American Volunteer.

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

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Poetical.

PRAYER.

Prayer is the incense of the soul,
The odor of the flower;
And rises as the waters roll,
To God's controlling power!
Within the soul there would not be
This infinite desire
To whisper thoughts in prayer to Thee,
Had'st thou not lit the fire.

Prayer is the spirit speaking truth
To Thee, whose love divine,
Steals gently down like dew to soothe,
Or like the sunbeams shine.
For, in the humblest souls that lives,
As in the lowliest flower,
The dew-drop back His image gives,
The soul reflects His power!

At night, when all is hushed and still,
And e'en soft echo sleeps,
A still small voice doth o'er me thrill,
And to each heart throb leaps;
It is the spirit pulse which beats
Forever deep and true,
The atom with its Author meets,
As sunlight greets the dew.

THE REASON WHY.

"Why does Kate look so pale, mother?
Why are her arms so small?
Why does she never smile, mother?
Why do her eyelids fall?

Why does she walk alone, mother,
As if she had no friend?
Why does she sigh so oft, mother?
Is she so near her end?

Why does she breathe so quick, mother?
And start as if it shocked her,
To hear the quiet rap, mother,
Of Smith, the village doctor?

Why does he come so oft, mother?
Can he prolong her days
By leaving pills and gifts, mother,
And singing love sick lays?

'Twas but the other night, mother,
When Kate lay near my heart,
She urged me to be good, mother,
And said we soon must part.

She said she was to go, mother,
Away from home and me,
And leave papa and you, mother,
To dwell near by the sea.

Is it Jordan's stormy banks, mother,
Where she is to be carried?"
"Shut up, shut up, you little brat—
She's going to be married!"

Miscellaneous.

Translated for the Evening Post.

Speech Delivered by Victor Hugo at the Grave of a French Refugee in the Island of Jersey.

In the last days of April the French refugees in the isle of Jersey followed one of their comrades to the field of final repose. Victor Hugo had been requested to pronounce, in the name of all, the last farewell. His discourse was as follows:

Citizens! The man to whom we have come to say the last farewell, Jean Bosquet, of Farn et Garonne, was a noble soldier of democracy. We have seen him, an inflexible exile, waste away sorrowfully among us. A yearning for home was gnawing at his heart; he felt that the recollection of all he had left behind him was slowly poisoning him; he might have seen again his absent friends, the beloved places—his native city, his house. He had but to say a word. That execrable humiliation which M. Bonaparte calls amnesty, or pardon, was offered to him; he honestly rejected it, and he is dead. He was only thirty four years of age. And now, there he lies.

I will not add praise to this simple life, to this grand death. Let him repose in peace in this obscure grave, where the earth will soon cover him, and whence his soul has gone to seek the eternal hopes of the tomb.

Let him sleep here, this republican: and let the people know that there are still proud and pure hearts devoted to its cause. Let the republic know that men will perish rather than forsake her. Let France know that men die because they can see her no more.

Let him sleep, this patriot, in the land of the stranger! And we, his companions in conflict and in adversity—we who closed his eyes—if his native city, his family, his friends, ask us 'Where is he?' we will answer, 'Dead in exile!' as the soldiery, when the name of Latour d'Auvergne was called, 'Dead on the field of honor!'

Citizens! To-day in France apostacy is joyous.—The old land of the 14th of July and of the 10th of August assists at the hideous spread of treason, and at the triumphal march of traitors. Not one unworthy action which is not immediately rewarded. A mayor breaks the law—he is made a prefect; a soldier dishonors his flag—he is made a general; a priest sells his religion—he is made a bishop; a judge prostitutes justice—he is made a senator; a prince, an adventurer, commits every crime, from the base trick which would shame a pickpocket, to the cruelty which would make an assassin shudder—and he becomes an emperor. Around and about these men are the sounds of triumphal music, bouquets, and dancing, addresses, applause, and genuflexions. Servility comes to congratulate ignominy.

