American Volunteer.

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

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Poetical.

☞ We take the following lines from an exchange paper. They are strikingly beautiful. Were each child at early dawn, to repeat these lines, how imperceptibly, yet indelibly, would the moral lesson of prayer be inscribed on the heart?

GOOD MORNING.

"O, I am so happy!" a little girl said,
As she sprang, like a lark, from her low trundle bed;
"The morning—bright morning! Good morning, papa!
Oh, give me one kiss for good morning, mama!
Only just look at my pretty canary,
Chirping his sweet 'Good morning to Mary;'
The sun is peeping straight into my eyes—
Good morning to you Mr. Sun, for you rise
Early to wake my birdie and me,
And make us happy as happy can be,

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl,"
As the mother struck softly a curle ing curl—
"Happy you can be—but think of the One
Who wakened, this morning, both you and the sun."
The little girl turned her bright eyes with a nod—
"Ma, may I say, then, Good morning to God?"
"Yes, little darling one, softly you may,
Kneel as you kneel every morning to pray."
Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes
Looking up—earnestly—into the skies.

And two little hands that were folded together,
Softly she laid on the lap of her mother;
"Good morning, dear Father in Heaven," she said—
"I thank Thee for watching my snug little bed;
For taking good care of me all the dark night;
And waking me up with the beautiful light
Oh, keep me from naughtiness all the long day,
Dear Father who taught little children to pray!"
An angel looked down to the sunshine and smiled,
But she saw not the angel, that beautiful child!

Miscellaneous.

From the Boston Courier

MR. WEBSTER'S WILL.

In consequence of the wish expressed by a correspondent, a wish in which we need not say the public heartily concur, we have procured a copy of Mr Webster's Last Will and Testament for publication. We think it necessary to add that Mr. Webster's Executors, aware how much interest is felt by the community in whatever relates to the life and acts of the great statesman, while they have not been instrumental in procuring the publication of this record, have not expressed opposition to it. We subjoin it entire:

In the Name of Almighty God!

I, DANIEL WEBSTER, of Marshfield, in the County of Plymouth, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, *Esquire*, being now confined to my house with a serious illness; which, considering my time of life, is undoubtedly critical, but being nevertheless in the full possession of all my mental faculties, do make and publish my last Will and Testament.

I commit my soul into the hands of my Heavenly Father, trusting in his infinite goodness and mercy.

I direct that my mortal remains be buried in the family vault at Marshfield, where monuments are already erected to my deceased children and their mother. Two places are marked for other monuments, of exactly the same size and form. One of these, in proper time, is to be for me, and perhaps I may leave an epitaph. The other is for Mrs. Webster. Her ancestors, and all her kindred in lie a far distant city. My hope, is, that after many years, she may come to my side, and join me and others whom God hath given me.

I wish to be buried without the least show or ostentation, but in a manner respectful to my neighbors, whose kindness has contributed so much to the happiness of me and mine, and for whose prosperity I offer sincere prayers to God.

Concerning my worldly estate, my Will must be anomalous and out of the common form, on account of the state of my affairs. I have two large real estates. By marriage settlement Mrs. Webster is entitled to a life estate in each, and after her death they belong to my heirs. On the Franklin estate, so far as I know, there is no incumbrance except Mrs. Webster's life estate. On *Marshfield, Mr. Samuel* Frothingham has an unpaid balance of a mortgage, now amounting to twenty five hundred dollars. My great and leading wish is, to *preserve Marshfield*, if I can, in the blood and name of my own family To this end, it must go in the first place to my son, Fletcher Webster, who is hereafter to be the immediate prop of my house, and the general representative of my *name and character*. I have the fullest confidence in his affection and good sense, and that he will heartily concur in anything that appears to be for the best.

I *do not see*, under present circumstances of him and his family, how I can now make a definite provision for the future beyond his life. I propose, therefore, to put the property into the hands of *trustees*, to be disposed of by them as exigencies may require.

My affectionate wife, who has been to me a source of so much happiness, must be tenderly provided for. Care must be taken that she has some reasonable income. I make this Will upon the faith of what has been said to me by friends, of means which will be found to carry out my *reasonable wishes*. It is best that Mrs. Webster's life interest in the two estates be purchased out. It must be seen what can be done with friends at Boston, and especially with the *contributors to my* life annuity. My son in-law, Mr. Appleton, has most generously requested me to pay little regard to his interests or to those of his children, but I must do something and enough to manifest *my warm* love and attachement to him and them. The property best to be spared for the purpose of buying out Mrs. Webster's life interest under the marriage settlement, is Franklin, which is very valuable property, and which may be sold under prudent management, or mortgaged, for a considerable sum.

