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.

THE CROP OF ACORNS.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

There came a man in days of old,
To hire a piece of land for gold,
And urged his suit in accents meek,
"ONE CROP ALONE is all I seek;
That harvest o'er, my claim I yield,
And to its lord resign the field."

The owner some misgivings felt,
And coldly with the stranger dealt,
But found his last objection fail,
And honeyed eloquence prevail,
So took the proffered price in hand,
And for one crop leased out the land.

The wily tenant sneered with pride,
And sowed the spot with acorns wide;
At first like tiny shoots they grew,
Then broad and wide their branches threw.
But long before those oaks sublime,
Aspiring, reached their forest prime,
The cheated landlord mouldered lay,
Forgotten, with his kindred clay.

O ye whose years unfolding fair,
Are fresh with youth, and free from care,
Should vice or indolence desire
The garden of your souls to hire,
No parley hold—reject the suit,
Nor let one seed the soul pollute.

My child, their first approach beware:
With firmness break the insidious snare,
Lest as the acorns grew and throve
Into a sun-excluding grove,
Thy sins a dark o'er shadowing tree,
Shut out the light of heaven from thee.

Miscellaneous.

A PATCH ON BOTH KNEES AND GLOVES ON.

The following from the Boston Courier, is one of the cleverest essays we have met with for many a day. Similar in style, it is not inferior in point, to Franklin's best:

When I was a boy it was my fortune to breath, for a long time, what some writers term the bracing air of poverty. My mother—light lie the turf upon the form which once enclosed her strong and gentle spirit—was what is commonly called an ambitious woman; for that quality, which overturns thrones and supplants dynasties, finds a legitimate sphere in the humblest abode that the shadow of poverty ever darkened. The struggle between the wish to keep up appearance and the pinching gripe of necessity, produced endless shifts and contrivances, at which, we are told, some would smile, and some to whom they would teach their own experiences would sigh. But let me not disturb the veil of oblivion which shrouds from profane eyes the hallowed mysteries of poverty.

On one occasion, it was necessary to send me on an errand to a neighbor in better circumstances than ourselves; and it was necessary that I should be presented in the best possible aspect. Great pains were accordingly taken to give a smart appearance to my patched and dilapidated wardrobe, and to conceal the rents and chasms which the envious tooth of time had made in them; and by way of throwing over my equipment a certain savor and sprinkling of gentility, my red and toil-hardened hands were enclosed in the unfamiliar casing of a pair of gloves which had belonged to my mother in days when her years were fewer and her heart lighter.

I sallied forth on my errand, and on my way encountered a much older and bigger boy who evidently belonged to a family which had all our own dragging poverty, and none of our uprising wealth of spirit. His rags fairly fluttered in the breeze; his hat was constructed on the most approved principle of ventilation, and his shoes, from their venerable antiquity, might have been deemed a pair of fossil shoes—the very one on which Shem shuffled into the ark. He was an impudent varlet, with a dare-devil swagger in his gait, of 'I'm as good as you' leer in his eye—the very whelp to throw at a well dressed horseman, because he was well dressed: to tear a boy's ruffles, because he was clean. As soon as he saw me, his eye detected the practical inconsistencies which characterized my costume, and taking me by the shoulders, turning me round with no gentle hand, and surveying me from head to foot, exclaimed with a scornful laugh of derision, '*A patch on both knees and gloves on!*'

I still recall the sting of wounded feeling, which shot through me at these words. To parody a celebrated line of the immortal Tuscan—

'That day I wore my gloves no more.'

But the lesson, so rudely enforced sank deep into my mind; and, in after life, I have had frequent occasion to make a practical application of the words of my ragged friend, when I have observed the practical inconsistencies which so often mark the conduct of mankind.

When, for instance, I see parents carefully providing for the ornamental education of their children, furnishing them with teachers in music, dancing, and drawing, but giving no thought to that moral and religious training, from which the true dignity and permanent happiness of life can come, never teaching them habits of self-sacrifice and self-discipline and control, but rather by example, instructing them in evil speaking, in uncharitableness, in envy, and in falsehood, I think, with a sigh, of *the patch on both knees and gloves on.*

When I see a family in cold selfish solitude, not habitually warming their houses with a glow of happy faces, but lavishing that which could furnish the hospitality of a whole year; upon the profusion of a single night, I think of *the patch on both knees and gloves on.*

When I see a house profusely furnished with sumptuous furniture, rich curtains, and luxurious carpets, but with no books, or none but a few tawdry annuals, I am reminded of *the patch on both knees and gloves on.*

