American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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

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Poetical.

MY FIRST LOVE.

BY W. W. HARNEY.

The tropic winds more softly breathe
Along the blue of night,
And mem'ry's shadows rise and wreathe
In the enchanted sight.
They rise, the beautiful, the fair,
From dim oblivion's sea,
And wear the form they used to wear
In life's serenity.

The sweetheart of my schoolboy days,
Her gentle girlish form,
The nestling roses on her cheek,
So beautiful and warm;
The dimples round her dewy mouth;
Her tender look of love;
The music of her gentle voice,
Like whispers from above.

The long dim avenue of trees
That led beyond the town;
The glimmering of the village lights
When night was coming down;
The grave-yard, with its solemn tombs,
Where silently we trod,
As though a foot-fall could disturb
A soul that slept in God.

The little parlor and the light
That waved upon the wall;
The warmth of every mute caress—
I well remember all—
The clear brown eyes, the glowing cheek,
That nestled to my breast,
As though it never more could seek
A dearer place of rest.

I sit beside the window place,
Where we sat long ago,
And dream I hear the kindly words
I never more can know
The wavering of the fire light
Is shadowed on the wall,
But by my side the vacant chair
Reminds me of it all.

We may be wiser since that time,
And I have learned to smile,
And call them schoolboy s ille dreams,
To flatter and beguile;
But are we better in our hearts,
Or happier now, to know
The girlish plight and schoolboy vow
Were broken long ago!

Historical.

From the London Times.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

History supplies but few instances of many States politically distinct, yet linked together by a perfect community of race, of language, of customs, and social institutions. Those few instances, however, have been very remarkable. The most prominent, if not the only, up to modern times, have been the Greek and German races, both of them under some mysterious law, which made a common character itself the stimulous of separation and dispersion.—Each of these races has performed a great part in the economy of civilization, which would not have been so well performed had their genius tended more to political unity, to perfect uniformity of laws, to conquest, or any other form of national egotism.—Conquerors and statesmen not less able and success. ful have endeavored time after time to construct out of the copious and splendid materials around them a Greek or a German unity, but the grander the attempt, the more conspicuous the failure: and Greek and German to this day remains the name of races, not of States.

Both these great instances seem likely to be eclipsed by one which bids fair to occupy the same prominent place in the history of the whole world as the Hellenic race did in that [illegible] was limited to the shores of the Mediterranean.—The English language, carrying with it no small part of the genius and traditions of this country, is the dominant tongue of North America, of Australia, and many other regions which may one day be the seats of populous and powerful States. At present no other language and national character present the same appearance of diffusion and propagation. Germans and French, not to speak of lesser nations, are absorbed and assimilated into the great English staple of the United States. Indeed the day is not far distant when the language we speak will be the chief medium of communication throughout the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Indian and the Southern Oceans; and wherever the weary emigrant seeks to rest the sole of his foot, he will find himself compelled to change the language of his fathers for that of Queen Victoria and President Fillmore. Disappointed, then, as we are of unity and conquest; we are at least sure of seeing our race the most numerous, the most diffused, the most powerful in the world, and of exercising an influence far beyond the scope of Emperors and Czars, beyond the reach of Cabinets, and the organization of armies. Whatever may befal the community that people these little isles, it will be a consolation that wherever we go whether following gain or flying oppression, we shall everywhere find our own country, hear our language in every port, and everywhere discover that we have changed the clime, but not the generous freedom, the industry, the literature, the worship of our own native land.

