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.

'WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.'

BY E. L. BULWER.

When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest when they shine,
Mine earthly love lies hush'd in light,
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep,
Familiar watch o'er men,
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep—
Sweet spirit, meet me then.
There is an hour when holy dreams,
Through slumbers fairest glide,
And in that mystic hour it seems,
Thou shouldst be at my side.

The thoughts of thee too sacred are,
For daylights common beam;
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel and my dream!
When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.

Miscellaneous.

THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.

Some five years gone by we knew an unbroken family. Father, mother, sisters, brothers, all, all here. The third son was a dark-eyed, massive browed, hopeful boy of four summers. He was a romping, and yet a thoughtful child; there was a light in his large eye that showed an earnest promise of future capacity for usefulness, or an early flight to the world beyond the tomb. We played with him and wondered at him; as he romped with us he taught us to admire and love him; he showed us, all unconscious, what a boy could be. One day we bid him "good-bye." Many a time and oft, did we think of that boy.

Days run to weeks—weeks glide into months—years roll away. "A rumor of death" comes on the evening breeze. "The pitcher is broken at the fountain." The silver cord that bound that family in one is harshly severed, and the clods of the valley have fallen cold and heavy upon the coffin that cases the remains of one of those little ones. Scarcely less heavy and cold does that sound strike upon the living, beating hearts, of those who crowd around that "silent abode."

And is it the boy we so fondly loved that now lies under the clay? Our heart tells us that it can be no other; for "death loves a shining mark."—Idolatry is forbidden, and there were those who *worshipped* that beautiful boy. Our lesson was given as we needed, and also strength to bear.

O! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a fond gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eyes;
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.

The heart will often tell us what the senses will not. Who visited the broken family. We missed our favorite. Our forebodings were realized. The mother noticed our wandering eye, and with a quivering lip she asked. "Do you miss one of my little ones?"

We told her as best we could, that our favorite was gone.

"Yes, *the flower of my flock* lies under the sod;" and she sobbed again as she told us of his sickness and death. He was so patient, and so sensible, and so observant of the wishes of others, (we knew he would be,) and he lay upon his pallet and breathed his beautiful life away.

There are others left to that stricken mother, and she lives and loves them as a mother can.—She is glad at heart, and hopeful in that which is left, but she remembers, in sweet sadness, that she once cherished what is now an angel in heaven.—The flower of the flock now blooms in Paradise. —*Ky. Whig.*

PRETTY INCIDENT.

We heard a very little incident, the other day, which we cannot help relating. A young lady from the South, it seems, was wooed and won by a youthful physician living in California. When the engagement was made, the doctor was rich, having been very successful at San Francisco. It had not existed six months, however, when by an unfortunate investment, he lost his entire 'heap'. This event came upon him, it should be added, just as he was making ready to claim his bride. What does he do? Why, like an honorable and chivalrous young fellow, as he is, he sits down and writes the lady every particular of the unhappy turn which had taken place in his fortunes, assuring her, if the fact produced any change in her feelings towards him, she is released from every promise she had made him. And what does the dear, good girl! Why, she takes a lump of pure gold, which her lover had sent her when in prosperity, as a keepsake, and having it manufactured into a ring, forwarded it to him, with the following Bible inscription, engraved in distinct characters, on the inside;

"Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest, will I go, and whither thou lodgest, will I lodge; thy people will be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die; and there will I be buried; the Lord do so unto me, and more also if aught but death part thee and me."

The lover idolized his sweetheart more than ever when he received this precious evidence of her devotion to him, both in storm and sunshine. We may add that fortune soon smiled upon the young physician and that he subsequently returned to the North to wed the sweet girl he loved, and who loved him with such an undying affection. Nay, more, the happy bribe and bridegroom passed through our city not long since on their way to the home of the latter in the golden State. Reader, this is all true.—Young ladies who read the Bible as closely as the heroine of our incident seems to have done, are pretty sure to make good sweethearts and better wives.—*Boston Paper.*

WHO SENT THEM?—Old Mother Bondor was pious but poor. In the midst of her extreme want her trust and confidence was in God.

It was late one chilly night in the autumn of the year when two rather wild young men were passing her cottage on their way home. One of them had under his arm some loaves of bread which he had procured at the village store. A faint light glimmered from Mother Bender's casement. Said the one who had the loaves to his companion, "let us have some fun with the old woman."