I have also a quantity of valuable land in Illinois, at Peru, which ought to be immediately seen after. Mr. Edward Curtis and Blatchford and Mr. Franklin Haven know all about my large debts, and they have undertaken to see at *once*, whether those can be provided for, so that these purposes may probably be carried into effect.

With these explanations, I now make the following provisions, namely:

ITEM. I appoint my wife Caroline Le Roy Webster, my son Fletcher Webster, and R. M. Blatchford, Esquire, of New York, to be the Executors, and also the Trustees hereinafter named, in all things relating to finance and *pecuniary* matters, to consult with my valued friend Franklin Haven; and in all things respecting Marshfield with Charles Henry Thomas, always an intimate friend, and one whom I love for his own sake and that of his family; and in all things respecting Franklin, with that true *man*, John Taylor; and I wish them to consult in all matters of law with my brethren and highly esteemed friends, Charles P. Curtis *and* George T. Curtis.

ITEM. I give and devise to James W. Page and Franklin Haven of Boston, and Edward Curtis of New York, all my real estate in the towns of Marshfield in the State of Massachusetts, and Franklin in the State of New Hampshire, being the two estates above mentioned, to have and to hold the same to their heirs and assign, forever, upon the *following Trusts*—namely:

First. To mortgage, sell or lease so much thereof as may be necessary to pay to my wife *Caroline Le* Roy Webster, the estimated value of her life interest, heretofore secured to her thereon by marriage settlement, as is above recited, if she shall elect to receive that valuation *in place* of the security with which those estates now stand charged.

Secondly. To pay to my said wife, from the rents and profits and income of the said two estates, the further sum of five hundred dollars per annum during her natural *life*.

Thirdly. To hold, manage, and carry on the said two estates, or so much thereof, as may not be sold for the purposes aforesaid, for the use of my son, Fletcher Webster, during his natural life; and after his decease, to convey the same in fee to such of his *male* descendents as a majority of the said Trustees, may elect, they acting therein with my son's concurrence, if circumstances admit of his expressing his wishes, otherwise acting upon their own discretion; it being my desire that his son Ashburton Webster take one, and his son Daniel Webster, Jr., the other of the said estates.

ITEM. I direct that my wife, Caroline Le Roy Webster, *have, and I hereby give to her, the right* during her life to reside in my mansion House at Marshfield, when she wishes to do so, with my son, in case he may reside there, or in his absence, and *this I do*, not doubting my son's affection for her or for me, but because it is due to her that she should receive this right from her husband.

ITEM. I give and bequeath to the said James W. Page, Franklin Haven and Edward Curtis all the Books, Plates, Pictures, Statuary and Furniture and other *personal property now in my Mansion House* at Marshfield, except such articles as are hereinafter otherwise disposed of, in trust to preserve the same in the *Mansion House for the use of my son Fletcher* Webster, during his life and after his decease, to make over or deliver the same to the person who will then become "the owner of the estate of Marshfield;" it being my desire and intention that they remain attached to the House while it is occupied by any of my name and blood.

ITEM. I give and bequeath to my said wife all my furniture which she brought with her on her marriage, and the silver plate purchased of Mr. Rush, for her own use.

ITEM. I give, devise and bequeath to my said Executors all my other real and personal estate, except such as is hereinafter described and otherwise disposed of; to be applied to the execution of the general purposes of this Will, and to be sold and disposed of or held, and used at Marshfield, as they and the said Trustees may find to be expedient.

ITEM. I give and bequeath to my son Fletcher Webster all my Law Books, wherever situated, for his own use.

ITEM. I give and bequeath to my son in law Samuel A. Appleton my California watch and chain, for his own use.

ITEM. I give and bequeath to my grand daughter Caroline Le Roy Appleton, the Portrait of myself by Healy which now hangs in the South East parlor at Marshfield, for her own use.

ITEM. I give and bequeath to my grand son Samuel A. Appleton my gold snuff box with the head of General Washington, all my fishing tackle and my Selden and Wilmot guns, for his own use.

ITEM. I give and bequeath to my grand son Daniel Webster Appleton my Washington medals, for *his own use*.

ITEM. I give and bequeath to my grand daughter, Julia Webster Appleton, the clock presented to her grandmother by the late Hon. George Blake.

