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.

ONE UNDIVIDED, FAITHFUL HEART.

One undivided, faithful heart,
One gentle, artless creature,
With truth and virtue for her part,
And gladness in each feature,
Is worth to man far more than gold
Or India's sparkling treasure,
Or all the wealth by nations sold
In ever running measure.

One undivided, trusting heart,
When other friends are flown,
Will joy and gladness free impart,
And whisper "*tis thine own.*"
Whatever may betide thee here,
That faithful heart is thine,
And never shalt thou cherish fear,
But on its love recline.

Away with those who fain would make
A score of hearts their altar,
And when they cannot heal, will break
And cause true love to falter.
Give me the heart that hath that love
Which naught on earth can sever,
Then I no more away will rove,
But cherish it forever.

A LITTLE WORD.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed a heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth,
Full many a budding flower,
Which had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak,
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

Miscellaneous.

THE THREE MAXIMS.

An old soldier, entitled to his discharge from the army, on the score of long service and wounds, being upon the point of quitting his regiment, went to make his adieus to his captain.

'Ah, well, mon brave,' said his officer, 'so you are about to leave us—to exchange the life of a soldier for that of a citizen. Now, as this career will be somewhat novel to you, my esteem and friendship, which you have won by your bravery and good conduct, prompt me to offer you a little advice before parting; and if you will submit to the conditions of that advice, without a present seeking to divine their motive, you will never have cause to regret having followed my counsel.

'What! only three louis d'or, and a few francs to defray the expense of my journey?'

'Very well, give me the three louis d'or, and I will give you three maxims for your guidance.'

'The state of my finances renders that a dear bargain,' said the soldier; 'nevertheless as wisdom is more precious than gold, and in order to prove to you the confidence which I, in common with the rest of my comrades, repose in you, I consent to it.' And the soldier handed the three louis d'or—all his fortune—to the captain.

'Very good,' said the captain; 'now, my friend listen to, recollect, and put in constant practice these three maxims:—Keep the straight road; Never meddle with the affairs of others; and Postpone your anger to the morrow. In the meantime, await me here a few minutes.'

The old soldier remained, pensively leaning upon his musket, and somewhat repentant of his bargain. 'Keep the straight road, never meddle in the affairs of others, and postpone your anger to the morrow;' *very wise*, assuredly, and very well worth three louis d'or, only it is rather unfortunate that the sum should happen to be the whole of my fortune.'

In a few minutes, the captain returned and placed a small loaf of bread in the hands of the soldier, exacting from him the promise that he would not cut until that moment arrived which he should consider the happiest of his life. Then, embracing each other with that sincerity and affection which characterize all true Frenchmen and old companions in arms, they bid each other adieu.

The soldier took up his line of march for home. Having been joined by a companion de voyage, towards the evening of the same day they arrived at a point where the road separated into two branches; the one, wide and apparently easy, turned a little to the right; while the other, narrow and difficult in appearance, was the direct continuation of the grand route. The travellers hesitated for an instant, deliberating which road to follow; when the soldier, recollecting the first parting maxim of his captain, said:

'I keep the straight road.'

'And I,' said the comrade, 'shall choose the easiest.'

But the unfortunate traveller found that this road, so wide and easy at its entrance, terminated in a gloomy forest, the haunt of *wild beasts and lawless* men. He paid the penalty of his unwise choice that night, and on the morrow the soldier learned that *his companion of the preceeding day* had been assassinated.

'Ah, mon cher captaine,' thought he, 'your first maxim, at least, was not a dear one! Truly, wisdom is more precious than fine gold.'

The same day he arrived at the auberge of a small village; and, in conversation with some of the peasants, they advised him to visit in his quality of a soldier, a certain marquis, the proprietor of a neighboring chateau, who made a pleasure of dispensing the most liberal hospitality to all military men who might happen to pass on the road. Following their advice, he was received with courtesy and politeness, assured a hearty welcome, and invited to the table of the nobleman.

But, wonderful to relate, in the midst of the supper, a lady clothed entirely in black, with a low step and *downcast eyes, entered* and took her seat at the table; and this lady, of noble birth and a French woman, drank from a human skull!

The soldier, however, noticed not this circumstance and the conversation proceeded, as usual, without interruption. It was not that he was less curious to discover the meaning of this extraordinary conduct; but the substantial benefit he had derived from following the principle contained in the first maxim, caused him to appreciate the second: Never meddle in the affairs of others.