"Agreed," said the other. They approached the house and peeped into the window, saw the old woman upon her knees, by the hearth, where a few embers were mouldering in the ashes. She was engaged in prayer. They listened and heard her offering an earnest petition for bread. She was utterly destitute of food.

In furtherance of their fun, one of them with the loaves climbed softly up the roof of the cottage, and dropped one loaf after the other down the chimney. As they rolled out on the hearth, they caught the old lady's eye, and in the fullness of her heart, she exclaimed—

"Thank the Lord, bless the Lord for his bounty."

"But the Lord didn't send them," shouted a voice from the chimney.

"Yes he did," cried she undauntingly; "the Lord sent them, but the devil brought them."

COLONEL BENTON'S HISTORY.

[ANNO 1831.—ANDREW JACKSON, PRESIDENT.]

Military Academy.

The small military establishment of the United States seemed to be almost in a state of dissolution about this time, from the frequency of desertions, and the wisdom of Congress was taxed to find a remedy for the evil. It could devise no other than an increase of pay to the rank and file and non-commissioned officers; which, upon trial, was found to answer but little purpose. Mr. Macon, from his home in North Carolina, having his attention directed to the subject by the debates in Congress, wrote me a letter, in which he laid his finger upon the true cause of these desertions, and consequently showed what would be the true remedy. He wrote thus:

"Why does the army, of late years, desert more than formerly? Because the officers have been brought up at West Point and not among the people. Soldiers desert because not attached to the service, or not attached to the officers. West Point Cadets prevent the promotion of good Sergeants, and men cannot like a service which denies them promotion, nor like officers who get all the commissions. The increase of pay will not cure the evil, and nothing but promotion will. In the revolutionary army, we had many distinguished officers, who entered the army as privates."

This is wisdom, and besides carrying conviction for the truth of all it says, it leads to reflection upon the nature and effects of our national military school, which extend beyond the evil which was the cause of writing it. Since the act of 1812, which placed this institution upon its present footing, giving its students a legal right to appoint men, (as construed and practised,) it may be assumed that there is not a government in Europe, and has been none since the commencement of the French revolution, (when the nobles had pretty nearly a monopoly of army appointments,) so unfriendly to the rights of the people, and giving such undue advantages to some parts of the community over the rest. Officers can now rise from the ranks in all the countries of Europe—in Austria, Russia, Prussia, as well as in Great Britain, of which there are constant and illustrious examples. Twenty three marshals of the empire rose from the ranks, among them Ney, Massena, Oudinot, Murat, Soult, Bernadotte. In Great Britain, notwithstanding her Royal Military College, the largest part of the commissions are now given to citizens in civil life, and to non-commissioned officers. A return lately made to Parliament shows that in 18 years—from 1830 to 1847—the number of citizens who received commissions, was 1,206; the number of non-commissioned officers promoted, was 446; and the number of cadets appointed from the Royal Military College was 473. These citizens appointments were exclusive of those who purchased commissions—another mode for citizens to get into the British army, and which largely increases the number in that class of appointments—sales of commissions, with the approbation of the government, being there valid. But exclusive of purchased commissions during the same period of eighteen years, the number of citizens appointed, and of non commissioned officers promoted, were, together, nearly four times the number of government cadets appointed. Now, how has it been in our service during any equal number of years, or all the years since the Military Academy got into full operation under the act of 1812? I confine the inquiry to the period subsequent to the war of 1812, for during that war there were field and general officers in service who came from civil life, and who procured the promotion of many meritorious non commissioned officers, the act not having at first been construed to exclude them.—How many? Few, or none, of citizens appointed, or non-commissioned officers promoted—only in new or temporary corps—the other being held to belong to the government cadets.

This rule of appointment (the graduates of the academy to take all) may now be considered the law of the land, so settled by construction and senatorial acquiescence, and, consequently, that no American citizen is to enter the regular army except through the gate of the U. S. Military Academy; and few can reach that gate except through the weight of a family connection, a political influence, or the instrumentality of a friend at court. Genius in obscurity has no chance; and the whole tendency of the institution is to make a government, and not a national army. Appointed cadet by the President, nominated officer by him, promoted upon his nomination holding commission at his pleasure, receiving his orders as law, looking to him as the fountain of honor, the source of preferment, and the dispenser of agreeable and profitable employment, these cadet officers must naturally feel themselves independent of the people, and dependent upon the President, and be irresistibly led to acquire the habits and feelings which, in all ages, have rendered regular armies obnoxious to popular governments. The instinctive sagacity of the people has long since comprehended all this, and conceived aversion to the institution, which has manifested itself in many demonstrations against it—sometimes in Congress, sometimes in the State legislatures; always to be, and triumphantly met, by adducing Washington as the father and founder of the institution.

