American Volunteer.

BY JOHN D. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT, RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2 00 PER ANNUM.

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Poetical.

WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shutering flowers—like souls at rest—
The stars shine gloriously—and all
Save me, is blest.

Mother—I love thy grave!—
The violet with its blossoms blue and mild,
Wave o'er thy head—when shall it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower—yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow,
Dear mother—'tis thine emblem—dust
Is on thy brow!

And I could love to die—
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams,
By thee, as rest in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear
With bitter tears?

Aye, must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,
Whose last frail leaf untimely sere,
Went down with thee?

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past I turn,
And muse on the only flower
In memory's urn.

And, when the evening pale,
Bows like a mourner on the dim, blue wave,
I stray to hear the night wind's wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?—
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there—
I listen, and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come—whilst here I press
My brow upon thy grave—and, in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless thy weeping child,
And o're thy urn—religion's holiest shrine—
Oh, give his spirit undefiled
To blend with thine.

Miscellaneous.

THE SHIRT TAIL FIGHT.

FROM MY GRANDFATHER'S RECOLLECTION OF THE REVOLUTION.

Said my grandfather one evening—

"About fifty of us had been engaged for several days in performing a secret duty, and were returning. We had to pass very near the British lines, and to avoid being taken, and also to save a wide circuit of miles, we resolved to encamp in a secret place we knew of, through the day, and under the shadows of night pass unseen on the direct course to General Morgan's camp. The day was beautiful, and the spot we had chosen for our resting place was one of those grassy nooks shut unapparently from the rest of the world by lines of hills, impenetrable under brush, and a gigantic forest; a small but clear and deep stream ran by it, and the sun was at such an inclination as to throw half the little spot in shade. We laid down our arms, relieved ourselves of our knapsacks, and spreading the scanty store upon the grass, ate with a good appetite, refreshed ourselves from the limpid waters of the streams and then each amused himself as he could.

"After resting a while some went to the bath, and one by one, as the pleasure seemed to increase, followed, until the whole party were in the stream. This lasted for about half an hour, and the most of us had returned to the shore and were dressing, when a new feature was given to the scene by one of the number saying that he was going to wash his shirt. Now most of us had worn these peculiar garments, one, two, three, and four weeks, and some even longer, without their having been once washed, and there was no doubt of needing it very much; for, mind you, the man in those days who could afford two shirts—whole shirts—was a curiosity. The idea, therefore, was a good one, and many immediately began disrobing themselves again, and were soon as busy as washerwoman, rubbing away like fulling mills. As the pieces were finished, they were hung in the sun on limbs of trees, or spread out on the grass. Many were still engaged at their washing some were stretched on the ground in deep sleep, some were wrestling, some jumping; some collected in knots, telling stories, nearly all naked as the day they were born—in fact, as happy as fellows could be with but one shirt, and that drying in the sun, and but a morsel in the knapsacks, when we were started—yes, indeed, really frightened—by a volley of musketry, the balls of which whistled by us, fortunately, only making a few slight flesh wounds.

"The sound of musketry, although it surprised us a little at first, we were too much accustomed to hearing, to remain long under a panic; so the next moment each of us was in possession of his musket, and himself covered by a tree. We had not long to wait before a large body of British broke thro' the underbush, which had before concealed them, and rushed with fixed bayonets upon us. But their progress was suddenly checked by our fire, which laid a large number of them dead before us. We had not time to re-load, when the enemy again charged down upon us, and we were forced to give way. We ran some distance, and reloading, stood our ground. Up to this time we had not thought of the condition we were in, when one of the officers, all at once cried out, 'Boys will you lose your shirts?' then casting our eyes around quickly, we gave a shout—'Now for our shirts!' As soon as the British came to our view, we poured in a well directed fire, and immediately charged with the bayonet. So suddenly had this movement been made, that, having supposed that we were still running the other way, and then came their turn to run. After them we shouted still, with our new watchword—'shirts.' The officers of the enemy having at length succeeded in securing the attention of the men, wheeled them, and gave us a return fire, which, killing, as we supposed, some of our party, we again took to our heels; and the red coats, taking up our cry of 'shirts,' came pell-mell after us. Again we turned and charged the British running, they in turn again charging upon us each party shouting 'shirts,' until it finally became a regular shirt-tail fight."