ITEM. I appoint Edward Everett, George Ticknor, Cornelius Conway Felton, and George Ticknor Curtis to be my literary Executors; and I direct my son Fletcher Webster to seal up all my letters, manuscripts and papers, and at a proper time to select those relating to my personal history, and my professional and public life, which in his judgement should be placed at their disposal, and to transfer the same to them, to be used by them in such manner as they may think fit. They may receive valuable aid from my friend George J. Abbott, Esq., now of the State Department.

ITEM. My servant William Johnston is a free man I bought his freedom not long ago for six hundred dollars. No demand is to be made upon him for any portion of this sum, but so long as is agreeable, I hope he will remain with the family.

ITEM. Morricha McCarty, Sarah Smith and Ann Bean, colored persons, now also, and for a long time in my service, are all free. They are very well deserving, and whoever comes after me must be kind to them.

ITEM. I request that my said executors and Trustees be not required to give bonds for the performance of their respective *duties under this* Will.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, at Marshfield, and have published and declared this to be my last Will and Testament, on the twenty first day of September, in the year of Lord eighteen hundred and fifty two.

[*Signed*] DANIEL WEBSTER. [Seal.]

Balloon Ascension.

Mons. Petin, accompained by three of his friends, made a balloon ascension in New Orleans on Christmas day. A large number of persons assembled, and every thing passed off to the satisfaction and delight of the crowd. The balloon was of immense size, but the car was the great curiosity. It was built in the shape of a large skiff, with extensive wings attached to the side, enabling M. Petin to guide the direction of his aerial craft from within—The car is built mostly of cork, lined around *with* cavities containing gas. The ascension took place soon after 2 o'clock, amid the cheers of the crowd, the stars and stripes flying from the light vessel

M. Petin for some time *could be* distinctly seen walking about in his frail structure, directing its movements. The excitement of the spectators was much heightened by witnessing the balloon pass through a beautiful white cloud, which for a time obscured the floating machine from sight. After *rising* to a great height, the balloon took different directions, according to the will of its pilot, but finally went off in a south western direction. At a late hour on Christmas night nothing was heard from the daring aerial navigation, but it was trusted that they were safe.

The Courier of the 27th chronicles the return of M. Petin to New Orleans as follows:

"The baloon ascended about 18,000 feet, and was carried by a strong wind to the eastward. By an accident in managing the valve for the escape of the gas, too much gas escaped, and the baloon rapidly sunk and fell into the water of Lake Borgne, about one mile from the land, at 18 minutes past 4, o'clock, P. M. The boat or car being loaded, upset when it struck the water, which was about *fifteen feet* deep. M. Petin and his three passengers clung to the bottom of their frail car, when, after being in the water about half an hour, they were discovered by the Captain of the steamboat Alabama, from Montgomery Ala., to this city. The party were taken on board and brought to this city. The baloon was much torn and nearly ruined while taking it on *board the steamboat*.

"SOMEBODY" in Indiana, after two years' labor, has perfected an instrument which enables him to see through the human body. Flesh viewed through this instrument is rendered transparent as glass, and has a *pink tinge*. The instrument is probably placed "over the left" shoulder!

We have a neighbor, and a business man, too, who boasts that he never reads any papers. His fellow is found in "The man that don't read the papers," who was in town last week. He was surprised to learn that Pierce had carried Pennsylvania.

SHAKESPEARE IMPROVED.—One of our exchanges, speaking comparatively, says—"As well might we paint the lilly, gild refined gold, or attempt to add to the dazzle of the sunshine by burnishing it with brick dust." *Burnishing* the "sunshine with brick dust" is good.

HOPE is the last thing that dies in man; and, though it be exceeding deceitful, yet it is of this good use to us, that while we are travelling through this life it conducts us through an easier and more pleasant path to our journey's end.

DR. FRANCIS says that nothing increases marriages like waltzing. In his opinion, "hugging a girl to music," leads as naturally to white vests and orange blossoms, as New Year's eve does to broken heads.

IMPORTANT.—'Tis said the devil has many imps—we presume that the following are among the number: Imp-erfection, Imp-etuosity, Imp-ertinence, Imp-lacability, Imp-udence, Imp-urity, and Imp-iety.

Self-Reliance.

The following article will be read with interest. We clip it from the Mobile *Register*.

