American Volunteer.

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

VOL. 40. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1853. NO. 5.

Poetical.

THE LAST GOOD NIGHT.

BY ELLEN GREY.

Close her eye-lids—press them gently
O'er the dim and leaden eyes,
For the soul that made thee lovely
Hath returned unto the skies;
Wipe the death-drops from her forehead,
Sever one dear golden tress,
Fold her icy hands all meekly,
Smooth the little snowy dress;
Scatter flowers o'er her pillow—
Gentle flowers, so pure and white—
Lay this bud upon her bosom;
There—now softly say, GOOD NIGHT!

Though our tears flow fast and faster,
Yet we would not call her back,
We are glad her feet no longer
Tread life's rough and stormy track;
We are glad our Heavenly Father
Took her while her heart was pure;
We are glad he did not leave her
All life's trials to endure;
We are glad—and yet the tear-drop
Falleth; for, alas! we know
That our fireside will be lonely,
We shall miss our darling so.

While the twilight shadows gather,
We shall wait in vain to feel
Little arms, all white and dimpled,
Round our necks so softly steal;
Our wet cheeks will miss the pressure
Of sweet lips so warm and red,
And our bosoms sadly, sadly
Miss that darling little head.
Which was won't to rest there sweetly;
And those gentle eyes, so bright,
We shall miss their loving glance,
We shall miss their soft GOOD NIGHT.

When the morrow's sun is shining,
They will take this cherished form,
They will bear it to the church-yard,
And consign it to the worm;
Well—what matter? It is only
The clay dress our darling wore;
God hath robed her as an angel,
She hath need of this no more;
Fold her hands, and o'er her pillow
Scatter flowers all pure and white,
Kiss that marble brow and whisper,
Once again, a last GOOD-NIGHT.

Miscellaneous.

THE HUSSAR'S SADDLE.

Old Ludovic Hartz always regarded his saddle with the deepest veneration, and yet there appeared nothing about it capable of exciting his idolatry.—It was a Turkish saddle, old and deeply stained with blood; yet to the brave Ludovic it recalled a tale of other days, when young, ardent, and enthusiastic, he first drew his sword in defence of his country, against its enemies.

He had been opposed in battle against the hostile invaders of his native Hungary, and many an unbelieving dog had his good arm and true sword smitten to the earth. Various had been the fortune of the war, and too often was the glory of the holy cross dimmed by the lustre of the triumphant crescent.—Such sad disasters were seldom alluded to by the brave hussar, but he loved to dwell on the successful actions in which he had been engaged.

It was in one of these fierce combats, that, suddenly cut off from his party, he found himself surrounded by four infuriated Turks, 'But the recollection of you and your angel mother,' would Ludovic say to his daughter, 'nerved my arm. I was assailed by all my opponents. How three fell, I know not; but severe and long was the conflict with the last of my foes; whose powerful arm was raised against me. Already I saw my wife a mournful widow and my child fatherless, and these fearful thoughts infused fresh vigor in my arm; I smote the infidel dog to death, hurled him from his steed, and rifled him as he lay. At this moment, several of the enemy appeared in sight, but I was too much exhausted to renew the perilous conflict. My gallant horse lay wounded and in the agonies of death. I threw myself on the Turkish courser, and forced him on at his utmost speed until I regained my squadron. The saddle was steeped in the blood of my foe, and mine mingled with it. When a cessation of hostilities permitted the troops to rest for a space from the horrors of war, I hastened with the treasure, which during the campaign, I had acquired, to my home, purchased the fertile fields around my dwelling, and forgot for a season the miseries of war.'

The good Ludovic would here pause. He still retained a lively recollection of his lost wife, and he could not bare to relate the circumstances of her illness and death. After that sad event, his home became hateful to him, and he resolved again to engage in the arduous duties of a soldier. The little Theresa was kindly adopted into the family of his only brother, and there, after the lapse of some years our good hussar found her blooming in youthful beauty.

Ludovic arrived only in time to close the eyes of his brother, who, on his death bed, entreated him to bestow Theresa on his only son, when they should have attained a proper age. Grateful for his almost parental care of his child, and moved by the situation of his brother, whose whole heart seemed bent on this union, Ludovic promised that when his daughter should have attained the age of eighteen, she should become the wife of Karl, provided Karl himself desired the connection at that time, and satisfied with his promise, the old man died in peace.

