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.

OUR COUNTRY.

BY W. PEABODY.

Our country—'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore,
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
And nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,
Enamell'd with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies deck'd with flowers of gold,
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star,
And mighty rivers, mountain born,
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn,
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And cradled 'mid her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dream-like beauty hide;
Where love the air with music fills,
And calm content and peace abide;
For plenty here her fullness pours
In rich profusion o'er the land,
And sent to seize her generous stores,
There prowls no tyrant's hireling hand.

Great God! we thank thee for this home—
This bounteous birthland of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of Liberty!
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain Earth's loveliest paradise!

Miscellaneous.

THE LITTLE STREET BEGGAR.

BY GEORGE CANNING HILL.

The following story is a jewel. We ask for it a careful perusal from all our young friends. What can candies, cakes, or any enticement of the confectionary, do towards giving a calm, happy temperament of mind, when compared with that produced by affording relief to a family blasted with poverty! Young friends, read the story, act out its suggestions, and God will bless you.

It was the morning of a new year that had just set in, bright, golden and beautiful. The snow glittered like jeweled raiment in the cloudless sun. The chiming of the silvery sounds of the bells struck joyfully upon the listener in every street. The air was cold, though not piercing; bracing though not biting—just cold enough, in truth, to infuse life and elasticity into every one that moved.

There was a little girl, a child of poverty, on that beautiful new year's morning walking the streets with the gay crowds that swept past her. Her little feet had grown sore, encased only in thin shoes badly worn, that she could but with difficulty move one before the other. Her cheeks shook at every step she took, and her lips looked truly purple. Alas, poor Elsie Gray. She was a beggar!

Just like the old year was the new year to her.—Just like the last year's wants, and the last year's sufferings, were the wants and sufferings of this. The change of the year brought no change in her condition with it. She was poor, her mother was a widow and a invalid, and the child was a poor beggar.

In the old cheerless room gleamed no bright fires of anniversary. No evergreens, no wreaths, no flowers, save a few old withered ones which decked the time-stained walls. There was no sound of merry voices within the door to say to the widow Gray, 'A happy New Year to you, Mrs. Gray!' Heaven seemed to have shut her and her abode out from happiness that was all the world's on that festive day of the year. It had provided, to all appearance, no joy, no congratulations, no laughter, no gifts, no flowers for them. Why? Had they voluntarily shut themselves out from the sun light of the living creatures around them? No: a shame take the world as it must be answered for them. Mrs. Gray was poor.

Little Elsie stopped at times and breathed her hot breath upon her blue and benumbed fingers, and stamped her tiny feet in their thin casements with all the force left in them; and then the big tears stood in her large blue eyes for a moment, and rolled slowly down her purple cheeks as they would freeze to them. She had left her mother in bed, sick, exhausted and famishing. What wonder that she cried even though her tears only dropped on the icy pavement! As well fall there as elsewhere: the many human hearts that passed her were full as icy and hardened.

She would have turned her back to go home; but she thought again of her poor mother, and went on, though where to go she knew not. She was to become a street beggar. Where would street beggars go? Where streets are laid out and named and numbered for them? Surely, if not home, then where should they go? It was this thought that brought those crystal tears—that started those deep and irrepressible sobs that choked her infant utterance.

A young boy—a bright looking little fellow—chanced to meet her as she walked and wept, and he stopped. He caught the glitter of those tears in the sunshine, and the sight smote his angle heart.—He knew not what want and suffering were. He had never known them himself—never once heard of them—knew not even what a real beggar was. He stopped suddenly before Elsie, and asked the cause of those tears. She could make him no reply—her heart was too full.

'Has anybody hurt you?' asked the feeling little fellow.

She shook her head negatively.

'Have you lost your way?' he presisted.

'No,' answered the child quite audibly.

'What is the matter, then?' he asked.

'Mother is poor and sick, and I am cold and hungry. We have nothing to eat. Our room is quite cold, and there is indeed no wood for us. Oh, you do not know all—you cannot know all.

'But I will,' replied the manly boy. 'Where do you live?'

'Will you go with me?' asked Elsie, her face brightening.

'Yes, let me go with you,' he said, 'show me the way.'

Through the street lane, and alley she guided him. They reached the door of her hovel. The cold breath of wind whispered in at the cracks and crevices and keyhole before them, as if inviting them in. They entered. A sick woman feebly raised her head from the pillow, and gave her a sweet smile. 'Elsie, have you come?' she faintly said.