It is the prospect of these expanding and strengthening affinities that imparts so much interest to the mutual hospitalities shown by British and American citizens to the diplomatic representatives of the sister States. We have latdly seen not only the British Minister, but also a distinguished merchant of this metropolis, magnificently entertained at more than one city of the United States, and it is now grown up into a custom, not easily to be broken, that the American Minister should receive here a like welcome at our own principal seats of commerce and manufacture. London, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and other cities, as occasion may offer, afford the American Ministry an opportunity of hearing and returning the expressions of that confidence and friendship, and that sense of a common interest, which are felt by every rational person on both sides of the Atlantic. Nor would these festivities be so popular, or the speeches then delivered be listened to with such interest, were it not for the almost business character of those occasions. A mere interchange of political sentiment between two nations with little to bind them beyond mutual respect and affection might have a poetic character, but would never grow into a custom. It is that business character, that evident prospect of advantage, that constant reference to commercial affairs, which deprives these festivities of a sentimental character, but also gives them a far more sensible and enduring significance. In truth, these international banquets celebrate not an historical recollection, but a future full of promise. Ever since epoch, so deplorable in the eyes of politicians, which violently removed the United States from the legal pale of this realm the actual connection between the mother country and her Transatlantic colonies has been closer and closer. It has now attained to a pass that our Georgian statesmen never dreamt of. The relation of England to Scotland or Ireland, of the metropolis to the provinces, of towns to counties, is not more intimate and beneficial than that of the British Isles to the United States. The vast and fertile territory there brought under cultivation by our kinsmen supplies our increasing population here with the materials of labor and the means of existence, without which they must have long ceased to increase and multiply. We contribute the bone and sinew, without which the planter and the colonist would never have encouragement to penetrate the interior, to cut down the forest, to drain the swamp and cover half a continent, in one brief generation, with a network of railways and telegraphic wires. It used to be said that if Athens and Lacedæmon could but make up their minds to be good friends and make a common cause, they would be masters of the world. The wealth, the science, the maritime enterprise, and daring ambition of the one, assisted by the population, the territory, the warlike spirit, and stern institutions of the other, could not fail to carry the whole world before them. That was a project hostile to the peace and prosperity of mankind, and ministering only to national vanity. A far grander object, of more easy and more honorable acquisition, lies before England and the United States, and all other countries owning our origin and speaking our language. Let them agree not in an alliance offensive and defensive, but simply never to go to war with one another. Let them permit one another to develop as Providence seems to suggest, and the British race will gradually and quietly attain to pre-eminence, beyond the reach of mere policy and arms. The vast and ever increasing interchange of commodities between the several members of this great family, the almost daily communication now opened across, not one, but several oceans, the perpetual discovery of new means of locomotion, in which steam itself now bids fair to be supplanted by an equally powerful but cheaper and more convenient agency—all promise to unite the whole British race throughout the world in one social and commercial unity more mutually beneficial than any contrivance of politics. Already, what does Austria gain from Hungary, France from Algeria, Russia from Siberia, or any absolute monarchy from its adject population, or what town from its rural suburbs, that England does not derive in a much greater degree from the United States, and the United States from England? What commercial partnership, what industrious household exhibits so direct an exchange of services? All that is wanted is that we should recognize this fact, and give it all the assistance in our power. We cannot be independent of one another. The attempt is more than unsocial; it is suicidal. Could either dispense with the labor of the other, it would immediately lose the reward of its own industry. Whether national jealousy, or the third for warlike enterprise, or the grosser appetite of mercantile monopoly attempt the separation, the result and the crime are the same. We are made help meets for one another. Heaven has joined all who speak the British language, and what Heaven has joined let no man think to put asunder.

Death by Crucifixion.

In various countries crucifixion has been a mode of inflicting capital punishment upon transgressors. Among the jews it was something spoken of as hanging. It was a cruel and disgraceful death to die, as Cicero says in his oration against Verres:—"the worst possible punishment." Ulpian calls it, and other ancient writers speak of it in the same terms. It was in use among the Persians, the Greeks and the Romans, with peculiar refinement of torture, according to the taste of the people, of the degree of guilt for which the victim suffered. Kitto has compiled a great many facts respecting this dreadful punishment, which cannot be read without deep emotion when we remember that this was the death of our Lord Jesus. Herodotus says that Darius crucified three hundred persons after the seige of Babylon Alexander nailed two thousand captives to as many crosses by the sea side after the capture of Tyre.—The Romans scourged the criminal before they crucified him. Thus they treated our master.

