American Volunteer.

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

VOL. 39. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1852. NO. 6.

Poetical.

THE NEW MOON.---A Good Omen.

Oh, I've seen the fair new moon, mother,
Her crescent crowns the night;
And from its silver horns, mother,
Streams forth a gentle light;
Oh, fair its beam,
On wood and stream,
Putting all gloom to light;
And I saw her over my right, mother,
I saw her over my right.

On the bridge by the maple path, mother,
I stood and looked below,
And the rippling waves in the light, mother,
Shone bright with its silvery glow;
The song of a bird,
The calm air stirred,
Of the tranquil summer night;
And the moon shone over my right, mother,
And the moon shone over my right.

And I thought of the land of the blest, mother,
Where the holy spirits dwell,
And their smiles seemed wove with the light, mother,
Of the moonbeams where they fell;
And my spirit turned
Where the fair stars burned,
With a new and supreme delight,
As the moon shone over my right, mother,
As the moon shone over my right.

And then I wished my wish, mother,
Beneath the moons fair beams;
Strange, strange, that thoughts of earth, mother,
Should mix with our heavenly dreams!
I'm not to blame,
I could but name
My love in my prayer to-night,
When the moon shone over my right, mother,
When the moon shone over my right.

I heard a sigh by my side, mother,
As I gazed on the wave below,
And my heart beat strangely fast, mother
But not with fear—ah, no!
I forgot to say
John came that way,
By chance, though, doubtless quite;
And the moon shone over our right, mother,
And the moon shone over our right.

Miscellaneous.

ROSANNA, THE UGLY ONE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"But look, then," said Mrs. Moore to her husband, "how ugly that little one is; is she not, William?"

And Mr. Moore who was sitting in a rocking chair, amusing himself with poking the fire, laid down the tongs he held, and gravely answered his wife:

"But my dear, you have already said so one hundred times, and were you to say it one hundred times more, Rose would not become less ugly for saying so."

Rosanna was a little girl of about fourteen. She was their child, and to do her mother justice, was really very ugly—nay, almost revolting, with her little grey eyes, flat nose, large mouth, thick protruding lips, red hair, and above all, a form remarkably awry.

Rose was then very ugly, but she was a sweet girl, nevertheless. Kind and intelligent, she possessed a mind of the highest order. Nature seemed to have compensated her with every good quality of the heart for the want of every beauty of person.

The poor little thing was profoundly hurt, as she listened to her mother's observation, "O, you little fright, you will never get a husband.

Eight o'clock struck; Mrs. Moore was sorely vexed.

"Go to bed, Rosanna."

Tremblingly the little girl approached her mother, to give her the kiss of good night.

"Tis useless, you little monster," said her mother.

A tear rolled from the little one's eye. She hastily wiped it away, and turning to her father, presented him the yet humid cheek.

He kissed her tenderly.

"I am not altogether miserable," she murmured, leaving the room.

Retired to her chamber she commenced embroidering a scarf, and worked thus part of the night, for she desired to be able to present it to her mother when she rose in the morning. The clock struck twelve. She had just finished, and putting it by, the little girl calmly resigned herself to rest. Her repose was undisturbed.

On the morrow Rose presented the scarf to her mother. What was the pain the little one experienced, when her mother received it coldly, and expressed none of those tender sentiments which were to have been the sweet little one's reward.

Her eyes by chance, glanced over a neighboring mirror.

"Yes," she said, internally, "I am ugly—they are right," and she sought in her young head to find a remedy for ugliness.

And then in the world—new pangs wounded the little's one's heart. A first impression alienated all the young girls of her own age—but then she was so good, so amiable, so amusing, that they approached, then listened, then loved her. Now indeed, our little one was happy.

One day Mr. Moore went home in a violent passion, and became in consequence of some trifling provocation highly incensed against his wife. Their domestic felicity was troubled for eight long days—for eight long days Mrs. Moore was continually crying. Rosanna in vain racked her young brains to discover why, but her father still continued angry and her mother still continued weeping.

At last she reflected in her mind how to reconcile the parties.

They were all three seated in the parlor—Mr. Moore was arranging the fire—when this was concluded, he threw the tongs from him, snatched a book from the mantel, and opened it abruptly; but after a moment's perusal, he closed it again, in a violent humor, cast a fierce glance at his trembling wife, and hurriedly rose from his chair.

Rosanna, deeply moved, clasped her arms about his neck, as he was about to rise, and affectionately caressed him. He could not reject her innocent coaxing, and the little girl thinking she had succeeded in touching his heart, took in her hands the moistened handkerchief wherewith her mother had been drying her weeping eyes, and dried them a second time therewith; she then tenderly embraced her mother, who returned her affectionate caress with all a mother's fondness.

