American Volunteer.

JY. BOHN B. BRATTON.

"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

AT $2 00 PER ANNUM

VOL. 39. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1852. NO. 22.

Poetical.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

BY WINNIE WOODFERN.

My school desk!—it is many a year
Since in this little room
I lingered o'er my tiresome task,
And longed for noon to come,
Or watch'd the lengthening shadows creep
Along the dusty floor,
And tried to catch one golden gleam
Of sunlight through the door.

Here in this place I cut my name—
I fondly hoped 'twould last!
Another hand has quite effaced
The records of the past!
But on the time worn window sill
The very words remain,
In which I strove to paint my love
For charming "Mary Jane."

Methinks I see the fairy now,
With curls of go'den hue,
A mouth all dimpled into smiles,
And eyes of softest blue.
I have a sunny curl I stole
Of that same golden hair,
Alas, romance! for Mary now,
Is "forty, fat, and fair!"

My schoolmates! they are scattered,
And some have "gone before!"
Oh, would I were a happy child,
Beside that desk once more!
Where is the man who would not live
His boyhood o'er again?
Who has no memory in his heart
Of some sweet Mary Jane!

Miscellaneous.

RUN FOR THE DOCTOR.

'Run! tell him to come instantly. Poor Bubby! How he cries! It must be the plum pudding that has disagreed with him! Jane bring Daffy! And if you can't find it in the right hand pantry shelf, look into the medicine chest for the Preservative.—Perhaps the doctor isn't at home, and the medicine will do the child good in the meantime. Quick, Jane! If you can't find Daffy or the Preservative, bring the Syrup of Poppies. * * * Ah! you've got Daffy? Now, Jane, a teaspoon!'

You know the opportunity of physicing a baby is not to be missed. Medicine is meant to do children 'good,' and therefore it ought to be given. If a child cries, run for the doctor. But sometimes doctors are wanted in two or three places at once. So to provide against the contingency, run to the medicine chest for Daffy, poppies, or calomel. Give one, all of them. You can then watch their effects, and test the powers of the different medicines.

The child cries! It must be ill! Fetch the Elixir! it costs only eighteen pences a bottle, 'a real blessing to mothers,' ignorant ones especially. Let an honest individual hint that the child has eaten too much, and the answer is, 'Nonsense! What can you know of that? The child is ill! Any one may see that with half an eye. Hand over the bottle and the spoon.'

'Ah! here comes the doctor!' Here he comes, indeed! 'What is the matter?' 'Ah, sir! he cries and cries so, the poor dear must be ill!' 'What has he been eating?' 'He has only had some plum pudding, and a very tiny little bit of cake with comfits; and an apple, and——' 'Why the child has eaten too much!' 'Le, sir, it can't be; his appetite is remarkably small—quite—quite—quite——' 'Ah I see! Well, you must wait until morning. We shall see how it is then.' 'Wait, sir—wait? Why the child's quite ill! He must have some medicine.' 'The child is ill—that is true; but it is with overgorging—medicine would only make matters worse. Leave nature to relieve herself. He will be better in the morning.' 'Won't you give him a little Daffy?' 'Oh, rank poison!' 'What, poison? I have given it to him fifty times, and he has always been the better of it. I have given him some now.' 'What? Daffy, plum pudding, comfits, apples, ect., ect. Why the child must have the strength of a horse to survive all that!'

Doctors dare not always be honest to customers, else they would oftner speak out their mind freely, as this honest, but rather rough doctor did. People will have physic. What else is the use of doctors but to prescribe physic for people? Mothers think their children are not done justice to, unless the doctor is drenching them with black draught, and such like. The doctor may give advice about regularity of living, and simplicity of diet; but what does he know of that? Cooks and nurses are more likely to understand meats—let the doctors stick to physic! He may tell the nurse not to bandage the child tightly, and to avoid pins, but 'what can he know of childs clothes, or of their proper fastenings?' No, there is old Betty, the nurse, who is the standard authority in all such matters. The doctor may tell the mother to give her children exercise; but does not she know better? If they scamper about, won't they spoil their clothes? And if the little things should grow weak, sickly and diseased, why then the order can be given to run for the doctor!—If he tells the housewife to ventilate the children's sleeping room—to open the doors and windows frequently, that the thorough draught may blow through and sweeten the rooms—'Oh the children will get their deaths of cold.' And if they should then become pale and fragile, weak in the chest, and delicate in the digestion, on the slightest ailment or trouble, then—run for the doctor! They had better run for the glazier to put a ventilator in the window; or for the carpenter to bore ventilating holes in the door; or, better than all, send the children out to Doctor Green-fields, and get the hue of health back into their cheeks again.