After supper, when the lady had been somewhat absent, *the marquis addressed himself* to the soldier, and regarding him fixedly, said:

'My friend, you are no ordinary man, for a most remarkable scene has been enacted before your eyes, and yet you have not made the least remark.'

'Monseigneur,' responded the soldier, 'it is one of my principles never to meddle in the business of others.'

'Brave man!' exclaimed the marquis, 'I perceive that I can trust you, and that you are a man of honor and prudence. Follow me, and you will learn the value of your discretion.'

Taking the touch he led the soldier by a winding passage to a subterranean vault. But, oh, horror! the pale and vascillating light of the flambeau was reflected on the sides by ghastly skeletons, which its flickerings seemed to reanimate, and which appeared to menance the two visitors.

'Listen, my friend,' said the nobleman: 'the black lady whom you have seen to night, is the lady of the chateau, condemned to drink at my table, *from* the skull of her lover, whom I have killed. The bones are the bones of travellers who have seen precisely what you have seen, but have not been possessed of your prudence. I have satisfied their curiosity, and their death alone could protect me from the consequences. Your discretion has saved your life. And now, my friend, as a proof of my appreciation of your prudence and good judgement, accept this purse. You are at liberty to remain at the chateau as long as you may choose, or, if you prefer, to continue your journey.'

Conceive, if possible, the emotions of the old soldier. Who would wonder, if he had that night often repeated in his sleep, 'never meddle in the affairs of others.'

The next morning he continued his route, and the remainder of his journey passed without any adventure of interest. He at last arrived in sight of his cottage, where all that was most dear to his heart awaited him—that heart beat quick as he placed his foot upon the threshold. Without announcing himself, he entered; but, alas, what a reception! for behold—oh, fruits of absence, the first object that met his astonished gaze, was a young priest tenderly embracing his wife!

With the decision of an old warrior, he levelled his musket, and in another instant a ball would have forced the breast of the priest; but a thought arrested his hand, penetrating his soul like an electric shot—Postpone your anger to the morrow! and he lowered his musket, and hung his head, overcome with disappointment and despair.

His jealousy, however, was not of long duration; for, behold, upon an explanation this priest was his son! Adopted in his infancy by the good curé of the village, who had directed his studies, he had recently taken holy orders, and preceded but a few moments the arrival of his father.

Thus the old soldier, after a long absence; had at last returned to his family, and had found his son a priest—the ne plus ultra of human perfections in the popular estimation. When had he ever conceived of such happiness as this! It was assuredly the moment to cut the loaf of bread—but hardly had he done so, when a playful kitten, wishing to share in the general joy, sprang towards some brilliant object that rolled from the loaf upon the floor. It was the three louis d'or, which had been placed there by the good captain!

Joe Bangs and His Dog.

The Carpet Bag tells a funny story of Joe Bangs, who did'nt believe in either electricity or magnetism. Telegraphs were to him all nonsense; Dr. Franklin's experiment with a kite was a humbug; and Joe was even heard to hint that the philosophic doctor had been imbibing before he went to try it, and that the consequence was the doctor felt the influence of the fluid that was bottled, instead of that which he wanted to bottle. But Joe was finally cured of his unbelief. A man named Clarke came along through the village, advertising to give persons afflicted with disease magnetic shocks which immediately cure them. And, to give every one a better chance, he had his machine put up in Squire Brown's 'grocery shop,' where Joe was in the habit of going evenings to smoke his pipe and talk over the news. Joe had a dog; snubnosed and short eared cur dog, very snappish and snarely, and of diminutive size. One evening, Joe went into the shop, followed by his dog, and sat down, and his dog lay down by the stove. Presently Dr. Clark dropped in.

He soon began to talk about his machine, and challenged Joe to take some of the fluid. Joe said 'No!' but they might give it to his dog if they wanted to, they asked him if he would hold the dog, 'Yes, he would hold the dog.' So Joe took hold of the dog and the wires were held to his head and tail. The doctor put on a heavy charge and set the machine a going. Suddenly, over went Joe one way, and over went Joe's dog the other way.

He had taken an extra dose, and Joe, with great deal of effort picked up his hat and sloped. He was never afterwards heard to express an opinion on magnetism or electricity.

An Irishman's Mistake.

A correspondent of the Boston Herald tells the following good story.:

A few months ago, as Brother Ingalls, of Swampscott, was travelling through the Western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in this country, who was in quest of a brother that came on before him and settled in some of the diggins in that vicinity.

Pat was a strong, athletic man; a true Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church. It was a pleasant Sabbath morning that Brother Ingalls met Pat, who inquired the road to the nearest church.