The parties being now favorably disposed, naught remained but to establish the peace. This was no easy matter—neither would make the first overture—and without the penetration of little Rose, the reconciliation would not then have taken place.

She took her father's hand between her own little hands and pressed it to her bosom; she then took her mother's hand, and joined it into her father's as it lay near her heart. Human pride could resist no longer—the alternated parents rose at the same moment and cordially embraced each other.

From that hour Rose was the idol of them both.

Six years after this, Rosanna, the ugly Rosanna, was the ornament of every society to which her mother presented her. Amiable, witty, and observing, her conversation was universally courted.

One summer evening, the sun which during the day, had shed over nature an intense heat, had just disappeared, leaving the horizon covered with long white bands of red—clouds more and more dark were heaping themselves on the eastern sky—the atmosphere was suffocating, and one would deem the earth was returning to sun the heat she had been receiving from the latter during the day. All was heavy and weary—the air inhaled seemed rather to suffocate than to nourish. A drowsy languor overcame every one.

In a saloon whose every window was thrown open, might be seen gliding here and there in the darkened light, groups of young females, whose white dresses, slightly agitated by the rising breeze of the evening, offered something mysterious and poetical, whereon the imagination loved to dwell. A low languishing whisper was then heard, like the soothing murmur of some distant rivulet. A young woman, seated before a piano was expressing her heart's sentiments by an extempore melody, now smooth and tender, now deep and trembling.

No more whispering, but a general silence took place, for here was an enchanting symphony, a beautiful song.

Lord Underwood, a fine blue eyed young nobleman, was deeply touched by the melody. He listened to the rich voice, so softly harmonizing with the sweet tones of the instrument and felt an indescribable sensation thrill through his frame.

The music ceased, but the sweet voice still vibrated on Underwood's ear, and there was a charm in the witty and original trifle to which he listened that transfixed him where he stood.

"How beautiful must that young girl be," thought Underwood. "Happy the man on whom may fall her choice," and he involuntarily sighed.

Lights were brought in. The young woman was the ugly Rosanna.

Lord Underwood was stupified—he closed his eyes but the charm of that voice haunted his memory. He gazed on her a second time, and found her less ugly, and Rose was indeed less ugly.—The beauties of her mind seemed transferred to her person, and her grey eyes, small as they were, expressed wonderfully well, her internal sensations.

Lord Underwood wedded Rosanna, and became the happiest of men in possession of the kindest and most loving of women.

Beauty deserts us, virtue and talents, the faithful companions of our lives, accompany us to the grave.

"TWILIGHT."

If there is an hour of all others, that sheds a peculiarly soothing, and tranquilizing influence over the spirits and feelings of man, it is the soft and beautiful, the mystic hour of twilight. When all nature seems lulling to a sweet and gentle repose, and an almost imperceptible calmness gradually steals thro' the human breast, displacing, at least for the time, the tumultuous and conflicting passions that have agitated it, during the more active pursuits, and noisy scenes of day. It is the hour, which of all others, is most calculated to awaken the refinement and sensibility of our nature, to purify and exalt the feelings—and to gently lead the current of our thoughts to a communion with the great source of our being, and the munificent designer of all the wondrous works of creation with which we are surrounded. If there be sentiment in the soul, this hour must bring it forth—if there be slumbering gratitude within the recesses of the heart, it will be awakened. If there be music within the breast the sweet harmony of this guileless hour must strike upon its sympathetic chords, and produce emotions of the most delicate and enchanting pleasures: not feelings that will burst forth in loud and rapturous expression, but those of a gentle, pure and serene character. Who can look upon the delicate plants and flowers gratefully bowing beneath the soft, refreshing dews of evening, and indulge the senses in the sweet perfume with which they fill the balmy air? Who can listen to the plaintive and melancholy notes of the whippor will, and watch the feathered tribe as they are flocking one by one into the sheltering trees? Who can look upon the calm face of all smiling nature as the mantle of night is slowly and silently spreading around its ample folds—

And evenings' shades are covering
The darkling forests of the verdant plains—

without being impressed with the peace, the solemnity, the holiness that rests over this brief and beautiful hour of life. It is strange that the heart will then feel softened, and the mind call up a thousand tender recollections of by gone years, of the joys, the sorrows, hopes and fears of early youth, and that it will often dwell with a sad pleasure upon the memory of some long departed friend, some dear and cherished relative; a brother, or sister, perhaps a devoted parent, between whom and thee the wide ocean of past years now forever rolls. Yet in this mystic hour it would seem almost possible, that the bright spirit of another world should hover round and mingle with thine own; that they should be allowed to hold a short and sweet communion with thee in that blest interval of time, when earth should seem to borrow for awhile the peace, the love, the happiness of Heaven.

