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

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Poetical.

THE MILL-WHEEL.

BY CHAMPION BISSELL.

Within the mill wheel's dripping cave
How flies the white and gleaming spray,
In music falling on the wave
That dances on the open day!
How cool the eddies of the stream,
In lazy boats returning slow
About the black and roughened beam,
Whose mossy feet are far below!

The mill above is racked with noise,
And gray with clouds that ever fly;
And now I hear the miller's voice
As here and there the workmen ply.
I hear the wagons round the door,
The din of bargain in the hall;
The wheel beneath the raftered floor
Groans on, the willing slave of all.

Unheedful of the summers wind,
That o'er the level water skims,
Unheedful of the frosts that bind
With icy blades its dripping rims;
Nor ever slacks its measured sound,
To think of all it has to do,
But patient, turns its endless round,
As if its will were endless, too.

By night the water gate is drawn,
Within the wave the wheel is still,
And waiting for the lingering dawn,
It rests beneath the lonely mill.
Sleep, busy wheel—a respite ask
When all thy daily work is done;
And would thy fixed and endless task
Were loss the image of my own!

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night is but a little word,
Yet beautiful, though brief,
And falls upon the gentle heart
Like dew upon the leaf—

Love's farewell note of tenderness
Upon affection's chords,
The clasp that knits the daily chain
Of kindly deeds and words—

A verdant olive branch of peace
Upon our pillow prest,
Shedding its graceful fragrance round,
Before we sink to rest.

A kindly wish that each may dwell
In undisturbed repose,
Until the morn her robe of light
Round every sleeper throws.

Then scorn not thou this little word
Of Peace and amity;
It is a link in Love's bright chain,
How small soe'er it be.

Thrilling Narrative.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE BURNED STEAMER HENRY CLAY.

I was a passenger from West Point, accompanied by my wife and lady friend, on board the Henry Clay.

What pen can fittingly describe—what imagination picture—or pencil paint the terrific scenes of horror, wild agony, separation and death, which spread around that ill-fated steamer in the hour of its destruction?

The circumstances of that hour can never be effaced from my memory. In recollection I shall through life stand amid the dead and dying of that moment. The images of mothers in their despair—of infancy in its weakness—of strong man in his inability to save, shall ever pass vividly before me!

O! what ghastly shapes of horror—of pallid, dying women, men and children—of households made desolate—of hearts crushed—of wives in their widowhood—of helpless children in their sad orphanage, must ever haunt those men, who in the heat of a wild passion for paltry gain or glory, will thus abuse Heaven's blessings—thus through wicked recklessness become the murderers of their fellow-men.

At a moment when the passengers (lulled into security by the indifference and false representations of the officers of the boat) were in rapture, viewing the landscapes, rich in scenic beauty, which nature, in the profusion of her bounties, had spread before them—when the fond mother, after long absence from home, was anticipating with that hope and joy which only a mother's heart can feel, the period which should soon join her to her children—when the husband, strong in his manhood, was hastening to that place which contained his much loved wife and the babe of her bosom—at a moment when betrothed youth in imagination were carried by the inspirations of the scenes and joyous circumstances which surrounded them, to that period, when at the altar, they should consummate their long cherished, soul-absorbing hopes—when the tender, trusting babe saw in its mother's smile the assurance of its freedom from harm.

At this moment, seemingly all joyous, the wild cry "the boat's on fire" in tones of utter dismay, of deep and heart-rending agony, burst from every lip. Picture if you can the scene—volumes of black suffocating smoke, followed by fierce flames, spread over the decks, encasing those destined travellers in dark and awful gloom. All hopes of extinguishing the fire was seen to be lost—the boat is now turned shoreward—what shrieks pierce the ear! what dismay enters the soul as the world recedes, and eternity draws near! Now the work of destruction—and the harvest of death begins. In the agony of wild despair, husband and wife, parent and child, youth and old age, urged by the flame which overtakes them, plunge madly into the waves, sink and pass into the eternal world. The boat now reaches shore; its officers, careful of *their* safety, are at its bow—recreant to their trust in this as well as in their previous conduct—they forsake the burning vessel, and in safety reach the shore, and are seen no more.

As to my own position and that of my wife and friend, unable to swim, I saw my life drawing to its close, and more than all, in imagination, I saw our soon to be orphaned children following their father and mother to the grave. Father, mother, brother and sister stood before me arrayed in the habiliments of mourning, and yet my calmness did not forsake me.

