American Volunteer.

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

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Poetical.

SHE BLOOMS NO MORE.

I dread to see the summer sun
Come glowing up the sky,
And early pansies, one by one,
Opening the violet eye.

Again the fair azalia bows
Beneath her snowy crest,
In yonder hedge the hawthorn blows,
The robin builds her nest.

The tulips lift their proud tiars,
The lilac waves her plumes,
And, peeping through my lattice-bars,
The rose-acacia blooms.

But she can bloom on earth no more,
Whose early doom I mourn,
Nor Spring nor Summer can restore
Our flower, untimely shorn.

She was our morning glory,
Our primrose, pure and pale,
Our little mountain daisy,
Our lily of the vale.

Now dim as folded violets,
Her eyes of dewy light,
And her rosy lips have mournfully
Breathed out their last good night.

'Tis there ore that I dread to see
The glowing summer sun,
And the balmy blossoms on the tree,
Unfolding one by one.

From the Boston Transcript.

SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEIBEL.

I am the Meadow Rose, I ween,
In fragrant beauty gleaming,
And thou, dear love, the dew serene
Within its bosom beaming.

I am the jewel, dark, obscure,
Just dug from deepest mine,
And thou the sunlight glowing pure,
That makes its lustre shine.

I am the goblet crystalline,
From which the Emperor drinks,
And thou the rich and purple wine,
That through it glows and blinks.

I am the dark cloud driving free,
And veiling distant skies,
And thou, the rainbow spanning me
With rare and brilliant dyes.

I am the Memnon, voiceless, lone,
In desert darkness lying,
And thou, within my breast, the tone
To rosy morn replying.

I am a man, who wanders wide
Through error's gloomy night,
And thou God's angel, sent to guide
My weary steps aright.

Miscellaneous.

From the Olive Branch,

THE BETRAYED.

"Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall."

'Will you go to the funeral?'

'Oh, yes! I'll go because it isn't to be at Edward's house: but how in the world they came to take in that miserable creature to die there, I can't tell.'

'Ah! Laura, you have borne her malice enough while she lived—let the poor clay alone, think of her with *pity*, we are not all strong alike. Let the dead rest.'

'I hate the woman who falls from virtue. I hate her. What! has she no pride? that alone should restrain her; her dignity, her pride of character.—As you say, I *have* borne Clara malice, and even now I hate the very mention of her name. Edward's mother did a Christian act, I suppose, in taking her into their family, but I could never have done it.—She should have died as she lived, miserable.'

'You will be punished for your haughty pride, Laura; remember, you, rich and befriended, know not her temptations.'

'Temptations!' echoed Laura, with a sneer, and a curl of her beautiful lip, 'no woman has any business to fall into temptation.'

Laura Bentley was the haughtiest girl in the village of Summerton. She was the only daughter of a rich old resident, Judge Bentley, whose pride, tho' of a different character, was as unyielding as her own. For nearly a year she had been the affianced bride of Edward Seltzer, a fine fellow, of noble appearance, and as far as could be ascertained, of irreproachable character. Laura was passionately fond of her lover, and believed with her whole heart that in him was the perfection of every manly virtue. His parents had come to the village only two years before, and were reputed, as indeed was true, immensely wealthy. Edward was practising law in a neighboring city, and rumor said that one so eloquent must yet win for himself an envied name.

The corpse laid in the centre of the large old fashioned room.

Clara's face had been in life delicate lovely—in death it wore a look of angelic innocence. The small white hands, almost transparent, were folded over the bosom, and held an emblem of her own frailty, a lily *broken at the stem*.

But pure, through suffering, she must have died, for a sweet story was told of her child-like submission, her longing to be gone, her trust in the Saviour of sinners, and the holy smile, death born, spoke of her "peace passing understanding."

Edward's affianced, the beautiful Laura, entered with a friend, and passed the cold sleeper, without deigning to give her one glance. Her eyes sought for Edward, and a thrill of pride, anguish, and a more indignite, unexplainable feeling, ran through her as she noticed that he wore the insignia of mourning that he was even more pallid than the fair corpse; and an expression of anguish seemed stamped upon his features.

'You will be punished for your haughty pride, Laura,'—they had been almost the last words that had fallen from her ear, as she came hither; and now they recurred often and painfully. Why should he, the glory of her heart, appear thus bowed down? Why was it the aged parents seldom raised their glances from the coffin? and why, above all, did every person read with a start of surprise, the inscription upon the coffin plate, and then look at his neighbor with incredulous glances?

