American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2.00 PER ANNUM

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Poetical.

THE STOLEN KISS.

"Oh, quit—get out—now don't you—
I really wish you wouldn't;
Oh, quit—will you? Oh, get out—
You know you ought to, shouldn't.

"I'll cry now if you don't let me go—
I will, I declare I will,
Oh, quit now—behave—got out—
Come, now, can't you be still?

"I'll get mad, now, if you don't—
I'll slap your jaws, you elf,
Pop—now take that—pop—and that,
And go, and behave yourself.'

"There, now, you've got it—oh, be still—
You *shan't* have any more.
You've got—oh, take your face away—
What no man's got before.

"Once more—there—that will do. Oh don't.
You've rumpled up my hair—
If you'll but quit I'll *give you one*—
Now take it—there—there—there."

Miscellaneous.

THE GIRL WITH THE TIN PAIL.

'Earth's blossoms thrive not in the shade,
Unblest by gentle showers from heaven;
But that sweet flower, by kindness made
To bud and bloom, will never fade.
And truly are its odors given.'

Some twenty years ago, I was an apprentice boy in the then 'City of mud,' now the goodly city of Rochester. The business of which I was obtaining a knowledge, was conducted upon Exchange street, though I boarded in one of the streets in the western part of the city.

In going to my tea, I was in the habit of meeting, almost every evening, for many weeks in succession, a small, young, well dressed good looking girl, with a pail in her hand. At length my curiosity became excited, and I resolved to ascertain, if possible, the daily errand of the girl. Having met her the following evening, I accordingly turned on my heel, and followed her at a distance that would not excite suspicion in any one. I at length saw her enter a small shoemaker's shop on south St. Paul street. I subsequently learned that the shop was owned by an industrious young man, and excellent mechanic, and that he was the girl's husband. He had been married a few months, and possessing no other capital than a good name and robust constitution, had resolved to economize, by hiring a house in the suburbs of the city.

His breakfast was always ready for him by daybreak, and taking his dinner with him, he saved the hour each day which most persons spend in going and in coming from that meal. Many economists would have been satisfied with the saving of so much time as this between the rising and going down of the sun, but not so with the young shoemaker. He also wished to save the hour usually devoted to tea, and therefore had that meal daily taken to him by his pretty little wife. This arrangement enabled him to spend the whole day, and as much of the evening as he chose, in the shop.

The industrious habits of the shoemaker were soon discovered and met with their due reward. Customers flocked in upon him, and he was obliged not only to rent a larger shop, but to employ an additional number of workmen But the increase of business did not wean him from the plan he had early adopted for the saving of time—this third meal still having been taken to him by his wife, in the tin pail.

About this time I left the city, and did not return for about twelve years, I had not, however, forgotten the shoemaker, having, from my first knowledge of him, discovered the germ of success in his manner of life. I visited the place where his old shop had stood, it had given place to a new brick block. In vain I looked about for the sign—it was nowhere to be seen I was at length informed by a friend that about two years previous he had removed to Ohio.

'Do you know anything of his circumstances?' I inquired.

'I do. In the first place he took to Ohio about *five thousand dollars in cash, some three thousand of* which he invested in real estate near Cincinnati, he has already realized three times the amount. The other two thousand he put into a pork establishment, and that sum yielded him a large profit. But if he had resorted to speculation,' added my friend, 'he could not but have succeeded in life, so thorough were his business habits, and especially as those habits are seconded by an industrious little wife.'

I have recently returned from a visit to Ohio, and have again seen the shoemaker and his wife. He is now in the prime of life, and possesses an ample fortune and an unsullied reputation for honor and probity. Never having had any personal acquaintance with him, I introduced myself to him as a Rochesterian: This was late in the afternoon, I very cheerfully accepted an invitation to take tea with him—Improving a moment of silence at the table, I remarked:

'I fear Mr. H. you are not so great an economist of time as you used to be?'

'Why not?' he inquired.

'When first I became acquainted with Mrs. H., you could not afford to go home to tea, and she used to carry it to you.'

'In a little tin pail,' said she, bursting into a laugh.

'Exactly.'

'Indeed, Mr. W., have you known us so long?'

I then made myself known as the former apprentice of Mr. R., and was immediately recognized by Mrs. H., as one of her earlier street acquaintances in Rochester.

'But that pail, what do you think has become of that?' asked Mr H.

'That, I suppose, has been long since numbered with *the things that were*,' I answered.

'By no means,' said he, at the same time tipping a wink to his wife.

She arose from the table, and left the room, and soon returned with the identical pail, as they both assured me. I need not say that it bore palpable evidence of the ravages of time.

'But what is your object in preserving that pail?'

'Its associations. We look upon it as one of the earliest instruments which contributed to our success in life, and as such we shall ever cherish it.'

