American Volunteer.

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

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Poetical.

THE PRINTER BOY.

BY JESSE HUTCHINSON.

I'll sing you a song of a Printer Boy,
Whose bright and honored name,
Stands out in glowing CAPITALS,
Upon the scroll of fame—
Who in the days that tried men's souls,
In freedom's darkest night—
Stood manfully with Washington,
And battled for the right.
Ben Franklin was that Printer Boy, one of the olden time.

And 'twas that boy who flew his kite
To the thunder storms on high—
And brought the forked lightning down
From regions of the sky;
'Twas he who caught this fiery horse,
And trained him for the *chase*,
Till now he's driven safe by *Morse*,
Right into the Printer's Case.
Ben Franklin was that Printer Boy, one of the olden time.

Long shall the world extol his name,
The patriot and the sage,
Who, fully *justified* by faith,
Was *pressed* by every page:
His *form*, *corrected* and *revised*,
Is now *worked off* and *pressed*;
A new edition in the skies,
A star among the blest.
All honor to the Printer Boy, one of the olden time.

And now, my brother Types, take
This *leader* for your *guide*,
Follow corrected copy, and
All errors mark outside—
Be frugal, chaste and temperate,
Stick to the Golden *Rule*,
And you shall shine among the *stars*,
In the Printing Office school.
Just imitate the Printer Boy, one of the olden time.

Miscellaneous.

THE MUTE WITNESS, OR THE DOG AND THE ASSASSIN.

BY MRS. C. A. SOULE.

While travelling in 1787, through the beautiful city of Leipzig, I observed, about half a league from the gate of the town, a few rods from the highway, a wheel, and the bones of a chained corpse exposed to the gaze of every passer.

The following is the history of that criminal, as I learned it from the lips of the judge who conducted the trial, and condemned him to be broken alive.

A German butcher being benighted in the midst of a forest, lost his way, and while endeavoring to gain the road was attacked by three highwaymen. He was on horseback and accompanied by a large dog. One of the robbers seized the horse by the bridle, while the two others dragged the butcher from his saddle and felled him. The dog leaped immediately upon one of them and strangled him; but the other wounded the animal so severely that he rushed into the woods uttering the most fearful howls. The butcher, who by this time had disengaged himself from the grasp of the second robber, drew his knife and killed him. But at the same moment he received a shot from the third, he who had just wounded the dog, and falling, was despatched by the thief, who found upon him a large sum of gold, a silver watch and a few other articles of value. He plundered the corpse, leaped upon the horse and fled.

The next morning two wood cutters happening in that path, were surprised to find three dead bodies and a large dog who seemed to be guarding them. They examined them and endeavored to restore life, but in vain.

One of them dressed the wounds of the dog, gave him some food, and sought some water for him while the other hastened to the nearest village to inform the magistrate of the discovery. The officer, accompanied by several attendants, was soon on the spot; a surgeon examined the wounds of the three bodies: they drew up a verbal process and interred them.

The dog had dragged himself, in the course of the night, when all was quiet, to the corpse of his master, where he was found the next morning. He allowed his new friends to dress his wounds, as if foreseeing that he must consent to live that he might one day avenge the murdered, he ate and drank, but would not leave the spot.

He looked on quietly as they dug the grave, and allowed them to bury the bodies; but as soon as the turf was replaced, he stretched himself upon it, howled mournfully, and resisted all efforts of the bystanders to induce him to move. He snapped at all who came near him, except the woodman who had tended him. He bore his caresses; but no sooner did the man attempt to take his paws to remove him from the grave than he gnashed his teeth and would have wounded him severely if he had not quickly fled.—Every one admired the fidelity of the dog, and when the woodman offered to carry him food and drink every day, that he might not perish, the magistrate proposed taking up a collection to remunerate the man, who was poor and the father of a large family. With difficulty he was induced to accept the money, but he finally did, and from that moment burdened himself with the care of his new pensioner.

The details of this horrible event were published in the principal journals of the country. J. Meyer, a brother of the butcher, reading sometime afterwards the advertisement of the magistrate, hastened instantly to his presence, saying he had fears which he believed now only two well founded, that his brother had fallen into the hands of robbers, as he had left home with a large sum of gold for the purchase of beeves, and had not heard from. His suspicions were only too sadly confirmed when the magistrate related to him the conduct of a dog which he described. M. Meyer, accompanied by the officer and several others, repaired to the grave. As soon as the dog perceived his master's brother, he howled, lapped his hands, and evinced other numerous demonstrations of joy. By different parts of his dress, M. Meyer recognized the body of his brother when they disinterred it. The absence of the gold and the watch, the wounds of the butcher and his dog, those of the two other bodies, together with the disappearance of the horse, convinced the magistrate and the witnesses that the deceased had not only been assailed by the two, but also by one or several others, who had fled with the horse and plunder.

