American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2.00 PER ANNUM.

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Poetical.

MY BIRTHDAY.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

"My birthday"—what a diff'rent sound
That word had in my youthful years!
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its marks appears!

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And, as Youth counts the shining links
That Time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard the chain will press at last.
Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said "were he ordained to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he had done."
Ah, 'tis not thus the voice that dwells
In sober birthdays, speaks to me,
Far otherwise—of time it tells,
Lavished unwisely, carelessly,
Of counsel mocked; of talents, made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines;
Of nursing many a wrong desire;
Of wandering after Love too far,
And taking every meteor fire
That crossed my pathway for his star.
All this it tells, and could I trace
Th' imperfect picture o'er again,
With power to add, retouch, efface
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
How little of the past would stay!
How quickly all should melt away—
All—but that Freedom of the Mind,
Which hath been more than wealth to me;
Those friendships, in my boyhood twin'd,
And kept till now unchangingly;
And that dear home, that saving ark,
Where Love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within, when all grows dark,
And comfortless, and stormy round!

Miscellaneous.

From the Philadelphia Enquirer.

SOCIAL TREACHERY;

Or, the Betrayal of Private Confidence.

"Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom when betray'd."—MOORE.

There are times and seasons in the life of almost every one, when the heart unbosoms itself—if we may use the expression—anxious to communicate its most inmost thoughts to some kindred spirit, and thus to excite sympathy, if not to obtain council.—There are few, indeed, who have not some confidant of the quiet and social hour, some one to whom every secret may be revealed in a spirit of utter frankness, and with a firm reliance, that such an evidence of friendship and esteem will not be violated. And thus too in families. Among friends and with near and dear relatives, all the ordinary restraints of conversation are thrown aside. Every action and motive is revealed, and a perfect reliability is felt, that such revelation will be held as sacred. In the multitude of cases it is so. The confidence of social life is rarely betrayed, although there are sad exceptions. We can conceive of no enormity more culpable, more deplorable than a revelation of the trusts of friendship, and of the character alluded to. To steal into the confidence of a fellow being, of a friend or neighbor, to win upon his feelings and worm out his secrets—all under the mask of friendship—and then to betray those secrets to the world—nay, to exaggerate and pervert them, is a species of social delinquency and wickedness, from which all who are truly high minded and virtuous must shrink with horror. It involves the double guilt of treachery and hypocrisy. It perverts the holy privilege of friendship to the basest purpose, and stabs at the victim, when he not only least suspects, but when he leans and relies upon the base and guilty hand, as that of an adviser and companion. But, there is another description of social treachery, which is far more common. We allude to the disposition which pervades so generally, to listen to the frank and unpremeditated remarks of another—remarks made in his own family circle, and thus on privileged, if not hallowed ground, and then to go forth and repeat them. The repetition, too, is often made in an unkind spirit. The *manner* is changed or misrepresented and thus what was meant in jest or playfulness, is converted into a serious matter, and is made the cause of irritation and ill will. The idle tattlers of the hour, who are ever on the watch for some hasty remark, and who eagerly catch it up, and bear it from ear to ear, are not only common nuisances, but they are worse. They are the disturbers of quiet and happy homes—they are the fomenters of discord and disunion among friends—they are either the thoughtless or malignant causes of scandal, calumny, bitterness and feud. Alas! how many of these are to be found, not only in every great metropolis, but in every little village. They hasten from door to door as if bent on mischief. The slightest whisper of slander is magnified into something serious, and thus by nods and shrugs, and strange surmises, reputations are trifled with; characters are assailed, and household circles rendered miserable. Should it not be regarded as a duty on the part of those who are admitted to the confidence of friends and families, who are made parties to their secrets, and before whom many things are said not intended for the general ears of the world—is it not the duty on the part of all such, to avoid the repetition, even of harsh remarks, or the betrayal of any single circumstance that was evidently made known in a spirit of confidence? Is it not a heartless and treacherous occupation, to repeat language that was meant only for the private ear, especially if the repetition be calculated to injure the reputation of the original utterer, or to wound the feelings of another? Is it not the policy, as well of benevolence, as of wisdom, to afford as much pleasure as possible in this world, and inflict as little pain?