The Hebrews derived the punishment from the Romans. The upright beam was let into the ground and the criminal being raised up was fastened to the traverse piece by nails driven through his hands, sometimes through his feet also; and often the feet were crossed and one nail driven through both.—The feet were sometimes bound to the cross by cords. A tablet declaring the crime was placed on the top of the cross. The victim died under the most frightful sufferings, so great that even amid the raging passions of war, pity was sometimes excited. The wounds in themselves were not fatal. A raging fever soon sets in, and the victim complains of a throbbing headache, intense thirst and pain. When mortification ensues, as is sometimes the case, the suf[illegible] pain, but his anxiety and sense of prostration are excessive, hiccup supervenes, his skin is moistened with cold, clammy sweat, and death ensues. The duration of life under these agonies varied with the constitution of the sufferer, and the state of the weather. Death was hastened by the heat of the sun and the exposure of the cold night air, but it did not ordinarily come to end the wretchedness of the victim, until he had hung for 36 or 48 hours;—weary hours! Eusebius says that many of the martyrs in Egypt, who were crucified with their heads downward, perished by hunger. This is probably a mistake, as food would not have contributed to the support of life, had the victim desired to eat; but the statement proves that the martyrs must have hung for some time before they expired. Richter states that some survive on the cross for three, four, and even for nine days.

Our blessed Lord is believed to have died in about six hours from the time of being nailed to the cross. He gave up the Ghost. He laid down his life.—The historians speak of him as if he yielded up his breath when his work was done. But a dreadful death it was to die. And for us!

"Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree."

The Emperor of Austria.

A letter from Vienna gives the following account of the Emperor of Austria:—"The Emperor, although the youngest soverign in Europe, is one of the most remarkable for cool judgement and application to business. He rises every morning at 6 o'clock even in winter, and is never in bed more than four or five hours. As soon as he leaves his bed room, he goes into his cabinet, where he gives audience to civil and military functionaries, and enters into the most minute details of the reports they make to him. His manner is dignified but cold, and his face is rarely illuminated with a smile, but there is never anything harsh in his language, even when expressing himself with the greatest decision, and his decisions are always remarkable for the strong principle of justice on which they are founded. As soon as he has breakfasted—and this occupies only a few minutes—the Emperor has conference with his ministers, whom he frequently astonishes with the knowledge that he displays of every branch of their departments, and for which he is indebted to the information he has received from subordinates. He listens calmly, on great matters of state, to all they have to advise; but if he has made up his mind on any point, from previous and mature deliberation, no argument can induce him to change it. Like the Emperor of Russia, he is in the habit of visiting, suddenly the barracks, and the public schools, where he inspects everything, tastes the food, to be certain that it is of good quality, and interrogates the soldiers and pupils, to ascertain if there are any just causes of complaint. In the evening, after the public official duties of the day, he withdraws to his cabinet, where he reads his correspondence, makes notes of the business to be expedited on the morrow, and, as already stated, retires to rest at a late hour."

LEGAL ANECDOTE.—In the heat of an August afternoon, Mr. G., a lawyer out West, who is somewhat energetic in speaking, was 'summing up' with his usual zeal on behalf of his client before Squire Paine, and a crowd of spectators then and there assembled. While G. was putting in his 'biggest licks,' a quizzical chap got behind him, and went to tickling his ear with a straw. The justice liked the joke and kept still. G., supposing it was flies, brushed first one ear and then the other, but persevered in his speech, amid a subdued tittering. Finally, as G. happened to be pressing some novel point of law to the Justice, his friend behind put the 'flea in his ear' a little more sensibly. As G. brushed his hand at the fly a little more fiercly, the Justice burst out into a laugh. Whereupon G., bringing his fist almost in contact with the head of the magistrate, rebuked him as follows:

'Your honor may laugh—*but such is the law.*'

'I've three cents left,' said a loafer, 'so I'll buy a paper with it.'

'What paper will you buy?' said a friend, curious to learn the literary taste of his acquaintance.

'A paper of tobacco,' was the reply.

THE IRON GIFT.

A LEGEND FROM THE FRENCH.

There once lived in Scotland, three poor blacksmiths. Their habitations were situated in the mountains, which surrounded the pretty town of Perth. Though they labored incessantly, they could scarcely obtain a sufficiency of the coarsest food: and frequent and sorrowful were their prayers that God would send them some little portion of the bounty which so many enjoy without merit; or that their lives and wretchedness might end together. Labor and prayer seemed to them alike fruitless; misery appeared reserved for their lot. Dispairing, then, of fortune, (and prompted by the evil working of their minds,) they said to one another, 'Our prayers avail nothing; let us turn to the evil spirit and ask his favor.'

Scarcely had they pronounced these impious words, when a voice was heard behind them:—

'At midnight, at the Blackrock mountain, I will await you. If you have courage to meet me there, fortune is yours. Remember midnight.'