Col. Benton shows no adduction could be more unfortunate, and he proceeds to show that the Act of 1812 has done the mischief, that it changes military training from the camp to the school. He says he was told by an officer in the time of the Mexican war, that, of thirty six cadets who had graduated and been commissioned at the same time with himself, there were only then about a half a dozen in service; so that this great national establishment is mainly a school for the gratuitous education of those who have influence to get there. He continues:

These are vital objections to the institution; but they do not include the high practical evil which the wisdom of Mr. Macon discerned, and with which this chapter opened—namely, a monopoly of the regular army commissions for the graduates of the academy. That is effected in the fourth section, not openly and in direct terms, (for that would have rendered the act unconstitutional on its face,) but by the use of words which admit the construction and the practice, and therefore make the law, which now is, the legal right of the cadet to receive a commission who has received the acidomical diploma for going through all the classes. This gives to these cadets a monopoly of the offices, to the exclusion of citizens and non-commissioned officers; and it deprives the Senate of its constitutional share in making these appointments. By a "regulation," the academic professors are to recommend, at each annual examination, five cadets in each class, on account of their particular merit, whom the President is to attach to companies. This expunges the Senate, opens the door to that favoritism which natural parents find it hard to repress among their own children, and which is proverbial among teachers. By the Constitution, and for a great public purpose, and not as a privilege of the body, the Senate is to have an advising and consenting power over the army appointments: by practice and construction it is the President and Senate, but the President and academy who appoint the officers. * * * The effect of this mode of appointment will be to create a governmental, instead of a national army, and the effect of this exclusion of non commissioned officers and privates from promotion, will be to degrade the regular soldiers into a mercenary, serving for pay, without affection for a country which dishonors him. Hence the desertions and the co relative evil of diminished enlistments on the part of native born Americans. * *

As now constituted, our academy is an imitation of the European military schools, which create governmental and not national officers—which make routine officers, but cannot create military genius—and which block up the way against genius—especially barefooted genius, such as this country abounds in, and which the field alone can develop. "My children," the French generals were accustomed to say to the young conscripts during the revolution, "My children, there are some captains among you, and the first campaign will show who they are, and they shall have their places." And such expressions, and the system in which they are founded, have brought out the military genius of the country in every age and nation, and produced such officers as the schools can never make.

The adequate remedy of these evils, is to repeal the act of 1812, and remit the academy to its condition in Washington's time, and as enlarged by several acts up to 1802. Then no one would wish to become cadet but he that had the soldier in him, and meant to stick to his profession, and work his way up from the 'pay, ration and clothing of a sergeant,' to the rank of field officer or general. Struggles for West Point appointments would then cease, and the boys on the 'Grampian Hills' would have their chance. This is the adequate remedy. If that repeal cannot be had, then a subordinate and half way remedy may be found in giving to citizens and non-commissioned officers a share of the commissions, equal to what they get in the British service, and restoring the Senate to its constitutional right of rejecting as well as confirming cadet nominations.' —*N. Y. Post.*

A VISIT TO PISA.

Advancing along the banks of the Arno, after a pleasant drive, we arrived, somewhat early in the day, at Pisa. All visiters must have felt the effect of this city's singular aspect upon the mind. It is not, like several ancient cities of the east, deserted. Its buildings have not fallen into ruins, its streets are not entirely silent, grass does not wave on its highways and public places. But it is fast approaching this state.

At Thebes and Memphis, at Babylon, Nineveh, and Persepolis, you see the process of desolation accomplished. The nations that inhabited them have died out, the languages they spoke are forgotten. Their history has become a fable, their religion a mockery. Seated among their crumbling fragments, your heart is oppressed by sorrow, by the fate which had overtaken so many millions of human beings, once quick, like yourself, with life, and agitated by the fierce sway of the passions. You behold them marching, in endless procession, as it were, down the great highway of eternity, emerging from darkness, and swallowed up by darkness. What infinite untold histories have perished with them!—what loves! what hatreds! what struggles for fame! what bitter and agonizing disappointments! But those generations have been so long at rest, that you contemplate their fate with serenity, as you do the general aspect of nature. You acquiesce in the award of time, you imagine they have been reconciled to death. Certain you are that unbroken peace broods over them with its dove-like wings, and soothes them in their everlasting repose.