When I see the public men cultivating exclusively those qualities which win a way to office, and neglecting those which will qualify them to fill honorably the posts to which they aspire, I recall *the patch on both knees and gloves on.*

When I see men sacrificing peace of mind and health of body to the insane pursuit of wealth, living in ignorance of the character of the children who are growing up around them, cutting themselves off from the highest and purest pleasures of their natures and so perventing their humanity, that which was sought as a means; insensibly comes to be followed as an end. I say to myself, '*A patch on both knees and gloves on.*'

When I see thousands squandering for selfishness and ostentation, and nothing bestowed for charity; when I see fine ladies beatined and bejewelled, cheapening the toils of dress makers, and with harsh words embittering the bitter bread of dependence; when I see the poor turned away from proud houses, where the crumbs of tables would be to them a feast, I think of *the patch on both knees and gloves on.*

ON EDUCATION.—We may assert that in a hundred men, there are more than ninety who are what they are, good or bad, useful or pernicious to society, from the instruction they have received. It is an education that depends the great difference observable among them. The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our infancy have consequences very important, and of long duration. It is with these first impressions, as with a river, whose waters we can easily turn by different canals, in quite opposite courses, so that, from the insensible direction the stream receives at its source, it takes different directions, and at last arrives at places far distant from each other; and with the same facility we may turn the minds of children to what direction we please.

☞A bashful young lady in town, intimates that when she gets married she means to take chloroform.

They have strawberries and green peas at Savanah. The latter were selling at eight dollars per bushel.

Can You Keep a Secret?

'Dorothy,' said Ichabod, pale, and trembling, to his wife, 'Dorothy, I have a secret, and if I thought you would keep it inviolable, I would not hesitate to reveal it to you; but, O, Dorothy, woman!'

'Why, Ichabod, it must certainly be a secret of great importance for you are in a woful agitation. You know, husband, you can place implicite confidence in your wife. Have I ever given you occasion to doubt my fidelity?'

'Never, Dorothy; but the secret I have to communicate is one of more than ordinary faithfulness and prudence to prevent you from divulging it. O dear! I shudder when I think of it!'

'Why, husband, do you know how you your lips tremble, and your eyes roll? What is the matter, Ichabod, surely you cannot mistrust the confidence of one who avowed at the altar to be faithful to you. Come, unbosome yourself.'

'May I rely on your fidelity?'

'Ichabod, you know you may.'

'Well, then—we are both ruined!—undone—I have committed murder!'

'Murder?'

'Yes, murder!—and I have buried him at the foot of a tree in the orchard!'

'O, awful! Ichabod, committed murder! Then indeed we are ruined, and our children with us.'

Ichabod left the room, and Dorothy hurried off to a neighbor's.

Mrs. Prattle observed a great change in Dorothy's countenance, and in her general appearance; so great as to cause her to enquire into the cause of it.

'O, Mrs. Prattle,' said Dorothy, I am the most miserable of woman! I am ruined forever!

'Mercy! Dorothy, how gloomy you look! What has turned up to make you look so dejected? Why, you sigh, woman. Tell me the cause.'

'I wish I might Mrs. Prattle; but the occasion of my unhappiness is a secret which I am not permitted to divulge.'

'O, you may tell me, Dorothy, I shall never speak of it again.'

'Will you promise never to reveal it to any person living?'

'You know, Dorothy, I never tell secrets.'

'Well, Mrs. Prattle—I scarcely dare say it—my husband has committed murder, and hurried him at the foot of the tree in the orchard! He told me of it himself! For heaven's sake don't name it to any one'

'Murder! Indeed, indeed, Dorothy, you have reason to think yourself ruined! I pity you from the bottom of my heart!'

Dorothy went home weeping and wringing her hands; and Mrs. Prattle, leaving her dough half kneaded and her infant crying in the cradle, hastened to hold a tete-a-tete with a Mrs. Tellall. Soon after this confab ended, the report of Ichabod's having committed murder became general, and the disclosure of the fact was traced to his wife Dorothy. Process was immediately issued against him by a magistrate before whom, and in the presence of a multitude of anxious spectators, he gave the following explanation:

'My object,' said Ichabod, 'in the course I have pursued, was to test my wife's capibility of keeping a secret. I have committed murder, inasmuch as I killed a toad, and burried it at the foot of a tree in my orchard. How far my wife is capable of keeping a secret, has been sufficiently proved; and with respect to the murder, those that feel an interest in it are at liberty to inspect the body.

First of April.