"At length becoming somewhat exasperated with the game, and constantly reminded of our shirts by the enemy screaming it in our ears, and recollecting, too, that we would not cut a very pretty figure returning to quarters *sans culottes*, we made one desperate charge, and finally succeeded in gaining the day by driving the British from the field.—Several of our party were wounded, but none killed. Not so with the British. The dead were scattered all over the little green space and thro' the woods; and putting on our garments, and leaving the dead to be buried by their own people, we took the circuitous rout which we had avoided in the morning, (thereby having been obliged to fight a little battle,) and reached the camp about midnight, when we caused no little merriment, and often afterwards when we relate our adventure of the "shirt-tail fight."

EXERCISE.

Many people look upon the necessity man is under of earning his bread by labor as a curse. But it is evident, from the structure of the body, that exercise is not less necessary than food for the preservation of health. Those who labor are not only the most healthy, but generally the most happy part of mankind. This is peculiarly the case with those who live by the culture of the ground. The great increase of inhabitants in infant colonies, and the longevity, everywhere, of such as follow agriculture evidently prove it to be the most healthful as the most useful employment.

The love of activity shows itself very early in man. So strong is the principle, that a healthy youth cannot be restrained from activity. Our love of motion is surely a strong proof of its utility. It seems to be a law throughout the whole animal creation, that no creature without exercise should enjoy health, or be able to find subsistence.

Inactivity never fails to produce a universal relaxation of the solids, which disposes the body to innumerable diseases. When the solids are relaxed, neither the digestion or the secretion can be duly performed. How can persons who loll all day on easy chairs, and sleep all night on beds of down, fail to be relaxed? Nor do those much mend the matter who never stir abroad but in a coach.

Glandular obstructions generally proceed from inactivity. These are the most obstinate maladies. So long as the liver, kidney and other glands, duly perform their functions, health is seldom much impaired; but when they fail, it is difficult to be restored.

Weak nerves are also the constant companions of inactivity. We seldom hear the laborious complaint of weak nerves. This plainly points out the resources from which nervous diseases generally originate, and the means by which they may be prevented.

It is absolutely impossible to enjoy health, where the perspiration is retained in the body; it vitiates the humors, and occasions the gout, rheumatism, &c.

No piece of indolence injures the health more than the custom of lying in bed too long in the morning; the morning is undoubtedly the best time for exercise, as the air braces and strengthens the nerves. Custom soon renders early rising agreeable, and nothing contributes more to the preservation of health.

Every person should lay himself under some necessity to take exercise. Indolence like, other vices when indulged, gains ground, and at length becomes agreeable. Hence those who are fond of exercise in the early part of life, becomes quite avers to it afterwards. This is often the case with gouty or hypochondriac persons, and frequently renders their cases hard to cure.

Indolence not only occasions disease and renders men useless to society, but promotes all manner of vice. The mind, if not engaged in some useful pursuit, is constantly in quest of some idle pleasures.—From these sources proceed most of the miseries of mankind. Certainly man was never intended to be idle. Inactivity frustrates the very design of his creation, whereas an active life is the best and greatest preservative of health.—*Oracle of Health.*

The Expenditure of Money.

The highest value of affluence is the social influence which it generally confers, whereby the possessor may become useful to society by his example and precept. Many persons keep themselves poor by lavish expenditures in the hope of being deemed rich, and enjoying the superiority which riches confer. This delusion is generally of short duration; but had the party carefully saved and accumulated, he might soon have become permanently rich. The mental anguish which a man feels when he loses part of a large fortune, proceeds from an imagined diminution of his influence and power, and not from physical privations which the lost wealth will create. Nor is such a notion fanciful; men who are esteemed wise counsellors while rich, lose commonly their reputed wisdom if they lose their property. This phenomenon was observed by Shakespeare, who accounts for it by saying—

Mens judgments are
A parcel of their fortune: and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.

That money is useless except for the physical enjoyment which its expenditure with produce, is the error of the poor; while persons who have experienced the intellectual gratifications which result from the retention of money gain a better esteem of its value. The respect that attends wealth is as old as the Bible, which says: "If a man come to your assembly with a gold ring and goodly apparel; and there comes in also a poor man in vile apparel, and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou here, are ye not partial?" If two men arrive at the Astor House where the charge for board and lodging is the same for both, yet the man who is known to possess the property will be lodged in a better room than the other, and receive in every way a preference. If the two take passage in a steamboat, the like preference will be accorded to the man of superior wealth, and these instances are but exemplifications of a general custom.—*Hunt's Merchants Magazine.*

A Good One.