We were on the hurricane deck, in the stern of the boat—all escape cut off by the smoke and flame—my wife fainted! What heart would not sink? A sense of the nearness of the consuming flames called back her courage. She displayed it with a woman's fortitude. My first care was to see to it, that those two *mothers*, on whose lives so much depended, should not be separated from me—that even in death, which seemed inevitable, my duty should be discharged—at the same time feeling, if it should, under Providence, be otherwise, that our safety depended on our calmness, action, and the encouragements and counsel which each might exercise and suggest toward the other.

I passed them over the railing to the deck below, and then followed. Finding ourselves on the lee-ward side of the boat, covered by smoke, the flames fanned by the high wind, fast over-taking us, and even now driving frenzied numbers over the railing to the watery grave beneath. The passage to the windward side closed by unhappy beings pressing on to death, prevented our escape, except through the cabin windows. We reached the guard on the outside the railing abaft the wheel-house, and here, with consuming fire fast approaching us, and the resistless waves dashing at our feet, we as calmly as possible, took "counsel together."

Who can form any just conception of our feelings? Standing, as we did, in the midst of piercing shrieks of terror—wild prayers to man and God for help, meeting us on every side—whilst just before us lay the helpless infant in the midst of the flames *burning*,—and beneath us, scores of unhappy creatures, sinking beneath the waves, and passing to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." In this position we *saw*—we *felt* nothing but Eternity. We stood upon its confines—in a moment the plank upon which we rested was to be consumed by fire, and we with it, or else the sad, no less fatal alternative, death amid the waves which rolled at our feet.

The fire pressed us closer, and threatened soon to fold us in its embrace. I attempted to pass on the guard outside the wheel-house to the forward part of the boat. The path was but a few inches in width, overhung by the outside covering to the wheel. I found it impossible, and falling only saved myself from a watery grave by seizing the rail at the point where I had just left it. Now the fire became insupportable, and I consented that my wife should attempt to avoid the flame by treading the same dangerous path, from which I saw no result save certain death. With a farewell I committed her to the care of an Almighty hand, and saw her with firm step tread that narrow path.—Our friend followed her in equal safety, and committing myself to Him, who alone was able in that awful moment to sustain me, pressed forward.—Our hope was when we would reach the forward part of the wheel-house to pass along the railing to shoal water. When my wife reached the end of the wheel-house the fire flame flashed in her face—at *that* moment a board was handed from shore—I stood and saw her sink beneath the water, and was about to link in death as I had in life my fate with hers—when she rose to the surface, and gaining the board was taken to shore. The other lady of my charge followed, was driven by the fire to the water, and was in the same way rescued. I followed, met the flame, passed under and into the water, and was saved.

We turned from shore, to see the place where we had just stood—the wheel-house fell into the devouring flames; miraculous deliverance! Providence suiting time to circumstances for our safety. We were among the last who forsook the boat.

Now as to the terrible scene before us, and some of the incidents of mournful interest occurring under my notice. I may relate one or two: The deck of the boat is under the sway of the consuming element—suffering humanity clinging to the rudder, guard and stays—awful suspense! How slowly the boat to rescue seems to near the spot—they are sinking one by one—wild cries of "haste," "haste," "save them," "save them," are carried by the wind in solemn, agonizing tones across the water. The boat reaches the spot—but for many too late—they are in the presence of God.

Did I not weary in the recital of heart-rending scenes I could furnish incidents for a volume, and would then fall far short in my attempt to describe the terrors of that hour.

I cannot close this hastily prepared statement without referring to an instance of the display of nobleness of heart which is not always met with even under trying circumstances.

A mother, clinging even in death to the rudder, is taken off *dead*. I helped to carry her to shore, and, almost without hope, tried to resuscitate her. A boy who had seen only ten summers, and who had reached shore by swimming, naked and almost exhausted, called for his mother to approach. Oh! that they who were the guilty cause of this wretchedness had seen as I saw that face, had heard him as I heard, as he dashed himself in the sand at my feet, in intense agony, scream, "That's my mother;" "that's my mother." She *died*, leaving her boy an orphan *naked and penniless*.

A grief stricken mother stood among the rescued. Her first impulse and care was for her son—a lad eight years of age, whom she left on the deck—now as she looked, she beheld that form, standing with outstretched arms, amid raging, curling flames hemming him in into destruction. Now the flames encircled him, and with screams wild and terrific, he plunged into the devouring element, her eyes glared, her heaving bosom and form became almost convulsed, and tearing her clothes from her form, she stood a maniac before me, and was with difficulty, prevented sharing in the fate of her lost son.