All was hushed in that room of death. Curtains moved tremulously, guided by the caprice of the flower scented wind, and sometimes a spray of eglantine looped them aside giving a smiling picture of field, valley, and glittering church spire beyond. In at the open door came the village pastor, a man youthful in appearance, but with a countenance upon which were stamped uncompromising firmness, and unshaken rectitude of life and purpose. He came forward and stood for a moment before the corpse. A smile kindled his eloquent features on beholding the lovely, placid countenance. Then another emotion disturbed the calm of his expression. He turned to the large concourse assembled, essayed to speak, cast a sorrowful glance towards the aged parents and their son, whose attitude was one of contrition. Sorrowful, exceedingly, was that glance yet, though his lips moved, for a moment he spoke not.

Laura felt dizzy and faint. A vision passed before her. She was in a neat and humble cottage—a rich garment in her hand for the completion of which, she grudgingly paid a scanty remuneration. A beautiful, child like being sat by the blossom covered window, her eyes humid with tears. She was telling a sad story of a sick and destitute mother, of hard services scantily paid, of better days of hopeless poverty, and the ill usage of a grasping landlord. And Laura promised aid which she never bestowed.

Another scene.

In her rich home, that same sweet being, motherless, houseless, heart broken and neglected, knelt at her feet, and with the energy of despair, cried wildly, '*you* may save me; you *alone* may rescue me from infamy. It is in your power; let me tell my sad story—only hear me; hear me but for one little moment.'

And Laura had called a servant, and with calm, scornful gesture, bid him to put '*that creature*' from the house; but springing to her feet the girl gave her one thrilling glance, filled to the brim with agony, and rushed from her presence.

'Let us pray.'

The rich voice called Laura from her stupor; she shuddered as she raised her head, for the man of God had folded his hands upon the coffin lid of one whose polluted memory she could not brook to recall.

And after the sweetly solemn prayer, while all were standing, he suddenly turned, beckoned, and—it was like a dream—for pale and almost tottering, Edward, her betrothed, came forward, and all unmanned, shivering with humiliation, laid his face upon the coffin, near the gentle face of the corps, covering it with his hands. Laura sprang to her feet, but all were too intent in the scene to notice her.

'I have a very painful duty to perform, my friends,' said the pastor, who stood with one arm thrown over the young man—'painful and yet pleasant, as it meets justice to one who went sorrowing in the barren garden of this world, and found no pity.—The poor creature who lies before you, the seed of whose frailty is sown in all our hearts—was once pure and innocent. She fell, but she was not the only transgressor. Here, sorrowing before God for his crime, stands her betrayer. He feels the enormity of a fault that blasted forever one human heart, and comes before you now, the lawful mourner of this poor corpse; for true to his awakening sense of justice, he was united to her in the bands of matrimony one hour before her death. Let charity therefore abound; blame not with harsh words. The sin is forgiven by our Father which is in Heaven; forgive *you*, also, and in God's name I beseech you bear no enmity to the dead, or malice towards the living.'

A frightful silence succeeded; frightful to Laura, who sat rigid, powerless to speak or move—with a dull blooming sound falling upon her ear, as the voice of many waters, sounding thus—'you will be punished for you haughty pride.'

The services went on, and Laura, pale and trembling, shrank, if but the hem of a garment touched her own. I dare not describe the passion that swelled her poor heart. Cruelly deceived she had been, and he who dared not so much as to turn his eyes that way, was conscious of her suffering; for in his own breast the flaming hell of conscience burnt as with a consuming fire. All had gone but Laura. A hand was laid upon her shoulder. She started with a faint cry—a pair of dark grey eyes, a pleasant face, bordered with a snowy frill, looked sadly into hers. It was that of the mother of her betrothed. No word had she of consolation for one so deeply injured, but the poor girl, her pride all melted, burst into tears, and sobbing, laid her head upon that kindly bosom.

Five weary weeks passed by; wasting upon a couch of illness, laid both Edward and Laura.—Each had been near enough to look within, and surveying the mingled ashes of the lowly and the high-born, forgot all save that this was their common lot, and that their destiny beyond, depended irrevocably upon the tenor of their fleeting lives, and the lenity with which they looked upon the frailties of their fellow creatures, still while condemning, ready to pity and forgive.