Ingalls is a good pious man. He told Pat he was going to church himself, and invited his new made acquaintance to accompany him thither, his place of destination being a small Methodist meeting house near by. There was a great revival there at that time, and one of the deacons (who, by the way, was very small in stature) invited Brother I——— to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation and walked in, followed by Pat who looked in vain for the altar, &c. After he was seated he turned to Brother I———, and in a whisper which could be heard all around, inquired:

'Sure, and isn't this a heretic church?'

'Hush!' said Ingalls, 'if you speak a loud word they will put you out immediately.'

'Divil a word will I speak at all at all,' replied Pat.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the pastor. Pat was eying him very closely; suddenly an old gentleman, who was standing in the pew directly *in front of Pat, shouted 'glory.'* 'His-s-t, ye divil,' rejoined Pat, with his loud whisper, which was heard by the minister, 'be decent, and don't make a blackguard of yerself.'

The parson grew more and more fervent in his devotions. Presently the deacon uttered an audible groan. 'His-s-t, ye blackguard, have ye no decency at all,' said Pat, at the same time giving the deacon a punch in the ribs, which caused him nearly to lose his equilibrium. The minister stopped, and extending his hand in a supplicating manner, said, 'Brethuren, we cannot be disturbed in this way; will some one put that man out?'

'*Yis, your riverence*,' shouted Pat, 'I will,' and suiting the action to the word, he collared the deacon, and to the utter horror and astonishment of the pastor, Brother Ingalls, and the whole congregation, he *dragged* him through the aisle, and with a tremendous kick, *a posteriori*, as the logicians have it, he landed him in the vestibule of the church.

Brother Ingalls mizzled. It is not probable that he has seen the interior of a country church since.

HEALY'S PICTURE OF WEBSTER.—A subscription has been started among the merchants of Boston, to raise funds sufficient to purchase Healy's great picture of 'Webster replying to Hayne.' It is proposed to present the painting to the city of Boston. The proposition is to obtain $200 each, from 20 persons. One gentleman has offered to give $500.

The Census of France of 1851 gives one curious result. The number of women is greater than that of men! The difference is extraordinary, being nearly a million and a half. In Paris the difference is on the other side, there being 25,000 more men than women.

"Go it, Bobtail, he's gaining on you," is now rendered, or ought to be—"Proceed, Robert's extremity, the gentleman in the rear is approximating to an inconvenient vicissitude of the longitudinal appendage which subtends the lower extension of your caudol elongation."

A MATCH.—Here is a match for the Kentuckian who got in a salt bin to keep himself from spoiling, for want of a fight:

There is a man in Vermont who has been for the last twenty-five years engaged in a law suit. At the last session, by some unaccountable mistake of the lawyers in the case, his suit was brought to a close, since which, his health has rapidly declined. He is trying his best to pick another quarrel with somebody, as he finds it impossible to exist long out of his element.

SELLING CHICKENS TO THE LEGISLATURE.

While the Legislature of Missouri was in session, a few years ago, a green fellow from the country came to Jefferson to sell some chickens. He had about two dozen, all of which he had tied by the legs to a string, and this, being divided equally, and thrown across his horse or his shoulder, formed his mode of conveyance, leaving the fowls with their heads hanging down, with little else of them visible except the naked legs, and a promiscuous pile of out-stretched wings and ruffled feathers. After several ineffectual efforts to dispose of his load, a wag, to whom he had made an offer of sale, told him he did not want chickens himself, but that perhaps he could sell them at that large stone house over there, (the capitol,) that there was a man over there buying on speculation for the St. Louis market, and, no doubt, he could find a ready sale.

The delighted countryman started, when his informant stopped him.

"Look here," says he, "when you get over there, go up stairs, and then turn to the left. The man stops in that large room, and is now engaged with a number of fellows buying chickens. If a man at the door should stop you, don't mind him. He has got chickens himself for sale, and tries to prevent other people from selling theirs.

Following the directions, our friend soon found himself at the door of the Hall of Representatives. To open it and enter was the work of a moment. Taking from his shoulder the string of chickens, and giving them a shake, to freshen them, he commenced his journey towards the Speaker's chair, the fowls, in the meantime, loudly expressing, from the half-formed *crow* to the harsh *quaark*, their bodily presence, and their sense of bodily pain.

"I say, sir,"———Here he had advanced about half down the aisle, when he was seized by Major Jackson, the doorkeeper, who happened to be returning from the Clerk's desk.