But walking through Pisa is almost like sitting beside a death-bed. Strength, and health, and vivacity are gone, the form is attenuated, the air languid and painful, the voice reduced by decay almost to an inaudible whisper. Sometimes you imaging that the whole active population must have gone forth on some great expedition or for the celebration of some mighty religious festival in the mountains, and left their dwellings desolate for a season.

Sometimes the thought strikes you that the city was built in expectation of inhabitants, who have never come to take possession of it, so many of the houses are empty, without the half-cheerful, half-melancholy intimation that they are to be let. This would indicate some hope, but the poor Pisans have none, except when a few English families arrive, and excite in them the idea that more may follow, and infuse life into those dreary chambers which have not echoed to a human footstep for centuries.

Yet there is, after all, an inexpressible charm in the place, especially when the brilliance of autumn is diffused over it, like sunshine over a hectic cheek.—There is a strange pleasure in linking yourself with dying things, which, by the force of imagination, you endow with a part of your own consciousness, and send forward, as it were, like pioneers or explorers into the regions of death. You imagine you can look through the agonies of their spirits into the world beyond the grave. Exactly so is it with a dying city, and Pisa is *in extremis*—ready to have the last rites of religion paid to it, before it is packed up in the coffin and sent to the universal cemetery.—*St. John's Here and There.*

Losing a Seat in Congress.

'Sir, bring me a good plain dinner,' said a melancholy looking individual to a waiter at one of our principal hotels.

The dinner was brought and devoured, and the eater called the landlord aside, and thus addressed him:

'You are the landlord?'

'Yes.'

'You do a good business here?

'Yes!' (in astonishment.)

'You make, probably, ten dollars a day clear?'

'Yes.'

'Then I am safe. I cannot pay for what I have consumed, I have been out of employment for seven months, but have engaged to go to work for to-morrow. I had been without food for four and twenty hours when I entered your place. I will pay you in a week.'

'I cannot pay my bills with such promises,' blustered the landlord, and, 'I do not keep a poor house.—You should address the proper authorities. Leave me something as security.'

'I have nothing.'

'I will take your coat.'

'If I go into the streets without that, such weather as it is, I may get my death.'

'You should have thought of that, before you came here.'

'Are you serious?' Well, I do solemnly aver that in one week from now I will pay you.'

'I will take the coat-!'

The coat was left, and in a week afterward redeemed. Seven years after that, a wealthy man entered the political arena, and was presented at a caucus as an applicant for Congressional nomination. The principal of the caucus held his peace, he heard the history of the applicant, who was a member of a church, and one of the most respectable of citizens.—He was chairman. The vote was a tie, and he cast a negative, thereby defeating the applicant, whom he met an hour afterwards, and to whom he said—

'You don't remember me?'

'No.'

'I once ate a dinner at your hotel, and although I told you I was famishing, and pledged you my word and honor to pay you in a week, you took my coat and saw me go out into the inclement air at the risk of my life without it.'

'Well sir, what then?'

'Not much. You called yourself a Christian. To-night you were a candidate for nomination, and but for me you would have been elected to Congress.'

Three years after, the christian hotelkeeper became bankrupt, and sought a home in Bellevue. The poor dinnerless wretch that was, afterward became a high functionary in Albany.

Effect of Light.

Dr. Moor, the celebrated metaphysician, thus speaks of light on body and mind:

"A tadpole confined in darkness will never become a frog, and an infant, being deprived of Heaven's free light, will only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beautiful and reasonable being. Hence in the deep, dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveller. It is a strange, melancholy idiocy. Many citizens are incapable of any articulate speech, some are deaf, some are blind, some labor under all these privations, and all are misshapen in almost every part of the body. I believe there is, in all places, a marked difference in the healthfulness of the houses, according to their aspect with regard to the sun, and those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to the direct light. Epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and totally exempt those on the other side, and even in epidemics, such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its labors."

American Manners.