Ludicrous blunders will occasionally occur in cases where ignorant persons attempt the use of language about the meaning of which they know nothing. The following is a case in point:

Not long since, while travelling from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, two rather verdant specimens of the female sex came on board of the boat at one of the landings, who, for the sake of distinction, we will call Mary and Jane. Now Mary had cut her eye teeth, or, in other words, was acquainted with the rules and regulations which govern genteel society. Jane, the younger, had never mixed in society to any great extent, and was therefore in blissful ignorance as to any of the rules which govern more refined persons. Her language, too, was only such as she heard among her rustic associates. Mary was aware of this fact, and had therefore cautioned her to observe how she (Mary) acted, and to govern herself accordingly. Jane promised implicit obedience. Shortly after, while seated at the dinner table, the waiter asked Mary what part of the fowl she would have. She informed him in a very polite manner, that it was "perfectly immaterial." He accordingly gave her a piece, and then inquired of Jane what part she would choose. The simple minded girl replied, with all the self-assurance imaginable—

"I believe I'll take a piece of the *immaterial* too."

The scene that followed this declaration is beyond the power of our pen to describe. The assembled company were compelled to give vent to their surcharged feelings in peals of boisterous laughter; whilst the poor girl, her face suffused with crimson blushes, left the table, declaring as she fled to the ladies' cabin, "they won't ketch me aboard of one of these pesky steamboats soon agin."

BETTING WITH A MULE.—A Georgia negro was riding a mule along and came to a bridge, when the mule stopped.

'I'll bet you a quarter,' said Jack, 'I'll make you go ober dis bridge,' and with that struck the mule over the ears, which made him nod his head suddenly. 'You'll take de bet den, will you?' said the negro, and contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge 'I won dat quarter, anyhow,' said Jack.

'But how will you get the money?' said a man who had been close by, unperceived.

'To morrow,' said the negro, 'massa gib me a dollar to get corn for de mule, and I takes de quarter out.'

THE TEXAS FAIR.

A great Southern Fair was held at Corpus Christi, on the 8th ultimo. It is thus described by a correspondent:

"Corpus Christi, at this time presents one of the most novel, exciting, and extraordinary spectacles that was, perhaps, ever presented in the U. States. There not being sufficent accommodation for the great crowds of people who continue to arrive, large tents have been put under the Bluff, giving the place something of the aspect it wore when the Army was encamped here. In the crowded streets are seen the wild Ranchero, mounted on a Mustang pony, with his gray trappings, and silver band around his hat, while from his belt is exposed a pistol,—to the pretty and modest Mexican maiden, with her *rebosa* fluttering in the wind; American ladies, on horseback and in carriages, officers of the army; border chiefs and Texan frontiersmen; Camanche and Lipan Indians; gamblers merchants and traders and a fair delegation of citizens from the adjacent States.

The Exhibition consists of Mexican fabrics and manufactures, magnificently wrought blankets, embroidery, fine saddles, bridles and spurs. One saddle, wrought with silver and gold, cost $600. Fine stock composes the principle feature of the Fair, and there are as fine brood mares, horses, cattle and sheep here as I ever saw. This is certainly one of the best of countries for raising stock. The specimens of cotton and sugar are also very fine. The samples of prime and mess beef are worthy of especial notice. The beef is cured by the vacuum process of preserving meat, invented by Dr. Lardner. By this process all the air, blood and animal heat, which composes the spoiling qualities of the meat, are extracted, and the beef thoroughly saturated with pickle, so that it will keep sweet for years. The operation is effected in from 24 to 36 hours, according to the temperature of the atmosphere.

On account of the revolutionary movement on the Rio Grande, not as many Mexicans have come in with their goods as was expected; but still there is very good showing.

STOCK AND LAND SALES.

After each day's race, a sale of stock and lands took place. Good mules sold from $24 to $32. Mexican horses at $20. Cattle at $5 per head. Marce, from $6 to $13, and back town lots at $100. The stock so'd for cash, and the lots, one fourth cash and the balance at one, two and three years. Thus, you will perceive that emigrants may soon make themselves a home here for a few hundred dollars. As high as 1,000 head of cattle were sold in one day, and as many as 60 lots at one sale.

Laws of Health.

Children should be taught to use the left hand as well as the right.

Coarse bread is much better for children than fine.

Children should sleep in seperate beds and should not wear night caps.