This engagement was concealed from Theresa, but it was known to Karl, who exulted in the thought that this rich prize would one day be his. With low habits and a coarse turn of mind, the delicate graces of Theresa had no charms for him, he loved her not, but he loved the wealth which would one day be hers, and which he looked on with a greedy eye. The thousand soft and nameless feelings which accompanied a generous and tender passion, were unknown to Karl. It was a hard task to him to attend his gentle mistress, nor did he ever feel disposed to play the part of a lover except when some other seemed inclined to supply his place. It was at a rural *fete* given by Ludovic to his neighbors, at the termination of an abundant harvest, that Karl first chose openly to assert his right. He had taken it for granted that he should open the dance with Theresa. What, then, was his indignation, when, on entering the apartment, he saw Theresa, her slender waist encircled by the arm of a young hussar, moving in the graceful waltz? The evident superiority of his rival, whose well knit limbs, firm step, and free and martial air, formed a striking contrast to his own clownish figure and awkward gait, only increased his ire, and, in violent wrath, had advanced to Theresa, insisting on his right to open the dance with her. Theresa pleaded her engagement, he presisted; she refused his request and laughed at his anger. He became violent and rude. The hussar interfered, and the quarrel rose so high, as to call Ludovic to the spot.

Karl, in a voice almost choaked with passion laid his grievances before him. Theresa, in a tone of indignation, complained to her father of his insolence and appealed to him whether she was not at liberty to select any partner for the dance she thought proper. 'You have no such liberties!' thundered out Karl. 'You are my betrothed wife, and as such, you belong to me alone.'

Theresa cast on him a smile full of scorn and contempt, but it faded as she looked to her father, and a deadly paleness overspread her countenance as she enquired, 'Father does this man speak truth?' 'He does my child,' was the reply; and she dropped insensible at his feet.

The young hussar now knelt down beside her, passionately kissed her forehead, and raising her in his arms, bore her to an adjoining apartment, followed by her father and Karl. Theresa slowly revived. At first she saw no one, and breathing a deep sigh, murmured, 'It was all a horrid dream!' An anguished groan startled her into perception and agony. She looked and saw her father standing before her, with folded arms and a countenance clouded with grief. Karl stood near with an exulting smile, and the hussar knelt beside her, but his face was buried in his hands. She found it was no dream.—She looked at her father, 'Father is there no hope?' 'None, my honor is pledged.' She then turned to the hussar, and placed for a moment her cold hand in his; then rising suddenly, threw herself at the feet of Karl. 'Oh, Karl, have mercy! I love another—you do not love me—have pity on us!' 'By all the powers of heaven and hell, you shall be mine Theresa! I appeal to your father. Will your father violate his promise to the dead?' 'I will *not*,' said Ludovic, with solemnity. Then Theresa, exclaimed Karl, with fiendlike exultation, 'no power on earth shall save you from being mine!' and thus saying he left the house.

Theresa rose from her knees, and threw herself into the arms of her lover. The presence of her father was no restraint on her pure tenderness. Her tears fell fast on his manly countenance, but his agony was too great for that relief. Ludovic was deeply moved. He approached them, and endeavored to calm their affections, and related the circumstances under which this promise had been given; but his concluding words, 'that he must hold it sacred,' threw him into a new paroxysm of grief. 'We must part, then, Arnhold,' said the weeping Theresa, 'we must part—ah! can we survive this cruel blow?' 'No,' said Arnhold, 'no.' I cannot live without you: let us once more entreat your father to have pity on us!' and the youthful lovers threw themselves at his feet, 'Arnhold,' said Ludovic, sternly, 'thou a soldier, and ask me to tarnish my honor!' Arnhold felt the appeal; he started up, raised the weeping Theresa, cut off with his sabre one long bright tress, embraced and kissed her, placed her in the arms of her father and fled.

Every passing day carried with it some portion of the fortitude of Theresa, as if she saw the near approach of the period which was to consign her to a fate so dreadful. Three little weeks were all that lay between her and misery. Ludovic endeavored to soothe her, but she would not be comforted. Had even her affections been disengaged, Karl would have been distasteful to her; but with affections placed on another, the idea of a union with him appeared insupportable.

'My dear child!' would Ludovic say interrupting a passionate burst of grief, 'by what magic has Arnhold gained possession of your heart!' 'he is an hussar,' replied Theresa. There was something in this reply which moved Ludovic; he recollected that he himself had imbued the mind of his daughter with sentiments of respect and esteem for the character of a good soldier; and conscience reminded him that he had often exalted the profession of arms above the peaceful and unobtrusive occupations of that of the husbandman. Was it wonderful, then, that Theresa should have imbibed something of this spirit? or that she should have yielded her heart to one who possessed courage to defend her, and tenderness to soothe her under the afflictions of life?—Arnhold dwelt near them; he had been the early playmate of Theresa, and with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, they had often listened together to the warlike exploits which the good Ludovic delighted to relate to them; and to these conversations might be attributed the passionate desire of Arnhold to adopt the profession of arms. Accustomed to see them play together as children, and liking the society of a generous and spirited boy, Ludovic forgot the danger, when their childhood passed away, of their affection assuming quite a different character. It was so, and Ludovic now saw with deep grief that his daughter was unalterably attached to the youthful soldier.

