American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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

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Poetical.

SONG.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

There was a wee and pretty maid,
As sweet and winsome as a fairy;
I wadna ask wi' wealth to wed,
If I could wed wi' thee, Mary.

I've wandered east—I've wandered west—
As wanton as the winds that vary;
But ne'er was I sae truly blest,
As when I met wi' thee, Mary.

Like a wee purple violet,
That hangs its blushing head a-weary,
Then wi' the dew its leaves are wet,
Sae modest sweet art thou, Mary.

Thy brow is white as is the mist
That sleeps on Heaven's forehead starry,
Or mountain snow by sunrise kissed—
Thy heart is whiter still, Mary.

Thine e'en is like an eagle's e'en,
That sitteth proudly in his eyrie—
They glitter with a starry sheen—
Yet modest is thy heart, Mary.

Upon thy rosy cheek, the soul
Seems in the gushing tide to vary;
An' crimson currents in its roll,
Be tho' it wad break thro', Mary.

If I could press thee in my arms,
As my wee wife and bonnie fairy,
I wadna gie for thy sweet charms
The warld an' a' its wealth, Mary.

How sweetly wad the hours go by,
That now sae solemn are, and dreary,
If thou upon my breast did'st lie,
My ain, my lovely, dear Mary.

Miscellaneous.

Translated from the French.

THE DUEL.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

In the year 1805, when the peace of Tilsit put a stop to the conquests of Napoleon in Germany, the King of Prussia, exhausted by his astonishing efforts to maintain the war against France, reduced his army to the peace establishment. Consequently many Prussian officers who were stationed at Hamburg, received furloughs, or were dismissed from the service for a time; and a life of military danger and and activity gave place to habits of idleness and dissipation.

In the early part of September, several of these officers having dined together, and sacrificed rather freely at the shrine of the jolly god, adjourned towards evening to the Exchange Coffee House, the most noted hotel in the city. They entered singing and shouting in the most tumultuous manner, setting at defiance the rules of the propriety and decorum. The youngest of the joyous band, the Baron de V———, who bore the commission of a lieutenant in the army, was about twenty five years of age, wealthy, handsome, and elegantly formed. But his mind did not correspond with his person; he was vain; insolent, self-conceited and presuming. When they entered the public room in this boisterous manner, they observed an individual of small stature, in a dark suit, seated alone at a table; he held in his hand the journal of the day, while his right supported a pipe. He paid but little attention to the entrance of this formidable host of blackguards, scarcely deigning to raise his eyes from the paper he was reading. The young Baron, doubtless offended at an appearance of indifference, which he thought bordered on contempt, approached the man in black, and said with a smile of bitter irony—'Ah! my friend, good evening. From your appearance I should take you to be a school master—or, perhaps, a tailor—am I right?' Where is your goose?'

The citizen raised his eyes, and fixed them for a moment on the countenance of his interrogator, and then resumed the perusal of the journal.

'God forgive me my sins,' continued the Baron, 'he will not answer me. Come my little fellow, we must be more sociable. Ah! I perceive the reason of your silence; that pipe incommodes you.' As I must hear the sound of your voice, allow me to relieve you, he snatched the pipe from the hand of the stranger, and dashed it to pieces on the floor; a piece of wit which his companions applauded with shouts of laughter.

Without laying down the journal, the insulted individual turned towards the entrance of the inner room, and coolly said, 'Waiter, another pipe.'

'Well done!' resumed the young impertinent, 'I have gained something however. I have made him open his mouth.'

'My little man,' said the Baron, 'where do you belong? In what village do you exercise your talents? What! No answer! have you resolved to enter into no conversation with me?'

Here the insulted person again raised his head, and looked the officer full in the face, at the same time puffing out an immense volume of smoke; he then deliberately resumed his former occupation.

'Perhaps I was mistaken in your character,' interrupted the Baron—'you may be the quidnunc of a village, and perhaps, are endeavoring to commit to memory the news which that paper contains, to impart it correctly to your friends and neighbors.—But you smoke like a Swiss.' That pipe causes you great inconvenience. It was a second time broken.

Without evincing by a gesture or any visible change of countenance, the least appearance of anger, the man in black coolly repeated his first demand, 'Waiter, another pipe.'

