on a Sunday evening, or Charles Woodford's reading Milton and bits of Hamlet."

"Do you call that music?" asked Agnes, laughing. "And yet," continued she, "it is most truly so with his rich, Pasta-like voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to you, who do not greatly love for its sake, it is doubtless a pleasure, much resembling in kind that of the most thrilling melodies on the noblest of instruments. I myself have had a gratification in hearing that voice recite the verses of Homer and Sophocles in the original Greek—Charles Woodford's reading is music."

"It is music which neither of you are likely to hear again, interrupted Mr. Molesworth, advancing suddenly towards them, "for he has been ungrateful, and I have discharged him."

Agnes stood as if petrified. "Ungrateful! oh, father!"

"You can't have discharged him to be sure, papa," said Jessey, always good-natured; "poor Charles, what can he have done?"

"Refused your hand, my child," said the angry parent; refused to be my partner and son-in-law, and fallen in love with another lady! What have you to say to him now?"

"Why, really, papa," said Jessey. "I'm much more obliged to him for refusing my hand than to you for offering it. I like Charles well enough for a cousin, but I should not like such a husband at all; so if this refusal be the worst that has happened there's no great harm done."

And off the gypsey ran—declaring she must put on her habit, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister, and expected them every minute.

The father and the favorite daughter remained in the conservatory.

"The heart is untouched, however," said Mr. Molesworth, looking after her with a smile.

"Untouched by Charles Woodford, undoubtedly," replied Agnes; "but has he really refused my sister?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And does he love another?"

"He says he does, and I believe him."

"Is he loved again?"

"That he did not say."

"Did he tell the name of the lady?"

"Yes."

"Do you know her?"

"Yes."

"Is she worthy of him?"

"Most worthy."

"Has he any hope of gaining her affections?—Oh! he must! he must! What woman could refuse him?"

"He is determined not to try. The lady whom he loves is above him in every way: and as much as he has counteracted my wishes, it is an honorable part of Charles Woodford's conduct, that he intends to leave his affections unsuspected by his object."

Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue; during which Agnes appeared to be trying to occupy herself with collecting the blossoms of a cape jessamine and watering a favorite geranium. But it would not do; the subject was at her heart, and she could not force her mind to indifferent occupations. She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching her countenance, and resumed the conversation.

'Father! perhaps it is hardly maidenly to avow as much, but although you never have in set words told me your intentions, I have yet seen and know, I cannot tell now, all that your kind partiality towards us has designed for your children. You have mistaken me, dearest father, doubtedly mistaken me—first, in supposing me fit to fill a splendid place in society; next, in imagining that I desired such splendor. You meant to give Jessey and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford, and designed me and your large possessions to your wealthy and titled neighbor. And with little change of person these arrangements may yet hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son-in law and heir, for he loves Jessey and she loves him. Charles Woodford may still be your partner and adopted son, for nothing has changed that need diminish your affections or his merit. Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious, indeed, if she be not content with such a destiny. And let me live with you, dear father, single and unwedded, with no thought but to contribute to your comfort, and to cheer and brighten your declining years. Do not let your too great fondness for me stand in the way of their happiness! Make me not so odious to them and to myself, dear father! Let me live always with you and for you—always your own Agnes!' And, blushing at the earnestness with which she had spoken, she bent her head over the marble basin, whose waters reflected her fair image, as if she had really been the Grecian statute to which, while he listened, her fond father compared her. 'Let me live single with you, and marry Charles to the woman he loves.'

'Have you heard the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess whom she may be?'

'You may see her—at least you may see her reflection—at this very moment; for he has had the infinite presumption, the admirable good taste, to fall in love with his cousin Agnes!'

'Father!'

'And now my own sweetest! do you still wish to live single with me?'

'Oh, father! father!'

'Or do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?'

'Father! dear father!'

'Choose, my Agnes! It shall be as you command. Speak freely. Do not cling around me. But speak.'

'Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all live together? I cannot leave you. But poor Charles—surely, dear father, we may all live together!'