TALK FOR BUNKUM.—The small, ambitious orators of Congress, who *talk* for Bunkum, instead of *acting* for the country, and who parry and postpone business by the 'much speaking,' are requested to sing the following lines, to the good old Scottish air of "Green grow the Rushes O!" Each member must suppose the reference to be to some brother member:

"There's not but talk on every han,"
On every day that passes, oh!
'Tis wonderful how member can
Behave so much like Asses, oh!
Loud bray the Asses, oh!
Loud bray the Asses, oh!
While business waites amid debates,
And so the session passes, oh!

"All this delay from day to day,
Arrears of work amasses, oh!
By sum on sum, till August's come,
When members droop like Asses, oh!
Loud bray the Asses, oh!
Loud bray the Asses, oh!
While business waits amid debates,
And so the session passes, oh!

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.—An Englisman perusing an American newspaper, exclaimed impatiently, on noticing some of Webster's Orthographical improvements—"These people ought to be denied the use of the English language, if they cannot treat it better." "*English* language?" echoed a Yankee, without removing the cigar from between his teeth, "guess you'er mistaken, hoss; it's the American language." "American?" repeated the wondering Englishman. "Guess it's that," said Jonathan coolly, "we've annexed it!"—*Hartford Times.*

DEGREES OF DRUNKENNESS.—If Prince Albert were drunk he would be called elated; if Lord Tristam were drunk he would be called elevated; if Mr. Plum, the rich merchant, were drunk, he would be called inebriated; but if a workman be in liquor, it would be said that the nasty beast was as drunk as a pig.—*Punch.*

VERY PARTICULAR.—The Cincinnati Commercial speaks of a gentleman residing in that county, who is so particular about the observation of the Lord's day, that he has two handles to his pump, one of which he uses on the Sabbath, and the other the remainder of the week.

WHAT THEY THINK OF US.—The Diario of Rio Janeiro, of March 13th, the official paper, describes the people of the United States as "a set of bankrupts—a nation of savages." They should send us missionaries!

It is a fact that the "Army worm" made dreadful havoc at Baltimore. Whigs do you take?

The story of a man who had a nose so large that he could not blow it without the use of gunpowder, has turned out to be a hoax.

Mind what You Say.

It is always well to avoid saying every thing that is improper. But it is especially so before children. And here parents, as well as others, are often in fault. Children may have as many ears as grown persons, and they are generally more attentive to what is said before them. What they hear they are very apt to repeat, and as they have no discretion and knowledge of the world enough to disguise anything, it is generally found that children and fools speak the truth. See that little boy's eyes glisten while you are speaking of a neighbor, in language you would not wish to have repeated. He does not fully understand what you mean, but he will remember every word; and it would be strange if he does not cause you to blush by its repetition.

A gentleman was in the habit of calling at a neighbor's house, and the lady had always expressed to him great pleasure for his calls. One day, just as she had expressed to him, as usual, her happiness from his visits, her little boy entered the room. The gentleman took him on his knee, and asked,

'Are you not glad to see me, George?'

'No sir,' replied the boy.

'Why not, my little man,' he continued.

'Because mother don't want you to come,' said George.

'Indeed? how do you know that, George?'

Here the mother was crimsoned, and looked daggers at her little son. But he saw nothing, and therefore replied,

'Because she said yesterday, that she wished that old bore would not call here again.'

That was enough. The gentleman's hat was soon in requisition, and he left, with the impression that 'great is truth, and will prevail.'

Another little child, looking sharply in the face of a visitor, and being asked what she meant by it, replied —

'I want to see whether you had a drop in your eye; I heard mother say you had frequently.'

A boy once asked one of his father's guests, who lived next door to him; and when he heard his name he asked if he was not a fool.

'No my little friend,' replied the guest, 'he is not a fool, but a very sensible man. But why did you ask that question?'

'Because,' replied the boy, 'mother said the other day, you were next door to a fool, and I wanted to know who lived next door to you.'—*Boston Olive Branch.*

Robert Burns.

The great poet of Scotland, was fond of his ale and pot house companions. Once while surrounded by his cronies, a country poet, a blustering fellow, came in and wagered with Burns, that he, Andrew Horner, could beat Burns all to pieces in ready, off hand poetry. Burns took Horner up, and at it Horner went.