Just as we were about leaving our office yesterday afternoon, an urchin came to us and enquired 'are you the man that reports for the papers? If you are, officer W—— says you had better come to Hughes' Quay and get the particulars of that horrible suicide that took place this morning.' Not waiting to hear more, and thinking that our friend W—— wished us to receive the particulars in advance of all others, we immediately started with all possible despatch to procure the particulars of the horrid catastrophy.—When we reached Hughes' Quay, we were almost out of breath, and with note book and pencil in hand we began to enquire from the eager crowd on the warf the cause of the assemblage, who the party was that had committed suicide, where the body was, &c.

An old gentleman stepped up to us, and said 'stranger, the body of the unfortunate young lady that committed suicide this morning is lying in there,' pointing to a small frame house near the head of the dock, with windows and doors shut, and the Coroner has been sent for to hold an inquest.' We of course being all anxiety, could scarcely retain our impatience, and were about to proceed to jump the fence and endeavor to gain admittance in the rear of the house, when some one cried out 'there comes the Coroner.' We desisted, and sure enough there was the Coroner, almost out of breath, endeavoring to summon a jury.

After a considerable time, a jury was sworn, and off they started, we among the rest, to the house for the purpose of investigating the cause of the unhappy death. The coroner was a little puzzled how to act when he reached the house, and found it so securely fastened, but after consultation with the jury, it was determined to break the door in and enter; just as the door was about to be opened, a little boy cried out that a window shutter in the yard was opened, and the window up. The coroner, jury and ourselves, jumped the fence, and, oh, horrible to relate, when we reached the window, what a sight met our anxious gaze—there lay on the floor a female with her throat out from ear to ear; a death-like stillness prevailed for more than a minute, when the coroner, followed by the jury entered the window, and proceeded to examine the corpse, when, to their utter astonishment, they found that in reality, it was only a woman of straw. The coroner, jury and ourselves, left without uttering one word, and for the balance of the day, it appeared as if some one was whispering in our ears, *April fool.*—*Baltimore Clipper.*

A Fashionable Call.

"How do you do, my dear?

"Putty well, thank you." [They kiss.]

"How have you been this age?"

"Putty well—how have you been?"

"Very well, thank you."

"Pleasant to-day."

"Yes, very bright—but we had a shower yesterday."

"Are all your people well?"

"Quite well, thank you; how is yours?"

"Very well, I'm obliged to you."

"Have you seen Mary B—— lately?"

"No, but I've seen Susan C——."

"You don't say so! Is she well?"

"Very well, I believe." [Rising.]

"Do call again soon."

"Thank you—I should be pleased to come, but you don't call on me once in an age."

"Oh, you should not say so; I'm sure I'm very good."

"Good day."

"*Must* you go?"

"Yes indeed, I have seven calls to make."

"Good day."

Young ladies who are accustomed to read newspapers are always observed to possess most winning ways, most amiable dispositions, invariably make good wives, and always select good husbands—a fact.

THE following is now being debated before the Tillietudlem Lyceum: 'Which causes a girl the most pleasure—to hear herself praised, or another gal run down.' We shall issue the decision in an extra.

A little boy and girl, the first eight and the other five years of age, arrived in Utica, a day or two since, having come from Ireland alone.

We once heard of a dog who had a whistle which grew on one end of his tail. He always called himself when wanted.

From the Perry County Democrat.

MR. EDITOR:—The enclosed beautiful lines, with much other interesting manuscript never as yet submitted to the public eye, came into my possession at the decease of their lamented author.—Those whose privilege it was to have enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with him, will recognize the gifted pen of the late H. P——, Esq. He was one of the most eccentric, if not extraordinary men of his day. The details of his chequered history, though full of incident and interest, I will not dwell on, and to analyze the structure of his mind is, I confess, a task beyond my daring. To his nearest friends he was, to his last moments, an unsolved mystery. His perceptions were quick, strong and accurate, and so skilled was he in the knowledge and reading of men, that his judgment seemed almost infallible. He was singularly warm in his personal attachments—indeed friendship with him was unparalleled devotion, and I scarce need add, so true is human nature in this particular, that he was a terrible foe—relentless and unsparing toward those who had the temerity to cross his path.

His knowledge of the geography, history, resources, politics and men of this State, made him an oracle, whose answers were as eagerly sought and implicitly relied on, as by the ancient Greeks were those uttered by the Pythian god from the Delphic triphod. He was an earnest, silent lover of Nature and a true poet. After reading the following lines, I need not say to you, that in his soul was the feeling, in his heart the melody and at his command the language to give sweet expression to the poetry of his Nature. W. H. M.