Citizens! These men have their festivals; well, we, too, have ours. When one of the companions of our banishment, wasted by home sickness, exhausted by the slow fever of old habits broken up, and affections lacerated, gives away at last, and dies after having drunk to the dregs all the agonies of proscription, we follow his bier covered with a black cloth; we come to the side of his grave; we, too, kneel, not to success, but to the tomb; we bend over our buried brother, and we say to him: 'Friend, we congratulate thee because thou hast been valiant; we congratulate thee because thou hast been generous and intrepid; we congratulate thee because thou hast been faithful; we congratulate thee because thou hast offered up to thy republican faith the last breath of thy body; the last pulsation of thy heart; we congratulate thee because thou hast suffered; we congratulate thee that thou art dead!' Then we raise our heads again, and we move away, our hearts full of a sombre joy. Such are the festivals of exiles. This is the austere and serene thought which is at the bottom of our souls; and in the presence of this sepulchre, of this grief which seems to swallow up a man, the presence of this appearance of annihilation, we feel ourselves strengthened in our principles and in our convictions. The man whose mind is made up never treads more firmly than on the shifting soil of the tomb. And our eyes fixed upon the dead body, upon this being who has faded away, upon this shadow which has vanished, we, unshaken believers, glorify that which is immortal, and that which is eternal—Liberty and God.

Yes, God! Never should a tomb be closed until this great, this living word has fallen into it! The dead claim it, and we are not the men to refuse it. Let the free and religious people amongst whom we live understand well that the men of progress, the men of democracy, the men of revolution, know that the destiny of the soul is two-fold, and that the abnegation they show in this life proves how profoundly they rely upon another.

Their faith in this grand and mysterious future realate even the repulsive spectacle which the enslaved Catholic clergy has presented since the second of December. At this moment, Roman papism startles the human conscience. Yes, I say it—and my heart is full of bitterness when I think of so much abjectness and shame; those priests who, for money, for palaces, for crosses and mitres, for the love of temporal goods, bless and glorify perjury, murder and treason—these churches, where *Te Deums* are sung in honor of crowned crime—yes, these churches and these priests would be enough to shake the strongest convictions in the firmest souls, if beyond the church we did not see a heaven, and above the priest a God. And here, citizens on the threshhold of this open tomb—in the midst of this thoughtful throng which surrounds this grave—the moment has come to sound a solemn word, that may take root and spring up in every conscience.

Citizens! At this present hour—the fatal hour which will be marked in time to come—the principle of absolutism, the old principle of the past—triumphs all over Europe. It triumphs as it should triumph, by the sword, the axe, and the cord; by massacres and musketry; by tortures and the scaffold. Despotism, that Moloch surrounded by human bones, celebrates her fearful mysteries in open sunlight, under the pontificate of a Haynau, a Bonaparte and a Radetzky; in Hungary, the gallows; in Lombardy, the gallows; in Sicily, the gallows; in France, the guillotine, transportation, and exile. In the Papal States alone—I cite the Pope, who calls himself *le roi de douceur*—in the Papal States alone, in the last three years, sixteen hundred and forty patriots (the figures are authentic) have perished by shooting or hanging, without counting the innumerable many who are buried alive in dungeons. At this moment the continent, as in the worst periods of history, is encumbered with scaffolds and corpses; and if, when the day comes, revolution should seek to make for herself a flag of the winding sheets of the victims, the shadow of that black flag would cover all Europe. This blood, which is flowing in streams and in torrents—all this blood, democrats, is yours.

And yet, citizens, in the presence of this *saturnalia* of murder, in the presence of those infamous tribunals where assassins sit in the robes of the judge, in the presence of all these dear and sacred corpses, in the presence of this dismal and ferocious victory of reaction; I declare solemnly in the name of the exiles of Jersey, who have given me the authority to do so; and I say it too, in the name of all republican exiles—and not one true republican voice will contradict me—I declare before this coffin of an exile, the second one we have lowered into the grave within ten days, we the exiles, we the victims, we abjure, for the great and inevitable day of revolutionary triumph, all feeling, all desire, all idea of bloody retribution.

The guilty will be chastised; certainly—they will be, all of them and severely! This must be, but not one head shall fall, not one drop of blood, not one splash from the scaffold shall stain the spotless robe of the republic of February. The head even of the brigand of December shall be respected with honor by the progressive. The revolution will make a grander example of that man by changing his imperial purple for the jacket of the galley slave. No, we will not retort on the scaffold by the scaffold.—We repudiate the old senseless law of retaliation. The law of retaliation, like the monarchy, is a part of the past; we repudiate the past.

The death penalty, gloriously abolished by the republic of 1848, re-established odiously by Louis Bonaparte, is abolished by us, and forever. We have taken with us into exile the sacred doctrine of progress; we will faithfully bring it back to France.—What we ask, and wish of the future, is justice, and not vengeance. And besides, the sight of slaves drunk with wine sufficed to give the Spartans a disgust for intemperance, so it is enough for us republicans to see kings intoxicated with blood, to have forever a horror of scaffolds.