If Theresa was unhappy, her father was scarcely less so; he blamed his own imprudence, and on contrasting the characters of the two youths, a violent conflict between his feeling and his duty arose in his breast; but the stern honor of the soldier triumphed, and he deemed himself bound to complete the sacrifice. Unable, however, to endure the sight of her grief, he carried her to the abode of a youthful friend, who formerly resided near them, but on her marriage had removed to a village about sixty miles distant. There he left Theresa, after receiving her solemn promise that she would return with him the day before that on which she would complete her eighteenth year. 'Father,' said she with streaming eyes, 'I have never deceived you. If I live I will return; but do not grieve too deeply, should my heart break in this fearful struggle.' The old hussar dashed away a tear which strayed down his scarred and sunburnt cheek, embraced his child and departed.

Time wore gradually away, and at last the day arrived which was to seal Theresa's fate. It found her in a state of torpid despair. Exhausted by her previous struggles, all seemed dead; but her mind was awakened to new suffering. A friend arrived to conduct her to her father. The good Ludovic lay, apparently on the bed of death, and with breathless impatience Theresa pursued her journey.

On her arrival, her father's sick room was not solitary; the detested Karl was there, and there too was the youthful hussar. 'My child,' said Ludovic, 'my days are numbered; my fate must soon be decided, and, alas! yours also! To my dying brother I solemnly promised, that on this day I would offer you to his son for his bride. Without fulfilling my engagement, I could not die in peace; even the grave could afford no rest. Can you sacrifice yourself for my future repose?' 'I can—I will,' cried the unfortunate Theresa, sinking on her knees, 'so help me Heaven!' 'Heaven will bless a dutiful child!' said Ludovic, with fervor. 'Karl, draw near,' Karl obeyed. Theresa shuddered. 'Karl,' said Ludovic, 'you say you love my child; cherish her, I conjure you as you hope for future happiness. In her you possess a treasure; but I must warn you, she will bring you but one portion of my possession.'—Karl started and retreated a few steps. 'That, however,' continued Ludovic, which I look upon as my greatest earthly treasure, I give you with my daughter. You Karl, believe me to have some virtues.—Alas! alas! you know not the secret sins which have sullied my life—the rapine, the murder, but enough of this! I have confessed to my spiritual father, and have obtained absolution for the dark catalogue—but on condition that I leave all my wealth to the church as an atonement for my transgressions. I could not forget that I was a father: I pleaded the destitute state of my child—I implored—I entreated—at length I wrung from the pious father his consent that I should retain my greatest treasure for Theresa. I chose my saddle. Keep it dear child in remembrance of an affectionate father. And you Karl, are you satisfied to relinquish worldly goods for the welfare of my soul? Are you content to take my daughter with this portion?

'Fool!' exclaimed Karl, 'doting idiot! how dare you purchase exemption at my expense? Your wealth is mine; your wealth must be the portion of my bride, I will reclaim them from those rapacious monks, and tear them from the altar!'

'You cannot, you dare not,' replied Ludovic raising his voice in anger; 'my agreement with your father had reference to my daughter only—my wealth formed no part of it.'

'Driveller! dotard!' vociferated Karl, 'think you that I will accept a portionless bride? You must seek some other fool for your purpose; I renounce her.'

'Give her to me, father!' cried Arnhold, 'I swear to cherish and protect her while I live. Give her to me, and when she shall be the beloved wife of my bosom, I will live for her—aye, and die for her.'

Karl laughed in mockery. 'You value life but little,' said he, 'to talk of sacrificing it for a woman. I never knew one worth the trouble of winning, and least of all, Theresa.'

The young hussar laid his hands on his sabre.—Theresa threw herself between them. At the same moment Ludovic sprang from his couch, tore the covering from his head, snatched the saddle from the wall where it hung, seized his sabre, with one stroke laid it open, and a stream of gold bezants, oriental pearls, and sparkling jewels fell down upon the floor. 'Wretch! worm! vile clod of earth! art thou not justly punished? Hence reptile, begone, before I forget that thou art of my blood!' Ludovic raised his sabre, and the dastardly Karl fled, without daring to give utterance to the imprecation which hung on his lips.

Trampling under foot the costly jewels which lay strewed around, Theresa rushed forward and embraced her father, exclaiming, 'Is not this a dream? Are you indeed restored to me? Can this bliss be real?'