Having obtained permission, M. Meyer removed his brother's corpse to his native village and interred it in the adjoining cemetery. The faithful dog followed the body, but by degrees became attached to his new master.

Every effort was made by the most diligent search and the offer of immense rewards to discover the assassins. But in vain, the horrible tragedy remained an enigma.

Two years had passed away, and all hopes of solving the mystery vanished, when M. Myer received a letter urging him to repair without delay to Leipzig to close the eyes of his maternal uncle, who desired to see him before he died. He immediately hastened thither, accompanied by his brother's dog, who was his companion at all times. He arrived too late. His relative had deceased the previous evening bequeathing him a large fortune. He found the city crowded; it being the season of the great fair held regularly there twice a year.

While walking one morning on the public square, attended as usual by his dog, he was astonished to behold the animal leap forward like a flash. He dashed through the crowd and leaped furiously upon an elegantly dressed young man, who was seated in the centre of the square, upon an elevated platform erected for the use of those spectators who desired more conveniently to witness the show. He held him by the throat with so firm a grasp that he would soon have strangled him had not assistance been easy rendered. They immediately chained the dog; thinking of course he must be mad, strove to kill him. M. Meyer rushed through the crowd, and arrived in time to rescue his faithful friend, calling eagerly in the meantime upon the bystanders to arrest the man, for he believed his dog recognized in him the murderer of his brother.

Before he had time to explain himself, the young man, profiting by the tumult, escaped. For some moments they thought Meyers himself mad, and he had great difficulty in persuading those who had bound the dog, that the faithful creature was not in the least dangerous, and begged earnestly of them to release him, that he might pursue the assassin.—He spoke in so convincing a manner that his hearers finally felt pursuaded of the truth of his assertions, and restored the dog to his freedom, who joyously bounded to his master, leaped about him a few times and then hastened away.

He divided the crowd and was soon upon his enemy's track. The police, which on these occasions, is very active and prompt, were immediately informed of this extraordinary event, and a number of officers were soon in pursuit. The dog became in a few moments the object of public curiosity, and every one drew back to give him room. Business was suspended, and crowds collected in groupes conversing of nothing but the dog, and the murder which had been committed two years before.

After a half hour's expectation, a general rush indicated that the search was over. The man had stretched himself upon the ground, under the heavy folds of a double tent, and believed himself hidden.—But in spite of his fancied security the avenger had attacted him, and leaping upon him he bit him, tore his garments, and would have killed him upon the spot, had not assistance rushed to his rescue.

He was immediately arrested, and led with M. Meyer and the dog, then carefully bound, before the judge, who hardly knew what to think of so extraordinary an affair. Meyer related all that had happened two years before, and insisted upon the imprisonment of the man, declaring that he was the murderer of his brother, for his dog could not be deceived.

During all this time it was almost impossible to hold the animal, who seemed determined to attack the prisoner. Upon interrogating the latter, the judge was not satisfied with his replies, and ordered him to be searched. There was found upon him a large sum in gold, jewels, and 5 watches, four gold, while the fifth was an old silver one, of but little consequence. As soon as Meyer saw the last he declared it to be the same his brother wore the day he left home, and the description of his watch, published months previously, corroborated his assertions. The robber never dared expose it, for fear that it would lead to his detection, as he was well aware that it had been described very minutely in all the principal journals in Germany.

In short, after the most minute and convictive legal proceedings of eight months, the murderer was condemned to be broken alive, and his corpse to remain chained upon the wheel as an example to others. On the night preceeding his execution, he confessed among other crimes, what till then he always denied, that he was the murderer of Meyer's brother. He gave them all the details above related, and declared that he always believed that the cursed dog died of wounds "Had it not been for him," he repeated several times, I should not have been here. Nothing else could have discovered me, for I had killed the horse buried him with all that he wore."

He expired on the wheel, and his was the corpse which I beheld before entering the city of Leipzig.

Advertising for a Wife.

