American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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

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Poetical.

THE WONDERFUL IMAGE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The mother heard the daughter say
"I fain would go to church and pray,
Before an image there."
For holy thoughts had moved that day
The maiden young and fair.

"Oh child! for thee my bosom bleeds,
The Scripture curses all such deeds.
God's word thou should'st believe,
'Twill help the in the greatest need,
These idols but deceive!"

"The idol, mother, let me say,
Which draws me to the church to-day,
Is not of wood or stone:
It is a youth right brave and gay,
Well built of flesh and bone.

Such idols have the power, 'tis said,
To draw to church both man and maid,
And oft by them unsought,
Without the slightest holy aid,
Great miracles have wrought.

Miscellaneous.

THE OLD-TIME MAY-DAY.

May-day was a gallant season for our English sires. The old time customs celebrated it with the blowing of horns, and the drinking of horns, with music and the dance, with branches from the woods carried in triumph, adorned with nosegays and crowns of flowers; fresh boughs were hung upon the door posts of houses along tree-trimmed streets; hawthorn and sycamore flourished in the churches, and the choristers with genial hymns greeted—

"The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bountcous May! that doth inspire
Mirth and youth, and fond desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long."

Far back among the Druids the festivities of the season were not unknown. On May-eve they lighted vast fires on high places in token of their joy. But it was in latter and more 'merrie' ages that we meet the true old English celebration of May Day. Flora was the goddess of the time. Under her kindly influence, Nature awaked from her wintry repose to greet her ascended lord: and now, while grass is newly up springing, and fresh juices are circulating through all forms of vegetation, while the tender buds are swelling, and odors are exhaled like incense, when the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing-birds has come; oh, what puritanism shall say that the kindred joy of man shall not break forth into singing, that we shall not go into the woods and mingle our feeble tribute of grateful thankfulness with the many-voiced anthem which reviving nature pours forth from upland and vale, from forest and stream! Who shall say that we shall not enthrone the May-Queen, that we shall not bring in the garlanded May-pole and set it up as a spire, that the tripping feet of men and maidens shall not accompany the thrilling notes of birds, that when all things about us are sparking with sunshine or redolent of flower perfume, we shall put on sack cloth and ashes, and gloom over our feelings with snarling precepts dragged up from the tub of Diogenes?—Rather let us proclaim the old invitation:

"And away to the May-pole hie;
For every he has got him a she,
And the minstrel's standing fry."

Washington Irving tells us in choice language how at the first sight of the May pole, which was on the banks of the Dee, near the quaint little city of Chester, his fancy adorned it with wreaths of flowers, and peopled the green bank with all the dancing revelry of May-day. The sight of it gave a glow to his feelings and spread a charm over the country, and turned all into a perfect Arcadia. How are these historic andancestral recollections heightened by the gladsome scenery of the time, when Spring comes on, clothing earth and sky and woods in their richest garniture of flower and sheen and filling the groves with melody, so that our sad world seems transfigured into a vast cathedral, bedecked, as for the joyous rites of the 'bridal of the earth and sky,' where nature, from her own animate and inanimate works, provides the vestures, the incence and the harmonies of the temple service. Listen, yo 'budge doctors of the stoic fur,' to the chronicler who tells you that 'on May-day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and greene woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savor of sweete flowers, and with the harmony of birds praysing God in their kind. I find that in the month of May the citizens of London, of all estates, lightly, in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joyning together, had their several mayings, and did fetch in May poles, with diverse warlike shews, with good archers, morris-dauncers, and other devices, for pastime all the day long, and towards the evening they had stage playes and bonefires in the streets.'

And an old ballad says:—

"Upon the first of May
With garlands fresh and gay,
With mirth and music sweet,
For such a season meet,
They passe their time away,
They dance away sorrow,
And all the day thorow,
Their legs doe never fayle."

Behold the bringing in of the May pole: "twentie or fourtie yoke of oxen, every oxe havying a sweete nosegaie of flowers tyed on the tippe of his horns, and these oxen drawe home this Maie poole, which is covered all over with flowers and hearbes, bound round aboute with stringes from the top to the bottome, and some tyme painted with variable colours, with twoo or three hundred men, women and children following it with greate devotion. And thus boying reared up, with handkerchiefs and flagges streaming on the toppe, they strowe the grounde aboute, binde greene boughes about it, set up sommer haules, bowers and arbours hard by it, and then fall they to banquet and feast, to leap and daunce about.'