It is not necessary that we should live according to nature, for we have doctors! We can live according to our own whims and caprices; and if nature at last should grow restive and rebel, then we call in Daffy, Morrison, or Cockle; or if we have a horror of quacks, then we can send for the 'regular' man, and—run for the doctor!

Screw the ribs within stays; strap up the chest, so that vulgar nature shall be kept within fashionable bounds; and then, if vertigo, nervousness, indigestion, or consumption should ensue—run for the doctor!

Let young ladies expose their chests in hot draughty rooms, where they are alternately half stifled and half frozen—taking now a cup of hot coffee, and then an ice—dashing through a waltz at fever heat, and the next minute cooling themselves by standing in the passage or the doorway; and then, if a fit of coughing, or a sore throat, or inflamed lungs should ensue—run for the doctor!

Send children out of doors 'picturesquely' dressed, in the garb of Macullummore, or the Stewarts of Appin—with kilts above the knee, and chest half exposed to the keen east wind. It is very 'picturesque' indeed; but not so is the croup. No matter—run for the doctor!

Let men of mature sense, or senses, booze over the dinner table at that generous British drink, London port, eschewing exercise in favor of venison and turtle soup, Cheshire and macaroons, ha! there comes a villanous twinge in the thumb or the great too.—Then comes the cry of 'John—run for the doctor!'

Shut out the light, and shut out the air; use cold water sparingly, and hot water mixed with sterner stuff, copiously within; take liqueurs, pastry, pepper and ale, mixed with cheese, nuts, wine and olives; sit up late, and wear little shoe leather. When you go abroad, ride in a carriage; and when you sit at home, soak and eat, poking around the fire, with all the windows listed up so as to keep out 'the draught.' Let tradesmen root themselves in their workshops, and stir not out from the 'receipt of custom' Saturday or Sunday; sleeping at nights in close curtained beds, with the chimneys tightly stuffed or boarded up; shunning above all things cold water and general ablution in the mornings; and depend upon it, there will be no want of bad health; and the cry will be every frequent of 'run for the doctor.'

If people could run for a little common sense, even though they paid well for it, it would be much better for them. But common sense is still at a heavy discount where health is concerned.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

A FRAGMENT.

Swiftly glide on years; they follow each other like waves of the ocean. Memory calls up the persons we once knew—the scenes in which we were once actors; they appear before the mind like the phantoms of a night vision. Behold the body—rejoicing in the glory of the soul; the wheels of time cannot roll too rapidly for him; the light of hope dances in his eye; the smile of expectation plays upon his lips; he looks for long years of joy to come, his spirit burns within him when he hears of great men and mighty deeds, he wants to be a man, he longs to mount the hill of ambition, to tread the path of honor, to hear the shouts of applause. Look at him again: he is now in the meridian of life, care has stamped the wrinkles on his brow, disappointment has dimmed the lustre of his eye, sorrow has thrown its gloom upon his countenance, he looks back upon the waking dreams of youth, and sighs for its futility, each revolving year seems to diminish his happiness, and he discovers that the season of youth, where the pulse of anticipation beats high, is the season of enjoyment. Who is he of aged locks? His form is bent and tottery, his footsteps move more rapidly towards the tomb; he looks back upon the past, his days appear to be few, he confesses that they were evil, the magnificence of the great is to him vanity, the hilarity of youth, folly, he considers how soon the gloom of death must shadow the one, and disappoint the other, the world presents little to attract, and nothing to delight him, still he would linger in it, and still he would lengthen out his days, thought of beauty's bloom, of fancy's flash, of music's breath, he is formed to exclaim, "I have no pleasure in time."—A few years of infirmity, insanity, and pain, must consign him to idiocy or the grave, yet this was the gay, the generous, the high-souled boy, who beheld his ascending path of life strewed without a thorn—Such is human life, but such cannot be the ultimate destiny of men.

The Wit of Sarcasm.

To be sarcastic is thought by some people a proof of ability. Such individuals are like a pack of Chinese crackers thrown into a crowd, continually exploding in every direction, but with greater noise than injury. There is more ill breeding than wit in a sarcasm; and more ill nature than either. True wit does not consist in abuse, but in profound wisdom tersely expressed. Nothing, therefore, can be further from wit than sarcasm, and where they go together, one is pressed into the service, and is not a legitimate ally.