Speechless with terror, the brothers gazed upon each other. The youngest at last broke silence:

'My brothers, do you hear? Shall we go?'

'We will obey!' exclaimed the elder.

On the approach of midnight, they bent their steps towards the mountain. As they drew near it, they heard the ringing of an anvil, but saw neither light nor smoke. With terror they advanced to discover whence the sound proceeded. They reached the end of the path. The noise of a thousand hammars resounded; but on looking around, they saw only a solitary man at work.

'I awaited you,' he said, 'and was forging for you. This product of my labor is yours, upon one condition. If at the end of nine years, you do not return it to me, or the value it has produced you, you will lose both body and soul, and all your possessions shall vanish from the earth. A whim sometimes impels me to benefit mortals: endeavor then to profit by this Gift of Iron.'

So saying, he gave to each a mass of wrought Iron, and then dismissed them.

The brothers arrived at home, not much pleased with the event of their journey, questioning whether the gift promised much, and not doubting that they should return it at the appointed time. They fell asleep thinking of their adventure, and murmuring as usual at their ill luck.

On awakening next morning, they were about to commence their daily toil, having almost forgotten the disappointment of the previous evening, when suddenly they perceived three ingots of gold, which had replaced the masses of iron. Their joy was unbounded.

Immediately they laid plans to enjoy their wealth. In a short time they dwelt in a magnificent palace, with a retinue regal in splendor.—Forgetting their promise to the wizzard, to return the value of his gift, they passed their time in pleasure, without thinking of the future. Nine years rolled away in festivals and the most extravagant indulgence.

At the close of their term at length arrived.—The wizzard, punctual to his appointed hour, appeared at midnight, at the palace, and in the midst of a splendid banquet; and while all the guests were appalled, thus addressed the brothers:

'The last hour is about to strike! what have you to return to me?'

They were dumb with terror! An infernal smile played upon the features of the tempter. He [illegible] A horrid tumult filled the air, as the ministers of the wizzard's vengeance swept away his victims.

This is the moral of the Legend:—that those who, by the iron toil of others, become possessors of great wealth, should not squander it upon their own pleasures, but cause it to yield its value for the benefit of those who wrought it.

A Thrilling Adventure.

A merchant wishing to celebrate his daughter's wedding, collected a party of her young companions; they circled around her, wishing much happiness to the youthful bride and her chosen one. Her father gazed proudly on his lovely child, and he that as bright prospects for the future might open for the rest of his children, who were playing among the guests. Passing through the hall of the basement, he met a servant who was carrying a lighted candle in her hand without a candlestick. He blamed her for such conduct, and went into the kitchen to see about the supper. The girl soon returned, but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels *of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar during* the day, and that one had been opened.

'Where is your candle?' he inquired in the utmost alarm.

'I couldn't bring it up with me, for my arms are full of wood,' said the girl.

'Where did you put it?'

'Well, I'd no candlestick, so I stuck it in some black sand that's in a small barrel.'

Her master dashed down the stairs, the passage was long and dark, his knees threatened to give way under him, his breath was choked, his flesh seemed dry and parched, as if he already felt the suffocating blast of death. At the end of the cellar, under the very room where his children and their friends were revelling in felicity, he saw the open barrel, full at the top; the candle stuck loosely in the grains, with a long red snuff of burnt wick; this sight seemed to wither all his powers; the laughter of the company struck upon his ear like a knoll; the music commenced above, the feet of the dancers responding with vivacity. The floor shook, and the loose bottles in the cellar jingled with the motion. He fancied the candle moved—was falling; with desperate energy he sprang forward—but how to remove it! the slightest touch would cause the red hot wick to fall into the powder. With unequaled presence of mind he placed a hand on each side of the candle pointed toward the object of his care, which, as his hands met, was secured in the clasping of his fingers, and safely moved away from its dangerous position. When he reached the head of the stairs he smiled, at his previous alarm, but the reaction was too powerful, and he fell into fits of the most violent laughter. He was conveyed to his bed senseless, and many weeks elapsed ere his nerves recovered sufficient tone to allow him to resume his business.