So Laura forgot and forgave. When Edward with self-abasement, laid open all his heart, and told his repentant story; she, her pride all subdued, wept and pardoned the past. They were married and to this day, Laura, rich, courted and beautiful as she is, goes sometimes in the spirit of penitence to think of the gentle girl, who first led by gratitude fell from the estate of purity—but who in God's mercy was destined to work a reformation in the lives of those who had slighted and insulted her, as permanent as it was powerful. And Edward—standing not isolated, but set apart from those who live but to gratify their baser passions, will never forget the lesson taught him by the death of sweet Clara, and the stern rebuke, the manly firmness, the Christian integrity of the village pastor.

M. A. D.

A Touching Scene.

A beautiful infant had been taught to say, and it could say but little else, "God will take care of baby." It was seized with a sickness at a time when both parents were just recovering from a dangerous illness. Every day it grew worse, and at last was given up to die. Almost agonised, the mother begged to be carried into the room of her darling, to give it one last embrace. Both parents succeeded in reaching the apartment just as it was thought the baby had breathed its last. The mother wept aloud; when once more the little creature opened its eyes, looked lovingly up in her face, and in a faint voice said; "God will take care of bady."—Sweet, consoling words! they had hardly ceased when the infant spirit was in Heaven.—*Pee Dee Times.*

ARTLESS SIMPLICITY.—The Petersburg (Va.) Democrat relates a very interesting anecdote of a little boy of that city, who, having recently lost his father, found himself debarred thereby from attending school as formerly, and, in the fullness of faith, determined to seek the wherewithal at that footstool to which he had doubtless been taught to look for other and higher blessings. The Democrat says, in the simplicity of his heart he sat down and gravely wrote a letter to his Redeemer, thinking, perhaps, that so formal a mode of preferring his requests would meet with greater attention. What was the surprise of the postmaster, William N. Friend, Esq., on discovering among the contents of his mail, a missive directed to "Jesus Christ!" Opening it, he read the story of the boy's wants, and with a noble kindness he deposited in an envelop the amount required, and directed it to the young supplicant.—We never heard a story that in so short a compass contains a more instructive and interesting lesson. It combines a singularly felicitous union of fine illustrations of the great pillars of religion—faith, hope and charity—and we would not wish to know the man who could here this 'plain and unvarnished tale' without feeling himself and his kind ennobled by the recital.

☞ We need to know Solomon's counsel rather than his example, and look upon the prevalence of knowledge, industry, frugality and justice as of more value than enormous fortunes, in the low, or passion for show and luxury in the many. We should bless our fathers for their noble course in guarding against dangerous opulence by equalising the inheritance of children, and throwing open to all the institutions of education, which provide for general prosperity better than any agrarian law.

☞ A Yankee once a walking in Virginia, at Wheeling, while to himself a talking experienced a feeling—strange—painful and alarmin' I from his cap up to his knees, as he suddenly discovered he was covered o'er with 'beas!' They rested on his eyelids, and perched upon his nose; they colonized his peaked face, and swarmed upon his clothes.—They explored his swelling nostrils, and clove deep into his ears, they crawled upon his trowsers, and filled his eyes with tears. Did he yell like a hyena? Did he holler like a lion? Was he scar't, and did he "cut and run?" or did the critter swoon? Ne'er a one. He wasn't scar't a mite, he never swoons—or hollers; but he hiv'd 'em in a mail-kow tight, and sold 'em for two dollars.

LADY FRANKLIN.

What a striking picture of the eternity of hope does the life of this lady present! In the bloom and beauty of summer, her heart is full of fond anticipations; and when dred winter comes, she hears not its hundred wailing voices, but consoles herself with the delusive thought that "all nature hopes for spring, and why not" she? But the gentle springs she longs for we fear will never come. She may often see the opening of nature's spring—the budding of her flowers, the gay foliage of her trees—may hear the summer birds caroling in the grove, and feel the soft breath of the zephyrs whispering through the leaves. But the spring that is to give light and gladness to her desolate bosom will not down soon. The beauty, the perfume and the melody of summer bring no joy to her; she heeds them not, for her thoughts are with the absent. For many weary months she has been listening for tidings or looking for the return of her long-lost husband.

