American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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

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Poetical.

CAST IN THY MITE.

He who gives little from his store,
If little be his means,
Treads on as far the heavenward shore
As he who gives ten times the more—
If ten times more his gains.
He may be useful here who would,
And walk within a zone of light;
There is a treasury of good:—
Cast in thy mite!

Thou may'st not have one piece of gold
To bless the poor man's palm;
But angels will with joy behold,
If thou hast words which can be told
His troubled heart to calm;
For kind words are as honied streams,
And he, the walker of the sod,
Who gives them to his brother, seems,
A messenger from God.

If thou dost see the fatherless,
And watch the widow's tear;
Dry up the fountains of distress,
Be thou the father quick to bless,
The husband ever near;
Though down thy side Misfortune's slope,
They live not in a starless night;
They have a treasury of hope:—
Cast in thy mite!

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

The Editor of the Boston *Bee* is a wag, and a gallant as well. He puts forth queer essays, and his last on "The Freedom of the Press," it is not a little peculiar. We take an extract from it by way of specimen:

Around her waist I put my arm—
It felt as soft as cake:
"Oh dear!" says she, "what liberty
You Printer men do take!"
"Why yes, my Sal, my charming gal,"
(I squeezed her some I guess.)
"Can you say 0; my chick, against
THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS?"

I kissed her some—I did by gum—
She colored like a beet,
Upon my living soul, she looked
Almost too good to eat!
I gave her another buss, and then
She says, "I do confess,
I rather sorter kinder like
THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS."

Select Tale.

THE DOUBLE DECEPTION.

Lizzie Leslie was a bright, blooming brunette just coquettish enough to be irresistable, and possessing all graces, both of person and mind. She was always in good spirits, having a sunny joyous temperament. Her singing was melody, itself, and in "La Polka" she was divine. Her nose, I must acknowledge, was slightly celestial in its tendency, but what of that? It only gave her a saucier air, and made her, if possible, more bewitching than ever. Lizzie could tell a story inimitable; her flashing black eyes, ever changing in expression, and rosy dimpled mouth, added indiscribable charms to her powers of description and contributed to make her one of the most fascinating creatures living. In addition to all these attractions, she possessed others of a more solid nature, and much more to the purpose in the opinion of many of the sterner sex, who look upon wealth as the alpha and omega of everything desirable in this world.

Lizzie Leslie was left an orphan and an heiress at an early age, with no brother or sisters, and was now at the head of a large and elegant establishment in one of our large cities, its sole mistress. Of course she was much courted and admired. Crowds of flatterers hovered around her, admirers without number, and how she queened it over them. She would listen to none of their vows and protestations. She was pronounced heartless, but it was not so, for she strongly suspected were she poor and penniless, her crowd of suitors would greatly diminish. It was not the value of the jewel itself, but its golden setting that they so ardently longed to possess.

The fashionable Miss Leslie grew tired of adulation and flattery, and longed for something higher. She longed to be praised for her trinsic worth, and not for her glittering possessions. She wished to go away where she was unknown, and see people as they really were, and not the false side which was the only one ever unfolded to her view. Being of a romantic turn, she determined, instead of pursuing a plan for the summer that had been sketched out by some of her fashionable friends—a fine device for passing away the time, flitting between various frequent resorts, Saratoga a few weeks, New York a while, the Falls, &c.——she concluded to break off from this party, and go to some secluded village where she had never been heard off, and thoroughly refresh and invigorate herself by contact with persons entirely uncontaminated by the world, and for whom fashion and display had no charms.

Not to be entirely alone, an humble relative, a most excellent woman, accompanied her as her aunt They hired a cottage in a peaceful pleasant village of S——, and Lizzie announced herself as Esther Henderson, a poor girl who had come to their neighborhood to gain a livelihood by teaching, and hoped the parents would commit their children to her care, and she would do her best to instruct them in rudiments. Her captivating manners did the business of her more effectually than the longest and strongest advertisement, and in a short time we see Miss Lizzie Leslie, the rich, the admired, who never made an exertion in her life, duly installed as the village school mistress. The children all loved her dearly, although she maintained excellent discipline in the school hour; no call ever found them in the least out of order, yet out of school she was as wild as any of her pupils. She interested herself in all their games and amusements, and initiated them into a great many new ones. The children almost worshipped her, and never thought any enjoyment complete without their dear Miss Henderson. There was no occasion for punishment in the school that summer, for the scholars loved their teacher so dearly that they would do anything in the world for her.