Yes, we declare it, and we call to witness this sea which binds Jersey to France, these fields, this quiet Nature around us, this England which is listening to us. The men of the revolution—whatever the Bonapartist calumniators may say—wish to re-enter France, not as exterminators, but as brothers. We call to witness our words, this holy heaven which glitters above us, shedding thoughts of peace and concord upon our hearts; we call to witness our dead brother who lies in that grave, and who, while I speak, murmets in his shroud, 'Yes my brothers, reject death! I have accepted it myself; I would not have it for others.'

Citizens! These thoughts are in every man's mind, and I am only the interpreter of them. The day of bloody revolutions has passed: for what remains to be done the indomitable law of progress will suffice. And, moreover, let us be tranquil, everything combats for us in the great battles we have still to fight—battles, whose evident necessity does not disturb the serenity of the thinker—battles, in which revolutionary energy will equal the desperation of monarchy—battles, in which might, joined with right, will overthrow violence allied to usurpation—superb, glorious, enthusiastic, decisive battles, the event of which cannot be doubtful, and which will be the Tolbiacs, the Hastings, and the Austerlitzes of democracy. Citizens! the epoch of the dissolution of the Old World has arrived. The law of Providence has condemned the old despotisms—Time, the shadowy grave-digger, is burying them. Each declining day plunges them deeper into nothingness. God is throwing years upon thrones as we throw spades full of earth upon a coffin.

And now, brothers, as we separate, let us shout the cry of triumph; let us shout the cry of awakening! It is near the grave that one should speak of the resurrection. Yes, indeed, the future, and impending future, I repeat it, promises to us the victory of the democratic idea in France; the future promises to us the victory of the social idea. It promises more, it promises that in every climate, under every sun, upon every continent, in America as well as in Europe, an end shall come to oppression and to slavery. After the hard trials we are experiencing, what we want is not only the emancipation of this or that class of men which has suffered long, the abolition of this or that right—all this we shall have, but this is not enough. What we must have, and what we shall get, never doubt it—what I, for my part, from the depths of this darkness of exile contemplate with rapture—is the deliverance of every nation, the enfranchisement of all mankind! Friends, our sufferings give us a claim upon Providence.—God owes us a reward. He is a faithful debtor—we shall receive it. Let us then cherish a manly faith, and make our sacrifice with gladness. Oppressed of all nations, offer up your wounds. Poles offer your misery—Hungary, offer your gibbet—Italians, offer your cross—heroic transported brothers of Cayenne, of Africa, offer your chains—exiles, offer your proscription—and thou! O martyr, offer thy death to the liberty of the human race! VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!

THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE.—An extract of a letter dated at Dieppe, gives the following description of the personal appearance of the Empress Eugenie: "The Emperor and Empress arrived here yesterday. Their reception was not particularly enthusiastic.—The Empress is by no means a great beauty, but is much more sweet-looking and gracious than she has been represented. She is blonde, without eclat; one of those complexions suffused with pink all over, and her hair is light and colorless. She was very simply dressed; a good example for the ladies here, who are very much over dressed. As to the Emperor, his countenance just answers to what is known of his character, but his face cannot be said to be an insignificant one, as his enemies represent it to be."

The darkey who greased his feet so that he would not make a noise when he went to steal chickens, slipped from the hen roost into the custody of the owner. He gave a reason for his being there, 'Dat he only cum dar to see of de chickens sleeped wid der eyes open.' He was cooped.

A man died of apoplexy the other day in Michigan. The next morning the coroner held an inquest when the following verdict was returned: 'Died from a visitation of one beef steak, eight cold potatoes and a fried pie.'

Earnest Words.

We find them recorded in books—we read and are impressed by them—we mentally ejaculate, "Blessings on those who write earnest words, and breathe deep thoughts into the hearts of the young and undecided, at the beginning of their pilgrimage."

We hear them from the lips of parents and teachers, we wonder if they will be heeded by those to whom they are addressed, or whether they are mere sounds, destined to die upon the ear and be forgotten in an hour. These earnest words are the fruits of experience and affection. Will the young believe this? Will they heed the voice of warning, the yearning of affectionate hearts,

Earnest words are heard from the pulpit—words fraught with the stupendous truths of mortality, and pardon of guilty men. Are these words heeded?—Men spend their lives in speaking them. They who go about from house to house breathing them.

Earnest words are sent forth through the periodical and newspaper presses of our country. Words of warning—words of admonition—words of hope—words of love.