If our young men miscarry at their first enterprise, they lose all heart. If the young merchant fails, men say he is ruined. If the finest genius studies at one of our colleges, and is not installed in any office in one year afterward in the city or suburbs of Boston or New York, it seems to his friends and to himself that he is right in being disheartened, and in complaining the rest of his life. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who *teams it, farms it, peddles*, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and like a cat, always falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days, and feels no shame in not studying a profession, for he does not postpone his life, but lives already. He has not one chance, but a hundred chances.—Let a stoic arise who shall reveal the resources of man, and tell men they are leaning willows, but can and must detach themselves; and with the exercise of self-trust, new powers shall appear; that the man is the word made flesh, born to shed healing to the nations, that he should be ashamed of our compassion, and that the moment he acts for himself, tossing the laws, the books, idolatries, and customs out of the window—we pity him no more but thank and revere him—and that teacher shall restore the life of man to splendor, and make his name dear to all history.

It is easy to see that a greater self-reliance—a new respect for the divinity in man—must work a revolution in all the offices and relations of men; and their religion; in their *education*; in their associations; in their property; in their speculative views.

Female Nobility.

A writer in Chambers' London Journal, thus beautifully paints true female nobility:

The woman, poor and ill clad as she may be, who balances her income and her expenditure, who toils and sweats in unrepining mood among her well trained children and presents them morning and evening as offsprings of love in rosy health and cheerful cleanliness—the most exalted of her jeweled head, and the bless of a happy heart shall dwell with her forever. If there is one prospect dearer than another to the soul of man—if there is one act more likely than another to bend the proud, and inspire the broken heart—it is for a smiling wife to meet her husband at the door with his host of happy children. How it stirs up the blood of an exhausted man when he hears the rush of many feet upon the stair-case—when the crow and carol of their young voices mix in glad confusion, and the smallest mount or sink into his arms amidst a mirthful shout.

Children.

The part that children play in the economy of families is an important one. But important functions often devolve upon creatures trivial in themselves. Not so in the case of children. The child is greater than the man. The man is himself, and that is often a shabby enough concern; but the child is a thing of hope and anticipation; we know not what it may become. The arch laughing glance of those eyes, which flash upon us when of the head—what a lovely creature that may become, to make some honest man's heart ache!—That boy, with flaxen hair slightly tinged with the golden, while his clear, resolute eye looks fearlessly at everything it encounters—what may he not accomplish in after-life! To us there is more of fer or in the passions of children, than of grown men. They are so disproportioned to their causes, that they rudely draw back the veil from our own hearts, reminding us "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." Of all expressions of pain, we can least endure the wail of an infant. The poor little innocent cannot explain its sufferings; and, if it could, so little lies in our power to alleviate them. There is nothing for it but to have one's heart rent by its complainings, and pray in one's helplessness that its dark hour may pass away.

Getting Married.

A down east exchange says that the sensitive young ladies in this part of the country have lately held a convention—ladies' conventions are all the mode now—the subject matter to be considered being the most delicate method of committing matrimony. Some propose steam and some the electric telegraph; but both these methods presented difficulties that could not be surmounted. At length one of the two young ladies who had been quietly confabulating in a corner, rose and said that she knew that when the dreaded moment of matrimony arrived she should faint, if some method were not devised by which the terrors of the dreaded trial could be momentarily buried in forgetfulness; she therefore proposed the application of chlorotoform, and the suggestion was received with loud applause from the assembled spinsters. This is decidedly better than the plan of the bashful man, who wanted to slide into matrimony by degrees. A white handkerchief applied to the nose, a moment passed in blissful dread, and you are awake to the promised land. Getting married by chlorotorm will undoubtedly become popular with sentimental young ladies.

Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding; that civility is best, which excludes all superfluous formality.

Business whets the appetite, and gives a relish to pleasure.

Crimes sometimes shock us too much, vice almost always too little.

Zealous men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are showing you the grounds of it.

Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity; and brutes by nature.

Despair is the offspring of fear, laziness, and impatience.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.

POPE is very fallacious, and promises what it *seldom gives*; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frustrates us without assuring us of recompensing the delay by great bounty.

A good story is told of an old gentleman whose clerks had almost bored him to death with conundrums. Going home one evening, he was stopped in front of a closed store by a countryman, who said:

"Can you tell me, my friend, why this store is closed?"

"Go to blazes!" cried he, "with your conundrums, I've been bored to death with 'em these three weeks."

A little lawyer appeared as evidence at one of our courts, was asked by the gigantic counsellor, what profession he was of, and having said that he was an attorney—

"You a lawyer?" said Brief, "why I can put you in my pocket."

"Very likely you may," retorted the other, "and if you do, you will have more law in your pocket than in your head."