'Yes, mother,' answerd the child; 'and I have brought this boy with me. I do not know who he is, but he said he wanted to come and see where we lived. Did I do wrong to bring him, mother?'

'No, my child,' said her mother, 'if he knows how to pity you from his little heart, but he cannot pity me yet—he is not old enough yet.'

The bright faced, sunny hearted boy gazed in astonishment upon the mother and child. The scene was new to him. He wondered if that was what they called poverty. His eyes looked sadly upon the wasting mother, but they glittered with wonder when they turned towards Elsie. Suddenly they filled with tears. The want, the woe, the barrenness, the desolation, were all too much for him. He shuddered at the cold, uncovered floor. He gazed mournfully at the empty fire place. His eye wandered wonderingly over the naked walls. Putting his hand in his pocket, he grasped the coin that his mother had that very morning given him, and drew it forth. 'You may have that,' said he holding it out to the child.

'Oh, you are too good. You are too generous, I fear,' broke in the mother, as if she ought not to take it from him.

'Mother will give me another if I want it,' said he; 'it will do you a great deal of good, and I know I don't need it. Take it, take it; you shall take it!' and he was instantly gone.

It was a gold coin of the value of *five dollars*.

Mother and child both wept together. Then they talked of the good boy whose heart had opened for them on this new year's day. Then they let their fancies run and grow wild as they choose. They looked at the glistening piece. There was bread, clothing and fuel in its depth. They continued to gaze upon it. Now they saw within its rim pictures of joy and delight; visions of long rooms all wreathed and decorated with flowers and evergreens; visions of smiling faces and happy children, of merry *sleigh rides, and the glistening of bright runners* over the smooth worn snow. They listened, they heard the mingled sounds of merry voices and the chiming music of bells, the accents of innocent tongues, and the laugh of gladsome hearts. Ah what a philosopher's stone was that coin. How it turned things first into happiness! How it grouped around them kind and cheerful friends and filled their ears with kind voices. How it garlanded all the hours of that day with evergreens and full blown roses. How it spread them a laden table, and crowded it with merry guests too, all satisfied and happy. O, what bright rays shone from the trifling coin of gold. Could it have been as bright in the child's or the man's pocket? No, else it had burned its very way through, and lent its radiance to others. Could it have shone with such visions in the rich man's hands? No, else its avarice would have vanished at *once, and his heart overflowed with generosity. No*, no, it was only to such as the widow and her child that it wore such a shine, and emitted such brilliant rays, and revealed such sweet and welcome visions. Only for such as they.

That night returned the angel boy to the blank room, then filled with happiness and lighted with joy; his own mother was with him.

Blessed boy. He passed the whole New Year's *day* in making others happy. And how much happier was he himself? How his little heart warmed to see the child uncover the basket he had brought *with him, and take out one by one, the gifts that* were stowed there. How overjoyed was he to see *his mother offer the sick woman work and a new* home, and to see the sick woman suddenly grow very strong and almost well *under the influence of* their kind offers. He wondered if their happiness could possibly be as deep as his own, if their New Year was as bright to them as to him. He knew not how one could be happier than he was at that moment.

Years have rolled away in the silent past. That little girl—Elsie Gray—is a lady. Not a lady only in name, but one in every deed, in heart, in conduct. She dwells in a sweet suburbne cottage, and her husband is devoted only to her. The husband is no other than the generous boy who on the New Year's festival accosted her so tenderly in the street and went home with her. Her poor mother sleeps quietly in the church yard; yet she lived to know that God had provided for her child. She died resigned and happy.

Are their coins, either gold or silver, that must be locked away from sight on this day of the new year? Are there containing within their depths such sweet visions, such happy sights, they must be under lock and key all this day, lest happiness and comfort may become too universal.

A LADY'S VISIT TO A PRINTING OFFICE.

"So you set here all day and cut pieces from the newspapers; I should like that, it is so much like *patch work*."

"Yes, madam, we excissorize, though we are obliged to weave considerable cloth ourselves.—Suppose you occupy our chair; and give the public your ideas of editing a paper."