'What a melodious voice,' resumed the Baron.—'Such patience must be the attribute of an angel or a devil. I would give a thousand florins to see you in a passion. It would be delicious sport!'

An old Major whose embroidered coat was decorated with military orders, and on whose German physiognomy was depicted frankness, true courage, and loyalty, who entered the Coffee House with these hairbrained youths, now addressed the Baron in a low voice, but which notwithstanding could be heard in all parts of the room. 'My young friend, you are insulting a stranger without provocation—you are foolishly guilty of a great impertinence, and your conduct and that of your applauding comrades begins to disgust me. I beg you will pursue this foolish joke no further.'

The Baron, with his companions, accordingly adjourned to a neighboring room, and commenced playing at cards. To judge from the numerous jokes, followed by loud peals of laughter, it would seem that the young officer's folly and impudence were already forgotten. An hour had passed away, all was mirth and jollity; the Baron had gained a considerable sum, and his spirits were proportionably buoyant, when the little man in black entered the room and slowly approaching the chair, tapped him gently on the shoulder, and requested to speak with him in another appartment. The Baron regarded him with a look of disdain, over his shoulder, uttered an ill-timed jest, and laughed in his face.

'Sir,' said the man in black, in a decided and manly tone, 'you labor under a trifling mistake, which I must be at some pains to correct. I am neither a tailor nor a school master. I have the honor to be a Post Captain in the English navy, very much at your service. You have insulted me and I demand satisfaction; if you refuse it, I shall find means to obtain it. To-morrow morning at seven o'clock I shall wait you here. Bring pistols with you.'

The astonished Baron, who during this address had risen from his seat, changed countenance more than once, and answered only by a bow of acquiescence; he dared not trust himself to speak, lest his tongue should betray his terror. The Captain politely saluted the rest of the company, and left the house.

With him departed all the gaity of the lieutenant. He became throughtful and taciturn; his mind wandered from the game, and he soon lost more than he had gained. He was unnerved with terror, while reflecting on the consequence of his folly. What an advantage must an adversary possess over him, who could hear with so much calmness a series of degrading insults, and who could propose a duel with such imperturbable *sang froid!* Such an antagonist must surely be singularly endowed with courage and skill! Such were the ideas which continually passed through his mind.

When the company separated, they all agreed to meet at the same place the appointed hour. But it is not to be supposed that they all slept equally well during the night. When they assembled the next morning at the Coffee House, they found the English man before them at their rendezvous; but he was now dressed in a splendid suit of the silver uniform of his nation. He was attended by a valet, who carried a case under his arm.

He requested the officers to accept some refreshments; and they entered into conversation, when the Englishman gave indications of possessing a cultivated mind, and a knowledge of the forms of society and good breeding.

At about 8 o'clock, he arose from his chair, and begged the Prussian officer to select the spot where their quarrel must be decided, adding, that he was a stranger in the city, and that all places were alike to him. The Baron named the open pastures, lying between Hamburg and Altona.

When they arrived on the ground, the Englishman asked the Prussian what distance he would prefer, 'fifteen paces.' 'That distance is too great,' resumed the Englishman;—'you will miss me.'—Call it ten, if you please.' And his proposition was adopted.

The Major now made the observation that the Captain had no second. 'That is of little consequence,' said the Englishman, 'if I fall my valet has my orders.' The Major represented that such a proceeding was contrary to the usage in affairs of this kind, and if such formality was neglected, the duel could not take place—but he politely offered to assist in that capacity.

When the ground was marked out, and each of the principles had taken his station, the Captain asked his antagonist significantly, if he had good pistols—for, said he, 'I have a pair which I have often used, and which never miss their man. I will give you a proof of their excellence.'

He then called his servant and ordered him to throw something into the air. The man took a handkerchief from his pocket. 'That is too large,' said the Captain, 'find something else.' He then took from his pocket a dried prune. 'That will do,' exclaimed his master. The fruit was thrown into the air, the pistol was fired, the prune shattered into a thousand pieces. At this extraordinary proof of address, the spectators were struck with astonishment. As to the poor lieutenant, he was more dead than alive.

The Captain now resumed his station, requested his antagonist to fire; but the Major interposed, stating that it was contrary to the custom of the country: that the offended party had an undoubted right to make the first essay, and after his fire was returned the rest should be decided by chance.