If we cannot say something kind and generous of those with whom we mix and mingle, had we not better hold our tongues and remain silent? If we cannot brighten the reputation of those immediately around us, why should we engage in the unpleasant task of sullying and darkening? All have errors and infirmities, and all, therefore, are liable to mistakes. It is impossible to keep watch and guard upon ourselves at all moments, and while there are many, moreover, who are quick, impulsive and thoughtless, and who indeed, often say things which they do not really mean. It is cruel, therefore to take advantage of such, to gain their confidence and enjoy their friendship and yet abuse both to their disadvantage. The dearest ties, the most sacred attachments, the holiest bonds, have been sundered by this species of wanton hypocrisy and heartless treachery. The little things of life are often pregnant with mighty consequences. A remark made in confidence, and repeated in a vicious, jealous or malignant spirit—nay, if repeated at all, will open the door for misconstruction, and lead to misunderstanding that years of after effort will not fully reconcile. Nothing wounds so deeply as the slight or unmerited censure of a friend. Nothing rankles so keenly in the human heart, as a belief or impression that one whom we have been in the habit of trusting with confidence for a long period, and of whose faith, good will, and sincerity we never entertained a doubt, has said or done something, either calculated to destroy the kindly feeling at a blow, or to throw a suspicion upon his conduct forever after. And yet this is the bitter fruit of social treachery.

SINGULAR SALE OF SLAVES.—A negro woman and several children were sold at Goldsboro' N. C., a few days ago, at prices ranging from $711 to $827. The Goldsboro' Patriot says:

"They were the children of a free negro by the name of Adam Wynne, who had purchased their mother, his wife, previous to their birth. They were consequently his slaves, and he having become involved, they were sold for his debts.

☞A coquette is a rose bush from which each young man plucks a flower, and the thorns are left for the husband.

The Legend of the Devil's Bridge.

A FRAGMENT FROM JOHN C. SCHAAD'S FIRST LECTURE ON SWITZERLAND.

The Devil's Bridge is in the valley of the Reuss on the road of the St. Gothard. There are now two bridges on the spot. The new one was built with the new road, but the old one is said to have been built by none else but the Devil himself.

Ladies and gentlemen, you must excuse me if I have to pronounce this ugly name, but if I shall relate the legend of the Devil's Bridge, I cannot help pronouncing the Devil's name.

Folks at that time, and even at a time far advanced in the middle ages, had a good deal of trouble with the Devil. They used to have personal intercourse with him. He appeared with all the attributes of his infernal Majesty, horns, goat's feet, &c., when ever they required his assistance. In our enlightened and refined century, he must have been frightened, probably by the profound arguments of our modern metaphysicians who have reasoned even his existence out from their brains. At all events, he does not appear to us any more *personally*, but sometimes *personified*, and even in the most beautiful forms.

But now to the legend. In the fall of 1837, I travelled on foot over the St. Gothard. When, after having ascended on the road for three leagues, I began to feel the heaviness of my knapsack, I engaged a guide at the village of Wasen to keep me company and to carry my knapsack. He was quite an old man, and for the few copper coins I gave him for his trouble, I obtained a whole score of stories and legends. I asked him for that of the Devil's Bridge, and he very willingly complied with my demand.

Many, many a hundred years ago, there were but a few shepherds and other herdsmen on this side of the Reuss. They soon discovered that the better pastures were on the other side; but as there was no bridge, they did not know how to get over the river. One amongst them at last proposed to his fellow herdsmen to petition the Devil that he might build them a bridge. They did so, and went to the Devil. 'Where they found him, I do not know,' observed my guide, in parenthesis; but the Devil promised to build the bridge, on condition that the first living creature that should run over it, should belong to him. The herdsmen agreed to this, and on the next morning the bridge was built. The Devil sat on the opposite side, waiting for his reward. The herdsmen advanced towards the bridge, and one of them—drove a goat over it. The Devil, expecting a human soul, was cheated.

Ladies and gentlemen, before I came to this country, I often heard the saying that 'there must be seven Jews to cheat a Yankee. Those Swiss herdsmen could beat the Yankees. They cheated the Devil.

But that is not all. The old gentleman, when he saw he was cheated, got into a most tremendous anger, and resolved to destroy his work again. He went to the top of the mountain, took a tremendous rock on his shoulders, and came down again with the intention of crushing the bridge to pieces. But, oh, calamitous circumstance! on his way he met with an old woman, who, when she saw the old gentleman coming along, made the sign of the Holy Cross, whereupon the Devil got so frightened that he threw off the rock from his shoulders into the river, and ran away as fast as he could.

I cannot guarantee the authenticity of this transaction. I was not present, but I have seen an immense rock in the Reuss, which is called the *Devil's Rock* to the present day.

Adam's Fall.

Mr. White, the temperance lecturer, during his visit to Mobile last spring told the following anecdote in one of his addresses, to illustrate the influence of a bad example in the formation of habits ruinous in their effects:

Adam and Mary his wife who lived in one of the old States, were very good members of the church, good sort of folks any way, and Mary thought a great deal of the minister, and the minister thought a good deal of a glass of good toddy.