But we must cease this rambling among the bygones. Puritanism put an end to such festivities, and we suppose they must not be revived in these fastidious times. Let us part, however, in a friendly mood; and if for you we pray—

"God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May!"

you will, we trust, unite with us in lamenting that—

"No more the May-pole's verdant height around,
To valor's games th' ambitious youths advance;
No merry bells and tabor's sprightly sound,
Wake the loud carol and the sportive dance."

The Marriage Ceremony.

An anecdote is related by Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, in one of his Free Soil speeches, to this effect:

'A couple come to me one night, and wished me to join them in wedlock. I consented to perform the ceremony, and said to the man—

'Do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?'

'Certainly,' he replied.

'Do you take this man to be your lawful husband?'

'Yes, I do.'

'Then you are man and wife—that's all.'

Both looked at me with great astonishment, and the lady asked—

'Is that all?'

'Yes, that's all.'

'Well,' she remarked, 'taint such a mighty affair after all.'

☞ An infant was almost killed in Pittsburg, on Sunday week, by its inhuman parents administering whiskey to it.

From the Washington Union.

Interesting Letter from Australia.

The following letter is from a compositor from this city, who left last summer for the golden land of Australia. Its statements may be of service to those—and particularly printers—who contemplate a journey to the far off land, with the idea of bettering their condition:

MELBOURN, Nov. 15, 1852.

* * * * You are aware that we sailed from New York on the 3d of July. We arrived here on the 14th of October, all in good health, only having had one death on the voyage. Six emigrant ships came up by the same tide, having altogether about 3000 passengers. * * * Immediately upon landing, I looked out for a boarding house; but met with no success, as every place was as full as it could be, and thousands of people were living in tents in and about the city. However, I wandered a mile or two out of town, and contrived to get into a shed at the moderate rent of £2 2s. per week.—There are but two newspapers in the place, and two jobbing offices [The writer was lucky enough to get a situation on a daily paper shortly after arriving, and considered it a piece of good fortune most 'unaccountable.'] Our paper pays 2s. 6d. per thousand ems, and 2s. 6d. per hour, or £6 per week. ($30) I can earn as many pounds here as I could dollars in New York. There is not another paper, however, that pays so high a price, and we have to labor under many disadvantages. We have no water and no gas. There are quite as many compositors walking about the streets idle, as there are employed.—Thousands of poor creatures land in this city with scarcely five dollars to bless themselves, and by the time they have had a few meals they are without a farthing. Nearly all my fellow passengers went to the diggings, and several have returned quite discouraged. They say those who are there, are barely making their expenses, and that two things are indispensably necessary—capital and a proper knowledge of mining. I have received several letters from several parties at the mines; they all tell the same tale, and all are anxious to leave the diggings and follow other pursuits. There are, no doubt, many opportunities in this city at present for a man of capital and enterprise, but one without either had better remain home. Wages have been very good, but are now decreasing on account of the vast influx of people, and we are expecting every day to hear of our wages being lowered. On the other hand, provisions are the same price now as they were a month since. Bread is 2s. 6d. per 4 pound loaf, flour, £47 per ton, potatoes, $15 per ton, eggs, 4d. and 6d. a piece, apples, 1s. 6d. per pound. I have tasted nothing in the shape of vegetables, except potatoes, since I arrived in the colony; I heard that 5s. was asked for a cabbage. Ale and porter are 2s. per quart, beef and mutton 1s. per lb. Furniture is amazingly dear. The house I now live in is a small one of two rooms on the ground floor, something similar to one of those Irish shanties in the suburbs of New York, for which my landlord pays £2 10s. per week. There is scarcely a hundred respectable looking house in the whole place. Building lots sell at the rate of £16 per foot in some parts of Melbourn. There seems to be a very little doing in this city, though there is plenty of capital and plenty of labor in the market. There is no public works in operation, no railroads, no canals, no telegraphs, to be found anywhere. Everybody says things cannot last long in this way—they must come to a crisis. Things are in the same state at Sydney, Adelaide, and Hobart town. * * * The climate is not good by any means; the changes of tempature are much more sudden, and more extreme than those of New York. Melbourn is about the size of Newark, and the dirtiest place I ever saw for one. I advise every one who is in a position to remain to this place to stay at home. There are ten chances to one that he will do better in America than here.—There are thousands of people in this country who are cursing the day they ever decided to come to Australia. There are now about 100,000 people at the mines, and the escorts during the last four weeks have not brought down anything near 60,000 ounces per week on an average.