A New York youth furnishes the following statement of his personal experience in the city of Boston to the editor of the New York Weekly Messenger:—

"In February last I was in Boston. A friend of mine, for a joke, advertised for a wife worth one thousand dollars. A lady answered, requesting an interview, under the assumed name of Adelia Meek. I replied to her note, apparently in good earnest.—She wrote again, naming time and place to meet.—I met her, and found her to be well accomplished, in the first society, with wealthy connections, &c. She had answered for a joke. We became interested in each other. She introduced me to her relations, who I found to be one of the ton. We were engaged. All her friends were in favor of the match except her father. The 18th of June was appointed for our wedding. I returned to New York in April. She wrote me three times a week, asserting that nothing but death should part us. She wrote to have me get a certificate from the City Clerk where she lived, and hurry up my cakes. I have it. She then wrote me that as we were so soon to be married, she would want a great many things, and her father, although very wealthy, would not fit her out, because she would not marry the one he wished her to; and, therefore, she desired me to send her some money. I mailed her money, in the presence of the clerk of the post office, to the amount of $603, since when, she will have nothing to do with me, not even to answer my letters, or give a reason for cutting me. Now, what course should I take? Can I make it a case of false pretences, or would it be better to bring an action for breach of promise? If the latter, must I not tender her my humble self, prior to the day appointed for our wedding? Have I a right to publish her letters? If so, it will be a treat for the upper-tendum. I am bound to have my $603 worth in some way."

The editor of the Messenger gives the lad the following advice, gratis:

"We publish the unhappy experience of a victim in search of a wife, with a melancholy pleasure, for the benefit of mankind at large. He appears to have been taken in and done for, completely. As to his $603, no complaint before any police judge, or dread magnate of the law, will ever bring one farthing of it back to his bleeding pocket, since, according to the familiar ruling in criminal charges of this nature, the prosecutor must at least have exercised ordinary prudence. The law will not punish one who merely makes a dupe of another. The question of the publication of the letters is another horn to his dilemma. She would probably frustrate his attempts by injunctions. Between law and love, his hands and heart are pretty well bound. We advise him to make a note of his Boston courtship, and turn over a new leaf."

Enchanted Mountain.

They have strange things in Texas, as well as wicked doings. The following account of a great natural curiosity in that country, is from the Texas Telegraph:

"This singular mountain, or hill, is situated on the head waters of the Sallec—a small tributary of the Colorado, about 80 miles from Bastrop, in a north westerly direction. It is about three hundred feet high, and appears to be an enormous oval rock, partly imbedded in the earth. When the sun shines, the light is reflected from its polished surface as from an immense mirror, and the whole mountain glows with such a dazzaling radiance, that the beholder who views it even from a distance of four or five miles, is unable to gaze upon it without experiencing a painful sensation, similar to that which is felt when looking upon the rising sun. The ascent of the hill is so very gradual that persons can easily walk up to the top; but the rock is so smooth and slippery that those who make the attempt are compelled to wear moccasins and stockings instead of shoes. This fact, together with the name of the place, Holy mountain, reminds the visitant very forcibly of the command made to Moses at Mt. Horeb, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet." The Camanches regard this hill with religious veneration, and Indian pilgrims frequently assemble from the remotest borders of the tribe, to perform their Paynim rites upon its summit.

"We can prove," says Baron Liebig, "with mathematical certainty, that as much flour or meal as can lie on the point of a table knife is more nutricious than five measures (about eight or ten quarts) of the best Bavarian beer—that a person who is able daily to consume that amount of beer, obtains from it in the whole year, in the most favorable case, exactly the amount of nutritive constituents, which is contained in a five pound loaf of bread, or in three pound of flesh."

☞ Plenty—Water-mellons.

THE LAST WORDS OF VICE PRESIDENT KING.

"Be still—Make no noise—Let me die quietly."

'Be still!' The hour of a soul's departure is at hand. Earth is fading from its vision: time is gliding from its presence; the hopes that cluster around young life, that swell in the heart of manhood, have fallen from around it, like the forest leaves, when the frosts of autumn have chilled them to death. Ambition, with its hollow promises, and pride, with its lofty look, have vanished away. The world, with its deceitfulness, pleasure, with its gilded temptations, are gone, and alone, in utter destitution of all that time promised, it must start on its solitary journey across the valley of the shadow of death!

"Make no noise!" Let the tumult of life cease.—Let no sound break the soul's communion with itself, ere it starts on its returnless flight. Trouble is not with sighing, stir it not with the accents of sorrow. Let the tears stand on the cheek of affliction, and let not the wailing of grief break the solemn silence of the death scene. Let it hear the still small voice that calls it away. Let it gather the accents that come from within the dark shadows of eternity, saying to it, come home. The whispering of angels are in its ear; obstruct not their silvery voices by grosser sounds. A far off music comes floating to it on the air. 'Tis the sound of the heavenly harps touched by viewless fingers; mar not its harmony by the discords of earth.