Whenever the minister called to make Mary a visit, which was pretty often, she contrived to have him a glass of toddy made, and the minister never refused the toddy. After awhile Adam got to following the example of the minister to such an extent that he became a drunkard—drunk up every thing he had and all he could get. Mary and he became very poor in consequence of his following the minister's example so closely, but the good minister continued his visits, and poor Mary continued still to give the glass of toddy. One day he called in and told Mary that he was going away for a week—should return on Friday—and handed her a book containing the catechism, and told her when he returned he should expect she would be able to answer some of the questions. Mary says yes, and laid the book away very carefully. But Mary like a good many other church members, thought no more of her book until the very Friday that the good minister was to return.

'What shall I do,' says she, 'the minister is to be here to day and I have not looked in the book he gave me. How can I answer the questions?'

'I can tell you,' said Adam, 'give me a quarter and let me go over to Smith's and get some good rum, and you can answer his questions with toddy.'

Mary took the advice—gave Adam a quarter and a jug, and off he started. After getting his bottle filled, and on his way back, Adam concluded to taste the rum. One taste brought on another, until he stumbled over a pile of rocks and broke the jug and lost all the rum. But Adam managed to stagger home.

As soon as he got in the house, Mary inquired anxiously for the bottle of rum. 'Where is the bottle of rum, Adam?' Poor Adam managed to stammer out 'that he had stumbled over a pile of rocks and broke the bottle and lost the rum.' Mary was in a fix—Adam drunk—the minister coming—the rum gone—and the questions unlearned. 'But here comes the minister! It would'nt do for the man of God to see Adam drunk,' so she, for the want of a better place to hide him sent him under the bed. By the time he was fairly under, in came the minister. After sitting a few moments he asked Mary if she thought she could answer the question.

'How did Adam fall?'

Mary turned her head, first one way, and then another, finally she stammered out:

'He *fell over a pile of rocks!*'

It was now the minister's turn to look blank, but he ventured another question,

'Where did he hide himself after his fall?'

'*Under the bed, sir!*'

There, Adam, you may come out, he knows all about it.

The good minister retired—not even waiting for a glass of toddy.

The Secret.

"I noticed," says Franklin, "a mechanic among a number of others at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a happy humor, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his happy countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirit. "No secret, Dr." he replied, "I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and kiss, and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things to please me through the day, that I cannot find it in my heart to say an unkind word to anybody." What an influence then hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the fountain of pure emotions. Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting, after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far toward making a home happy and peaceful."

☞Boots, so excellent for wearing, when ejected too rapidly and too near the region bounded by a gentleman's coat tail, act upon men as salt petre upon gun barrels—making them go off.

A Story for Boys.

It is related of a Persian mother, that on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, she made him swear never to tell a lie, and said, 'Go my son, I consign thee to God, and we shall not meet again till the day of judgment.'

The youth went away, and the party he travelled with was assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had got, and he said, 'forty dinars are sewed up in my garment.' He laughed thinking he jested. Another asked him the same question, and received the same answer.

At last the chief called him and asked him the same question, and he said, 'I have told two of your people already that I have 40 dinars sewed up in my clothes.'

He ordered the clothes to be ripped open, and found the money.

'And how came you to tell this?' said he. 'Because,' replied the child, 'I would not be false to my mother, to whom I promised never to tell a lie.'

'Child,' said the robber, 'art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother at thy years, and am I insensible at my age of the duty I owe to my God?—Give me thy hand that I may swear repentance on it.' He did so, and his followers were all struck with the scene.

'You have been our leader in guilt,' said they to the chief, 'be the same in the path of virtue; and they instantly made restitution of spoils, and vowed repentance on the boy's hand.

There is a moral in this story, which goes beyond the direct influence of the mother on the child. The noble sentiment infused into the breast of the child is again transfused from breast to breast, till those who feel it knows not whence it came.

Mrs. Whittlesey's Magazine.

A Bear Story.

A young man, formerly attached to this office, probably by a love of adventure, as well as the hope of pecuniary profit, struck out from the boston paths of civilization some eight months since, and became all at once a hunter and trapper in the wilds of Wisconsin, somewhere in the vicinity of Leach Lake.—He has written a letter to his friends in this city, full of the incidents that usually characterize a border life; and from among them, we are permitted to copy one, which conclusively shows he is "*some* in a bar fight."