And so it was settled—and a very few months proved that love had contrived better for Molesworth than he had done for himself. Jessey, with her prettiness, and her title, and her fopperies, was the thing to visit for a day; but Agnes, and the cousin whose noble character and talents had so well deserved her, made the pride and happiness of his home.

Honesty of Printers.

At a banquet given in commoration of the birthday of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN by the New York Typographical Society, Mr. BIGELOW, editor of the *Evening Post*, made the following singular, and, to the craft, gratifying statement:

He said that he esteemed it an honor, at all times, to appear as the representative of the Press. He esteemed it the more when he enjoyed it by an invitation of the Society of Printers. One reason why he would make that distinction, he would state. Six or seven years ago, he had the honor of being appointed Inspector of the State Prison at Sing Sing. It lay in the line of his duty to observe the antecedents and peculiarities of the inmates of that institution. He found there some nine hundred persons, of every nation, of both sexes, of every color, of all ages, except the very young, who were exempt from prison penalty—he found representatives of every grade of depravity, and every denomination of crime, and representatives of every imaginable business, art, and calling of life, save one—and that calling was the *Art of Printing*. There was not in that institution during the three years he was connected with it, nor had there been for a quarter of a century consigned to its marble jaws, a single setter of types. There were carpenters, tailors, masons, shoemakers, accountants, brokers, doctors, and yet there was not a printer among them. There were also lawyers there, and he said it with mortification, that one member of that profession was now there paying the penalty of a crime for which he had not the poor apology of poverty. And there was also there a clergyman; but there was not, and never had been a printer. There was something in the fact worth considering. By the toast, a compliment is paid the Press as the bulwark of the representative system. Time would not allow him to speak of it as he could wish. He was forced to conclude by simply proposing, "The memory and honor of that calling which is unrepresented in the State Prison."

YOUR BABIES NOT MY BABIES.—About thirty-five years ago, there resided in the town of Hebron, a certain Dr. T. who became very much enamored of a beautiful young lady who resided in the same town. In due course of time they were engaged to be married. The doctor was a strong and decided Presbyterian, and his lady love was a strong and decided Baptist. They were sitting together one evening talking of their approaching nuptials, when the doctor remarked—

'I am thinking, my dear, of two events which I shall number amongst the happiest of my life.'

'And pray what may they be, Dr.?' remarked the lady.

'One is the hour when I shall call you wife for the first time.'

'And the other?'

'It is when we shall present our first born for baptism.'

'What, sprinkled?'

'Yes, my dear, sprinkled.'

'Never shall a child of mine be sprinkled!'

'Every child of mine shall be sprinkled.'

'They shall be, ha?'

'Yes, my love.'

'Well, sir, I can tell you then, that your babies won't be my babies. So, good night, sir.'

The lady left the room, and the doctor left the house. The sequel to this true story was that the doctor never married, and the lady is an old maid.—*Sandy Hill Herald.*

LEWIS WETZEL,
A PIONEER SETTLER OF WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Among the many heroes of border warfare, Lewis Wetzel holds no inferior station. Inured to hardships while yet in boyhood, and familiar with all the varieties of forest adventure, from that of hunting the beaver and the bear, to that the of wily Indian he became one of the most celebrated markemen of the day. His form was erect, and of that height best adapted to activity—being very muscular, and possessed of great bodily strength. From constant exercise he could without fatigue bear prolonged and violent exertion, especially that of running and walking; and he had, by practice, acquired the art of loading his rifle when running at full speed through the forest, and wheeling on the instant, he could discharge it with unerring aim, at the distance of eighty or one hundred yards, into a mark not larger than a dollar. This art he has been known to practice more than once upon his savage foes with fatal success.