HUMAN BODIES FOUND IN GUANO.—From the ship Brandscompt, unloading Peruvian guano at Leith, there were exhumed the remains of three persons, evidently Peruvians, buried in the guano, and which had apparently not been disturbed in the process of loading the ship. The remains illustrate a curious property in the guano in preserving bones, hair, and clothes, while completely decomposing flesh. It is not known when the bodies were originally interred, but the bones were all found as entire as if they had been preserved in a museum; the hair remained upon the skull, and the clothes were very little decayed.—*North British Mail.*

A country surgeon who was bald, was on a visit to the house of a friend, whose servant wore a wig. After bantering him for a considerable time the doctor said:

"You see how bald I am and I don't wear a wig."

"True sir," replied the servant, "but an empty barn requires no thatch."

☞ A Gentleman told a lady she was wondrous handsome; she replied, 'I thank you for your opinion and wish I could say as much of you.' You might, Madam,' said he, 'if you told as big a lie as I did.'

Somebody in my Bed.

BY W. J. JONES, ESQ., OF HARRISBURG, PA.

"I believe, captain," said the doctor, "I never told you my adventure with a woman at my boarding house, when I was attending the lectures.

"No let's have it," replied a short, flabby, fat man about fifty, with nervous temperament, and a very red face.

"I boarded at a house in which there were no females except the landlady and an old colored cook—"

The captain by way of requesting him to go on said, "Well!"

"I often felt the want of female society to soften the severe labors of deep study, and dispel the *ennui* to which I was subject—"

"Well!"

"But as I feared that forming acquaintance with the ladies might interfere with my studies, I avoided them all—"

"Well!"

"One evening, after listening to a long lecture on physical anatomy, and after dissecting a large negro, fatigued in body and mind, I went to my lodgings—"

"Well!"

"I went into the hall, took a large lamp and went directly into the room, it being then after 1 o'clock—"

"Well!"

"I placed the light upon the table, and commenced undressing. I had hardly got my coat off when my attention was attracted to a frock and a quantity of petticoats lying on a chair near the bed—"

"Well!"

"And a pair of beautiful small shoes and stockings on the floor. Of course I thought it strange and was about to retire—but then I thought as it was my room I had at least a right to know who was in my bed—"

"Exactly so," said the captain, and "well!"

"So I took the light, went softly to the bed, and with a trembling hand drew aside the curtain.—Heavens, what a sight! A young girl—I should say an angel—of about eighteen, was in there asleep—"

"Well!!!"

"As I gazed upon her, I thought I had never witnessed anything more beautiful. From under neath a little night cap, rivaling the snow in whiteness, fell a stray ringlet over a neck and shoulders of alabaster—"

"Well!!!" said the excited captain.

"Never did I look upon a bust more perfectly formed. I took hold of the coverlid and softly pulled it down—"

"*Well!*" said the captain, "Make haste."

"She had on a night dress, buttoned up before, but softly I opened the first two buttons—"

"Well!!!" sad the captain, "how now?"

"And then, ye gods! what a sight to gaze upon—a Hebe—pshaw, words fail! Just then—"

"WELL!!!" said the captain, "I am in suspense!"

"I thought I was taking a mean advantage of her, so I covered her up, seized my coat and boots, and went and slept in another room!"

"ITS A LIE!" shouted the excited captain, jumping up and kicking over his chair—"ITS A LIE, certainly!"

COURTING.

This is rather a delicate subject, we know, but then, we dare say, a subject bearing this head will be read, by the ladies as quick as any thing on which their eyes can rest. And it is for their benefit that we are now writing. There is something in that we are now writing. There is something in thrill. We have just read the following "recipe" for how the ladies do up these things in Rome, and which may offer them some hints.

A Roman lady who takes a liking to a foreigner does not cast her eyes down when he looks at her, but fixes them upon him long with evident pleasure—her she gazes at him alone, whenever she meets him in company, at church, at the theatre, or in her walk. She will say without ceremony to a friend of the young man, "tell that young man I like him." If the man of her choice feels the like sentiment and asks—"Are you fond of me?" she replies with the utmost frankness, "Yes, my dear."

There, that is coming at the point, and not going round about with blushes and simpering and finally get out "no" when *yes* is intended. What is the use of making such a stammering and stuttering about it, when one is over-joyed with pleasure?