A few days previous to the date of his letter, he struck out from camp, about ten miles into the wilderness, in quest of game, and came suddenly upon 'signs' of bear. Following the unseen Bruin, he traced him to a cavern in the side of a Bluff, and directly set about building a fire at the mouth of the cavern. Having no weapon but a single barrelled shot gun, and a small knife, he was but slenderly equipped for an encounter with a foe so formidable, when in close quarters, as a bear. However, loading his piece heavily with buck shot, he waited what should come forth. He had not long to wait, for presently out came a cub, which he immediately despatched, and inexperienced as he was, without taking the precaution to re load, he busied himself in skinning his victim.

While engaged in performing this operation, out came another member of the family, of size and dignity sufficient to entitle him to the appellation of 'bear.' Approaching our young hunter, he had him in a characteristic embrace, before he was aware of the existence of so affectionate a personage. After a severe struggle, during which the young man was terribly scratched and wounded, he succeeded in plunging his knife into one of the animals' eyes.—This only served to infuriate the creature still more, and the rover would not have been able to write his own story had he not been able at the instant to make a second thrust [illegible]. Exhausted with the loss of blood, the bear relaxed his hold.—The young man was 'a sight to see.' His clothing was torn to shreds—his hands, face and arms were horribly scratched, and he was otherwise severely bruised. Leaving his gun and his foe, he managed after a long time to crawl to the camp where he now remains *hors du combat*. An Indian was despatched to the scene of the conflict, on the following day, but the wolves had been before him, and but little was left of cub or bear.—*Chicago Journal.*

Slightly Mistaken.

A gentleman of Plattsburg, some years ago, when visiting Canada, was introduced to an elderly officer; and, on the officer's learning that he was from Plattsburg, he inquired if he lived there at the time of the battle, and if he knew the name of the officer who led the party that stormed the battery on the night of the 10th. The gentleman replied that he was in Plattsburg at the time of the battle, and that the officer who led the storming party he had mentioned, was named McGlassen.' 'Will you be so good as to tell me,' said the officer, 'what number of men he had with him.'

'About sixty, I believe,' replied the gentleman.—The officer looked astonished, and at last said, 'Well sir, I was the officer in command of that battery and I would give more to see Mr. McGlassen than any other man in the world. It was the most complete thing, said he, I ever saw or heard of; for we were quietly at our position when the words, 'charge on the front and rear,' broke the death like stillness, as if a voice from the air had screamed the words. My men ran like mad dogs. I tried my utmost in the confusion to bring them to some order, but without success for some time; but at last I found a body charging in fine style. I placed myself at their head, and, anxious to repulse the attack, urged them on ward with all the energy I possessed; when taking a more anxious look at them, to see what ones stood firm in the surprise, behold! they were a lot of brave Yankees, who had charged up another way, and I was leading them. 'Then,' said he, 'was my time to run.' Where my men had gone no one knew.—But I rushed pell mell into the woods, over the logs, into mud and water; then straddle of some stumps; then bringing up against a tree; over stones, and into holes—up and down, sometimes on one end and sometimes on the other. I arrived in camp, about the worst scratched, the sorest, and most frightened individual you ever saw. 'If you ever,' said he, shaking the gentleman from Plattsburg by the hand, 'meet Mr. McGlassen give him my compliments, and tell him that that was the most gallant thing I ever saw achieved by any man.'—*S. of the Times.*

The Girls of California.

Some young fellow, writing to his sister in Zanesville, Ohio, says:

"It is a rare treat in this country to enter a house hallowed by the presence of a lady, where, instead of a floor covered with dirty boots and 'tater peelings' you see it nicely carpeted with coffee sacks neatly stitched together, and then to see in what trim order they keep their cupboards, whilst we men, miserable housekeepers, that we are, pile every thing pell mell on one shelf—bread, meat, candles, soap, grease, hats, and cigar stumps all together.

"We take more interest here in a love affair than you do at home in a presidential election. If a gentleman is courting a lady, the precise time when he popped the question, and what was said on the occasion, is known through the country in the short space of no time. Men are seized with the same hallucination in regard to female beauty, as bewildered Don Quixote when he invested a red faced, tub shaped city wench with the comeliness and charms of a Venus. An old maid was lately married in our neighborhood, who had, no doubt, been singing 'why don't the men propose?' for the last twenty years.—She was red haired, squint eyed and freckled—sans teeth and sans money—in short, she had about as little pretensions to beauty as the old gal whose husband had to practice kissing the cow a year, before he could screw up his courage to give her a smack."

☞Politeness does much in business. An impudent clerk can do more injury in a store than its owner's neglect to advertise his goods.

☞It is a complaint against many young ministers, that while their bodies are in the pulpit their hearts are in the pews.

A Wonderful Preservation.