Dr. Potter, in a recent address at Albany, said: "I am a little afraid that a great many people in this country are rather too prone to undervalue this part of education. Certainly we have no admiration for anything finical or affected in manners. We don't want the manners of a village dancing school. But genuine good breeding, gentle manners, ease, modesty, and propriety of bearing, we do exceedingly value. When shall we cease to be described as a spitting nation? as a lounging people? When shall we cease to be known by our slovenly speech, by our practice of sitting with our feet higher than our heads? During an excursion of several months in Europe last year, I met hundreds of English at home and on the continent, in every sort of situation. I never saw one spit. I cannot remember that I ever saw any one, however fatigued, lounging or sitting in an unbecoming manner. So long as the State shall feel itself obliged to provide 'spittoons' for its legislative halls—so long as the directors of our railroads shall find occasion to attach to the inside of their carriages printed requests to the passengers to 'use the spittoons' and not the floor, and not to put their feet upon the seats—so long as we shall continue to fill our conversation and our political harangues with the slang of the fish market, let us not be surprised, nor angry, if foreigners sometimes make themselves witty at our expense. And in the meantime, let all those who are entrusted with the care of the young, use their utmost efforts to correct these national barbarisms, and to form the manner of the rising generation after a model more elevated and more refined."

American Citizenship.

The energetic conduct of Capt. Ingraham, of the American Frigate, St. Louis, at Smyrna in his generous attempts to release from the grasp of Austrian revenge, M. Costa, formerly aid-de-camp of Kossuth, has something in it to gratify the just pride of every true American heart. At the recital of the circumstances of that transaction, the blood courses more merrily in the veins of every one, who holds to the principle that American Citizenship, in the broadest sense of the term, should meet the fullest immunity of cordial recognition from every foreign power. To be sure, from the almost unaccountable misapprehension, or lack of address, on the part of the Hungarian himself, he did not immediately receive the freedom which the gallant American offered him; yet, the bold and manly course of Capt. Ingraham, in demanding conference with the prisoner on board the Austrian brig, and in bringing that brig under the guns of his own ship, to prevent its escaping to Austria with the prisoner, pending negotiations, has served to teach the despots of Europe a lesson, in respect to American citizenship, which they will not be likely soon to forget. Not only the native born citizen, but the foreigner who has sworn allegiance to the United States Government is entitled to and will receive, the fullest protection of Government—this is the lesson. And what a glorious lesson, in these days, when the victims of foreign despotisms are crowding to the shores of this Republic!

In some sense, the Austrian and American policy were represented in this transaction. The sneaking, arbitrary, and cowardly course of the Austrian officials in first dragging away to their vessel, a poor exile, and the attempting by *lying* to conceal the unjustifiable deed, affords a fair specimen of the dealings of that nation and its proverbially treacherous Cabinets. Contrast with this the bold, open-handed course of the American officer, in proffering aid to one, whom he supposed entitled to the protection of the United States. Mark the true American pluck of the following bold utterance, as the Austrian commander hesitated: "Bear in mind, that if the prisoner claims my protection, and has the slightest right to it, I will remove him myself, and will not allow him to remain another minute on board. Where is the prisoner? I wish to see him." This was open, direct American policy. A demand of nothing but what was right—a demand so made, that it must be granted.

With an Administration like the present, pledged to the fullest protection of our citizens everywhere; with gallant tars and strong hearted officials abroad, to carry out the policy of that Administration—the American name will, like the Roman of a former day, be a shield of defence, to stay the hand of him who, in whatever clime and amid whatever people, he may wander, can say "I am an American."—*Old Guard.*

The Emperor Nicholas.

A foreign letter in the Baltimore American gives the following description of the Emperor of Russia:

"The personal appearance of the Emperor, and his manners, so dignified and yet so graceful, struck me at once, and in all my near approaches to his person and his society, these features acquired new force. I regard him as a most extraordinary personage. In stature six feet two inches, but with the symmetry of a man of five feet nine inches; with a face uniting, which is rarely found in the same person, remarkable personal beauty and marked indications of intellect. I cannot better describe his fascination of manner than to say if he were to sink all recollection of his position, his destiny and associations, and enter one of our political assemblages, he could make as many friends in an hour as any stump orator in our country. He is distinguished for energy and a high order of talent. His plans for the amelioration of the condition of his subjects are worthy of his ancestors, Peter and Catharine.—The measure adopted as to the serfs, as well as to the ancient nobility, and his vast designs as to railroads, will reign an era in the Empire. Besides the road to Moscow of 430 miles, he designs to make one to Columna on the Oka, 100 miles from Moscow, below which there is constant steam navigation to the Caspian Sea. Another is projected from this point to the head of steam navigation on the Don of the Black Sea, and from this point on the Don east to Saratol, near the mouth of the Volga, the Mississippie of Europe. The domestic relations of the Emperor are the subject of constant commendation by his subjects, exhibiting in this respect a favorable contrast to the days of Catharine.