'Let me die quietly!' The commotions of life, the struggles of ambition, the strife and warring of human destiny are over. Wealth accumulated must be scattered; honors won must be resigned, and all the triumphs that come within the range of human achievement be thrown away. The past with its trials, its transgressions, its accumulating responsibilities, its clinging memories, its vanished hopes, its rendering up to the future its long account; disturb not the quiet of that awful reckoning. Speak not of fading memories of affection whose objects perish in their loveliness, like the flowers of spring, or wither in a slow decay. Talk not of an earthly home, where loved ones linger, where a seat will soon be vacant, a cherished voice hushed forever, or of the desolation that will seat itself by the hearth-stone.—The soul that is at peace with God, let it pass calmly away. Heaven is opening upon its vision. The bright turrets, the tall spires, the lofty domes of the Eternal City, are emerging from the spectral darkness, and the glory of the Most High is dawning around them. The white throne is glistening in the distance, and the white robed angels are beckoning the weary spirit to its everlasting home. What is life, that it should be clung to longer? What are the joys of the world that they should be regretted? What has earth to place before the spirit of a man, to tempt it astray, or turn it from its rest?

A young gentleman of this town, says the Vernon *Banner*, came very near getting his brains blowed out with a broomstick the other day. He was boarding in a private family, in which there is a rather attractive young lady. As he was leaving the house after dinner, one day last week, in passing the window he spied the young lady sitting in a rocking-chair. In order to be sociable, and perhaps to quiz the young lady, he remarked to her: 'Miss, you look sleepy—as though you had lately fallen, or soon will fall, into the arms of Morpheus.' The young lady, not perfectly understanding the meaning of the last term, took it that it was the name of some young man whereupon she told her mother how the gentleman had insulted her, by saying that she had been *hugged* by Mr. *Morpheus*. On the return of the gentleman to his boarding house, the landlady attacked him with the usual weapon of a matron: told him she would give him to understand that her daughter was never in the arms of Morphens or any other young man, and notified him to leave the premises *sans ceremonie*. And the offending individual accordingly sought out another boarding-house. *Good* for him. Served him right. He had no business thus to insult an *intelligent* young lady.

Again we acknowledge ourselves indebted to the local column of the Sandusky *Register* for a fine thing. We have read nothing happier or more beautifully expressed for a long time than the following.—There is poetry and true genial feeling in it:

'Saturday night! How the heart of the weary man rejoices as, with his week's wages in his pocket, he hies him home to gather his little ones around him and draw consolation from his hearth-stone for the many hard hours he has toiled to win his pittance. Saturday night! How the poor woman sighs for very relief as she realizes that again God has sent her time for rest: and though her rewards have been small, she is content to live, for even *her* heart builds up in the future a home where 'tis always Saturday eve! How the care worn man of business relaxes his brow, and, closing his shop, saunters deliberately around to gather up a little gossipere he goes quietly home to take a good rest! How softly the young man pronounces the word, for a bright eyed maiden is in waiting, and this Saturday night shall be a blessed time for him—there will be low words spoken by the garden gate, and there will be pressure of hands—perhaps a pressure of lips—blessed Saturday night! To all kind Heaven has given a little leaven which works in the heart to stir up the gentle emotions, and Saturday night alone seems the meet and fitting time for dreaming gentle dreams. Blessed Saturday night! and we can but pray that through life we may bear with us the remembrance of its many holy hours now gone into the far past—memories which every Saturday eve but recalls like a benediction pronounced by one loved and gone.'

To Make Pure White Soap.

Take soda in crystals, and put it into a barrel with a layer above of quick-lime, and pour warm water upon it, suffering the liquor to leach out in the same manner that ashes are leached out in the woods for making crude potash. This liquor should be filtered through straw, so as to have it pure and clear. Its specific gravity should be 1,040 in the hydrometer.—To every gallon of this lye, 11 lbs. of melted suet or white tallow should be added, and it should be kept boiling gently, in a clean kettle, for four hours. It should then be completely saponified, which can easily be tested by immersing a flat knife in it. When completely saponified, it will shake on the spatula.—The fire should then be drawn from the furnace, and a handful of salt dissolved in cold water thrown in. This is to cool the soap and to separate it from the water. It can then be run off into proper cakes.—This is good soap, and is well adapted for making into toilet and other soaps.—*Scientific American.*

MRS. PARTINGTON ON DISEASES.—'Diseases is very various,' said Mrs. Partington, as she returned from a street door conversation with Mr. Bolds. 'The Doctor tells me that poor old Mrs. Hays has got two buckles upon her lungs! It is dreadful to think of, I declare. The diseases is so various!' One day we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lung, another of brown creatures, here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, and there about the tenor of the throat, here we hear of the neurology in the head, and there of an embargo; on the one side of us we hear of a man being killed by getting a pound of beef in his sacrofagus, and there another kills himself by discovering his jocular vein. Things change so that I declare that I don't know how to subscribe for any case now-a-days. New names and nostrils take the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old yarb bag away!'