What a beautiful illustration is this of woman's fidelity, and the strength and earnestness of her love! How much nobler and more hallowed is her name than those of brazen-faced females who have donned the male attire, or elbowed themselves through a crowd of blackguards and climbed upon a stage to be hissed by rowdies! Lady Franklin has won the admiration of the world by her fervent devotion and ceaseless endeavors to trace her unfortunate husband. She has manifested an ardour and an energy in this cause that is worthy of study and emulation. And her heart bleeds at the absence of one she so tenderly loves, she does not give way to the gloom of despondency. But she keeps her eye ever fixed trustingly on the bright star of hope, and thinks not of despair. Here is a sad but lovely history. Expedition after expedition has been sent after her husband, and though driven back by the bitter, biting frosts—though no traces of him has been found, she still hopes on—living upon the poor consolation of hope alone.

We notice that the last expedition sent out by Lady Franklin, has been abandoned at Valparaiso. The schooner Isabel was sent by her Ladyship, by way of the Straits of Magellan. After sailing for many months the project has been abandoned, on account of a disagreement between some of the officers. Here is another severe blow unexpectedly inflicted; but the noble heart that has already borne so much can receive this blow without a murmur. If prayers could bring back the beloved of this faithful woman, how many earnest ones would ascend from pure and pious hearts!—*Pitts. Union.*

LEWIS, the fun-loving editor of the N. M. Union, Mississippi, is a candidate for the Legislature. In the last number of his paper, he publishes a circular to his fellow citizens of eight columns! Whereupon he says:

It may be asked why I write so long a circular. An anecdote will illustrate my answer. Once on a time an old lady sent her grandson out to set a turkey. On his return the following dialogue took place—

"Sammy, have you set her?"

"Yes grandma."

"Fixed the nest all up nicely?"

"Mighty fine."

"How many eggs did you put under her?"

"One hundred and twenty, grandma."

"Why, Sammy, what did you put so many under her for?"

"Grandma, *I wanted to see her spread herself!*"

My opponents will pitch into this circular—hope they will have a good time in making a large percentage off of it. A short one would be as much as they could get over, but *I want to see them spread themselves!*

Goethe said he married to obtain respectibility. Wilkes declared he wedded to please his friends.

Wycherly, in his old age, took his servant girl to spite his relations.

The Russians have a story of a widow who was so inconsolable for the loss of her husband, that she took another to keep herself from fretting to earth.

A fast young gent married a woman old enough to be his grandmother, because he owed her $50 for board.

DR. BROWN.—The Rev. John Brown, a worthy Presbyterian divine, of the old school, author of a Dictionary of the Bible and other theological works, after having sparked for seven years, asked his love if she would permit him to kiss her. Unlike most young ladies, she did not object. Before partaking of the luxury, he said:

"Let us ask a blessing!"

And it was so. He then kissed her. And behold it was good!

"Oh!" exclaimed the enraptured saint, "how savory, will you give me another? But let us return thanks."

He did so.

Thus I believe for the first time in this world was offered up grace before and after kissing.

A BIBLICAL CRITIC.—The best specimen of original criticism we ever heard was in a stage coach ride to Berry Edge. Three of us were talking about Adam and his fall. The point of discussion was the apparent impossibility that a perfect man like Adam could commit sin.

"But he wasn't perfect," said one of the three.

"Wasn't perfect!" we ejaculated in amazement.

"No, sir, he wasn't perfect," repeated our commentator.

"What do you mean?" we asked.

"Well, answered the authority, "he was made perfect, I admit, but he didn't stay perfect."

"How!"

"Why, was not one of his ribs removed? If he was perfect with all his ribs, he was not perfect after losing one, was he? say."

Our say was silence. We were convinced, then, that woman was the cause of man's original imperfection.

DON'T GIVE UP.—The editor of the Albany Evening Journal tells the following story, and draws a moral from it which young men should remember. A little fellow who put on a pair of skates for the first time, paid the usual penalty.—Having hurt himself somewhat by the fall he received, his brother advised him "to give it up."—"No, I shan't give it up," was the reply: "I can learn to skate, and I will learn." And at it he went, with an energy and determination which bade defiance to apparent impossibilities. In twenty years from this time, that little fellow, if he lives, will have made his mark somewhere.—A boy who will not give up a difficult job, but will do it because he feels conscious that he can do it, has the ring of the true metal of manhood in his composition.

STEELE paid the finest compliment to a woman that perhaps was ever offered. Of one whom Congreve had also admired and celebrated, he says that "to have loved her was a liberal education." "How often," he said in dedicating a volume to his wife, "has your tenderness removed pain from my sick head; how often anguish from the afflicted heart! If there are such beings as guardian angels, they are thus employed. I cannot believe one of them to be more good in inclination, or more charming in form, than my wife."

