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.

BE OFF WITH YOU NOW.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Be off with you now—don't I know
That's it's only cajoling you are;
With "cheeks like the rose's soft glow,
And glances more bright than the star!"
'Tis true that my waist is but small,
And my ringlets may curl like the vine;
But I'm not like an angel at all!
Nor am I the least bit divine!

So be off with you now—don't I see
You're deluding from even until dawn?
My step may be bounding and free,
But, I'm not in the least like a fawn!
But 'twas ever the method we know,
Since Adam in Eden began—
That bosoms were sure to be snow,
And necks were of course, like the swan!

Come, be off with you now till you learn
To woo like a plain-hearted youth
Let your mind, if you love me, discern,
To win, you must woo me with truth!
I would rather—instead of these flowers,
In which you are ever so rife—
That you promised to love me all hours,
As long as each other had life.

Miscellaneous.

From the Olive Branch.

CECILE GREY.

"Alas! for Love! if THIS BE ALL,
And NAUGHT BEYOND, oh! earth!"

'Tis a *girl*, sir; my lady has a daughter.'

'Heaven be praised!' said the discontented father of six unruly boys. 'Now I have something *gentle* to love. Small comfort to me, those boys; house topsy turvy from morning till night, with their guns, fishing tackle, pointers, setters, hounds, spaniels and what not. Tom's college bills perfectly ruinous—horses, oysters and cigars all lumped under the general head of *et cetera*; I understand it all—or my purse does! But this little gentle girl! climbing upon my knee, and making music and sunshine in the house, with her innocent face and silvery laugh; the little human blossom by life's rough thorny wayside, she'll make amends Am I not the happiest husband in the world; my heart shall find a resting place here. She must be highly educated and accomplished I shall spare no pains to effect that—Ah, I see, after all, I shall have a happy old age.'

Very lovely was the little Cecile! She had her mother's soft hazel eye and waving auburn hair, and her father's Grecian profile. There was a winning sweetness in her smile, and grace and poetry in every motion. It was a pretty sight! her gold tresses mingling with those silver locks, as she rested her bright head against the old man's cheek. Even 'the boys' could harbor no anger at her quiet reign! she wound herself quite as closely around their hearts. Then it was a new tie to bind the sundered husband and wife together. Something of the old, by gone tenderness crept unconsciously into their manner to each other. It was THEIR idol! and they pressed her rapturously to the parental heart, forgetting she was but *clay*.

Tutors and governesses without limit, went and came, before the important selection was made.—Then—so many injunctions! She 'must not study so much as to spoil her fine eyes;' she 'must draw only a few minutes at a time, lest it should cause a stoop in her shoulders;' she 'must not go out in the sun, for fear of injuring her complexion.' She was told every hour in the day of her rare perfection; now her attitude—then her eyes—then her shape—she 'danced like a fairy'—sang like a seraph'—in short, needed wings only, to make her an angel:

Every servant in the house knew his or her fortune was made, if Miss Cecile was pleased, and shaped their course accordingly. If "the boys" were doubtful of the success of a request, Cecile was employed secretly to negotiate. The reins of household government were in those little fairy fingers.

No wonder the little Cecile thought herself omnipotent. No wonder she stood before her 'Psyche,' arranging with a maiden's pride, those glossy ringlets. Small marvel, that she saw with exultation those round and polished limbs, and pearly teeth, and starry eyes, and tosses her bright curls in triumph, at the hearts that were already laid at her feet. Her mirror but silently repeated the voice of flattery that met her at every step Cecile was beautiful!—The temple was passing fair; but ah! there rose from its alter no holy incense to Heaven. Those bright eyes opened and closed like the flowers, and like them drank in the dew and the sunlight, regardless of the Giver.

It was Cecile's eighteenth birthday. The most extensive preparations had been made to celebrate it. She was to electrify the *beau monde* with her *debut*. A gossamer robe, fit for a Peri, silvery and light, floated soft as a fleecy cloud around those machless limbs. Gems and jewels would have been out of place beside those starry eyes. Nature's simplest offering, the drooping lily, blended with her tresses. The flush of youth and hope were on her cheek; her step was already on the threshhold of that brilliant, untried world, which her beauty was to dazzle and conquer. Other sylph like forms there were, and bright faces that made sunlight in happy homes; but the peerless Cecile quenched their beams on that happy birth day.