WHY DON'T HE COME?

The sky is clear, the stars are bright,
And gently wafts the breeze;
'Tis nature's own most lovely night,
A paragon of eves.
Why don't he come?

'Twas such a night we first exchang'd
Our constancy and faith,
He "loved me for *myself*," and I
Pledg'd him my latest breath;
Why don't he come?

The promise that he made to me
When last he said farewell,
Most sacredly, I'm sure, he'll keep,
I know he'll come full well!
Why don't he come?

'Tis midnight now, and oh! I feel
An intense fearful dread,
A something speaks to me, and says
He's number'd with the dead.
Why don't he come?

Oh! Lady you'll behold no more
The idol of your love;
His body's in the deep blue sea,
His spirit soars above;
He'll never, never, come!

Tho' many years have pass'd away,
And he is in the tomb,
The maniac at the lattice sits,
And cries "why don't he come?
Why don't he come?"

[illegible]
Thy culture'd mind, which cannot fear
External beauty's change,
Secures, in pleasant bondage, friends
That time cannot estrange;
Thou hast an unpretending one,
Who promised, and he will
Remember thee, when shades of night
Inspire the "*Whip poor-will!*"

'Tis ours to meet—no, ne'er again!
In woe, or yet in weal;
But, still, forever, thoughts of thee
Shall o'er my senses steal:—
Thy face, thy form, familiar voice,
Thy words arranged with skill,
Shall mingle with the night-cry of
The plaintive "*Whip-poor-will!*"

Glad and exulting in the weight
Of friendship's burnished chain,
Forth on the world, alone, I go,
To meet thee—ne'er again!
But when the spring-time's even'ing hour
Sleeps, hallowed, on the *hill*,
I'll not forget to think of thee,
And list the "*Whip-poor-will!*"

THE DAWN OF SPRING.

BY IK. MARVEL.

I love to trace the break of Spring step by step; I love even those long rain storms that sap the icy fortresses of the lingering Winter,—that met the snows upon the hills, and swell the mountain brooks;—that make the pools heave up their glassy cerements of ice, and hurry down the crashing fragments into the wastes of the ocean.

I love the gentle thaws that you can trace day by day, by the stained snow banks shrinking from the grass; and by the gentle drip of the cottage eaves. I love to search out the sunny slopes by a Southern wall, where the reflected sun does double duty to the earth, and where the frail anemone or the faint blush of the arbutus, in the midst of the bleak March atmosphere, will touch your heart like a hope of Heaven, in a field of graves! Later come those soft smoky days, when the patches of winter grain show green under the shelter of leafless woods, and the last snow-drifts reduced to shrunken skeletons of ice, lie upon the slope of northern hills, leaking away their life.

Then the grass at your door grows into the color of the sprouting grain, and the buds upon the lilacs swell and burst. The peaches bloom upon the wall, and the plumbs wear boddices of white.—The sparkling oriole picks strings for his hammock on the sycamore, and the sparrows twit in pairs. The old elms throw down their dingy flowers, and color their spray with green; and the brooks, where you throw your worm or minnow, float down whole fleets of the crimson blossoms of the maple. Finally, the oaks step into the opening quadrille of Spring, with grayish tufts of modest verdure, which, by and by, will be long and glossy leaves. The dog wood pitches his broad, white tent, in the edge of the forest; the dandelions lie along the hillocks, like stars in a sky of green; and the wild cherry growing in all the hedge rows, without other culture than God's, lifts up to Him, thankfully, its tremulous white finger.

Amid all this, comes the rich rains of Spring.—The affections of a boy grown up with tears to water them; and the year blooms with flowers.—But the clouds hover over an April sky, timidly—like shadows upon innocence. The showers come gently and drop daintily to the earth,—with now and then a glimpse of sunshine to make the drops bright—like so many tears of joy.

The rain of winter is cold, and it comes in bitter scouds that blind you; but the rain of April steals upon you coyly, half reluctantly—yet lovingly—like the steps of a bride to the altar.

It does not gather like the storm clouds of Winter, grey and heavy along the horizon, and creep with subtle and insensible approaches (like age) to the very zenith; but there are a score of white-winged swimmers afloat, that your eye has chased as you lay fatigued with the delicious languor of an April sun:—nor have you scarce noticed that a little bevy of those floating clouds had grouped together in a sombre company. But presently, you see across the fields the dark grey streaks stretching like lines of mists, from the green bosom of the valley to that spot of sky where the company of clouds is loitering; and with an easy shifting of the helm the fleet of swimmers come drifting over you, and drop their burden into the dancing pools, and make the flowers glisten, and the eaves drip with their crystal bounty.