Nevertheless, we know many, mostly young persons, who set up for wits on the score of sarcasm.—They are usually very conceited, or very foolish, or very unamiable individuals, and by no means the terror to others they imagine. Persons of sense are no more affected by their sarcasms than mastiffs are by the yelp of a lap dog. A real wit never condescends to reply to them. We have known many of such sarcastic persons in our experience, and always found they cured themselves of this childish habit as soon as they grew up; or, if they did not, that they remained children in their tempers to the end of their career. It is a mean sort of revenge that seeks to gall another's feelings by sarcasm; for where it chances to be successful, it is like the copper shot of the Mexicans, which gangrenes the wound.

"OLD FOLKS AT HOME," the *last* negro melody, is on everybody's tongue, and consequently in everybody's mouth. Pianos and guitars groan with it night and day, sentimental young ladies sing it, sentimental young gentlemen warble it in midnight serenades, volatile young "bucks" hum it in the midst of their business and pleasures: boatmen roar it out sentorially at all hours and at all times, all the bands play it, amateur flute blowers agonize over it at every spare moment, the street organs grind it out at every door, the "singing stars" carol it on the theatre board and at concerts, the chambermaid sweeps and dusts to the measured cadence of "*Old Folks at Home;*" the butcher's boy treats you to a strain or two of it as he hands you in the steak for dinner, the milk man mixes it up strangely with the harsh ding dong accompaniment of his tireless bell, there is not a "live darkey," young or old, but can whistle, sing, dance and play it, and throw in "Ben Bolt" by way of "seasoning." Indeed, at every hour, we are forcibly impressed with the interesting fact that—

"Way down upon the Swanee ribber,
Far, far, way—,
Dare's wha my heart is turnin' ebber,
Dere's wha the old folks stay;"

while the pathetic—we may add, the soul-stirring—chorus breaks upon the sympathetic ear in the following strain:

"All the world am sad and dreary,
Ebry where I roam;
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home."

AN EDITOR IN THE BLUES.—The editor of the Saratoga *Republican*, pours forth his lamentations in the following indignant strains:

Printing Establishment for Sale.—Having made precisely money enough at the printing business, the subscriber is satisfied to give up and retire to the poor house. Under these circumstances, he is induced to offer the Saratoga Republican for sale.—The paper has a circulation of about one thousand, one fourth of which may be called paying, and the other three-fourths non-paying patrons. The office has a good variety of job type and a fair run of work of this description, provided the work is done at the reduced New York prices, and the printer will take "cats and dogs" for pay. This village is one of the prettiest places in the world for a newspaper publisher. Everybody will find fault, do the best you can, and the editor who pleases himself will stand but a slim chance of pleasing anybody else. The subscription list and good will of the office will be thrown in if the purchaser will take the type, presses and materials for what they are worth, and pay for them, so that there will be no probability of the present proprietor being obliged to take the establishment back and return to the business.

J. A. COREY.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, Oct. 21, 1852.

REMARKABLE WEDDING.—The citizens in the vicinity of Laurel and Hopkins streets were considerably annoyed on yesterday evening, by a crowd of boys who kept up a constant rattling of tin pans and blowing of horns, for the purpose of serenading a couple who were being married in that vicinity.—It will be remembered that some four weeks since several of the daily papers of the city announced the remarkable wedding of a man who had married his sixth wife, and gave the names of the parties as Mr. Samuel Parker and Mrs. Ann Lorow. Well, it seems, for some cause or other, the parties were not married, and that the match was broken off.—The old gentleman, however, determined never to be outdone, immediately commenced wooing another fair lady, a Mrs. Margaret Horton, and was on yesterday evening married to her, by the Rev. Mr. Franklin. The old man is seventy years of age, and now married to his sixth wife. He is a native of the State of New Jersey; came to this city some thirty years ago, bringing his third wife with him. He has, since his first wife, always married a widow, and never remained a widower more than six months at any one time.—*Cincinnati Times, Oct. 5.*

Luxury, pride, and vanity, have frequently as much influence in corrupting the sentiments of the great, as ignorance, bigotry and prejudice have in misleading the opinions of the multitude.

One of the Olden Men.