Let them still go on their mission. Like seeds thrown from the hand of the husbandman, some doubtless "will fall upon stony ground"—some will spring up, but wither when the noonday sun shines, because they have no depth of earth: while others, falling upon good ground, shall bring forth, some thirty, and some an hundred fold."—*Madison (Ga.) Visitor.*

Startling Feat.

A Paris correspondent of the New York Times gives the following account of the latest amusement devised for the wonder loving Parisians:

The feat of jumping from a balloon, the jumper, sustained by an India-rubber rope, was duly performed on Thursday. It was the most stupendous exhibition of daring and address that the Parisians have yet been permitted to witness. From one side of the car of the balloon hung the India rubber cord descending 150 feet, and then returning and being fastened to the other side of the car. It thus formed a strong loop. The *athelete* was dressed as Mercury, his body, from the neck to the small of the back, was enclosed in a frame work which enabled him to endure the suspension without wrenching or dislocation. The rope passed through an eylet in the middle of the back, placed so that he was held in a perfect equilibrium. When the balloon had reached an altitude double that of the supposed elasticity of the cord, the voltigeur appeared on the edge of the car looked over, shut his eyes, and drove off in the space. The eyelet slipped along the rope so that the first 150 feet were a positive fall through the air without any resistance or break. The rest of the way was an elongation of the rope. It stretched four times its length, making in all a descent of 600 feet, accomplished in two seconds. After having attained its lowest point the rope contracted once perhaps 200 feet, and then descended again. There was no farther rebound, and no oscillation, the voltigeur lay calmly cradled in mid air, and probably spent the leisure he was now permitted to enjoy in recovering his breath and contemplating the prospect. The aeronaut above now commenced at the windless, and gradually wound his dangling friend up again. In four minutes he climbed over the side of the car, having made the fastest time that any human being has ever achieved, except such as have been shot from cannon, as Baron Munchausen said he was, I think. 600 feet in two seconds at the rate of three miles and a half a minute. We are waiting now to know what will be done next.

Laws of Health.

"Between Life and Death there is frequently but the thinness of a shoe."

Trite as the above reflection may appear, it is a terrible truism, involving a whole catalogue of diseases, orphanage, sorrow, poverty, and a host of other calamities of which the careless world rarely dreams. In a more extended sense, the tenure of our existence may be said to depend upon the simplest of causes, a mere breath of wind, the rolling of a pebble, the direction of a passing cloud—in fact upon every variety of natural change, apparently of the most innocuous character. But these are accidents to which humanity is subjected for some wise purpose, and over which we have little or no control. But deaths from natural causes are far less rare than from causes brought on by our own folly, hardihood, recklessness, or self indulgence. The laws of high health demand temperate living, abstemiousness, both in eating and drinking, plain food, an avoidance of all stimulating drinks, early rising and early retiring, daily ablutions of the whole person, daily exercises in the open air for a couple of hours, on foot or horseback, a steady control of the passions, and intellectual studies which stop considerably short of mental exhaustion. Some of these laws we are constantly violating, either from our condition in life, or for reasons less excusable: but we are suicides to all intents and purposes when we neglect such plane rules as all can readily observe, and upon which a good condition of health mainly depends.—The decrees of fashion should never be allowed to set aside the laws of right reason, and sensible persons will always prefer a clumsier appearance of the feet, and coarser if more seasonable and appropriate garments, earlier hours, exercise, and plainer food, to the chances of colds, consumption, physical debility and a premature death.—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

RULES AMONG SHAKERS.—In the course of a debate in the Legislature of New York, on application for special grants of power, in holding the property made by the Shakers of Niskayuna, in this State, the following rules or orders said to be the principle requirement of the Spiritual direction, became public.

Contrary to order to enquire into any bargain that the deacons have made.

Contrary to order to go to church with sins unconfessed.

Contrary to order to go out among the world or among families, without permission of the elders.

Contrary to order to shake hands with a world's woman without confessing it.

Contrary to order to shake hands with the world unless they first tender the hand.

Contrary to order to play with dogs or cats.

Contrary to order for a brother and sister to ride together in a wagon without company.

Contrary to order for a brother and sister to pass each other on the stairs.

Contrary to order for a person to go out the door yard after evening meeting.

Contrary to order to have right and left shoes.

Contrary to order to pare the heels of shoes under.

Contrary to order to read newspapers in dwelling houses, at any time, unless indulgence is granted by the elders.

Contrary to order to fold the left thumb over the right, in prayer, or when standing up in worship.

Contrary to order to kneel with the left knee first.