The cattle linger still, cropping the newcome grass; and childhood laughs joyously at the warm rain:—or under the cottage roof, catches with eager ear, the patter of its fall.

Peace at Home.

It is just as possible to keep a calm house as a clean house; a cheerful house, an orderly house, as a furnished house, if the heads set themselves to do so. Where is the difficulty of consulting each other's weaknesses as well as each other's wants; each other's tempers, as well as each other's characters? Oh, it is by leaving the peace at home to chance, instead of pursuing it by system, that so many houses are unhappy. It deserves notice, also, that almost any one can be courteous and patient in a neighbor's house. If anything go wrong or be out of time, or be disagreeable there it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show it is not felt; or, if felt, it is attributed to accident, not to design; and this is not only easy, but natural, in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe what is so natural in the house of another, is possible at home, but maintain without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic societies. A husband, as willing to be pleased at home, and as anxious to please as in his neighbor's house, and a wife as intent on making things comfortable every day to her family, as on set days to her guests, could not fail to make their own home happy. Let us not evade the point of these remarks by recurring to the maxim about allowances for temper. It is worse than folly to refer to our temper unless we could prove that we ever gained any thing by giving way to it. Fits of ill-humor punish us quite as much, if not more, than those they are vented upon; and it actually requires more effort, and inflicts more pain to give them up than would be requisite to avoid them.

Voices of the Arctic Night.

The following thrilling passage occurs in the report of Dr. Kane's Lectures upon the late Arctic Expedition in search of Dr. Franklin:

"The lecturer drew a vivid picture of the marvellous scenery and the wild life of the polar regions—the strange noise of the breaking of the ice—now like the whining of a puppy, then like the calls of distress, and then again like booming cannon. The ice, generally about five feet thick and much resembling glass, which before was level, is now piled up in ridges, and as the masses are forced upon each other, every variety of noise increases. Now, low and plaintive; then shrieking wildly, gradually rising to a climax of fearful intensity, under which all language ceases, and then dying away into the softest cadence—noises so marked and oftentimes so regular, that they were regarded and called the pulses of the ice, and from these voices of the ice they were generally capable of judging of its movements. Entering Baffin's Bay, and stretched upon the ice in their Buffalo robes, [illegible] the universal uproar. The ice voices have been renewed with fearful intensity, the air is filled with shrieks and howls.—The ice is in great commotion. On comes the crest. The crushed ice, piled high by the meeting of the floes, gradually nears the brig—all feel the trembling motion—the vessel trembles from the force of the continued shock. On it came, now only six yards from the vessel—no word is uttered—now three yards—now six feet. All wait with trembling lips, when suddenly the noise and motion cease. They wait for the movement to be renewed, but no renewal came, and five months afterwards that immense ridge was still there, and the vessel also there—a monument of God's protecting care and man's weakness."

A Fat Woman in a Tight Place.

The following interesting trifle is an extract from a letter from a corpulent lady on her way to California. She is undoubtedly "seeing the elephant," and we pity her:

"Our cabin has two boxes in it called berths, though coffins would be nearer the thing, for you think more of your latter end at see a great deal. One of these is situated over the other like two shelves, and these together make what they call a state room. My berth is the uppermost one, and I have to climb up to it, putting one foot on the lower one, and the other away out on the wash-hand-stand, which is a great stretch, and makes it very straining—then I lift one knee on the berth and roll in sideways. This is very inconvenient for a woman of my size and very dangerous. Last night I put my foot on Mrs. Brown's face, as she laid asleep close to the edge of the lower one, and nearly put out her eye; and I have torn all the skin off my knees, and then I have a large black spot where I have been hurt, and my head is swelled. To dismount is another feat of horsemanship only fit for a sailor. You can't sit up for the floor overhead; so you have to turn around, and roll your legs out first, and then hold on till you touch bottom somewhere, and then let yourself down upright. It is dreadful work, and not very decent for a delicate female, if the stewart happens to come in when you are in the act in this way. I don't know which is the hardest to get in or get out of a berth—both are the most difficult things in the world, and I shall be glad when I am done with it. I am obliged to dress in bed before I leave it, and nobody who hasn't tried to put on their clothes lying down, can tell what a task it is. Lacing stays behind your back, and you on your face nearly smothered with the bed clothes, and feeling for the eyelet hole with one hand, and trying to put the tag in with the other, while you are rolling about from side to side, is no laughing matter. Yesterday I fastened on the pillow to my bustle by mistake, in the hurry, and never knew it till the people laughed; and said the sea agreed with me, I had grown so fat; but putting on stockings is the worst, for there ain't room to stoop forward; so you have to bring your feet to you, and stretching out on your back, lift your leg till you can reach it, and then drag it on. Corpulent persons can't always do this so easy, I can tell you. It always gives me the cramp, and takes away my breath. You will pity me, if you could conceive; but you can't—nobody but a woman can tell what a female suffers being confined in a berth at sea.