A marksman of superior skill was in those days estimated by the other borderers much in the same way that a knight templer, or a knight of the cross, who excelled in the tournament or the charge, was valued by his cotemporaries in the days of chivalry. Challenges of skill often took place, and marksmen who lived at the distance of fifty miles or more from each other, frequently met by appointment to try the accuracy of their aim on bets of considerable amount. Wetzel's fame had spread far and wide, as the most expert and unerring shot of the day. It chanced that a young man, a few years younger than himself, who lived on Dunkard's Creek, a tributary of the Monongahela river, which waters one of the earliest settlements of that region, heard of his fame, and as he was also an expert woodsman, and a first rate shot, the best in his settlement, he became very desirous of an opportunity for a trial of his skill. So great was his desire, that he one day shouldered his rifle, and whistling his faithful dog to his side, started for the neighborhood of Wetzel, who at that time lived on Wheeling creek.

When about half way on his journey, a fine buck sprang up just before him. He leveled his gun with his usual precision, but the deer, though badly injured, did not fall dead in his tracks. His faithful dog soon seized him, and brought him to the ground, but while in the act of doing this, another dog sprang from the forest upon the same deer, and his master, making his appearance at the same time from behind a tree, with a loud voice claimed the property, because he had been wounded by his shot, and seized by his dog. It so happened that they both fired at once at this deer—a thing which may very easily happen where two active men are hunting upon the same ground, although one may fire at the distance of fifty yards, and the other at one hundred. The dogs felt the same spirit of rivalry, and quitting the deer, which was already dead, fell to worrying and tearing each other. In separating the dogs, the strange hunter happened to strike that of the young man. The old adage, "strike my dog, strike me," arose in full force, and without further ceremony, except a few hearty curses, he fell upon the hunter and hurled him to the ground. This was no sooner done than he found himself turned, and under his stronger and more powerful antagonist.

Discovering he was no match at this play, the young man appealed to a trial by rifles, saying it was too much like dogs for men and hunters to fight in this way. The stranger assented to the trial, but told his antagonist that before he put it fairly to the test, he had better witness what he was able to do with the rifle—saying he was as much his superior, he thought, with that weapon, as he was in bodily strength. He bade him place a mark the size of a shilling on the side of a huge poplar that stood beside them, from which he would start with his rifle unloaded, and running a hundred yards at full speed, he would load it as he ran, and wheeling, would discharge it instantly into the centre of the mark. The feat was no sooner proposed than performed; the ball entered the centre of the diminutive target. Astonished at his activity and skill, his antagonist instantly inquired his name. "Lewis Wetzel, at your service," answered the stranger. The young man seized him by the hand, with all the ardor of youthful admiration, and at once acknowledged his own inferiority. So charmed was he with Wetzel's frankness, skill and fine personal appearance, that he insisted upon his returning with him to the settlement on Dunkard's creek, that he might exhibit his talents to his own family, and the hearty backwoodsmen, his neighbors.

Nothing loath to such an exhibition, and pleased with the energy of his new acquaintance, Wetzel consented to accompany him, shortening the way with their mutual tales of hunting excursions and hazardous contests with the common enemies of their country. Among other things, Wetzel stated that his manner of distinguishing the footsteps of a white man from those of an Indian, although covered with moccasins, and intermixed with the tracks of savages. He had acquired this fact from closely examining the manner of placing the feet; the Indian stepping with his feet in parallel lines, and first bringing the toe to the ground; while the white man almost invariably places his feet at an angle with the line of march.—An opportunity they little expected, soon gave room to put his skill to the trial. On reaching the young man's home, which they did that day, they found the dwelling a smoking ruin, and all the family lying murdered and scalped, except a young woman who had been brought up in the family, and to whom the young man was ardently attached. She had been taken away alive, as was ascertained by examining the trail of the savages. Wetzel discovered that the party consisted of three Indians and a renegade white man, a fact not uncommon in those early days, when for crime or the love of revenge, the white outlaw fled to the savages, and was adopted, on trial, into their tribe.

As it was past the middle of the day, the nearest assistance, still at some considerable distance and as there were only four to contend with, they decided on instant pursuit. As the deed had very recently been done, they hoped to overtake them in their camp that night, and perhaps before they would cross the Ohio river, to which the Indians always retreated after a successful incursion, considering themselves in a manner safe when they had crossed to its right bank, at that time wholly occupied by the Indian tribes.