'Forgive me my child,' exclaimed Ludovic, 'the pain I have been obliged to give your generous heart. My effort to make that wretch resign his claim to your hand has been successful. Grudge not that part of our store has been appropriated to the holy church—not to purchase forgiveness of the sins I mentioned, and of which, thank Heaven, I am guiltless, but to be the blessed means of saving you from a miserable fate. Kneel down, my children—aye support her, Arnhold—lay her innocent head on your bosom, and receive the fervent benediction of an old hussar.'

Pattern Wives.

BY FANNY FERN.

Mrs. Violet was one of your pattern wives, never laced her boots without consulting her husband.—Her dress maker always stood, scissors in hand, till he had turned over in his mind the relative advantages of flounces and tucks, boddices and basket waists. Mrs. Violet was merely an echo of Mr. Violet, her voice was soft and low, her motions slow and proper: and she hung on his arm, and cuddled up to his side in a manner convincing to the most skeptical that she was 'the weaker vessel.'

Now I suppose you think Mr. Violet was master of his own house. St. Peter! no more than you are! There was a look in the corner of that little meek creature's eye, that was as good as a loaded musket, and Mr. Violet fetched and carried accordingly. Not that she ever raised that musical voice above a sighing whisper; no, indeed! she left that to the strong minded monster women, who never read this passage in John Milton—'He for God only, she for God in him.' Nevertheless, Mr. Violet's knowledge of the world was confined entirely to the length of her apron string, still it was always 'husband' and 'dear Violet,' even when the poor wretch knew that his life wasn't worth two cents, did he abate 'one jot or tittle' of his matrimonial loyalty.

What gave *me* convulsions was to hear her defer to his opinion in company, and then to see him fetched up in the middle of a sentence, at a gentle reminder from the toe of her slipper under the table!

Every night Violet stepped into the confession box, never daring to swerve a particle from the truth, so fully was he impressed with the idea of Mrs. Violet's clairvoyance. How he tended the baby, and tied the children's pinafores! how he sewed on missing buttons, when the blinds were closed! How lovingly Mrs. Violet looked over his hymn-book in meeting! how sweetly she smiled when she offered him the cricket! how touchingly she turned to her husband to reply for her, when a neighbor asked her a question. How he didn't know any more than you do the contents of his letters till she had inspected the same. How his best coat and vest were locked up on Sunday night at sundown, lest he should be tempted to make himself for some *other* Violet—how he had to eat 'picked-up dinners,' on the full conviction that his roast turkey allowance had gone to her milliner's. How Tommy had a 'soldier cap' made of the Evening Transcript, before his paternal could get a birds eye view of it. How Mrs. Violet gave him private tuition in putting on her shawl affectionately, which exhibition was to come off in public the first favorable opportunity. How all the humbugged, kenesighted (?) public remarked, Mr. and Mrs. Violet?'

How Mrs. Violet died one day, and how her husband drew a long breath, and took a vow to find her antipodes if she existed on terra firma, and how he married a saucy little beauty, who cuffs his ears in public, and loves him like ten thousand in private, who minds her baby and darning needle, and leaves him in undisturbed possession of his liberty and his ledger. Happy Violet! he believes, with me, now in blue eyes and Paradise.

A Coquette Rebuked.

Lord N——, a nobleman both by nature and birth, was noted for his strict virtue, his unassuming manner, and grace and elegance of person. He had married when quite young, a lady of equal rank with himself, though she was by no means handsome, but he loved her with an almost romantic fervor.

The countess of L—— was a most superbly beautiful woman, and once, in company with a number of friends, boasted that she could conquer Lord N—— if she could only gain his attentions long enough. The boast was received with doubts.

'He is eminently a christian man,' said one.

'A fig for his christianity,' said the countess, contemptuously. 'I tell you I can make him 'sue me for a smile,' I wish I could gain his arm for one-quarter of an hour.'

Her wish was gratified, that very evening at a brilliant party, Lord N—— and his lady appeared. Blazing with costly jewels, radiant as a peri, the unprincipled countess riveted every eye, she was indeed fairer than a poet's dream. With the most delicate manœuvring she gained the attention of Lord N——, and walked triumphantly through the blaze of beauty, casting significant glances on those who had heard her idle boast.

But though as polite as the most accomplished man of the world, she could see that Lord N—— was totally unmoved by her elegant style, or her coquettish airs and glances. Finally, as he gave some little quotation, which he considered delicately complimented by the approval of his wife, the countess ventured to sneer, she was piqued because he quoted his wife, that plain Lady N——, before her, the imporious, the acknowledged belle of the whole empire. Lord N—— turned his dark eye fully upon her, 'my dear madam,' he said, in an emphatic manner, 'one approving word from my wife is worth a thousand from any other woman, however brilliant or beautiful she may be.'