I soon after took my leave of Mr. and Mrs. H., and their interesting and happy family, and not a day since then has my mind been without its remembrance of the Girl and her Tin Pail.

UNTIMELY.

A characteristic story is told of Judge R., a worthy man, and, in his younger days, an able lawyer, now living in the northern part of Vermont. It is said he was once ambitious of political preferment, but, if so, his success has not been equal to his hopes, as he never rose higher than to be what is called a "flower pot judge"—as "side judges" are sometimes denominated, from the fact that the office is rather a matter of ornament than use. A few years ago, while this old gentleman was attending a session of the legislature, he was accosted by an old acquaintance, with, "Ah, judge, how d'ye do, and what brings you to the capitol?" "Why," said R., "I came to get an office, but its of no use, and I shan't try again. For twenty years I came here regularly for an office, but they said I was *too young*, and now that I have grown grey, trying to remove that objection, they tell me I am *too old*, and that's a difficulty which I have no hope of outliving; so I give up the chance!"—The judge signed, wiped the dust of Montpelier from his shoes, and never darkened the portals of the capitol afterwards. He holds legislatures in great contempt, and can give better reasons for his opinion than their shabby treatment of himself.—*Boston Post.*

MOUNT VERNON.

When Washington died, Mount Vernon was a beautiful spot. The house—the lawn sloping down to the river—the garden—the roads—the gateways—the trees—everything indicated care and taste.—For years afterwards, when visitors came there, they were shown the chair in which he used to sit and write, the marble mantle piece and the key of the Bastile, sent to him from France by Lafayette—and a hundred other relics preserved with jealous care by the family. And until recently they found there a gray haired negro, a faithful and attached servant of Washington, who kept the key of the enclosure where his old master's tomb was situated. It was his greatest pride and pleasure to talk by the hour of "Massa Washington," and to relate the incidents of his life and death. Then he would take you down to the vault itself, on whose steps he had long sat sentinel, and as he approached, his voice would sink into a reverent whisper.

There was an air of quiet neatness everywhere. The tolling of some passing steamboat bell was the only sound that broke the solemn stillness. There was something everywhere to remind you of the respect due to the Grave where Washington lay buried.

Go to Mount Vernon now. After toiling up the long sandy road from Alexandria you come to the shady entrance. There was a gate once, but it has fallen down, and you drive over it. The lodge that stands near it is dilapidated and empty. The avenue to the house is overgrown with grass and weeds.—A crumbling brick wall on one side, shuts off the neglected flower garden. The house looks old and decaying. One of the posts of the veranda has fallen out, and the roof is cracked and bent over. Moss grows on the door step. There is no guide to show you the way, but there is a low range of hovels on one side, from which two or three ragged negro boys run out, to offer you a hickory stick, as a relic of Mount Vernon,—for a six pence. You follow a winding footpath down towards the river side. An unsightly red brick structure stands before you. It is long since it was painted, and the masonry is decaying and broken. You trample down the long grass to get up to it, and look through the grating. Inside there is a plain marble slab, covered with dust and discolored with mildew. On it you may read the carved inscription that time and exposure will soon make illegible:—

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

And that is the grave of the First in the hearts of his countrymen!

We do not wish to be misunderstood as desiring to blame the present owner of the estate—Mr. John A. Washington. Not rich, surrounded by needy dependents, and subjected to a constant stream of visitors, who certainly have no claim to his hospitality, whatever title they may fancy they have to look at his grounds—it would be impossible for any one to keep the extensive estate in suitable order, or even in repair. The fault is not his, but ours, who ought to have made Mount Vernon a National Monument, owned and kept by the Government, and open to every American citizen.

The State of New York has set an example for Congress in its purchase and presentation of the old Head quarters at Newburgh. Who is there of us that does not take a just pride in that expenditure?

It is now said that Mr. Washington, being no longer able to maintain Mount Vernon, has sold it to a Company, with the reservation that Congress shall first have an opportunity of buying it if they will.—We know nothing of the Company. They may be patriotic men, who have determined to take upon themselves the duty that Congress has neglected; or they may be a set of speculators who intend to make it a show and place of amusement for their own profit. But in either case Congress should avail itself of the opportunity now offered. Washington's Home and Grave should pass from the guardianship of his Family, only into that of his Country.—*Albany Journal.*

A Fourth of July Dream.

One summer day, having fallen into a doze over "Plutarch's Lives," methought I was suddenly transported to the regions of the dead where as I wandered about seeking some of my old friends, my attention was suddenly arrested by a loud clamor of voices that seemed to come from persons engaged in hot contention of Rhodomanthus, who presided over the Supreme Court in that unexplored region. On enquiring the cause of this disturbance, he was informed that it originated in a dispute between Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Tamerlane, Nadir Schah and Napoleon Bonaparte, as to which was the greatest hero and conquerer. The Judge directed them all to be called before him, and ordered them to set forth their pretensionsin as few words as possible.