A STRICT CONSTRUCTIONIST.—In his speech at the supper given to President Pierce, in Philadelphia, Mr. Buchanan said: He admitted that Col. Davis was a strict constructionist. He had never known but one man who could excel his friend from Mississippi in that, and that was a friend of his from old Virginia in olden times. This gentleman was taken alarmingly ill, and was at the point of death, and all that troubled his conscience was, lest he might be buried in the Congressional Burying Ground, at the public expense. He sent for a friend, and in prospect of eternity, said: 'I would nearly as love take my chance for being d——d, as to entertain the idea that Congress, without authority from the Constitution, should appropriate money to bury me.'

JUST IN TIME.

A young physician having tried in vain to get into practice, at last fell upon the following expedient to set the ball in motion. He sprang upon his horse once a day, and drove off at full speed through the village. After an absence of an hour he would return and carry with him some of his instruments—thinking that if he could impress his neighbors with the opinion that he had practice, they would begin to place confidence in his ability.

A wag, who rather suspected the deceit he was pursuing, determined to know the truth. He accordingly kept his horse in readiness, and the next time the doctor galloped by his door, he sprang on his steed and placed himself on the young gentleman's trail. The doctor saw the man following at his heels, but did not at first evince any uneasiness. At length, however, he thought it advisable to turn down a narrow lane. The pursue followed on like some evil genius;—but the doctor was not discouraged, as another road lay a short distance a-head of him, down which he turned.—The other kept close at his heels and the doctor grew impatient to return home. There was no house by the way at which he could afford any pretext for stopping.

In the meantime his saddle bags were with him and he was otherwise equipped for business so that he could not return without exposing the secret of the trade in the most palpable manner.—Every bound of his steed carried him farther from his home, and the shades of night began to fall on hill and tower. Still the sound of the horse's feet were thundering in his ear, and he was driven to his wit's end; but just as he turned the angle of the wood he heard a low moan. A man lay prostrate near the fence of a meadow and blood gushed from a fearful wound in his arm. He had cut an artery with his scythe, and was in danger of immediate dissolution. The young doctor sprang from his horse, and staunched the wound. Bandages were applied and his life saved. The pursuer had also thrown himself from his horse, and as the physician tied the last bandage, he looked up into his face and said—"How lucky, neighbor, that I was able to arrive just in time."

The wondering spectator was silent with awe, and after assisting the wounded man home, he told such a miraculous tale to the wondering villagers, as secured to the young physician a reputation not only for skill but also for supernatural prescience. Thus did the merest accident contribute more for his advancement than years of studious toil could have done; and the impertinent curiosity of a waggish neighbor opened for him a path for business which the most influential patronage might never have been able to provide for him.

SINGULAR ARREST OF A THIEF, AND RECOVERY OF $30,000.—A few weeks since, a Frenchman, named C. Jean Godard, a manufacturer of fancy paper boxes, doing business at No. 490 Broadway, sold some articles to a lady, and was referred for payment to the firm of Wilson & Brown, No. 83 Beaver street. He called on the 5th inst., and found the clerk, who was left in charge, asleep at his desk. A large book containing railroad bonds, certificates of stock, and other documents, to the amount of $30,000, was laying on the desk, and Godard's attention being drawn to this book, he succeeded in getting possession of it, without awakening the clerk. He immediately left the office, unobserved.

Among the contents of the book was a dividend check on the Bank of Commerce for $28, which was the means of recovering the rest of the property, and of getting the thief arrested. It happened in this wise: The bonds and certificates were advertised, but no allusion was made in the advertisement, to this dividend check. The omission was purposely made, in the hope that the thief, believing its loss to be unnoticed, would go to get it cashed, and the Bank of Commerce was notified accordingly. The bait took. Godard, being unable to negotiate the more valuable documents, engaged a boy, whom he casually met in Reade street, under promise of a situation, to sell the check at an exchange office.

The boy went to the Bank after business hours, and presented it, when it was immediately recognized by the clerk. Some money was given the boy, and the clerk followed him into the street.—The Frenchman was seated on the steps of a house on the opposite side of the street. He rose hurriedly to meet the boy, but at the same time noticed the clerk, and started to run away. The clerk, however, detained him, and with the assistance of officer Van Wickle, took him to the Station house. The prisoner was brought before Justice Osborne, who committed him to the Tombs, in default of $5,000 bail. On searching the store kept by the prisoner, the whole of the stolen property was found.

Kissing.