"Me! goodness! I wouldn't sit down here and write where everybody is writing alone for the world; writing makes a person so cross. Besides your table is all ink; it would soil my new dress; why don't you have a nice mahogany table and nice white curtains at the windows. What makes you hang up these dusty old papers in the room? If I was obliged to stay here the floor should be washed and a carpet laid down; it must be dreadful to live in such a manner."

"O, these are our files; we couldn't dispense with them very well, and as for a carpet, we fear it would frighten away our customers."

"Dear me, the gentlemen are so careless about everything that I don't think they are comfortable unless their rooms are littered up. Did you write all these sheets to-day?"

"Certainly, and we are not through yet."

"Why it takes me a whole day to compose and copy a letter. I hope you don't scrawl and blot so when you write to the ladies?"

"We never had that pleasure, madam."

"No—you don't write for them either, or you would not print such stuff as you do."

"Don't put anything more in the paper about Oregon or Congress, will you—it is so dull. But what are those men doing in the other room with their sleeves rolled up and making motions as though they were going to fight somebody."

"Those are our compositors, setting type; you see they have a stick in one hand, and they place the types in it with the other."

"I don't see any sticks, unless you call them little pieces of iron so; what names you have, I always thought a stick was to walk with."

"Well, ours make the world walk; those little boxes that we call cases, contain the letters, and the printers put them together into words and sentences by the aid of that little piece of iron you *speak of*."

"Well, I declare! doctors and lawyers I knew had canes, but I never knew that printers had before."

"Certainly, madam, they sometimes are foul cases and hard cases, too; but what can be expected of those who lead the life of devils?"

"Why do they? I'm sorry to hear it. Do tell me what that man is filling that trough with water for."

"He is going to wet paper you know—"

"O yes, I thought you sprinkled your papers and ironed them, to make them look so smooth; I suppose this great gallows looking machine is your mangle."

"That's the press, madam, and this handle here is the Archimedean lever which moves the world. Just notice its power, you perceive its broken lever—"

"Why in the world don't you have it mended. The men always are slack; but what are these things that resemble picture frames."

"Those are what we term galleys."

"You have galleys, hey? I didn't know that printers were so much like Romans before."

"Look yonder—what is that boy doing?"

"Oh, he is distributing a handful of pi."

"I shouldn't think a handful of pie would be much amongst so many."

"What are you going to do with those slips of printed paper."

"These are proofs, and we are obliged to read them; won't you sit down and help us?"

"No, indeed! I can't bear to read any kind of proof, unless sometimes in trials for breach of promise. I don't believe the ladies would make very good printers."

"Pardon us, madam, but we think they would. Their slender fingers would be the very things for handling small caps, nonpareil, agate, pearl and minion; they might do well even with long primer.

"Pshaw, don't mention it, I never could bear the name of long primer since ma used to make me learn the catechis out of it. Oh, good gracious! if I havn't spoiled my gloves by touching some of your old type. What an awful thing it would be to get *your ink* on my hand. Good morning."

IDLENESS.—A public mint, where various kinds of mischief are coined and circulated among the most despicable of the human race.

DUTCH DANCES IN OLDEN TIMES.

An antiquarian correspondent of the Knickerbocker Magazine has contributed to its columns the following reminiscence of by gone days, which breathes fresh with the spirit of 'Old Diedrich:'

Friend Clark—You will recollect that I was always an Owl ornithologically speaking, and enjoyed sitting up at night as long as any one could be found to talk with me. Here in the country every thing save the Katy dids, Katy-didn'ts, and a few other silence breaking etomologis, go to bed at or before nine o'clock, leaving me sitting alone, waiting for a reasonable hour to retire, so as not to awaken before the world shall get properly aired in the morning.—Such is now my position; and all things else, my thoughts have rambled back to the days when we used to visit Hackensack, Aquackanonk, and other immediate neighborhoods, together. Do you recollect that young girl whom you asked if she was an American? Does not this remind you of her? 'Vol I don't tink I know shust right; my mudder vas a High Dutcher, and my fadder was of Dietsch distraction!' and the old Dutch negro of whom you asked what church that was: 'Vol, boss, I don't know prezackly, but I tink it be de Dietsch performed!' Those who visit that locality now can form but a slight estimate of the old Jersey Dutch character. When a boy, I used to go on the road to *Patterson, and see the rustic dances. All the girls* in the neighborhood came in waggons late in the afternoon, each accompanied by an old Dutch negro to 'take care of the horses and young missus.' The *boys arrived rather later, and found the girls seated* close together on one side of the room; and each a blaze of guady colors! Cou'd chromatography have been known in those days? Red bodices with sky-blue skirts, and green ribbons around the waist; artificial roses in their hair as long as the one which used to surmount the haggis at Mistress Nicholson's on a Burns' festival and cheeks as red almost as the bodice; blood red cornelian beads around the neck, and occasionally pea green gloves!