'My friend,' replied the Captain, 'should I suffer myself to be influenced by your opinion, this young gentleman would never have another opportunity to test the quality of his pistols. I must have my own way in this particular; and after I have settled the affair with this gentleman, each of his companions who amused themselves at my expense, and who, instead of restraining the impertinence of their friend, laughed at his ridiculous follies, must one after another look at the muzzle of my pistol. Now, sir, I am ready. Take good aim—for if you miss me, you are a dead man.'

The Lieutenant presented his weapon, and drew his trigger, and the ball passed through the Englishman's hat.

'It is now my turn,' said the Captain. 'I was last evening a butt for your raileries, for your sarcasms. Without provocation you insulted me; covered me with humiliations. I was a schoolmaster; a tailor; a village babbler. What am I now? A man! And what are you? a miserable wretch! a paltroon, trembling with fear. The death which in a few minutes you will receive from my hand, already surrounds you with shadows. The grim tyrant's icy hand is already extended over you—your lips are livid—your eyes are glazed—and your visage is as pale as the winding sheet, which in a few hours will envelope your body. Your feeble limbs can hardly support you—for insolence and cowardice go hand in hand together. But before my bullet pierces your heart, tell me, have you arrangements to make? have you a last adieu to send your mother, a father, or any other person who is dear to you? I have here the materials necessary for writing; and will willingly grant you time to make any arrangements which you may think necessary.'

The young man uttered something, of which an humble I thank you, was all that was intelligible.

'In that case,' resumed the Englishman, 'since reconciliation between us is absolutely impossible, and it is necessary that your blood should wash out all the affronts which I have received, I beg you to implore, by a fervent, but brief mental prayer, the mercy of the Eternal power.'

Then taking off his hat, he looked round upon the mute and terrified spectators of this imposing scene, who by a spontaneous impulse, uncovered themselves likewise. For a minute there reigned among the group a religious and solemn silence, which was interrupted only by the hard breathings of the suffering Lieutenant.

At length seizing his pistol, and pointing it towards the Lieutenant, he kept him for a minute in a state of the most horrible suspense; then suddenly raising the weapon, he turned towards his valet, who stood near, and handed him the pistol. 'Take it,' said he, 'this officer is not worthy the honor of dying by hands of an Englishman.'

The next day, the Baron de——— quitted that part of the country, and never resumed his station in his regiment.

WIT OF A GERMAN LAWYER.—A young man of Nuremburg, who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family where was a handsome daughter who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer agreed, but the father of the young lady, who loved money, immediately asked what property the young man had? The lawyer said he did not exactly know, but he would enquire. The next time he saw his friend he asked him if he had any property at all?

'No,' replied he.

'Well,' said the lawyer, 'would you suffer any one to cut off your nose, if he would give you twenty thousand dollars?'

'Not for the world.'

'Tis well,' replied the lawyer, 'I had reason for asking.'

The next time he saw the girl's father, he said, 'I have inquired about this young man's circumstances. He has, indeed, no ready money, but he has a jewel, for which to my knowledge, he has been offered and refused twenty thousand dollars!'

This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place; though it is said, in the sequel, that he often shook his head when he thought of the *jewel!*

A middle aged single man was dangerously ill at St. Omar. He threatened to disinherit any nephew or niece that persisted in attending on him—of course, they could not disobey these very strict injunctions of a dying man; but Josephine would not desert the perverse sufferer—he might disinherit her if he liked. He died; and it was then discovered that he had considered Josephine as the only relative who had proved disinterested, and he left her all his property—valued at eighty thousand francs.

Extravagance and Folly.

The New York Journal of Commerce says:—Men who were here in 1836 and saw the abounding 'wealth' splended equipages, brilliant furniture, magnificent parties, &c., &c., of that day—and who, a year or two afterwards, saw a large part of these foolish spendthrifts bankrupt and ruined, cannot avoid such reminiscence, when they see the far greater extravagance of the present day. They cannot help asking themselves if the end will not be the same. A New York correspondent of the Boston Transcript notes a few items of this extravagance, in the words following:

Allusion was made in a former letter to the lavish prodigality with which money was expended in this city upon hotels and stores. Upon further investigation, I find that in respect to extravagance in other matters, the New Yorkers are now in advance of all former times. The rage for showy and costly articles for private dwellings, far exceeds the emulation which exists between the rival hotels up town. As a matter of [illegible] the results of [illegible] cript, a few of the fashionable styles of parlor ornament will be stated. One of the latest patterns of parlor tables or light stands is made of the richest decorated French porcelain, set in a gilt frame and stand. These are very beautiful, the price ranges from $200 to $300 each, according to the value of the painting.