No luxury that the market affords seems liable to more sudden changes, more unaccountable rises and depressions, than the one we have just specified.—Cotton isn't a circumstance to it. Sugar and molasses can't bear any competition with it. We are altogether at a loss to account for this state of affairs. Whether it is owing to the climate, to the season, to the men or to the women, we know not, and should like to know. A very pretty little girl informed us last night that in her opinion, it was shameful to make men, especially good looking ones like we are, pay so much for a kiss. We concurred and immediately—came down to record the estimated value of one smack in Rochester, N. Y. It will be remembered that, last summer a very learned adjudication was made in our city upon this subject, and that since that period a legal estimate has been made in Boston. The tariff of kisses is now, in Boston, ten dollars; in Rochester, N. Y., seven dollars; in New Orleans five dollars! Thank heaven! we live in New Orleans, and from the depths of our pocket book pity those bachelors of Boston and Rochester!—*N. O. Pic.*

The "Editor's Table" of that most excellent magazine, Knickerbocker, is responsible for the following:

"In the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, I used to visit a venerable Virginia gentleman of the olden time. His house was the abode of genial hospitality and refined opulence, and surrounded by his children and grand-children, I never saw a more perfect picture of domestic happiness.

"It was Mr. P.'s custom to call his little grandson to his side morning and evening, and on his bended knees, and with his little hands clasped and raised to Heaven, teach him to utter the simple prayers appropriate to lisping infancy. One morning, the good old gentleman ventured to instruct him in the Lord's Prayer; he had advanced, most successfully as far as the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," when little Willie looked up, his eyes sparkling with animation and delight, exclaimed: 'O! Gan-pa, *put some butter on it!*' Even the gravity of my venerable friend yielded to this assault."

MATRIMONIAL ANECDOTE.—Among our marriage notices this week is recorded the wedding at St. Paul's Church, Cambridge, of Mr. Briggs, gardener, to Thirso, second daughter of Mr. Smith, of Haverhill. Mr. Briggs is a hale and hearty young man of 79. At the conclusion of the interesting ceremony, the youngster was inquired his age. He boldly exclaimed, "79!" At this the bride gave a faint shriek, exclaiming, "Oh! if I had but known it! Oh, why he has been palming himself off on me as only 56! Oh! I had no idea of such a thing.—*English paper.*

MY MOTHER.

They tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot and blossom wide and high.

Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again, to that dear earth,
From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.

Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends,
And fed with fame, (if fame there be,)
This heart, my own dear mother, bends
With love's true instinct, back to thee.

The Author of the Railroad System.

Thomas Gray was born in Leeds, England, about half a century, or more, ago—and this is all we know of his early history. The Middletown colliery had a railway to carry coal to Leeds, a distance of three miles. The cars moved along at the rate of three and a half miles an hour. It was laughed at—not by Gray, but by the wise public. Gray saw in this little work something that might be augmented into greatness; and he thought upon the subject—and forthwith became a visionary. He talked and wrote upon his project of "A General Iron Railway." The people declared him insane. He petitioned Parliament, sought interviews with the Lords and other great men, and thus became the laughing stock of all England. He received nothing but rebuffs wherever he went. All this took place in 1820, or thereabouts. But he succeeded at last. The railways were laid. The world was benefitted by the madness of Thomas Gray. Well, what became of him? the reader will ask. We do not know; but we believe he still lives, in Exeter, to which place he removed. Up to 1846 he had been neglected. While thousands have been enriched by the consummation of his brilliant scheme, he remained forgotten—forced by poverty to sell glass on commission, for a living.

Fashionable Economy.

Bloods among the beaux, like bloods among the horses, are now known by the thinness of their legs. Indeed a gentleman in the heighth of the present fashion is amazingly ridiculous, and if he were preserved on canvass, future ages would pronounce it a carricature. The principal aim set up by these gentlemen, and so pertinaciously followed, is to attain as diminutive and insignificant an appearance as possible. To this end pantaloons of the least possible circumference, and of stunted altitude, coat of short waist and narrow shoulders, and the whole figure over-stopped by a wide-spreading and overwhelming *chapeau* completes the *ensemble* of a Broadway gent, groups of whom can ever be seen moving about, resembling so many inverted pyramids. But the most singular thing is to observe the great cultivation given to their legs. One meets now in a promenade through Broadway with the most extraordinary legs, legs of the most eccentric pattern, legs as might aptly be admitted into the collection of a curioso. It would be difficult to characterize the different varieties, but the attentive observe will perceive an almost universal repudiation of calves. We hope soon for a change, but as yet they continue to grow "gradually small and beautifully less."

Ladies Riding Sideways.