"What the devil are you doing here with these chickens; get out, get out," whispered the doorkeeper.

"No you don't, though, you can't come that game over me. You've got chickens yourself for sale, get you out yourself, and let me sell mine.—I say, sir, (in a louder tone to the Speaker,) are you buying chickens here to-day? I've got some prime ones here."

And he held up his string and shook his fowls until their music made the walls echo.

"Let me go, sir, (to the doorkeeper,) let me go, I say. Fine large chickens (to the Speaker,) only six bits a dozen."

"Where's the Sergeant-at-Arms?" roared the Speaker—"take that man out."

"Now don't, will you, I ain't hard to trade with. You let me go (to the doorkeeper,) you've sold your chickens, now let me have a chance. I say, sir, (to the Speaker, in a louder tone,) are you buying chickens to———"

"Go ahead," "at him again," "that's right," whispered some of the opposition members, who could command gravity enough to speak, "at him again." "He'll buy them." "He only wants you to take less—at him again."

"I say, sir, (in a louder tone, to the Speaker,) cuss your picture, let me go—fair play—two men to one ain't fair, (to the Speaker, and Sergeant-at-Arms,) let me go; I say, sir, you up there, (to the Speaker,) you can have 'em for six bits—won't take a cent less. Take 'em home and eat 'em myself before I'll take——Drat you hides, don't shove so hard, will you! you'll hurt them chickens, and they have had a travel of it to-day, anyhow. I say, you sir, up there———"

Here the voice was lost by the closing of the door. An adjournment was moved and carried, and the members, almost frantic with mirth, rushed out to find our friend in high altercation with the doorkeeper about the meanness of selling his own chickens, and letting nobody else sell theirs, *adding, "that if he could just see that man up* there by himself he'd be bound they could make a trade, and that no man could afford to raise chickens for less than six bits."

The members bought his fowls by a pony purse, and our friend left the Capitol saying, as he went down the stairs,

"Well, this is the darndest roughest place for selling chickens that ever I came across, sure."—*Spirit of the Times.*

Locking up the Tower of London.

Few persons are aware of the strictness with which the Tower of London is guarded from foes without and treachery within. The ceremony of shutting it up every night continues to be as solemn and as *rigidly* precautionary as if the French invasion was actually afoot. Immediately after "tattoo" all strangers are expelled; and the gates once closed, nothing short of such imperative necessity as fire or sudden illness can procure their being re-opened till the appointed hour next morning.

The ceremony of locking it up is very ancient, curious and stately. A few minutes before the clock strikes the hour of eleven—on Tuesdays, and Fridays twelve—the Head Warden [Yeoman Porter,] clothed in a long red cloak, bearing in his hand a huge bunch of keys, and attended by a brother Warden, carrying a gigantic lantern, appears in front of the main guard house, and calls out in a loud voice, "Escort keys!" At these words the Sergeant of the Guard, with five or six men, turns out and follows him to the "Spur," or outer gate; each sentry challenging as they pass his post "Who goes there?" "Keys." The gates being carefully locked and barred, the Warden wearing as solemn an aspect and making as much noise as possible—the procession returns, the sentries *exacting the same explanation and receiving* the same answer as before. Arrived once more in front of the main-guard house, the sentry gives a loud stamp with his foot, and the following conversation takes place between him and the approaching party:

"Who goes there?"

"Keys."

"Whose keys?"

"Queen Victoria's keys."

"Advance, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well."

The Yeoman Porter then exclaims, "God bless Queen Victoria." The main guard devoutly responds "Amen." The officer on duty gives the word "Present arms!" fire-locks rattle; the officer kisses the hilt of his sword, the escort fall in among their companions, and the Yeoman Porter marches majestically across the parade alone to deposit the keys in the Lieutenant's lodgings.

The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress totally precluded, but even within the walls no one can stir without being furnished with the countersign; and any one who, unhappily forgetful, ventures from his quarters unprovided with this talisman, is to be made a prey to the first sentinel whose post he crosses.

All of which is pleasantly absurd, and reminds us of the stately manner in which the crown was carried about when the White Tower was on fire.

For every month a woman spends in the marriage state between seventeen and twenty-one years of age, a year will be taken from the duration of her beauty and personal attractions.

Of all the impostors and calumniators in the world, we most despise those who entrench themselves behind church pews, and the sanctity of religion.

An Oriental Myth.