The ladies of Rome do not seem to be at all troubled with any undue restraints of delicacy and modesty. They say what they think and act accordingly. On the contrary the American ladies are so modest and bashful, they let all the good opportunities slip through their fingers while they are blushing behind a fan. They would not for the *world let a young man suppose they care anything* about him, though they might be dying with love. Now we think it best to split the difference. The Roman ladies go rather too fast, and American ladies a little too slow. Our advice is that you take the 'platform,' the 'compromise,' and unite the two. Medium ground is generally safe. But don't forget that time is flying.

Bold as a Lion.

Not many years since there lived in a small village somewhere in the State of Pennsylvania, a "crook tailor" by the name of D——, who was in the habit of going around to the farm houses, cutting and making clothes for the farmers' sons. He had an apprentice, who was very unmanageable at times, and who, to be "revenged" of his employer, resolved to get him a "licking."

One day the tailor was at a farm house making clothes, and at the same time trying to "cabbage." The farmer asked the boy if Mr. D—— didn't sometimes keep some of the cloth for himself.

"Yes," said the boy, who wanted to have some sport, "he 'cabbages' a great deal; and when he is about to do it, he makes three raps upon the table with his shears."

"Ah—very well; I'll watch him," said the farmer.

Some few days passed away without any notice on the part of the farmer at the transactions of Mr. D——, until he took down a fine piece of cloth from which to cut a coat. He measured and measured, then his lips moved as though he said, "I'll have a piece of you," and down came three raps.

"None of that!" exclaimed the farmer, watching him closely; "I'll have none of that."

"None of what!" said Mr.——, utterly astonished.

"You are 'cabbaging,' and I'll have no such thing done in my house, and especially from my cloth."

"No, I am not," said Mr. D——.

"Yes, you are; and you shall go out of my house!"

By this time they had clenched each other, but neither could get the advantage. They stopped to gain breath, and went at it again. This time the farmer whipped his adversary. They both settled up their accounts, and Mr. D—— left.

While walking along the road, the tailor asked his apprentice how he looked while fighting the farmer.

"Pretty bold," answered the boy. "I think if you would go back and try it again you could whip him."

"Do you think so?" said the tailor, feeling very brave; "I believe I *will* go back and whip him."

So back he went to meet the farmer, but this time he got whipped a little worse than before. Again he asked the boy how he looked when he was fighting.

"Oh, you looked furious,—bold as lion; yes, you looked as bold as them lions yonder in that field."

"You fool!" said Mr. D——, "they are not lions, but *sheep.*"

"Well, anyhow," replied the mischievous urchin, "you looked just like them."

HEAVY FAILURE.—Joseph C. Bates of Boston, has failed. Liabilities $300,000.

AUSTRALIA.

A pamplet has recently been published in New York, containing in a brief form, interesting information respecting this new gold region. Regarding the first discovery of gold in Australia, the pamphlet says:

The first discovery of gold in the new region of Australia has been attributed to a shepherd boy who, after selling his gold to the city, returned to seek for more, but was followed by others, and is supposed to have been murdered. Dr. Clutterbuck saw as early as 1849, native gold in the workshop of a watch maker at Melbourne. Sir Roderick J. Murchison had given his opinion that gold existed extensively in Australia; but it was not fully developed or made known until February, 1851, when it was found in abundance in Brisbane country, lying about 100 miles northwest of Sidney, the chief town of New South Wales. At this period, three blocks of quartz were discovered, weighing about 224 lbs., the product of which in pure gold was 106 pounds, and was sold in Bathurst for £4,240 sterling. In September following, gold was extensively found also in the colony of Victoria or Port Philip. In this district was found the largest lump yet discovered, and called the "King of the Nuggets," from Forest Creek, Mount Alexander, and weighed 27 lbs. 6 oz. 15 pwts. This was a massive lump of pure gold, of a fine color and measured 11 inches in length and 5 in breadth.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.—The power of kindness is great. Men whom no blows could move, no punishment quail, have bent before a kind word, mild tone and gentle manner. A blow hurts the exterior but merely enrages the more. But above all things it is pleasantest to hear kind words when a person is sick or suffering, or when bowed down with care; when almost in despair, then

"A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Hath often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere."

Whilst, if you experience bad treatment, it sinks deep into the heart, and time itself scarcely can efface it from your mind.

"A word—a look has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour."