MURDER AND ROBBERY.—A few months since two soldiers deserted from Fort Massachusetts, wandered about for days on their return to the States, in fear at any moment of falling into the hands either of hostile Indians or of troops in pursuit. They met with another deserter and the three were overtaken by a party of trading Delawares, consisting of the squaw of a trader, her brother, and some nine or ten mules. The Delawares fed the fellows, and agreed that they should travel with them to the frontier, giving them mules to ride on. With all this kindness the villains conceived the dastardly design of murdering of murdering the squaw and the man for the money which they learned she had about her, and taking the mules to the States for sale. The trader had died somewhere near Salt Lake, and they were returning to pay his debts, and commence trade on their own account. One day at noon, the party stopped to dine and water the mules, and the butchery was commenced. They followed the Delaware down to the water course, and soon dispatched him. They then returned to the woman, cut her throat, and threw her body into a gully, through which—as if Providence had ordained it for this particular purpose—the water flowed. The villans divided the money and made their way to the States, sold the mules, and went to St. Louis. The woman afterwards managed to crawl out of the gully, and was at length picked up by a tribe of Indians who brought her to the frontier, and then gave such information as led to the arrest of the three scoundrels in St. Louis, by an officer, who took them up the country, where they were recognised by the squaw, and fully committed for trial by the magistrates there.

HOW TO DO IT.—The Albany Dutchman "lets off" any quantity of 'good things' weekly, and among other sensible advice, says:

"There is nothing to be gained by dangling for a twelvemonth after a sensible woman, talking unmeaning stuff—words without wisdom. Tell her you wish, like a man, and not like a blubbering school boy. She will never trifle with your affections; and if there are three grains of common sense in your muckle carcass, she will be your own before a month has passed. See the history of Rebecca, in Genesis, 24th chapter and 57th verse: When Abraham's servant had concluded the preliminary contract with Mrs. Laban, on the part of her daughter to become the wife of Isaac, the old man was anxious to get home, to show his young master the bonny lass he had brought with him; the mother wished him to remain a few days to recruit himself and his camels. He persisting, it was finally referred to the daughter. 'We will call the damsel and inquire at her mouth,' said the mother. When Rebecca appeared, her mother asked—'Wilt thou go with this man?' Rebecca replied, 'I will go.' There was a noble girl for you. No tear starting from her black eyes; no whinning, nor simpering make believe, nor mock modesty; but what her heart wished her lips uttered. Like an honest maiden, she replied, 'I will go.' Now, young ladies, go thou and do likewise. When the man whom you prefer before all others in the world says—'Will you go with me?' answer, 'I will go.' By the by, ladies, when you wish to read a true, simple and unsophisticated love story, just read over the twenty fourth chapter of Genesis.

☞ The Washington Republic proposes the following:

"If a body which no power can stop, meets a body which no power can move, what would be the effect of a collision?" According to our figuring a little kicking up behind, old horse.'

☞ The Earl of Ellesmere is said to be coming to New York with his family, to act at the representative of the British nation at the great exhibition to be held there.

A Tale About a Head.

Jake, a little black negro who belonged to Doctor Taliaferro, was said to have in his life frame a heart as big as General Jackson's. He din't fear even our respectable fellow citizen, 'Old Nick,' and as for coolness, he was as cool as the tip top of the North Pole.

One day, Dr. Taliaferro, upon the ocasion of the commencement of a Medical College of which he held the chair of anatomy, gave a diner. Among his guests was a well known ventriloqui. Late in the evening, after the bottle had done its work, the conversation turned upon courage, and he Doctor boasted considerably of his favorite man Jake. He offered to bet that nothing could scare him, and this but the ventriloquist took up, naming at the same time the test he wanted imposed. Jake was sent for, and he came.

'Jake,' said the Doctor, 'I have bet a large sum of money on your head, and you must win it. Do you think you can?'

'Berry well, master,' replied Jake, 'just let dis nigger what he's to do, and he do it shure.'

'I want you to go to the dissecting room. You will find two dead bodies there. Cut off the head of one, with a large knife which you will find there, and bring it to us. You must not take a light, however, and don't get frightened.'