The proud father looked on exultingly. 'Beautiful as a dream,' echoed from one end of the saloon to the other. His eye followed her, noted every glance of admiration, and then he said to himself, 'the idol is mine.' Say you so, fond father? See, her head droops heavily—her limbs relax—she has fainted! They bathe her pale face and powerless hands, then they bear her to the dressing room, and she lies on that silken couch, like some rare piece of sculpture. The revellers disperse; the garlands droop; darkness and silence reign where merry feet tripped lightly. The physician sits by the bedside of his fair patient, and with mistaken kindness, he says to the frantic parents, "She will be easier soon—she will be free from pain to morrow;" and then he leaves her with the anxious watchers.

Morning dawned. Yes, Cecile was 'better,' so her father said; and she sat up, and put her fair arms around his neck, and called him 'her own dear father!' and he smiled through his tears, and parted the bright damp locks from her brow, and said "she should have another ball, gayer than the last, and look lovelier than ever;" and then her mother laid a dandeau of pearls across her pale forehead, and said 'they became her passing well.' Cecile smiled faintly when she replaced them in their case, and then her mother came back again to the bedside.—Ah! what fearful shadow, in that momentary interval, had crept over that sweet face? "Cecile! Cecile!" said the bewildered woman, shivering with an indefinable terror, "speak to me, Cecile! what is it?"

"Am I dying, mother? Oh, mother! you never taught me how to die!"

In the still grey dawn, at sultry noon, in the hushed and starry night, long after that bright young head was covered with the violets, rang that plaintive, reproachful voice in the parental ear, 'You never taught me how to die!'

FANNY FERN.

☞ 'Happiness is not in a cottage, nor a palace, nor in riches, nor in poverty, nor in learning, nor in ignorance, nor in passive life: but in doing right from right motives.'

A WOMAN SPECULATION.—A ship put into Valparaiso some weeks since, on which were no less than two hundred pretty French girls, who were that far on their way to California, whence they are bound on a kind of personal speculation. Martrimonial proposals were made to a few of them at Valparaiso, but they held on to the original enterprise.

A large diamond of great brilliancy has been found in a gulch two miles from Columbia, California. Should it prove genuine, its value will be immense.

☞ The subjoined Ode, from Peterson's Magazine for December, is a fine specimen of poetry, in which sound is significant of meaning. The bounding sweep of its stanzas—its vehement swellings, and majestic cadences—accord well with the ideas expressed by the author.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

BY J. H. A. BONE.

Ho, Artizans! lengthen ye out the wire,
And plant the pole deep in the ground,
For a highway on which the electric fire
May traverse the earth around;
On the rocky bed of the troubled sea,
O'er the smiling fruitful land,
By the crowded mart and the lonely tree,
Place the slight but potent band.

The lightning which blazed in the ebon sky,
Was deemed as the hand of God,
And the trembling world at its sight would lie
In dread of the chastening rod.
The hand of God now rests on the wire,
And wields it as 'twere a pen,
Tracing in words of mystic fire
A lesson of truth to men.

Raizing the laws which say that man
Is a serf to his brother clay;
Telling, in spite of the tyrant's bane,
Of the dawn of a better day;
Scorching, like slender threads of flax,
The letters that bind men down;
Melting away, like simmering wax,
The despot's throne and crown.

Back, Superstition—the flashing light
Will injure thy owl-like eyes;
Hence, Ignorance, hence—thy clouds of night
Must away, now the lightning flies.
Despots, beware! nor trust thy power,
Though firm as the mountain oak;
Thy gun crowned wall and the massy tower
Must fall 'neath the lightning stroke.

Then plant the pole and stretch the wire,
Till a belt goes round the earth,
And the record be traced, in electric fire,
Of a free world's glorious birth;
Treaties awhile may kingdoms bind,
And war join clan to clan,
But the wire shall twine round the human mind,
Joining man to his brother man.

Art of Arranging the Hair.

How often do we see a really good face made quite ugly by a total inattention to lines. Sometimes the hair is pushed into the cheeks, and so squared at the forehead, as to give a most extraordinary pinched shape. Let the oval, where it exists, be always preserved; where it does not, let the hair be so humored that the deficiency be not perceived. Nothing is more common than to see a face, which is somewhat too large to ex, made to look grossly large and coarse, by contracting the hair on the forehead and cheeks, and there bringing it to an abrupt check, whereas such a face should enlarge the forehead and the cheek and let the hair fall partially over, so as to shade and soften off the lower exubrance. A good treatise, with examples in outline of the defects would be of some value upon a lidie's toilet, who would wish to preserve her great privilege—the supremacy of beauty. Some dress the hair close down to the face, which is to lose the very characteristic of hair—ease and freedom. Let her locks, says Anacreon, lie as they like; the Greek gives them a life and a will. Some ladies wear their hair like blinkers; you always suspect they will shy if you approach them.—A lady's head dress, whether in a portrait or for her daily wear should, as in old portraits by Rembrandt and Titian, go off into shade, not to be seen too clearly, and hard all round, should not in fact, be isolated, as if out of sympathy with all surrounding nature. The wigs of men of Charles II's time had at least that one merit of floating into the back ground, and in their full softening the sharpness of the dress about them.—*Blackwood.*

Scene in a Dentist's Office.