Children under seven years of age should not be be confined over six or seven hours in the house—and that should be broken by frequent recesses.

Children and young people must be made to hold their heads up and their shoulders back while sitting, standing or walking. The best beds for children, are of hair, or, in winter, of hair and cotton.

From one to one pound and a half of solid food is sufficient for a person in the ordinary avocation of business. Persons in sedentary employment should drop one third of their food, and they will escape dyspepsia.

Young people should walk at least two hours a day in the open air.

Never let a fire travel be so much feared as hundering and endangering the health. Hitherto it has been a terminating in death which begun in this practice.

Every person great and small, should wash all over in cold water every morning.

GENNY LIND and her husband have taken their departure for Liverpool, which fact seems to be stirring up the "sentiments" of the poets. A correspondent of the New York Sun goes off in this wise:

Oh, Jenny Lind has gone away,
The people loudly hollers,
And from our purses led astray
A mighty sight of dollars!
But we in place of these have had
A precious deal of notes;
But whether good, or whether bad,
There has been a great diversity of opinion,

so that it is impossible to come to any conclusion, until the Presidential question is settled by the people's votes.

HOW IS IT WITH YOU.—At a prayer meeting in the church of the village of Spunktown, in the State of Maine, a country lad was noticed by one of the older deacons to hold down his head and wriggle in his seat, while the tears seemed to start every moment. A clear case of repentance, thought the old deacon, as he quietly stepped to the side of the lad, and in a whisper affectionately inquired:

'How is it with you, my son?'

The body looked up, and supposing him to be the sexton, answered:

'Oh! very bad, and I want to go out—my innards is kickin' up a revolution and the fourth of July!—and if ever I eat a green currant pie agin, my name ain't Jeems Billins.'

'It is hard times,' says the young man, as he puffs a three-cent cigar, or pays fifty cents for concert tickets—'I's hard times and I can't afford to take a paper.'

'The times are hard,' says the man with a large family: 'I have six children to clothe, feed and provide a school for; I can't afford to take a Newspaper.'

Poor man! what a pity he does not know that three Months' schooling in a year, with a weekly paper, is better for the children than six months without the paper.

'Times are hard,' says the young woman; as she gives twenty-five cents just for a ribbon to wear around her neck—'the times so are hard, I cannot subscribe for your paper, but I like it.'—Poor girl!

THE late Col. S———, so well known for his Patagonian size and burly deportment, being once importuned by a diminutive tailor for the payment of a bill, petulantly exclaimed—

'If you were not such a little reptile, I would kick you down stairs!'

'Little reptile!' remonstrated the dun; 'and what if I am?' Recollect, Colonel, that we can't all be great brutes!'

The soldier who dreamed that his lady love was a fox, while he was a hound, leaping in buckskin breeches, just behind her, had his head shaved, and placed under a diet of bread and water. Let this serve as a warning to other members of the militia.

DEATH OF THE OLDEST INHABITANT.—A colored woman named Sarah Brown, aged upwards of 100 years died at Easton on Friday afternoon last. She had a very distinct recollection of General Washington, and of many incidents connected with the revolution.

☞ A hard working but sickly mother recently most grossly insulted a daughter—a beauty of sixteen—by asking the Miss to assist her in the kitchen. Was there ever anything so outrageous.

☞ An Irishman, being in a church where the collection apparatus resembled election boxes, on its being handed to him whispered in the carrier's ear that he was not naturalized; and could not vote.

'I'm afraid I shall come to want,' said an old lady to a young one. 'I have come to want already,' was the reply. 'I want a nice young man.'

SAMUEL STOKELY, Esq., of Ohio, has been appointed by the President Chief Justice of the Utah Territory, vice Brandebury, resigned.

From the Pittsburg Post.

A PARODY.

TUNE—"*Blue bonnets over the border.*"

March, march, Cass and Buchanan men,
Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Douglass and Houston men,
All the blue bonnets are over the border.
Many a banner spread flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story:
Mount and make ready, sons of the mountain glen,
Rouse for brave PIERCE and Democracy's glory.

Come from the hills where your cattle are grazing;
Come from the meadow, the field, and the plough,
Come from your shops where the fires are all blazing,
Come, boys, and rally for PIERCE and KING now.
Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bounding;
Stand to your arms and march in good order;
Then the Democracy shall toll of the glorious day
When PIERCE and KING came over the border.

A GOOD STORY.

Politics in Arkansas.