'Dat's all is it?' inquired Jake. 'Oh! berry well. I'll do dat shure for sartin; and as for being frightened, the debil ain't going frighten me.'

Jake accordingly set off, reached the dissecting room, and grouped about until he found the knife and the bodies. He had just applied the former to the neck of the latter, when from the body he was about to decapitate, a hollow and sepulchral voice exclaimed—

'Let my head alone!'

'Yes, sah,' replied Jake, 'I aint particular, and tudder head 'll do jes as well.'

He accordingly put the knife to the neck of the other corpse, when another voice, equally unearthly in its tone, shrieked out—

'Let my head alone!'

Jake was puzzled at first, but answered presently.

'Look a hea! Massa Tolliver says I must bring one ob de heads, and you isn't gwne to fool me no how!' and Jake baked away until he separated the head from the body. Thereupon half dozen voices screamed out—

'Bring it back! bring it back!'

Jake had reached the door, but on hearing this turned round and said—

'Now—now, see yah! Jes you keep quiet, you fool, and don't wake up the woman folks. Massa's ony gwine to look at the bumps.'

'Bring back my head at once!' cried the voice.

'Tend you right away sah!' replied Jake, as he marched off with the head, and the next minute deposited it before the doctor.

'So you 've got it, I see, said his master.

'Yes, sah,' replied the unmoved Jake, 'but please be done lookin' at him soon, kaze de gemmen way me to fetch him back right atold

The Rifle.

Many persons who are very expert in the use of the rifle, know nothing of the principle on which it operates, and would be at a loss if asked why a grooved barrel throws a ball truer than a smooth bore. The reasons are these:

In the first place, no bullet is or can be cast perfectly spherical. One side is always heavier than the other, and the ball, therefore, swerves from the right line of projection. However hard it may be to prove this, theoretically, practice demonstrates it. The same smooth bore immoveably fixed, twice loaded with the same charge of the same powder and with balls cast in the same mould, will not plant them twice in the same [illegible]

The rifle barrel is a female screw, which gives the tightly driven ball a rotary motion, so that if the bullet, or rather the slug, swerves with one twist of the screw, another revolution corrects the error.—There are but three motions to a rifle ball—the straightforward, the spiral, and the downward, caused by the power of gravity. A rifle of thirty to the pound drops its ball about a foot in a hundred yards Rifles are sighted therefore to meet this deviation.—On leaving the barrel, the ball moves above the line of sight, continually falling in a parabolical curve, till it intersects it. The point of intersection is called the point blank.

Who invented the rifle is not known. Its principle was known to the North American Indians before the discovery of the continent. Their arrows are feathered spirally, and move precisely in the manner of a rifle ball.

The Mad Stone.

Our readers will perhaps remember a paragraph which appeared in our paper two or three weeks ago, giving some account of a wonderful stone which was said to have the power of curing hydrophobia. We thought the story an extraordinary one, but confess to a large amount of incredulity, notwithstanding the confidence with which the statement was made, and published it rather as a matter of curiosity than anything else.

On Friday, however, we were called upon by a gentleman of this county, Mr. Moses B. Wolmsly, who informed us that he had a mad stone in his possession, and that its virtues had been tested in many cases, and invariably with the happiest results.

He says he bought the stone in Boone county, Kentucky, where it had been brougat by a Virginian, who broke the stone in three pieces, giving one of them to each of his three children. Two of them emigrated to Illinois, taking their portions of the stone with them, and our informant thinks the stones alluded to, in the paragraph copied by us, are parts of that to which his piece belongs. Mr. W. describes the 'mad stone' as similar to flint, but so exceedingly hard as to resist even the hardest file. The stone is applied to the wound, if recent, or if not the skin near it is lacerated until, as Mr. W. says, it has become filled with the poison, and then drops off, when it is washed in warm spring water, or milk, and again applied. The length of time it remains attached to the wound depends upon the violence of the disease—generally from two to sixteen hours.—The latter is the longest time it has ever been known to adhere to any one, and that was the case of a man who had been bitten by his own dog, and did not have the stone applied for eight days. His son and several of the cattle were bitten by the same dog.—The father and son were cured by the application of the stone; but the cattle exhibited unmistakeable symptoms of hydrophobia, and died.