Contrary to order to put the left boot or shoe on first.

Contrary to order to kneel with handkerchief in hand.

A wag observing a fellow steal a fish and put it under his jacket, which was too short to conceal the theft, halooed to the purloiner to wear, in future, a longer jacket, or steal a shorter fish.

A man always loves another man's wife better than his own, in order to obey the Scriptures, which says: "Love your neighbor as yourself."

"Why don't you limit yourself?" said a physician to an intemperate person; "set down a stake that you will go so far and no farther."

"So I did," said the toper; "but I set it so far off, that I always get drunk before I get to it."

☞ Gen. Cass, it is said, has been offered the Mission to France. His acceptance is very doubtful.

Girls who want Husbands.

Girls, you want to get married, don't you? Ah, what a natural thing it is for young ladies who have a hankering for the sterner sex! It is a weakness that woman has, and for this reason she is called the weaker sex. Well, if you want to get married, don't for conscience sake act like fools about it. Don't go into a fit of the nips every time you see a hat and a pair of whiskers. Don't get the idea into your heads that you must put yourself in the way of every young man in the neighborhood, in order to attract notice, for if you don't run after the men they will after you. Mark that.

A husband-hunter is the most detestable of all young ladies. She is full of starch and puckers, she puts on many false airs, and she is so nice that she appears ridiculous in the eyes of every decent person. She may generally be found at meeting, coming in, of course, about the last one, always at social parties, and invariably takes a front seat at concerts. She tries to be the belle of the place, and thinks she is.—Poor girl! You are fitting yourself for an old maid, just as sure as the Sabbath comes on Sunday. Men will flirt with you, and flatter you, simply because they love to do it, but they have no more idea of making you a wife than they have of committing suicide. If I was a young man I would have no more to do with such fancy than I would with a rattlesnake.

Now, girls, let Nelly give you a piece of her advice, and she knows from experience that if you practice it you will gain the reputation of being worthy girls, and stand a fair chance of getting respectable husbands. It is all well enough that you learn to finger the piano, work embroidery, study grammar, etc., but don't neglect letting grandma, or your dear mother teach you how to make bread and get a meal of victuals good enough for a king. No part of a housekeeper's duties should be neglected, if you do not marry a wealthy husband you will need to know how to do such work, and if you do, it will be no disadvantage for you to know how to oversee a servant girl, and instruct her to do these things as you would have them done. In the next place, don't pretend to be what you are not. Affectation is the most despicable of accomplishments, and will only cause sensible people to laugh at you. No one but a fool will be caught by affectation—it has a transparent skin, easily to be seen through. Dress plain, but neatly. Remember that nothing gives a girl so modest, becoming, and lovely an appearance, as a neat and plain dress. All the flummery and tinsel work of the dressmaker and milliner, are unnecessary.

If you are really handsome, they do not add to your beauty one particle, if you are homely, they only make you look worse. Gentlemen don't court your faces and jewelry, but your own dear selves.

Finger-rings and folderols may do to look at, but they add nothing to the value of a wife—all young men know that. If you know how to talk, do it naturally, and do not be so distressingly polite as to spoil all you say. If your hair is straight, don't put on the curling-tongs to make people believe you have negro blood in your veins. If your neck is very black, wear a lace collar, but don't be so foolish as to daub on paint, thinking that people are so blind as not to see it, and if your cheeks are rosy, don't apply pink saucers, for the deception will be detected and become the gossip of the neighborhood.

Finally, girls, listen to the counsel of your mothers, and ask their advice in everything. Think less of fashion than you do of kitchen duties—less of romances than you do of the realities of life—and instead of trying to catch beaux, strive to make yourself worth being caught by them. NELLY.

Doing Favors.

This is a world where individuals are endowed with different gifts, with varied powers and capacities, consequently it is in the power of the lowliest as well as of the loftiest to do a favor. But there are some who confer the slightest favor, be it in gift or loan, with such an air of 'I don't want to, but I suppose I must,' that the receiver, if sensitive, would heartily wish to say, 'please do not,' but an inmate sense of politeness keeps the lips barren to simple thanks. Others delight to do good, and are constantly in the performance of some kindly deed, but unfortunately they love to tell of their favors as well as to receive them, and they cannot give away a pic-ayune's worth without laying the whole neighborhood under obligation to admire their goodness and liberality, while the unhappy recipient of such favors is made everlastingly to remember them by such questions whenever they meet with the donors, especially before company, as 'how did you like that so and so I gave you? did it suit you? is it all gone? won't you like some more? it was the biggest half I had left,' etc., etc. So that of such a giver I bid you beware, lest your good breeding fail you, when too late to make restoration, and yourself largely in such an one's debt. Such chains are galling from the fact that they are too minute to be broken.