A faithful Newfoundland dog had rescued a child, a light-haired girl, and had placed it at the water's edge. I observed it making its way toward the boat, where she had left her mother, crying in tender voice *that* name—mam—ma. I took her to my arms. She resisted me in my determination to save her from the death she had, through that noble instrumentality been spared. I sought in vain to find its mother, and as I was placing it in my wife's arms for care, and if needs be, for adoption, its almost frantic mother seized it, exclaiming—"my child!" "my child!"

I cannot withhold my testimony that the awful result, emanated from wilful recklessness, and that a terrible degree of responsibility rests upon the officers who indulged a desperate spirit of gambling at so infinite a cost.

Some of the sufferers, ourselves among others, reached the Astor House. It was filled to overflowing. We were all worn, wet, half-disrobed and weary. Messrs. Coleman & Stetson, with a freedom which exposed the impulses of warm, sympathizing hearts, tendered the house and their servants, and his family room at our disposal.—Every thing which could contribute to our comfort was pressed upon us.

When about leaving, we called to pay our bills. It was not the value of the amount, but the spirit and manner in which their kindness was displayed, which affected us—they refused any compensation from any sufferer by the Henry Clay. To these gentlemen belong the happy reflection that they possess noble natures, and will ever be entitled to the heartfelt wishes for their happiness and prosperity by the sufferers from the "Henry Clay."

The Fool's Reproof.

There was a certain nobleman, says Bishop Hall, who kept a fool, to whom one day he gave a staff, with a charge to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself. Not many years after, the nobleman fell sick, even unto death. The fool called to see him; his sick lord said to him—

'I must shortly leave you.'

'And whence art thou going?' said the fool.

'Into another world,' replied his lordship.

'And when will you come again? within a month?'

'No.'

'Within a year?'

'No.'

'When then?'

'Never.'

'*Never!*' said the fool, 'and what provisions hast thou made for thy entertainment there, whither thou goest?'

'None at all.'

'No!' said the fool; 'none at all! Here, take my staff, for with all my folly, I am not guilty of such folly as this.'

When a young lady solemnly declares that she never will be married, it is perfectly safe to assume that she will not—unless she gets a chance.

Playing the Piano, and how it is Done.

The other evening, we were at a party of a friend of ours, and among the lot was a gay Miss, who had just returned from boarding school, when, after many solicitations and apologies, she seated herself at the piano, rocked to the right and then to the left, leaned forward and then backward, and began. She placed her right hand about midway the keys, and her left about two octaves below them. She now put off the right to a brisk canter upon the treble notes, and her left after it. The left then led the way back, and her right pursued in like manner.—The right turned and repeated its movement, but the left out run it this time, hopped over it, and flung it entirely off the track. It came in again, however, behind the left, on its return and passed it in the same style. They now became highly incensed at each other, and met furiously on the middle ground. Here a most awful conflict ensued for a short space, when the right whipped off all of a sudden, as we thought fairly vanquished, but we were in error in that; Jack Randolph cautions us, it had only "fallen back to a stronger position." It had mounted up two back keys, and commenced the note of a rattlesnake. This had a wonderful effect upon the left, and placed the doctrine of snake charming beyond dispute. The left rushed toward it repeatedly, but seemed invariably panic struck when it came within six keys of it, and as invariably retired with a tremendous roar down the bass keys; continued its assaults, sometimes by a zigzag movement, but all its attempts to dislodge the right from its strong hold, proved ineffectual; it came close up to its adversary and then expired. Any one, or rather no one, can imagine what kind of noises the piano made during the conflict. Certain it is that no one can describe them, and therefore we shall not attempt it. The battle ended; Miss Jane moved as though she would have risen, but this was protested against by a number of voices at once.

"One song, my dear Jane," said Mrs. Small, 'you must sing that sweet little French air you used to sing, and which Madam Piggiesquaski is so fond of.' Miss Jane looked pitiful at her mamma, and her mamma looked 'sing' at Miss Jane; accordingly she squared herself for a song. She brought her hands into a capus this time in fine style, and they seemed to be perfectly reconciled to each other; then commenced a kind of colloquy; the right whispering treble very softly, and left responding bass very loudly.