"I," said Julius Cæsar, "conquered Gaul and Britain, and finally laid all Italy at my feet."

"And I," said Tamerlane, "conquered Asia, and shut up the representative of the Prophet in an iron cage"

"And I," said Nadir Schah, "conquered Persia, Armenia, and Hindoostan"

"And I," said Napoleon, "conquered Italy, Germany and Prussia, laid Europe at my feet, and subjected France to my sway."

"And I," said Alexander, "conquered the world."

"Very well," said the judge. "You are all great conquerors, but I will show you a greater."

Accordingly he beckoned to a tall majestic figure, standing apart, contemplating the scene with calm indifference, who advanced and stood erect before the great judge of mankind.

"Here," exclaimed Rhodomanthus—"Here is the conqueror, greater than the desolators of nations and the subjugators of Empires, who after giving freedom to his country, and emancipating a world, overcame his ambition and conquered himself!"—It was Washington.—*Pen and Pencil.*

Submarine Diving.

Mr. John H. Green, who is employed by Monsieur Maillefort to assist in raising the steamer Atlantic, has furnished the Buffalo *Commercial* with some interesting information respecting the experience of a diver, from which we extract the following:

"The marine armor consists of a perfectly tight India rubber dress, topped by a copper helmet with a clear, thick plate of glass in front. The pipes which supply and exhaust the air, lead from the top of this helmet. The pumping requires much labor—four and sometimes six men being employed upon it at the same time, and compelled to work hard at that. A great pressure of air is experienced by the diver upon the body, equal to 75lbs. to the inch, and very few individuals could bear it for any length of time. When first going into the dress, the sensation of oppression is very overcoming, but passes off in a great measure after entering the water. When a depth of ten feet is reached in the descent, the dress becomes entirely emptied of air and collapsed to the body, causing a pressure all over the diver equal to the heft of a ten pound weight, excepting as to the head, which is protected by the copper helmet. The difficulty in breathing now becomes great, and a painful sensation is experienced by the diver, the jaws becoming distended, and the head seemingly splitting. This continues until after descending another ten or twelve feet, when the pain is relieved, the diver feels comfortable, and experiences no further inconvenience. When about sixty feet below the surface, hundreds of the legitimate inhabitants of the water surround the diver, nibbling at their strange visitor as though he were 'food for the fishes.' After reaching seventy-five feet all is perfectly dark—a black impenetrable darkness—and an electric flame plays around the inside of the helmet, caused by the friction of the pump. At about one hundred and sixty feet the water is very cold, being in the present season within four or five degrees of freezing.

☞ Fanny Fern says, "if there was but one woman in the world, the men would have a terrible time." Fanny is right; but we would ask her "what kind of a time the women would have if there was but one man in existence?"

From the Congregational Journal.

Position and influence of the Jews.

The existence of the Jews is the living miracle of the world. They are scattered and down-trodden, and yet, according to the most accurate statistics, are as numerous as they were when they left the land of Egypt, the returns made to Bonaparte giving about three millions. Expatriated, they become citizens of the world; and wherever tolerated they commence traffic and become thrifty.—Everywhere they are at home. They may be banished, but cannot be expelled; be trodden down, yet cannot be crushed. Only in the United States, France, Holland, and Prussia, are they fully citizens; but in spite of British statutes, the Russian ukase, and Turkish curse, they prosper still. The great nations of antiquity, the Egyptians and Assyrians, the Romans and Saracens, as well as the modern Turks and Christians, have attempted to destroy them, but in vain; while penal laws and cruel tortures have only served to increase their number and reinforce their obstinacy.

But the Jews exist not only as a monument and a miracle: Jewish mind has exerted a powerful influence on the world. Favored by Napoleon, the Hebrew race at once developed power which had never been suspected. Soult, Ney, and Massena, who thus altered his name from Mannassah, to escape the odium of being an Israelite, were all Marshals of France under the eye of the greatest warrior of his age. In politics the Jews have Metternich in Austria, D'Israeli in England, a convert to the Christian faith, while the Autocrat of Russia has had a Jew for his confidential counsellor, and Spain a Prime Minister of the same race, and Russia her Minister of Finance. In the United States, Jews begin to figure in our national councils; Mr. Yulee, late member of the House, and Mr. Soule, recently Senator from Louisiana, being of the Hebrew stock. Mr. Cremieux, one of the most eminent lawyers of France, was what we should call Attorney General upon the flight of Louis Philippe.