Ardent and unwearied was the pursuit by the youthful huntsmen; the one excited to recover his lost mistress, the other to assist his new friend, and to take revenge for the slaughter of his countrymen—slaughter and revenge being the daily business of the borderer at this portentous period. Wetzel followed the trail with the unerring sagacity of the bloodhound; and just at dusk traced the fugitives to a noted war path, nearly opposite the mouth of the Captina creek, emptying into the Ohio, which, much to their disappointment, they found the Indians had crossed by forming a raft of logs and brush, their usual manner when at a distance from their villages.

By examining carefully the appearance of the opposite shore, they soon discovered the fire of an Indian camp in a hollow way, a few rods from the river. Lest the noise of constructing a raft should alarm the Indians, and give notice of the pursuit, the two hardy adventurers determined to swim the stream a few rods below. This they easily accomplished, both of them being excellent swimmers; fastening their clothes and ammunition in a bundle on the top of their heads, with their rifles resting on their left hip, they reached the opposite side in safety. After carefully examining their arms, and putting every article of attack or defence in its proper place, they crawled to a position which gave them a fair view of their enemies, who, thinking themselves safe from pursuit, were carelessly reposing around the fire, thoughtless of the fate that awaited them. They instantly discovered the young woman, apparently unhurt, but making much moaning and lamentation, while the white man was trying to pacify and console her, with the promise of kind usage, and an adoption with the tribe. The young man, hardly able to restrain his rage, was for firing and rushing instantly upon them. Wetzel, more cautious, told him to wait till daylight, when they could make the attack with a better chance of success, and of also killing the whole party; but if they attacked in the dark, a part would certainly escape.

As soon as daylight dawned, the Indians arose and prepared to depart. The young man, selecting the white renegade, and Wetzel the Indian, they both fired at the same time, each killing his man.—The young man rushing forward, knife in hand, to relieve the young woman, while Wetzel reloaded his gun and pushed in pursuit of the two surviving Indians, who had taken to the wood, until they could ascertain the number of their enemies. Wetzel, as soon as he saw that he was discovered, discharged his rifle at random in order to draw them from their covert. Hearing the report, and finding themselves unhurt, the Indians rushed upon him before he could again reload. This was as he wished. Taking to his heels, Wetzel loaded as he ran, and suddenly wheeling about, discharged his rifle through the body of his nearest pursuer.

The remaining Indian, seeing the fate of his companion, and that his enemy's rifle was unloaded, rushed forward with all his energy, the prospect of prompt revenge being fairly before him. Wetzel led him on, dodging from tree to tree, until his rifle was again ready, when suddenly turning, he shot his remaining enemy, who fell dead at his feet. After taking their scalps, Wetzel and his friend, with their remaining captive, returned in safety to the settlement.

Like honest Joshua Fleehart, after the peace of 1795, Wetzel pushed for the frontiers of the Mississippi, where he could trap the beaver, hunt the buffalo and the deer, and occasionally shoot an Indian, the object of his mortal hatred. He finally died, as he had lived, *a free man of the forest.*

How Snippers was Taken in.

BY ZERO.

Clint was an auctioneer. Not one of the whole knock-down fraternity possessed a more unlimited faculty of gab, or could more readily dispose of goods and purchasers at once than Clint. His perception of the wants of the purchasing community was admirable. He leased a portion of his sales room for a prime refreshment stand, receiving a large rent for the occupancy thereof, and having, besides, the advantage of a source of constant attraction to his establishment. He erected, in his room, a mechanical orchestra of forty hurdy gurdy power, an amalgamation of clock work and music boxes on a large scale, and from the time its melting tones first broke upon the evening air, operas ceased to flourish, and musical *reunions* were at a discount. Clint had everything to sell, from a second handed pulpit to a razor strop, or from copper stocks to fancy stocks and cravats. Clint made some slick bargains, perhaps not always honest, but Clint said 'he couldn't always be stopping to learn and to allow for the weaknesses of human nature until the trade was made, and then it was too late.' Clint sold a fellow a pair of boots both made from one last, to *boot*, but Clint said it was a *bootless* job to teach wisdom to fools, or to show one Tommy how another Tommy got burnt. 'Each one for himself, and the devil for the whole,' was his motto.