Mr. Wolmsly we do no not know, but he appears to be a very respectable man, and from his appearance, we should be disposed to place great confidence in any statement he might make in reference to any other matter. He has promised us to bring this wonderful stone to our office, when we may possibly have something more to say about it.—*Cin. Gazette.*

THE LEADERS OF THE CHINESE REBELLION.—Letters from Canton state that of all the stories connected with the great rebellion in China, none has been so persevered in from the commencement as that assigning leadership and influence to foreigners, and there really seems many grounds for the belief.—They are called by many the 'Christians,' the 'God worshippers,' and it is said that they observe Sunday. The latest takes this form:

"There are four men, wearing the Chinese dress, but not talking the Chinese language well, who are at the head of the robed council of war, and without whose sanction no step is taken. These men are generally supposed to be French Jesuits; and if Catholicism forms an element of the combination, the farther north they go the stronger they become, as that religion is more widely diffused in that quarter. Their success in battle against the Imperialists and the military skill which has characterized some of their movements, give additional strength to the supposition of foreign aid."

☞ Children receive their first impressions from their mothers. No doubt of it; we have seen them given with birch rods and the flat of the hand.

A Sudden Death.

We were witnesses the other day of a sudden death—one of those instantaneous and unaccountable cases where the silver chord is not loosed, but suddenly snapped, where the golden bowl falls and is broken, where the tower and fabric of humanity, without premonition or seeming cause, drops into ruin.

We were walking along one of the main streets of the city, and just before us was walking a man whose size and seeming strength contrasted strikingly with the miserable and tattered garments he wore—too mean and too poor for the poorest and meanest occupation. Suddenly he stopped, or rather half stopped, and without a word or motion to betray cause or consciousness, fell dead upon the side walk. He was immediately lifted up by the passers-by and put upon his feet, for it seemed to no one, certainly not to us, that this could be death—so quick, so sudden, so totally unexpected, and without the shadow of warning. But all assistance was useless. The great conqueror had been present and [illegible] word of his visit.

The man, thus smitten before our very eyes, was evidently of the lower, if not of the lowest class, and had brought himself his own fate by excesses whose trace was clearly perceptible. But for all that he was a man, similarly constituted with other men, with their hopes and fears, aspirations all depressions, joys and troubles—in life perhaps inferior to most, but made royal by death, and lifted into a region of reverence. He, poor, degraded, and despised—a drunkard and an outcast, the object of ridicule, contempt, and commiseration, perhaps without a home to shelter him or a friend to aid—passed in one instant and at one breath from his tottering, staggering debasement in this world, to the presence of such grandeur as it has not entered into the heart of man to conceive." Just now grovelling here before our eyes in such sin, shame, and squallor as it was painful to contemplate, a fit object for police and parochial regulations, he soared suddenly into the realization of truths that neither the learning of Locke nor the piety of Pascal could conceive, and became in an instant ages in advance of all the sages and savans he has left behind.

"Just then so low, so here a thing,
And now—beyond the stars."

We have seen deaths in many shapes, but never in any so terrible as this. There has always been some premonition—some warning, no matter how brief—and the possibility of escape. But in this case the wisdom of a thousand physicians would have been worthless, and the strength of an army without avail.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Can Insects Talk?

A striking instance of the possession of a capability of spreading intelligence, and that of a somewhat abstruse character, is furnished by experiments that have been made by Huber and others upon bees.—Every one is aware that the queen bee is an object of the greatest solicitude and attention to all the workers of the hive, and yet, among so many thousands, all busily employed in different and distant parts of the colony, it would appear impossible for them to ascertain, at least before the lapse of a considerable time, whether she was absent from among them or not. In order to see whether bees had any power of conveying news of this kind, the queen bee has been stealthily and quietly abstracted from the hive; but here, as elsewhere, ill news was found to fly apace. For some half hour or so the loss seemed [illegible] ceasing buzz of agitation gradually announced the growing alarm, until shortly the whole hive was in an uproar, and all its busy occupants were seen pouring forth their legions in search of their lost monarch, or eager to avenge with their stings the insult offered to their sovereign. On restoring the captured queen to her subjects with equal secrecy, the tumult speedily subsided, and the ordinary business of the community was resumed, as before the occurrence. That in such cases as above narrated information, and that of rather a complex character, was transmitted by one insect to another, cannot be doubted—but by what means? All that has been ascertained upon this point is, that the ants and the bees cross their antennæ in a peculiar manner with the antennæ of the others that they encounter, and this action being repeated again and again, seems to be a mode of communicating intelligence common among the insect race.—*Rymer Jones' Natural History of Animals.*

Conundrums.