THE SELLERS SOLD.

A few weeks ago, an intinerant pedlar becoming tired of tramping round after his customers hired a shop in a country village for a day or two, issued a quantity of flaming handbills, and vigorously commenced the sale of his wares by public auction.—His loud and incessant "going going, gone," attracted a numerous set of bidors, and at the same time, exasperated to the highest degree the feelings of the two of three traders permanently located in the place, who considered this new course of proceeding a most unwarrantable infringement of their time honored monopoly. They anxiously conferred together, and at last hit upon a plan of prosecuting the pedlar for selling without a license, and were not long in finding a person to go forward and put the plan in execution. This person proceeded at once to the place where the enterprising intruder was so actively knocking off his notions, and propounded to him the startling inquiry, whether he had a license to sell?—The pedler hurriedly replied that he had not, but kept on with his sales. He was now in for it, and the informer hastened to a magistrate, obtained, a warrant, and without delay had in the costumesions *venue* before his Honor for trial. After the proofs had been put in to show the offence of selling and the admission of the pedlar that he had no license, he was called on for his defence, when to the astonishment of the prosecutor, he calmly drew from his pocket and exhibited to the court a regular pedlar's license, duly granted him, upon payment of the required sum, and of course at once acquitted of the charge. The prosecutor looked around him in bewildered amazement, but after he had sufficiently recovered from his surprise, he began to give vent to his wrath by upbraiding the pedlar in the tallest terms of falsehood

"What wrong have I done?" cried the pedlar.—"You asked me if I had a license to sell, and I told you the truth when I replied I had not I do not *wish* to *sell* it, I want it for my own especial use!"

Growing Old.

So long as we may grow therein in wisdom and worth it is well, it is desirable to live but no further. To my view insanity is the darkest, the most appalling of earthly calamities, but how much better is an old age that drivels and wanders, misunderstands and forgets? When the soul shall have come choked and smothered by the ruins of its wasting, falling habitation, I should prefer to inhabit that tenement no longer. I should not choose to stand shuddering and trembling on the brink of the dark river, weakly when Faith assures me that a new Eden streaches green and fair beyond it, and the baptism it invites will cleanse the soul of all that now clogs, clouds, and weighs it to the earth. No; when the windows of the mind shall be darkened, when the growth of the soul shall have been arrested, I would not weakly cling to the earth which will have ceased to nourish and uphold me. Rather "let the golden bowl be *loosed* and the pitcher broken at the fountain;" let the sun of my existence go down ere the dusky vapors shroud its horizon; let me close my eyes calmly on the things of earth, and let my weary frame sleep beneath the *clods of the valley*; let the spirit, which it can no longer *cherish* as a guest, be spared the ignominy of detention as a prisoner; but freed from the fetters of clay, let it wing its way through the boundless universe, to whereso ever the benign Father of Spirits shall have assigned it an everlasting home.

Love of Home.

I have at times tried to imagine the feelings of a man who is about to emigrate, fully convinced that he never will look upon his native land—to my mind it brings thoughts allied to death. I could fancy where until death came—in some huge prison,—with a jail like sky above it, and an area that might stretch hundreds of miles, with a wide sea around it, on the margin of which I should wander alone, sighing away my soul to regain my native land. Every thing would be strange to me; the landscape would call up no recollections, I should not have even a tree to call my friend, nor a flower which I could say was my own. Ah! after all it is something to look upon the churchyard where those that we love are at rest, to gaze upon their graves, and think what we have gone through with them, and what we would undergo to recall them from the dead. Reader, *pardon these* childish thoughts—they forced themselves into my mind, and I have recorded them, they seem to awak on my memory anew, and strip me of a score of years; they have a foolish hold on my affections.—*But surely it is a worthy passion to cherish*; there seems something holy about the past; it is freed from all selfishness; we love it for its own sake; we sigh for it because it can never again be recalled; even *as a fond mother* broods over the memory of some darling that is dead, as if she had but then discovered how much her heart loved it.

How to Acquire High Health.