THE BIBLE.—There are in all sixty six books which compose the volume of Holy Writ, which are attributed to more than thirty different authors, or writers of the whole. Half of the New Testament was composed by St. Paul, and the next largest writer is the gentle and beloved St. John. With the single exception of Paul neither history nor tradition has ever testified that those powerful thinkers and writers ever enjoyed the benefits of education, or that they were trained with scholarship and learning; and how ably have they written; what eminent characters have been chronicled by them; and what great events recorded, both for time and eternity! Jeremiah is sorrowful; Isaiah sublime; David poetical; Daniel sagacious; Habakkuk and Haggai terrible and denunciatory, but they all seemed to have exercised their natural gifts under the influence of Divine direction and inspiration! Moses with his vast knowledge and profound intelligence—the legislator, the reformer, the deliverer, commenced the work, and John, with his depth of feeling and exquisite tenderness and simplicity, completed it. And, what do we know of the lives of all those, or even of the two last mentioned? Nothing that human vanity might exult in. Moses was rescued from the oozy rushes of the Nile; and John died in his old age, a lonely exile on the small island of Patmos.

"Did you ever go to a military ball?" asked a lisping maid, the other night, of an old veteran of Jackson's army of '15.

"No, my dear," growled the old solder, "in those days I had a military ball to come to me, and what 'dye think? it took my leg off."

At the mention of the word "leg," the belle fainted, of course.

Mrs. Partington says she has noticed that whether flour was dear or cheap, she had invariably to pay the same money for half a dollar's worth.

Scene in a Yankee Shoemaker's Shop.

"You hain't no occasion for a jer, nor nothin, I s'pose," said a jolly son of St. Crispin from the land of wooden nutmegs, as he entered a shoe establishment, with his kit nicely done up in his apron.

"Wonder if I hain't," was the reply of the boss. "Why I should like a dozen if I could git 'em; but what kind of a shoe can you make?"

"Oh, as to the matter 'o that," said the snob, "I reckon as how I kin make a decent sort of a craft."

"Spread your kit, then," said the boss; "I'll give you a pair to try, and if your work suits me, I can give you a steady seat of work."

Crispin was soon hammering and whistling away, as happy as a calm at high water, and the boss was called away on some business that detained him two or three hours; meantime the tramper jer produced a thing which bore some faint resemblance to a shoe, and feeling somewhat ashamed of it, laid it in a pile of leather chips that lay on the floor, and proceeded to make another, which he had barely time to finish, when his employer entered and began to examine it.

"Look here, mister," said he, "I guess you needn't make the mate to this; it is the greatest botch that was ever made in my shop that's fact."

"P'raps you'd like to bet a trifle on that," said the snob.

"Bet!" responded the boss; "why, I'll bet a ten dollar bill against a hand of tobacco, that there never was a shoe made in this shop half so bad as this."

"Done! said Crispin, at the same time casting a sly wink at his shop-mates; "but, stop, let me see if I've got so much of the weed with me. Oh, yes, here's a whole handful of Cavendish," and laying it on the cutting board, he ventured to suggest the propriety of having the suet-skin laid alongside of it, which was no sooner done than he proceeded to draw from its hiding place the other shoe.

"Here, boss," said he, you must decide the bet; say which of the two shoes is the worst?"

"Well, I guess I'm fairly sucked in this time," said the boss, pushing the Cavendish and shin-plaster towards the rightful owner, and throwing a nine-pence to the youngest apprentice. The boy needed no further instructions as to his duty, but ran off in the twinkling of a bed-post, and soon returned with a quart of black strap. After all hands had sufficiently regaled themselves, the shrewd Yankee put his sticks together, and bidding the boss a hearty good-bye, started again on a tramp, very well satisfied with his forenoon's work.

The Angel's Gift to Spain.

In the early ages of Christianity, said a hermit, there lived in a cave, somewhere about the sources of the Manzanares, an extremely old hermit. His piety was great, his charity extensive, and his love of Spain predominant over all other feelings. Youths and maidens in love; young mothers desirous of offspring; worldlings oppressed by debts and difficulties; religious men and women struggling with their sins, repaired constantly to consult the holy man, who sent them away refreshed and comforted.

A little time before his death, one of the angels, who forsaw he was soon to be their companion, descended, through impatience, to converse with him a little beforehand, or else commissioned to bestow on him a blessing. The saint had probably been used to such visitants, and therefore experienced little or no surprise when, with his large white wings, he entered into his cave. On the contrary, he politely saluted him, desired him to be seated on a smooth ledge of rock, close beside himself, and then courteously inquired to what circumstance he owed the honor of his visit.