1. What is the difference between a bare head and a hair bed? A bare head flees for shelter; a hair bed's a shelter for fleas.

2. What throat is the best for a singer to reach high notes with? A *soar* throat.

3. What city is most opposed to the introduction of gas? *Spermacett.*

4. Why is a dinner like Spring? Ans.—Because a single swallow never makes it.

5. Why are the fair sex like the letter L? Ans. Because you cannot make love without them.

6. When are lady archers in danger of having ill-tempered husbands? Ans.—When they select cross-beaux.

A TWO MILLION DOLLAR DIAMOND.—The Goshen Democrat and Whig tells the following queer story:—Having recently heard much of the reported good fortune of the Rev. Robt. Armstrong, of Newburg, in purchasing among other minerals, what he supposed was a topaz, but which turned out to be a diamond, we have taken pains to get at the real facts of the case, and find them to be these: Mr. Armstrong, who has for some time past devoted much of his leisure time to mineriological pursuits, purchased a lot of minerals, some months since, of an Englishman in New York, among which was supposed to be a topaz. Upon a re-examination of these minerals a considerable time after their purchase, Mr. Armstrong was struck with the close resemblance of his supposed topaz to the real diamond, and was led to subject it to a test of its qualities. This test confirmed his hopes, and the opinion of others, acquainted with the subject, was sought, and given in favor of the valuable character of the gem. Mr. A. has been offered 500,000 for one half of the brilliant, but has declined the proposition. Its weight is two and a half ounces, and if a real diamond, its value will be more than $2,000,000. Mr. A. is now taking measures to have the character of the mineral put to the severest scrutiny, and we believe he has little doubt but that scrutiny will result according to his wishes. If a diamond, it is the largest known in the world. It has passed in disguise through several hands, its valuable qualities not having been discovered by the person who originally took it from the earth, nor by any into whose possession it subsequently passed, until it fell beneath the scrutiny of the present possessor. If genuine, it will put the Reverend gentleman in possession of immense wealth, and this wealth, we have no doubt, he will use in a commendable way.

GORDIAN KNOT.—This was a knot made by Gordius, King of Phrygia, in one of the cords of his yoke, or, as some have it, in the leathers of his chariot harness, which was so very intricately twisted, that it was impossible to discover where it began or ended. The oracle of Appollo having declared, that whosoever should unite the knot should be master of all Asia, many attempted it, but without success, till at last Alexander the Great, after attempting in vain to untie it, cut it assunder with his sword, and thus either eluded or fulfilled the prediction.

Every fool can find faults that a great many wise men can't remedy.

Young Men.

There is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in heaven; clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind him and will beam forth again; the blaze of other's popularity may outshine him, but we know that, though unseen, he illuminates his own sphere. He resists temptation not without a struggle, for that is not virtue, but he resists and conquers; he bears the sarcasms of the profligate, and it stings him, for a trait of virtue, but heals with its pure touch. He heeds not the watchword of fashion, if it leads to sin; the Athiest, who says, not only in his heart, but with his lips, "There is no God!" and rejoices in it.

Woman is sheltered by fond arms and loving council; old age is protected by experience, and manhood by its strength, but the young man stands amid the temptation of the world like a self-balanced tower. Happy he who seeks and gains the prop of morality.

Onward, then, conscientious youth—raise thy standard, and nerve thyself for goodness. If God cannot [illegible] it be said of thee, "He helped to swell the river of sin by pouring his influence into its channels." If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that drop into a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man! assume that beautiful garb of virtue! It is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength, then. Let truth be the lady of love, defend her.—*Mrs. Corie Gilman.*

Valuable Pills.

Some twenty years ago a farmer's barn in the vicinity of Worcester was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. Many of the citizens had gone to the fire, when a fop, well strapped and dickied, with his cap on one side of his head, met the celebrated Dr. N——, and accosted him in this wise:

"Can you—ah, tell me, doctah, how fah they have succeeded in extinguishing the conflagration of the—ah, unfortunate yeoman's barn?"

The doctor eyed the individual attentively, dropped his head as usual for a moment, and then slipping his thumb and finger in his vest pocket took out a couple of pills and handed them to him, saying:

"Take these, sir, and go to bed, and if you do not feel better in the morning, call at my office."