"In seventeen hunder thretty-nine,"——

and he paused. He then said—"Ye see I was born in 1739, so that I make the commencement." He then took pen in hand, folded his paper with a conscious air of authorship, squared himself to the table and slowly put down in good round hand—

"In seventeen hunder thretty-nine,"——

but beyond this, after repeated attempts, he stuck. The second line was the Rubicon he could not pass. At last, when Horner reluctantly admitted that he was not quite in the vein, the pen, ink and paper were handed to Burns. By him they were rejected, for he instantly gave the following *viva voce:*

"In seventeen hunder thretty-nine,
The devil got stuff to make a swine,
And put it in a corner.
But shortly changed his plan,
Made something like a man,
And called it Andrew Horner!"

Black Eyed Susan.

Gay wrote this well known ballad on Mrs. Montford, a celebrated actress, contemporary with Cibber. After her retirement from the stage, love and ingratitude of a bosom friend deprived her of her senses, and she was placed in a receptacle for lunatics.—One day, during a lucid interval, she asked her attendant what play was to be performed that evening? and was told it was Hamlet. In this tragedy, whilst on the stage, she had ever been received with rapture in Ophelia. The recollection struck her, and with that cunningness which is so often allied to insanity, she eluded the care of her keepers, and got to the theatre, until the the scene in which Ophelia enters in her insane state, she then rushed on the stage before the lady who performed the previous part of the character could come on; and exhibited a more perfect representation of madness than the utmost exertions of mimic art could effect. She was, in truth Ophelia herself, to the amazement of the performers, and the astonishment of the audience. Nature having made his last effort, her vital powers failed. On her coming off she exclaimed—"It all over!" She was immediately conveyed back to her late place of security, and, in a few days after,

"Like a lily drooping
Bowed her head and died."

Richter's Death.

He died in the year 1823, at sixty years of age. On the noon of the 14th of November, he said, thinking it was night: "It is now *time to go to rest.*" He was wheeled into his sleeping apartment, and all was arranged as if for repose. His wife Caroline, brought him a wreath of flowers which a lady had sent, and as he touched them, for he could now neither see nor smell them, he said, repeatedly.—"My beautiful flowers, my lovely flowers." He soon sank into a tranquil sleep, which was to be to him the repose of death. His respiration gradually became less regular, but his features calmer and more heavenly. The family were ranged round the bed when the physician entered. Soon a slight convulsion passed over the face, and the physician said "That is death." The spirit had departed! All sank, praying, on their knees. Richter was buried by torchlight: the unfinished manuscript of *Selina* was borne on his coffin, and Klopstock's noble ode, "Thou shalt arise my Soul," was sung over his remains at the burial vault.

CATS WITHOUT TAILS.—A correspondent of the London Literary World, who signed himself Homo non caudatus, commences a learned dissertation with the following paragraph:

'You will concede, doubtless, Mr. Editor, the general proposition that birds have wings, cats have tails and men have no tails; but you are not, perhaps, aware, Mr. Editor, that there are birds without wings, cats without tails, and you will perhaps grant that it is not a very illogical inference that there may be men with tails. There is a variety of cats peculiar to the Isle of Man, well known to naturalists that have no tails. A friend of mine, a distinguished naturalist, had such a cat, which died, I believe of a surfeit; and he has now the skeleton in his museum, and it has no more tail than I suppose you have, Mr. Editor.'

☞ Elder Knapp, while preaching recently in Rockford, Illinois, observed many of his congregation sleeping. He stopped in his sermon and requested the deacons to pass the contribution boxes, saying that he learned the society had not yet raised enough to pay for the new bell, adding there were some there whom he knew would like to pay for their lodging; the usual price was twenty five cents.—About forty dollars was raised. He then finished his sermon.

NEWS BOY WIT.—A gentleman crossing one of the New York ferries was accosted by one of those peripatetic venders of cheap literature and weekly newspapers, who are to be found in shoals about all our public places, with "Buy Bulwer's last work, sir? Only two shillin." The gentleman, willing to have a laugh with the urchin, said, "Why I am Bulwer myself." Off went the lad, and whispered to another, at a little distance, exciting his wonderment at the information he had to impart. Eyeing the pretended author of Pelham with a kind of awe, he approached him timidly, and, holding out a pamphlet, said, modestly, "Buy the Women of England, sir? You are not Mrs. Ellis, are you?" Of course the proposed sale was effected.