Lizzie's first appearance in public was at the village church. She wore a simple straw bonnet, and calico dress, which unpretended costume was fully as becoming to her as the silks and satins she had all her life sported. At least, if we may judge so by the elegant and admiring looks which were lavished upon her by all the village swains. She soon returned their bows, and one and all bowed at her shrine. The belles regarded her for a while with jealous eyes—she was looked upon as a formidable rival—but they could no longer resist her attractive manners; with her it was "veni, vidi, vici;" with old and young it was the same: she made herself a general favorite. To be sure, the minister's wife pronounced her "hoydenish," and the deacon's wife said she was a "sad romp, whom she feared would do nobody no good." Lizzie called upon both these good ladies, asked the minister's wife to teach her to knit, and listened to a long account from the deacon's wife, about the best way of growing herbs, and after this both of these excellent dames viewed her with more complacency, and were heard to remark that she had "somehow kind o' come around them."

One day, quite a startling placard was posted about the village, announcing in imposing characters, that Mr. Augustus Summer, professor of music, would open a singing school at S—— on the next Saturday evening. This was a great event, and much curiosity was felt among the villagers as to who this Augustus Summer could possibly be. On the afternoon in question about the arrival of the stage coach, the inhabitants were all to be seen at their windows. Even Miss Henderson partook the general excitement, and the bright face of the village school mistress might be distinguished peeping through her lattice. At last the distant rumbling of the vehicle was heard. The stage drew near. All eyes were strained to get a glimpse of the new comer, but he had baffled the curiosity by closely drawing the curtain. The coach rolled up to the hotel, the steps were left down and a gentleman alighted, but so muffled that nothing could be gathered respecting his appearance. His cap was far over his face, and a cloak that he wore, although it was summer, effectually concealed his figure. But all in the vicinity agreed that he was tall and slim, and from the agility exhibited in springing up the hotel steps, undoubtedly young.

In the evening there was a full and punctual attendance at the singing school. The beaux and belles were *en masse*. As the moment drew near for commencing, there was a general hush of expectation. At length the door opened and Mr. Augustus Summer, divested of hat and cloak walked into the the room. All mystery was now solved concerning his appearance. He was as previously decided, tall and slender, and young. He come forward and bowed most gracefully to the assembled company before him. He scanned their features rapidly; his eyes glanced from one beaming face to another, and rested a moment on the animated countenance of Lizzie Leslie. Then passing his hand over his large dark eyes as if dazzled by the combination of charms before him, he tossed back the chesnut masses from his brow, and in a most musical voice expressed his pleasure in meeting so many of the inhabitants of S——, and his hopes of their musical improvement under his instructions. He then launched into the business of the evening. His voice in singing was rich and powerful; one so highly cultivated had never before been heard in S——, and the pupils sang with an energy that made the walls resound and awoke the echoes far and near.

Lizzie excelled in music, and was a most accomplished singer but managed to suppress her fine voice, so that it could not be distinguished above the others, but once, warmed up with the inspiration of the moment, she forgot herself and poured forth a few notes of most delicious sweetness and finish. Those around stared in astonishment, and Mr. Summer looked about to discover from whom these sweet sounds emanated. Lizzie was careful not to commit herself again; her voice was *pianissimo* for the remainder of the evening, and the circumstance was soon forgotten. Nine o'clock arrived, and the scholars left for their respective homes. The girls were all delighted with their new teacher, who looked most admiringly after Lizzie as she passed out, and enviously at the young lawyer, Abel Sampson, Esq., on whose arm she was comfortably leaning It was strange how popular the singing school was that season. Even those with the most inflexible voices attended with the greatest regularity, and if perseverance can make good singers S—— ought to have contained more musicians than any town for miles around.