OLD BUT GOOD.—Soon after the Copernican system of Astronomy began to be generally understood, an old Connecticut farmer went to his minister with the following inquiry:

"Doctor, do you believe in the story they tell about the earth moving round the sun?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Do you think it's according to the Holy Scriptures? If it's true, how could Joshua have commanded the sun to stand still?"

"Umph!" quoth the doctor, scratching his head, "Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, did he?"

"Yes."

"Well, it stood still did it not?"

"Yes."

"Very well—did you ever hear that he set it going again?"

A clear conscience is a sure card.

DREADFUL CONDITION OF EUROPE.

The late European news brings sad accounts of destitution in certain portions of Europe. A correspondent writes that the rumors or the possible change in the corn laws of England, have been received with the utmost consternation in such of the corn growing districts as are in position to export. Upwards of 300 ships in the Black Sea, and a still greater number at Constinople, are lying idle; and in Constantinople extreme anxiety was manifested, at the last advices, on all hands, for the first whisper of the projected changes in England, no merchant venturing to freight a vessel until something positive was known. This was felt more, says a letter from Tristris, on account of the favorable state of the weather, and the probability of quick passages.

Famine, it would appear, is threatening Germany in earnest. The accounts from Poland are most disheartening. In the Carpathians, people are literally starving. There is no bread at all. The inhabitants are said to be living on a soup of some kind, which they call 'reitkamuka,' a compound of fat and milk; or they cook a sort of thick oaken pap, something in appearance like the Italian polenta—this they call 'culasha,' and eat in the place of bread. As in all times of great want, crime and dissipation of all kinds come to swell the list of horrors, it is not surprising to learn that something very like anarchy is raging in the districts most affected by famine. The men callous and desperate get at their fiery Brantwein of the country, and murderers and robberies of the weak and defenceless naturally succeed. In consideration of the high prices of potatoes, concurrently with the general dearth of provisions, the Government of the Grand Dutchey of Hesse has forbidden the consumption of potatoes in the distillation of spirits.

Troubles and bad government have superinduced the afflictions. The humble classes being deprived of all heart and energy, says a correspondent, have left the fields uncultivated for miles, lest the rude hands of some hateful soldiery should seize or destroy the fruits of their labor. The consequence of this is something very like a famine in many parts of Europe.'

The War-Horse in Battle.

Among the many and varied incidents of the battle field, not the least is the conduct of that noble animal, the war horse. Some, on losing their riders, will still continue their evolutions with the corps to which they belong, or get a fresh rider, or are arrested by the swift messenger of death. Others plunge madly through the field, treading down all before them, many lying with their legs broken, unable to rise, and looking piteously for relief. I put several of these poor creatures out of their misery by shouting them through the head. There was one noble animal resting on his haunches, with his fore legs extended, and his head erect, making repeated but ineffectual attempts to rise, his hind legs were shattered by a cannon ball; thinking to terminate his suffering more speedily, I placed the muzzle of my piece close to his forehead and fired; I was too close, however; the ball rebounded from the bone and wounded myself in the thigh slightly.

Another beautiful black horse, very richly accoutred, was standing like a statue, and his late master, an officer of the French cuirassiers, lying dead near him; we wondered to see him so passive, and one of our men mounted and urged him forward, when the first step was taken, down came both together, the luckless rider measuring his length upon the ground amid the derisive shouts of his comrades.—On examination it was found that one of the fore-legs of the horse had been broken (not before the fire by [illegible] spent cannon ball; and as he stood up there was no appearance of a wound, nor did any blood escape though the part was much swollen.—*Lieutenant Morris's Recollections of Military Service.*

Increase of Population.

We see some estimates computing the increase of our population at the rate of three per cent. per annum. The matter need not be involved in any controversy; for the census returns every ten years gives a fair basis or calculation. Three per. cent. per annum will amount to the ordinary ratio of one third in ten years—near enough at least for statistical purposes.