Snippers was a brick—believed he knew a two and three penny chain from one of forty times the value, well, perhaps he did. Snippers attended one of Clint's auction sales.

Clint came upon the boards to sell a warranted gold chain. He had in his vest a valuable gold watch, and before stepping out, he took from a box of gilted chains a massive guard, and attached it to the watch which he carried. The gold chain was sold, and the final 'gone' had hardly been uttered when Snippers asked him to put up the chain he wore. Clint put on a comical expression, and said with something of professional abandon. 'Chain? oh, that's brass.' 'Put it up.' 'Why, gentlemen, I couldn't have the heart, brass chain, you know—poor devil like myself can't carry anything else, but however, I'll accommodate you if you must have it.—'What's bid?' 'Eight dollars.' Everybody was paralized. Eight dollars for a brass chain? Clint twinkled, 'eight, eight, all done at eight dollars?—Sold! Cash takes it.'

Snippers was seen next morning entering Clint's store. With a face of forced sobriety he asked Clint if he had any more of those brass chains?'

Clint was a little struck with the nature of the question, 'believed he hadn't any more—any thing else he might do for him?' 'No, no matter—didn't know but he might want to repurchase this.' Clint eyed the chain closely, and opened his eyes to the diameter of a china tea saucer. He had sold a forty dollar chain of pure gold, thinking all the while that he had fobbed a green one finely! He had done it! that chain! the deuce! it had been mislaid with a pile of flash jewelry, and was now Snipper's, leaving Clint thirty two dollars minus. Snippers merely remarked, 'All's fair in trade,' and left Clint to his reflections.

Forty plated chains were afterwards found in the canal. Clint has abandoned the business.

A TEXAN COLONEL'S STORY.

"No, my friend," said the Colonel to his grave companion. "No, it is entirely impossible for one nursed as you have evidently been, in the lap of luxury—perhaps even in a ceiled and framed house—to know what we suffered here in '36. I'll just tell you exactly how it was with me, and I have seen nothing—O, nothing at all—to what some have! You see I was there in Sabine county—had a little cabin in the woods away from town some dozen miles. I had a hundred cows, twenty mares, seventeen fillies, and a wife and three children—but not a dollar in the world. However, I was a lawyer, and had engaged to defend a man for cow stealing at court in town next day, for which I was to get two bushels of meal. You see my clothes had well nigh worn out, and so I swopped with a Bedi Indian for a suit of deer skin Did you ever see a real suit of deer skin, stranger?

"Well, I have—felt it too. You see the Indian told me to dye it in dogwood ooze. I did so, you know, left them in all night. Next *morning* I was up early and off *for court*, for I needed that meal—didn't have anything in the house at all. My deer-skin suit fitted well—had tassels round the calves *and* skirts. Well, I rode out of the mot of timber in which my cabin was built, on the prairie which stretched the rest of the way to town; as the sun got hotter, the wet skin—you see I had to put it on wet, for I must be at court—had to have that meal—the wet skin begun to get tight! 'Pshaw; it don't mind!' says I; but in twenty minutes, pshaw, it did mind! got off the mare out there in that broad prairie with the roasting, broiling, burning sun right over my head, and my clothes creeping up and coiling tight around me like a nest of snakes. My arms were fastened so by the sleeves that I couldn't get at my knife to rip anything. My hair stood on the end like the thorns of a bois d'arc. O, the misery! the suffering! the agony! My whole body was bound up and screwed together and strangled. Blood rushed to my head—couldn't get on my horse. Well, I lay there in the blistering sun till somebody going to court happened to pass and ripped me up. He cut me in two or three places, he was shaking so with laughter while he did it. Well, you see I rode back home—took the last sheet in the house—cut it up—wife sewed on one leg while I sewed on the other—got to court just in time with my white suit—cleared the man, and got the meal!"—*Red Lander.*

'Jim, vots the policy of interwention; can you erlucidate that pint?'