A few days after, one pleasant afternoon, Lizzie dismissed her school, wandered into a grove near by, a favorite resort of her's, to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the shady retreat. She was seated in a beautiful romantic spot, by the side of a running brook, when she should appear before her, no less a personage than Mr. Augustus Summer, the singing master, his fine face flushed with exercise, carrying a fishing pole in one hand and a string of trout in the other. Lizzie rose, and the young gentleman bowed very deferentially; and said he remembered seeing her among his pupils on the Saturday evening previous, and a conversation ensued upon the beauty of the scenery, the science of music, and various other topics. Suddenly Lizzie seemed struck with the impropriety of remaining there conversing with a stranger, and remarked that she must go home. Mr. Summer instead of taking leave, accompanied her, opened the gate, and then Lizzie could do no less than invite him in. He required no urging, and throwing his trout upon the grass entered immediately, and tried to make himself so exceedingly agreeable, during the half hour he remained, that Lizzie quite forgot her scruples at propriety in regard to strangers, talked and laughed, exerted all her entertaining powers, and made herself fully as agreeable as he did. When he at length rose to take leave he expressed his pleasure at the acquaintance, and his hope of continuing it

It was singular that after this Lizzie never walked into the grove, at whatever hour it might be, without meeting the singing master, and he always considered it his duty to escort her home and invariably went in when he arrived there. In those calls he seemed to take no note of time but staid a most unconsiderable long while. Soon the young lawyer, much to his chagrin, was left in the lurch and Mr. Summer generally accompanied Lizzie from the singing school. The beaux were indignant at this monopoly, and the belles regarded her with an envious eye. The deacon's lady thought it incumbent upon her to call upon Miss Henderson, and show her the impropriety of her conduct. Mr. Summer was there when she arrived, but after he left proceeded to business, and came away with the self approving feeling that she had done her duty, but learned that she had made no impression on the willful young school mistress.

There was to be a grand pic nic among the youthful portion of the village. The idea was started by some of the most energetic, and a meeting was held by the young men to canvass the matter and make preparations. The affair was to come off several miles from the town, and each gentleman was to drive a young lady to the scene of the revels. Mr. Summer was away on the day of the meeting, and knew nothing of it, and Mr. Able Sampson, who regarding him since his appropriation of Lizzie, in no favorable light, determined to take advantage of his rival, and secure Miss Henderson for himself, which he accordingly did, and was in high glee at his good fortune.

The day of the pic nic arrived, and Able Sampson looking the picture of happiness, dashed through the village in a bran new patent leather buggy, driving a spirited horse, and with his pretty companion by his side. All arrived at the scene of their amusements, and the sport commenced. Various games were proposed: Hunt the slipper, blind man's buff, tax and geese, &c., and enjoyed with a zest rarely seen in the refined pleasures of cities. The afternoon wore away, and no Augustus Summer appeared; it was whispered that his absence was occasioned by disappointment in being deprived of Esther Henderson's society, but whatever the reason he did not show himself on the pic nic ground that day, and Lizzie, notwithstanding, was in high spirits. Never had she been so charming; she joked with one, laughed with another, flirted with all, and lavished on Able Sampson her most brilliant smiles. He, poor man, though the table were turning in his favor; his rival was out of the way, had fairly abandoned the field, and left the path of victory open to him. The moment was most auspicious; he fortified himself with the idea that "faint heart never won fair lady," determined to make a desperate effort, broke the ice, and that afternoon should decide his fate.

While apart pondering upon these things, the festivities were going on and as Abel made his resolution, he heard a dance proposed, and rushed forward to secure the pretty school mistress for a partner, but she was not to be found; she had disappeared no one know where; she had been missing for some time, but was supposed to be with him, and they had not taken the trouble to hunt for her. Able was like one distracted; he prosecuted the search in every direction but could find no trace of the absent one. He had wandered a long distance from the party, looking diligently for the damsel, and was about retracing his steps in despair, when he espied a delicate glove upon the grass; he know it in a moment, for like Cinderella's slipper, there was but one whom it would fit. Esther then had passed that way, he seized it, and continuing his course, at last caught a glimpse of a white dress: he pushed on and saw a sight that transfixed him with horror, and fairly made him tear his hair with anguish. His dreams of happiness faded, his castles in the air were levelled at a touch. There was the lady of his heart indeed, but not alone; the elegant Augustus Summer was gracefully kneeling at her feet, and holding in his, that small white hand, which Abel so short a time previous had cherished such ardent hopes of possessing; and made it still more vubnerable, Lizzie did not seem in the slightest degree offended at such a liberty, but blushed, smiled, and murmured something. Abel did not stay to hear what, but he darted through the woods like a flash, not back to the merry company, but took the nearest road to the village.