The blood mounted to the cheek and brow of the countess, she felt how sublime was the dignity of virtue, but she did not yet despair. Seeing Lady N—— conversing with one of the blandest of sovereigns, she exclaimed,—'Look, my lord! do you not see how entirely engrossed your lady seems with the handsome king? you should be jealous.'

'I am not,' he replied, still more severely, 'my wife and I have a motto, that honor will never suffer itself even to be tempted,—and as for myself, with reference to Lady N——, I can say in the divine language of scripture, 'the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.'

The coquette was silenced, her animation gone, those who noted it know the reason why. As for the countess she was often afterwards heard to declare that could she obtain a husband like Lord N—— she should consider herself the happiest woman in the world.

INGENUITY OF A SAILOR.—Several sailors on board of a vessel had brought a supply of tobacco with them. How were they to escape the revenue Cereberus at the gate. "I have it," said one of them, hitting upon an idea, and scratching his head with glee. "I'll jump into the dock; and while they're making a great fuss to save me, you bolt with the leaf!" It was immediately carried out. The tar who was almost amphibious, plunged into the dock, crying at the same time lustily for help. The alarm was given; lights procured, and the officers from every part attracted to the scene, and while the search and uproar continued, the companions of the apparently drowning man got safely away.

A RICH SKETCH---LEROY JENKINS.

While riding not long since, in the old county of St—ff—d, in Virginia, and passing along a rarely frequented road, I heard a noise that at once arrested my attention. It was a soliloquy in a loud key, and interlarded with an occasional oath, to prove that the colloquist was in earnest. Guiding my horse quietly in the direction of the voice, I saw a fellow about half corned, deliberately cutting a long hickory switch, and talking to himself at the same time with great earnestness. I thought at first that he intended to whip his horse, that stood near by, and I was about turning off, when a new set of phrases in his self-talk arrested my attention, and made me the witness of the following scene.

'Well, now, Leroy Jenkins, I expect you'll catch goss in a little while. It won't be long first before Leroy Jenkins's hide gets painted some. I'll pay you, Leroy Jenkins, for all this, you trifling curse you!'

Being in some doubt whether Leroy Jenkins was the name of his horse, or of some expectant combatant whose preparations, of a character similar to those I have mentioned, were quietly progressing a short distance off, I determined to await the issue of these fierce threats, and throwing my leg over my saddle, I prepared to become a spectator of the fight, and perhaps an umpire when one party or the other had got enough.

My friend of the hickory, as soon as he had cut and trimmed his switch, and satisfied himself of its elasticity and unbroken strength, laid it down on the ground, talking all the time, in a very loud tone of Leroy Jenkins.

Deliberately taking off his coat, and laying it on a log, he took up his flail, and the first I heard of his succeeding soliloquy was as follows:

'Now Leroy Jenkins, ain't you ashamed of yourself, you nasty hound you, and I am just now going to give you your bitters, you infernal mean reptile you!'

In the mean time I loaned a little forward to catch a glimpse of his antagonist, but though the coast was comparatively clear, I could see no human face, save that of the speaker, and I was now very sure that he did not mean the horse, for he took an opposite direction. I had small time, however, for reflection, for as his speech waxed warmer, he stepped a little forward, and aimed a sort of a back handed blow, which descended with a keen soundand considerable force on——*his own back!*

'There, you infernal devil, take that and that (shrow shrow, the switch descended)—That's for your meanness, Leroy Jenkins. Now, sir, what are you going to tell your wife, when you get home, about the money you got for her eggs and whortleberries, you mean pup? You spent it for liquor did you? There take that (shrow shrow shrow) She told you Leroy Jenkins to buy her a looking-glass and enough calico to make her a chicken bonnet, and where are they, you darned cuss you?—gone for liquor, hey? (shrow, shrow, shrow.) Well, I don't care if it does hurt you—it serves you right, Leroy Jenkins, for making a beast of yourself and for fooling your poor wife, you mean whelp you. You know sir, when you left home, she told you that you could not pass near Simmone's without spending all that money.—You know she did, don't you? Now, sir, take that, (shrow, shrow,) and didn't you promise her, Leroy Jenkins, that you wouldn't go near Simmons's, and would buy her a nice glass, and the prettiest kind of calico for her bonnet? Didn't you know, you cussed mean dog you? Yes, sir, you know you did, (shrow, shrow, shrow, and the hickory descended with frightful keenness,) and, Leroy Jenkins what made you such a fool as to go by Simmons's at all, when you met Tom Walker standing in the door, ready to treat you and to treat all your money up? What made you do that, you rotten herring you? (shrow, shrow.) Well, sir, I'll pay you for all this, (shrow, shrow.)—You will go to town and spend your wife's money for whiskey, will you?' and the blows were now perpetrated with more frequency than the words. Although almost dying with suppressed laughter, I watched the infliction of this self-acting punishment, which was bestowed with far more zeal than were the thousand of stripes whereby Sancho was to disenchant the lady-love of his master. At length Leroy Jenkins stopped, whether through the pure exhaustion, or because he thought the delinquency was sufficiently punished, I am unable to say. Throwing away his switch, which by this time was a little flayed at the end, he resumed his coat and his speech. 'Now, Leroy Jenkins, now, sir, you have got licked, and well licked, too, this time, and the very next time you do this trick, I'll take the hide off you.—You hear that, don't you? and now go home, sir, to your wife, and beg her pardon, you mean cuss you!'