Then be careful how you speak friends. You may feel angry and probably you remain pure earth for future developements may show you it was unjust. Be careful. It is easier to lose a friend than to make one. Treat others kindly—speak kindly.

"Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
The heart may heal or break."

Do you know the difference between a mason and an anti-mason?

Yes, sar, I belieb I does.

Well, what is it?

If my brains tell me the truf, an' it never fails, mason is de man what lays de mortar, an' de anti-mason de man what carries de hod!

☞ A convict, named John Geiger, committed suicide in the Montgomery country prison, on Monday night, the 21st ult., by tying a cord around his throat and thereby producing strangulation. In the morning he was found lying on his bed, with his arms on his breast and his feet crossed, and died without an apparent struggle. He was convicted commit murder, in Upper Hanover township, and was sentenced to eight years solitary confinement.

A Frenchman proposed to commence a school in New Orleans, and hearing that there was good opening for a *high* school, took a room in a four story house.

Lewis House, who was sentenced to the Penitentiary for fifteen months, for counterfeiting, escaped from the Danville jail on Saturday night last.

One of the most agreeable things in the world is to attempt to be polite to a strange lady at a hotel dinner table and upset the gravy on her silk dress.

'Nigger, who am de fuss man dat introduced Salt perwishuns into de navy?'

'Dar, now, you's too hard for dis colored individual.'

'It was Noah, nigger, when he took Ham board de ark.'

A youth with a turn for figures had five eggs to boil, and being told to give them three minutes each, boiled them a quarter of an hour altogether.

Valuable Receipts.

Water-Proof Boots and Shoes.

The February number of the 'American Farmer.' has the following recipe for rendering boots and shoes water-proof, which the Editor says he has tried with perfect success:

"Take one pint of boiled linseed oil, two ounces of beeswax, two ounces of spirits of turpentine and two ounces of Burgundy pitch. Let them be carefully melted over a slow fire. With this mixture new shoes and boots are to be rubbed in the sun, or at a little distance from the fire, with a sponge or brush. This operation should be repeated (without wearing them) as often as they become dry, until they are fully saturated, which will require four times brushing; by this, the leather becomes impervious to water. The boot or shoe, thus prepared, lasts much longer than common leather; it acquires such a pliability and softness that it will never shrivel, nor grow hard, and in that state is the most effectual preventive against colds &c. It is necessary to remark that shoes and boots thus prepared ought not to be worn until they become perfectly dry and elastic; as in the contrary case the leather will become too soft, and, wear out much sooner than it otherwise would."

Cure for a Cold

The following excellent recipe for a cold is going the rounds of the papers:—"Take three cents worth of licorice, and three cents' worth of gumarabic; put them into a quart of warm warter, simmer them till thoroughly dissolved; then add three cents' worth of paregoric, and a like quantity of antimonial wine Let it cool, and sip whenever, the cough is troublesome. It is pleasant, infallible, cheap and good.—Its cost is fifteen cents.

An Antidote for poison.

Mr. Porter, of New York, some time since, swallowed a large quantity of corrosive sublimate through mistake. Fortunately for the sufferer, a bottle of sweet oil stood on the same shelf from which he had taken the poison, and he seized and drained it of its contents. The effect was instantaneous. The action of the mercury was arrested, and Mr. P. has now nearly recovered.

Sore Lips.

Cold cream for sore lips, is made by mixing two ounces of oil of almonds, one ounce of spermaceti, one drachm of white wax, and melting them together, adding rose water to perfume them.

Bleeding from the Nose.

To prevent the above, there are several methods, viz: By applying alcohol steeped in lint, which is a most energetic styptic, or by inserting carded cotton wool rolled up, which should be put into the nostril until it is well filled. It must not however, be too tightly rolled, or the blood cannot penetrate the interstices, nor too loosely, or it will do so too easily, and the hemorrage will contiue.

Odds and Ends.

Depraved conversation corrupts the best morals.

Venture upon nothing till you have well considered the end.

There is more fatigue in laziness than in labor.

He who follows two hares is sure to catch neither.

The error of an hour may become the torment of a lifetime.

Beauty gains nothing, and homeliness much by gaudy attire.

Which has 'corned' the most people, tight boots or cock-tails?

The man who was charged with electricity has been acquitted.

The latest—Barnum is trying to secure the shadow of the man in the moon.