Jefferson's Ten Rules of Life.

The following rules for practical life were given by Mr. Jefferson, in a letter of advice to his namesake, Thomas Jefferson Smith, in 1825.

Never put off till to morrow what you can do today.

Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.

Never spend your money before you have it.

Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.

Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.

We never repent of having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain have those evils cost us which never happened.

Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry, count ten before you speak, if very angry count one hundred.

Ladies will sooner pardon want of sense than good manners.

For Housekeepers.

Boiled Cauliflowers.

Having picked them into small pieces, which is absolutely necessary in order to remove the slugs with which this vegetable abounds, wash it thoroughly in several waters, and let it lay to soak for full an hour before you dress it. Put into a saucepan of boiling water, with a lump of salt, and when tender it will be done; let it drain in a collander, and serve it up with melted butter. Some persons may prefer to see them brought to table whole, but they must then take the chance of being helped; along with the cauliflower, to some unsightly insect which would be sufficient to disgust the least delicate stomach; besides, if properly boiled, and laid carefully in the dish, the pretty appearance of the vegetable is by no means destroyed by its having been divided.

Rhubarb Pie.

Cut the large stalks off where the leaves commence; strip off the outside skin, then cut the stalks in pieces half an inch long, line a pie dish with a paste rolled rather thicker than a dollar piece, put in a layer of the rhubarb nearly an inch deep; to a quart bowl of cut rhubarb, put a large tea cup of sugar, strew it over with a salt spoonful of salt, and a half nutmeg greated; cover with a rich pie crust, cut a slit in the centre, trim off the edge with a sharp knife, and bake in a quick oven, until the pie looses from the dish.

Rhubarb pies made in this way are altogether superior to those made of the fruit stewed.

Potted Herring.

Clean your herring, wash them well, wipe them dry; then rub each one with salt and cayenne pepper; place in your jar a layer of herring, then some grains of allspice, half a dozen cloves, and two or three blades of mace, then put in another layer of herring, and so on till are in; cover the herring with cold vinegar, tie up the jar closely with several thicknesses of paper, and set it in the oven after the bread has been drawn out; let it remain there all night. As soon as they become cold they will be fit for use.—*National Cook Book.*

Rhubarb, Gooseberry, Plum, and Currant Pie.

Make a good crust, lay a little round the sides of the dish, throw some sugar on the bottom, and put in a little cup to suck in the juice, lay in the fruit and put some more sugar at the top, then put in a very little water, wet the top of the crust that goes round inside of the dish, put on the cover and pinch the edges together. Cut the rhubarb into lengths of two inches, but do not skin it, only trim it at the top and bottom.

Egg Dumplings.

Make a batter of a pint of milk, two well beaten eggs, a salt spoonful of salt, and flour enough to make a batter as thick as for pound-cake, have a clean sauce pan of boiling water, let the water boil fast, drop in the batter by the table spoonful, four or five minutes will boil them, take them with a skimmer on to a dish, put a bit of butter and pepper over, and serve with boiled or cold meat; for a little dessert, put butter and greated nutmeg, with syrup or sugar over.

To Keep Horseradish.

If you want to keep horseradish, grate a quantity while the root is in perfection, put it in bottles; fill the bottles with strong vinegar and keep it corked tightly. You may thus have a supply at all seasons.

Hint to Dairymaids.

Farmer's wives may be glad to know that when a cow refuses to 'give down her milk,' by placing a a sack of grain or other weight, on her back, her power to hold up is overcome, and the milk will flow.

☞ M. Appert's method of preserving eggs, is to put them in a jar with bran, to prevent their breaking: cork and hermetically seal the jar, put into a vessel of water heated to 200 degrees of Fahrenheit, or 12 degrees below boiling. The vessel with water being taken from the fire, the water must cool till the finger may be borne in it, remove the jar.—The eggs may then be taken out and will keep for six months.

Odds and Ends.

The farther you go, the worse is your fare.

It's the Railway pace that kills.

Belles call a great many people to church.

When you have nothing to say, say nothing.

Never reproach a man with the faults of relations.

Fashion is the race of the rich to get away from the poor, who follow as fast as they can.

The expenses of the last Legislature foots up nearly $200,000.

Going Up—The thermometer and our subscription list.

The First Circles—Men with just brains enough to accumulate money and—hold on to it.