Fortune favors the bold and abandons the timid.

HOW HUSBANDS MAY RULE.

'Dear Mary,' said Harry ——— to his little wife 'I have a favor to ask of you. You have a friend whom I dislike very much, and who, I am quite sure, will make trouble between us. Will you give up Mrs. May for my sake, Mary?'

A slight shade of vexation crossed Mary's pretty face, as she said, 'you are unreasonable, Harry. She is ladylike, refined, intellectual, and fascinating, is she not?'

'Yes, all of that, and for that very reason, her influence over one so unyielding and impulsive as yourself is more to be dreaded, if unfavorable. I'm quite in earnest, Mary. I could wish never to see you together again.'

'Pshaw! dear Harry, that's going too far. Don't be disagreeable, let us talk of something else. As old Uncle Jeff says, 'how's trade?' and she looked archly in his face. Harry did'nt smile.

'Well,' said the little wife, turning away, and patting her foot nervously, 'I don't see how I am to break with her for a whim of yours, besides, I've promised to go there this very night.'

Harry made no reply, and in a few moments was on his way to his office.

Mary stood behind the curtain and looked after him as he went down the street. There was an uncomfortable, stifling sensation in her throat, and something very like a tear glittering in her eye.—Harry was, vexed, she was sure of that. He had gone off, for the first time since their marriage, without the affectionate good bye that was usual with him, even when they parted but for an hour or two. And so she wandered, restless and unhappy into her little sleeping room.

It is quite a little gem. There were statutes, and pictures, and vases, all gifts from him either before or since their marriage, each one had a history of its own—some tender association connected with Harry. There was a bouquet, still fresh and fragrant, that he had purchased on his way home, the day before, to gratify her passion for flowers. There was a choice edition of poems they were reading together the night before, with Mary's name written on the leaf, in Harry's bold handsome hand. Turn where she would, some proof of his devotion met her eye.—But Mrs. May! She was so smart and satirical!—She would make so much sport of her for being 'ruled' so by Harry! Had'nt she told her all men were tyrants? and this was Harry's first attempt to govern her. No, no, it would'nt do for her to yield.

So the pretty evening dress was taken out, the trimmings re-adjusted and re-modelled, and all the little et coteras of the toilet decided. Yes, she would go, she had quite made up her mind to that. Then she opened her jewel case, a little note fell at her feet. She knew the contents very well. It was from Harry, slipped slily into her hands on her birthday, with that pretty bracelet. It could'nt do any harm to read it again. It was very lover-like for a year old husband, but she liked it. Dear Harry! and she folded it back, and sat down more unhappy than ever, with her hands crossed in her lap, and her mind in a most pitiable state of irresolution.

Perhaps, after all, Harry was right about Mrs. May, and if he was'nt, one heir of his head was worth more to her than all the women in the world. He had never said one unkind word to her—never. He had anticipated every wish. He had been so attentive and solicitous when she was ill. How could she grieve him?

Love conquered! The pretty robe was folded away, the jewels returned to their case, and with a light heart Mary sat down to await her husband's return.

The lamps were not lit in the drawing room when Harry came up the street. She had gone then—after all that he had said. He passed slowly through the hall, entered the dark and deserted room, and threw himself on the sofa with a heavy sigh. He was not angry, but he was grieved and disappointed. The first doubt that creeps over the mind of the affection of one we love is so very painful. 'Dear Harry!'—said a welcome voice at his side.

'God bless you, Mary,' said the happy husband, 'you've saved me from a keen sorrow.'

Dear reader—won't you tell?—there are some husbands worth all the sacrifices a loving heart can make.

FANNY FERN.

NOT SO POOR.—Charles Jarvis, the artist, tells the following anecdote of his father's travels in the Western part of Kentucky:

At the close of a day in midsummer, Mr. Jarvis and his companion rode up to one of the most dilapidated log huts they had ever seen. The window was stuffed full of rags, and the cracks between the logs were partially chinked up with the same articles.

'What an awful shanty this is!' exclaimed Jarvis, as he rode up. 'It is evident they are too poor to accommodate us here.'

'Not so poor as you must think, stranger,' said a head that showed itself among the rags, for I don't *own* this place.'