But the prospect which is held out by the most reasonable calculation of the growth of this country in population and resources, may well startle the observer. Leaving out of the account the additions which are made every year to the aggregate of our population by emigrants, from Europe, the natural increase of our own people may afford the basis of an estimate which could not be applied to any other country. We are bound to be the most populous and most powerful of all living nations. This is our destiny, and it is our responsibility also. Kossuth has made his mistake only in point of time. We are a power on earth, and such a power that its presence must have significance. We cannot abnegate our being; but its due to our dignity that we raise not a hand except to control, and that at once. No empty vaporing, no bravado, for this American people. We hold our own against the world, and will do it, come what may.—*Baltimore American.*

Sowing Grass Seed.

Farmers, as well as other people like to make good bargains. Some of the worst bargains they make is with themselves. For example—to save five dollars of seed they loose twenty dollars of hay or pasture. By way of experiment, and to exhibit the advantages of a good supply of seed, the writer showed in the spring of 1850 a piece of ground to grass, at the rate of one bushel of clover, and the same quantity of timothy. In less than two months, the field afforded a prodigious amount of pasturage—full twice as much through the season, by estimate, as ordinary good pastures. The year the grass was allowed to grow for hay, which has just been cut and drawn in, (7 mo. 10, 1851) and the product was found to be three and a half tons per acre. Where can we find a permanent pasture or meadow that will do this?—The soil was of ordinary fertility only, or would not have yielded more than 25 bushels of corn per acre. The amount of pasturage afforded by the second growth of this grass field fully warranted the belief that a ton and a half per acre might have been again cut, making five tons of hay per acre in all, for one year.

The hay produced where plenty of grass seed is sown, is of much better quality than where the stalks stand thin on the ground.—*Albany Cultivator.*

WHAT A MOTHER AND A CHILD!—A Mrs. Brown and her son are in jail in Cincinnati, on the charge of poisoning the husband and father

WOOL CROP OF OHIO.—The farmers of Ohio have received last season, over three million of dollars for the wool crop.

THE following toast, given at a celebration of Washington's birth day in Charleston, was received with repeated cheers: WOMAN—Her natural place is, between angels and bloomers, without wings and without pantaloons.

WE heard of a rich man once who was badly injured by being run over. 'It isn't the accident,' said he, 'that I mind; that isn't the thing; but the idea of being run over by an infernal swill cart makes me mad.'

'John,' said a schoolmaster, 'you will soon be a man, and will have to do business—what do you suppose you will do when you have to write letters, unless you learn to spell better?' 'Oh, sir, I shall put easy words in them.'

AT the Old ladies' Sewing Circle, last Friday evening the members got to talking about temperance, the Maine Liquor Law, &c. Said Mrs. Fridged:—

"For nine mortal years I slept with a barrel of brandy; now, thanks to Gough and Providence, I sleep with a *man!*"

"Well," said Aunt Byles, "after all, for my part I'd rather sleep with a barrel of brandy than lie alone these cold winter nights."

Mrs. Fridged frowned.

ENGLISH LUXURY.

Few men of us, whose lives are passed in republican simplicity, have any definite idea of the amount of wealth and splendor that surrounds many of the English nobles in their princely residences. An intelligent American, writing from England, describes some of these things.

The Earl of Spencer's homestead, about sixty miles from London, comprises ten thousand acres tastefully divided into parks, meadows, pastures, woods and gardens. His library, called the finest private library in the world, contains fifty thousand volumes. Extensive and elegant stables, green-houses and conservatories, game keeper's house, dairy house, dog kennels, porter's lodge, and farm houses without number, go to complete the establishment. Hundreds of sheep and cattle graze in the parks about the house.

The Duke of Richmond's home farm at Greenwood, sixty miles from London, consists of twenty three thousand acres, or over thirty five square miles. And this is in crowed England, which has a population of sixteen millions, and an area of fifty thousand square miles, or just thirty two millions of acres, giving, were the land divided, but two acres to each inhabitant. The residence of the Duke is a perfect palace. One extensive hall is covered with yellow silk and pictures in the richest and most costly tapestry. The dishes and upon the table are all of porcelain, silver and gold. Twenty five race horses stand in the stable, each being assigned to the care of a special groom. A grotto near the house, the ladies spent six years in adorning. An aviary is supplied with almost every variety of rare and elegant birds. Large herds of cattle, sheep and deer are spread over immense lawns.