We are indebted to the New York *Spirit of the Times* for the following laughable sketch, written by "a man from Arkinsaw." It is admirably illustrative of the characteristics of a conscientious voter—an up-and-down, no-favor-shown party man:

About the year 1830 politics ran very high in Arkansas. Col. A. H. Sevier was a candidate for the office of delegate to congress, and Ben Desha was his opponent.

Judge Andrew Scott was a warm friend of Desha, and utterly hostile to Sevier. He had a neighbor, living about fifteen miles from him, on the "far" side of Gallery creek, named Logan, commonly called "stuttering Jim Logan," who was exactly "wice worly" in his politics; and so frequent had been their encounters, that the two neighbors had come cordially to hate each other.

One pleasant morning in the spring, when the sun shone out warmly, and all nature was green and fresh after a heavy rain of two or three days' duration, Logan went down from his house, through the little strip of creek bottom to the bank of the creek, and sat himself down on a "lick log" musing, perhaps, as Col. Jack McCarthy once said "on the oventhence of thublunary thingth."

The creek was about twenty yards wide, and the rain had raised it, so that it was swimming, covered with foam, and running like a mill race with a full head of water. Where the road crossed, on the edge of which Logan was sitting, was the only opening in the woods which fringed the stream on each side. Above and below, the trees leaned over and their branches hung gracefully in the water, and swung to and fro in the swift current.

After Logan had set there a little while, Judge Scott came riding down the road on the other side, but halted when he reached the water's edge, and looked across without saying anything; but looked as if he thought, "Hang you, if it's swimming, why don't you swim?" Logan took out his jack knife, split a piece off from the lick log, and commenced whittling it, looking steadily across towards Scott all the while.

Logan was a large, stout, heavy looking man; Scott, small, wiry, passionate, petulent, and as brave as a bull dog.

After waiting a moment—for each hated the other too much to speak—Scott tightened the reins and rode into the water. His horse had not got over head and ears. In a moment Scott was dashed from his back; the rider went one way, the horse the other, and the saddel bags a third. The horse turned towards the side he went in, and got ashore a little way below; the saddel bags floated down the stream, and Scott managed to reach Logans side of the creek, and caught hold of a swinging limb of a sycamore which dipped into the water.

'Help' Logan, help!' cried Scott, 'I shall be drowned! Help!'

'S-s-say you'll v-v-vote for Sevier!' bawled Logan.

'Help, Logan, help! I shall drown. Help!'

'S-s-say you'll v-v-vote for Sevier!' again bawled Logan, not rising from the lick log.

Just then the sycamore limb snapped, and the same moment Scott sung out—

'I'll see you d——d first, you infernal old rascal!' and away he swept around the tree and out of sight below.

Luckily the current made a sweep below, eddying round in the concavity at the upper edge of a sand bar, upon which Scott was flung, and scrambled out. He walked up the bank and towards Logan, sputtering with rage and streaming with water. Luckily he had no weapons but a pistol, and that, of course, was unfit for service; and Logan was too big to be whipped by him in a fist fight.

'D—n it!' cried Scott, as he got pretty near him, 'do you stop to ask a man how he's going to vote before you save him from drowning?'

Logan never stopped whittling, but looking composedly up, slowly said—

"*Eeery g-g-gentleman has a right to v-o-vote as he likes, and d-d-drown when he likes; and I d-d-don't suppose anybody's bound to dive into the creek, to fi fish out a vote to k-k kill his own.*"

Life of an Editor.

The editor of a paper published at Canton, Ohio, gives the following description of his partner:

Mr. Pike and I published a newspaper in 1837 among the Miami Indians in the State of Indiana. It was a great partnership that. We had two advance paying subscribers, one who liquidated his subscription with beans, the other with saw logs. Godfrey, the chief, took five papers, and could not read a word. Our paper was called 'Peru Forester,' and being printed in the woods, that title was appropriate. The town of Peru had a number of magnificent names for its streets, such as Pearl, Broadway, &c., which streets, exhibited the affirmating and bustling spectacle of stumps and trees as high as a man's head. The stirring events which transpired in that city imperiously demanded a couple of chroniclers, and Pike and I were at hand to discharge this important function. Pike wrote poetry, and I dipped considerably into politics, and discussed in a very learned manner every question of interest to the few settlers and Indians. Besides being an editor and printer, he kept the Broadway Hotel—was postmaster, justice of the peace, land agent, pettifogger, canal contractor, merchant and day laborer, overseer of the poor, painter, had been a schoolmaster, was twice a widower, was raised a Quaker, and the last time I saw him he was a preacher—had married a third wife, and was an auctioneer, and what more I know not."