I stepped away unperceived by this justice-dealing culprit, but I never think of this scene without an irresistable desire to laugh. And even now, whenever there happens to be a little breeze in the family, I can always make my wife smile by telling her I'll go into the woods, my dear, and as a punishment for having vexed you, for a while I'll play Leroy Jenkins.—*Spirit of the Times.*

An Abandoned Woman Turned Sailor.

A young woman, known at the Points as 'Shorty' was arrested yesterday on suspicion of having robbed some one, as she appeared to have plenty of money, which she was squandering with a perfect looseness. Upon being brought before the magistrate, she said that about thirteen months ago she came off Blackwell's Island, having served out a three months imprisonment as a common prostitute; and not wishing to engage again in the same business, she assumed male attire and determined to go on a sea voyage.—Consequently she proceeded to Nantucket, under the garb of a sailor, and then took passage in a whaling ship for a three years' voyage. In this disguise she maintained her position among the men in the forecastle for over seven months, until the fifth of July, after rounding Cape Horn, the ship put into Rio for water, and while she lay at anchor, by a mere accident her sex was discovered. The fact was soon communicated to the captain, who transferred his female sailor to the American Consul. The Consul procured respectable clothing for her sex, and dispatched her to this port by one of the return vessels. About a week ago she arrived here, having over $60 which she had made by her trip, she was spending it at the various groggeries on the Five Points, which fact looking rather suspicious, it was supposed to have been stolen, caused the officer to arrest her.

This singular female has a very good countenance, short stature, and broad build, her hair was cut short, she both smoked and chewed tobacco, and talked sailor lingo very fluently, which is generally of a very plain nature, embellished now and then in their own peculiar way. Her manner in walking, and the movements of her body, would appear to an observer as if she was a young man dressed up in female clothing.

The investigation appearing satisfactory to the magistrate, she was discharged from custody.—*N. Y. Merchants Day Book.*

Flowers.

The very name is suggestive of all that is fresh and lovely in nature. The germs that sparkle in her diadem—the rich embroidery and the glittering adornments of her gayest and her simplest robes—the pearls, the rubies, the diamonds, the sapphires, the gorgeous jewels that enrich, and beautify her fair person—are they not sweet flowers? The highest and the lowest, the rich, and the humble, those who are gifted with high intellect, and those of limited capacity—all unite in this one sweet sense of the beautiful. It is a sad house that has no flowers in it; hard and harsh souls which can let the summer-time glide away, and find no pleasure in looking upon this choicest of nature's gift. We may expect to find the exquisite blossoms of our own land, and rare exotics, in the lordly dwellings of the rich; and we see humbler, but not less lovely in the homes of the poor, as carefully attended and cherished as their means and limited time will permit, even though it be one small flower in a little pot, struggling for life in a smoky garret.—*Albany Adv.*

HIGHLAND MARY.

Highland Mary was Mary Campbell, from Campbelltown, in Argyleshire, and lived in Collisfield, in the humble situation of dairy-maid to Col. Montgomery. She also lived at one time as nurse maid in the family of Burns' friend and patron, Gavin Hamilton, where he visited her. Mary had gone to the West Highlands to make arrangements among her friends for her marriage with the poet, and on her return to Greenock—where it was appointed they should meet—she was seized with fever of which she died, a few days before Burns even heard of her illness. This was the cause of their sudden separation.

Although Mr. Denham travels over some of the grounds touched upon by "Heather Jack," yet, as he relates incidents, many of them unknown to the general reader, we believe it will repay for the time lost in the perusal: "Most people, most reading people," writes Thomas Denham, "are more or less acquainted with the bard's two beautiful effusions—'Highland Mary' and the address to 'Mary in Heaven.' Poor Highland Mary was a beautiful, interesting, and innocent young creature—for human loveliness, goodness and greatness

'Can nestle in the lowly build,
As weel's in castle ha'.'