'I am come,' replied the angel, 'to bestow on you a blessing.'

'If I have found favor in your eyes,' said the holy man, 'let not your blessing be for me, but for my country. Heaven has already given me more than I can desire. I have had a long and happy life, I have closed the eyes of my parents amid abundant blessings, I have beheld my brothers and sisters grow up in honesty and integrity, and I have had besides, the inestimable satisfaction of augmenting the happiness of thousands.

Let me now, therefore, obtain for those whom I never could reach, or aid, or comfort, the blessings which my Lord is pleased to offer me.'

'I consent,' answered the angel, 'to bestow on your country not one, but many blessings. Choose for her, and be not bashful, for I know not where I shall stop.'

'Then I ask for a fair climate.'

'It is granted.'

'I ask for magnificent mountains.'

'You shall have them.'

'Next, for fertile plains and noble rivers.'

'They are yours.'

'Then for beautiful women an brave men to inhabit this glorious land.'

'I accede to your wishes.'

'Then for excellent fruits and rich harvests, and oil and wine, and whatever else the comforts of life may need.'

'I concede all your demand.'

'Last of all,' said the hermit, 'I pray you to ensure us good government, to complete the crown of the blessings you have lavished on Spain.'

The angel rose in haste, if not in anger:

'You ask too much,' friend,' said he; 'all the rest you shall have and welcome, but good government—oh, no—that is never to be granted to Spain while kings are your idols and palaces your temples.'

So saying, he extended his wings, darted out of the cave, and in a moment was lost in the blue depths of space.—*St. John's There and Back again.*

POLITENESS AT HOME.—Why not be polite? How much does it cost to say 'I thank you?' Why not practice politeness at *home*? To your husband, your children, your domestics? If a stranger does you some little act of courtesy, how sweet the smiling acknowledgement! If your husband—oh! it's a matter of course! no needs of thanks.

Should an acquaintance tread on your dress, your very, very best, and by accident tear it, how profuse you are with your 'never minds—don't think of it—I don't care at all.' If a husband does it, he gets a black frown; if a child, he is chastised.

Ah! these are little things say you. They tell mightily upon the heart, let us assure you, little as they are.

A gentleman stops at a friend's house, and finds it all in confusion. He don't see anything to apologize for—never thinks of such little matters.' Everything is all right—cold supper, cold room, crying children—'perfectly comfortable.' Goes home where the wife has been taking care of sick ones, and working her life almost out. 'Don't see why things can't be kept in better order; they never were such cross children before.' No apologies accepted at home!'

Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely that golden coin of courtesy? How sweet they sound, those little words, 'I thank you,' or 'you are very kind!' Doubly, yes thrice sweet from the lips we love, when heart smiles rushes the eyes sparkle with the clear light of affection.

Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare? To grow glad at your approach? To bound away to do your pleasure before the request is half spoken? Then with your dignity and authority, mingle politeness; give it a nitche in your household temple. Only then will you have learned the true secret of sending out in the world, really 'finished' gentlemen and ladies.

'What we say, we say unto all'—be polite.

"I understand," said a person to his neighbor, "that you are becoming a hard drinker."

"That's slander," replied the neighbor, for no one can drink easier."

AN INCIDENT.

We heard a friend relate the accompanying incident the other day with not a little zest, and to the amusement of a good many by-standers:

Jumping into an old fashioned stage-coach last month, in company with nine or ten others, to jostle over ten miles of unfinished road between Pittsburg and Philadelphia, I was very much amused with the following characteristic dialogue between a regular question asking "down easter," and a high-heeled southerner. We were scarcely seated before our Yankee began:

"Travelling East, I expect?"

"Yes, sir."

"Goin' to Philadelphia, I reckon?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, ah, to New York; maybe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Calc'latin' to buy goods, I presume?"

"No, sir."

"Never *ben* there before, I wouldn't wonder?"

"No, sir, never."

"New York is a wonderful place."

"Such is my impression, sir."

"Got letters, I expect?"

"Yes, sir; I am provided with letters of introduction."

"Wouldn't mind showin' you round myself a spell, if you wanted."

"I thank you, sir; but I shall not require your assistance."

This last remark of the polite but reserved stranger was a poser, and the "inquisitor" fell back a moment to take breath and change his tactics. The half suppressed smile upon the faces of the other passengers soon aroused the Yankee to still further exertions, and summoning up more resolution, he began again:

"Stranger perhaps you are not aware how almighty hard it is for a Yankee to control his curiosity. You'll please excuse, but I would really like to know your name, and residence, and the business you follow. I expect you ain't ashamed of either of 'em; so now won't you just obleege me?"