MYSTERY OF THE AMERICAN LAKES.—Lake Erie is only 60 or 70 feet deep, but the bottom of Lake Ontario, which is 452 feet deep, is 230 feet below the tide level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and the bottoms of Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior—although their surface is so much higher—are all, from their vast depth, on a level with the bottom of Lake Ontario.—Now, as the discharge through the river Detroit, after allowing for the full probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper great lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior to Lake Huron, and from Huron to Lake Ontario.—This conjecture is by no means improbable, and accounts for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but in no others. As the Falls of Niagra must have always existed, it would puzzle the naturalists to say how these fish got into the upper lakes without some such subterranean river: moreover, any periodical obstructions of this river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes.

The Newspaper.

In no other way can so much, so varied, so useful information be imparted, and under circumstances so favorable for educating the child's mind, as through a judicious, well conducted newspaper.

To live in a village, was once, to be shut up and contracted. But now a man can be a hermit and yet a cosmopolite. He may live in the forest, walking miles to a post office, having a mail but once a week, and yet he shall be found as familiar with the living world as the busiest actor in it! For, the newspaper is a spy-glass by which he brings near the distant things; a microscope by which he leisurely examines the most minute; an ear trumpet by which he collects and brings within his hearing all that is said and done all over the earth!—a museum full of curiosities; a picture gallery full of living pictures from real life, drawn not on canvass, but with printer's ink on paper.

The effect in liberalizing and enlarging the mind of the young, of this weekly commerce with the world, will be apparent to any one who will ponder over it. Once, a liberal education could only be completed by foreign travel. The sons only of the wealthy could indulge in this costly benefit. But now, the poor man's son can learn as much at home, as, a hundred year ago, a gentleman could learn by journeying the world over! For, while there are some advantages in going out into the world, it is the poor man's privilege to have the world come to see *him*. The newspaper is a great Collector, a great Traveller, and a great Lecturer. It is the common people's Encyclopedia—the Lyceum, the College!

An Illinois Marriage Crtificate.

Examining a land title the other day, which involved a question of legitimacy, I stumbled upon the following marriage certificate, which is decidedly too good to be lost, and is literally *bona fide*. The marriage, of which this is the only legal evidence, took place in the Coperas precinct, in this county, in the infancy of the county, or rather in primitive times, and the magistrate ought to be immortalized. Whether he ever got his commission or not. The ertificate is in the following words:

STATE OF ILLINOIS, }
Peoria County, ss. }

TO ALL THE WORLD GREETING: Know ye that John Smith and Peggy Myers is hereby *certified to go* together and do as old folks does, anywhere inside of Coperas precinct, and when my commission comes I am to marry 'em good, and date 'em back to *kiver accident*.

O——M——R——,
[ss] Justice Peace.

THE RAT.

No other animal is placed in circumstances which tend so continually to sharpen its wit as the rat; nor does any other appear to be of a more improved nature. He is of a most intelligent family, being related to the beaver. And in civilized countries he is not a wild creature; for he follows the progress of civilization and adapts his own habits of life to it, so as to avail himself of its benefits.

Whereseever man goes rat follows, or accompanies him. He enters upon your house as a tenant at will, (his own not yours,) works for himself a covered way in your walls, ascends by it from one story to another, and leaving you the larger appartments, takes possession of the space between floor and ceiling as an entresol for himself.

There he has parties, and his revels and his gallopades, (merry ones they are,) when you would be asleep, were it not for the spirit with which the rascals exhort you to be more fortunate than most of your neighbors, if he does not prepare for himself a mausolem behind your chimney piece or under your hearth stone; retire into it when he is about to die, and very soon afford you full proof that though he may have lived like a hermit, his relics are not in their odor of sanctity.

