AMERICAN VOLUNTEER. PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING By John B. Bratton.

TERMS TERMS.

"Sinsonerios... One Dollar and Fifty Cents, paid in advance; Two Dollars if paid within the year; and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid within file year. Those forms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No subscription decontributional in the contribution of the

at the option of the Editor.

Anymnishmens—Accompanied by the Casu, and not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater

longth in proportion

Joh-Phinring—Such as, Hand Bills, Posting
Bills, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., excepted with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Ameticui Iounteet.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON

AT \$2,00 PER ANNUM.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1854.

Doetical.

MOW SOFTLY ON THE BRUISED HEART.

How softly on the brulsed heart
A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry and parched soul
The moistoning tear-drop calls;
O, if they knew who walk the earth,
'Mid sorrow, griof and pain,
The power a word of kindness bath,
'Twee paradise again.

The weakest and the poorest may

The simple pittance give,
And hid delight to withered hearts,
Kapim again and live;
Oh, what is life if love is lost If man's unkind to man—
Or, what the heaven that waits beyond
This brief and mortal span?

As stars upon the tranquil sea
In mimic glory shine;
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the source divine;
Oh, then be kind, who'er then art,
That breathest mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

From the Greensburg Democrat. "THE STREAM I LOVED." BY "SYLVIA."

'Twas on its banks, in other years, When gay the future seem'd, Before my eyes o'er dimm'd with tears, Beheld life's changing scenes.

That by its tide I gambol'd free From every sordid care; And little dreamed to sorrows see In the future, bright and fair.

But, oh! how sad has been the change A few fleet years have made Boside that stream, my boyhood's range, Where I so often strayed!

Upon its banks the fragile forms
That with me often played,
Are long since sheltered from the storms,
And by its waters laid.

And one with whom I leved to stray,
At evening's shadowy hour,
To hear the zephyr gently play
Through budding trees and bower.

Now in the grave has found a rest Upon the streamlet's shore. Her spirit's roaming with the blest; Earth's scenes with her are o'er.

The stream still ripples softly by, Beside her grassy tomb, That covers many hopes, while I Must wander on in gloom.

Miscellaneous,

LOST AND WON.

OR THE THIRD SEASON.

OR THE THERD SEASON.

"Yes; he shall propose this season, and then I shall have the gratification, the delight, the exquisite triumph of refusing him. It will only serve him right!"

Such was the language of Florence Neville's eyes, as she contemplated with no little satisfaction, the graceful reflection of her figure in the glass, before which she was attiring for the first ball of the season.

Of whom was she speaking 7 of whom thinking 1. Why did that short rosy lip curl with such boastiful scorn as the last look was given at the satowy dress; which hung in its lace folds like signmer clouds round the fairy form of its young mistress? Florence was at that moment pleturing to herself the subjugation of one high heart which had obstinately refused doing homage at her shrine—of one being in the world who had denied her power, calmly gazed at her undoubtedly levely countenance, and tranquilly disapproved her "estyle." It was insufferable; so Florence determined that her third season should be distinguished by the haughty, high, and handsome Earl of St. Clyde—not that she cared for him; oh, no! she was only determined to make him progress. disapproved her "style." It was insuferable is forence determined that her third season hould be distinguished by the haughty, high, and handsome Earl of St. Clyde—not that she cared for him; oh, not she was only determined to make him propose. Indeed there was sort of playful wager between her cousin, Emma Neville and herself; on the subject, and Florence folt her credit at stake if she falled.

"Ifave you thought of our wager, Florence?" said Emma Neville, as, they descended to the drawing room together.

"To be sure!—You think I shall lose it. I can read your thoughts.

lightly into the carriage.

It was a brilliant ball! The rich and the noble, the young and the beautiful—all were there, and in the centre of an adjoining circle, dazzlingly conspicuous, stood Florence. She was preparing to waitz with a tall, dark, unbending looking personage, who was apparently quite indifferent whether he supported her light figure or that of any one clse. This was Lord St. Clyde. Florence, on the contrary, was all sparkling gatety. She was dancing with him for the third time. Another moment and they were flying round the circle with rapid grace. Things went on exceedingly well. Florence knew her ground and they gave she was playing, and as she passed Emma, the cousins exchanged glances. That of Florence said "He is won!" that of Emma, "Mo kyd!"