And though brought up in humble circumstances, Mary had charms which attracted many wooers; and says Allen Cunningham: "There was not wanting the temptations, &c., to allure." But nothing could win her young affections from the peasant poet—they were betrothed. Mary was to go home to the western highlands to make arrangements for their marriage. "And their adieu," says Cromeck, an author, "was performed in a striking, moving way. The lovers stood on opposite sides of a small brook, face to face; they laved their hands in the running stream, holding a Bible between them; pronounced their vows, to be faithful to each other, and parted never to meet again!"

By way of continuation, Burns's own words are: "At the close of the following autumn, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarcely landed, when she was seized with a malignant fever, that hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days before I even could learn of her illness." The Bible they made use of on their final parting, was afterwards in the posession of Mary's sister, in two volumes, on each of which is inscribed a quotation from itself in Burns's handwting. On the first, "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely—I am the Lord." On the second, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but perform unto the Lord thy oaths."

There is something exceedingly touching in this phase of poor Burns's existence, and the pathos and deep feeling evinced in these two admirable poems can well attest how his sensitive heart must have writhed under the harrowing affliction which wrenched the tenderest, dearest chords.—Long songs pall upon the ear, and 'tis customary to abbreviate them in singing; but I cannot see how one link of this sweet chain can be spared without marring its beautiful symmetry. May God amend the taste that can mutilate "Highland Mary."

Moore's Wife.

"Moore's wife," says an English paper, "was a ballet girl named Betsy Dyke: but not a word is said of her in Lord John Russell's Life of the Poet. This event must have been a terrible blow to the poet's whole family, and especially to his mother, who expected that he would have married a countess in her own right at the very least, with an ample fortune. Indeed, he did not summon up courage to mention the event to her for three months. She was, however, a most excellent and devoted wife. We scarcely know that she had any relations of her own, for they are not once mentioned; but all her thoughts, desires and affections were given up to her husband and his family."

"That's the Allegory."

A miser being dead, and fairly interred, came to the banks of the river Styx, desiring to be ferried over along with the other ghosts. Charon demanded his fare, and was surprised to see the miser, rather than pay it, throw himself into the river and swim over to the other side, notwithstanding all the clamor and opposition that could be made to him. All Tartarus was in an uproar, and each of the judges was meditating upon some punishment suitable to a crime of such dangerous consequences to the infernal revenues.

"Shall he be chained to the rock along with Prometheus? or tremble below the precipice in company with the Danaides? or assist Sisyphus in rolling his stone?"

"No," said Minos, "none of these; we must invent some severer punishment. Let him be sent back to the earth, to see the use his heirs are making of his riches."

WHISTLING.—Speaking of bores, we can scarcely imagine one capable of inflicting more twisting misery than an intolerable whistler. A *dulcet p p* fife we can stand, when all the nation is "armed and equiped," &c., on training day, and the drum with its flang, flang, flang, serves to drown its screams; but to listen to a bad air, badly murdered by a poorer *pucker*, we prefer death in some easier, if not quicker way. We always think of the French stage-driver, who being annoyed by such a bore, suddenly turned upon him with, "my frien, vat for you all the time visles? *You loss your dog, eh?*" The whistler was plugged.

A late writer says that the mind that is capable of sorrow is capable of good. A beautiful sentiment and as true as beautiful. Hearts are like oranges, the more juicy they are the more virtue they possess. "The springs of pity in the eye" never dry up till the fires of passion have completely evaporated the fountains of benevolence which Nature places beneath the bosom of every undershirt.

Don't be afraid to marry a woman because she is a little cross and snappish now and then. Remember the best apples are produced by engrafting on a crab. A woman that scolds and gets feverish may be rather trying to the patience but she is always the divinity of cleanliness. Indeed it is her love of neatness that makes her fret. If Mrs. Sourby had no more care for her parlor than that good-natured piece of diminity, Mrs. Flatuence, she would care no more for dirty boots than she does. But as she differs in this respect from her good natured neighbor, a spoiled dog on her front steps gives her a rush of blood to the heart that can only be subdued by a resort to hot water and broomsticks. Again we repeat don't cut a girl because she scolds.

THE REPUBLIC says: "We have just read, in a newspapor issued in a minor town, in an adjoining State, a very pathetic obituary notice of a gentleman lately deceased, of whom it is said that, "born of poor *but* honest parents."

Upon which the Louisville *Democrat* remarks: "What eccentric parents this chap must have had, to combine in their composition both poverty and honesty; but still they are not as singular, perhaps, as some have been. We often read of a man's parents being poor but honest; but we never read an obituary yet wherein it was said the man's parents were wealthy, *but* honest. Will editors please notice when they come across such an instance?"

Odds and Ends.

Annoying—the flies.

Wanted—Cement in China.

An extensive tanner—the sun.

Time and tide waits for no man.

Retreating—folks to the springs.