You have then the additional comfort of knowing that the spot so appropraited will henceforth be used as a common cemetry or a family vault. In this respect, as in many others, nearer approaches are made to us by interior creatures than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

The adventurous merchant ships a cargo for some distant port, rat goes with it. Great Britain, plants a colony in Botany Bay, Van Dieman's Land, or to the Swan river, rat takes the opportunity of colonizing also. Ships are sent upon a voyage of discovery, rat embarks as a volunteer. He doubled the stormy cape of Diaz; arrived at Malabar in the European vessel with Gama; discovered the new world with Columbus, and took possession of it at the same time, and circumnavigated the globe with Magellen, and with Drake, and with Cook.—*Southey's Doctor.*

A TIGER STORY.—The following remarkable escape has been mentioned in private letters by the last mail from India:—Two young officers, Lieut. Hugh Elliot, of the Bombay Cavalry, son of Capt. Charles Elliot, Governor of Bermuda, and Lieut. Rice, of the 25th, were out shooting, when they fell in with a tigress and two cubs. One cub was immediately killed, and the tigress wounded. They tracked her for half an hour into the jungle, when she suddenly sprang out, knocked over Mr. Elliot before he had time to cock his gun, and seizing him by the left arm, dragged him away. Mr. Rice had already discharged one gun when they attacked the tigress. He quickly got his second gun, but, from the extreme difficulty of firing without killing his friend, could only aim at the body of the tigress, and though he wounded her again, did not wound her mortally.—With admirable resolution, he then seized a third gun, and, watching his opportunity till he could see Elliot's head apart from that of the tigress, shot her through the head, with his friend in her mouth. The officers were thirty miles from camp, and did not reach it for twenty hours. Mr. Elliot's arm is badly wounded by the bite, as well as by the stones and rocks over which he was dragged, but no fear is entertained of his life or his limb.—*London Paper.*

THE MORMONS.—The files of the Desert News to May 1, have been received, furnishing six weeks later intelligence:

A new tabernacle has been completed at the Great Salt Lake City, 126 feet in length, 64 in breadth, and capable of seating 2,200 people. It was dedicated on the 6th April, and at the same time was convened 'The General Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.' By the unanimous vote of the Conference, Brigham Young was sustained as the President, Prophet, Seer and Revelator of the Church, in all the earth, and Heber C. Kimball and William Richards, as his Counsellors. The report of the Financial Committee showed that there had been received, from the commencement of the tithing, Nov. 6, $390,250 81, and there had been expended $353,765 69, while the Church had on hand, in grain, vegetables, lumber, cut stone, horses, mules, printing press, &c., $74,595 12.

Missionaries were delegated to go to Italy, Calcutta and other parts of the world. Good reports were made of the prosperity of their cause in France, England, Switzerland, Denmark and Germany, and all places around, where their doctrines had been preached. But great opposition in some places, proves, they say, that Satin is not yet bound. The book of Mormon has been translated into Welch, French, Danish, and probably before this into German, Swiss and Italian.

SOMEBODY says that he is a brave man who is not afraid to wear old clothes until he is able to pay for new ones.

COLLIOQUY.—'Now, while I think on it, I didn't steal them hoggs at all,' said Jommy Twitcher, who had been caught in the act of stealing eggs.

'Didn't steal 'em?' ejaculated the thief taker.

'No, I didn't steal 'em.'

'Why I saw you with my own eyes, and can bring half a dozen witnesses who will swear they saw you steal 'em.'

'Well, I can bring two dozen witnesses that *didn't see me steal 'em.*'

THE STORM OF LIFE.

Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat, at first, glides swiftly down the narrow channel through the playful murmurings of the little brook and winding along its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads and the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries us on; and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth and manhood is along a wilder and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry, passing before us we are excited by short lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by some short lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are left behind us; may be ship wrecked, but cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened but cannot be delayed: whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home—the roaring of the waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes, the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants; and of our future voyage, there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal.—*Bishop Hebe.*

A Word to Mothers on Baby Talk.

It is a fact, which must have been noticed, that every child has a foolish and babish dialect till it is six or seven years old. Almost every word it utters, is spoken in a lisping or an affecting manner. This is not the proper way of talking, and there must be some universal use, or else the effected would not be so universal. The cause, it appears to me is very obvious. Almost every mother instructs her infant to speak baby talk, as she saying is. When a baby first begins to lisp 'pa and ma' instead of endeavoring to instruct it pure English, the parents think it necessary to simplify the language by speaking it in a snappy manner. 'Itle ony tony,' 'Kitty dear,' 'walk along,' 'kisser mama,' 'stand a-stait,' &c.—Every mother knows a thousand and one of these baby expressions. Now, as a mother, I protest against this practice. It is all nonsense to teach children bad habits merely to have them corrected by school teachers when they arrive at a more mature age. Will parents think of this, and teach their children pure English at first.—*A Mother.*