"I'm afraid you are fatigued," said Lord St. Clyde, as he led his partner to a seat.

"Oh, no, not much," replied Florence, but the rooms are very warm. It is impossible to dance, and still more to breathe—particularly here."

She was in one corner of the room—the most

She was in one corner of the room—the most

dow,
"The conservatories are gool," said the Earl, the condervatories are cool," said the Earl, but he did not offer to lead her there. Florenge was perfectly aware that the conservatories were cool, but she knew also that they had another advantage—they were perfect groves of the choicest flowers and omingo trees, consequently no botter spot was ever suited for' a fliritation, perhaps for a proposal. With experienced policy, howaver, she only leaned gracefully back, and gently fanned herself. Lord St. Clyde stood by her side, II to was any thing but a ball room man, for though hits figure was faultiess, and his dancing just enough to show it off, he had none of the charming fluency of conversation which a dancing partner should have he could not fay a compliment it he did not feel therefore, had he been Mr. St. Clyde, jun., he would have been a great bore in society as it was, he was a delightful young man—so much 170007 roserve).

The galloppe in Gustage roused the Earl from a reverle.

almost allowed a compliment to escape him—
no, Florence was firm—the Earl said no more,
but drow himself up. Suddenly Florence rose
with her brightest smile.
"I am too selfish, my Lord; that galloppe is
so inspiring that I can't resist it."

A change came over the spirit of St. Clyde; proposal than myself, for I had giv
on him up. Art failed, my dear Emma, and
A change came over the spirit of St. Clyde,
he was another creature, and Forence was herself again, all triumphant. The next moment
the dancers were thrown into confusion, there
was a rush towards the windows, and Lord St.
Clyde was seen darting through the crowd towards the conservatory with a fainting figure in
his arms—it was Florence Neville!

The Spirit of Lindness,

As we cast our eyes over our fair domain,
love of our Creator. The winspering of the green of the ground.

And spring flowers blossom fair,
love of our Creator. The winspering of the green in the graves of the green,
whose children also put there.

Where do they rest—fair fathers steep,
The track of the Emigrants.

The willage the village frathers steep,
The willage in the village challenged in the village challenged

sonsible girl, and the Earl Rholt by her with a glass of water.

""It was my fault!" exclaimed St. Clyde, in an aglitated voice, "I made her dance—good God! how lovely she looks! she does not revive—what shall we do?".

"Has no one salts?" cried Emma; "call my uncle, I-think we had better go home—oh, who has any salts?"

nncic, 1-filink we mad better go make has any salts?"

The Earl had already gone for them. With a stiffed laugh Florence opened her wide beauti-ful eyes and started up. "Was it not well done?" "Good Heaven, Florence!" "Well, my dear, did you never hear of any one fainting before? You will lose the wager,

curina mai !!'
"My dear Florence, how you frightened mo!!'
"Nover mind—hush, here they come; now take papa into the ball room for my boa, and leave the rest for mo."

Emma did as she was desired, and forobore to ask any questions until they got home; then she anxiously inquired, "Did he propose?"

"No! provoking man! but very nearly. Did in to faint well?" "Yes—but it will not do, Florence; that man

"Les—but it will not do, Florence; the does not care for you." and propose."
"Nover mind that, he shall propose."
"But do you not care for him?"
"Qu'importe? he shall propose."
"Nover!"
"I will make him."