Thus abandoned, Lizzie was obliged to return with Mr. Summer, and did not seem inconsolable at the exchange. Soon the attention of the whole village was engrossed by the approaching marriage of Esther Henderson to Augustus Summer. The people of S—— had but few topics to discuss, and such an occurrance as this was a glorious windfall to them; it was the point of debate at all tea parties, sewing circles and other gatherings. The great imprudence of our young friends were commented upon and severely censured Esther Henderson for accepting a poor adventurer whom nobody knew anything about, risking her happiness, when she might have had no less a person than Abel Sampson, Esq., an attorney at law, and "well to do" in the world. Mr. Summer's name was equally roughly handled for selecting a simple school mistress with no dowry but a pretty face, who had shown herself totally ignorant of all qualifications of a good wife, but none of their remarks reached the ears of the party interested, or if they did, they were entirely disregarded, for with obstinacy common to young people, they persisted in remaining satisfied with each other, and would hear of nothing to the contrary.

On a bright sunny morning there was a marriage in the village church; the good minister of S—— officiated, and joined in holy wedlock, Augustus Summer and Esther Henderson. The bride had never looked so lovely, and the face of the bridegroom was radiant with happiness. Immediately after the ceremony they bade adieu to the village, and departed for the humble home which Augustus had so often and so eloquently portrayed to his dear companion and she was delighted with the idea of soon surprising him with the riches and elegance she would make him master of. They travelled all day and towards night entered one of our large cities and to Lizzie's astonishment drove up to the door of a stately mansion fully as splendid as her own. Her husband supported her up to the marble steps into a richly furnished apartment.

"Esther, what do you think of our humble home. Forgive me my dear wife, for my deception; do not cast me from you for wooing under false pretences. I am rich, I have always had everything around me to make me happy, but was lonely. I wanted a companion—not one of false hearted followers of fashion, who, on account of my worldly goods, were throwing out their lutes on every side, but a simple, pure heart, one untainted by contact with the world—such a one I have found in you, dear Esther, and I hope you will love the wealthy Hamilton Tracy as well as Augustus Summer, the poor singing master.

Lizzie was completely taken in; she was a little disappointed too, at having lost the pleasure of, by her own act, making her husband wealthy and influential. She hesitated, and finally said, that she too had a confession to make. Her history was told, and the double deception revealed. Neither party could reproach the other, for they were equally to blame; and although we do not sanction deceit at any time, yet in the case in point it was the most successful, for Hamilton Tracy and Lizzie Leslie enjoyed all the happiness that was anticipated by the poor singing master and village school mistress —*Boston Journal.*

"My Wife is the Cause of it."

It is now more than forty years ago that Mr. L—— called at the house of Dr. B—— one very cold morning, on his way to C——.

"Sir," said the Doctor, "the weather is very frosty, will you not take 'something to drink,' before you start?"

In that early day, ardent spirits were deemed indispensable to warmth in winter. When commencing a journey, and at every stopping place along the road, the traveler always used intoxicating drinks to keep him warm.

"No," said Mr. L——, "I never touch anything of the kind, and I will tell you the reason, *my wife is the cause of it.* I had been in the habit of meeting some of our neighbors every evening, for the purpose of playing cards We assembled at each other's shop, and liquors were introduced After a while we met not so much for playing as drinking and I used to return home late in the evening more or less intoxicated. My wife always met me at the door affectionately, and when I chided her for sitting up so late for me, she kindly replied, 'I prefer doing so, for I cannot sleep when you are out.'

"This always troubled me; I wished in my heart that she would only begin to scold me, for then I could have retorted and relieved my conscience. But she always met me, with the same gentle and loving spirit.

"Things passed on thus for some time, when I at last resolved that I would, by remaining very late and returning much intoxicated, provoke her displeasure so much as to cause her to lecture me, when I meant to answer with her severity, and thus by creating another issue between us, unburden my bosom of its present trouble.

"I returned in such a plight about four o'clock in the morning. She met me at the door with her usual tenderness, and said, 'Come in husband; I have just been making a warm fire for you, because I knew you would be cold. Take off your boots and warm your feet, and here is a cup of hot coffee.'

"Doctor, that was too much. I could not endure it any longer, and I resolved that moment that I would never touch another drop while I lived and I never will."

He never did He lived and died practicing total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, in a village where intemperance has ravaged as much as any other in this State.

That man was my father, and that woman my mother The fact above related I received from the doctor himself, when on a visit to my native village, not long since.