In money power the Jews hold in their hands the destiny of kingdoms and empires, whose governments become bankrupt, and their sovereigns turn beggars at a Hebrew's nod. Half a dozen Jews can do more to preserve the peace of Europe by sitting behind their desks and persistingly saying No! to the royal applicants for money, than all the peace congresses and conventions in Christendom. The Rothschilds, the Barings, and Sir John Montefiore, are all Jews, and with their banking establishments scattered over Europe and Asia, wield a sceptre more powerful than monarchs hold.

Coming to the literary profession; and inquiring into the lineage of many of the most distinguished scholars and men of science, we find the Jews prominent here as well as in active life. The most renowned in astronomy have been the Jews, as the Herschels in England and Arago in France, the astronomer royal under Louis Philippe, and who has filled the world with his fame. Those German works which are deluging the world are for the most part the production of Christianized Jews, as those of Hengstenberg, Tholuck, Schleirmacher, Gressenius, Neander, Niebuhr, and others, whose learned treatises, biblical criticisms, didactic theology, and general sacred literature, are found in the library of every theological seminary, and in the hands of every theological student. Spinoza, the famous infidel, was a Jew, and so are Ronge and Czerski, who took the lead of a new religious reformation in Germany in our day.

Such have been and are the Jews. Mysterious nation! Inexplicable enigma! A living, perpetually omnipresent miracle! A race so indomitable, so imperishable, must have been raised up and preserved for some grand purpose.

THE VALUE OF AN OLD MAN IN CHINA.—The reasonableness and placability of the natives were, on one occasion, evinced in rather a remarkable manner at Chusan, while I was there. An Englishman had come across some wild ducks in the canal inside the city, at which he fired with ball, all his shot having been previously expended. The bullet missed the birds, and, glancing from the water, killed an old Chinaman, who was sitting at his own door, enjoying his pipe. The unfortunate sportsman, horrified at the result of his *silly thoughtlessness, hurried* away to take counsel with his friends, who recommended him to try to settle the matter with the relatives of the deceased, to prevent their complaint being laid formally before the authorities, who would be obliged to award a heavy punishment for such reckless carelessness. With this view, one of his friends was despatched to visit the family, to conduct with them for their loss, and to explain how thoroughly it was the result of accident. He deplored the unhappy circumstance which had deprived the family of so valuable and so respectable a member, and pointed out the fact that he was very old, and, in the natural course of things, could not have been expected to live much longer, and that pecuniary recompense should be made to consolate the family for the few months' society they might have anticipated enjoying with him.

They admitted that he was old, very old, and as he could not have lived long, they mentioned a hundred dollars as a sum likely to have a good effect in assuaging the bitterness of their affliction. The ambassador, delighted at hearing a demand so much more reasonable than he anticipated, but concealing his satisfaction, pointed out that the deceased was so old that he could hardly have estimated his short remnant of existence at such a large sum; that he had died a very quiet and easy death, and that very likely he was wanted in the other world, so that the unlucky bullet might be esteemed a messenger despatched by the gods. He thought, therefore, that fifty dollars, to make a feast and burn plenty of joss stick and paper money, would be sufficiently satisfactory to the spirit of their departed ancestor. The matter was finally settled to the satisfaction of all parties, by the payment of seventy five dollars: and I question whether one might not have shot two thirds of the old boys of Tinghai at the same reasonable rate, notwithstanding the veneration in which age is held.—*Peters' Book on China.*

Punch and Fanny Fern.

'What is the height of woman's ambition?—*Diamonds.*'—*Punch.*

Sagacious Punch, do you know the reason? It is because the more 'diamonds,' a woman owns, the more precious she becomes in the eyes of your discriminating sex, what pair of male eyes ever saw a 'crow's foot,' grey hair, or wrinkle, in company with a *genuine diamond?* Don't you go down on your marrow-bones, and don't you swear that the owner is a *Venus, a Hebe, a Juno, a sylph, a fairy, an angel?*—Would you stop to look (*connubially*) at the most bewitching woman on earth, whose only diamonds were 'in *her eye?*' Well it is no great marvel, Mr. Punch. The race of men is about extinct. Now and then you will meet with a specimen, but I'm sorry to inform you that most of them are nothing but coat tails, walking behind a moustache, destitute of sufficient energy to earn their own cigars and 'Massacar,' preferring to dangle at the heels of a *diamond* wife, and meekly receive their allowance, as her mamma's prudence and her own inclinations may suggest.

It is out of my power to express to you the *veneration I feel* for such a dignified donkey, Mr. Punch. If I owned him I imagine I should slip my *bridal,* (bridle.)

FANNY FERN.

☞ "I guess you mean to bring that ere one up to be pretty sharp at a bargain," said a fellow to a woman who was *rocking* and *singing*, with all her might, to a little responsibility.

"Why?" said she.