The Duke of Devonshire's place at Chatsworth, is said to excel in magnificence, any other in the kingdom. The income of the Duke is one million of pounds a year, and he is said to spend it all. In the grounds about the house are kept four hundred head of cattle and fourteen hundred deer. The kitchen garden contains twelve acres, and is filled with almost every species of fruit and vegetables. A vast *aboretum* connected with the establishment is designed to contain a sample of every tree that grows.—There is also a glass conservatory, 387 feet in length, 112 in breadth, and 67 feet in height, covered by seventy six thousand square feet of glass, and warmed by seven miles of pipe, conveying hot water. One plant was obtained from India by a special messenger, and is valued at ten thousand dollars. One of the fountains near the house plays 276 feet high—said to be the highest jet in the world. Chatsworth contains thirty five hundred acres, but the Duke owns ninety six thousand acres in the county of Derbyshire.—Within, the entire is one vast scene of paintings, sculpture, mosaic works, carved wains, coating and all the elegancies and luxuries within the reach of almost boundless wealth and highly refined taste.

CHARITY.

Trust not to each accusing tongue,
As most weak persons do;
But still believe that story wrong,
Which ought not to be true.

LAUGHTER.—Somebody has described Laughter as a "faculty bestowed exclusively upon man," and one which there is, therefore, a sort of impiety in not exercising as frequently as we can. One may say, with Titus, that we have "lost a day," if it shall have passed without laughing. "An inch of laugh is worth an ell of moan in any state of the market," says one of the old English "Fathers." Pilgrims at the shrine of Mecca consider laughter so essential a part of their devotion, that they call upon their prophet to preserve them from sad faces.

THE New York *Dutchman* is not far from the fact in the "human natur" aspect taken below:

We all "look down" on somebody. The man of bullion looks down on the shopkeeper, the shopkeeper on his clerks; clerks turn up their noses at the mechanics, while mechanics are above associating with hod carriers; seamstresses won't speak to raddish peddlers, while the raddish girls think it low and vulgar to speak to he little huzzies what kept the crossing clean. Who the latter "look down" on we have not learned, although there is no doubt that they consider themselves "far above" somebody.—Queer, isn't it?

If you should see a man digging in snow drift with the expectation of finding valuable ore, or planting on the rolling billows, you would say at once that he was beside himself. But in what respect does this man differ from you while you sow the seeds of idleness and dissipation in your youth, and expect the fruits of age will be a good constitution; elevated affections, and holy principles.

"THERE is no truth in men," said a lady in company; "they are like musical instruments, which sound a variety of tones." "In other words, Madame," said a wit, who chanced to be present, "you believe that all men are *Lyres!*"

A modern writer says: "Perhaps you cannot 'gild refined gold, or paint the lily,' but very impure gold will gild anything else, and paint up a toad until he passes for a bird of paradise, wings, tail feathers, and all included."

A WIFE IN TROUBLE.—"Pray tell me, my deaf, what is the cause of those tears?"

"Oh, such a disgrace!"

"Why, what disgrace?"

"Why, I have opened one of your letters, supposing it addressed to myself. Certainly it looked more like Mrs. than Mr."

"Is that all? What harm is there in a wife's opening her husband's letters?"

"No harm in itself. But the contents, such disgrace!"

"Anything disrespectful to my wife?"

"Oh no. It is couched in the most respectful and chaste language. But the contents!"

Here the wife buried her face in her handkerchief and commenced sobbing aloud, when the husband eagerly caught up the letter and commenced reading the epistle that had been the means of nearly breaking his wife's heart. It was a bill from the printer "for nine years subscription!"

RATIONAL.—A man residing in a New England town at some distance from a near relative, received a message one cold evening in November to hasten to his residence as he was in a dying state. When he arrived he was told that his reason had entirely left him. The sick man presently turned his head, saying in a faint voice:

'Who is that?'

He had been informed that it was his near relative who had been sent for.

'Oh!' said he 'he must be cold. Make him a good warm toddy.'

'I guess he ain't crazy,' said the visitor; 'he talks very rationally.'

☞A young man at Niagara having been crossed in love, walked out to the precipice, took off his clothes, gave one lingering look at the gulf beneath him—and then went home. His body was found next morning—*in bed.*

☞The man who was injured by a burst of applause, is recovering.

RIGHT.—Ansel Gridley, of Westfield, Mass., has been bound over in the sum of $300, for procuring the publication of a notice of the death of a person still living.

☞The battle of Lexington, at which the first Revolutionary bloodshed moisted the green sod of that ancient town of the Old Bay State, April 19, 1776, will be celebrated this year in New York, on the occurrence of its anniversary.

The Chinese have a saying, that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue cannot be brought back again by a coach and six horses.