A book entitled "The Hundred Boston Orators," has just been published in Boston. The following picture from it of the famous John Hancock will doubtless be interesting to our readers:

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF JOHN HANCOCK.—One who saw John Hancock in June, 1782, relates that he had the appearance of advanced age. He had been repeated and severely afflicted with the gout; probably owing in part to the custom of drinking punch—a common practice in high circles in those days. As recollected at this time, Gov. Hancock was nearly six feet in height, and of thin person, stooping a little, and apparently enfeebled by disease. His face had been very handsome. Dress was adapted quite as much to be ornamental as useful. Gentlemen wore wigs when abroad, and commonly caps when at home. At this time, about noon, Hancock was dressed in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen. The latter was turned up over the lower edge of the velvet one, two or three inches. He wore a blue damask gown lined with silk, a white stock, a white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small clothes, white silk stockings and red morocco slippers. It was a general practice in genteel families to have a tankard of punch made in the morning, and placed in a cooler when the season required it. At this visit, Hancock took the cooler standing on the hearth, a full tankard, and drank first himself, and then offered it to those present.—His equipage was splendid, and such as is not customary at this day. His apparel was sumptuously embroidered with gold and silver and lace, and other decorations fashionable among men of fortune of that period; and he rode, especially upon public occasions, with six beautiful bay horses, attended by servants in livery. He wore a scarlet coat, with ruffles on his sleeves, which soon became the prevailing fashion; and it is related to Dr Nathan Jacques, the famous pedestrian of West Newbury, that he paced all the way to Boston in one day, to procure cloth for a coat like that of John Hancock, and returned with it under his arm, on foot.

AMERICAN WOMEN.

From a variety of causes, nothing is more common than to find American women who have not the slightest idea of household duties. A writer thus alludes to this subject:

"In this neglect of household duties, American females stand alone. A German lady, no matter how high her rank, never forgets that domestic labors conduce to the health of body and mind alike. An English lady, whether she is only a gentleman's wife or a duke's does not despise her household, and even though she has a housekeeper, devotes a portion of her time to this, her true, her happiest sphere. It is reserved for our republican fine lady to be more choice than her monarchical and aristocratic sisters. The result is a lassitude of mind, often as fatal to health, as the neglect of bodily exercise. The wife who leaves her household cares to her servants, pays the penalty which has been affixed to idleness since the foundation of the world, and either wilts away from sheer ennui, or is driven into all sorts of fashionable follies to find employment for her mind.

HASTE TO BE MARRIED.—The town where the occurrences happened that are related below is Wakefield, in New Hampshire:

The rapid succession here of woman to the matronly honors of their deceased friends, strikes a stranger very unpleasantly. It argues nothing against the cherished memory of the loved and lost, which I supposed their burial customs might prolong; but arises, I am sorry to say, from the matter of course, business like style, with which the relations of matrimony are generally assumed. I know of two instances in which widowed men, within a very short time of the death of their first wives, rode to the house of the lady upon whom they had designs, and without dismounting, sent for her to the gate. In one case she came, the proposition was there made and accepted; in the other the gentleman was obliged to come into the house, but only to receive a similar reply to his suit. A friend of mine attended the wedding of a widower here, at which a clergyman officiated, who was a stranger alike to to the parties and the habits of the place. Taking the little daughter of the bridegroom upon his knee, previous to the ceremony, he asked her how long it was since her mother died? The girl in the innocence of eight or nine years, referring to her father said, 'Mother's been dead almost six weeks, hasn't she father?' Even those who were not to manner born, felt the shock. I add, that I know one clergyman here, who took to himself three wives within the space of a year and a half. To this insensibility of wedded love, I however, am glad to say, that there are many honorable exceptions. These rude hills are yet full of matter which may be strange or interesting to your readers.

COMMON SENSE MAXIMS.—Persevere against discouragements; keep your temper. Employ leisure in study and always have some work on hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self possession, and do not be talked out of conviction.—Rise early and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something with every body, and everything with some. Be guarded in discourse, attentive and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral and pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant and indifferent. Rather set than follow examples; practice a strict temperance; and in all your transactions remember the final account.

A FABLE.—Aristotle tells a story of a fairy who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemed to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings she bestowed: but to those who in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompained their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war. A useful moral might be drawn from this little fable, in favor of showing kindness and civility to the most degarded and unhappy.

☞ A few days ago, a gentleman named Sheldon, residing at Copper's Hill, N. J., stepped into a store at that place to wait a few minutes for an omnibus, when the attendant stepping out, left him alone for a short time, and, after returning found him sitting in his chair, lifeless, his cane still in his hand, and segar still in his mouth. During the afternoon several neighbors called to see the corpse, through curiosity, and among others Mrs. Shivers, wife of Charles W. Shivers, residing at Cooper's Hill, and such was the shock to her feelings, from looking upon the corpse, that she was thrown into a spasm, and died a few hours afterwards.—*Union Weekly.*

The poet Crabbe, once, in a fermenting mood, enveloped the following crabbed, crooked, cross and crusty criticism:

Secrets with girls, like loaded guns with boys,
Are never valued till they make a noise:
To show how worthy, they their powers display—
To show how worthy, they their trusts betray,
Like pence in children's pockets pennies lie
In female bosoms—they must burn or fly.