May we not safely assert, that were there more wives like my blessed mother, there would be fewer confirmed drunkards.

Despising Household Duties.

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 the neglect of household cares American woman stand alone. A German lady, no matter how lofty her rank, never forgets that domestic labors conduce to health of body and mind alike. An English lady whether she be only a gentleman's wife or a duke's does not despise the 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 ladies to be more choice than even their 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 the servants pays the penalty, which has been affixed to idleness since the foundation of the world, and either wilts away from ennui, or is driven into all sorts of fashionable follies to find employment for her mind."

"Joseph," said a pedagogue to a boy, who came too late one day, "where have you been for the last hour?"

"Nowhere," meekly replied Joe."

"Nowhere!" fiercely echoed the teacher, who was wont to swagger about his little kingdom like a Gulliver in Lilliput, "where is that?"

"I don't know," replied Joe, as he scratched his head, and look down upon the floor—"I guess it aint any where."

"And what were you doing there?" demanded the pedagogue, again scowling still more fiercely.

"I wan't doing anything! I had *nothing* to do, and so I went *nowhere*."

This last piece of logic knocked away all the pedagogue's gravity, and amid a general tittering of "gals" and boys, Joe was told to take his seat.

FOUR STANZAS.

BY WILLIAM ALBERT SUTLIFFE.

The days grow strange, the nights grow cool,
The bees have left their clover;
The maple droppeth in the pool
Its shady summer cover.
All day the swallows southward flit,
All night the wind sighs dreary,
And through the thin veil over it
The moon looks wan and weary.

The crisp leaves rustle on the path
That slopeth to the meadow,
The oak beside the lily-pond
Drops down its naked shadow;
The bared boughs at eventide
On upland falls keep swaying,
And doleful sounds through valley wide
At lonely hours are straying.

Three summer months to warm the heart,
And then the chill frosts after—
Three summer moons to dream of love—
Some ninety days for laughter;
And then the South doth end its reign—
The North-winds clip our dreaming—
The shadow droppeth once again,
To end Love's empty scheming.

There is no strip of summer blue
But winter clouds blow over;
There is no inch of sodden turf
The white snow shall not cover;
No pleasant thing but has its end
When sunny days are waning,
No note of music for the lyre,
But endless y complaining.

WHAT BOWLEGS THINKS OF NEW YORK.

A letter in the New Orleans Delta, thus gives us Billy Bowlegs' (the Seminole Indian) impressions of Washington and New York, as derived from his late Northern visit. Barring its profanity it is rather rich:

I was in Tampa Bay when Billy arrived from his northern tour, and, being desirous of knowing how he was pleased, I invited him to call on me the next morning. At the appointed time, Billy arrived at my office, and after giving him something to drink—which, if you should happen, to omit, you would be very sure to incur the displeasure of Billy—I asked him to describe his trip to me; and he commenced. "Well," said Billy, "in our trip from Fort Meyers I saw nothing but what I had been accustomed to see every day, and I began to doubt if all the tales I had heard about the great cities wereture, but when I arrived at Savannah I thought to myself that the white people were not such great liars, after all, and when I got to Charleston and the other cities, as I proceeded, I found out I had not been told half.

"I like the steamboats," said Bill, "when they go on smooth water; but when they go on the big water, they makes me feel bad. And the railroads, how fast they go, you can't see the trees hardly, but I think I had a pony before the war that could run with them. Oh, yes! the railroads run fast, but I think my pony could beat them. When I got to Washington I saw the Great Father. I had always understood that he was an old man, and was surprised to see him look so young The Great Father has white hair, but his cheeks are round, like mine, I think he is about the same age as myself. I told the Great Father that I was a great man and I *and I didn't want him to suppose that I came there* to beg. I told him that he was a great man and I was a great warrior. Oh, yes! I saw the Great Father, in the White House, I told him that no one could scare me from Florida if I wanted to go, I would, if I did not, I would not.

"I saw plenty of squaws They all looked very pretty, but they all looked alike. I went to New York. My God! what a big place! So many people and wagons" "Any children, Billy?" "My God! don't talk—there is nothing but children. I like Washington better than N. York for in Washington you have plenty of room to walk In New York the road is full of people just like grass. The Great Father and everybody gave me presents, but I could not bring them all."