A brandy smash—drinking fourth proof until you fall through a show window.

Bucks county is infested with mad dogs.

Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred in the company.

Opinion is the guide of fools, but reason and prudence conduct wise men.

Fools easily discern the faults of others, but at the same time forget their own.

The surviving sister of the poet Burns is now in her 82d year, and enjoys good health.

The table turning experiment has been all the rage in New York city for a few weeks past.

Perfect confidence between parent and child is a seven fold shield against temptation.

'Capital punishment,' as the boy said when the schoolmistress seated him with the girls.

An old song—nearly all our exchanges have revived the old song of 'delinquents pay up.'

When you want a warm bath and can't pay for one, just pull your neighbor's nose, and you'll soon be in hot water.

The Superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum at Utica reports insanity to be fearfully on the increase in the State of New York.

The tailors, blacksmiths and bricklayers of N. York have joined the general strike for higher wages.

M. P. Fillmore, son of the ex-President, it is said, will form a law partnership in the city of New York, with a son of Mr. Corwin.

The notorious prize-fighter, Chris. Lilly, who killed McCoy some years ago in New York, is keeping a gambling house at Panama.

A beautiful badge of solid gold has been manufactured at Boston, which is to be presented to Gen. Pierce. It has on it the seal and device of the Cincinnati Society.

A resident of San Francisco, writing to a friend in Boston, says he had a turkey for his dinner, weighing 11½ pounds, and that it only cost him $16.

The citizens of Georgia are [illegible] in favor of [illegible] put an end to the legal traffic in intoxicating drinks. Southward the Maine Law wends its way.

David Fender, "popping the question," in a letter, concluded thus: 'And should you say 'Yes,' dear Mary, I will truly be your D: Fender.'

A miser gets rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

From the census reports, we learn that the average wealth of each person in California is only $238, while the average throughout the rest of the United States, is $356. Gold hunting does not appear to be very profitable after all.

A late German writer says that the people of the United States can burst more steamboats, and chew more tobacco than any other five nations in the world.

The Crystal Palace, New York, is getting along slowly. The workmen have reached the third story. Still they say they will have it ready by the day appointed for opening the exhibition.

Longfellow, in his prose tale of 'Cavanagh,' calls Sunday the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the work.

Louis Napoleon recently bought for the Empress a piano, exhibited at the London Exhibition, for forty thousand francs.

A law suit has recently been decided in Columbus, Ohio, in favor of Josiah B. Sturgis and Alonzo W. Anderson, against Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, involving land worth about 250,000 dollars.

Gov. Bigler has vetoed the bill for a new railroad from Philadelphia to Lancaster. He thinks it will impair the income of the State from her main line, which the proposed road was to run parallel.

The triumphs of truth are the most glorious, chiefly because they are the most bloodless of all victories, deriving their highest lustre from the number saved, not of the slain.

There is an interesting couple in Cincinnati, who have been engaged to be married for the last five years, but no time had occurred within that period when they were both out of prison at the same time.

Mrs. Harris says that if she could get married forty times, she should never have another 'darter.' Cause why—when boys lose their 'characters,' they can get them back again—girls can't. The old lady has evidently looked around.

The Illinois Negro Bill, which has become a law, prohibits the entrance of colored freemen into the State, under the penalty of being sold into slavery, and authorises the admission of slaves, if brought in or sent by their masters.

Force of habit—a daguerreotypist taking the picture of a deceased person, told him not to move but to look in the instrument, and wink as much as he pleased.

Inquisitive.—A certain young lady would like to know whether the FELLERS of a 'vehicle' wear pants. Who knows?

MORE DOCTORS.—At the annual commencement of the Jefferson Medical College, on Wednesday last, the degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred upon 223 graduating students.

LARGE HOG.—Mr. Nathaniel E. Warwick, of Middletown, Bucks county, slaughtered a hog on the 22d ult., which, when dressed, weighed 835 pounds.

PROMISING.—We learn from a Western paper, that the Editor, Mr. Hogg, lately led to the alter a Miss Little. We trust that the Little Hoggs resulting from this union, will form a *litter*-ary family, and find the *pen* profitable.

The man too poor to take his county paper was in town the other day. Jerusalem, but he was 'soaked!'—at an expense, too, sufficient to pay a whole year's subscription to his county paper.