"I will make him! Remember this is only no first ball of the season."

one of his Lordship's first remarks, 'are you not fond of flowers?'
"Yes, passionately," said Florence; "but I have lost mine; I am sorry, for I fear I shall not find another so beautiful."
"Will you allow mo to endcavor to supply its place with this?" was the instant reply.
Florence smiled and blushed as she took it; the smile was art, but the blush nature, for she could not help it. Lord St. Clyde's eyes were fixed on her face, and the next moment she found herself walking with him, while Mr. Noville was speaking to the hostess, whose gaunt daughter was looking very spiteful. Florence played her part to admiration. Lord St. Clyde was in her bower, for she had engaged him in an animated filtration. They were standing on the brink of a beautiful fountain, when the Earl exclaimed, "Do you know the language of flowers, Miss Noville?"

"No," said Florence, "but it must be very

ora, Miss Nevillo?"

"No," said Florence, "but it must be very pretty, do you know it, my Lord?"

"Yes, by heart."

"Then tell me what these flowers mean!"

"The said, said officed him her boquet, which was composed of a white rose, a pink rose bud, some myrile, and one germium. The Earl hestated, and laughed, then suddenly recovering himself, he said, "They speak in their simple language the sentiments that I dare not in words express."

Florence felt her heart béating, but she only laughed—that laugh encouraged the Earl—

"Florence of the free the said, but she only laughed—that laugh encouraged the Earl—

"Ah, Miss Neville, I have been looking for you everywhere, and here you are alone!" cried one of Florence's gay train, the elegant Sir Perry Hope.

"Oh, no, not alone," said Florence, rather

one of Florence's gay train, the ciegant Sir Perry Hope.

"Oh, no, not alone," said Florence, rather annoyed, "Lord St. Clyde—why, where is he—" The Earl was gone.

"Florence, did Lord St. Clyde propose to day?" said Emma to her cousin in the evening.

"Not quite, but as near as possible—I de-clare I will never speak to Sir Perry Hope arona in."

drawing from together.

"To be sure!—You think I shall lose it. I can read your thoughts.

"If he is the St. Clyde of last season, you certainly will," laughed Emma. "That man is invulnerable, Florence."

"Nous verrons, nous verrons!" said the beauty, and taking her father's arm, she sprang lightly into the carringe.

It was a brilliant ball! The rich and the noble, the young and the beautiful—all wore thore, and in the centre of an adjoining circle, dazzlingly conspicuous, stood Florence. She was proparing to waltz with a tail, dark, unbending looking personage, who was apparently quite indifferent whether he supported her light flags the said not at home' to every one and began to tune her harp. String after string gave way as she drew them up. "Like me, poor harp," clyde. Florence, on the contrary, was also drew them up. "Like me, poor harp," said the day one cles. This was Lord St. Clyde. Florence, on the contrary, was sished drew them up. "Like me, poor harp," said the day one cles. This was lord St. Clyde. Florence, on the contrary, was sished drew them up. "Like me, poor harp," said the day one can adjudy the days canned, and a visitor was she drew them up. "Like me, poor harp," cleck."

Suddenly the door opened, and a visitor was amounced.

"Not at home," cried Florence hastily.

"Pardon me, for once I disoboy," said a voice, and Lord St. Clydo entered. The continued :—"I have intruded, I confess, but it is only for a moment. I come, Miss Noville, to wish you—to bid you a long—and perhaps a last harevail!"

ewell!" said Florence, dropping her harp key; "this resolution has been suddenly taken, has it not?"
"No." roplied the Earl; "I am going to seek in Italy that happiness which is denied me

"Italy!" exclaimed Florence, turning her

"Italy!" exclaimed Florenco, turning hor oyes like molting supphires, on the Earl—"dear, bright, sunny Italy, my own fair land!" "is it yours, Miss Noville?" said Sir Clydo eagetly, "Yes, my lord, Florence was my birth-place, and my home for fourteen happy years."
Lord St. Clydo paused—nothing is so awk-ward as a pause in a tele-a-tele; he felt this, and quickly rousing himself, he said hasily: "I will not interrupt you any longer. Farowell—perhaps we may meet again."
"Porhaps we may—good bye," said Florence, extending her hand; it was slightly, very slightly pressed and she was alone. For a moment, she fill as if the past were a dream, but glancing in the Earl's!. She turned away, and leaning on a marble slab of a beautiful mirror, she gazed at the faultless reflection of her face.
"Bouty! Beauty!"—murmured she—"pal-

would have been a great bore in society; as it would have been a great bore in society; as it would have been a great bore in society; as it would have been a great bore in society; as it would have been a great bore in society; as it would have been a great bore in society; as it would have been a great bore in society.