After he had finished about the journey, he said: "I told the Great Father I would see my people and try and leave next spring. I told him I wanted to stay in Florida this winter."

He dislikes any one to question him about the number of warriors in his tribe. Some one asked: "Billy, how many have you in your tribe?" He immediately answered—"Myself, five more, and old Abraham," (the negro interpreter)—meaning the delegation.

When it was time for him to leave, he shook hands and said, "*you must give me another drink.*" As Billy never lets pass an occasion to imbibe, we were obliged to "pour out." After visiting some more of his friends, Billy became so unmanageable, that General Blake thought it best to send him down to Fort Myers. Just as he was embarking, a crowd gathered around him. Some one said, "The Cowboys will be after you Billy, if you don't move soon." "D——n the Cowboys!" said Billy, "one of my men can whip a dozen of them."

Billy is very abusive when intoxicated, and cursed every one who happened to come in his way. He was sitting down when the boat left, and some one asked him to give the war whoop, he jumped up and gave one the loudest yell I ever heard from an Indian.

Billy Bowlegs is about five feet eight inches in height, rather stout, has a round face, and an expression one never forgets. He is said to be possessed of more cunning than any other Seminole Chief that ever lived. Gen. Twiggs tried several times to entrap him, but always failed. It is my opinion he will never leave Florida until driven out by an army. I am certain he will not go next spring.

☞ One Scotchman complained that he had a ringing in his head.

'Do you ken the reason o' that?' asked his worthy crony.

'No.'

'I'll tell you—it's bec'ause its empty.'

'And have ye never a ringing in your head?'—quoth the other.

'No, never.'

'And you ken the reason?'

'No.'

'It's because it's cracked.'

☞ 'How are you this morning?' 'Not at all myself.' 'Then I congratulate you; for he whoever else you will, you will be a gainer by the bargain.'

PROOFS OF LOVE.—'Mr. Sigsbee, you said the defendant was in love; how do you know that?'

'He reads novels upside down, and writes poetry in the day book when it should be cheese.'

'*Any other reason?*'

'Yes, sir; he shaves without lather, and very frequently mistakes the sleeves of his coat for the legs of his pantaloons, an error that he don't discover till he tries to fasten the tails to his suspenders.'

A clear case—call the next witness.

Boswell observed to Johnson that there was no instance of a beggar dying for want, in the streets of Scotland, "I believe sir, you are very right," says Johnson; "but this does not arise from the want of beggars, but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman."

A Western editor thus sums up the peculiarities of a cotemporary:

He is too lazy to earn a meal and too mean to enjoy one. He was never generous but once, and that was when he gave the itch to an apprentice boy. So much for his goodness of heart! Of his industry, he says the public may judge, when he states that the only time he ever worked was the day that he mistook castor oil for honey.

Keep Your Hens Out of My Garden.

Col. R. and Gen. M. were formerly neighbors and had gardens adjoining each other.

One pleasant morning in spring, about the time of planting Col. R. met his friend, the Gen. in the street, boiling over with rage, who addressed him in this wise:

"Confound your darned old hens, Colonel, they've been in my garden and scratched the beds every which way; I shall have to make them all over again; can't you shut them up this summer?"

"Keep cool, General," said the Colonel, "I prefer that my hens should have plenty of sun, air, exercise, and food, and I don't believe that your garden seeds will hurt them at all. However, if they trouble you much, *shoot 'em, shoot 'em.*"

"I will, by thunder," said the still more excited General, and turning round upon his heel marched away mad as a wild cat.

The next morning, as the Colonel was sipping his coffee, his family was startled by the 'bang,' 'bang,' of fire-arms, the cause of which was soon ascertained. The Colonel, on going to the division fence, looked over and saw General in the heat of bloody *murder*: six fine specimen of the dung hill fowl were flouncing about on the ground, unwilling just *yet to yield up their gizzards to the gourmand.*

"Aha, General! so you are executing your threat, *are you?*"

"To be sure, I told you I'd do it, and I'll be darned if I don't shoot all the rest if you don't shut 'em up. But here, take the thievish critters, I don't want 'em, they are too highly seasoned with shot for my *family.*"

"Thank you, thank you, General, just wait a day or two before you kill any more until we eat these up, and then I've no objections to having the rest *shot.*"

Now Col. R. was rather jealous of his rights, and moreover as fiery as Mars in his disposition, and it was a great mystery to the General how he could keep so cool about the matter. The sequel will show.