French porcelain ornamental gas fixtures for the mantel, are imported and sold for $180 a pair.

A pair of bronzed mantel candelabra, with a clock for a centre piece, are for sale at $800 a set. An importer stated that he had sold four sets for one house, $3,000.

A novel and unique mantel clock, valued at $500, would be a rich, mantel ornament. This clock has no hands. The hours and minutes are denoted by figures which revolve, like a modern whist counter.

One firm here have a small mantel clock for which they ask $1200. Two birds come out and sing from the clock each hour.

Bronzed vases with bas reliefs, are plenty at $300 each, Porcelain tea setts, of thirty six pieces, are held at $180 a set. And so one could go through the list of household articles of elegance and utility, and name prices which would not do except in an "age of gold."

One cannot fail to call to mind the common illustration suggested by the uppish tendency of all property in this city, and to state that we are now witnessing the brilliant ascent of the rocket; the no less certain descent of the valueless stick may not be so agreeable, particularly if it should hit us, or one near to us.

Married and Single.

I have noticed, says Washington Irving, that a married man falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are softened and relieved by domestic endearments, and self-respect; kept alive by finding that although all abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is a monarch; whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self neglect; to fall to ruin like a deserted mansion, for want of inhabitants. I have often had occasion to mark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of man and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity.

Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous path of life, suddenly rising into mental force, to be the comforter and supporter of the husband under misfortunes, abiding with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blast of adversity. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and has been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifled by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so, too, it is beautifully ordained by Providence that woman, who is the ornament and dependant of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with dire and sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting his drooping head and binding up his broken heart.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

The first settlers in Maine found, beside its red-faced owners, other and abundant sources of annoyance and danger. The majestic forests, which then waved where now is heard the hum of business, and where a thousand villages stand, were the homes of innumerable wild and savage animals.

Often at night was the farmer's family aroused from sleep by noise without, which told that bruin was storming the sheep pen or pig sty, or was laying violent paws on some unlucky calf—and often, on a cold winter evening, did they roll a larger log against the door, and with beating hearts draw closer around the fire as the dismal howl of the wolf echoed through the woods.

The wolf was the most ferocious, blood thirsty, but cowardly of all, rarely attacking man, unless driven by severe hunger, and seeking his victim with the utmost pertinacity.

The incident which I am about to relate occurred in the early history of Biddeford.

A man who then lived on the farm now occupied by Mr. H——, was one autumn engaged in felling trees at some distance from his house. His little son, eight years old, was in the habit, while his mother was busy with household cares, of running out into the fields and woods around the house, and often going where the father was at work. One day, after the frost had robbed the trees of their foliage, the father left his work sooner than usual, and started for home. Just by the edge of the forest he saw a very curious pile of leaves. Without stopping to think what had made it, he cautiously removed the leaves, when what was his astonishment to find his own darling boy lying there fast asleep! 'Twas but the work of a moment to take up the little sleeper, put in his place a small log, carefully replace the leaves, and conceal himself among the nearest bushes, there to watch the result.

After waiting a short time, he heard a wolf's distant howl, quickly followed by another and another, till the woods seemed alive with the fearful sounds.

The howls came nearer, and in a few minutes a large, gaunt, savage-looking wolf leaped into the opening, closely followed by the whole pack. The leader sprang directly upon the pile of leaves, and in an instant scattered them in every direction.—Soon as he saw the deception, his look of fierceness and confidence changed to that of the most abject fear. He shrank back, cowered to the ground, and passively awaited his fate; for the rest, enraged by the supposed cheat, fell upon him, tore him in pieces, and devoured him on the spot.

When they had finished their comrade, they wheeled round, plunged into the forest, and disappeared; within five minutes from their first appearance, not a wolf was in sight. The excited father pressed his child to his bosom, and thanked the kind Providence which led him there to save his dear boy.