"The galleppa in Agustays roused the Earl from a reverse,"

"Are you tage much fatigued to join in the galleppa, Miss Neville?"

"Oil, yest I never galleppa, it fatigues me sol In the possible you like that romp, Lord St. Olyde you was at her feet?

The Earl presisted, but Florence would not dance—he persuaded, but she would not listen —he condescended to repeat the request, and in the galleppa in the possible you will be the request, and in the galleppa in the possible will be the request, and in the galleppa in the possible will be the request, and in the galleppa in the possible will be the galleppa in the g

And swells amid 'lik 'reges.

And swe' cast our eyes over our fair domain, earth, how much do we see of the goodness and love of our Creator. The whispering of the breeze, the sighing of the zephry, the murming of the gentle streams as it runs along in its quiet bed, all conspire to show how much the goodness of God is shown in every moving thing; the sun, as he sits in all his splendor, and covers the heavens with his golden beams, the gentle breeze, as it plays among the trees, all whisper the same anthem—"Love." But how sad it is to look abroad among the human creatures that God has made, and see how little of the free split of kindness is shown to each other. How much of human woe and suffering there is in the world, and how much of it might be alleviated if man would but sympathies in his fellow man's wes.

Go to the criminal, in his darkened cell; reproach him for his crimes; shown him the long train of cell consequences which must inevitably follow his ruinous course, and he will answer you only in sullen looks, with no feelings of remorse whatever; but speak in gentleness, and what a change! The hardened criminal who has not wept for years, would bow his head and weep. Speak to him of his now sainted moth; gone to share the portion of the redeemed in Heaven; carry him in the arms of remembrane as the to the days of his childhood, when she knelt beside his little bed and poured out hor prayer for the salvation of her darling boy to lilm to whom she had dedicated him while yet a child, and the penifontial tear will steal down the check of one who; perhaps, had not wept for years.

Gentle words will soften the hearts of those whose proseculated have a seed on which have been seared by whose proseculated have and the provent had a search of a child have a chall of the provent him to him to him to have a challenged to him to him to have a challenged to have a child and have a challenged to have a challeng

for years.

Gentle words will soften the hearts of the the first ball of the season."

Lady Monteagle gave a fete at her villa at Putnoy. Mr. and Miss Neville was there, of putnoy. Mr. and Miss Neville was there, of the saw Lord St. Clyde advancing towards her; therefore she prudently dropped it into the contro of a large myrtle bush.

"You have no boquet, Miss Neville," was one of his Lordship's first romarks, 'are you not fond of flowers?" said Florence; "but I live happing in the way in future try to exercise this lovely system, and thus make the society in which we live happing and better. ive happier and better.

A GOOD ONE.

For a short story, the following is the best of we have read since the present whig legislatu commenced its session:

we have read since the present whig legislature of commenced its ession:

"Put out the light,"—Shakespare.

"Aud then—get into bed."—Jenkins.

William and John occupled soparate beds in the same room. John was honest, but lazy.—
On entering their room to retire for the night, John with his usual alacity, undressed and jumped into bed, while William was pulling off his boots and deciding which side of the bed would most likely prove the softest.

After a few minutes delay, William sprang into bed, placed his head upon two pillows, and doubled himself up, preparatory for a comfortable snooze, when what should be discover wh. miss trendy to "drup off," but that he had eary lessify left the fluid lamp burning. The discovery gave rise to the following solitopy:

"Twont do to leave that lamp burning," but if ye's so very cold that he had eary lessify the fluid lamp burning, but if ye's so very cold that he had eary awfully treget out in the floor; but still that lamp must be blown out. I wonder if I can't make John get out. I'll try.—John!" ut. I'll try.