Walker, in his "Original," lays down the *following* rules for attaining high health. They are worth remembering, particularly his advice to wives and husbands:

"First study to acquire a composure of mind and body. Avoid agitation of one or the other, especially just *before and after meals*, and whilst the process of digestion is going on. To this end, govern your temper, to look at the bright side of things, keep down as much as possible the unruly passions, discard envy, hatred and malice, and lay your head upon your pillow in charity with all mankind. Let not your wants outrun your means. Whatever difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but only think what is right to do in the sight of him who seeth all things, and bear without pining the results. When your meals are solitary, let your thoughts be cheerful; when they are social which is better, avoid disputes or serious argument, or unpleasant topics. 'Unquiet meals,' says Shakespeare, 'make ill digestions, and the contrary is produced by easy conversation, a pleasant project, welcome news, or a lively companion. I advise wives not to entertain their husbands with domestic grievances about children or servants, nor to ask for money, nor propound unreasonable or provoking questions, and advise husbands to keep the cares and vexations of the world to themselves, and to be communicative of the comfortable, cheerful and amusing."

TAKE CARE OF YOUR FEET

Of all parts of the body, says Dr Robertson, there is nothing which ought to be so carefully attended to as the feet Every person knows from experience that colds, and many other diseases which proceed from the same, are attributed to cold feet. The feet are at such a distance *from the* "wheel at the cistern" of the system, that the circulation of the blood may be very easily checked

Yet for all this, and although every person of common sense should be aware of the truth of what we have stated, there is no part of the human body so much trifled with as the feet The young, and would-be-genteel fonted, cramp their feet into thin soled, pinching boots and *shoes, in order* to display neat feet in the fashionable sense of the term. There is one great evil against which every person should be on their guard, and it is one which is not often guarded against—we mean the change of warm for cold boots or shoes A change is often made from thick *to thin-soled* shoes, without reflecting on the consequences which might ensue In cold weather, boots or shoes made of good thick leather, both in soles and *uppers*, should be worn by all. Water-tights are not good if they are air-tights also. India rubber overshoes should never be worn except in wet splashy weather, and *then not very long* at once. It is hurtful to the feet to wear any covering that is air tight over them, and *for this reason* India rubber should be worn as seldom as possible. No part of the body should be allowed to have a covering that entirely obstructs the passing of the carbonic gas from the pores of the skin outwards, and the moderate passage of air inwards to the *skin*. Life can be destroyed in a very short time by entirely closing up the pores of the skin. Good warm stockings and thick soled boots and shoes are conservatories of health, and consequently of human happiness.—*Scientific American*.

Anecdote of Buckland.

This distinguished geologist one day gave a dinner, after dissecting a Mississippi alligator, having asked a good many of the most distinguished of his classes to dine with him. His house and all his establishment were in good style and taste. His guests congregated, the dinner table looked splendidly with glass, china and plate, and the meal commenced with excellent soup.

"How do you like the soup?" asked the Doctor, after having finished his own plate, addressing a famous *gourmand* of the day.

"Very good indeed," answered the other. "Turtle, is it not?" I only ask because I do not find any green fat.

The Doctor shook his head.

"I think it has somewhat of a musty taste," said another, not unpleasant but peculiar."

"*All* alligators have," replied Buckland. "The cayman peculiarly so. The fellow whom I dissected this morning, and whom you have just been eating."

There was a general rout of the whole guests—from the table. two or three ran out of the room and vomited, and only those who had stout stomachs remained to the close of an excellent entertainment.

"See what imagination is," said Buckland. "If I had told them it was *turtle, or terrapin, or bird's* nest soup—salt water amphibia or fresh, or the gluton of a fish from the maw of a sea bird, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion none the worse. Such is prejudice."

"But was it really an alligator?" asked a lady.

"As good a calves head as ever wore a coronet," answered Buckland.

Singular Case of Instinct.

We do not remember ever to have heard of a more remarkable exhibition of equine intelligence than was communicated to us a few days since by Mr. Allen, of this place. The circumstances as they were narrated to us, are as follows:

"Mr A. had for a considerable time a span of sprightly little horses, that he had never separated. In the stable, in the field, in the harness, they had always been together. This had caused a great attachment to grow up between them. A few days ago he went with them out to Lake Minnetonka, on a fishing excursion. Taking them out of the carriage, he led them to the Lake, and tied them with stout ropes, several rods apart, on a strip that grew upon the shore, and left them to feed. Returning to the shanties, he threw himself upon the floor to await to fish.