A male representative from the Emerald Isle entered, hat in hand, with—

'The top of the morning to ye, sir; an' I've got a bad tooth, an' the divil a bit o' comfort can I get short of a bottle of brandy, an' I've got one of Father Matthy's medals to keep me from all such evil spirits, shure. Now, sir, what'll ye be axin' to pull me a tooth?'

'Half a dollar,' says the doctor.

'Well,' says Pat, 'what will you pull two teeth for?'

'Oh, replied the doctor, 'I won't charge you anything for the second one.'

Pat seated himself, turned up his mug, and the doctor took a peep at his grinders, and with a little assistance from Pat, soon found which ones he wanted out. Says Pat—

'This is the first one, and this is the second one. Please pull the second one out first.'

'Very well,' replied the doctor, 'any way to get them out,' and he pulled

Before he had time to fix the instrument for the other tooth—the first one—Pat had gone out of the chair and was edging towards the door.

'I guess, doctor, I won't have the first tooth pulled till it aches, and you told me that you would pull the second one for nothing.

Pat mizzled, and the doctor pocketed the joke instead of the fee.

A Long Bet.

One summer evening, last year, we were easily seated in one of those arm chairs at the Clinton Hotel, smoking one of the proprietor's best cigars, conversing with friend P———, of Long Island, when he asked us whether we ever heard of a bet that was once made by two young gentlemen who were seated on a former occasion in about the same place which we then occupied.

'No,' we replied, 'what was the bet?'

'There were two young fellows made a bet, and just then Mr. Hodges, who kept the hotel at that time, was coming down Beekman street, one of them said:—

'Mr. Hodges, we have just made a bet which we will leave for your decision. The bet amounts to only two bottles of champaigne, which we will drink to day at dinner, provided you will charge it to whoever you will decide has lost—and you shall join us in drinking the wine.'

'I am agreed,' replied Mr. Hodges.

'You understand the arrangeointment distinctly, do you?'

'Yes—yes; I am to charge the two bottles to whoever loses?'

'Yes, that's it; and we will pay you as soon as you decide the bet, which had better be decided immediately after dinner.

The dinner came off at the usual hour, the wine was drank, and Mr. Hodges, who had joined them at the table, became somewhat impatient, and asked what the bet was.

'R. has bet me that when Dr. Spring's church steeple falls, it will be in the direction of the East River, and I have bet him it won't. When you decide who has lost he will pay.'

The amazed landlord looked at the party—shook his head laughingly, threatened to pay them off for the article they had *sold* him and eloped. The wine never was charged to either of the young men.—*Pic.*

HIGH PROFITS.—'What do wish to get in your two bottles?' said a grocer to a little boy, as he entered his store.

'Mother wants a cents worth of your best yeast.'

'Which bottle will you have it in?'

'I'll have it in both. And will you please to put a cork in them. Can't you send it home, cause I'm going another way?'

'Well, where is your cent?'

'Mother says as how you must charge it.'

A FATAL LEGACY.

The following paragraph is published in a French paper, the Journal des Vosges:

A few days since, a young girl residing near Charmes, Vosges, on returning from Nancy, where she had been to receive 300 francs which had been bequeathed to her by a relative, was overtaken on the road by a young man and a girl, who fell into conversation with her. She had placed her money in a hand-basket, and as the young man observed that she had frequently transferred it, on account of its weight, from one hand to the other, he offered to carry it for her, which was accepted. The young man at the same time thrust into it some things of his own, and amongst the rest his papers. On reaching Crevechamp, they all entered into a public house to take some refreshment, and the young woman, receiving the basket from her male companion, placed it on the table by her side.

The mistress of the house, in serving them, struck against the basket, which gave out a metallic sound. She asked what the basket contained, and was informed, three hundred francs belonging to the young woman. The plan of the mistress of the house was, without doubt, formed instantaneously, for, making a sign to the girl to follow her out, she said to her when in the passage, "You are not aware with whom you have been walking: that young man is a very bad character. Do not think of departing with him."

"What am I to do, then?" said the girl.

"Take your basket and go down to the cellar, where you will find my husband. You can remain there till the others have gone."

The young woman acted as the other recommended, and when the travellers were about to depart they inquired for their companion.

"She has gone on before you," said the woman, "you will overtake her."