LAKE SUPERIOR—CLIMATE—PLACE FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

Dr. T. T. Mann, writing from Sault St. Marie Lake Superior, June 10th, says that that locality is found to be, and is, if his statements are correct, the place for all consumptive patients to go, if they would ever regain their health. He says he left Philadelphia climate, "where consumption rides on every blast, and Rheumatism on every cloud," last summer an invalid, and already feels that he is cured. The writer continues:

On arriving upon the south shore of the lake, I found persons settling themselves in good quarters—casting anchor in a harbor of safety for the winter, with buoyant hopes and sanguine feelings that the nights of hectic, of coughing, of sweats and sleeplessness, were left behind. Here they were transported from a humid atmosphere to a region where rains had ceased to fall, nor would the atmosphere be dampened for six months; the weather fine, neither cold nor warm. The country is beautiful—beautiful in its rugged wildness, in the variety of its scenery, and its elegance of land and sea is enlivened by the purity and elasticity of the atmosphere and beauty of the heavens. The sky has that delicious blue for which the sky of Italy is renowned; the sun shines with a splendor many times for weeks together unobscured by any cloud or vapor, while the star and moonlight nights are glorious, veiled in a deep poetic romantic glory. The elasticity and purity of the atmosphere, this real panacea for lung disease, frame and weakened constitution, pours in a new tide of animal spirits, brings in full play and action all the sleeping and sluggish functions of organic life, arrests the onward course of morbific action, and, in more instances than one to my absolute and positive knowledge, has stayed the career of a rapidly advancing tubucular consumption; has placed the patient beyond the reach of danger, and swept from him all his harrassing and threatening symptoms.

I was surprised to find here persons as meagre as famished Arabs, far advanced in tubucular diseases; others as sallow as smoked salmon, groaning under a load of nervous torments; dyspeptics, as restless and woe-begone as old hypochondriacs. This would seem no place, according to our hot house notions of medical hygiene, for such invalids; yet every man has reason to feel much encouraged. Important recoveries had taken place—recoveries from diseases assuredly fatal, absolutely phenomena in the history of medicine, many of which I could cite, the relation of which would carry astonishment to the reader. I this morning conversed with a distinguished military officer, who has a story almost on a par with the cases alluded to, of how badly he suffered in the east from pectoral complaints; that the regimental surgeon pronounced his left lung diseased; of constant cough, dropsical swellings, &c.; and of their speedy disappearance upon his being transferred to Fort Brady.

I am prompted to give these facts, knowing that in the profession, there is an increasing disposition to advise tubercular persons to abandon the sultry, onerant exhilirating atmosphere of the north. It was not until the shores of the miasmatic South had been well whitened with the bones of consumptives, that attention was directed to the North, and now that the proper channel is struck, every one should aid the profession with his intelligence.

The rains cease to fall about the last of November, nor do they return till near the middle of May.—Snow falls in abundance, ice forms, but the barometrical changes are but slight. Spring opens suddenly, the snow disappears rapidly, and when the ground dries, it is but seldom disturbed. Since last November I can recollect but five rainy days. The spring weather is warm but not sultry; nothing to engender lassitude or weariness, but the air etherizes the spirits with a new kind of subtle fluid, the very quintessence of solid vigorous life. I truly believe this is no exaggeration—true, absolutely true.

The access of the Lakes is direct and easy; from Philadelphia about six days travel, in steamers, after quitting the New York and Erie Railroad, of a size and magnificence unsurpassed in the country.—Should the traveler halt, or determine to pass the winter at the Sault, situated at the mouth of Lake Superior, he will be astonished at the size and beauty of the town. Here are large hotels, the Vananden House, with accommodations for fifty—well furnished chambers, private parlor for ladies, richly furnished, with lovely carpets, piano, and indeed all the luxuries of an Eastern hotel. The travelling charge is $1 50 per day, for regular winter boarders, who are on the Lake for health. I understand the charge is $5 per week, including fire, lights, servants, &c.—From the short time I have spent at the Sault, I am convinced no delicate lady, however fastidious, could desire a more complete and delightful home.

In conclusion, I [illegible] what I have written tempt some weary invalids to undertake the experiment of air and exercise cure upon the lake, I firmly believe, that unless the case is really desperate—desperate from organic destruction of vital organs—they will be richly compensated. How many beautiful young ladies, who now topple on the edge of the grave would return after six months' residence in this climate, firm in constitution, and more charming in the beautiful glow of buoyant spirits and invigorated strength. How many noble young men would be rescued for a long career of usefulness and honor. I know I write earnestly, but I write as a man conscious he is in the right—conscious from the medical statistics of the country, and experience.

Betrothal.

This old church form is still preserved in the Protestant church of Schleswig, Holstein. The bridal pair must, previous to the "proclamation"—that is the publishing of bans—meet at the priest's in order to be betrothed. Some priests perform this ceremony in their robes, sometimes even in church, and after the old formulary for betrothal. When an individual desires to contract a marriage, after having promised marriage to another, a certificate is taken out from the priest, who may then delay the marriage until the matter be either settled by a compensation in money, or a commissary, after a tedious process, has taken cognizance thereof and inflicted a fine.