'The policy of interwention, Lemuel, the policy of interwention consists in this here: suppose', now, you had a turky (wid cranberry sauce) and wur about to dewour the same—'

'Vell, Jim.'

'And supposin' I hollers to you 'hands off'—'fair play!' and takes the turky and dewours him meself,'

'Vell, vot of that?'

'Vy, my precious cove, that's vot I calls 'the policy of interwention.'"

Deputy Marshal H. H. Kline, one of the principal witnesses in the Christiana treason trials, has been arrested and held to bail, on the charge of perjury preferred by Castner Hanaway.

DODGING A MILITIA FINE.

A MILITARY SKETCH.

In days gone by, when the objectionable militia laws were in force in old Massachusetts, the customary draft was made in a country town a few miles from Boston, and a notice to 'appear, armed and equipped, according to law,' was left at the boarding house of a wag, who possessed very little material 'music' in his soul. Determined that he should neither 'train,' nor pay a fine, and entertaining withal a very indifferent opinion of the utility of the system, he took no notice of the summons.

Having been duly warned, however, as he anticipated, at the expiration of a few weeks the sergeant waited upon him with a bill of nine shillings for non-attendance at the muster.

'What is it?' said the wag, pretending to misunderstand the collector.

'Fined for not training,' brawled the other.

'Shan't pay it, fellow.'

'It will be three dollors next time I call.'

But the wag couldn't hear a word he said, and in the course of another month, he received a peremptory summons to appear forthwith at a court marshal in the district, instituted for the purpose of trying delinquents and collecting such fines as could be scared out of the non-performers of duty. Having fixed upon a final plan to dodge the issue, at the appointed hour he waited upon the court to show cause, if any he had, why he should not willingly have toted a musket and knapsack about the town for twelve mortal hours—and otherwise perform the legal annual duties of a live patriot.

He was ushered into a court room immediately, which was held in an old country house, where he discovered some three or four persons seated, attired in flashy regimentals, and whose awful 'yaller copolettes,' alone, were sufficient to command the attention and respect of the profoundest beholder. Though somewhat disconcerted at this rather unexpected exhibition of spurs and buttons, he put a bold face on the matter, and responding to the directions of the junior member of the august court, he advanced to the table, and the chief functionary commenced the examination.

'Your name, sir?'

The offender placed his hand quickly to the side of his head, without uttering a word or moving a muscle in his face.

'What is your name?' replied the questioner in a loud voice.

'A little louder,' said the wag, without replying.

'Name!' shouted the judge.

'Taunton,' Bristol county.'

'What business do you follow?'

'Main street,' said the delinquent.

'Your business,' yelled the officer.

'Right hand side as you go up.'

'How long have you been there?'

'About two miles and a half!'

'How old are you, fellow?' continued the judge nervously.

'Boss carpenter.'

'What the devil's the matter with your ears!'

'Dr, Scaripie's oil sometimes.'

'What, sir?'

'Sometimes Cure'em's ointment.'

'Why don't you answer me?'

'Nearly five years.'

'He is as deaf as an adder,' remarked the judge, turning round to his under officer, who only shrugged the lubber out.'

'You are not liable to perform military duty,' said the secretary with his mouth close to the wag's ear.

'I know that, said the fellow, coolly

'His hearing improves,' ventured the sergeant.

'What do you suppose we sit here for?' asked the judge, in a loud voice, at last.

'A dollar and a half a day,' said the prisoner.

'He may go, Mr. Sergeant.'

'You can go'—said the under-officer—pointing to the door. But our friend took no notice of the order.

'You may GO,' yelled the judge. 'Good God! Is it possible a man can be as deaf as all that?'

'I can't say,' continued the delinquent, pretending not to understand yet. 'But I should think'——

'Go—Go!' screamed the judge—'there's nothing to pay. The Lord pity the general who had a regiment like you to command! Show him the door, major,' and our hero soon found himself at liberty. He was never summoned again to train during his residence in Taunton!

SILENT INFLUENCE.