The young man urged the girl who was with him to make all the haste she could, as he wanted to recover his papers. After walking until late in the evening, they overtook no one; but being met by two gend'armes, were called on by them to give an account of themselves. They mentioned what had happened, but the whole story appeared to the gend'armes a very unlikely one; however, the gend'armes agreed to accompany the young man back to the public house. When they arrived there the door was found closed, and no answer was given them when they knocked. The gend'armes at last forced their way in, and found nothing of a suspicious character in the rooms above; but in the cellar was discovered the body of the young woman, cut up into pieces. The husband and wife, who had perpetrated the murder, were at once arrested.

Napoleon's Wedding Cake.

The bride cake for the imperial marriage was made in London. The cake weighed 320 pounds, exclusive of the decorations. The design consists of a group of eight splendid cornucopiæ pouring out beautiful flowers, emblematic of peace and plenty, and surmounted by a vase of alabaster, exquisitely carved, with the eagles of France for supporters.—The boquet for the center of the vase contains the fleur de-lis entwined with the Spanish jasmine and Irish shamrock, overshadowed by the eagle's feathers. The whole of the flowers are of English manufacture. The entire cake, including the ornaments, was designed and completed within three days.—The following are the ingredients of the cake:—Dorset butter, 24 lbs; loaf sugar, 84 lbs, currants, 30 lbs; raisins, 30 lbs; rum, 60 galls; Jordan Almonds 42 lbs; eggs, 332, 1 mons, 30, orange, lemon, and citron rings, 24 lbs, three bottles Eau de vie; two bottles creme de Noryeau.

The emperor is not a teetotaller, it appears Five bottle of the ardent in one piece of cake! That's a pretty mess for a man to eat.

A Sensible Rapper.

The editor of the Palmer Journal has been making with a circle of rappers, and made a dollar and a half out of the operation, as follows:

"We accepted an invitation to attend a sitting of a circle of spiritualists, the other evening, and were not a little surprised when the following message was spelled out to one of the company—"Pay the Printer!" It was subsequently explained through a 'medium,' that the message was from the spirit of a delinquent subscriber, who owed us $1 50. The friends of the departed paid us the money without hesitation, and the joy of a relieved 'spirit' was manifested by raps, tipping the table, &c."

That was a sensible 'Rapper,' and one who would obtain many "puffs" from the editors, would be but rap some of the many dollars due, into the editors' pockets. There is a wild field for him to rap in!—and a first rate per cent. on the capital invested is warranted.

☞ Maj William Willis, a soldier of the revolutionary war, died at Union, Monroe county, on the 28th ultimo, in his 99th year. A brief biographical notice of his death, in the Farmers' Friend, states that he beheld the first flow of American blood and the sacrifice of the first martyrs to our liberties, at Lexington, in 1775. He was afterwards at Concord and Bunker Hill, where he fought bravely. He subsequently became the commander of a privateer, in which position he had an eventful time. Among the incidents of his command was a mutiny, which he suppressed after a fearful struggle, in which he was engaged hand to hand with the leader of the mutineers, a man of great personal strength. After the war, he was elected a representative to the Massachusetts Legislature, and successfully held the post of Consul to Barcelona, under Washington, and consul to Venice, under Adams Later in life he resided in Charleston, where he met with reverses in commercial pursuits, and was induced by a warm personal friend to retire with him to the mountains of Virginia, and had from that time resided in the immediate vicinity of Union, where he had been the object of general attention and veneration.

"Hope is the last thing that dies in man"

☞ No it isn't! another funeral comes off after that, when *Vanity* is entombed. Masculine vanity and cats never 'say die.' No frying pan extinguishes them. Vanity never leaves a man, but with his last respiration. There is no fruit so tempting that he cannot shake it off the bough; perhaps bring it down by a glance. Should it linger awhile on the stem, he does not consider it a premonitory symptom of a final disappointment. Oh no! 'tis only dallying with the wind, and turning its cheek to the warm sun, to render the prize more tempting, and enhance the value of possession. It is his whenever he has a mind to shake it down. He sees no flaming sword barring his Paradise. No fence too high for him to leap, no hyena fierce enough to frighten him away when he gains the other side. He is omnipotent! nothing to be done but surrender. Look out all ye feminines, for *Veni, Vidi, Vici!*

FANNY FERN.

☞ That very law which molds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

☞ They must have a rich soil in Oregon. A child of a shoemaker, in one of the more fertile counties, hid, a few weeks since, one of his father's boots in a hole dug in the vegetable garden. The next morning the principal attraction in the enclosure was a leather tree, loaded with brogans.