The conference had been kept up until we began to desire a change upon the subject, when our ears caught, indistinctly, some very curious sounds, which appeared to proceed from the lips of Miss Jane; they seemed to be a compound of a dry cough, a grunt, a hiccough, and it appeared to us as interpreters between the right and left. Things had progressed in this way for about fifteen seconds, when we happened to direct our attention to Mr. Ross. His eyes were closed, his head swung gracefully from side to side, a beam of heavenly complacency rested on his countenance, and his whole man gave irresistible demonstrations that Jane's music had made him feel good all over. We resolved from this contemplation of Mr. Ross's transport, to see whether we could extract from the performance anything intelligible, when Miss Jane made a fly catching grab at half a dozen keys in a row, and the same instant she fetched a long dunghill cock crow, at the conclusion of which she grappled at as many keys with the left.—This came over Ross like a warm bath, and over us like a rack of bamboo briars. Our nerves had not recovered until Miss Jane repeated the movement, accompanying it with the squeal of a pinched cat.—This threw us into an ague fit; but from respect to the performer, we maintained our position. She now made a third grasp with her right, and at the same time raised one of the most unearthly howls that ever issued from the throat of any human being. This seemed the signal for universal uproar and destruction. She now threw away all reserve, and charged the piano with her whole force. She boxed it, she clawed, she scraped it. Her neck veins swelled, her chin flew up, her face flushed, her eyes glared, her bosom heaved; she screamed, she howled, she yelled, she cackled, and was in the act of dwelling upon the note of a screech owl, when we took the St. Vitus's dance and rushed out of the room. 'Goodness!' said a bystander, 'if this be her singing, what must be her crying?'

The Dandy Fighting the Squatter.

About thirteen years ago, when the now flourishing village of Hannibal, on the Mississippi River, was but a "wood yard," surrounded by a few huts, belonging to some hardy 'squatters,' and such a thing as a steamboat was considered quite a sight, the following incident occurred:

A tall, brawny woodsman stood leaning against a tree, which stood on the bank of the river gazing at some approaching object which our readers could easily have discovered to be a steamboat.

About one hour elapsed, and the boat was moored, and the hands busily engaged in taking on wood.

Now, among the passengers engaged on board this boat, both male and female, was a spruce young dandy, with killing moustache, &c., who seemed bent upon making an impression upon the hearts of the young ladies on board, and to do this, he thought he must perform some heroic deed. Observing our squatter friend, he imagined this to be a fine opportunity to bring himself into notice; so, stepping into the cabin, he said:

'Ladies, if you wish to enjoy a good laugh, step out on the guards. I intend to frighten that fellow into fits who stands on the bank.

The ladies complied with the request, and our dandy drew from his breast a formidable looking bowie knife, and thrust it into his belt, then taking a large pistol in each hand, he seemed satisfied that all was right. Thus equipped, he strode on shore with an air that seemed to say—"The hopes of a nation depends on me." Marching up to the woodsman he exclaimed:

'Found you at last, have I? You are the very man I have been looking for these three weeks!—Say your prayers!' he continued, presenting his pistols, 'you'll make a capital barn door, and I shall drill the key hole myself!'

The squatter calmly surveyed him a moment, and then, drawing back a step, he planted his huge fist directly between the eyes of his astonished antagonist, who in a moment was floundering in the turbid waters of the Mississippi.

Every passenger in the boat by this time collected on the guards, and the shout that now went up from the crowd speedily restored the crest fallen hero to his senses, and as he was sneaking off toward the boat, was accosted by the conqueror:

'I say, yoou, next time you come round drilling key holes, don't forget your old acquaintances.'

The ladies unanimously voted the knife and pistols to the victor.

How Indigo is Prepared.

The indigo is a shrub-like plant, two or three feet high, with delicate blue green leaves, which, at the harvest time, about the month of August, are cut off close to the stem, tied into bundles, and laid in great wooden tubs. Planks are then laid on them, and great stones, to cause a pressure, and then water is poured over them, and after a day or so the liquor begins to ferment. In this process of fermentation lies the principal difficulty, and every thing depends on allowing it to continue just the proper time. When the water has acquired a dark green color, it is poured off into other tubs, mixed with lime, and stirred with wooden shovels till a blue deposit separates itself from the water, which is then allowed to run off. The remaining substance, the indigo, is then put into linen bags, through which the moisture filters; and as soon as the indigo is dry and hard, it is broken into pieces and packed up. Indigo is cultivated in the East Indies to a considerable extent.

"You want a flogging, that's what you do," said a parent to an unruly son. "I know it, dad, but I'll try and get along without it," said the impudent brat.