AVALANCHE AT STILLWATER, MINNESOTA.—In the rear of the beautiful village of Stillwater, which nestles under the hill sides at the head of Lake St Croix, in our teritory, is a lake of considerable extent high upon the bluff. This lake has its outlet through the village, into Lake St. Croix, down through a ravine or gorge in the hills, which are composed of sand and gravel; and the little stream running from it is carried high up, across the village, in a trough, and propels a large overshot wheel that drives the machinery of McKusick's saw mill, in the village, on the lake shore. The recent heavy rains raised the waters of the lake back of the town very much, and saturated the hills with water, and sent through the ravine a mighty volume. Early on the morning of May 29th, the villagers were awakened by a loud rushing noise, and looking out, saw an immense river of melted earth slowly coming down through the ravine—spreading wider its current, as it emerged from the hills, burying one or two stables, nearly, crossing the street and filling McKusick's mill half full of deposites—moving onward into Lake St. Croix and depositing there some eight or ten acres of new terra firma, in the lake, and making not only a permanent addition of much land to the town, but also a new embankment. In one of the barns which was overflowed, there were two horses which, to save their lives, had struggled and scrambled up to keep out of the water running into their stable, and saved their lives only by hanging upon the manger with their forelegs. Some cows in a stable were saved with much difficulty. Half a dozen horses were buried.—*Minesota paper.*

FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN VENICE.—The following extract from Mr. Weed's letter from Italy, describes a curious custom. He says:

At 2 o'clock we returned to the Square to witness the novel and interesting ceremony of "Feeding Pigeons." Hundreds of people had collected with the same object. The pigeons, or doves, were coming in from different directions and lighting about the windows and cornices of a marble palace, where they sat quite gravely till the first sound of the clock of San Marco, striking the hour of two was heard, when the whole flock simultaneously settled down upon the pavement, under the windows from which the seed was thrown, and from which they have been fed, at the same moment every day, from a period so remote that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

To day we went again to the same place. The pigeons began to collect a quarter before two, evidently as intent upon their dinners as the same number of children, or "children of a larger growth" would have been. Other bells sounded a few minutes before, but not a dove moved until the hammer was heard on the clock of San Marco, when instantly every wing spread, and the flock again settled to the pavement. While busily picking up their food, a dog gamboled round amongst them, and children walked in the ring, without disturbing them at all.

Some say that the Government provides the food for the doves. Others say that a lady, centuries ago, provided in her will for the feeding of the pigeons; but none know when or why the practice originated.

TRAGEDIES IN MISSISSIPPI.—A rencontre recently took place at Fayetteville, Miss., between M. D. Hoodenpile and Dr. Abernathy, which resulted in the former being shot dead. A few days ago, in Clarke county, Miss., Robert Harrison assaulted the wife and son of his neighbor, Geo. W. Gilbert, and on the latter going to their relief, Harrison, it is said, shot him down, and then made his escape.

CAMP MEETING ANECDOTE.—At a camp meeting, a number of ladies continued standing on the benches, notwithstanding frequent hints from the minister to sit down. A reverend old gentleman, noted for his good humor, arose and said:

'I think if those ladies standing on the benches know they had holes in their stockings, they would sit down.'

This address had the desired effect—there was an immediate sinking into the seat. A young minister standing behind him, and blushing to the temples, said—

'O brother, how could you say that?'

'Say that?' said the old gentleman, 'It's a fact—If they hadn't holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they could get them on.'

NOT EXACTLY RIGHT.—An honest man in Maine, dying intestate, left two infant sons to the care of his brother, and wanted to know of him if he would be his executor. The latter applied to a man of moderate abilities for advice, who advised him to consult a civilian. He did so; and the following conversation took place:

'Pray, sir, are you a civil villain?'

'Do you intend to insult me, sir?'

'It is for that purpose I came here. My brother died detested, and left two infidel children, and I want to know if I can be their executioner.'

☞ "*Billy, my boy, can't you eat a little more?*"—"Well I don't know but I could, mother, if I stood up."

LARGE CONTRACT.—Four gentlemen, residents of Springfield, Massachusetts, have agreed to build the Terre Haute and Alton (Ill.) railroad. This road extends 175 miles, entirely across the Southern part of Illinois. These gentlemen have contracted to build the road, furnish the iron, build the depot, cars, locomotives, &c., putting the entire road in running order within three years, for the round sum of three million of dollars. The route is comparatively an easy one, and it is believed that the road will be completed within two years.