Love-Letters and Nonsense.

A love letter is an heterogeneous compound of lies and nonsense. If you are really in love, you are positively unfit to write; if you are not in love, you will only be puzzling your brain to invent falsehoods, which is ten times worse. Love letters are the silliest of created things, and are only endurable when read aloud in a public court, to afford amusement to a gaping crowd; however they are "useful" sometimes, in an action at law, to secure "damages!" "Black and white" are awkward witnesses, and "aids to assist the memory" anything but pleasant.

He that would pass the latter part of life with honor and decency, must, when he is young, consider that he shall one day be old, and lay up knowledge for his support, when his powers of acting shall forsake him, and remember when he is old that he has once been young, and forbear to animadvert with unnecessary vigor on faults which experience only can correct.

COULDN'T help laughing the other day at an anecdote of a man accustomed to make long prayers, who had persuaded a guest, greatly against his inclination to stay to breakfast. He prayed and prayed till his impatient guest began to think of edging away quietly, and walking off. In attempting it, he waked up the old man's son, who was asleep in his chair.—

'How soon will your father be through?' whispered the guest.

'Has he got to the Jews yet?' asked the boy in reply.

'No,' said the other.

'Wal, then, he ain't half through,' answered the boy.

The guest bolted.

A crust of bread, a pitcher of water, and a thatched roof, and love, there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that make a the home, whether the eye rests upon a potato patch or flower garden. Heart makes home precious, and it is the only thing that can.

The Effects of Virtue.

It is the peculiar effect of virtue to make a man's chief happiness arise from himself and his own conduct. A bad man is wholly the creature of the world. He hangs upon favor, lives by smiles, and is happy or miserable in proportion to his success,—But to a virtuous man success in worldly undertakings is but a secondary object. To discharge his part with integrity and honor, is his chief aim. If he has done properly what was incumbent on him to do, his mind is at rest; to Providence he leaves the event. His witness is heaven, and his record is on high, satisfied with the approbation of God, and the testimony of a good conscience, he enjoys himself, and despises the triumphs of guilt. In proportion as such manly principles rule your heart, you will forbear complaining of its discouragements. It is the imperfection of your virtue which occasions you to weary in well doing. It is because your heart remains divided between God and the world, that you are so often discontented—seeking for happiness from something that is repugnant to your duty. Study to be more consistant in principle, and more uniform in practice, and your peace will be more unbroken.—*Blair.*

Life in Cuba.

Our contiguity to the Queen of the Antilles not only gives us a strong interest in the political fortunes of her people, but in their modes and habitudes of life. An approximating similarity of climate, of the productions of the grove and the garden, and of commercial intercets and sympathies, must eventually, if they have not already, assimilate the social and domestic characteristics of the inhabitants of Mobile and Havana. The denizens of the tropical island, from their longer experience and more imperative necessities, have adopted many peculiarities in the structure of their edifices, the disposition and adornment of their grounds, the arrangements of their streets, and their forms and usages of life, which being well suited to the latitudes where blue eyed summer ever smiles, might be advantageously introduced into our southern cities.

While reflecting upon this subject we have noticed some statements as to the manner in which the Cubans live, which show that their customs and usages are not widely different from those of the old French inhabitants of Mobile in the times of Bienville, or of our Spanish predecessors under Cayetano Perez.—From a letter to a New York paper, treating of the modes of life of the Cubaneros, we condense the following account:

As soon as they rise in the morning they take a cup of coffee, with fruits, oranges, bananas, or other fruit—each person taking it as he rises—no table being spread. At 9 o'clock the breakfast is served up as with us at the North, except that neither tea nor coffee is on the table, their place being supplied with claret wine, which is drank as freely as water. The dinner is the chief meal of the day, and is served up at three or half past three, p. m. The dinner is composed of soups and meats, birds, fowls, fish, as with us at the North, except that their meats are very poor. Butter is rarely seen on the table, and is poor when seen. Cheese is obtained from the North. Vegetables of all kinds are on the table in great perfection—lettuce, cabbage, radishes, onions, beets, tomatoes, &c. The desert consists of the fruits of the island, which are very choice and fine. The drink is a most exclusively claret wine. No other meal is prepared for the day; but a cup of coffee extra is ready for any one who pleases to help himself to it, with crackers, cakes, &c., from 7 to 8, p. m.