The following very interesting story is taken from a Devonshire (England) paper:

"Dudleigh Salterion has been the scene of a most thrilling incident. Six little children, on Wednesday morning, got into a boat on the beach, and a mischievous boy shoved it off. The boat drifted away to sea before the children were missed. Terrible was the agony of the mothers when they knew it. A number of men went off in all directions; every boat was on the lookout until far into the night. Daylight returned and still nothing was heard about them; they were lost either in the expanse of the wild ocean, or buried within its insatiable depths.—A Plymouth fisherman fishing early in the morning saw something floating in the distance; he bore down to it, and discovered it to be a boat, and in the bottom the six children, all huddled in like a nest of birds, fast asleep, God having mercifully granted them that solace after a day of terror and despair.—He took them aboard, feasted them with bread and cheese, and gladdened their despairing hearts with a promise to take them home. Between three and four in the afternoon the fisherman was seen in the offing with the boat astern. All eyes were turned toward him; the best spy glass in the town was rubbed again and again, and at last they fairly made out that it was the identical boat. The news flew through the town, the mothers came frantic to the beach, for there were no children discovered in the boat; none to be seen in the sloop. Intense was the agony of suspense, and all alike shared it with the parents. At last the boat came in, and the word went round 'they are safe,' and many stout hearted men burst into tears, women shrieked with joy, and became almost frantic with their insupportable happiness. It was indeed a memorable day; and a prayer, eloquent for its rough sincerity, was offered up to Almighty God, who, in his infinite mercy, had spared these innocent children from the perils and terrors of the sea during that fearful night. Five of these children were under five years of age; the sixth is but nine years old."

Contagiousness of Crime.

Bulwer in one of his novels makes the following just observation on the contagiousness of crime:

"It may be observed that there are certain years in which, in [illegible] crime comes into vogue. It flares its season, and then burns out. Thus at one time we have burking, at another, swingism—now suicide is in vogue; now poisoning trades people in apple dumplings; now little boys cut each other with penknives; now common soldiers shoot their sergeants. Almost every year there is one crime peculiar to it; a sort of annual, which overruns the country, but does not bloom again. Unquestionably, the press has a great deal to do with those epidemics. Let a newspaper give an account of some out of the way atrocity, that has the charm of being novel, and certain depraved minds fasten to it, like leeches. They brood over and resolve it; the idea grows up a horrid phantasmalian monomania; and all of a sudden, in a hundred different places, the one seed sown by the leaden types, springs up into foul flowering. But if the first reported aboriginal crime has been attended with impunity, how much more does the imitative faculty cling to it. Ill judged mercy falls, not like dew, but like a great heap of manure on the rank deed."

The Plague.

It is stated that much apprehension is felt in New Orleans of the approach of a new disease which is called the plague, and is now said to be prevailing in some of the West India Islands. We see by the papers that a disease called by the same name has made its appearance in [illegible], but more fatal. Whether it is the same disease as that which goes by the name of plague in the East is not stated. The Boston Medical Journal alludes to the subject as follows:

"It is very certain, from the accounts received both here and England, that the true plague has been introduced into Madeira, and the work of death has been appalling. The question has frequently been agitated: will that dreadful disease ever reach this continent? There is a reason to believe it will; the wonder is why it has not been already. Our commercial intercourse is extensive, with various parts of Africa and the Asiatic shore of the Mediterranean where this great scourge is never dead nor dying, but simply reposing from one period to another, like a fatigued giant, to gather strength for a renewal of slaughter. Should it come, it may be hoped there will be found more science and a stronger barrier of Medical skill to meet and disarm it of its terrors, that has been exhibited in tropical climates, or in the filthy scourge inviting regions of Moslem Turkey. Plague appertains to the Arabs in this age; and where the same condition of things exists as characterizes their modes of life, their social condition, and the absence of all common sense efforts to avert or arrest it, will have an abiding foothold."

Manufacture of Combs.

The greatest comb manufacture in the world is in Aberdeen, Scotland; it is that of Messrs. Stewart, Rowell & Co. There are 36 furnaces for preparing horns and tortoise shell for the combs, and no less than 120 iron screw presses are continually going, in stamping them. Steam power is employed to cut the combs, and an engine of fifty horse power is barely sufficient to do the work. The coarse combs are stamped or cut—two being cut in one piece at a time, by a machine invented in England in 1828.—The fine dressing combs and all small tooth combs are cut by fine circular saws, some so fine as to cut 40 teeth to the space of one inch, and they revolve 5,000 times in a minute. There are 1928 varieties of combs made, and the aggregate number produced of all these different sorts of combs, average upwards of 1200 gross weekly, or about 9,000,000 annually; a quantity that, if laid together lengthways, would extend about 700 miles. The annual consumption of ox horns is about 730,000, the annual consumption of hoofs amounts to 4,000,000; the consumption of tortoise shell and buffalo horn, although not so large, is correspondingly valuable; even the waste, composed of horn shavings and parings of hoof, which, from its nitrogenized composition, becomes a valuable material in the manufacture of prussiate of potash, amounts to 350 tons in the year; the broken combs in the various stages of manufacture average 50 or 70 gross in a week; the very paper for packing costs $3,000 a year.