"Not much time elapsed before the sound of an approaching horse's feet attracted his attention, and a moment after one of the spans appeared at the door. The animal put his head in, and giving a neigh, returned at a slow gallop, yet under evident excitement to the spot where, but a few moments before, he and his companion had been seemingly safely fastened. *Surprised to find his horse loose, and struck* with his singular conduct, Mr. A. immediately followed, and found the other lying in the water entangled in the rope, and struggling to keep his head above water. *While Mr. A. proceeded to disengage* the unfortunate horse, his *noble benefactor* stood by, manifesting the utmost solicitude and sympathy, and when his mate was extricated from his situation, and again upon his feet on terra firma, the generous creature exhibited the most unquestionable signs of satisfaction and joy. That the intelligent animal should have noticed the unfortunate situation of his mate—that he should know where to apply for rescue, and in his efforts should sunder a three-fourths of an inch rope, and finally that he should exhibit so high appreciation of the event, are circumstances to astonish, sideration of those who would limit the power of reasoning to the 'genius homo.'—*St. Anthony's Express*.

Generosity.

Governor Morris must have been a model man, as well as a model husband. If the following is true, we set him down as greatly generous and good.—The following is the circumstance:

Governor Morris, if we may judge by the testimony afforded by his treatment of his wife in his will, must have truly been the 'model husband.' He was not one of your modern skinflints, who cut off a wife's inheritance if she happens to marry again—Quite the contrary. In his will, made a short time before his death, after settling upon his wife a liberal allowance, he says: 'And in case my wife should marry, I give her $600 more to defray the increased expenditure which may attend the connection.'

Bigotry.

Philips, the Irish orator, in one of his speeches, gives a most vivid personification of Bigotry. It is as follows:

Bigotry has no head, and cannot think; she has no heart, and cannot feel; when she moves, it is in wrath; her prayers are curses; her communion is death; her vengeance is eternity; her decalogue is written in blood of her victim; if she stoops for a moment from her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred rock to whet her fange for keener rapine, and replume her wing for a more sanguinary despoilation.

DISCONTENTMENT.—Discontentment is a sin which *is its own punishment, and* makes men torment themselves; it makes the spirit sad—the body sick; and all the enjoyments sour: it arises not from condition, but from the mind. Paul was contented in prison.—Ahab was *discontented* in a palace; he had all the delights of Canaan, that pleasant land, the wealth of a kingdom, the pleasure of a Court, the honors and power of a throne, and yet all this avails him nothing without Naboth's vineyard. Inordinate desire exposes men to vexations, and being disposed to fret, they will always find something to fret about.

An Englishman travelling in Kilkenny, came to a ford and hired a boat to take him across. The water being more agitated than was agreeable to him, he asked the boatman if any person was ever lost in "Never," replied Pat "my brother was drowned here last week, but we found him again the next day."

An auctioneer was selling a lot of land for agricultural purposes. "Gentleman," said he, "this is the most delightful land. It is the easiest land to cultivate in Massachusetts—It's so very light—Mr. Parker here, will corroborate my statement—he owns the next patch and he will tell you how easy it is worked." "Yes, gentleman said Mr. Parker," it is very easy to work, but it's a plaguey sight easier to gather the crops."

☞ Rosseau sent Voltaire an ode to posterity requesting his opinion of the poem. Voltaire replied that it would never reach the person it was addressed to.

☞ Paris shot Achilles in the heel at the seige of Troy, and hence originated the saying at drinking of "No heel taps."

☞ There is truth in wine,' said Cæsar Borgi to Machiavelli, the Florentine embassador.

'In some wine,' replied the republican statesman, 'there is a truth of which all truthes is the most inevitable.'

By this truth he meant death, too often found in the cup of Borgias.

A merchant entering his store in the morning, and finding his boy Bobby attempting to throw all sorts of somersets and kicking up as great a rumpus as a great town caucus. "What are you about?" asked the merchant looking astonished at the wild evolutions of the boy. "Obliging my girl," replied the almost exhausted youth. "She's writ me a luscious letter, and at the bottom of the page she said—'turn over and oblige,' and I've been going it for mor'n half an hour."

How Scholars are Made.

Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances, as a man is, under God, the master of his own fortune, so is he the maker of his own mind.—The Creator has so constituted the human intellect that it can only grow by its own action; and by its own action and free will, it will grow. *Every man* must, *therefore, educate himself. His books and* teachers are but helps;—the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, in an emergency, all his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect its proposed object. It is not the man who has seen most or read most, who can do this; such a one is in danger of being borne down like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it the man that can boast of native vigor and capacity. The greatest of all the warriors in the seige of Troy had not the pre-eminence, because nature had given him strength, and he carried the largest bow, but self discipline had taught him how to use it.

Minor Philosophies.

nated with earth and minerals.

Winter knocks at the door, and leaves his frosty foot print upon the threshold. Remember the poor *in time*.