'Have you anything in there to eat?' said Jarvis, 'any bread and ham?'

'Not a smell, stranger—all gone, every snitch—not a crust left!'

'Have you any feed for our horses?'

'Not a corn, nor an oat, stranger—haven't no use for none!'

'Well, can you accommodate us for the night?'

'Wall, we can't stranger. There is no floor to the house, and the straw is all out.'

'Why, I never heard anything like it,' said Jarvis impatiently. 'Why how do you do here?'

'Putty well, I thank you,' said the Kentuckian, 'how's the folks down your way?'

That was enough for them—they rode on to better quarters.

DODGING THE RESPONSIBILITY.—'Sir,' said Fieryfacias, the lawyer, to an unwilling witness, 'do you say upon your oath, that Blimpkins is a dishonest man?'

'I didn't say that he was never accused of being an honest man, did I?' said Pipkins.

'Does the court understand you to say, Mr. P., that the plaintiff's reputation is bad?' inquired the judge, merely putting the question to keep his eyes open.

'I didn't say it was good, I reckon?'

'Sir,' said Fieryfacias, 'sir-r, upon your oath, you say Blimpkins is a rogue, villain, and a thief?'

'You say so,' was Pip's reply.

'Havn't you said so?'

'Why, you have said it,' said Pipkins, what's the use of my repeating it?'

'Sir-r,' said Fieryfacias, the Demosthenean thunder of Thumpton, 'sir, I charge you upon your sworn oath, do you, or do you not say, that Blimpkins stole things?'

'No, sir,' was the cautious reply of Pipkins, 'I never said Blimpkins stole things, but I do say—*he's got a great way of finding things that nobody lost?*'

'Sir-r!' said Fieryfacias, 'You can retire,' and the court adjourned.

A stripling some eight years of age, was engaged in the manufacture of a stool, which, on account of a disparity in the length of the legs, refused to stand, up, after fruitless efforts to do so, 'Mother,' inquired he, 'does the Lord see everything?' 'the Lord see everything?' 'Yes, my son.' 'Well,' replied the young hopeful, 'then I guess he'll laugh when he sees this stool!'

PRETTY GOOD.—The York Gazette makes the following remarks upon the result of the late election in New York. The illustration is a capital one:

"The two shells of an oyster, if they would preserve from depredation what they hold entreasured between them, must *keep together*. If the bivalve gape, the sea crab will introduce his "pickers and stealers." The "hard shells" and "soft shells" of New York have been opening themselves very obligingly, and have been considerably "scooped out!"

The Miller doctrine is spreading in Maine. There are thousands who believe the world will be burned up next spring.

Female Printers.

Some cynical member of the craft has been drawing up a set of rules for lady printers, and smuggling them into the country papers, as follows:

1. Must be at the office whenever required.
2. No reading of motto papers and love stories during the working hours.
3. No 'hand' shall be allowed to have her beau in the office to see her set type, at any time.
4. No matter how gifted a 'hand' may be at making pies at home, if she makes *pi* in the office, she shall be compelled to assort it.
5. No 'hand shall sit in the sanctum longer than to procure copy, unless requested by the editor.
6. No attempting to kiss the editor for the sake of 'clean copy.' He will not use his prerogative to kiss all 'hands,' as the occasion may require.
7. Ladies who bring their dinner shall not make a dining-saloon of the sanctum, or use proof paper for a table cloth.
8. Any lady 'hand' about to emigrate to the state of Matrimony, shall give at least one month's notice, that her place may be supplied by another.
9. No married woman will be allowed to work in the office, provided it be known.
10. No lady shall be allowed to laugh at the motion of another at the 'case.'
11. No smoking, chewing, or dram-drinking allowed in the office.
12. No gossiping, quarreling, pulling of hair, scratching of faces, or singing love songs during working hours, and no lady shall have free admission to the theatre, opera, or other places of amusement, unless accompanied by a gentleman.

To which some Sybarite adds:—'Our rules for lady printers would be very different from the above. We would not require them to participate in the ordinary drudgery of type-setting. Their sole duty should be the 'distribution of one, two, and three 'em braces.'

HOT JOKE.—Soon after the close of the American Revolution a deputation of Indian chiefs, having some business to transact with the Governor, were invited to dine with some of the officials in Philadelphia. During the repast the eyes of a young chief were attracted to a castor of mustard, having in it a spoon ready for use. Tempted by its bright color, he gently drew it towards him, and soon having a brimming spoonful in his mouth. Instantly detecting his mistake, he nevertheless had the fortitude to swallow it, although it forced tears from his eyes.