A hoof undergoes eleven distinct operations before it becomes a finished comb. In this great comb factory, there are 456 men and boys employed, and 164 women—in all 620 hands. The company commenced business twenty years ago, on a very small scale, being much smaller than the smallest works in England. By that determined energy, perseverance, and shrewdness which is characteristic of that people, they have shot ahead of all competitors in Britain. There is a temperance society and a library connected with the works.

LAUGHTER.—Laughter very often shows the bright side of a man. It brings out his happier nature, and shows of what sort of stuff he is really made.—Somehow we feel as if we never thoroughly know a man until we hear him laugh. We do not feel "at home" with him till then. We do not mean a mere snigger but a good, round, hearty laugh. The solemn sober visage, like a Sunday's dress, tell us nothing of the real man. He may be very silly or very profound; very cross or very jolly. Let us hear him laugh, and we can decipher him out at once, and tell how his heart beats. Carlyle says—"That no man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether and irreclaimably bad. Much lies in laughter, the cypher key wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smiles of the others lies, a cold glitter as of ice; the fewest are unable to laugh, but only sniff, and titter, and snigger from the throat outwards, or, at best, produce some whiffling, husky cachination, as if they were laughing through wood; of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is only fit for treasons, stratagems, or spoils; and his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.

THE FASHIONABLE YOUNG LADY.

She sits in the lighted parlor,
And waits for the tardy beaux;
She plays with her little fingers,
And trots with her little toes—
She calls for her Spanish poodle,
She calls for her China fan;
She kisses her long eared puppy,
And wishes it was a man.

Her mother stays in the kitchen,
Dressed in her coarse attire;
She's freezing over the ices,
And roasting over the fire.
She's making some nice confection,
Some delicate kind of treat;
Of cream and various jellies,
For her daughter's beaux to eat.

Hard of Hearing.

'I have a small bill against you,' said a pertinacious looking collector, as he entered the store of one who had acquired the character of a hard customer.

'Yes, sir, a fine day indeed,' was the reply.

'I am not speaking of the weather, but of your bill,' said Peter in a loud key.

'It would be better if we had a little rain.'

'Confound the rain,' continued the collector, and raising his voice, 'have you any money on your bill.'

'Beg your pardon sir; I am a little hard of hearing. I have made it a rule not to loan my funds to strangers, and I really don't recogonize you.'

'I'm collector of the Daily Extinguisher, sir, and have a small bill against you,' persisted the collector at the top of his voice, producing the bill and thrusting it in the face of the debtor.

'I am determined to inderse for no one; you may put your note in your pocket book; I reply, I cannot, really cannot indorse it.'

'Confound the endorsement! Will you pay it?'

'You'll pay it no doubt, sir; but there is always some risk in these matters, you know; so I must decline it, sir.'

'The money must be mine to day.'

'Oh, yes—ninety days—but I would not endorse it for a week; so clear out of my store. It's seldom I'm pressed for an endorsement, even by friends—not force me to put you out, leave the premises!'

And the bill was returned to the Extinguisher officer, endorsed 'so confounded deaf that he could not understand.

Our Country.

In 1792, the corner stone of our present Capitol at Washington, was laid. At that time Gen. Washington, in whose honor the new seat of government was named, officiated. Fifty years afterwards, viz: on the 4th of July, 1851, the corner stone of an extension of the building was laid; and the Secretary of State made an address, in the course of which he presented a sketch of the comparative condition of our country at the two periods.

Then we had fifteen States, now we have thirty one.

Then our whole population was three millions, now it is twenty three.

Then Boston had eighteen thousand people, now it has one hundred and thirty six thousand.

Philadelphia had forty two thousand, now it has four hundred and nine thousand.

New York had thirty three thousand, now it has five hundred and fifteen thousand.

Then our imports were thirty one millions, now they are one hundred and seventy eight millions.

The area of our territory was then eight hundred hundred thousand.

Then we had no railroad, now we have three million five hundred thousand miles of it.

Then we had two hundred post offices, now we have twenty one thousand.