The boy, after playing till he was weary, had lain down and fallen asleep, and in that situation the wolf had found him, and covered him with leaves, until he could bring his comrades to the feast; but himself furnished the repast.

'Is your powder good?' asked a sportsman of a seller. 'Good! indeed it is. A cask of it got on fire the other day, and before I could bring a pail of water it burnt half up.'

The following question is now before the Sand Lake Asylum—'Which causes the most swearing, a horse that won't draw or a stove?' Hawkins takes the negative.

A Yankee Editor says—'The march of civilization is onward—onward—like the slow but intrepid tread of a jackass towards a peck of oats.'

GETTING AN APPOINTMENT.

The following good thing was related to us a few days ago, by a friend, as an undoubted fact:

Under the Tyler administration, the office of Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, was besieged for some time by a portly, handsome specimen of humanity from St. Louis, who keenly scenting an office, and not fastidiously particular as to what it was, posted himself at the elbow of the "god-like" at an early hour of the morning, and remained there nearly all day, determined to wear him out. Mr. Webster noticed his pertinacity—of course he could not well do otherwise, even though absorbed in business, and he entertained a kind of remote hope that the silent applicant would be ultimately disgusted with his inattention to the evident purport of his daily visits, and leave.

But our Missourian had no such idea of vacating the fort when once in it; he had come all the way from [illegible] for an office [illegible] "going to give it up so." And so it went on for a week or ten days—the applicant looking quietly over the papers, counting the flies on the ceiling, taking aim at the smallest spittoon by the fireplace; in short, doing everything to pass the time, but talking. He had made his application once to the great dispenser of official good things, and now it was the other's turn to speak out. Meanwhile the case with Webster grew desperate; he had evidently mistaken his customer; he wasn't the kind of man to be put down by such tactics; he wouldn't be snubbed; he was good for a month or six weeks in just that same position, counting the same flies, spitting at the same mark, and leisurely spelling the news out of the same newspaper. Something must be done; to get rid of him without an office of some kind was seemingly as difficult as to fabricate a chowder without a codfish. But the time came at the expiration of about fourteen days of incessant companionship.

One morning, Mr. Webster came into his office rather riled on some official matter, and there, as usual, sat the pertinacious Puke, at perfect ease with himself and the world. Webster went to his desk, sat down, tossed the heap of documents about in a sweet fume, or to take a simile, like the crater of a volcano just before the breaking of the fire. Forbearance ceasing to be a virtue, he turned and looked at his tormentor, but Missouri was firm as a rock, not to be moved by a look, even though it came from the "god-like." He clutched the small bell. Missouri knew the crisis was at hand, and read the paper, or seemed to read, more intently than ever.

The bell rung and the chief clerk appeared.

'Is there any vacant place on this side of Hell?' thundered Webster, pointing to his horror.

The chief clerk understood the whole matter at a glance, and replied laconically—

'There is a special messenger wanted for Mexico.'

'Then send him to Mexico or Hell! but never let him come back here.'

The applicant rose, bowed graciously to the Secretary, and walked out, as Mr. Webster sank into his arm chair, exclaiming, 'Thank Heaven, he is gone at last!'

The Missourian went to Mexico, as a special messenger, in a steamer expressly provided for [illegible]

TORTURES OF THE SEX.—A writer in Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, thus details them: "About a hundred years ago, a lady went about with shoes that raised her heels three inches above the floor, and threw her whole person out of its proper balance, occasioning, of course, a severe strain upon certain muscles, attended by constant pain. A little later, a tower of hair, pomatum, flour, pins, and pinners had been reared upon the head, such as an inquisitor might have considered himself very ingenious in devising. In more recent times, we have seen the entire sex submitting to torture in the waist with an equal degree of magnanimity. Or, taking the form of a monstrous prolongation of skirts, the fair martyrs act as scavengers upon every street in which they promenade. In form of a bonnet for a summer wear, the front comes only to about an inch behind the forehead, so as to leave the face fully exposed to the attacks of the sun. A great number find it absolutely indispensable to add to this abbreviation of a bonnet a sort of supplement of *silk, called an ugly. A couple of inches added* to the bonnet itself would serve the end; but such a thing is not to be thought of."