SPUNKY.—The girls in Northampton have been sending a bachelor boquets of tansey and wormwood. He says he don't care; he had rather smell them than matrimony.

HOPE AND LOVE.

BY WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

One day through Fancy's telescope,
Which is my richest treasure,
I saw dear Susan, Love and Hope,
Set out in search of Pleasure.
All mirth and smiles I saw them go,
Each was the other's banker;
For Hope took up her brother's bow,
And Love, his sister's anchor.

They rambled on o'er vale and hill,
They passed by cot and tower;
Through summer's glow and winter's chill,
Through sunshine and through shower;
But what did these fond playmates care
For climate or for weather?
All scenes to them were bright and fair,
On which they gazed together.

Sometimes they turned aside to bless
Some Muse and her wild numbers,
Or breathe a dream of holiness
On Beauty's quiet slumbers;
"Fly on," said Wisdom, with cold sneers,
"I teach my friends to doubt you;"
"Come back," said Age, with bitter tears
"My heart is cold without you."

When poverty beset their path,
And threatened to divide them,
They coaxed away the beldame's wrath
Ere she had breath to chide them,
By vowing all her rags were silk,
And all her bitters honey,
And showing taste for bread and milk,
And utter scorn of money.

They met stern Danger in their way,
Upon a ruin seated,
Before him kings had quaked that day,
And armies had retreated:
But he was robed in such a cloud,
As Love and Hope came near him,
That though he thundered long and loud,
They did not see or hear him.

A gray beard joined them, Time by name,
And Love was nearly crazy.
To find that he was very lame,
And also so very lazy;
Hope, as he listened to her tale,
Tied wings upon his jacket;
And then they far outran the mail,
And far outsailed the packet.

And so, when they had safely passed,
O'er many a land and billow;
Before a grave they stood at last,
Beneath a weeping willow;
The moon upon the humble mound
Her softest light was flinging,
And from the thickets all around
Sad nightingales were singing.

"I leave you here," quoth Father Time,
As hoarse as any raven;
And Love kneeled down to spell the rhyme
Upon the rude stone graven;
But Hope looked onward, calmly brave,
And whispered, "Dearest brother,
We're parted on this side the grave—
We'll meet upon the other."

THEY HAVE CARRIED AWAY PAPA.

As the cars in which we were recently travelling halted at a station, our attention was arrested by a beautiful little girl, apparently less than two years of age, who was looking from one of the windows of a house standing but a few feet from the track. She was wailing most piteously, and on her sweet, wan face was painted deeper sorrow than we had ever before seen on the face of an infant such as this. All the while she repeated, with a pathos indescribably mournful, 'they have carried away my papa—when will they bring him back?'

Presently a lady, whom we instantly recognized as a former acquaintance, came from the house, and entering the car in which we sat, took a seat near ours.

'Did you observe a child at the window?' she asked, when the train had again taken wings.

'Yes,' we replied; 'and with deep interest.'

'A fortnight since,' rejoined our friend, 'the father of that little girl set out for the gold region. She was always amused at seeing the cars pass; and the morning fixed upon for her fathers departure, as she heard the train approaching, climbed to her accustomed place, and, clapped her hands in great glee, watched its coming.

At that moment the father and mother entered the room, the former with a forced smile upon his features, and the latter pale and tremulous with suppressed emotion. One pressure to his fond heart, one fervent kiss, and the love pledge was only replaced at the window with a low, 'God bless you, my darling Emie—good bye.'

'This was evidently the first intimation to the little one of her father's intended departure. At the words she turned quickly, and with a half incredulous expression from the window, survoyed his person, and seeing that he was really equipped for a journey returned his parting salutation.

'Good bye, Papa, good bye.'

'Another moment and the adventurer had entered the cars, which were beginning again to move forward. The young wife and mother turned from the spot where the long farewell had been exchanged, and re entred her dwelling with streaming eyes.—Instantly the child appeared to comprehend that her father's absence was destined to be, not as usual, a temporary one; the gay smile fled from her intelligent features, and stretching her tiny arms, towards her father, who, from a window, was casting behind a longing look, she cried in lisping accents:

'O, please do come back, papa, and take mamma and Emie.'

'The father, who had hitherto succeeded in maintaining external composure, was seen to withdraw his gaze, and press a handkerchief to his eyes.

'The child has scarcely smiled since. On the approach of the cars she always takes her place at the window, from which no inducement can draw her, and watches with eager eyes till she finds her father has not yet come, when] in a tone of sadness truly affecting, she repeats, as you just now heard her, 'They carried away my papa; when will they bring him back?'