We see it stated that Mr. Charles Mowry, of Auburn, has invented an arrangement, by which the elasticity of compressed air can be used to propel railroad engines any distance required. The air is compressed by water powbr, or otherwise, and carried in a tube of pipe the whole length of the road.

A man says the first thing that turned his attention to matrimony was the neat skilful manner which a pretty girl handled a broom. He may see the time when the manner in which the broom is handled will not afford him much satisfaction.

INDIAN SUMMER.

We do not know the author of the following pleasant poem, which we find in a recent number of the Musical Review. A sweeter fancy of the "Indian Summer," we have never seen.

There is a time, just ere the frost,
Prepare to pave old Winter's way,
When Autumn in a reverie lost,
The mellow daytime dreams away;
When Summer comes, in musing mind,
To gaze once more on hill and dell,
To mark how many sheaves they bind,
And see if all is ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low,
Dying flowers look up and give
Their sweetest incenses ere they go,
For her who made their beauties live.
She enters 'neath the woodland shade,
Her zephyrs lift the lingering loaf,
And bear it gently where are laid,
The loved and lost ones of its grief.

At last old Autumn, rising takes,
Again his scepter and his throne,
With boisterous hand the trees he shakes,
Intent on gathering all his own.
Sweet Summer, sighing, flies the plain,
And waiting Winter, gaunt and grim,
See miser Autumn hoard his grain,
And smiles to think it's all for him.

A Struggle for a Kiss.

'Ah, Sally, give me a kiss, and be done with it, do!'

'I won't, so there now.'

'I'll take it whether or no.'

'Do if you dare.'

So at it we went, rough and tumble. An awful destruction of starch now commenced. The bow of my cravat squat up in half a shake. At the next bout, smash went my shirt collar, and at the same time some of the head fastenings gave way and down came Sally's hair, like a wood in a mill dam broke loose, carrying away a half a dozen of combs. One dig of Sally's elbow and my blooming ruffles wilted down like a dish cloth. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck tacklings began to shiver, parted at the throat, and whorah came a string of white beads scampering and running races every way you could think of over the floor.

By hokey, if Sally Jones ain't the grit there is no snakes. She fought fair, however, I must admit, and neither tried to bite or scratch, and when she could fight no longer for want of breath, she yielded handsomely. Her arms fell down by her side—her hair back over her chair: her eyes closed; and there lay a little rosy mouth, all in the air. Lord! did you ever see a hawk pounce upon a robin? or a bumble-bee on a later blossom?

A SPIRITED Lady writer for a northern literary journal, whose writing name is "Fanny Fern," publishes the following tart letter in reply to a shocking asperson by some graceless wight on the other side of the water—seemingly the great Christopher himself:

FANNY'S LETTER.—"Don't marry a woman under twenty. She hasn't come to her wickedness before then."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Well! if I knew any bad words, I'm awful afraid I should say 'em. I just wish I had hold of the perpetrator of that with a pair of tongs. I'd bottle him up in spirits and keep him for a terror to liars, as sure as his name is Kit North!

Set a thief to catch a thief. How came you to know when that crisis in a woman's life occurs? Answer me that! I'll tell you what my opinion is, and won't charge you any fee either. A woman comes to her wickedness when she comes to her husband; and, if she knew anything good before, it all goes by the board then—it's no more use to her afterwards than the fifth wheel of a coach. Don't you know, you wicked calumniator, that thunder don't sour milk more effectually than matrimony does woman's temper?

Come to their wickedness indeed! Snow flakes and soot! They'd not know the meaning of the word "wicked" if your sex were blotted out of existence. We should have a perfect little heaven upon earth—a regular terrestrial paradise, no runaway matches; no cases of——c-onscience; no divorces; no devilry of any kind. Women would keep young till the millenium; in fact, millennium would be merely a nominal jubilee, because it would have already come. The world would be one universal garden of pretty, rosy, laughing women; no masculine mildew to mar their beauty, or *bow their sweet heads, the blessed year round.*

Now, you'd better repent of your sins, Mr. What-e-your-name; for, as sure as preaching, you will go where you will have nothing to do but think of 'em; and you won't find any women there, either, for they all go to the other place.