☞ In Louisville, on the 27th ult., Dr. M. P. Breckenridge was married to Miss Lucy Long, daughter of Col. S. H. Long, of the United States Army. An opportunity, we presume, will now be afforded the happy bride to

"Rock the cradle, Lucy."

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

A TALE OF A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

The mighty West had been settled. The heaven blest home of Liberty had extended from ocean to ocean. The States of the Pacific had begun to rival the States of the Atlantic, and beautiful villages and thriving cities adorned the ocean shore at Oregon, and the banks of the great Columbia.

The darkness of night had settled over this scene of beauty and prosperity, had hushed for a few hours all but the everlasting noise of revelry. Now the upstarting beams of the full moon dimly reveal the spires of a distant city, and in silvery loveliness reflected from the quiet surface of the mighty deep.

Casting my eyes carelessly along the beach, they linger upon a human form, with slow and solemn steps pacing from point to point. I endeavored to approach the spot, unobserved, that I might ascertain who and what it might be. He had now seated himself upon the edge of the rock, his feet dangling over the side, and his eye fixed upon the breakers, that lazily washed its base.—In my eagerness to catch a glimpse of the stranger's face, my feet became entangled, and I fell among the bushes. Startled by the noise, he sprang to his feet, and in a strange tongue seemed to be demanding, "Who's there?"

On my rising, we stood face to face. I reached out my hand, and assured him, as well as I could there was no danger; and he, in broken English, expressed himself satisfied.

His features were those of an Indian, for in my boyhood I chanced to see one. A bow was thrown across his shoulders, after the manner of those long departed tribes.

"Man of the forest," said I, "it is midnight, the songs of the birds is hushed, and the wild beast has gone to rest; it is time for man to seek his home."

"Home!" he replied;" "I have no home. Why should I seek one? My people are no more.—Time was when they covered these hills, and like a mighty swarm filled the valles. These waters were ours—the fish, the game, all was ours.—There, where you see yon tall steeple glittering in the moonlight, once stood an Indian wigwam, and all around the gleaming watch fires blazed."

"I know it," was my answer, "and often have I wondered that such a mighty people could so soon have faded from the earth."

"Faded!" he exclaimed. "Aye you may well say *faded*. Often have I stood in the morning and looked up the mountain side, and seen the cloud that hung upon its brow wasted away by the sunbeam, and thought even so *my nation* was destroyed. Aye sir, they passed away as my breath does from the surface of my bright tomahawk."

'But," said I, "how came it?"

"Know you not, stranger," said he, and his tread became quicker, and his voice betrayed the deepest emotion; "know you not, it was the *cursed fire water?* War killed some—disease some—but that swept off its millions. It made war—it made disease. Our young men were ruined, there were no old men, and year after year the tribes became smaller, till now, although I have been far to the rising sun, I have not found one of my race. I am alone. I am here to die—to spend a few hours in prayer to the Great Spirit—and then all that remains of my fathers' people will be gone."

Here he paused, and I could not but notice with [illegible] the increasing violence of his tread. He broke out again;—

"Let the white man beware. He, too, drinks the fire water. If he will not stop his fate will be like the Indian's. Drunkenness will bring with it disease and war, and by and by some other people will come across the big waters, and take away the white man's home, as he took away the Indian's. Go, stranger, go tell your people to take care lest the fire-water shall turn them up, as it did the Indian. Go—Go—GO!" he repeated, with increasing emphasis; and ere the last word had died upon his lips, he leaped from the rock, and was engulfed in the ocean.

Got his Head in the Basket.

There is hardly a more laughable sight than that of a horse with his head in the basket. Absorbed in oats, the common routine of life may go on and it is all unnoticed. What in his moments of leisure might have startled our steedship from his equilibrium, or at least caused him to turn his head, now passes under his feet, and disturbs him not. Look where he may, he sees nothing but oats; and he crunches in entirely satisfied with himself and the world at large.

A few reflections might be drawn from this sight—as, for instance, when a man is perfectly satisfied that he has made money enough to keep himself comfortable, and benefit only himself and his through life, he has got his head in the basket.

When a college youth thinks that he has acquired just sufficient knowledge, and it would be impossible to teach him anything farther, he has got his head in the basket.

When a young lady imagines that she has nothing more to do in life than to catch a husband, settle down and be at ease, she has got her head in the basket.

When a Christian sums up his religion in going to just so many meetings, and saying so many prayers, confident that he is good enough, he has got his head in the basket.

When a minister learns that all his parishioners, to the number of a thousand, expect him to call on them just once a week, he will find his head in the basket, and a pretty tight one, too.

When a father whips a child for breaking a cup, and allows him to break the commandments without reproof, he has got his head in the basket.