"Did you ever know Daniel Roskins, forem

"Did you ever know Daniel Hoskins, foreman of ongine thirty-sevon?"
"No. Why?"
"Nothing, only I didn't know but you know him. I saw by the papers that his death was caused last week by inhaling the oxharogon fluidal vapors from a lamp that he accidentally left burning in the room. After the fluid was all consumed, the chemist said the oxidal suction of the wick so consumed the onitrogen of the lungs, that the flidical vapors suddenly stopped the inspiration, and the heart coased to beat."

John raised himself up in bed, gazed with a stornness indescribable on the reclining form of his room-mate, and in a stouterian voice excitationd:

St. Training mad no recollection of ever speaking of it, and accused the honest-follow of dreaming, the it, and accused the honest-follow of dreaming it, and accused the honest-follow of dreaming.

It's What you Spead.

It's What you Spead.

It's what thee'll spead, my Son," said a sage of Quaker, "not what thee'll make which as age of Quaker, "not what thee'll make which as age of Quaker, "not what thee'll make which as age of Quaker, "not what thee'll make which as age of Quaker, "not what ther'll make which as age of Quaker, "not what ther'll make which as age of Quaker, "not what ther'll make which as age of Quaker, "not what the fall which are the pounds will take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves. The advice was right, for it was but Franklin's and the pounds will take care of themselves. The diverse was right, for it was but the surface of the thought of losing you."

"Dut it cannot be too often repeated. Men are continually induleging in small expresses, saying the themselves that it is only a trifle, yet forgeting the the aggregate is serious, that even the open of petty grains of sand.— The care that it is only a trifle, yet forgeting the throught of losing you."

"Dut mother, do not cry, but come with mental and the doctor is any that the aggregate is serious, that even the one of with multiple which we was at the thought of losing you."

"Dut mother, do not cry, but come with mental the aggregate is serious, that even the longer," said the falther; "stronger arms than in who does not, as if he owned a life catate in all a year, and that is the interest of a capital of six hundred dollars; the more was a day is even thirty-six dollars and it invested quarterly, does not take half that time. Dut the court of six hundred dollars; and if invested quarterly, does not take half that time. Dut the court of six hundred dollars; has won half the battle. Not that Astor thought the thousand because the court of six hundred dollars; has won half the battle of the previous and the

LUDICEROUS.—A young lass who had went to camp-meeting and came back full of the revival which they had, did nothing the following week or more but sing: "Shout! shout! we're gaining ground!" She had the tune so pat, that she said was but a continuation with that song, and not unfrequently the rhyme was too long for the tune. Old Jowler slipped in and took a bone off the table, and just as he was making for the

door, she sang outtoor, and sang out—
"If you don't go out I'll knock you down,
Halle, hallelular,
You nasty, stinkin' flop-eared hound,
O, glory, hallelular!"

how A Western editor says, that if you want to feel as nice as a hymn-book in a red cover and good clasp, all you have to do is to run and pick a pretty girl up when you see her full down in the street. He tried the experiment the other day, and has felt full of sunshine, clover and four-story happiness eyer since.

The fire-fly lights her shiftling lamp
In that deep forest gift.
Like hope's blest light that breaks the night
And darkness of the fig. 10.

Yet deem him not by all tarder; Kind hearts have breaking by

THE LAND BEYOND THE RIVER.

THE LAND BEYOAN THE RIVER.

It was a lovely day. The balmy breath of June wafted the rich fracture of the summer flowers, while the warpling songsters of the grove chanted sweetest melodies to their Creator, God; and in their most melodious strains, vied with all created Naturen's readering praise to the Fountain of all blessings. The golden orb of day was just sinking behind the western wave, and its last lingering rays, as though on the Fountain of all blessings. The golden orb of day was just sinking behind the western wave, and its last lingering rays, as though on the Fountain of all blessings. The golden orb of day was just sinking behind the western wave, and its last lingering rays, as though on the fourth to leave the scene, sill shed their halo of mellow light upon it, lighting up the arch of heaven, and gilding the Beecy clouds with the tinus of Paradise. The whole scene is one of surpassing loveliness. But, kind reader, while your heart is filled with praise and love to the bountful Giver of good, go with me and learn to doore his richer love!