LONG WINDED.—A good story is told of a preacher who delighted in long sermons, and who once exchanged with a brother preacher who always delivered short ones. At the usual hour for closing the services, the people became uneasy, and being inspired with the love of warm dinners rather than long sermons, went quietly out one by one, till the preacher was left alone with the sexton. Still he continued to blaze away, till that functionary, seeing no prospect of a close, walked deliberately up to the pulpit stairs, and handing him the key, requested him that he would lock up when he got through, and leave the key at his house as he went along.

"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE," &c.—A singular instance of love in adversity is that of a couple at present confined as vagrants in the jail of Hamilton county, Ohio. They have been engaged to be married about two years, but since which period they have never been out of limbo at the same time, although each have been at liberty twenty times. The damsel serves out the term of her incarceration, but before her lover is also free, she is re-arrested as a vagrant and sent back. And thus also with the swain; when free, he gets to pondering over the delights of connubial felicity, takes a 'snifter,' or two, from an excess of joy, gets drunk and is returned to the Lock-up. They both now almost despair of being out together long enough to be married.

HOW THEY USED THE PLOUGH.—In some parts of Scotland, in former times, the plows used to be drawn by four horses abreast, and required the assistance of three men. The business of one man to drive. For that purpose he placed himself between the middle horses, with his face towards the plough, to guide it straight, and in this position he stepped backwards with the reins in his hand. Another walked behind the horses with a *clecked* staff, which fastened in front of the beam, and by means of it regulated the depth of the furrow by raising or lowering the plow, as occasion required. The plowman followed with hold of the stilts; and in this formidable and ludicrous manner they repeated their attacks on the soil.

LAWYERS.—Lawyers are the only men who believe that the older the world, the less it knows about right and wrong. Judges of to-day refer to Judges of the last century, who bowed with reverence to those of the century before. Almost all our legal decisions are based upon the opinion of a lot of noddies who believed that the earth was a living monster, while the movements of the tide were caused by the monster's breathing. In the Court of Appeals, 'Lord Chief Justice Rusty-saw,' who lived when the devil was supposed to be afraid of a horse-shoe, actually exerts more influence than either justice or common sense. Had physicians been as fearful of new ideas as lawyers are, asses' milk would still be considered the only antidote for insanity.

HOTEL OF THE INVALIDS, PARIS.

Professor UPHAM, in writing to the Congregationalist, thus concludes a letter from Paris. The final paragraph is a specimen of exquisitely fine style:

The Hotel of the Invalids is a vast establishment, founded by Louis XIV., but greatly enlarged from time to time, and at the present time covering, with its numerous courts, sixteen acres of ground. We passed a number of pieces of heavy artillery, as we approached the gate of entrance; and everywhere, at the gate, and in the court, and galleries, some seated on chairs, and some walking; some with one arm remaining, and others with one leg, with deversities of uniform, but all, apparently, in good spirits, and chattering excessively, were the old associates of my guide—the broken, but indomitable remnants of the wars of the Emperor. Too old to fight, and too much [illegible] being obliged to beg.

The Hotel of the Invalids, constructed with a view to the accommodation of a large number of soldiers, displays a front of six hundred and twelve feet. There are four refectories—or dining rooms—for the occupants, each one hundred and fifty feet in length, and eight spacious dormitories, besides smaller ones, containing fifty beds each.—The dome of the Invalids, which has a sort of historical celebrity, is spacious and lofty, and is seen at a great distance. Among the other accommodations pertaining to this remarkable establishment, it has a library of 1,500 volumes, consisting chiefly of works of general literature, jurisprudence, and military stratagy, and it is here—as might naturally be expected—that we find deposited many of the trophies which the French have taken from their enemies. In the time of Napoleon, there were 3000 flags collected here—the memorials of war and of conquest, all of which were burnt by the French themselves on the evening previous to the entrance of the allied armies into Paris, March 31, 1814, so certain it is that war brings with it its own retribution.