Finally, dear readers, as there is not one perfect person in all the world, and we each ride our own hobby, let us come to the conclusion that until we have sowed the oats of folly, we have all got our heads in the basket.—*Olive Branch.*

Mr. B——, a well-known metropolitan printer, once told us that on one occasion an old woman from the country came into his printing office with an old Bible in her hand.

"I want," said she, "that you should print it over again. It's gettin' a leetle blurred, sort of, and my eyes isn't what they was. How much do you ax?"

"Fifty cents."

"Can you have it done in half an hour?—wish you would; want to be gettin' home; live good ways out o' town."

"Certainly."

When the old lady went out, he sent round to the office of the American Bible Society and purchased a copy for fifty cents.

"Lor' sakes a massy!" exclaimed the old lady when she came to look at it, "how good you've fixed it!—it's e'en a'most as good as new! I never see nothin' so curious as what printin' is!"

☞ Wisconsin, with a sparse and emigrant population, has a school and university fund of $850,000, and an annual outlay for the instruction of her children, of $120 000: 90,000 of her 120,000 children have attended school during the year.

☞ Natur' is natur' and will show itself. It is as impossible, says one who doubtless speaks from experience, to ride alongside of a woman in a railroad car without getting your arm around her neck, as it is to look at strawberries without wishing for loaf sugar and cream.

Let me Sleep.

"Let me sleep," said my companion once, half pettishly turning from my touch, "Let me sleep." The words haunted my memory for hours afterwards. How often has the wish been breathed in this weary world, "O, let me sleep."

The man whose conscience lashes him for misdeeds—evils committed and unrepented of, cries as he drops his head upon his thorny pillow, "Let me sleep!"—"with sleep comes oblivion." The mourner who has seen some bright and beautiful one fade from his embrace, like a summer flower nipped by a too early frost, bows his head before the palid face of the prostrate form below him, and sighs in the agony of his soul, "Let me sleep!"—Sleep with the loved one, whose smile shall never welcome my footsteps more."

"Let me sleep," says the traveller, who, foot sore and weary has toiled long in the world, and seen hopes perish unfilled; joys wither ere they were tasted; friendships which he thought enduring, changing hue like the chameleon, and rainbow promises fading and melting into colorless air, "O, Let me sleep, for I am weary." The rosy cheeked child, the bright eyed maiden the thoughtful matron, those for whom life puts on its finest aspects, its most endearing smiles, all have periods in which they long for sleep, for the oblivion of all care; hours in which the waters of Lethe may flow darkly and deeply over them.

There cometh a sleep to all—a sleep, deep, hushed and breathless. The roar of cannon, the deep toned thunder bolt, the shock of an earthquake, or the rush of ten thousand armies cannot break up its still repose. With mute lips and folded arms, one after another take their place in the chambers of these palid slumberers; one after another, the ephemeral of earth, sink down into the grave, and into the darkness of nothingness. No intruding footsteps shall jar upon their rest—no disturbing touch shall ring from them there, the exclamation—"Let me Sleep!"

AN ACCOMPLISHED IMPOSTER.

A Court of Appeals at Paris has recently pronounced condemnation upon a person named Cavendish, who, it appears, had been guilty of nearly all the crimes in the catalogue. Different circumstances having caused this individual to be suspected of misdeeds of another kind, the Prefect of Police, at the solicitation of the embassador of England, and with a view of the general interest, caused new investigations respecting him to be made, and M. Boudrott, commissary of the judicial delegations, was specially charged with them. It was soon ascertained that his adventurer was a polygamist, and that three of his wives were in England, and one in Italy. Speaking several languages with facility, he passed himself off at one time as a wealth merchant, at another as a member of the House of Lords, at another as a foreigner of distinction. In Great Britain he took the name of Gore, Leicester, Lord Howard, Effingham, Charles Howard, Horace Seymore, Horace Belmore and others There is reason to believe that the name of Cavendish, under which he has been condemned, is not his real one, and that this Proteus has not yet told his secret. Every day, in fact, new circumstances are brought to light against him, and publicity may lead to the discovery of a greater number Cavendish lived in splendid style, and to support his pretentions to high rank stimulated a correspondence with the most eminent personages. He thus succeeded in making dupes of the best society, and in introducing himself into the most exclusive circles. The commerce of Paris is inundated with his forged bills. In short, it would fill a volume to relate the acts of swindling which he has imagined and carried into execution with incredible success. In his interrogatory Cavendish has confined himself to a system of complete denials. Placed unexpectedly in presence of the witnesses of his different marriages, and of his four wives, who were collected to be confronted with him, he promptly repressed a movement of surprise, and, impassible in presence of their recriminations, feigned not to know them.—The unfortunate women whom this polygamist has successfully deceived and abandoned, cannot imagine that he has contracted other marriages, and appears to have felt strong affection for him. His last wife, whom he married in Italy, positively refuses to believe the facts revealed in the investigation, and vows that she will die if her husband be not restored to her. The passion inspired by Cavendish can only be explained by a sort of fascinating influence. He is small, thin and slightly built; his features display cunning and trickery; his bent nose and his round and phosphorescent eyes, burried under thick brows, give him the aspect of a bird of prey.