This last appeal brought out our Southern friend, who rising up to the extremest height allowed by the coach, and throwing back his shoulders, replied:

"My name is General Andrew Washington. I reside in the State of Mississippi. I am a gentleman of leisure, and I am glad to be able to say, of extensive means. I have heard much of New York, and I am now on my way to see it; and if I like it as well as I am led to expect, I intend to—*buy it.*"

There was heard a shout of stentorian laughter throughout the stage coach; and this was the last of *that* conversation.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Worthy of a Yankee.

A Jersey Tavern keeper who had become more celebrated for the length of his bills than for the abundance of his table, met with one as sharp as himself, on one occasion. A Yankee happening to pass through that barbarous region, stopped at this man's hotel and ordered dinner. When he came to pay the bill he was astonished to find it streached out to the round sum of six dollars. This rather startled the Yankee, and he demanded to know what he had eaten that such a bill should be charged. The Landlord replied, 'The bill will show you.' On consulting it he found several kinds of wines and extras.

'Well, look here! I didn't have none of your wines—there was none of that 'ere stuff brought on for me, and I won't pay the bill!'

'Oh we never wait for orders here, we know our business,' replied the landlord, 'the wine was on the table, and you could drink it or not, that was your business, not ours.'

The Yankee saw there was no use in quarrelling about the matter, so with a broken heart he paid the bill. Three months after that our Eastern friend again made his appearance at the hotel and called for dinner. When he sat down to the table he laid a twenty dollar bill at the side of his plate and ordered all the delicacies he could think of and all the wines he could stomach. While eating his dinner he called the attention of the landlord to the bill as to whether it was genuine or not. The landlord looked at it—replied that it was, and handed it back. As soon as the Yankee had finished he put the money in his pocket, walked out of the house and jumped into his waggon.

'Hellow!' said the landlord, 'you've not paid your bill!'

'It's your own fault,' said the Yankee, 'I never wait to have a bill presented to me—*the money laid on the table and you could have taken it or not just as you told me about the wine three months ago yesterday.*'

The landlord swore a few as the Yankee's horse spattered the mud up the road.

"If a Body Meet a Body."

If a feller catch a feller carrying off his wood, should a feller *whale* a feller if a feller could?—*Germantown Emporium.*

If a body catch a body stealing his *old rye*, should'nt a body kick a body till a body cry?—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

If a body spy a body creeping around his lot, should'nt a body treat a body to a load of shot?—*Warwick News.*

If a body catch a body stealing his *Express*, should'nt a body seize a body and try to get redress?—*Petersburg Express.*

If a body wants a body his store to patronize, should'nt a body pay a body money to advertise?—*Lynchburg Express.*

If a body see a body 'propriate his hat, should a body kick a body just for doing that?—*Washington Daily Star.*

If a body catch a nigger stealing all his chickens should'nt a body lick a nigger like the very dickens?—*Central Democrat.*

If a body meet a body what had 'gone to west,' should a body say to a body 'go it dollars and cent?' *Doylestown Democrat.*

If a body know a body that takes no paper at all, should'nt a body make a body take the *State Capitol*?—*Alexandria Gazette.*

If a body should hear a body say, 'I pay my printing bill,' wont a body *stare* at a body for such an expression of will?—*Maryland Sentinel.*

If a body catch a body who steals the *Democrat*, should a body knock a body into a cocked hat?—*Louisville Democrat.*

If a body see a Galphin coming the mean stealer, should'nt a body put that body into the *Plain Dealer*?

If a body catch a body picking off his pocket, should not a body catch a body and hold his head under his arm until he could most severely knock it?

WITHOUT A SHILLING.—The Washington *Evening Star* relates the following incident:

"Not long since, the President, in an afternoon ride with his estimable lady and a female friend, was brought up by the gate on the Columbia turnpike, on the opposite side of the Potomac. His coachman searched his pockets in vain for the requisite shilling. The President searched his. But alas, not a solitary shilling had they among them! The toll gatherer, who is at times annoyed by the pranks of 'fast' folks passing his gate on their way to the trotting course without 'holding up' to pay toll, began to think of closing the bar upon the carriage, when the driver informed him that the gentleman inside was the President of the United States, and the gentleman inside made it all right by promising to pay the shilling when next he should venture to ride on the Virginia side."