In this building are the remains of Napoleon—the dust and ashes of the man who was for many years the idol of France and the terror of Europe. It is not surprising that visitors should constantly flock to see the splendid monument of a man of such wonderful power and of such strange vicissitudes; at the age of twenty-eight the conqueror of Italy; at thirty the First Consul of France; and at thirty-five the Emperor of France; but in his purpose of conquering Europe driven back by the flames of Moscow; defeated at Waterloo, and finding death on the rock of St. Helena. The hoof of his war horse trod on the blood of millions.

As I returned from this place, the sun was setting behind the distant hills. I passed through the majestic grove of the Elysian Fields. The autumnal leaves, gleaming in the departing radiance of the day, fell around me. My heart went back to America. The sound of her rivers was in my ears. Her vast forest spread out before me. I remembered the vastness, the wildness, the repose of nature, and I said to myself, "These works which I have seen in foreign lands—the efforts and the memorial of [illegible] works of man. Imperfection marks their origin; decay completes their progress. Beauty and deformity, life and death, are mingled together. Man is here; but where is the Maker of Man? I sigh for my native land. I wish to hear again the prayers and the hymns of her cottages, inspired by the blessings around them. Her rivers are her lines of beauty; her hills are her monuments; the mighty firmament is her cathedral; and God—heard in the sighing of the winds—seen in the richness of the forest—and eternal in the reproduction of her wild and varied magnificence—God is everywhere."

KEEP THE HEART ALIVE.—The longer I live, the more expedient I find it to endeavor more and more to extend my sympathies and affections. The natural tendency of advancing years is to narrow and contract these feelings. I do not mean that I wish to form a new and sworn friendship every day to increase my circle of intimates; these are very different affairs. But I find it conduces to my mental health and happiness, to find out all I can which is aimable and loveable in those I come in contact with, and to make the most of it. *It may fall very far short of what I once went to dream of;* it may not supply the place of what I have known, felt, and tested; but it is better than nothing; it seems to keep the feelings and affections in exercise, it keeps the heart alive in its humanity, and till we shall be all spiritual, this is like our duty and our interest.—*Benard Barton.*

The Holmes county (Ohio) *Farmer* states that a wonderful natural curiosity has been discovered in that county, in the shape of natural gas. The discovery was made on the farm of a Mr. Purdy, some eight or ten rods south of the house, in a curious kind of earth resembling saw dust. The owner for some years has been aware of the existence of some wonderful phenomenon. The place on which the discovery has been made has been cultivated for a number of years, and it has been observed that in a number of places, everything planted or sown, and all kind of vegetation would dwindle and die and seemingly burn up. After the late rains the water was discovered to be agitated, and to bubble up in a number of places, which led Mr. Purdy and others to experiment, by collecting a bottle of this gas and setting it on fire; when the instant a lighted match was touched to it, the vapor ignited and sent the bottle whizzing through the house.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Argus, says:

At the levee of President Pierce, a day or two since, a pleasing and characteristic incident occurred which is deserving of record. While in the act of receiving a coterie of ladies, the Major domo attendance informed him that an old soldier—a non-commissioned officer—wished to see him, but was ashamed to come in in his rusty garb. Gen. Pierce asked in a low voice, 'Where is he?' He was told 'In the vestibule.' He immediately left the reception room and taking the old man, who was on crutches, by the arm, escorted him into the room, and handing him to a seat, conversed with him a few minutes, making the veteran feel completely at home, and then returned to his post, to the astonishment of some overdressed parvenues, who thought themselves entitled to precedence. This act needs no comment; all will appreciate it.

A little girl, ten years of age, seated beside her grandmother, aged eighty, looked up to her face and said:

'Grandma, at what age do ladies lose their relish for gallantry?'

The grandma replied:

'Indeed, my dear, I don't know; you must ask some one older than I am.'

'Ma, has your tongue got legs?'

'Got what, child?'

'Got legs, ma?'

'Certainly not; but why did you ask that silly question?'

'O, nothing, only I heard pa say your tongue was running from morning till night, and I was wondering how it could run without legs—that's all ma.'

☞ I hope you don't conceal anything from me, wife!

'No, my dear, nothing but your faults and imperfections.'

Odds and Ends.

He that is past shame is past hope.

The best cure for indigestion is hard work.

Men sow wild oats, and women buttons.

April, the month of showers, is with us now.

March, a month always stormy and disagreeable, has made its exit. Glad of it. "March march away."