In two or three days after, three more very fine and fat chickens were thrown into the Colonel's garden and duly taken care of by the cook.

At last the General 'smelt a rat.' His own chickens were missing, and the egg basket hung on the peg *quite empty, to the utter astonishment of his* good wife, who had never known a similar occurrence.

"Col. R." said the General as they met one day in the street, "have I killed all your hens yet?"

"Killed all my hens, General," repeated Col. R. "*why I have not owned a living hen these three years.*"

The General slaped. He had shot and given to Col. R. nine of his best layers—*Carpet bag.*

A Sixpence for a Kiss.

Coming down town in one of the Bowery omnibusses the other day, we were accidentally one of a trio, two of which consisted of a brace of rather *pretty* girls, who seemed to enjoy the ride remarkably. The stage did not get another customer until on the corner of Rivingston street, a rather spruce looking young man stepped in, who seated himself by our side, evidently inspecting the joyous tempting damsels opposite, with an eye of remarkable interest.

They took little notice of *him*, being evidently engaged in earnest but laughing confab.

As the conveyance neared the intersection of Chatham Square with Division street, our young companion pulled the string, and shoving a two shilling piece to the driver, with the cabalistic interjection of "two" took his change through the strap hole, and as he retreated toward the door in the rear—suddenly put his arm round the neck of one of the unsuspecting maidens—the prettiest one—and bending his face to her lips, imprinted a warm, hearty kiss, upon the twin cherries which composed the lips aforesaid!

It was the action of an instant, and, in three seconds more he was out of the stage and round the corner, with only one roguish glance over his *shoulder.*

The poor girl turned pale, and then suddenly became remarkably red in the face, the blush mantling to her very temple, while she hastily wiped the insult from her pretty labials with a neat white handkerchief.

"But he paid your fare, Sarah!" whispered the sister divinity, as with a nudge of the elbow, she turned consolingly to the offended fair one.

"Did he?—Well! *he can have a dozen more at the same price!*"

There was a quiet but meaning chuckle, and just then the driver gave the horses the reins.

We were crowded farther away from the girls into the corner, moralizing tremendously on human frailty and wickedness.

Sixpence for such a kiss! Cheap, isn't it!

How to Finish a Daughter.

For the attainment of this end, Punch gives the following directions:

1. Be always telling her how pretty she is.
2. Instil into her mind a proper love of dress.
2. Accustom her to so much pleasure that she is never happy at home.
4. Allow her to read nothing but novels.
5. Teach her all the accomplishments but none of the utilities of life.
6. Keep her in the darkest ignorance of the mysteries of housekeeping.
7. Initiate her into the principle that it is vulgar *to do anything for herself.*
8. To strengthen the latter belief, let her have a ladies' maid.
9. And lastly, having given her such an education, marry her to a clerk in the Treasury upon £75 a year, or to an ensign that is going out to India.

If, with the above careful training, your daughter is not finished, you may be sure it is no fault of yours, and you must look upon her escape as nothing short of a miracle.

Ugly Customers.

Mackey, in his entertaining work on American Life and Manners, tells the following story of Mississippi fashions:

A dispute having arisen between two gamblers, one of them drew from his belt a huge bowie knife, and flourished it before his antagonist, directing his attention to the words etched upon the steel, which were—

"Hark from the tomb."

The other, without being at all alarmed, drew forth one of Colt's six barrelled revolvers, and putting it before the eyes of his opponent, pointed to the motto upon the cylinder—

"A *doleful sound.*"

These two quotations form together part of a well known hymn; and the coincidence so surprised the belligerents that they settled their dispute without resort to the ominous oracles in question.

QUIZZING A VERMONTER.—The other day, while over in Jersey City, a tall, long legged, big, flat-footed, six foot Vermonter came up to us with a rush, holding in his hand a pillow-case, well filled, undoubtedly with "home affairs and fixings," and also gnawing away on a large cake a. gingerbread.

"Can you tell me, sir, what time the cars come in?"

"The cars, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"The cars, sir, come in right AFTER the locomotive."

Down went the pillow-case—off went his coat—oh he was full of fight.

Nothing is so dangerous as to pretend to be in love with a woman—the reality is sure to follow.

Odds and Ends.

Scarce—Money.

Plenty—Old maids and bad weather.