FANNY FERN.

☞ A piece of romantic rascality lately transpired at Taylor's Springs, Lauderdale Co., Ala. About a year ago, a man calling himself Anderson, a gay and elegant Lothario, in appearance and manners, located there, as a school teacher, and soon married a young lady of respectable family. Not long since, however, a gentleman and lady, from Baton Rogue, Louisiana, visited the place, and recognized in the handsome teacher and happy bridegroom, a man named Henderson, who had a wife and three children living at Baton Rogue. The intellectual and fascinating bigamist, that night, stole a neighbor's horse, and sloped to parts unknown.

Mrs. Sarah Bliss, of Rehoboth, Mass., reached the age of one hundred years on the 13th of this month. On the occasion of her birthday, there was assembled a large company at the house of her son, Cyrus Bliss. Among them were quite a number of her descendans—children, grand children, great grand children, great great grand children. Seventy five of her descendants are believed to be now living. There were present in the company, twenty one persons seventy years of age and upwards, whose aggregate age was eighteen hundred and seventy nine years.

SLEEP.—Sleep is the surest, and oftentimes the only friend which misfortune is not certain to drive from the side of the unhappy. It pours the priceless treasure of its wealth upon the poor, unbought; it sheds it upon the couch of agony, when the leech despairs; at its magic touch the straw of the maniac is turned to the softest down; the dungeon and the fetters dissolve before its spell, and even remorse itself forbears to prey upon the victim whom its shield protects, while, of all luxuries of life, it is the one that pampered opulence can never command.

WHISPERING IN COMPANY.—This habit, so often indulged in by young ladies in the presence of friends or strangers, savors strongly of rudeness, if not of gross ignorance. The vainest being, the most conceited, or the most perfect, suffers alike under that emancipation from the government of true politeness. We cannot help, though perfect we may imagine ourselves, to consider our humble self the theme of a merry whisper, and the pain rankling in our wounded self love, leaves a thorn which sooner or later will sting the aggressor, and prove a thorn to them. Whispering in the presence of strangers without some cogent apology, is therefore entirely out of place, and ought to be avoided.—*National Intelligencer.*

People of slender constitutions should exercise a great deal of care at this season of the year, and not expose themselves unnecessarily. A slight cold, or the least exposure, may cost them their lives.

An old man named James S. Wilson, died recently at Terre Haute, Indiana, under the singular delusion that his son and daughters were wizards and witches, and bequeathed his property to a stranger.

Effect of Extreme Cold.

The intensity of cold experienced by the expeditions engaged in the search of Sir John Franklin, was truly astonishing. Dr. Sutherland states in his Journal, recently published in London, that Pastorelli's spirit thermometer stood at 40° below zero; and the mercury in Fahrenheit was frozen as solid as a leaden bullet. Even under cover, between decks it was 10° below zero. Vinegar, porter and ale were frozen in the casks; and the other liquid contents of the medicine chest were in a state as little adapted for use had they been required. Of the effect of the cold on metals, the Doctor says:

"It was necessary to be very careful with our drinking cups. Tin never suited, for it always adhered to the lips, and took a portion of the skin along with it. A dog attempting to lick a little fat from an iron shovel, stuck fast to it, and dragged it by means of his tongue, until, by a sudden effort, he got clear, leaving several inches of the skin and subjacent tissue on the cold metal. One of the seamen endeavoring to change the size of the eye of the eylice in his track-rope, put the markling-spike, after the true sailor-fashion, into his mouth; the result was, that he lost a great portion of the skin of his lips and tongue."

The Lightning---A few Hints.

It may be well to encourage timid people who are religiously or constitutionally alarmed at lightning, to state the doctrine of chances. As a general thing, the lightning does not strike within the space of a square mile more than once a year. If the person is a rod distant, he is seldom if ever killed. Now there are 70,400 square rods in a square mile, and if the lightning struck rod after rod, it would take 190 years to go over it; but it smites here and there, and that it will smite any specified rod, there is not more than one chance to a hundred billion.

Again, other things being equal, the chance diminishes as it regards a low object, as the difference between the square of its height and that of a lower; so that with a person six feet, and a tree sixty feet there is but one chance out of 3564 of the person's being struck. If he will go close to a tree, or house without a rod, his danger is proportionably increased.

Again, objects, non-conductors when dry, become good conductors when wet. A dry silk umbrella, if not tipped with metallic substance, will ward off the lightning, but if wet not. Get lightning rods for your houses, and see to it that the fastnings are much smaller than the rods—that the rods enter the earth, and fear not the "red artillery."