Our revenue from postage then was one hundred thousand dollars, now it is five millions.

These are only a few facts going to show the rapid growth of our country; and that we and our children have to do to secure the continuance of its prosperity, is to love, fear and obey the God of our fathers; to avoid intemperance, pride, contention and greediness of gain, and cherish in all our hearts a true patriotism, and a just sense of obligation to those that shall come after us.

Success.

Of all other things on the earth, it is what is most admired and applauded by the multitude, and yet, of all things, it is that which is the least in the power of any individual to say he will attain to. Men pant, and toil, and plot, and intrigue, and ruin soul and body for success in their enterprises, because they know and feel that it is upon that success that they will be judged by their fellows. To be successful in any thing, is at once to put the seal of popular approbation to all the steps by which success was reached. To fail is at once to stigmatize all those steps as the result of the most hopeless stupidity or frantic madness. Experience tells us that success is frequently attained by the merest accident, and that failure is dependent likewise upon the edicts of chance, that, with a malignant influence, besets every enterprise, for inasmuch as in a journey through a wilderness to a given point there is but one right path, and a thousand wrong ones, so the chances of failure in the accomplishment of any result are far more numerous than the chances of success. But, says the world, if a man be clever and intelligently careful and learned in what he sets about, he will be successful. Into the lap of the indolent and the sensual fortune seems delighted to shower her golden streams. Around the brows of the non-intelligent, and almost the fatous, she appears ever anxious to wreath the laurel of fame. The dishonest and the tricky are generally upon the best terms with society; and if a man possesses not one particle of genius himself he generally finds that fate, fortune, providence—call it what you will—places him in some comfortable position in which he can command the resources of genius in others, and reap the benefits. How many men do we see with high intelligence, morals that may be called heroic, abundance of information, and full of the largest capacities for good to themselves and to others, who fail in every thing! Success is an accident, therefore wait for it quietly; and if it come, welcome it; but not extravagantly, for it may go again; and recollect, that if upon observation you find that those who have beaten you in the race of life, and are successful in the attainment of worldly objects, while you are free from being so, are not such as you can esteem, and that their ways are not your ways, thank the stars that you are not among them.

The Man and the Vine.

In one of the early years after the creation of the world, man began to plant a vine, and Satin saw it, and drew near.

'What plantest thou, son of the earth?' said the prince of demons.

'A vine!' replied the man.

'What are the properties of this tree?'

'Oh, its fruit is pleasant to look at, and delicious to the taste; from it is produced a liquid which fills the heart with joy.'

'Well since wine makes glad the heart of man, I will help thee plant this tree.'

So saying, the demon brought a lamb and slew it, then a lion, then an ape, and last of all a pig, killed each in succession, and moistened the root of the vine with the blood.

Thence it has happened ever since, that when a man drinks a small portion of wine he becomes gentle and caressing as a lamb; after a little more strong and bold as a lion; when he takes still more, he resembles an ape in his folly, and absurd and mischievous actions; but when he has swallowed the liquid to excess, he is like a pig wallowing in the mire.

The amount of California gold dust received at the Philadelphia Mint from N. York during the year 1851, was about ninety tons! The mint consumes annually about seven hundred tons of nitric and sulphuric acids in its operations.

A Woman in California.

We have before us, says the Boston Traveller, a private letter from a lady, though a hard working woman, in California. It would interest our readers, we have no doubt, as it has us, were we at liberty to publish it entire. The writer appears to keep a restaurant or eating house, in a mining village. Among her visitors she accidentally discovers the son of an old Connecticut acquaintance, and finding he was endeavoring to induce his father and mother to visit California, she writes this letter to encourage them forward. After an introductory explanation of who she was, and where they became acquainted with each other, she goes on to say;

'I have made $18,000 worth of pies—about one third of this has been clear profit. One year I dragged my own wood off the mountains and chopped it, and I have never had so much as a child to take a step for me in the country. $11,000 I baked in one little iron skillet, a considerable portion by a camp fire, without the shelter of a tree from the broiling sun. But now I have a good cooking stove, in which I bake four pies at a time, a comfortable cabin, carpeted, and a good many 'Robinson Crusoe' comforts about me, which, though they have cost nothing, yet they make my place look habitable. I also have my wood hauled and chopped. I bake on an average about 1200 pies per month, and clear $200.—This, in California, is not thought much, and yet, in reality, few in comparison are doing as well. I have been informed there are some women in our town clearing $50 per week at washing, and I cannot doubt it. There is no labor so well paid as woman's labor in California. It is hard work to apply one's self incessantly to toil, but a few years will place you above want, with a handsome independency. I intend to leave off work the coming spring, and give my business into the hands of my sister-in-law. Not that I am rich, but I need little, and none to toil for but myself. I expect to go home some time during the present year, for a short visit, but I could not be long content away from the sunny 'clime of this yellow land. A lovelier or more healthy climate could not be, and when I get a few friends about me, I think I shall be nearly happy again. I suppose C. C. B. has described the face of the country to you a hundred times; so I will conclude by wishing and hoping that you will be in California before you are pinned in at the north by the cold of another winter. If you do not come, I should be obliged if you could find time to write to me occasionally.