A chief opposite at the table, who had observed the consequences but not the cause, asked him what he was crying for.

He replied that he was 'thinking of his father, who was killed in battle.'

Soon after the questioner himself, prompted by curiosity, made the same experiment, with the same result, and in turn was asked by the young sachem, 'what he was crying for?'

'Because you were not killed when your father was,' was the prompt reply.

ANOTHER DEATH FROM SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS.—We learn from the Buffalo Courier that, some 9 months since, a young man and woman in Evans, N. Y., upon being informed by a medium that it was the will of the 'spirits' that they should become man and wife, although scarcely acquainted with each other, went before a justice and were married. The woman, whose health had already been impaired by the exciting influences of 'spiritual manifestations,' grew worse, and finally died. During her sickness she was attended by a 'spiritual' physician, under whose direction she would stretch herself upon the ground, face downward, remaining in that posture hours at a time, for the purpose of getting the electricity from the earth, and go through various other equally absurd performances. Subsequent to her death the body showed no symptoms of decay, and was kept for a week or more without burial owing to fears which her friends entertained that she was not dead. At length her physician and spiritual friends quieted all doubts by asserting that her spirit was too happy in the sphere where it had gone to return the cares and pains incident to the flesh, and she was buried.

The Rahway (N. J.) *Advocate* tries to be funny over the defeat of his Whig friends in that State. Hear what he says about the election:

We have no space this week, if we had the inclination, to go into any review of the late contest. If we had we suppose it would be put down to the account of blubbering over spilt milk, and we don't train in that company. If the cow chooses to kick over her own mess, let her "go to thunder." Public notice is also hereby given, that if any body in these parts wants to fight Whig battles in New Jersey, they can take our chance at a very small premium. We respectfully beg leave to back down, only reserving the privilege of kicking up an occasional row with a locofoco on our own hook.

N. B.—Until "something turns up," we desire to define our present position for the relief of anxious friends. We are a Hard-Shelled-Soft-Mealed-Democratic-Whig, of the Jeffersonian school of Federalism—we believe in the resolutions of '98, so far as they allow us to spit upon the Baltimore Platform—we regard Slaughter-House Conventions as an invention of the devil, to lead innocent people into bad scrapes—and finally we regard ourself as pretty thoroughly "hoed out," individually and collectively, and we nail our banner to what there is left of the mast-head, inscribed with the motto, *O Tempora*, which being rendered into the vulgar vernacular, means—"Who's Afeard."

☞ Some one—we don't know *who*—gives the following excellent advice. It is worth following:

"May be you are a bachelor, frosty and forty—Then poor fellow! Saturday night's nothing to you, just as you are nothing to nobody. Get a wife, black eyed or blue-eyed, but above all true-eyed.—Get a little house, no matter how little, and a sofa, just to hold two, or two and a half in it, of a Saturday night, and then read this paragraph by the light of your wife's eye, and thank God and take courage."

CORN AND WHEAT IN OHIO.—The Cincinnati *Railroad Journal*, in the course of a carefully prepared article on the agricultural products of Ohio, says:

Averaging all seasons and all lands, Ohio produces, uniformly, sixteen bushels of wheat, and thirty-five bushels of corn per acre. In a good season, on the two million of acres of wheat, we shall have over thirty millions of bushels; and on the corn lands, seventy millions. We have raised more than that in wheat. At the rate of the last three years, we have raised wheat enough (at the European allowance,) for four millions of people, which is double the States population. Our corn and cattle are in proportion. So that, somewhere in the world, we feed two millions of other people. One million of these people, fed by Ohio, are in New England, to which we sell a million of barrels with pork and lard to match. We can feed a million more, and those will be in Europe chiefly. Without at all infringing on a proper portion of woods, meadows, pasture and fallow. Ohio might cultivate twelve millions of acres in arable ground. At our present averages, this would give us eighty millions of bushels of wheat, and one hundred and sixty millions of corn—full enough for the support of twelve millions of people.

Soap or strong soap-suds will destroy green paint more readily than other colors. The ley has the same effect on oil paints that it has with grease. Many painted rooms, window blinds, &c., are soiled by carelessness or ignorance of wash-women in the application of soap or strong soap-water—when it does not destroy the paint it affects its lustre.