"Cause you keep bawling by low baby, by low baby, into his ears all the time."

It is not the fear of hell or the devil that makes the saint, but the love of heaven.

The Mormons at Salt Lake.

From recent accounts of the progress of the Mormons at Salt Lake, it appears that they are like Gentiles in other parts of the world, and exhibit a large amount of human nature in their internal dissensions, schisms, backbiting and struggles for individual power and supremacy. The general idea of their little saintly settlement tin the wilderness beyond the Rocky mountains, is that they are a 'band of brothers' and sisters—closely knit in the bonds of fraternal affection, despising the frolics and the pomp of the world, and looking only to the spread of true faith, and the extension of spiritual wifeism.—We are sorry to say this flattering picture is only *the distant view of the heavenly scene;* a nearer approach shows that there are persecutions for opinions' sake, bitter heart burnings, apostacy, and repudiation of the doctrine of polygamy, which the Prophet Joseph, surnamed Smith, introduced as one of the divine institutions. A writer, who has been among them says, a more discordant set of harmonies, than they, were never combined. A very short acquaintance with them, with some knowledge of their history, exhibits a very curious accumulation and loss of members constantly going on in the Mormon community. It seems to require as much work to keep the converts after they are made, as to make them. Many of their new born saints very soon lose the soda water enthusiasm which it at first experienced, and fall away; and many who have zeal enough to start on the journey towards the modern Zion, cool off, and lodge like drift wood, by the way. Each emigrating body capers off something like the army of Peter the Hermit in the first great crusade. The Mormons have, in reality, more backsliders and apostates, and for the length of time since their commencement, are divided into more sects than any religious denomination known.

From this picture, which we have no doubt is a true one, for the papers of the Great Salt Lake are full of the fulminations of the faithful against a back sliding crew, headed by one Gladden Bishop, who impiously and impudently assumes to be the Lord in his second coming, and also against other apostates to the faith, it would seem that fanaticism under which the Mormon spread so rapidly, is in danger of *running itself out for want of the persecutions* which aided its growth so materially in the settled States. Without the outside pressure of persecution to hold it together, there is no sufficient adhesiveness in its internal constitution to keep the fabric from falling to pieces. Indeed, any society which adopts principle so repugnant to the general sentiments of the civilized world as those which form a part of the religious faith of the Mormons, must necessarily be restricted within a narrow circle of operations, and be of limited duration. Before the advancing footsteps of better Christianity, and of more refined principles of morals and existence, it must recede precisely as barbarism flies before civilization, and darkness before light.

Women and Flowers.

The editor of the Louisville Journal has a very readable article under this head, from which we cut the closing prragraph. It is full of the true poetry *of natural and refined sentiments:*

"Blessings on the heads of those who send flowery presents to those whose energies have been desolated by disease! Flowers impart not only fragrance and beauty to one's sick room, but they absolutely light up the gloom that hangs around it like a dark curtain, and causes cheerfulness to take the place of heaviness and oppression of heart. Often has our soul felt exceedingly grateful to those dear women who have considered our low estate and sent flowers, fresh, fragrant, beautiful to our invalidism. Could we know their pathway through life with flowers, how eagerly would our hand *perform the task!* Had flowers no other office than to minister to the pleasures of the sick, itself would be reason sufficient why they should be cultivated. But when we remember that they are not only a pleasant joy to the eye, but are also true and genial teachers of moral truth and excellence, as well as tender prompters to the highest as well as the most refined sentiments, we can perceive of how great importance it is that the hand and heart of woman's power is in her loveliness, and she ought to do everything to encourage it. Her loveliness has broken the bondage in which many a sinful man was bound, and which had resisted persuasion through many a year. Let her increase her power by adding to her loveliness, and this she will not fail to do if she gives her heart up to a love of the beautiful poetry of earth."

☞ A very amusing description is given, in the correspondence of a New Orleans paper, of an individual near Seguin, Mexico, who calls himself a colonel. He desired to sell some lots of land, and said he, "buy here, gentlemen, if you wish to make fortunes; here's the location for a magnanimous city, we're at the foot of navigation. Next year I'll put up a lawyer's fixins, a 'pothecary's doins, and a blacksmith's institution, and afterwards a regular cimetary, where all the folks from the circum jasper countries will send their boys and girls of both sexes Macadamized into a college education. Then I'll instruct a meetin' house, and the store and taverns will spring up in course. I can't do this till next year, 'cos I haven't got hard cash enough yet, and I'll have nothing to do with the darned blank bills; let a man offer me one, and if I don't make a sacrament of him, d——n me. Do you see that well?—I'll put a pump handle into it, and fix an anecdote to fetch the water through all the meandering and turpentine walks in my sass garding, and the effects of the arrogation will be such, that the very air will be polluted with the odoriferous execration protruding from the flowers—(if I'm an accoucher in anything, its in flowers.) I'll put up a diarrhœa in the middle of 'em, for my women folks to store the milk and butter, &c., and then run a condition through my house, and provision it off: but I'll run up a real edifice next year, and clap a chronology on the top, so that ladies and gentlemen may look at the stars and milky way through a horscope that I'll export from Galveston. I can't do this at once, as my women folks are growing up and getting more and more costive and expensive on me every year. Come in, gentlemen—let's liquor."