It is well for persons who are naturally timid to get electrified a number of times. It renders them less electric, and therefore less in danger. Finally, a death by lightning is the easiest of all deaths. An electric enters, we are instantly filled, and life is gone without a pang. "Ah! but the hereafter!" Well, live right here, and it will be all right with you there—if it must be so.

American Work Shops.

The number of clocks made in this country would rather surprise one who is not somewhat posted up in the matter. The Jerome Factory of New Haven, makes on an average, 600 per day! This is equal to 3,600 per week, 187,200 per year. These clocks sell on an average for three dollars each, which shows that the annual earnings of one Connecticut clock establishment foots up $561,600. Brewster & Brown, of Bristol, Connecticut, also turn out an immense number of these popular time pieces. The firm sends to London alone 75,000 clocks per year—or about 1,500 per week. It must not be supposed, however, that the English consume all the clocks sent to Great Britian, for it is not so—thousands of them being sent through the London Agents to all parts of the world. Of so much importance is the American clock trade to the Commission merchants of the United Kingdom, that the duties on them have been lately reduced to ten per cent. In the way of clock making, the people of Connecticut 'take down' any community in the world. They have reduced the thing to a system, and can if they choose, build clocks for a less price per dozen than any other nation charges for rat traps.

THE MOTHER.—Despise not thy mother when she is old. Age may wear and waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, senses, and estate: but her relation as mother is as the sun when he goes fourth in his might, for it is always in the meridian, and knoweth no evening. The person may be gray headed, but her motherly relation is ever in its flourish. It may be autumn, yea winter, with a woman, but with the mother—*as mother—it is always spring.*

PRECOCIOUS YOUTH.—'Well, my lad, to what town or village does the road you've come, take one?'

'Doant know, zur.'

'No! Where does that?' pointing to the right.

'Doant know.'

'Or that?' to the left.

'Sure I doant know.'

It is a desperate case, and the traveller, looking at the threatening sky, turns mildly in the direction his feet had measured—a long length of dusty road, with turnings innumerable, and never a house, and pointing down the darkness, cries:

'Then, *do* you know where that leads?'

A ray of intelligence lights up the stolid face of the innocent, and with a smartness of reply that proves a confidence in its correctness:

'Ees, I do; *that* leads whoam!'

HABITS.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another, as the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character: but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountains, and overwhelms the inhabitants and his habitation, so passion, action upon the elements of mischief which perecious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.—*Jeremy Bentham.*

RURAL TASTE.—There are, probably, more pretty rural homes within ten miles of Boston, owned by those who live in them, than ever sprung up in so short a space of time in any part of the world. The taste once formed there, it has become contagious, and is diffusing itself among all conditions of men, and gradually elevating and making beautiful the whole neighborhood of that populous city. Scarcely anything can be more charming than thus ruralizing the environs of city residence.—*Downing.*

☞ Our first fault, like the prolific poppy of Aboutage, produces seeds innumerable. The wind wafts them away, and we know not when they fall or where they rise; but this we know, that they meet us at every step upon the path of life and strew it with plants of bitterness.

HOW TO KEEP POOR.—Buy two glasses of ale every day, at five cents each, amounting in one year to $36.50: smoke three cigars, one after each meal, counting up in the course of the year to $54.75:—keep a big dog, which will consume in a year at least $15 worth of provisions, and a cat $5 more.—Altogether this amounts to the snug little sum of $110.25—sufficient to buy six barrels of flour, one hundred bushels of coal, one barrel of sugar, one sack of coffee, a good coat, a respectable dress, besides a frock for the baby, and a half a dozen pair of shoes—more or less. Just think of it.

Poverty has, in large cities, very different appearance. It is often concealed in splendor and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very good part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest.—They support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost in contriving for to-morrow.

Sands of Gold.

He declares himself guilty, who justifies himself before accusation.

Praying will make us leave off sinning, or sinning will make us leave off praying.

We are esteemed for excellence in trifles at the expense of more valuable accomplishments.

Wholesome sentiment is rain—which makes the fields of daily life fresh and odorous.

Many an event in life, when viewed in the future, looks impossible.

Some men seem most severe when they are in reality most affected, as snow turns to ice when on the point of melting.

Abundance is a trouble, want, a misery, honor, a burden, and advancement, dangerous, but competency, happiness.

Flatterers only lift a man up, as it is said the eagle does the tortoise—to get something by the fall.