Odds and Ends.

Forgive the erring.

Day treads upon day.

We forgive as long as we love.

A bad man's dislike is an honor.

Self love is the greatest of flatterers.

Fortune and caprice, governs the world.

One acquired honor is surety for more.

Avarice, often produces contrary effects.

A boasters virtues, are on the surface.

Acorn coffee, is much used in Europe.

Friendship is like one soul in two bodies.

Labor, honest labor, is mighty and beautiful.

The M. D's. of Norfolk, Va., are on a strike.

Our own distrust justifies the deceit of others.

Fried Rattlesnakes, is now a favorite dish in Paris.

Charity begins at home, but should not end there.

Silver jewelry is fashionable in Paris this season.

Cats are quoted in Australia at fifteen dollars each.

The best "Hymeneal Instructor"—a young widow.

Hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue.

In conversation, confidence has a greater share than wit.

Rare as true love is, it is not less so, than true friendship.

Lady M. D's. are all the rage in some of the western cities.

Activity is the ruling element of life, and its highest relish.

Flattery is a sort of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.

Pleasure can be supported by allusion, but happiness rests upon truth.

The lady who "stood on her dignity" came very near losing her balance.

Pleasure, like an over fed lamp is extinguished by the excess of its own ailment.

The sum expended in search of Sir John Franklin, amounts to over five million of dollars.

Mrs. Partington says her minister preached about "the parody of the probable son."

The noblest man of earth, is he who puts his hands cheerfully and proudly to honest labor.

The London *Diogenes* publishes a report that "Barnum has purchased the Falls of Niagara, and purposes exhibiting them in Europe."

God never designed this world for our home, it is only the place where we are educated for eternity.

Eloquence without wisdom is like butter without salt—pleasant to the sight, but insipid to the taste.

There exists a Turkish proverb, which says, "kiss the hands of your enemy until you are able to cut it off."

If a pig wanted to make a sty for himself, how would he proceed? By tying a knot in his tail, and that would make a pig's tie.

"Let us remove temptation from the path of youth," as the frog said, as he plunged into the water when he saw a boy pick up a stone.

The Government has official advices of the kind and cordial reception of all our new foreign Ministers who have arrived at their destination.

Ground Charcoal is said to be the best thing in the world for cleaning knives. It will not wear the knives away like brick dust which is so often used.

A spirit rapper in Iowa, says that Dr. Franklin has opened a circus in the other world. Shouldn't be surprised if this rapper would become attached to it some day as clown.

Many a true heart, that would have come back like the dove to the ark after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace, the taunt, the savage charity of an unforgiving soul.

A story is going the rounds, of a party of young ladies who were caught in a shower, having the color washed from their cheeks. A lady at our elbow thinks the color of some gentlemen's noses will not wash out at present!

An old proverb says, "God hath given to some men wisdom and to others the art of playing on the fiddle."

A lady given to tattle, says she never tells anything except to two classes of people—those who ask her and those who don't.

The best cough drops for young ladies, is to drop the practice of dressing thin when they go into the night air.

Knowledge is not wisdom; it is only the raw material from which the beautiful fabric of wisdom is produced. Therefore, let us not spend our days in gathering materials, and live and die without a shelter.

Mystery magnifies danger, as a fog does the sun; the hand that warned Belshazzar, derived its horrifying influence from the want of a body.

There are two reasons why we don't trust a man; one because we don't know him, and the other because we do.

Ponches inside the ribs, are much pleasanter than those upon the outside.

The late Rev. Sidney Smith observed that a railway whistle seemed to him something like the scream an attorney would give when the devil caught hold of him.

The only legitimate strike, is the strike of the iron when it is hot.

A bully is generally a coward, for he who is chicken-hearted will naturally be fowl-mouthed.

At an auction in London, a few weeks ago, a lock of hair from the foolish head of Charles 1, sold for $26; while a lock of Newton's hair brought only $2, 75!

An editor somewhere in the west, has become so hollow from depending on the printing business alone for bread, that he proposes to sell himself to some gentlemen, to be used as a stove pipe.

The amusing performances, says a London paper, of some of the lucky diggers in Australia, who never held property before, are scarcely creditable. The best story we have heard, is that of a digger who came down with seven hundred pounds, and paid a man eight shillings a day as his companion to help him spend it.

Another new cotton factory is shortly to be started at Lancaster, Pa.