Respect Due to Wives.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject on which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember she treasures every word you utter.—Do not speak of virtue in another man's wife, to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach her with personal defects; for, if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat her with inattention in company: it touches her pride, and she will not respect you more, or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third party; the sense of your disregard for her feelings, will prevent her from acknowledging her faults. Do not entertain your wife by praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your house, and remarkable for sociality elsewhere.

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend when enemies gather thick around him—when the world is dark and cheerless. This is the time to try thy friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress or offer reasons why they should be excused from extending their sympathy and aid, betray their hypocrisy and prove that selfish motives only prompt and move them. If you have a friend who loves you—who studies your interest and happiness—defended you when persecuted and troubled, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his kindness is appreciated and that his friendship was not bestowed upon you in vain.

☞ At the late Woman's Right Convention a resolution was reported and laid over for the next meeting, if justice was not fully done the ladies, and whether they would *stop the population of this country!* "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" They'll have us there!

Suspicious Case.

The *Pennsylvanian* relates the case of a Mr. Samuel *Peabody, who was arrested by the watchman* on suspicion of being intoxicated. The Mayor desired *to know what was Samuel's opinion of the matter.* With some appearance of embarrassment he gave *the following narrative:*

"Well, sir, I mought have been drunk, and I mought not; I can't pretend to say for certain. The fact is, I've done so little that way, that I'll be blamed if I know when I *am* drunk. I dare say some of these police gentlemen are better judges than I am, when it comes to that. But I'll tell you exactly what I did and how I felt, and if your Honor concludes I was drunk, why I'll pay the fine and say no more about it. You see I was troubled with the wind, and took four glasses of lavender brandy to *start it. Soon after, I felt a buzzing in my ears, and* the *he cups* was awful troublesome, but that, I tho't, *was the wind coming off. Then it seemed to me,* as I walked along the street, that an awning post *or water plug, every now and then would jump right* before me, as if they meant to head me off. I was a little mad at this, and struck one or two of them with my knuckles, but I found that it was no use, for my fists got the worst of it. It seemed like all the gas lights had faces to them; some winked, some grinned at me, and one that stood before a hotel, nodded as if it were acquainted with me, and made a sort of a sign towards the door, as much as to say, 'Go in, Sam, and get something to drink;' *which I did.* When I came out, there was the greatest to do that I ever saw; I was sure there was an earthquake for the houses and steeples were all staggering about, and the street was rocking, just like a cradle. It was a most sublime spectacle; so I fetched up against a pump and held on while I took a good look at the magnificent scene. No panorama could come up to it; houses, trees, fences, all roaring and plunging like wild horses! The sight was worth a dollar and a half; if I have to pay a fine, I don't care, for I got the value of the money. And so, if your Honor's any way suspicions that I was drunk, I'll foot the bill right away, without any grumbling."

His Honor *was* a little suspicious, and Mr. Peabody being a man of his word, promptly pulled out his wallet and made a satisfactory settlement.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR AND THE REGULAR ARMY.—A Washington correspondent of the Mobile Register, has the following relation of a scene between the Secretary of War, Gen. Davis, and a 'Colonel in the regular army.' It argues favorably, if true, for the 'privates of the regular army.'

The officer in question was a Colonel, whose regiment is stationed near Newport, R. I. 'Well, General,' says the Colonel to the Secretary, 'I have received your order, commanding me to leave the hotel at Newport, and take up my quarters with the regiment at the barracks.' 'I am glad to hear it,' replied Gen. Davis. 'I hope the order will subject you to no inconvenience.' 'No inconvenience, indeed!' replied the Colonel, quite indignantly, 'why, sir, the place is a living tomb of misery and unhealthiness. I could'nt endure the place a month. This has been known to my superiors in command, including the late Secretary of War, and I have been permitted to remain at Newport, where I am comfortably situated. I have not been necessarily negligent of my duty, as your order seems to imply. I am a soldier, sir, and know my duty.'