Your old friend, L. A. S.

HORRIBLE OCCURRENCE.

One Brother Murdered by Another

On Wednesday last, Robert Shiddell, of this city, entered the grocery store of his brother, Andrew J. Shiddell, situated near the railroad depot, and commenced upon him a most furious attack with a heavy hickory stick, swearing that he would kill him.—Andrew immediately despatched a servant boy to Mr. Card's stable, for assistance. He sought to induce Robert to desist from the attack upon his brother, but Robert swore that if he, Card, interfered, he would kill him too. By this time, Andrew had retreated behind his counter and could get no farther. He exclaimed to his brother Robert, "I wish to live with you as a brother, don't kill me." But the infuriated assailant was deaf to every appeal and swore he would kill him. Andrew then told him that he had a pistol, but Robert replied with an oath, that he was a coward and dared not use it. At this point Robert seized his brother by the collar and pressed him against the wall with one hand, and with the other he took out a large knife, which he commenced [illegible]. He had retreated to the wall and could not get from it, for he was retained in his cramped position, by the firm grasp of his assailant. Under these circumstances he drew his pistol, and, placing it close to the head of Robert, fired. The latter fell back, but the wound did not produce immediate death. He lingered till the next morning, when he expired. It appears that Robert had recently, before he made the attack, swore to take the life of his brother, and that Andrew had been apprised of the threat—hence, we may presume the reason of his being armed with a pistol. The case was examined before Judge Thomas on yesterday, and the Court remarked, after hearing the testimony, that it would be hard to conceive of a more complete case of justifiable homicide. Even construing the law with the extremest rigor against the accused he must still be held fully justifiable in the course he had taken. He did not take life, until it became absolutely necessary for him to do so, in order to preserve his own. The accused was consequently discharged.

[*Lexington (Ky.) Statesman.*

RACY EPITAPH FROM AN OLD TOMBSTONE IN SCOTLAND.

Here lies the body of Alexander McPherson,
Who was a very extraordinary person;
He was two yards high in his stocking feet,
And kept his accoutrements clean and neat,
He was slew
At the battle of Waterloo,
Plumb through
The gullet; it went in at the throat
And came out at the back of his coat.

MODESTY.—Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is false; the one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to anything that is repugnant to right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the humor of those with whom the party converses. True modesty avoids every thing that is criminal; false modesty, everything that is unfashionable; the latter is only a general, undetermined instinct—the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and morality.

☞"It's my luck," exclaims every man when he meets with a misfortune. An Italian poet once said, in a fit of despair, had he been bred a hatter, men would have been born without heads.

AN ancient rhyme divides beauty into four orders, as follows:

Long and lazy,
Little and loud,
Fair and foolish,
Dark and proud.

DEATH OF WASHINGTON'S LAST PALL BEARER.—In Alexandria, on the 23d ultimo, Mr. Samuel Hilton, an old and highly respected citizen of that place, who was one of those who bore the pall at the funeral of Washington in 1779, expired on the day celebrated as the Birth of Washington in 1852.—This gentleman is spoken of in the highest terms for a long life of integrity. He was universally esteemed by all who knew him.

A REASON.—'Snobbs,' said Mrs. Snobbs to her husband, the day after the ball, 'Snobbs, why did you dance with every lady in the hall last night before you ever noticed me?'

'Why, my dear,' said the devoted Snobbs, 'I was only practising what we do at the table, reserving the best for the last.'

☞Mrs. Swisshelm declares that "the coil of an anaconda would make a better girdle for a young woman's waist than the arm of a drunken husband."

PISTOLS AND COFFEE.—Mr. N. P. Willis has challenged John Van Buren, it appears, to follow him to Bermuda, and there adjust a "point of honor" evolved during the late trial in the Forrest case.

NOVELIST TURNED MINISTER.—J. H. Ingraham, the widely known author of "Lafitte," "The Quadroon," and other piratical and highly colored novels, was ordained to the Episcopal ministry, at Jackson, Miss., on the 8th inst.

The lady whose dress was too dirty to wear and not dirty enough to wash, had a matter of serious import to decide.