It is very clear that the large proportion of fruit and garden vegatables which these enters into the diet of the Cubans must be much more favorable to health, in warm latitudes, than the carnivorous customs of our people. Claret is also a much more beneficial beverage than the more potent and fiery drinks of Holt and Carmalich. We commend the Epictetan habits of Havana to the people of Mobile.—*Mobile paper.*

Anecdotes of Animals.

MICE AND REPTILES.—In an English work, called 'The Life of a Soldier,' we find the following account of battles between mice, scorpions, and centipides, in Barbadoes. The brief narrative is full of interest. In clearing the ground for the camp, we disturbed a variety of noxious reptiles, such as whipsnakes of an extraordinary length, but no thicker than a goose quill; centipedes of a large size, whose backs were plated like a lobster's tail, and scorpions. Having heard that mice were natural enemies to the latter, I procured a few that I might be a witness of their combat. The arena was the space circumscribed by a glass bell; and upon letting a mouse and scorpion loose in it a grand display of maneuvering ensued—the mouse flying to bite off his opponents tail, which terminates in a sting, and the scorpion watching for an opportunity to strike him with it. Should the former succeeds in his object, the latter falls an easy prey; but if stung, the mouse swells and dies in convulsions. However, the mouse is generally the victor. Equal generalship is required in the engagements with the centipide, which defends itself with two small nippers, placed at either side of its mouth, near the poison bags. One of our footmen found a large tarantula on his shoulder one mourning when he awoke, and it suffered itself to be removed without doing him any injury. He brought it to me, as an amateur: and accordingly I placed it under a bell with one of my hardest bitten mice. It immediately reared itself on it hinder part, and extending its long arms, remained motionless in this posture, while the mouse ran round the bell, evidently unwilling to face its new antagonist. This continued a short time; and then, as if under the influence of an irresistable fascination, the mouse jumped suddenly into the arms of the tarantula, which quickly seized him with his two nippers, resembling the claws of a cat, situated at either side of the head, and with such deadly effect, that the little quadraped instantly swelled up and burst. I next let loose two or three mice at a time on the tarantula, but they all shared the same fate.

Art of Swimming.

Men are drowed by raising their arms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have no notion or ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water, he will rise to the surface, and will continue there if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hand under the water, in any way he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow him free liberty to breathe: and if he will use his legs as in the act of walking, (or rather of walking up stairs,) his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use the less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes. Those plain directions are recommended to the recollection of those who have not learned to swim in their youth, as they may be found highly advantageous in preserving life.

LAKE SUPERIOR.—There are few persons in this country, and still fewer in the Old World, who have anything like an adequate conception of the immense extent of this 'big drink,' as they say out west. To the lakes of Europe, it bears the same relation in size, which the Mississippi and Missouri bear to European rivers. The lakes of England, Scotland and Switzerland are mere puddles in comparison with this great leviathan. The length of Lake Superior, says an exchange, is about 500 miles. Its greatest breadth 190. Its circumference is about 1700 miles, or half the distance from New York to Liverpool. Lake Superior is the most western of the great chain of lakes which discharge their waters in the St. Lawrence. Its depth is 900 feet, while its height above the Atlantic is put down at nearly 700 feet. To show still further the magnitude of this glorious lake, we would state that it contains a single island almost as large as Scotland—while it has several as large as the States of Rhode Island and Delaware. Lake Superior is the recipient of some thirty rivers.—*Buffalo Notes.*

Calves' heads and ox tails are, in England, considered as delicacies; and if our butchers would save them for sale, they would be certain never to lose money, as they would then make both ends *meat.*

Perseverance Rewarded.

A young peasant one day on returning to his village from Sion, a heavy fall of snow, about the beginning of October, met him on his toilsome ascent; he reached at length a rock from which he could see his own chalet, but in its stead nothing appeared but a frightful mass of snow heaps, beneath which his house, his wife, and their only child were doubtless engulphed. At first he was overwhelmed with despair, and threw himself on the rocks in a state of stupor; but presently the light of hope broke upon him—he started up, and rushed to the still uninjured cottage of one of his neighbors, whose assistance he entreated; several others joined with them, and together, armed with pick-axes and spades, they set to work with the view of disengaging the devoted from the overwhelming wreck. It required both strength and resolution, and the friends worked till night with ardor. The young man was then left alone; he continued to labor without ceasing, and at day-break his companions returned; the second day ended without result, but despair gave the husband fresh vigor, in spite of his cruel disappointment. A third day he toiled on, and at last, to his unspeakable rapture, he discovered the roof of his dwelling, and through an aperature for the smoke he saw his wife sitting by the light of a lamp watching her infant, who was being at the moment suckled by a goat. His cries of joy were soon responded to, and the story of deliverance was soon told. A large rock behind the chalet had forced the avalanche which had descended to take another direction, and all beneath the roof, to the last of the flock were saved. His resolute perseverance was rewarded, and the pair became the objects of congratulation to the whole district. When one sees the position of these villages, he is not astonished at any of those histories, which, however, have seldom so fortunate an ending as this.—*Sites in the Alps, by Miss Costello.*

Pompeii.