'Ah, indeed,' calmly rejoined the Secretary 'you have been living in ease and splendor, while the poor soldiers have been cooped up in a 'living tomb of misery and unhealthiness,' you could'nt endure the place a month. you are a soldier and know your duty. Now, sir, I, too, am a soldier, and I known it to be the first duty of an officer to look after the welfare and comfort of those under his command. I have held office in the army, and always considered it *my* duty to partake of the hardships as well as the glories of my companions in arms. If, therefore, the barracks near Newport are fit for your regiment to live in, I presume that they are fit for you. If they be as you represent them, you have certainly been negligent in not reporting the fact to this Department, so that the soldiers could have been removed from that 'living tomb of misery and unhealthiness.'—And until you make such a report, I shall make no change in the order of which you complain.'

The Colonel, in a perfect rage, departed unceremoniously at this stage of the interview. The probability is, that the next time he makes a pilgrimage to the War Department, to plead for his own ease and comfort, he will bring with him some kind words in behalf of the poor soldiers.

This is the best thing we have seen in relation to the regular army, for a long while. Let Secretary Davis now take up the punishments in the army, reform some of the abuses in this matter, and he will deserve well of of his countrymen. We will not have American citizens, then, damning the flag under which they fight.

A GALLANT HUSBAND.—A friend of ours, a man of some eminence in the literary world, and not over mindful of the conventional forms of public society—married a lady who in a short time began to show a disposition to assume the command. We remember one evening at a social gathering at a friend's house, whilst he was conversing with some gentlemen, his wife was relating to the ladies present how much she had improved the manners of her husband—that he was really becoming quite refined and gallant.

This was all very well; but she must needs determine on giving a practical illustration of her power and his improvement. She remarked to her friends—

'Now, see, I will drop my pocket handkerchief, and observe how readily he will pick it up, and hand it to me.

At this moment the husband having finished his argument turned towards his wife, who was sitting next to him. He saw the handkerchief, but showed no signs of a disposition to pick it up.

The wife hemmed, and cast her eyes down on the floor where lay the handkerchief, but without effect. At length, after having tried by every stratagem she could think of, to direct his attention to her wishes, she was compelled to speak.

'My dear, that is my pocket handkerchief on the floor.'

'It is?' said he, and without moving from his position, he quietly put his foot under it, and lifting it up, presented it to her at the end of his toe.

Poor W——, *not knowing what his wife had* hazarded on his account was quite abashed at the roar of laughter which followed his action. We *have met them frequently since, and W——'s* manners are just as eccentric as ever they were.

GETTING "MEDICINE" IN VERMONT.—It is amusing to listen to the stories, and witness the ingenuity of hundreds who come after liquor, but who generally go away with thirsty stomachs, and empty bottles. As a general rule, when strangers call, the agent requires a certificate from a physician.

"Mr. D——, I wish you would put a pint of your best brandy in this bottle," said a well dressed young man, placing the bottle on the counter, and some camphor gum beside it. "I want it to mix with this camphor. *The doctor thinks it will be* good for me, as I am somewhat out of health this *spring.*"

The liquor was drawn and put into the bottle.—The agent is a polite man, and thought he would save the young gentleman the trouble of mixing the *camphor with the brandy*, by doing it himself. He very politely and kindly pulverized the gum, and put it into the bottle, while the young gentleman silently looked on, with a face very much elongated.

'There,' continued the agent, 'this is fourth proof brandy, and will soon out the camphor.'

The young man paid half a dollar for the brandy, put the bottle in his pocket, and silently walked out, cursing in his heart the officious kindness of the agent. The whole thing was done up so smoothly, and so kindly, that the thirsty young man could not say a word, but his face looked unutterably things. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

The man who tied a knot in a cord of wood, wishes to know if you ever heard a hay cock crow.

Poetical and Practical.

The Daily Register gives a fact related to the editor by an artist, which strikingly illustrates these two characters, contrasts of which are so fashionable with practical men.

On a recent visit to Catskill, the artist was standing on the main highway, back of the village, contemplating a rare sunset. The heavens seemed flooded with golden and purple light, and field and mountain glittered with the reflected glories of the sky. Our artist stood mute with rapture, carefully noting the changing and intermingling hues. Just then he perceived a person standing by his side, and turning to him exclaimed with enthusiasm:

"What a magnificent picture you have here!"

"Whereabouts?" was the indifferent reply.

"Look all around: these mountains, the heavens, the setting sun; what picture can surpass such a view!"

This was spoken with a spice of vexation and disappointment at the stranger's want of sympathy with the scene.

"Why, yes, I have often thought that if—"

Our friend then began to feel that he had done injustice to the unimaginative gentleman, and turned eagerly towards him, in prospect of some fine sentiment inspired by the prospect.

"Why, yes, I have often thought that if I could only raise money enough to set up a cake and beer stand here, it wouldn't pay bad, 'cause lots of folks travel along this neighborhood."

Origin of Foolscap.