The honor of introducing riding sideways by women in England, is attributed to Anne of Bohemia, consort of Richard II. She it was (according to Stow) that originally showed the women of this country how gracefully and conveniently they could ride on horseback sideways. Another old historian enumerating the new fashions of Richard the Second's reign observes: "Likewise noble ladies then used high heads, and corsets, and rode with long trains, and side saddles on their horses, by the example of the respectable Queen Anne, daughter of the King of Bavario, who first introduced the custom into this kingdom, for before women of every rank rode as men." In the beautiful illustrative picture of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims, Stotherd appears to have committed an anachronism in placing the most conspicuous female character of his fine composition's sideways on her steed. That the lady never could have been depicted riding in the male fashion might, it strikes us, have been inferred, without any historical research on the subject, from the poet's describing her as having on her feet 'a pair of spurres-sharpe.'

'Dear me!' said Mrs. Partington, and so she is dear—not that she meant so, because under that black bonnet is humility, and self praise forms no part of her reflection. It was a simple ejaculation, that was all: our word for it. 'Dear me, here they are going to have war again over these a, and only for a Turkey, and it don't say how much it weighed either, nor whether it was tender, and Prince Knockemstiff has gone off in a miff, and the Russian bears and Austrichos are all to be let loose to devour the people, and heaven knows where the end of it will leave off. War is a dreadful thing, so destroying to temper and good clothes, and men shoot at each other jest as if they was gutter purchase, and cheap at that.' How sorrowfully the cover of the snuff-box shut as she ceased speaking, and the spectacles looked dewy, like a tumbler in summerheat filled with ice water, as she looked at the profile of the corporal with the sprig of sweet fern above it, and the old sword behind the door. What did Ike mean as he stole in, and deposited some red article under the cricket on which her feet rested, and then stole out again? A hissing sound followed—crack! snap! bang! whiz! went a bunch of crackers—and Mrs. Partington in consternation and cloth slippers, danced about the room, forgetful of the distant war in her present alarm.—Ah, Ike!—*Boston Post.*

Green Veils.

Somebody, a great many years ago, said that the bitterest of earthly afflictions was—

"To love, and not be loved again."

Next to it certainly, is the affliction, pain and annoyance of meeting on a sidewalk a pretty female figure with its head tightly wrapped up and enveloped in an impenetrable green veil, which green veil aforesaid bows to you in a woefully bewitching manner and leaves you standing bareheaded on the walk in a fever of wonder, curiosity and wrath.

We are about petitioning for a law making it a capital—meaning thereby a kissable—offence, for any female under the age of thirty-five, whose face is not scarred with small pox, nor otherwise disfigured, and who was not born with features like Medusa, to be found wearing a green veil, at any time, or under any pretext, on any sidewalk.

MEANING OF THE WORD "PAPAL."—The origin of the term is Oriental. It is derived from papas, (father) papal, (belonging to the father) papist, (one who adheres to the authority of the father.—The word papas was used in lower Greek, with the signification given, and is still applied by the Greek Church to the priests of that communion. In the Western Church the title was not uncommonly given to bishops in general, and was not confined to the Roman pontiff for several centuries after its introduction as a title.

☞ A young greenhorn was told that if he pressed a certain bashful young lady she would sing. The next evening he asked her to sing and she excused herself. 'Why, Tharah,' said he, 'don't you think you could thing if I squeezed you a little?'

☞ Dobbs thinks a man's a darned fool that won't change his opinion when he *knows* he's wrong.

Preaching A Practical Sermon.

A number of years ago, Parson B——— preached in a town in the interior of this State. A sound theologian was parson B———, as a published volume of his sermons evinces: but, like many clergymen of the past generation, he was to much given to preaching 'doctrinal sermons,' to the exclusion of 'practical' themes:—at least so thought Mr. C———, one of his parishioners.

'Mr. B———,' said he one day to the clergyman, 'we know all about the doctrines by this time. Why don't you sometimes preach us a real practical discourse?'

'Oh, very well. If you wish it I will do so. Next Sunday I will preach a practical sermon.'

Sunday morning came—and an unusually large audience, attracted by the report of the promised novelty, were in attendance. The preliminary services were performed, and the parson pronounced his text. After opening his subject, he said he should make a practical application to his hearers. He then commenced at the head of the aisle, calling each member of the congregation by name, and pointing out his special faults. One was a little inclined to indulge in creature comforts—another was a terrible man at a bargain, and so on.

While in mid volley, the door of the church opened and Dr. S——— entered.

'There,' went on the Parson, 'there is Doctor S———, coming in in the middle of the service, just as usual, and disturbing the whole congregation.—He does it just to make people believe that he has so large a practice that he can't get time to come to church in season; but it isn't so—he hasn't been called to visit a patient on Sunday morning for three months.'

Thus went on the worthy clergyman. At last he came to Mr. C———, who had requested a practical sermom.