Such were the mothers of the present Van Rippers, Van Dorns, Vandams, Bergens, and other families *of high repute; and, with the exceptions of a* certain highmindness, which caused them to overlook Professor Morse's theory of 'chords of color,' the *present generation have no cause to be ashamed of* them. The boys wore their hats with a new pipe in the hat bands and nails in their shoes, which had a pyrotechnic effect when brought in collision with the sand on the floor. I really believe that some of these nails must have been made of steel, for they made the fire fly tremendously about the time they took off their coats to dance in earnest.

After the boys had gin slings all around, and offered the last half gill of each glass, with an extra *dust of nutmeg, to some favorite girl, the dancing* began. The first boy that threw a sixpence into the fiddler's hat was entitled to the first partner. He usually selected her by a wink; but such a wink! All the upper part of his body winked, hat included; and after putting the end of her finger in her mouth and throwing her head a little to one side, to show a proper degree of coyness, up rose the fair partner; and the father's best negro, usually crouched in the corner of the fire place, would sometimes call out 'Dat's my young missus, can't she dance, d'ough?' And so she would; for with a shuffling step both she and her partner seemed intent on tiring each other out. When parties became really fagged, off went the boy's coat, then the pails in his shoes were brought to bear on a fresh handful of white sand thrown on the floor for his especial benefit. A yell from the negroes, a smile from the feminines, and a laugh from the landlord, was the usual acknowledgements of the pyrotechnic excellence.

When the boy was tired he sat down, but his fair partner kept the floor, and continued the shuffle with a fresh partner in front, and facing her. Some of these young girls would tire out two or three boys; one I recollect in particular, who was always pointed out to strangers as having 'danced down' five partners before she gave out. But two pairs ever held the floor at the same time, and all the rest were silent spectators. I cannot tell you all the oddities of these meetings, but they were numerous and note *worthy. City boys being 'smarter' dressed were* sometimes preferred by the Dutch girls, and in such *cases they had to treat the Dutch boys very liberally* to gin slings, or they would get handled rather roughly. I remember being minus a hat and about half a coat on one of these occasions. Dough nuts, krullers, and cider mulled with ginger, were the *luxuries employed, and the quantity of these delica*cies that were disposed off would not be believed in these degenerate days. Like the old man who boasted of having visited England before time of railroad and having enjoyed the old style of post coaches, I am sorry that I saw the Dutch girls of New Jersey before they had lost the peculiarities which their descendants now study to avoid. Old Eno Vreeland *still keeps the house at the foot of Berry's Hill*, but the road has gone into disuse, and he seldom sees a *customer. I stopped there a few years since, and* found him as Dutch as ever, at 85 years of age.—*His very first salutation* told the story.'

'Vel den, M——,' said he 'how does you do now a days mit yourself?'

The good old brogue was a 'pleasant sound to hear.'

The following lines, by Bishop Chichester, on the death of a beloved wife, are at once touching and beautiful:

"Sleep, on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted;
My last 'good night!' Thou wilt not wake,
Till I thy fate shall overtake;
Till age, or grief, or sickness must,
Marry my body with that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in the tomb.
Stay for me there, I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale;
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrow breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee;
At night, when I betake to rest,
Next morning I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail
Than when sleep breathed his drowsy gale."

AN APPLE WOMAN PUZZLED.—A few days since, a pleasant-looking, middle aged man, with iron-gray hair, stopped at an apple woman's stand on Chesnut street, and paying for one of her finest pippins, cut it in two, when, much to the woman's astonishment, a five dollar gold piece rolled out from the core.—"Why," said he, "these are golden pippins you sell; shall I have another at the same price?" She was so astonished at the occurrence as to be unable to reply, and the buyer, taking silence for consent, cut another, when a golden seed, of still greater value, dropped from it. Recovering from her surprise, she refused to sell any more to him, and forthwith commenced cutting her apples upon her account, without finding what she expected. The purchaser was, after some haggling about the price, suffered to pay for another apple, and the woman was again surprised by a golden eagle being found within it. A crowd had by this time gathered, who, recognizing Blitz in the purchaser, enjoyed the amazement of the woman. She was about to cut another pippin, when Blitz offered to show her how to accomplish the feat. Handing her his own knife, he used a little magic powder, and on cutting the apple, she found her labors rewarded with a quarter-eagle. This Blitz allowed her to keep in return for his joke, but cautioned the woman not to cut up any more apples without borrowing his knife and some powder.—*Ledger.*