An Aracian sage—so says an Oriental myth—wishing to explain that all things are not as they seem, bade his disciples go to a fountain that gushed out of the sands by his tent-side, and dip up a calabash of its water, and told him to sit down and look intently into it, and tell what he saw.

"I see strange things," said the disciple, after he had gazed steadfastly awhile. "I see a caravan just perishing with thirst, and the water is all gone from the bottles of the Arabs, and the camels even are fainting; and I see an old Arab prostrate himself upon the hot sand and curse Allah in his rage of thirst. It is awful to see!"

"Look again," said the sage.

"Now the camels are snuffing a moist wind newly blowing. They revive, and hasten on till they bring the perishing Bedouin to a place of springs and palms, and there they drank and are refreshed, and bless themselves that their good fortune carried them to this fountain of a thousand *years*."

"Look again."

"Ah!" said the disciples. "I see the strangest thing! The palm trees are inverted, and their roots are in heaven, and the stream is pouring out of the hollow of God's hand."

"Yes my son," said the sage—"He saved their lives even while they cursed him. Remember, our trees of blessings are all rooted in heaven, though it seems not so to us; and our rivulets of comfort, though they reach our lips through the golden goblet of one friend, or the poor gourd of another—and we thank these friends as the givers—do they not all flow from the hollow of His hand? *Now, therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name!*"

Quoting Scripture.

A worthy deacon in the good town of F. was remarkable for the facility in which he quoted Scripture on all occasions. The divine word was ever at his tongue's end, and all the trivial as well as important occurrences of life furnished occasions for quoting the language of the Bible. What is better, however, the exemplary man made his quotations the standard of action. One hot day, he was engaged in mowing, with his hired man, who was leading off, the deacon following in his swath, venting his ant quotations, when the man suddenly sprang from his place, leaving the swath just in time to escape a wasp's nest.

"What is the matter?" hurriedly inquired the deacon.

"Wasps!" was the laconic reply.

"Pooh!" said the deacon, "the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as *a lion;" and taking the workman's swath, he moved* but a step when a swarm of brisk insects moved about his ears, and he was forced to retreat, with many a painful sting, and in great discomfiture.

"Aha!" shouted the other, with a chuckle, "the prudent man forseeth the evil, and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished."

The good deacon had found his equal in making application to the sacred writing, and thereafter, was not known to quote Scripture in a mowing field.

Mercantile Questions and Ironical Answers.

Q. What is double entry?
A. Charging the same thing twice.
Q. What is single entry?
A. Charging a man with goods, but not crediting the cash he pays for them.
Q. What is a blotter?
A. An editor.
Q. What is a ledger?
A. A counting house companion, upon which people often spend their entire fortune.
Q. What is a banker?
A. The man that has the deal.
Q. What is the business of a banker?
A. Catching suckers.
Q. What is an inland draft?
A. An easterly wind.
Q. What is a foreign draft?
A. A glass of cogniac.
Q. What is a promissory note?
A. Acceptance of an invitation.
Q. What is a negotiable note?
A. Don't know—never could make one.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—In this great battle the French had 256 guns on the field, and the English 156, and the Prussians 104—making a total of 506. The noise of these pieces exceeded everything of the kind the old soldiers had ever heard, and made the very earth shake for miles around the field. The guide pointed out a spot where, during the heat of the fighting one of the powder tumbrils exploded, threw the artillerymen into the air, and shook the horses to pieces. The echoes of the cannonade of this awful battle are said to have been heard on the southern borders of the British coast. Upwards of 50,000 men fell in the strife; 20,000 on the side of the allies, and 30,000 on the side of the French. The losses of this day put Europe in mourning. England and France wept like mothers together. A victor, who passed over the field the next day, states that as he approached it, the first thing that struck him at a distance, was the quantity of hats and caps strewed over the ground. It appeared as if it had been covered with crows. The field itself seemed flooded with blood. The number of dead horses and men baffled computation. The peasantry employed in burying the dead generally stripped the bodies first, and thereby gained vast booty. The track over which the guard moved, and over which they fled, was still covered with their spoil, and marked by the traces of horses, the wheels of cannon, and the deeper furrows of bombs and shells. A thousand French lay dead on the spot, and the quantity of hostlers, standard holders, bridles, straps and girths denoted a fearful conflict of cavalry. The ground seemed quite cut to pieces with the struggling of horses' feet.

SCENE IN A JUSTICK ROOM.—The Hartford Times vouches for the following story:

'Pat Malone, you are fined five dollars for assault and battery on Mike Sweeny.'

'I've the money in my pocket, and I'll pay the fine if yer honor will give me the receate.'