It is ill manners to trouble people with talking too much either of yourself, or your affairs. If you are full of yourself, consider that you, or your affairs, are not so interesting to other people as to you.

Four hundred years have elapsed since the invention of *printing*, yet books are *not in circulation* all over the globe; while the use of tobacco became universal within fifty years of its discovery.

Jews in Jerusalem.

In 1851 there were ten thousand Jews in Jerusalem. This number has lately greatly increased, and they are supported by Jews in other parts of the world, particularly those in America and Holland.—These Jews reside chiefly on the rugged slope of Zion, over against the temple. Many of them are supported by annuities, which they receive from their friends in Europe, to whom they have made over their property, with this stipulation. This money is remitted to a rich Jewish merchant at Amsterdam, who is called the President of the Holy Land, and the average amount which he receives may be near £3,000. Instead of doing good, it seems to engender strife and idleness. Those Jews still anticipate the speedy coming of the Messiah.

"What's in the moon?"

The story of the man in the moon' is likely to be spoiled, much to the disappointment of all those ancient single ladies who have been 'setting their caps' for him. *We see it stated that with the aid of Lord* Ross' telescope, every object on the moon's surface, of the height of one hundred feet, may be distinctly seen. Craters of extinct volcanoes, rocks and masses of stone are almost innumerable. But there are no signs of habitation, such as ours, no vestige of architectural remains to show that the moon is or ever was inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. No water is visible, no sea, no river; all seems desolate.

Beautiful Thoughts.

Every time you avoid doing wrong, you increase your inclination to do that which is right.

The familiar parting expression, "Good-bye!" means "God be with thee!" "Adieu!" signifies "To God," or "God protect you."

Longfellow, in his prose tale of "Kavanagh," calls Sunday the golden clasp which binds together the arbeiund, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last; and the heart which seeks but another heart to make it happy, will never seek in vain.

Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom—freedom none but virtue—virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom nor virtue nor knowledge has any vigor or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian Faith, and in the sanction of the Christian Religion.

The two Lives.

Beautiful is old age—beautiful is the slow-drooping, mellow autumn of a rich and glorious summer. In the old man nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with her blessings; she fills him with the fruits of a well-spent life; and, surrounded by his children and his children's children, she rocks him softly away to a grave to which he is followed with blessings.

God forbid we should not call it beautiful, but not the most beautiful. There is another life, hard, rough and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow; the life of which the cross is the symbol; a battle which no peace follows, this side the grave; which the grave gapes to finish, before the victory is won; and, strange that it should be so, this is the highest life of man. Look along the great names of history; there are none whose life has been other than this.

☞ When a lady is crossing the street, a muddy street, it is entirely out of order for a male biped to look at her. It is rude—nay it is impudent, unless she is a Bloomer, or has uncommonly pretty feet.

☞ Can you tell us, Jim, where they get so much corn to manufacture into whisky? No sir, but I can tell you very well where the corn comes from after the whisky is made!

☞ A Christian renegade who had become a Turkish Pasha, was asked by a monk whether he really believed that Mohammed would do anything for him in the next world.

'If he does not,' replied the renegade, 'it will be time enough to desert to the enemy.'

☞ Do not sit dumb in company. That looks either like pride, cunning, or stupidity. Give your opinion modestly, but freely, hear that of others with candor; and ever endeavor to find out and com-

☞ The Arabians have a saying, it is not good to jest with God, death or the devil, for the first neither can nor will be mocked; the second mocks all men one time or another; and the third puts an eternal sarcasm on those, that are too familiar with him.

"You are from the country, are you not sir?" said a dandy clerk in a bookstore to a homely dressed Quaker, who had given him some trouble.

"Yes."

"Well here is an essay on the rearing of calves."

"That," said Aminadab, as he turned to leave the store, "thee had better present to thy mother."

A lady, who was very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed by her friend to use her tongue pretty freely after. "There was a time when I almost imagined she had none." "Yes," said her husband, with a sigh, "but it's *very long since*.

A BEER STORY.—"My son," said a father, "take that jug and fetch me some beer."

"Give me the money, *then, father*."

"My son, to get beer with money anybody can do that, but to get beer without money that's a trick."

So the boy takes the jug and out he goes.—Shortly he returns and places the jug before his father. "Drink," said the son.

"How can I drink?" said the father, "when there is no beer in the jug."

"To drink beer out of a jug," said the boy, "where there is beer, anybody can do that; but to drink beer out of a jug where there is no beer, that's a trick!"