The Yankee Blade gives the following among other "hints on matrimony:"

"Don't be surprised, if after you have sailed smoothly about nine months on the voyage of matrimony, you are overtaken by a SQUALL!"

We shouldn't wonder. It is so natural.

Gems of Thought.

BISHOP HACKET'S motto: "Serve God and be cheerful."

Never at night retire without being wiser than when you rose in the morning, by having learned something useful during the day.

A man too busy to take care of his health, is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools.

Never let a day pass without having made an effort to make some one happier; every such effort, whether successful or not, will increase your *own happiness.*

Time may bear on us like a rough trotting horse, and our journey may have its dark nights, quagmires and jack o'lanterns—but there will come a ruddy morning at last, a smoother road and easier gate.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

By seeming to countenance vice in others, we insensibly countenance it in ourselves, for there is a suitable and almost mysterious sophistry which she employs as her chief agent in pacifying the mutinies of conscience and seducing reason from her vigilance.

The curious student of human nature should be very careful while observing vice as it is exhibited in others, that he does not himself come too near the influence of its deleterious sphere, and thus suffer his moral vision to be secured by the murky vapors which envelope it.

Beautiful Figure.

Two painters were employed to frescoe the walls of a magnificent cathedral; both stood on a rude scaffolding constructed for the purpose some forty feet from the floor. One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved backward slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had neared the very edge of the plank upon which he stood.

At this critical moment, his companion turned suddenly, and, almost frozen with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath; if he spoke to him it was certain death; if he held his peace death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, spattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of coloring. The painter flew forward, and turned *upon his friend with fierce imprecations*; but startled at his ghastly face, he listened to the recital of danger, looked shudderingly over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him.

So, said a preacher, we sometimes get absorbed in looking upon the pictures of this world, and in contemplating them, step backward, unconscious of our peril; when the Almighty dashes out the beautiful images, and we spring forward to lament their destruction—into the outstretched arms of mercy, and are saved.

Look at T'other Side, Jim.

When a boy, as I was one day passing through the market with my brother Jos. I spied a beautiful orange lying on a basket of the same fruit I enquired the price, and was proceeding to buy it, when my brother exclaimed with a shrewdness which I shall never forget, 'look at t'other side, Jim.'

I looked and to my utter astonishment it was entirely rotten.

In passing through life, I have been frequently benefitted by this little admonition.

When I hear the tongue of slander levelling its venom against some fault or foible of a neighbor, I think 'look at t'other side, Jim!' Be moderate—have charity. Perhaps the fault or foible you talk so much, and so loudly of, is almost the only one in your neighbor's character, and perhaps you have as great or greater one of your own.

It may be this is your neighbor's weak side, and except this he is a good citizen, a kind neighbor, an affectionate father and husband, and a useful member of society. Others may listen to the story of calumny—but remember they will fear and dispise the calumniator. Learn to overlook a fault in your friends for perhaps you may wish them to pardon on a fault in you.

Effect of Monotony on Health.

In Dr. Draper's admirable address to the Medical College, on the death of Dr. Pattison, he makes a few truthful remarks:—

"No man for any length of time can pursue one vocation or train of thought, without mental injury—nay, I will go farther, without insanity. The constitution of the brain is such that it must have its time of repose. Periodicity is stamped upon it. Nor is it enough that it is awake and in action by day, and in the silence of night obtains rest and repair. That same periodicity which belongs to it as a whole, belongs too, to all its constituent parts. One portion of it cannot be called into incessant activity without a permanent injury ensuing. Its different regions, devoted to different functions, must have their separate times of rest. The excitement of one part must be coincident with a pause in the action of another. I do not think it possible for mental equilibrium to be maintained with one idea or one monotonous mode of life.