'We give no receipts here. We just take the money. You will not be called on the second time for your fine.'

'But, yer honor, I'll not be wanting to pay the same without I get a receate.'

'What do you want with it?'

'If yer honor will write one and give it to me, I will tell you.'

'Well, there is your receipt. Now what do you want with it?'

'I'll tell yer honor. You see, I'll be afther dying one of these days, and when I get to the gate of heaven I'll rap, and St. Peter will say, 'Who's there?' and I'll say, 'It's me, Pat Malone,' and he'll say, 'What do you want?' and I'll say, 'I want to come in.' Then he'll say, 'Did you behave yerself like a decent boy in the other world, and pay all your little fines and such things?' and I'll say, 'Yes, your holiness, I paid all of them;' and he'll want to see my receate, and I'll put my hand into my pocket and take my receate and give it to him; and I'll not have to go plodding all over perdition to find yer honor to get one.'

If you see a squall arising in the latitude of your wife, what *course should be pursued* to avoid its consequences? Double her capo with your left arm, and let your lips drop anchor at the cruising ground of "smacks."

THE FOUR MASTER SPIRITS.

Happening to cast my eyes over the portraits in a gallery of paintings, I remarked that they were so arranged as to give four personages—Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Bonaparte—the most conspicuous places. I had seen the same before, but never did a similar train of reflections arise in my bosom, as when my mind hastily glanced over their several histories.

Alexander, having climbed the dizzy heights of ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the *blood* of countless nations, looked upon a conquered world and wept that there was not another to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a disgraceful scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps—and having put to flight the armies of the 'mistress of the world,' and stripped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her very foundation quake—returned to his country to be defamed, to be driven in exile, and to die at last by poison administered by his own hand, unlamented and unwept in a foreign clime.

Cæsar, after having taken eight hundred cities, and *dyed his garments in the blood of his fellow men*—after having pursued to death the only rival on earth—was assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and at the very moment when he had gained the highest point of his ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and prests obeyed, after having filled the earth with terror of his name—after having deluged Europe with tears and blood, and clothed the world in sackcloth—closed his days in lonely banishment, almost exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which would not, nor could not bring him aid.

Thus those four men, who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seem to stand as representatives of all those whom the world calls 'great,' those four who made the earth tremble to its centre—severally died—one by intoxication, the second by suicide, the third by assassination, and the last in lonely exile.

How vain is the greatness of the world? How fearful is the gift of genius, if it be abused! Who that is now living would not rather die the death of the humble, righteous man, than that of Alexander, or Hannibal, or Cæsar, or Bonaparte.

HOME.

Sweet home! How lovely, how charming the place! Every thing appears more pleasant around our childhood home, than in any spot on earth.

How dear must be the place to the traveller, when he can return from his long journey to the loved ones around the fireside of home, and pass his days in peace and quiet.

My wild wood home! Thou Eden of rest! Peace and plenty have I always shared with thee. Situated on a high eminence, surrounded by beautiful scenery, thou art to me lovely, indeed!

All of my fondest and most affectionate friends are here—father, mother, brother and sister. What dearer friends are there in this wide world? None so dear to me. And we all cling round our rural home.

The Woman's Valuables.

Some of the brightest pages in history are those which illustrate the heroism and fidelity of woman. We remember of reading of a beautiful and affecting incident which occurred in the wars of Guelphs and Ghibbelines illustrative of these traits, which *we refer to our bachelor readers in this section of* country. The Emperor Conrad had refused all terms of capitulation to the garrison of Winnesburg, but like a true knight, he granted the request of the women to pass out in safety, with such of their most precious effects as they could themselves carry.—When the gates were opened, a long procession of matrons and maidens appeared, each bearing on her shoulders—not her treasures, her household goods, or her trinkets—but a husband, a son, a father, or brother. As they passed through the enemy's lines, all respectfully made way for them, while the whole camp rang with shouts of applause.

Bachelor reader, will you allow us to ask whether there is a maiden or a matron on whom you could rely for a similar service in case of emergency.

To Apprentice Boys.

Be faithful, boys. A good, faithful apprentice will always make a worthy and industrious man. The correct habits of youth are not lost in man. Associate with no youth addictices. Spend your leisure hours at some profitable pursuit.

Do not go to any place of amusement where the mind is not really benefited. Do not stand at the corner of streets, or lounge in shops of bad repute.—Always have a useful book to take up, or a good newspaper.