Dreadful Collision.

A dreadful collision took place on the Central Railroad on last Thursday. It seems that the down freight train while coming through the 'deep cut,' a short distance below Newton Hamilton was stopped, on account of the giving out of the locomotive. The conductor with a brakeman went back with a light on purpose to stop the down passenger train and apprise them of the circumstance, but from some cause or other the train happened to be more than an hour behind time. In the meantime the conductor went into the watch house to wait for it, but falling asleep the train passed him and ran into the freight train with tremendous force. Attached to the freight train were two passenger cars, in one of which there were nine passengers. The concussion was so severe as to break the hindmost car completely up and throw the car in which these passengers were, on the top of the locomotive, breaking away the chimney, safety valve, &c., allowing the steam free access into the car. Four of the passengers were instantly killed and the others so badly scalded that their lives are despaired of. We believe the whole accident is attributable to the negligence of the conductor, who had been arrested and committed to jail, the Coroner's jury having brought in a verdict of manslaughter against him. The engineer and fireman although badly scalded are not considered seriously injured. We learn that three others of those injured have since died, which makes the number killed thus far seven. The remaining two are not expected to live.

Since writing the above we learn that another collision took place near Huntingdon on last Saturday morning, between two freight trains, but without any loss of life.—*Juniata Sentinel, March 10.*

A LADY OFFICER.—Jean Paul says that a lady officer, if she wanted to give the word "halt," would do it in this strain: "You soldiers, all of you, now mind, I order you as soon as I have finished speaking, to stand still, every one of you on the spot where you happen to be; don't you hear me? Halt I say all of you."

Now Monsieur Jean, it was an unlucky day you wrote that sentence. May you never hear anything but that little concise word NO! from every rosy lip you meet between this and your tombstone! May you "halt" wifeless through life; may your buttons be snappish, your strings knotty, and your stockings holy. May your boot-jack be missing, your feet be corned, your shaving water be cold, your razor dull, your hair stand up, and your dickies lay down; may your beard be porcupiny, your whiskers be thinly settled, and your mustache curl the wrong way; may your coffee be muddy, your toast smoky, and your tea be *water-bewitched;* may you dream of Paradise, and wake in—some other place! and with a never dying desire for affection, may you crawl through creation a meek, miserable, nasty, forlorn, fidgetty, ridiculous, ruined, rejected, ragged old bachelor! Amen!

FANNY FERN.

☞ A man not a thousand miles from Lowell, once asked another who he liked the best to hear preach.

'Why,' said he, 'I like to hear Mr. ——— preach best, because I don't like preaching, and his comes nearest to nothing of any that I ever heard.'

RESOLUTIONS OF THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

Mr. Reeder, from the committee on Resolutions, made the following report.

Resolved, That the great and wonderful progress of our Republic in wealth, in power, in political and civil enlightenment, in population, in territory, and all that can develop the energies and promote the happiness of man—exceeding as it does all parallel in the history of the world—establishing, by mountains of evidence, man's ability to govern himself—alarming the absolutists of the old world and menacing to overthrow and destroy, by the more moral power of this grand display, institutions which have withstood all the vicissitudes of centuries, and shadowing forth a national destiny, which the wildest imagination can scarcely conceive, is calculated, in its grand sublimity, to fill us with pride and confidence in the permanency of our institutions, and in the democratic principles which have given them all their value and their power.

Resolved, That the late victories achieved by the democratic party of the State and the Union, resulting as they did, not only in the defeat, but in the annihilation of the political organization opposed to us, have given the most cheering and encouraging conviction of the fundamental truth and purity of the principles which form at once the basis and the strength of our creed; and fill us with glad assurance that the nominations here made will be received and treated with the same fidelity and support as those which were made the rallying point in the contest which produced so glorious a result.

Resolved, That the power and position of our government in relation to the nations of Europe, and the exercise of a becoming vigilance and care over our own safety, require at our hands a prohibition of all future European colonization upon the American continent.