There is a necessity for men of great intellectual endowments, whose minds are often strained to the utmost, to fall back on other pursuits; and thus it will always be that one seeks refuge in the pleasures of quiet country life, another in the chase, in foreign travel, another in social amusements.—Nay, with all men, even those whose lot has been cast in a more lowly condition, whose hard destiny *is to spend their whole lives in pursuit of their* daily bread; with one train of thought, and one unvarying course of events, what would become of them if it were not for such a principle as this? Men often say that the pleasures of religion, and of a christian faith are wholly prospective, and to be realised only in another world. In this they make a mistake, for these consolations commence even here, and temper the bitterness of fate.

The virtuous laborer, though he may be ground down with the oppression of his social condition, is not without his relief; at the anvil, the loom, or even at the bottom of the mine, he is leading a double existence—the miseries of the body find a contrast in the calm of the soul—the warfare without is compensated by the peace within—the dark night of life here serves only to brighten the glories of the prospect beyond. Hope is the daughter of despair. And thus a kind Providence so overrules events, that it matters not in what station it may be—wealthy or poor, intellectual or lowly—a refuge is always at hand, and the mind worn out with one thing turns to another, and its physical excitement is followed by physical repose."

That women "are born to love" is as certain as that General Jackson was born to die. Their very dialect shows the strength of this proclivity:—They use the word to indicate any sort of affection, passion, penchant, appetite or fancy. They "love" their lovers, and their husbands, fine dresses and fine dinners, sweetmeats, and "sweet ribbons," with apparently the same sort and the same measure of affection. To "like" is too tame an expression for a lady's choice. She "loves" everything (that she does not happen to hate) and can find no other word in the dictionary that is equal to her need.

MEMORY.

Softly fades the golden sunlight
From the valley and the hill:
Softly dies the wind of summer—
All the leaves are still:
And the dusky twilight, floating
From the sunset's purple bars,
Shows the mystic gulf of heaven
Thick with golden stars.

Thus, when'er I leave thee, dearest,
Fades from me the joyous light
That when in thy charmed presence
Makes my soul so bright.
Thus, too, mem'ry, like the twilight,
Brings a holy calm to me,
Strewing o'er my spirit's darkness
Star bright thoughts of thee.

The Ungrateful Son.

"The eye that mocketh at his father, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out." Prov. 30: 17.—This is a terrible denunciation against ingratitude to parents, and even in the present day is sometimes virtually fulfilled.

Some years ago, an Irish gentleman, who was an extensive contractor on our public works was reduced to poverty by the profligacy and dishonesty of an ungrateful son. The old man lost his wife, and, to fill the cup of his sorrow, he lost his sight. Thus poor, friendless, blind, and forsaken, he found an asylum in the Franklin county almshouse, Pennsylvania.

While an inmate of this refuge for the afflicted, his wicked and ungrateful son travelled that way; he was informed of his father's situation and that his father wished to see him; and although he passed within two hundred yards of the alms-house, he refused to stop and see the kind father he had ruined. Now mark the result. The very day he passed the alms-house on his way to Gettysburg, in an open carriage, he was overtaken by a storm, and took a severe cold that resulted in the destruction of his eyes. He lay in Gettysburg in a critical situation until his funds were exhausted, and those who had him in charge took him to the Franklin county alms-house.

The very day he was brought in, his father, having died the day before, was carried out. He was put in the same room, and occupied the same bed, and in a short time followed his neglected and heart-broken father to the judgment seat of Christ. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of an angry God.

Love at First Sight.

Not an unfrequent phrase of sympathy with an unknown people has been a first sight liking, sufficiently potent to inspire immediate resolve to win and wear. One case we know, was an officer, who, riding through a country town, saw a young girl at the window, whom he pointed out to a brother soldier, with the words, "you see that girl! she shall be my wife: or I'll never have one!" And he really did not only obtain her, but he made her a good and constant husband during the nearly half century that their union remained unbroken by death. Another nearly parallel example, was one of the brightest intellects of our own day. When he was hardly more than a lad, he saw a young creature, of graceful figure and modest air, crossing Westminster Bridge, who attracted his attention so irresistibly, that he followed her, determining in his own mind, as he did so, that she, and none other, should become his partner for life. They were neither of them eighteen when they married; and the bridegroom looked as mere a boy, that the officiating clergyman thought it incumbent to address a few words of admonitory counsel to him, on the weight of responsibility, and the solemnity of the duties he was about to assume. But its love at first sight quality, and its apparent youthful rashness, did not prevent this proving a very happy match.