Read the lives of such as Franklin, Hale, Doddridge, Locke, Newton, Johnson, Adams, Washington, &c., men who have been useful in life, and left behind them characters which are worthy of imitation.

Break not the Sabbath. Always attend church; never let your seat be vacant, except you are sick, or away from home. *Be kind to all your associates.* Cultivate benevolent feelings. If you see distress or sorrow, do all that in you lies to alleviate them.

When a friend or companion is confined by sickness, make it a point to call upon him, and bestow all little favors possible upon him. If you cultivate kind feelings, you will seldom quarrel with another. It is always better to suffer wrong than to do wrong. We should never heat of mobs or public outbreaks if men would cultivate the kind feelings of the heart. Finally, make the Bible your study. Live by its precepts. In all your trials and disappointments, here you will find peace and consolation. You will be sustained in life and supported in death.

Good Advice.

What if the *people do speak against you?* Let them feel that you are able to bear it. What is there gained by stopping to correct every word that is whispered to your discredit! Lies will die if let alone; but if you repeat them to this one and another, because your enemies had the impudence to make them, you keep the fire burning and open the way for a dozen slanderers. Keep on your course, go straight forward, and trouble not your head about what is repeated, but feel all the better, and wear a less frightful face. Slander never killed a sterling character, and it never will. Her curse will never set upon him without a pull here, a jerk there, and a twist down below; and while this work is going on, the false words are forgotten by the multitude.

DOW JR.'S FAITH.—I believe that kicking against society and spitting in the face of fashion, is a futile and foolish endeavor. Both may need correction—*but they must and will have their own way.*

I believe that if the devil be the father of liars, he has a plagued large family to look after, and that it is rapidly increasing.

I believe girls are like kittens—gently smooth them the right way, they run and purr most affectionately; but give them the contrary brush, and their back is up in the most disdainful manner. They like to be kissed, but sham a delicacy about the operation.

I believe the human flesh is hard to digest. Jonah did't sit easy on the stomach of the whale.

I believe that simple honesty, the naked truth, pure virtue, and a *straight up-and-down way* of dealing with the world, have as much advantage over the vices, tricks and stratagems in the *long run*, as a good square-trotting horse has over a prancing pony or a racker that goes his mile or two like the *mischief, and is done for the rest of the journey.*

SCHOOLING.—'Who is the strongest man?'

'The man that can *lift* his notes every day without borrowing.'

'*Smart boy*—blow your nose with the bellows, and then tell me how much pickle Lot's wife would have made. School is dismissed to slide on the bannisters.'

Don't Stand on the Track!

The train, says a rail road Gazette, may steal suddenly upon you and then a little trepidation, a slight misstep, a slip of the foot, and we shudder to think of your crushed and bleeding body. So, in the journey of life, perils are around you on every hand. But don't stand in their path and disregard them. Perhaps you now and then take a little intoxicating drink. My friend, if so, you are standing "on the track," while the car of retribution comes thundering on—moving in a right line—approaching with steady and rapid wheels, will it not bear down and crush you? Perhaps you spend an occasional evening with a party of friends, amusing yourself with cards or dice, staking small sums to make the game interesting. My friends you are "standing on the track." Thousands have stood there and perished. Don't wait to hear the rattling of the rushing wheels, but fly from the track. At a safe distance, stand and view the wrecks which your ponderous train will spread before you. Look well to the ground on which you plant your feet, and forget not for these many days our parting words. "Don't stand on the track."

The Two Cats.

The following anecdote which has been told of many learned men, originated with the painter Barret. His only pets were a cat and kitten in progeny. A friend, seeing two holes in the bottom of his door, asked him for what purpose he made them there.—Barret said it was for his cats to go in and out.

'Why,' replied his friend, 'would not one do for both?'

'You silly man,' answered the painter, 'how could *the big cat get into the little hole?*'

'But,' said his friend, 'could not the little one go through the big hole?'

'Egad,' said Barret, 'so she could, but I did't think of that.'

Fashionable Suicide.