But there are a class of persons who give simply because their large good heart is overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and they give to gratify their own love of benevolence, and to do good, to obey the injunction 'freely have ye received, freely give.'

A favor from such an one is doubly blest, the spirit with which it is given hallows the gift, whether it be large or small. And such an one seldom refers to favors, the giver forgets, and his sensitive nature shrinks from heralding his own good deeds, or hearing them reported by others, it is sufficient, he has done what he chose, and is thankful for the privilege, and has no retrograde thoughts of what he has done, but heart and soul are full of what he can do, of what he purposeth still to do.

OFFICE HOLDER'S GRAMMAR.—The following anecdote of the clerk examinations at Washington we find in the Baltimore *Patriot*:

The eccentric and rather venerable Col. D. was called up. Mr. Examiner—Well, sir, will you be kind enough to tell us where you were born, and from what State you were appointed to office?

Col. D.—I was born in Old Virginny, sir, and I was appointed from Old Virginny, sir.

Mr. Examiner.—What is your age, sir.

Col. D.—My age, my age, why, sir, my head is silvered with age sir—67 last August, God willing.

Mr. Examiner—What was your occupation before you came here, sir?

Col. D.—I was a planter and a gentleman, sir, before I came here.

Mr. Examiner—I presume you are familiar with the elementary rules of geography, arithmetic, and grammar, especially the latter?

Col. D.—Evidently! evidently! sir.

Mr. Examiner,—facetiously—Can you decline your office?

Col. D.—My office, like yours, sir, is a very common noun, of doubtful gender, in the possessive case, agreeing with us understood, and both governed by salary.

Mr. Examiner—Rule sir.

Col. D.—One noun governs another in the possessive.

Listening Examiner—We are satisfied, Colonel, with your knowledge of general principles, and you will no doubt be permitted to continue to discharge the duties of your desk.

THE REASON WHY YOUNG WOMEN ARE CALLED SPINSTERS.—Amongst our industrious and frugal forefathers, it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun for herself a complete set of domestic linen. From this custom it was that they were called spinsters, an appellation, which they still retain in all legal proceedings, although now-a-days it would be very difficult to find a woman entitled to the name.—*English Paper.*

The other day, a small boy came tearing by our office with his rags fluttering in the wind, his face smeared with molasses, and a shingle flourishing in his hand, while he was shouting to another boy, about the size of a pepper box, who stood nearly a quarter of a mile down the street: "Oh! Bill! Bill!—git as many boys as ever you can, and come up the street as soon as ever you can, for there's a great big, large, hogsit of lasses busted on the pavement—busted all to smash!"

BEAUTY ASLEEP.

BY T. C. MOORE.

Dark lay her eyelid's jetty fringe
Upon that cheek whose roseate tinge
Mixed with its shade, like evening's light,
Just touching on the verse of night;
Her eyes, though thus in slumber hid,
Seemed glowing through the ivory lid,
And as I thought, a lustre threw
Upon her lips, reflecting dew—
Such as a night lamp, left to shine,
Alone on some secluded shrine,
May shed upon the votive wreath
Which pious hands have hung beneath.

EXCELLENT.

The Canal street Switchman, a contributor to the New York Times, writes the following good story:

"As for advice, I doubt whether anybody—newspaper editors excepted—get so much of it, and care so little for it, as do publishers. Many of them can tell good stories of their experience this way:

"A number of years ago a brace of very virtuous and somewhat elderly ladies, formed themselves into a committee to remonstrate with an old prominent publisher respecting the character of the books which he issued. Bulwer's novels if I remember rightly, were the special objects of their indignation. The worthy bibliopole was at first taken aback by the vivacity of their assault; put in as a plea in mitigation, that the greater portion of his publications, were unexceptionable to even the severest criticism on the score of moral character.

The ladies looked dubiously over their spectacles.

"Have you read this—or this—or this? he asked, pointing out the titles of works in Theology, and History, Biography, and Poetry, and every department of Literature which graced his extensive catalogue.

Not one of them had the committee perused.

"Then, perhaps," hinted the publisher, "you are not certain of the character of the works you object to, perhaps you have not read them?"

"Yes we have," answered the spokesman; "we know their character perfectly well; we have read every word of them. Why will you publish such objectionable works?"