Mrs. Cowden Clarke.

Credit.

Is your credit good? Keep it so. Never say to a *creditor* "I will pay you to-morrow," and then put him off a day or two longer, and perhaps a week. We know of many a man who might have been the "lord of his neighbor's purse," who cannot now obtain a dollar's worth of credit. The reason is, he never does as he agrees. His most solemn obligations are broken; and when a man's credit is gone he is ruined. It is next to impossible for him to secure what he has unwisely and wickedly lost. A young man starting in life should on no account whatever lose his credit. It is his only hope. Prompt payments have made a *thousand fortunes. Remember* this and act accordingly.

Why is wine made by *fermentation*? Because the sugar is *entirely decomposed, and the only products resulting from it are carbonic acid and* alcohol. The changes which take place during this process may be thus briefly *expressed; some* of the carbon and some of the oxygen combine to form carbonic acid; while the *remainder of the* oxygen, and the whole of the hydrogen, combine to form alcohol; the decompositive of the yeast amounting to very little.—*Donavan.*

Why *do alligators* swallow stones when going in search of prey? Because (as the Indians on the Orinoco assert) they may acquire additional weight to aid them in diving and dragging their victims under water. A traveller being somewhat incredulous on this point, Bolivar, to convince him shot three alligators with his rifle, and in each of them were found stones varying in weight according to the size of the animal. The largest killed was about 17 feet in length, and had within him a stone weighing about 60 or 70 pounds.

The pores in the leaves of the plants, by which they transmit moisture and air, are exceedingly minute, and liable to be choked by exposure to dust; and especially soot; delicate plants should therefore be placed out of the reach of smoke, and if *their leaves* become soiled they should be washed.

A WOMAN GUILLOTINED.—A Paris correspondent, under date of the 23d ult., writes that "the execution by the guillotine of Marie Pichon, a woman forty years old, for the assassination of her daughter, ten years old, took place yesterday, at the Place de la Roquette. During more than a year this inhuman mother tortured, in the most painful manner, her child; which led to its death. An unusual crowd of women were present. It is said this was due in some measure, to a popular opinion, generally credited in Paris, that when a woman here was condemned to death, the law forbade her execution, and directed the commutation of her sentence to perpetual imprisonment."

No artificial means will preserve that bloom and freshness which possess so irresistible a charm for the mind, without good health, regular habits, frequent absolutions of the body in water; early rising, and exercises in walking or riding.

Why, in several species of birds, have the male and female different plumage?

Because, as the female ceases in her old age to lay eggs, she obtains the male plumage.—*Bluenbach.*

A large number, perhaps a majority, of the standard works of literature, were composed by men whose circumstances compelled them to adopt a spare diet, and this may be one cause of their superiority.

True eloquence consists in saying what is proper and nothing more.

The Housekeeper.

YEAST.—The bitterness of yeast, which is often a cause of complaint, may be removed by straining it through bran, or by dipping red hot charcoale in it. But the most effectual and easily available remedy is to put the yeast in a large pan and cover it with spring or well water, changing it every three or four hours. The bran seems to impair the strength and the coal sometimes stains it, but the water purifies it in color and taste.

The mode of using water for keeping and purifying yeast has been adopted by some of the American housekeepers with entire success. So says the Gardner's Chronicle.

TO COOK PARSNIPS.—Persons who have never eaten parsnips cooked according to the following mode, have no idea what an excellent dish they are. Scrape the parsnips, wash and slice them lenthwise; boil in just water enough to cover them when thoroughly done. Then put in a piece of butter, with a little salt and pepper. Beat up an egg with a spoonful of flour, and pour over them; they are then ready to dish up. Parsnips are likewise very good split once and roasted with pork in the dripping pan.

TO MAKE PRESERVES KEEP.—The secret of preserving them from change is to exclude the air.—The easiest way to do this is to brush over a sheet of paper with the white of an egg, and cover the jar, pressing it down around the edges while moist, and it will cement perfectly tight. It is cheaper, neater, and it is better than sealing up the mouth of a jar with wax or covering it with bladder.