It is the bubbling spring which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along, day and night, by the farm house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood, or the warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there as he "pours it from his holy hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent, of the world—while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silvet fountains and gentle flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden and that shall flow every day and night, with their gentle quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done; it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life—the Christain temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness, in the husband, the wife, the father, the mother, the brother, the sister, the friend, the neighbor, that good is to be done.

Kossuth a Colored Man.

Frederick Douglass' paper is congratulating itself that Kossuth is a colored man. It says:

'The fact is, that Kossuth, the idol of the American nation, *is not a white man.* He is not a Caucasian, and, thank God, he is not an Anglo-Saxon. Put that in your pipe and smoke it! Confessedly the greatest man in christendom is not a white man. His complexion is swarthy, between a mulatto and puadroon. He is by blood a Mongol; and therefore, according to ethnography, belongs to the second best race of mankind. Moreover, he is a Sclave, not a Magyar. And Sclaves are the race from whose condition the word Slave has been Anglicised.'

☞A Fox will rid himself of fleas in the following sagacious manner: He takes a feather in his mouth, and gradually, though slowly enough, backs into the water, first legs and tail, then body, scoulders and head to the nose, and thus compelling the fleas, to escape from the drowning elements, to pass over the nose to to a bridge of a feather, which is then committed to the stream.

BRANDY AND WATER UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—An enterprising friend of ours went to Portland the other day and put up at the principal hotel in company with a number of Boston passengers. One of the latter, a man whose enormous rotundity betokened a relish for creature comforts, walked up to the bar and setting down his little carpet bag said, 'Well, landlord, I think I'll take a little brandy and water.' 'I am sorry to say,' said the host, 'that we cannot accommodate you. We are not allowed to keep any spirits.' Oh, I understand, you don't have it publicly. But then you know—' 'yes to be sure,' rejoined the host, 'we used to keep it on the sly, but they came round and searched every closet yesterday, and as sure as I am a live man, we have not a drop in the house. We should be glad to furnish it to gentlemen, but the thing is impossible. They have got so that they will search a man's pocket for it, and there's no knowing who may be here now.' 'Well said our fat friend,' I'll take a room, and I suppose you'll send in a pitcher of water and some tumblers.' 'Oh yes, show the gentleman a room.' The waiter in obedience to orders, laid hold of the large carpet bag to carry it up stairs, when he snatched it away with ferocious malediction, adding, 'I guess you don't take from me what little brandy I've got.'—(Tremendous cheers and *some* laughter.)—*Boston Commonwealth.*

Odds and Ends.

EPITAPH ON MR. PECK.

Here lies a Peck, as some men say
Was first of all a Peck of clay;
This, wrought with skill divine while fresh,
Became a curious Peck of flesh.
Through various forms its Maker ran,
Then, adding breath, made Peck a man.
Full sixty years Peck felt life's bubbles,
Till death relieved a Peck of troubles;
Thus fell poor Peck, as all things must,
And here he lies—a Peck of dust.

☞WE cannot understand how it *is* that delicate young ladies, too delicate to run up and down stairs in their own houses, are able to dance down the stairs at a ball, when the gentlemen have to pay the explanation. What young girl ever refused a handsome partner at five o'clock in the morning, on the score of being "so tired?"

THE charms of English ladies were formerly so irresistible, that they enjoyed what is called "an European reputation" for sweeping everything before them; but at present the only European reputation which English ladies enjoy, is—thanks to the long dresses—that of sweeping everything behind them.

☞Sidney Smith said of a great talker, that it would greatly improve him if he had, now and then, "a few flashes of silence."

BRILLIANT.—A poetic young man, in writing to his lady love, says, "her face is a lamp of alabaster, lit up with pleasant thoughts." What an interesting light to write by, especially if she would allow you to punctuate with kisses. Take away the sugar, Jim.

ABUNDANCE is a trouble; want a misery; honor a burden; advancement dangerous, but competency a happiness.

☞Fred. Douglass, the negro abolitonist, claims Kossuth as "a man of color," from the fact that, like most southern people, his complexion is swarthy.—It is not complexion alone which denotes the difference in the races, but also the formation of the head and body. The thick lips, woolly head, flat nose, sharp shin bone, &c., are more characteristic marks of the negro than even his black complexion.