Died away—Political excitement.

The worst men often give the best advice.

A French Breakfast—two salt sellers and a muffin.

Marshalt Ney was shot on the 7th of December, 1815.

What is most dear to us just now? Why butter and eggs of course.

He that loses his conscience has nothing left *worth keeping.*

Love is like honesty, much talked about but little understood.

Liberality consists less in giving much than in giving wisely.

In England, at present, there are a hundred and sixty offences punishable with death.

An editor down South says he never dotted an *i* but once in his life, and that was in a fight with a cotemporary.

"Why, Tom, my dear fellow, how old you look?" "*Dare say, Bob, for the fact is, I never was so old before in all my life.*"

There is a family in Ohio so lazy that it takes two of them to sneeze—one to throw the head back, and the other to make the noise.

A fellow in Texas has just invented a strengthening plaster which will enable you to take up anything, from a four month's note to a hogshead of sugar.

As time passes, memory silently records your deeds, which conscience will impressively read to you in after life, especially in sickness and age, to your joy or sorrow.

The receipts of gold at the Philadelphia mint for the month of November amounted to the enormous sum of $7 250,000. Included in this was a large parcel of Australian gold.

Gen. Pierce, President elect, has presented a valuable silver mounted cane to William Butterfield, Esq., editor of the New Hampshire Patriot, as a mark of personal esteem.

Deep learning will make you acceptable to the learned; but it is only an easy and obliging behavior and entertaining conversation that will make you agreeable to all companies.

The Cayuga Chief says that a man who will take a paper for a length of time and then send it back "refused and unpaid for," would swallow a blind dog's dinner, and then stone the dog for being blind.

Paradise Lost—While chasing a pretty girl, to fall into a cellar.

The man that minds his own business has got steady employment.

Lay by a good store of patience, but be sure you put it where you can find it.

The Queen of Portugal has forbidden the wearing of hoops in her army.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Some men are treated like bottels—the empty stood up and the full laid down.

One of the heaviest things to be on the human mind is a late supper of cold potatoes.

To prevent chapped lips, keep the chaps away from them. The ladies will please notice.

Interest speaks all languages and acts all parts, even that of disinterestedness.

An author may write by the yard, and think by the inch.

Trying—To be in love with two ladies at the same time and have only one shirt to court them in.

Every year the London press sends into the world upwards of a million Bibles and New Testaments.

A lever watch contains 202 pieces, and a locomotive 5,308

One remedy for eyes weakened by nightwork, is a fine stream of cold water frequently applied to them.

The man who attempted to produce lard oil from pigs of lead has commenced sunning for relief on the roof of a house.

Owing to a great rush, beds command a high premium and vegetables are scarce—at the head of Salt River.

In pursuit of knowledge under difficulties—The Whigs hunting up telegraphic news on the night of the late election.

Why would you suppose that fish did a great deal of weighting? Ans.—Because they always carry scales.

Instead of regretting that we are sometimes deceived, we should rather lament that we are ever *undeceived.*

A man out west, who owns a large farm, says he stacks up all the hay he can out of doors, and the remainder he puts in his barn.

A picture of despair is a pig reaching through a hole in the fence to get at a cabbage lying only a few inches from his reach.

Everything does some good. Sickness leads to virtue, while the world is indebted to war for half of its surgical knowledge.

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom? When experience has made him sage.

There is a young lady up town who says that if a cart wheel has nine fellows, it's a pity a woman like her can't have one.

How pious new clothes makes people. For a whole month after the Misses Flirt got new Mantillas, they were at church three times a day.

It is computed that a Presidential election, including expenditures, legitimate and illegitimate, from the nomination to the inauguration, costs not less than half a million of dollars per State.

An editor in Mississippi was lately whipped by a man, and kicked out of his office, for publishing an account of his death. He wished to show the editor that he was "alive and *kicking.*"

"Bill, how many rods make a furlong?" "I don't know, but I guess you'd know how many rods make an *acher*, if you'd got such a tanning as I did this morning from old vinegar face.

A fellow popped his head into a tailor's window and exclaimed: "What o'clock is it by your jap board?" Upon which the tailor lifted his jap board and struck him on the head, answering "It has just struck one."

The fondest memories of years that lie entombed in the vast sepulchre of past ages come rushing o'er the soul like molasses gushing o'er the surface of hot buckwheat cakes.