Resolved, That we take pleasure in expressing the gratification we feel in the high abilities and qualifications of our President elect, and congratulate ourselves that his whole deportment and bearing, from the time of his nomination to this day, has so nobly fulfilled, and even exceeded our sanguine expectations, proving him to be a man peculiarly qualified for the high post to which an almost unanimous nation has called him, evoking the approbation of friend and foe, and holding out the brightest promise of an energetic, a patriotic, and a brilliant administration.

Resolved, That we have undiminished confidence in the purity of character, sound democracy, and the signal ability of Col. WM. R. KING, our Vice President elect, and deeply regret his state of bodily health.

Resolved, That we rejoice in the popular verdict which has been passed in the late elections upon fanatical attempts to transgress and violate the compacts of the Federal Constitution, by officious intermeddling with domestic State institutions, calculated to arrayone section of the Union against another in a conflict of bitter feeling and dire hostility, and thus give cause for dissolution. And we regard the popular condemnation of this political error at the polls, and the adjustment of it in Congress by the enactment of the compromise measures, as cause of joyful congratulation, vindicating the true principles of our federal government and constitution.

Resolved, That this convention heartily, cheerfully and unreservedly approve, endorse and cherish the principles of government promulgated in the Baltimore resolutions of 1852, and will sustain them in their party action with all the more affection and respect that they have been the pillar of cloud by day and fire by night, which have conducted us through the late political contest, and ensured us so brilliant a victory.

Resolved, That under the democratic tariff of 1846, our entire country has prospered, the industrial interests of all classes, and more especially the iron interests of Pennsylvania, have been promoted in a degree which has equalled the expectations of its friends, and secured to the people a prosperity unequalled in the history of our State.

Resolved, That the administration of Gov. BIGLER commands and deserves the admiration and approval of the party and the people. His strict and conscientious devotion to the duties of his office, his financial ability, his vigilant care of popular rights, and his bold discharge of duty in regard to improvident legislation, show him to be an able, clear headed and faithful public servant, and entitle him to our warm commendation.

Resolved, That the redemption and cancellation of the relief notes of the Commonwealth is a measure loudly called for by every consideration of State pride and public convenience.

Resolved, That the democratic principle of an elective judiciary has been fully tested and vindicated by experience, and that the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has merited and received the confidence and respect of the people; and that it is sound and wise economy to provide for such just and liberal compensation to the judges, as shall retain and secure the highest talent of the State to fill that responsible and important seat.

Resolved, That upon the assembling of any Democratic State Convention, the chairman of the State Committee, or in his absence any member of said committee whom he shall designate for that purpose, shall call said convention to order, and shall preside for the purpose of enabling such convention to elect a chairman.

After the reading of the resolutions, Mr. Burnside moved an additional resolution—"that this convention has the fullest confidence in the integrity, ability and sound democratic principles of the Hon. RICHARD BRODHEAD, that his career as a Senator, representing the democracy of Pennsylvania, in the National Legislature, has reflected credit upon himself and honor upon the Commonwealth."

Mr. Lynch moved to add to the resolution the words, "and all the democratic members of Congress from Pennsylvania;" which was agreed to.

AN ANECDOTE.—The following anecdote from the New Hampshire *Telegraph* is to good too be lost:

Many years ago there was in the eastern part of Massachusetts, a worthy old D. D., and although he was an eminently benevolent man and a good christian, yet it must be confessed that he loved a joke much better than even the most inveterate jokers.—It was before church organs were much in use, it so happend that the choir of the church had recently purchased a double bass violin. Not far from the church was a large pasture, and in it a huge town bull. One hot Sabbath in the summer he got out of the pasture, and came bellowing up the street.—About the church there was plenty of untrodden grass, green and good, and Mr. Bull stopped to try the quality, perchance to ascertain if its location had improved its flavor, at any rate the reverend doctor was in the midst of his sermon, when—

"Boo-woo-woo," went the bull.

The doctor paused, looked up at the singing seats, and with a grave face, said:

"I would thank the musicians not to tune their instruments during service time, it annoys me very much."

The people stared, and the minister went on.

"Boo woo-woo," went the bull again, as he passed another green spot.

The parson paused again, and addressed the choir; "I really wish the singers would not tune their instruments while I am preaching, as I remarked before, for it annoys me very much."

The people tittered, for they knew as well as any one, what the real state of the case was. The minister went on again with his discourse, but he had not proceeded far before another "Boo-woo-woo," came from Mr. Bull.

The parson paused once more, and again exclaimed: "I have twice already requested the musicians in the gallery not to tune their instruments during sermon time. I now particularly request Mr. Lafevor that he will not tune his double bass voilin while I am preaching."

This was too much. Lafevor got up too much agitated at the thought of speaking out in church and stammered out:

"It isn't me, parson B———, its tha-that d—d town bull!"