The Richmond Republican, in the course of a sensible article on Fashion, gives these valuable hints to the ladies:

'Within a year or two past, corsets have been partially abandoned, but a substitute equality as destructive to health, has been adopted. In old times, ladies used to wear just enough petticoats to keep them comfortable, and these were kept in their places by shoulder straps. But now, it's no uncommon thing to see a weakly, delicate little creature preambulating the street with six or eight skirts—some of them thick and heavy enough for horse blankets—tied tightly around her waist, thereby heating the spine, and creating a pressure upon the abdomen, that if constantly applied to the back of a mule, would kill him as dead as Julius Cæsar in less than a month. Advise her against these things, and you are answered, 'it is fashionable to dress so, and one had as well be out of the world as out of fashion.'—Fashion the duce. It's fashionable for some fools to kill themselves outright and be done with it. We therefore advise those ladies who are willing to die for fashion, to adopt that course, instead of pursuing another equally certain, but much slower—the only difference being that they determine to commit suicide by improper dressing, the doctors have the benefit of their decline, and the anguish and anxiety of friends and relations are kept alive for months, while in the latter case the blow falls at first, but naturally he wears off and is eventually forgotten.'

WHAT WHISKEY IS GOOD FOR.—The Lynchburg Express states that two sons of the late Hezekiah Fuqua of Bedford (near Liberty, in that State,) together with a little negro boy, a few days since, were severely bitten by a snake.

The lads went out hunting and having started a rabbit, run him into a hollow log, when one of the boys put his hand in to haul him out. Very soon he felt something bite, or as he thought, the scratch of the hare. His brother tried it with a like sensation, so he declined repeating the operation. Then little Cuff (brave as Cæsar) tries it with like success. In a few moments the hands of the parties commenced swelling at an alarming rate, when medical aid was immediately procured. The physician dosed them well with liquor, until the patients became thoroughly intoxicated, and after recovering from the effects of the medicine the swelling subsided, and we are happy to hear the trio are now entirely convalescent.

The log was split open, and to the surprise of all, a large Copper-head Snake exhibited himself in all of his native ferocity.

DROWNING.—Persons diving below water to bring up a body should know that they can see the body if they will keep their eyes open. A person last summer dived several times for a body without effect; at last he opened his eyes whilst under water, and saw the body at a little distance. The consequence was a fine boy was recovered. In China, where they live much on and near great waters, the children have a calibash tied about their necks, so that when they fall into the water, the natural buoyancy of the human body, and the confined air in the calibash cause them to float. Yankees might successfully improve on this idea, and thus prevent much lamentation over the loss of children. Ignorance of principles of hydrostatics causes many deaths annually by drowning.

MANIFESTATION OF RESPECT.—As the steamer Ben Franklin passed the town of Rising Sun, Indiana, on Thursday last, on its way to Louisville, with the remains of Henry Clay on board, thirty one young ladies, representing the different States of the Union, stood in conspicuous view on the wharf, in front of the crowd of citizens that had assembled. All, save one, were dressed in virgin white, their heads covered with black veils. The one excepted was robed in deep mourning, and represented Kentucky, and occupied the center of the line.

AN ignorant fellow, who was about to get married, resolved to make himself perfect in the response to the marriage service: but by mistake he committed the office of baptism for those of riper years; so *when the clergyman asked him in the church, "Will* thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the bridegroom answered in a very solemn tone, "I renounce them all." The astonished minister said, "I think you are a fool" to which he replied, "All this I steadily believe."

MR. VERIGREEN, being about to take his honeymoon trip, after having seated his bride in the cars, goes forward and accosts the *fireman* as follows:

Naow, Mr. Ingineer, I want you to be very keerful, and go slow, cause you see I've jest been married, and my wife and me are goin' in this 'ere train."

A METAPHOR.—Poetry permits her votaries to indulge in many metaphorical ideas, but the latest we have met with is positively the most original:

"With eyes of fire, majestically he rose,
And spoke divinely through his double barreled nose."

DOMESTIC.—The last piece of marital insolence is the following dialogue: 'Husband, I don't know where that boy got his bad temper—not from me—I'm sure.'

'No,' 'I don't perceive you have lost any.'

VALUE OF ACTIVITY.—The New York Sun mentions an amusing occurrence that took place in *Brooklyn a few days ago, while selling a* "three carron tit, that was all skin and bones," in the shape of a horse; the auction was in front of the City Hall. The highest bid offered only amounted to $10, when Constable *Brady*, anxious to 'show the hanimal to hadvantage,' jumped in the vehicle to which the horse was attatched, and drove off; while endeavoring to 'get the critter to g'lang,' a linch pin of one of the axles came out, and the horse suddenly terrified at finding a wagon on three wheels behind him, started off with unusual speed, shaking the poor constable up and down like a lot of rusty nails rattling in a bottle, and giving him 'a thump at every jump,' until he felt perfectly scratchy all over. After considerable shouting and laughter, the nag finally stopped of his own accord, when a purchaser stepped forward and took him at $20, activity having doubled its value.