Economy is the poor man's mint.

An Edinburgh paper states that an American has invented a machine which is to be driven by the force of circumstances.

Look bewitching—the ladies in the new style Kiss-me-quick bonnets.

Something more rare than *poetry for the people*; —People for the poetry.—*Diogenes.*

The young man who ran away from home because his mother would not let him wear side-boards to his shirts, in now acting as mail guard to a charcoal wagon.

How superior to nature is art! A pair of nature's jet black eyes, when properly brought to a focus, have always received our admiration; but an artificial black eye is abominable.

Somebody says that when David slew Goliah with a sling, the latter fell stone dead and of course quite astonished, as such a thing had *never entered his head before.*

"Did you say that my brother Jim didn't know as much as Smith's yellow dog?"

"No, I said Smith's yellow dog knew more than your brother Jim."

SOMETIMES SO.—If the speculator misses his aim, every body cries out, "he's a fool," and sometimes, "he's a rogue." If he succeeds, they besiege his door and demand his daughter in marriage.

THE PROOF.—That man is not totally depraved, is shown by the fact that whenever we see two dogs fighting, we always take the side with the smaller one.

SWEARING.—Do not accustom yourself to swearing. There are words enough in the English language sufficiently expressive of all our passions.

THE TWO GREAT OBJECTS.—The discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects in life.

A dealer in ready-made linen in New York advertises his shirts and chemisettes under the mellifluous appellation of "male and female envelopes."

In summer, people should never sleep after sunrise. The most beautiful portion of June is that part sacred to dew-drops and early robins. A man of true poetic feeling is always stirring with the lark, tolerates no bed after day break, save a bed of roses.

The editor of the Transcript has had a silk umbrella returned to him that was stolen six months ago. No reason is assigned for the rash act of returning it.

In every situation, and on every occasion, study to be firm, resigned, moderate in your desires, temperate in your enjoyments, and by avoiding the pursuit of delusive pleasure, you will secure tranquility.

Some genius has announced it as his belief that there will be such facilities for travelling, "bimby," that you can go anywhere for nothing and come back again.

A delicate and interesting female, a Lapland giantess, measuring seven feet two inches, and weighing twenty-five stone, is being exhibited at Aberdeen, Scotland.

So soft a pillow is death to a good man, so willingly, so gently does he leave the world, as a weary traveller goes to bed at night.

When a woman gets a new dress or bonnet, you'll find that, for a fortnight afterwards, she will be more in the streets and in other people's houses than at home.

When we see a person perambulating the streets, with hands in his pockets, a cigar in his mouth, patent leather on his feet, and hat set jauntily on one side, we do feel like inquiring how his credit stands with the washerwoman.

FUNNY PREDICAMENT.—While a party of twelve ladies were in bathing at Newport, (R. I.) the other day, the horse ran away with the wagon containing all their clothes. How they reached home can better be imagined than described.

When a man takes a full morning bath, nine million mouths are opened to thank him; for every pore of the skin has separate cause to be grateful for its daily ablution.

The French feed hens with bread soaked in wine to make them lay. Soaking bread and eggs in this country, often makes "old cocks" lay in the gutter. We don't know how it would affect hens.

Habits are easily formed. Use yourself to woodcock for a month or two, and you will soon come to relish game dinners as well as you do bean soup or fricasseed mackerel. Try it on.

Don't dispute against facts well established, merely because there is something unaccountable in them. That the world should be created out of nothing is to us inconceivable; but not therefore to be doubted.

"Dick, I say, why don't you turn that buffalo robe t'other side out?—hair side in is the warmest." "Bah! Tom. Do you suppose the animal himself didn't know how to wear his hide? I follow his style."

Some people make strange mistakes as to the nature of angels." There's not a word in the whole Bible about a female angel! They are always to the other sex.

Young ladies who become faint on being "proposed to," can be restored to consciousness by just whispering in their ear that you were only joking.

A very promising young man in this neighborhood committed suicide the other day, by jumping out of his boots and lodging on his standing collar!

A movement has been made in Philadelphia to establish a home for decayed merchants. In New York they are trying to get one up for decayed politicians, but as there is not vacant *ground* enough for such a purpose, it will probably fail.

How many fond mothers and frugal housewives keep their pretty daughters and preserves for some extra occasion—some "big bug" or other, till both turn sour. This seems to us to be marvelous poor economy.

"Sammy why don't your mother mend that rip in your trousers?" "Oh, she's gone to the sewing circle, to make clothes for poor children!"

Champagne bottles, it appears by experiment, are worthless unless they will bear the weight of a dozen atmospheres imprisoned within them.

No man is obliged to think beyond his light and we never leave good sense behind till we wish to get beyond it.