"Madam," replied the sly bibliopole, with a bow and a smile worthy of Chesterfield—"we publish them for ladies like yourself, who will never read anything else."

A rejoinder equal to that of Dr. Johnson to the lady who said to him, Oh Doctor, I am so glad that you have left all the naughty words out of your dictionary." "Madam, replied the gruff Lexicographer, "you have been looking, I see, for them."

Why is it so?

If females were disciplined, trained, on the gospel plan, adorned in modest apparel, guided in life's golden path, seldom if ever would our ears be pained with heart rending recitals of fallen virtue! Here lies the fault, the guilt, the murder! Mothers suffer little ones to sport on destruction's brink, to carry coals of fire in their bosoms! In early infancy, *pride* is fostered: They are tipped off in fine clothing, flirt about in gay and fashionable costume, trinkets and gew-gaws, mingle with the giddy—attend parties of pleasure, the dance, the nightly concert and revel;—and are gallanted by unprincipled, licentious young men. These are stepping stones to disgrace and ruin! 'Can a man take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burned?'

BEWARE, 'lest thou mourn at last, when thy flesh and thy soul is consumed—and say: 'how have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof.''

BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.—It was in the evening of a beautiful summer day, that I strayed into the silent graveyard of our little village, where I witnessed an affecting circumstance, which time or change can never efface from my memory.

As I wandered among the moss-grown graves and broken stones, I was suddenly arrested by observing a little girl before me, whose actions unperceived by her, I was watching. She was kneeling beside a little mound of earth covered with grass and flowers.

Shortly after I had arrived there, she ceased the occupation in which she was engaged, and kneeling beside the tomb with upraised eyes to heaven, her fervent lips poured forth in ardent prayers, her feelings and affections to her heavenly father.

Raising herself from her position, I saw her hang a garland of flowers upon the marble tomb stone, wrought into the words—"My Father's Grave."

These simple words, so eloquent of feeling, so full of thought, could not but add a fresh sanctity to the spot.

A GOOD SCRIPTURAL NAME.—The Richmond *Times*, of Saturday, relates the following:—

A gentleman traveling in a section of country which shall be nameless, stopped at the house of a pious old woman, and, observing her fondness for a pot dog, ventured to ask the name of the animal.—The good woman answered by saying that she called him 'Morcover.'

'Is not that a strange name?' inquired the gentleman.

'Yes,' said the pious old lady, 'but I thought it must be a good one, as I found it in the Bible.'

'Found it in the Bible!' quoth the gentleman.—'Pray, in what part of the Bible did you find it?'

The old lady took down her Bible with the utmost reverence, and turning to the text, read as follows:—'Morcover the dog came and licked his sores.'

'There,' said she triumphantly, 'have I not the highest authority for the name?'

They have arrested a young woman in Ohio, for abstracting money from the *mails*, and it has put *Mrs.* Partington all in a flurry. When she was young—and she ain't old nuther—she used to abstract money from her dear old daddy, and when she married Jeems, then she used to abstract money from him, and they never put her in prison for it. Heigh-ho! and she went off in a soliloquy, wondering what the women's rights folks would do next.

STROKE OF WIT.—A stroke of wit, accompanied by a delicacy of insult, was played off by a lady, who was engaged shortly to be married. The intended bridegroom, perceiving her talking for a considerable time, and with much apparent pleasure, to another gentleman, said to her, 'I will be revenged of your infidelity, and show the letters which you have written to me.' 'I have nothing to blush for, except the *direction*.'

IN A FIX.—'Mother, I shouldn't be surprised if our Katy got choked some day.' 'Why? my son.' 'Because her beau twisted his arms around her neck, the other night and if she had not kissed him to let her go, he would have strangled her.'

JUST TOO LATE.—At the close of a temperance meeting in Paris, Canada West, a person solicited a young woman to append her name to the pledge, saying:

'Will you not give me your name, Miss?'

'No, sir,' was the quick reply, 'I have promised it to another gentleman.'

☞ Out of the thirty one Governors of the States, the Whigs have, at this time, four—Clifford, of Massachusetts; Fairbanks, of Vermont; Brown of Florida, and Farewell, of Wisconsin. Vermont is the only State whose Legislature nullified the Fugitive Slave Law.

Wealth is the sum which gives content, be it one dollar or thousands.

Odds and Ends.

Aim high.

Strive to excel.

Have Hope, Faith, Love.

Open—Dickinson College.

Parsimony is not economy.

Jack frost will soon be here.