"JOHN," said a pedagogue, the other day, "what's detained you?" "Well, sir, I had hot soup for dinner, and had to wait for it to cool." "Take your seat, your excuse is sufficient."

AN EDITOR of the West, says he is so short-sighted that he frequently rubs out with his nose what he writes with a pencil! What a blessing to posterity if more Western editors had this habit, like very bad ones—unalterably fixed.

CHARITY is not attractive, and never will be. If anybody doubts it, let him undertake to get up a benefit at one of our theatres for a poor widow some night, and he will doubt no longer.—*Y. Y. Atlas.*

"I THINK," said a farmer, "I should make a good Congressman, for I use their language. I received two bills the other day, with requests for immediate payment; the one I ordered to be laid on the table—the other to be read that day six months!

THERE is said to be an office in Boston to insure women against dying old maids. The rates of premium differ according to looks and disposition.—While a smart, tidy, sweet-tempered girl is insured for two per cent., sour, ill-natured spinsters are charged, in some instances, as high as ten. When snuff is used, one per cent. extra is charged.

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

QUIZ was dining at Lovejoy's, when everybody called for *peas, peas*, until they were all gone. Quiz felt uneasy, and throwing himself into an attitude like Patrick Henry, cried—Gentlemen may *cry peas, peas, but there is no peas?*

MR. THOMAS, a recent writer on China, says that the term 'barbarian,' as applied by them, is intended for a compliment, and that the word so translated means simply, 'southern merchant.' They consider it a special compliment also to call a man a "red haired devil."

"MAN wants but little here below, nor wants that little long," is a lie; he wants all he can get, and wants to keep it as long as he can. The fact that he can get but little, and can keep it but a short time, is negative on its wants.

"MY dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife. "My dear Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing *another sheep's* wool on your back."

MANKIND are very odd creatures. One half censure what they practice, the other half practice what they censure. The rest always say and do as they ought.

A LADY, a few evenings ago, upon taking up Shelly's novel, "The Last Man," threw it down very suddenly, exclaiming, "The last man! bless me, if such a thing was to happen, what would become of the women?"

SOMEBODY says—"It is curious to look back and see what was regarded as great things in those days. Our fathers thought it was a great thing that Franklin could take the lightning from the clouds and spread it on the earth. Now this lightning is turned to the use of man—*is converted into an agent to go of errands!*

GRASS SEED EXTRAORDINARY!—It is stated in the Bangor *Courier*, that at some of the distilleries in Massachusetts, the people are packing small casks of liquor in large casks, some in hay, some in chaff, and some in seeds, and marked to different places in Maine as "grass seed."

THE Archbishop of Paris refused to marry General Cavignac to Mad'lle Odier, because he would not consent to have the future children educated in the Roman Catholic religion, the lady being a Protestant; whereupon the veteran went to Holland to get married.

THE Queen of Spain is so delighted at becoming a mother, that she has announced her intention of increasing her family, and has forbidden her subjects to take the accustomary oath of allegiance to the first princess, as she "hopes to present the nation with a son shortly."

"NOTHIN', Squire, never stops a woman when her curiosity is once up, especially if she is curious to know something about herself. Only hold a secret in your hand to her, and it's like a bunch of catnip to a cat—she'll jump, and frisk, and frolic around like anything, and never give over purring and coaxing of you till she gets it."

A WISE man is a great monarch, he hath an Emperor within himself; reason commands in chief, and possesses the throne and sceptre. All his passions, like obedient subjects, do obey. Though the territories seem but small and narrow, yet the command and loyalty are great, and reach further than he that wears the moon for his crest, or the other that wears the sun for his hemlet.

☞To be happy, the passions must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

☞Next unto virtue, let children be trained to industry.

SATURDAY next will be St. Valentine's day—a day on which the birds choose their mates, and young "lovyers" their sweethearts. As this is leap year, however, we presume the feminines will choose their Valentines, and send the love missels. Our "Devil," who is more than usually good looking, says he expects a large number of these epistles all of which will be *pre paid!*