CALF'S HEAD SOUP.—Scald and wash the head clean with salt and water, place it in a stew pan with sufficient water to cover it; add a faggot of sweet herbs, an onion stuck with cloves, six blades of mace and a tablespoonful and half of pearl barley. Stew till tender, and add a head of stewed celery. Season with pepper, pour the soup into the tureen, place the head in the centre, and serve.

TO BOIL EGGS HARD.—*Never boil eggs for salads*, sauces, or any other purposes, more than ten minutes, and when done place them in a basin of cold water for five minutes to cool; take off their shells and use them when required.

TO SMOOTHE FLAT IRONS.—If your flat irons are rough or smoky, lay a little fine salt on a flat surface, and rub them well; it will prevent them from sticking to anything starched, and make them smoothe.

WASHING STAIRS AND PASSAGES.—The sides and passages on which are carpets of floor cloths should be washed with a spongue, instead of linen or flannel, and the edges will not be soiled.

DUST FOR CLEANING KNIVES.—Ground charcoal is said to be the best thing in the world for cleaning knives. It will not wear the knives away like brick dust which is so often used.

Miseries.

To snuff the candle out in company.

To be joked about by a lady whom you sedately dislike.

To be obliged to confess poverty to a dun.

To make a good pun at which nobody laughs but yourself.

Walking with the ladies to be met by a drunken friend who insists on speaking to you.

Tight boots on a summer's day.

A short bed on a cold winter's night.

Disliking badies, to be obliged through courtesy, to handle your friend's 'pretty little sweety,' for an hour or so.

Unluckily enlisting yourself on the wrong side of an argument, when you have ladies and learned men to oppose.

Visiting a young lady for the first time, and as you are introduced treading on her favorite cat's tail.

INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.—To dream of a millstone round your neck is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife. To see apples in a dream betokens a wedding, because where you find apples you may reasonably expect to find pears. To dream that you are lame is a token that you will get into a hobble. When a young lady dreams of a coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue facing her stays tightly, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather. If you dream of a clock, it is a token that you will gain credit—that is, tick. To dream of fire is a sign that, if you are wise, you will see that the lights in your home are out before you go to bed.—To dream that your nose is red at the tip is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy and water. To dream of walking barefooted denotes a journey that you will make bootless.

SIMPLE REMEDY FOR SCARLET FEVER.—The Baltimore Sun says:—We published, a year or two ago, a simple remedy for scarlet fever—being no other than rubbing the patient thoroughly with fat bacon. We have since, at different times, received assurances from different parties, whom the notice led to make a trial of it, of the entire success of the experiment. Others are just now sending us testimonials of this astonishing and speedy cures recently wrought by it. We mention the matter that others may "go and do likewise."

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.—In the general intercourse of Society, the Spaniards do not insist very strictly on the forms of etiquette. A stranger after having been introduced into a family, may if he chooses, call every day, or he may make his calls at very long intervals. But however seldom his visits, he is sure to be always made welcome; the Spaniards have a favorite phrase, which is constantly on their lips: 'they say, 'This thing or the other is quite at your disposal;' and they incessantly repeat the assurance to their visitors. But when the Spaniard uses this phrase in reference to his house, and says, "mia casa esta a la disposicion de usta," it seems to be the mere expression of courtesy but is uttered in perfect sincerity.—The politeness of the Spaniards is less than that of other nations, a mere matter of outward form. There is an unfeigned earnestness in their expressions of kindness, and most especially in their assurance of hospitality. Of this I have had frequent opportunities to be convinced. In fact, the Spanish character is essentially imbued with a spirit of shivalry, which manifests itself in ordinary affairs of social life.—In no country are women treated with such delicate courtesy as in Spain.

A rustic youth and a country girl sat facing each other at the supper table of a husking party. The youth smitten with the charms of the beautiful maid, only vented his passion in shy looks, and now and then touching Katy's toe, with his foot under the table. The girl either fearful of the purity of her stockings, or determined to make the youth express what he appeared so warmly to feel while in silence, when she cried out, "Look here, if you love me, tell me so, but don't dirty my stocking."

GOOD ADVICES.—Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.

Never speak evil of any one.

Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

A CAPITAL PUN.—The Milwaukie Advertiser thus sums up the hanging question:

"After a careful consideration of all the arguments for and against capital punishment, we have come to the conclusion that the 'debt of nature' should never be paid, if it can't be collected without an execution."

Words are the daughters of the mind, but actions are the sons of the soul.