Every schoolboy knows what foolscap paper is, but we doubt whether one in a hundred that daily use it, can tell us why it was so called;

When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, after the execution of Charles I., he caused the stamp of the cap of liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the government. Soon after the restoration of *Charles II., having occasion to use some paper for* despatches, some of this Government paper was brought to him. On looking at it and discovering the stamp, he inquired the meaning of it, and on being told, he said, "Take it away, I'll have nothing to do with a fool's cap."

Thus originated the term Foolscap, which has since been applied to a size of writing paper, usually about sixteen by thirteen inches.

"SHOCKING BAD HAT" FOR A PRESIDENT.—The New York *Journal of Commerce* tells the following amusing story connected with the reception of General Pierce in that city:

One incident in the procession, trifling in itself, occasioned a good deal of amusement. When Gen. Pierce had got as far up as the head of Wall street, his horse became restive, and came in collision with the animal rode by Gen. Sanford. As the President was riding with his hat in hand, the hat received the brunt of the shock, and suffered severely, being badly stove in and indented. The General was too much engaged to notice the catastrophe, and soon put on the hat in its unfortunate condition, and retained it in its place for about a block, exciting roars of laughter among the boys.

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.—There is nothing upon this earth that can compare with the faithful attachment of a wife, no creature who for the object of her love, is so indomitable, so preserevering, so ready to suffer and to die. Under the most distressing circumstances, woman's weakness becomes mighty power, her timidity becomes fearless courage, all her shrinking and sinking posses away, and her spirit acquires the firmness of marble—adamantine firmness when circumstances drive her to put forth her energies under the inspiration of her affections.—*Webster.*

BETTING.—Two men once made a bet. The stakes which were one dollar each, were put in the lawyer's hand, and the winner was to treat the three. It was a point of law that the bet upon, and it was agreed that the stake holder should decide the case. He did so, and charged they two dollars for his opinion leaving the winner in the worst fix, for he had to treat the three.—*Boston Post.*

MORNING AND EVENING.—When we rise, fresh and vigorous, in the morning, the world seems fresh too, and we think we shall never get tired of business or pleasure; but by the time evening is come, we find ourselves heartily so; we quit all our enjoyments readily and gladly; we retire willingly into a little cell; we lie down in darkness and resign ourselves to the arms of sleep with perfect satisfaction and complacency. Apply this to youth and old age—life and death.—*Bp. Horne.*

I. H. S.—These letters are seen in the Catholic and Episcopal churches, and in the prayer-books of these sects. They are abbreviations of the Latin phrase *Jesus Hominum Salvator*, which signifies, "Jesus the Saviour of Men." Some may ask why the letter I is used instead of J? Because formerly there was no letter J in the Roman alphabet; then I was used where J now is. Many of our readers can probably remember having seen the name of John, spelled Iohn.

Gems of Thought.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.—*Plutarch.*

Idleness is the stupidity of the body, and stupidity the idleness of the mind.—*Seume.*

The most happy man, is he who knows how to bring into relation the end and beginning of his life. —*Goethe.*

The greater part of men have no opinion, still fewer an opinion of their own, well reflected and founded upon reason.—*Seume.*

COULDN'T GET IT.—Printers' devils are generally great ladies' men, notwithstanding they have pretty hard names. Some time ago one of these hard named fellows and his lady love were *walking along*, chatting briskly upon the numerous topics of the day, when she suddenly caught his hand and, looking smilingly in his face, asked:

'Do you know why I cannot get religion?'

'No, my dear, I do not,' he replied.

'It is because I love the DEVIL!'

☞ An honest farmer was invited to attend a party at the village squire's one evening, when there was music; both vocal and instrumental. On the following morning he met one of the guests, who said, 'Well, farmer, how did you enjoy yourself last night? Were not the quartettes excellent?'—"Why, *really, sir*, I can't say," said he, "for I did'nt taste 'em; but the pork chops were the finest I ever ate."

☞ "You have met with a great loss, neighbor Williams," said the deacon, condolingly, to Mr. Williams the day after the latter had buried his wife.

'Yes, a terrible loss,' replied the mourning husband. 'She mor'n earned her livin', and I never had to lick her half a dozen times in my life.'

Williams was a man of delicate sensibilities.

"Ah, Mr. Simpkins, we have not chairs enough for our company," said a gay young wife to her frugal husband.

"Plenty of chairs, ducky, but a little too much company," replied Mr. Simpkins.

The man that isn't afraid of thunder, talks of going to the springs next week without asking his wife.

A TOAST.—Newspaper borrowers—May theirs be a life of single blessedness, may their path be carpeted with cross-eyed snakes and their nights be haunted by knock-kneed tom cats!

☞ The most difficult thing in the world is to talk good nonsense. The horse can't counterfeit the ass's bray.