The lower orders of Society—Men who have no cash.

The emigration from Ireland this spring is prodigious beyond precedent.

In the new town of Nahant, there are only thirty voters, of whom fifteen are office-holders.

There is no place like Home—but the difficulty is to get there.

During April, there arrived at New York, 25,447 emigrants from Europe.

Wonder how many children the "mother of pearl" had?

The French government maintains 4,428 priests, at an annual expense of about nine millions of dollars.

Why are most persons who eat turkey like babies? Because they are fond of the breast.

The war budget in France requires nearly $60,000,000 in time of peace.

A Railway is long but life is short—and generally the longer the railway, the shorter your life.

IRISH ADVERTISEMENT.—"To Let.—The upper part of a cellar, to a family—rent low. P. S.—Privilege on the sidewalk for a hog."

It is computed that 7,318,136 acres, or 11,455 square miles of land, are now subjected to conflicting claims in California.

Another new motive power has been discovered. It is said that an ingenious Yankee has a new mill in operation, which is driven by the "force of habit."

The great charm about a Railway accident is that, no matter how many lives are lost, no blame is ever attached to any one.

Solomon says, "a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." By this rule the most valuable of the female sex is only five shillings.

A complete, minute and exact map of France is about to be terminated, after about 35 years' incessant labor, and at an expense of nearly $2,000,000.

What's the difference between a swallow and a milk maid? One skims the water and the other skims the milk.

A wee little boy, about two and a half feet high, was on Friday arrested in New Bedford, on charge

"Tom, whom did you say our friend B—— married?" "He married Forty Thousand Dollars—I forget her other name!" was the answer.

Roasting meat by gas has been successfully tried in several large establishments in England. It is reported to be a very economical, convenient, and excellent mode of cooking.

When is a soldier not a soldier? When he is mustered. Why is a watch-dog larger at night than he is in the morning? Because he is let out at night and taken in, in the morning.

An infant boy who was drowned, a few weeks since, near Branchtown, Pa., by the act of its mother, was found during the post-mortem examination of the remains to have a double set of lungs.

There is one advantage in being old, and that is, you can "loaf around the house" without being charged with laziness. We look forward to a good deal of enjoyment after we have reached ninety.

It is said that one-half of the farms in Maine are so barren that you might mow them with a razor, and rake them with a fine tooth comb, and yet not get enough hay to fodder a grasshopper for two weeks.

When is iron like a bank note? When it's forged. When is iron like a stone thrown into the air? When it's cast. When is iron like a public house? When it's a bar. When would it do to make sausage of? When it's pig iron.

It is stated by some wiseacre that the heart of a man weighs nine ounces, that of a woman eight. As age increases, a man's heart grows heavier, and a woman's lighter, after thirty. Some girls lose theirs at sixteen.

There was at one time at the French court a viol so large that several boys could be placed within it, who sung the air, while the man who played it sang the tenor. It was often thus used at the concerts which were given to amuse Queen Margaret.

Mrs. Swisshelm, in her letters to young ladies, says that "every country girl knows how to color red with madder." This, we believe, is an ethnological fact, as we have always noticed that with all girls, the madder they get the redder they color.

Among the incidents attending the loss of the steamer Independence, was, that after the wreck, a child was born on the beach, and is now healthy and thriving: the mother was carried across the mountains in a hammock, and even walked part of the way to the boat.

A couple of sons of the Emerald Isle met near the Custom House one day, when, after the usual salutations, one said to the other, "Well Patrick, poor Horton is dead (alluding to one of their acquaintances who died suddenly.) O yes, it's very sickly here; a great many have died here this year that never died before."

A singular discovery is given by a Cuban correspondence of the Raleigh Standard. Dr. Tinsley—an English practitioner of long experience in Cuba, and a graduate of Paris—has discovered, in the course of his practice in cases of small pox, that vaccine virus, after having once passed through a negro's system, becomes useless as a preventive to the white race.

An old ballad thus gives the genealogy of snow:

"My father was the North Wind,
My mother's name was Water;
Parson Winter married them,
And I'm the hopeful daughter."

The salaries of the various officers within the gift of the President of the United States, amount to upwards of fifty millions of dollars a year.

There is an editor—a confirmed old bach—who declines accepting a piece of wedding cake when he publishes a marriage. He says it looks like countenancing matrimony.