'Her appetite has failed; she has grown pale and thin, and whether sleeping or waking, her thoughts are constantly with her absent parent. Her mother has decided to take her from the scenes which so constantly remind her of her affection as the only means of restoring her health and spirits.'

'Lovely, affectionate creature,' we could not help exclaiming, as the narrator ceased, 'may the beloved one, his labors abundant, blessed, at no distant day, be restored to the joys of his home.'

WHISKERS OF THE LION.—The whiskers of the lion like those of the common cat, are from point to point equal to the width of the animal's body; from being connected with the nerves of the lips, they indicate through the nicest feeling any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body; they prevent the rustle of leaves and boughs, which would give warning to his prey if he were to attempt to pass through too thick a bush; and thus in conjunctord with the soft cushions on his feet, and the fur on which he treads (the retractile claws never coming in contact with the ground,) they enable him to steal towards his victim with a stillness greater even than that of the snake, who creeps along in the grass and is not perceived till he is coiled round his prey. —*Scraps of Natural History.*

An affectionate Irishman once enlisted in the 75th regiment in order to be near his brother, who was corporal in the 76th.

Playing Truant.

We never knew a boy who was in the habit of playing truant and wasting the golden hours of youth, to become a great and distinguished man. Most often the idler of early life is the laggard in the world's race. Happy the boy whom parental or friendly care, saves from this danger of youthful days.

"The reason why truancy is so serious an evil, is not the loss of a day or two at school now and then,—or any other immediate and direct consequence of it. It is because it is the beginning of a long course of sin, it leads to bad company and deception, and to vicious habits; it stops the progress of preparation for the duties of life, and hardens the heart, and opens the door for every temtation and sin, which, if not closed, must bring a man to ruin. These are what constitute its dangers."

These words, written by a learned and good man, it would be wise for every child to ponder well. The fairest day would not then entice them, the merriest companion persuade them, nor the hardest lesson frighten them from the path of duty.

The Lion's Fear of Man.

Lichtenstein says that the African hunters avail themselves of the circumstance that the lion does not attempt to spring upon his prey till he has measured the ground, and has reached the distance of ten or twelve paces, when he lies upon the ground, gathering himself up for the effort. The hunters, he says, makes a rule never to fire upon the lion till he lies down at this short distance, so that they can aim directly at his head with the most perfect certainty. He adds, that if a person has the misfortune to meet a lion, his only hope of safety is to stand perfectly still, even though the animal couches to make the spring, the spring will not be hazarded if the man has only nerve enough to remain motionless as a statute, and look steadily in the eyes of the lion. The animal hesitates, rises, slowly retreats some steps, looking earnestly about him, lies down, again retreats, till having thus by degrees quite got out of what he seems to feel as the magic circle of man's influence he takes flight in the utmost haste.

Yankee Ingenuity—The Way to Surmount a Difficulty.

A correspondent of the Scientific American describes an interesting method adopted by a Yankee of East Dorset, Vermont, of transporting timber from the Green Mountains. The gentleman referred to had contracted to furnish the Western Vermont Railroad with 32,000 ties and other timber. As the only place for which he could get ties and timber was three miles distant from the railroad, on the tops of the Green Mountains, in a place inaccessable by any feasible road, his friends and foes joined in the prediction that it was impossible for him to fulfil the contract. He ascended through a ravine to the mountain's top, and there gathered in one vast pile 32,000 ties and other timbers. Then the question arose with every one by what means is all this to be conveyed to the railroad? Only a few weeks of summer weather is allowed to accomplish it in, and nothing but rocks and gullies intervene. Surely necessity is the mother of invention. He goes to work and builds a small substantial spout or flume of long narrow plank, stretching from rock to rock down the mountain gorge. Here it rests on a rock, there high on the branches of a tree, and there again higher in the air, it threads across the valley supported like a telegraph wire. In four or five weeks the three miles are completed, all built in a most cheap and substantial manner. A small stream of water is turned into a flume, and twenty men go merrily to work dashing in the heavy ties and timbers; away they fly as on the wings of a dove. In four summer days that pile of 25000 tons of lumber is conveyed without cost from the Green mountains in Peru to the Railroad in Dorset.

The flume still stands, and the thousand of acres hitherto worthless can now be cleared of lumber and fuel, and will make the fortune of the proprietor.

Before and After-Marriage.