Men who promptly pay their bills—particularly their printer's bills—will always have peace of mind, and enjoy comparative good health.

Restraint from ills is the best kind of freedom.

Virtue is little wont to look back after her shadow, Reputation.

[illegible] man who [illegible] he is powerful who governs his passions.

The laws of Spain require that an editor be, at least, twenty-five years of age.

American papers sent to Cuba must be secured with a single string, so that they can be easily examined by the authorities.

Always work with a good will, and labor will be performed with ease.

Pride and folly cost many persons more than their necessities.

Now is the time for farmers to think about getting select fruit.

The shortest way to a man's heart is down his throat.

Man's love is like the moon—if it does not grow larger, it is certain to grow smaller.

Man shrinks from cold meat. Does this arise from man's innate presumption of always 'ruling the roast?'

A man may do good by stealth, but as for his blushing to find it fame, that's all nonsense.

President Pierce continues in the enjoyment of excellent health, although sadly tormented by a swarm of office hunters.

The man "who dying left not a line which he would wish to blot," it has been ascertained read and corrected his own proof.

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

Mankind are the creatures of books, as of other circumstances, and such they eternally remain; proofs that the race is a noble and believing race, and capable of whatever books can stimulate.

They are so hospitable in some parts of Kentucky that they do not wait for visitors to come among them, but set traps in the highways to catch strangers, and thus insure a visit.

Nature has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults, that they might perceive in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

A Connecticut editor has a poor opinion of New York buildings. During a late visit, he put up at a hotel with walls so fragile that he said if he had leaned against one of them while putting on his boots, he would have gone through and fallen into the street!

The progress of knowledge is slow. Like the sun, we cannot see it moving; but after a while we perceive that it has moved, nay, that it has moved onward.

Most men work for the present, a few for the future. The wise work for both:—for the future in the present, and for the present in the future.

The mind is like a sheet of white paper in this, that the impressions it receives the oftenest, and retains the longest, are black ones.

"I will grant all you desire," said a young lady to her lover, "on condition that you give me what you have not, never had, nor never can have."—What did she ask him for? A husband.

A gentleman having asked, 'How many dogs there were in a city,' received for an answer, that it was impossible to number them, '*as every dog has his day.*'

A New Orleans paper advertises a raffle for a splendid horse and a negro girl Sarah—the latter valued at $900. Delightful picture of New Orleans morality.

A Southern editor in giving an account of some rascals who stole two horses belonging to preachers at a camp meeting, says it should teach clergymen to watch as well as pray.'

The navy of Mexico consists of two fishing smacks and a raft—the former mounted with 19 marines, and the latter with a hen-coop!

The bullion epaulets worn by Prince Albert when in full rig, cost the trifling sum of one thousand dollars each—the price of a small farm in the west on each shoulder.

The lawyers of Lowell have agreed to close their offices in the evening, and the Boston Post says if they would keep them closed during the day as well as the evening, it would be a benefit to the community.

It is not uncommon for Spanish ladies to possess a hundred fans. They collect and hoard them, as a German collects pipes, or a geologist hunts after specimens.

For every thing you buy or sell, let or hire, make an exact bargain at first; and be not put off to an hereafter by one who says to you—'We shall not disagree about trifles.'

A person should not be expected to take off his glove preparatory to his shaking hands with another, any more than to take off his boot when about to kick a man.

The women have an eye to the saving of material in the open breasted habilliments now worn, no doubt! Talk about the immodesty of Bloomer dress in comparison!

FRANCE AS IT IS.—Count de Hausonville, son-in-law to the Duc de Broglie, has been imprisoned for speaking disrespectfully of the Emperor.

In Havana, no gentleman, unless he is a priest, goes to church. But the ladies go, and the gentlemen cluster around the door, and hand the ladies to their volantes when the mass is over.

That was a beautiful expression of the dying convert to the Missionary attending at his bedside 'My boat is on the sea, its sails are spread, and I am only waiting for a rising breeze to waft me Home.'

CONUNDRUM.—Why are types like criminals? Because it isn't proper to 'lock them up' without 'proof.'

ANOTHER.—Why should you choose a wife as you would a knife? Because you should look to the *temper.*

The Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States in 1784 numbered but thirteen thousand communicants. It now has one million two hundred thousand.