Man wastes his mornings in anticipating his afternoons, and he wastes his afternoons in regretting his mornings.

There may be more water in a flowing stream only four feet deep, and containing more force and more health, than in a sullen pool thirty yards to the bottom.

Love is a compound feeling, and is fed with the grossest food; but friendship is a passion which must exist on a moral or intellectual diet. Though love is more fiery and ardent, it is also more fickle and uncertain.

Most precepts of parents and teachers are lost sight of at the very time when it is important to observe them—as the label "shut the door" is invisible when the door is opened widest, and thrown back against the wall.

Politeness is the spontaneous movement of a good heart and an observing mind. Benevolence will teach us temperance towards the feelings of others, and habits of observation will enable us to judge promptly and easily what those feelings are.

The mixture of one error with much truth adulterates the whole—as the chalice of pure liquid is rendered dangerous by the infusion of a drop of poison. We should, therefore, beware of all error, however slight and inconsiderable it may appear. One error may soon lead to a hundred, ay, to a thousand.

Choose ever the plainest road; it always answers best. For the same reason choose ever to do and try what is the most just, and the most direct.—This conduct will save a thousand blushes, and a thousand struggles, and will deliver you from secret torments which are the never failing attendants of dissimulation.

Our first fault, like the prolific poppy of Aboutage, produces seeds innumerable. The wind wafts them away, and we know not when they fall or where they rise; but this we know, that they meet us at every step upon the path of life and strew it with plants of bitterness.

Joker's Buget.

What is the worst kind of fare for a man to live on? Warfare.

Why is a newspaper like an army? Because it has leaders, columns and reviews.

"Julus, am you conwalescent dis mornin'?" "No, I was conwalescent yesterday, but I took medicine last night, and worked it off."

A New York alderman was applied to the other day to suppress the cattle nuisance, but he replied that he did not care a *toss up* about it.

Why is a thought like the sea? Because it's *a notion.* Why is a whirlpool like a donkey?—Because it's *an eddy.*

"Aint it wicked to rob a hen roost, Jim?"—"That's a great moral question, Sam; we have no time to argue it—hand down another pullet."

"I am glad this coffee don't owe me anything," said an accountant at his breakfast. "Why so?" *inquired his wife.* "'Cause I don't believe it would ever settle," he replied.

"Nonchalant" means that peculiarly indifferent look which is put on by men "who never pay when dunned for money." It should be written *non shell out.*

The Toledo Blade tells the story of a chap on their road, who, apprehending a collision of the cars, put his life preserver on, blew it up, and, leaning his back against the side of the car, resigned himself to his fate!"

A recent traveller stopped at a cabaret in France, where the host had two sorts of wine, which he called "first table" and "common table." "I tried them both," says our traveller, and found them lamentable."

"Poppy, I know why some pistols are called horse pistols."

"Why, my son?"

"Because they kick so."

"Mary, put that boy to bed; he's getting so sharp he'll cut somebody yet, see if he don't.

VERY GOOD.—A woman out West having been convicted of having two husbands, a cotemporary says, she loved not wisely but *two* well.

The night mare is now politely termed "the nocturnal horse of the feminine gender."

"Gone a ducking." That is a term used to a young fellow in Arkansas who goes to "set up" to a young woman.

'Johnny, my son, do you know that you have broken the Sabbath?' 'Yes, daddy,' said his little sister, 'and mother's big iron pot, too, in five or six pieces!'

'My friend has a great reverence for the truth,' said a gentleman to Beppo. 'So I perceive,' Bep replied, 'for he always keeps a respectable distance from it.'

Punch recommends, as a sure preventative of railway collisions, that each train have one of the Directors securely fastened in a neat iron chair, placed directly in front of the locomotive.

'Jake,' said an old farmer to one of his mowers, 'do you know how many horns there are in a dilemma? 'No,' replied Jake, 'but I know how many horns there are in a quart of whiskey.' Jake is not an advocate of the Maine Liquor Law.

A Dutchman once prosecuted an Irishman for killing a dog of his.

The counsel for the Dutchman asked the Irishman if he killed the dog. "Be jabers I did, but ye'd better let him prove it." The counsel remarked to his client that the defendant acknowledged his guilt, and wanted him to say what the dog was worth.

"He ish not wort one cent, but ash he is so mean ash to kill a dog, he shall pay the full value of him."

An Irish lad having been asked if the man who had just flogged him was his own father, replied, "Yes, sure enough, he's the parent of me, but he trates me as if I was his son by another father and mother."