We find the following anecdote going the rounds of the papers with as much freedom as though the editors were willing to admit that it could not be otherwise than true:

'Dear Mary, do you love me?' asked Dr. Beeson, of the pretty Miss Milson, a few weeks before marriage.

'Ay, better than life, better than home. You are my very soul, parted from you, I should wither and decay like the flowers in autumn.'

Said the Doctor in reply—'I swear you are to me an angle; none to me so beautiful as you. May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if it ever crossly speaks to you.'

After the Doctor had been married about six months, the following conflab might have been heard between him and his wife:

'Mary, why don't you get up? You are decidedly the laziest woman I ever saw. There's scarcely a bit of starch in my dickey—but it's no use talking to you. I don't believe you'd wash your face, if it wasn't for shame's sake.'

'There you go again, you cruel brute—always flying at me. I lead the life of a dog, and I will go home to my mother.'

'Go, and good riddance to bad rubbish.'

'Don't talk to me, sir. I won't stand it—I'll show you!' and his wife jumped out of bed, and caught up a cricket to throw at the old gentleman's head.—The Doctor ran down stairs at 2 40 pace.

THE MODEL WIDOW.—The model Widow would't wear her veil up on *any account*. Thinks her complexion looks fairer than ever, in contrast with her sables Sends back her new dress, because the fold of crape on the skirt 'isn't *deep mourning* enough.' Steadfastly refuses to look in the direction of a 'dress coat' for ——— one week! wonders if that handsome Tompkins, who passes her window every day, is insane enough to think she will *ever marry again!* *Is fond of drawing off her gloves*, and resting her little white hand on her black bonnet, thinking it may be suggestive of an early application for the same. Concludes to give up the loneliness of housekeeping, and try boarding at a hotel. Accepts Tompkin's invitation to 'attend the children's concert,' (*just to please little Tommy.*) Tommy is delighted, and thinks Tompkins 'a very kind gentleman,' to give him so much candy and so many bon bons. His mamma begins to admit certain little alleviations of her sorrow, in the shape of protracted conversations, walks, rides, calls, &c. [She cries *a little*, when Tommy asks her if she hasn't forgotten to plant flowers' in a certain cemetery.] Tompkins comes in and thinks her lovelier than ever, smiling through her tears. *Tommy is sent out into the garden to make pretty dirt pies!*" (to the utter demolition of a new frock and trousers,) and returns very unexpectedly, to find his mama's cheeks very rosy, and to be tossed up in the air by Tompkins, who declares himself '*his new papa!*'—FANNY FERN.

☞A romantic and sentimental young gentleman whose dark moustache was somewhat ostentatiously hung out as a sign 'of appartments to let in an upper story,' while promenading Broad street one day, picked up a thimble. He stood for a while meditating upon the probable beauty of the owner, when he pressed it to his lips saying, 'Oh were this the fair cheek of the wearer.' Just as he had finished a big negro wench looked out of the window and said, 'Look heah, boss, jist you please to luff dat fimble ob mine up in do entry—I jist now drap it.' The gallant youth immediately fainted, and was carried home on a shutter.

A raw Jonathan, who had been gazing at a garden in Brooklyn in which were several marble statues, exclaimed—"Just see what a waste! here's no less than six scare-crows in this little ten foot patch, and any one on 'em alone would keep the crows from a five acre lot."

An exchange paper says, the most dignified, glorious and lovely work of nature is woman, the next is man, then Berkshire pigs.

Odds and Ends.

Somebody lets off the following, on the marriage of Mr. John Rush to Miss Sarah Canter:

"When Cupid did his maiden banter,
On Hymen's course to take a brush,
At first she went it with a *Canter*,
But now she goes it with a *Rush*."

MORTALITY AMONG PHYSICIANS.—Within a few days past, Drs. Parrish, Stewart, and Hunter, three well-known and highly-esteemed physicians of Philadelphia, have died.

IT is said that a pretty pair of eyes are the best mirror a man can shave by.

"Exactly so, and it is unquestionably the case that many a man has been shaved by them."

THE obelisk of the Washington National Monument, now rises 113 feet above the surface of the ground, and the collections of the month show a gratifying increase. The sum realized in July is $3,167,88.

A controversy is going on between the Catholic journals, as to whether tallow candles may be used instead of wax in the church ritutal.

ON Saturday week, five negroes, who confessed to having murdered Mr. James Houston, in McIntosh couty, Ga., were tried by a meeting of citizens, found guilty, and immediately hung.

„Don't call me a boy!" said a "fast" youth the other day in our hearing. "I've worn a stand up collar these four years!"