To innovate is not to reform.

Difficulty is a severe instructor.

Be not over anxious for money.

Religion says,—love all, hate none.

He that trusteth in his riches shall fall.

An honest man is the noblest work of God.

Good order is the foundation of all good things.

Look to your fuel. Winter's a-coming before long.

Never tell folks you can go ahead of 'em but do it.

What is liberty without wisdom and without virtue?

Justice is itself the great stabding policy of civil society.

The true cure for one-half of human maladies, is employment.

"Ashland" was sold on Tuesday last.

It is of no consequence of what parents a man is born, so that he be a man of merit.

No one is born without vices, and he is the best man who is encumbered with the least.

The harvests in Italy and the south of France have been seriously deficient this season.

The Dutch government has opened the Molucca Islands to the commerce of all the world.

The Empress of Russia is a distinguished needlewoman, as is also the Ex-Queen of France.

Mr. William Hall, 103 years of age, a soldier of the Revolution, was in Pittsburg last week.

Yale College has existed one hundred and fifty three years, and educated six thousand students.

Manchester, Eng., with a population of 400,000, has only three newspapers, neither of them daily.

Two weeks ago there was one million two hundred thousand dollars in the Sub-Treasury at St. Louis.

It is rumored that a celebrated Phrenologist has been invited to examine the "head of navigation."

The Chinese insurgents punish smokers of opium by beheading, and those who use tobacco by the bamboo.

Francis Pigg, of Indiana, has run away from Mrs. Pigg and four little Piggs. The Post says he is a Hogg.

The quantity of ale and spirituous liquors produced in the United States, in 1850, exceeded 36,000,000 gallons.

Rage and phrenzy will pull down more in half an hour, than prudence, deliberation, and foresight, can build up in a hundred years.

Narrow circumstances are the most powerful stimulents to mental expansion, and the early frowns of fortune the best security for her final smiles.

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 with knock-kneed tom cats.

Boston, they say, is the richest city in the world, in proportion to its population. If its taxable property were equally divided, every Bostonian would have fourteen hundred and forty dollars.

That was a good remark of Senaca's when he said—"Great is he who enjoys his earthenware as if it were plate; and not less great is the man to whom all his plate is no more than earthenware."

There is a Journeyman Tailor in Boston whose nose is so red, that he can sew the finest work in the darkest night with no other light than that afforded by his flaming proboscis. His head is quite bald from the effect of carrying "building material" in his hat.

Dr. Cox, speaking of persons who profess to do a great deal for religion, without really possessing any, says they resemble Noah's carpenters, who built a ship in which other people were saved, although they were drowned themselves.

HAUNTED HOUSES.—Houses that keep a half dozen good looking servant girls. The spirits manifest their presence after midnight, by certain muffled raps on the kitchen door. To exercise them, chain a dog near the area gate.

A Californian writes that they have fire-flies so large in that interesting State, that they use them to cook by. They set the kettles on their hinder legs, which are bent for the purpose like pot hooks. Great country that.

A Courteous Gentleman.—"I do not wish to say any thing against the individual in question," said a quiet man, "but I would merely remark, in the language of the poet, that, to him, 'truth is strange, stranger than fiction.'"

Quite a comfortable period of a man's life, is when he has a pretty little wife, one beautiful child, more ready cash than he well knows what to do with, a good conscience, and not even in debt to a printer.

An Irish Footman, who got a situation in the West End of London, on entering a room where there was a vase of gold-fish, exclaimed, "Well, this is the first time that I ever saw red herrings alive!"

Cowles, in his excellent history of Plants, notices the virtue of Hemp, thus incontinently:—"By this cordage ships are guided, bells are rung, beds are corded, and rogues are kept in awe."

A Barber Pole pantaloned youth, recently went on a visit to his grandmother in the country, and astonished her very much by wearing such "patched trowsers away from home."

Hats worn on the heads of a discourse—the bucket that hung in "All's well," and fragments of the man that burst into tears, are said to be the last curiosities found.

There are those who prefer the language of the mind to that of the soul. They are very like those who are indifferent to the sight of a starry night, and who run to an exhibition of fireworks.

Dubbs says that everybody might be somebody if they would only take pains. In his opinion, greatness is as easily caught as the measles.

Young folks tell what they do; old ones, what they have done; fools what they will do.

Reasonable men are the best dictionaries of conversations.

A sentimental chap in Rhode Island intends to petition to Congress at its next session, for an appropriation to improve the channel of affection, so that the "course of true love may run smooth."