The ancient city of Pompeii is plainly indicated by a ridge or mould extending from the base of Vesuvius to its excavated Amphitheatre, which is situated at its eastern extremity. Not much, if any more than one third of the city has been excavated; and most of this was done by the French, though the work has been progressing moderately under the Neapolitan government. The task is Herculean, for the city lies buried under volcanic earth from ten to twenty feet deep, and as the roofs of the buildings were all crushed, the apartments were of course filled with solid earth.

Volcanic soil is very fertile. The unexcavated portions of Pompeii are highly cultivated. Whatever is planted or sown here produce abundantly. Extensive and beautiful vineyards give us the Lagrime, Christi and Falernian wines, which, though most delicious, are heating and fiery, as may well be inferred from the nature of the soil which produces the grape.

There are about fifty laborers engaged now in excavations. We were allowed to use the pick but not to take away any of the spoils, though like other visitors, we did obtain a few specimens, among which were fragments of stucco and Etruscan ware. Whenever a sovereign visits Naples, the event is signalized by developing, in his presence, the contents of a house, and those are given by the king to his royal guest. Everything valuable found at Pompeii has been carefully preserved here in the Museum, to which as well as to Pompeii, strangers have free admission.

The excavations display streets, institutions, dwellings, shops, &c., in a much more perfect condition than I had supposed. There is neither doubt nor obscurity as to the Pantheon, the Tribunal, the temples of Iris, Bacchus, Jupiter, Hercules, the theatres, the baths, the houses of Diomede, Panza, &c. Not only the walls of these buildings, but their different compartments, within some instances, elaborate fresco paintings are seen. Entire streets have been excavated and renumbered. Wine and oil stores were identified by the jars and other vessels in which these liquids were kept, and which are still in use here. In a large bake-house, the ovens of which are perfect, bread, with the name of the baker stamped on each loaf was found. In Diomede's wine vault, the jars are still standing against the wall, close to which several skeletons were found, one of which was supposed to be either the wife or daughter, from the rich necklace, bracelet, and ear-rings that adorned the person of the sufferer. Near the gates of the city leading to Herculaneum the skeleton of a soldier who perished on duty, with his armor on, and his arms by his side, was found.—The sentry box in which this soldier was found, is perfect.

The Amphitheatre was a noble structure. The seats were of marble. Near the Arena are dens or cells in which the wild beasts with which the Gladiators contended, were caged. In one of these the skeleton of a lion was found. In this Amphitheatre it is said that 20,000 spectators could be seated.

The streets were paved with large stones of irregular shape, but with a flat surface, in which were cavities evidently caused by the wheels of vehicles. The side-walks are raised like ours, and handsomely paved with pebbles, and around temples, &c., with mosaic. In front of the home of the Vestals there is a fine mosaic pavement, with the word "Salve" (welcome) on the sill at the entrance. In one of the largest and most elegant houses were marble dining tables.—*T. Weed.*

A POEM in a Southern paper begins—"I've lived upon thy memory." That is as bad as Jerry Bryant's boarding house food, says the *Carpet Bag*, where they had nothing for dinner, and had it warmed over for supper, and what was left served up next morning for breakfast.

"'Tis strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I've been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I'm a tumbler myself."

A young Irish girl was arrested in New York, for wearing sailor's clothes. She said she wished to go back to Ireland, and intended to ship as a sailor.

MILITARY talent even of the highest order, is far from holding the first place among intellectual endowments. It is one of the lowest forms of genius, for it is not conversant with the highest and richest objects of thought.—*Channing.*

A new kind of tobacco is cultivated in some places in Maryland. It is named Persian Tobacco, is of a beautiful color, and commands a high price.

A large establishment for the manufacture of linen fabrics from imported flax, is now in progress of erection at Fall River, Massachusetts.—"More ruin."

CONGRESSMEN.—The *Lantern* suggests that a tariff be formed of rewards for good behaviour.—Thus, if an honorable member should pass a week without blacking the eye or breaking the head of a fellow honorable, let his salary be immediately increased twenty-five per cent.; if without using the words liar, or thief, fifty per cent.; and if such things should be that he come not into collision (though we have no hope for such a millenium) with any brother member, we say then double it: ay, treble, or quadruple, any price for decency.