Joshua R. Giddings has been renominated for Congress in Lake and Ashtabula counties, Ohio, by the Free-Soil Party.

During a row in Baltimore on Saturday night week, a woman was shot in the face.

Louis Napoleon is having his busts placed in the public markets of Paris, with imposing ceremonies.

The British army, in Ireland, at present, consists of 21,500 men.

TO REMOVE DUST FROM THE EYE.—Immerse the affected eye in a vessel of clear water, and then rapidly open and shut it a few times, when the dust will be washed away.

There is no money better laid out than that which contributes to domestic enjoyment.

WANTED.—[illegible] disengaged gentleman during the summer months.

Two signs were once opposite to each other in Philadelphia, thus inscribed: "James *Shott*," and "Jonathan *Fell*."

One thing is quite clear, that whether Fortune be more like Plutus, or an angle, it is no use abusing her; one may as well throw stones at a star.

☞A fellow in Wisconsin has sued for a divorce, because his wife hugs him too hard. He should purchase a grizzly bear for her companion.

☞A fast philosopher says that love is like the measles, all the worse for coming so late in life. *Girls who hesitate will please take notice.*

Four negroes were killed by lightning on Tuesday, at Lexington, Miss., while taking their dinner, during a thunder storm under a tree.

It is madness to make fortune the mistress of events, because in herself she is nothing, but is ruled by prudence.

When Milton was blind he married a shrew. The Duke of Rockingham called her a rose. 'I am no judge of colors,' said Milton 'but it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily.'

A foreign correspondent says, pithily, 'To describe the cities of Italy in short phrases I would say that Venice is a spot to dream in, Rome to study in, Naples to visit and Florence to live in.'

A man at the north recently collected a large audience to see him crawl into a bottle. After settling his cash, he apologized to the audience for disappointing them, but said it was impossible to perform the feat, as he could not find a bottle large enough.

A Maine editor says that a pumpkin somewhere in that state grew so large that eight men could stand around it. This is something like a man who saw a flock of black birds so low that he could shake a stick at them.

Shorts when scalded, make an excellent diet for sick animals. When a horse has been fed high for some time, a change to a diet of mashes for two or three days, will often do a great deal of good.

A young gentleman recently found himself in company with three young ladies, and generously divided an orange between them.

'You will rob yourself,' exclaimed one of the damsels.

'Not at all,' replied the innocent. 'I have three or four more in my pocket.'

'Mother,' said a fellow the other day, 'is there any harm in breaking eggshells?'

'Certainly not, my dear; but why do you ask?'

'Cause I dropped the basket just now, and see what a mess I am in with the yolks!'

"Well, Tom, does your gal continue to love you?"

"Yes, more than ever. Why she makes me presents."

"What has she given you lately?"

"Oh, she made me a present of my picture, which I paid five dollars for before I gave it to her."

When travelling in the cars, always take a seat in the rear of a fat gentelman. In case of collision he breaks the hurt wonderfully.

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.*

The man who thought he could learn to make boots by swallowing "sherry coblers," has just got out a work in which he attempts to prove that by eating *hops* you will acquire a knowledge of waltzing. Queer old customer, isn't he?

A major of militia in Pennsylvanian who had recently been elected, and who was not over burdened with brains, took it into his head on the morning of the parade to exercise a little by himself. The field selected was his own trap door. Placing himself in a military attitude, with his sword drawn, he exclaimed:

'Attention, the whole! Rear rank, three paces march!' and he tumbled down into the cellar.

His wife, hearing the noise occasioned by falling, came running out and asked;

'My dear, have you killed yourself?'

'Go in the house, woman!' said the major; 'what do you know about war?'

☞A young and pretty girl stopped into a store where a spruce young man who had long been enamored, but dared not speak, stood behind the counetr selling dry goods. In order to remain as long as possible, she 'cheapened' everything, and at last she said,

'I believe you think I am cheating you.'

'Oh, no,' said the youngster, 'to me you are always fair.'

'Well,' whispered the lady, blushing as she laid an emphasis on the word, 'I would not stay so long bargaining if you were not so DEAR.'

MR. WEBSTER.—The Boston Courier indicates that Mr. Webster will do nothing to promote Gen. Scott's election. It thinks Mr. W. has been shamefully treated by the Whig party, and that he might just as well have been the candidate of the Whigs in 1840 as Gen. Harrison.

A gentleman who did not trust to his memory, wrote in his pocket book:—"I must be married when I get to town."