'And now,' said he, 'there's Mr. C———'—he is a merchant,—and what does he do? Why, he stays at home on Sunday afternoon and writes business letters. If he gets a lot of goods from New York on Saturday night he marks them on Sunday, so as to have them all ready for sale on Monday morning. That's how he keeps the Sabbath; and he isn't satisfied with doctrinal sermons, he wants practical ones.'

At the conclusion of the service, the Parson walked up to Mr. C——— and asked him how he liked the 'practical sermon.'

'Mr. B———,' was the reply, 'preach just what you please after this, I'll never attempt to direct you again.'

THE OLD ATHEIST!—Dead! and all of his wealth not sufficient to bury him with proper decency. Died, doubting to the last, poor old gray-headed Atheist!

Years ago his home was a palace. His daughters were beautiful; his sons stately and noble.—He gloried in his unbelief. "His eyes stood out with fatness." It seemed hard to the poor Christians, and one was tempted to say, "It is better with the wicked than with the good."

But by these wet clods, on which the rain drops dismally, lies his pine coffin. And the sexton strikes it with his shovel, and coarse jests profane the "garden of God."

"Poor old Atheist!" One daughter lies broken hearted in an early grave. One in a foreign land wanders under the weight of his curse. The young son, the "old man's darling," rots in jail; the other died drunken.

All were Atheists. Prosperity kept them company long. Their ships sailed in safety. Their orchards were never blighted. Sickness tainted not their beauty; care and disappointment left their hearts alone.

But to-day where are they, with the wealth and glory of prosperity?

Ay! it is true.

"The mill of God grinds late—*but it grinds to powder.*"

PIRACY AND MURDER ON AN ENGLISH CREW.—Letters received from Singapore to the 15th May, afford shocking details of another of those terrible murders on board ship, arising out of the odious cooley trade. In the present instance the vessel cut off was a foreign vessel, sailing under the Peruvian flag, but officered by Englishmen, who have fallen victims to the foul trade in human flesh which has for some few years past been carried on from China to South America and the Havana. It appears there were 200 coolies on board, the major of whom allege they were kidnapped and forcibly carried on board, or enticed by the Chinese cooly brokers, on various pretexts, to see the vessel, from which again they were not permitted to depart. Many of the parties thus shamefully decoyed consisted of boys under twelve years of age, the Rose Elias having forty five of the latter class on board. It is also alleged that the shippers made the coolies believe they were going to a country abounding in gold, while in fact they intended employing them as guano diggers. After being on sea for a month, packed in a small space, they were put on a short allowance of water, which finally led to an outbreak. The coolies possessed themselves of all the fire arms on board, and defied all resistance, drove the captain and mate into the cabin, into which they poured boiling water, and finally compelled them to jump overboard into the sea, whence they followed, and there they butchered them. Most of the crew also jumped overboard. The carpenter, it appears, succeeded in swimming to shore, distant between three and five miles, and reached Batavia. The coolies having possessed themselves of the ship, forcibly compelled one of the crew to navigate the vessel to China, but this man steered to Singapore.

THE REPORT OF A SENATOR'S CONVERSION TO THE CATHOLIC FAITH.—We feel bound to put in a word of caution respecting the conversion of a distinguished American Statesman at Rome. Europeans make many mistakes in speaking of our various Legislative bodies. They do not always distinguish Senators from members of the other House of Congress, and if there are not more than one or two Senators in Europe, just now, there are several other very distinguished gentlemen of the other House. All we can vouch for is, that Cardinal Fransoni received an American distinguished in political life into the Church, on the 2d of July, and that it was reported in Paris that he was a member of the American Senate.—*Freeman's Journal.*

When you see a young man and woman walking the street, leaning against each other like a pair of badly matched oxen, be assured that they are bent on consolidation.

We saw a starving dog refuse a sausage offered him by a benevolent individual yesterday, although he was reduced to so low a condition, he would not become a cannibal.

Mrs. Partington says that nothing despises her so much as too see people who profess to expect salvation, go to church without their purses when a collection is to be taken.

IGNORANCE, says the *Dutchman*, is a great substitute for paregoric. Show us a blockhead, and we will show you a man who can sleep twelve hours out of a dozen. Before you can make men wakeful, you must make them intelligent. If we owned the fee simple of a railroad, we would consider no person fit for a switch-tender who didn't take four daily papers, a monthly, the *Dutchman*, and the *American Volunteer*.

Isaac Gutelius was arrested on the 2d inst., charged with an attempt to bribe George Heimbach, one of the Commissioners of Union county, to sign bonds for $2,000,000, for the benefit of the Susquehanna Railroad. He was held to bail in the sum of $3,000.

A forward and talkative young man is not likely ever to become a great man.