I Little Ella-was dying. Pain no longer racking heart was a lovely hand of death the fiver that for days had been drying the blood in her veins, was rapidly cooling, and the flush was fading from her thin teheck. The dying little one was dear to many they stood around her dying couch, for they know that she was departing. The father and the maller and the kine 2thy signainstood bead, in over the form of the lovely child, watching her labored breathing. In apparent sleep, she had for some time been silent, and they thought that it might be thus she would pass away—but and the she was departing. The father and the might be thus she would pass away—but and the she was dear to many they stood around her work and they thought that it might be thus she would pass away—but and the she was dear to many they stood around her work and they thought that it might be thus she would pass away—but and the she was dear to many they stood around her work and the middle watchi

A GEOLOGICAL PROULTABITY.—An Ohio pares ays that beneath the town of Bryan, in Williams county, Ohio, there is a subterranean lake, at a depth of from forty to fifty feet, from which the inhabitants, for miles around procure their water. The wells arobored with an entire water with the workfleen arrive at a bed of solid blue clay two or three feet in thickness; this clay is penetrated by means of a drill, whereup on the water immediately rushes upwards throw the aperture and forisa a fountain with a stream one or two inches incircumference, raising to a height of from eight to fifteen feet above the surface of the ground. Generally, for several days after the water begins to flow, large quantities of fine white sand are ejected, but the stream finally becomes entirely pure. No season or change of weather has any effect upon these fountains, and their source is inexhaustible. Some of the larger of them frequently throw little fishes forth from the depths below into the unaccustomed light of day.

A Good Omen.—[The first Russian prizes taken are vessels laded with salt: the very article at the interval of the improvement of the province of the ground of the surface of the ground. The surface of the ground depths below into the unaccustomed light of day.

A Good Omen.—[The first Russian prizes taken are vessels laded with salt: the very article in mistras, charms in verse, would be thought unworthy of her attention.

A Good Oman.—The first Russian prizes ta-ken are vessels laded with salt: the very article we propose to put upon the tail of the cagle.— Punch.

I have seen and heard of people who thought beneath them to work—to employ themselves dustriously at some useful labor. Beneath cm to work! Why, work is the great motto

industriously at some useful labor. Beneath them to work! Why, work is the great motto of life; and he who accomplishes the most by his industry, is the most truly great man—aye and is fellows too. And the man who forgets his duties to himself, his fellow creatures, and his fellows too. And the man who forgets his duties to himself, his fellow creatures, and his food—who so far forgets the great blessings of life as to allow his energies to stagnate in inactivity and uselessness, had better die; for says Holy Writ, "He that will not work, neither shall he eat." An idler is a cumberer of the ground—a weary curse to himself, as well as to those around him.

Beneath human beings to work! Why, what but the continued history that brings forth the improvement that never allows him to be contented with any attainment he may have made—of work that he may have effected—what but this raises man above the brute creation, and under providence, surrounds him with conforts, luxuries and refinements, physical, moral and intellectual blessing? The great orator, the great poch, and the great, secholar, are great working men. Their vocation is infinitely more laborious than that of the handicraftsman; and the student's-life has more anxiety than that of any other man. And all, without the perseverance, the intention, to real industry, cannot thrive. Hence the number of mere pretentions to scholarship, or those who have not strength and industry to be real scholars, but stop hall-way, and are smatterers—a shame to the profession.

to scholarship, or those who have not strength and industry to be real scholars, but stop half way, and are smatterers—a shame to the profession.

Beneath human beings to work! Look in the artist's stidio, the poet's garret; where the genius immortality stands cready to scale his stide that the artist's stidio, the poet's garret; where the genius immortality stands cready to scale his stide work with an unclineable signet, and then you will only see industry standing by his stide.

Beneath human beings to work! Why, thad rather that a child of mine should labor regalarly at the lowest meanest employment, than to waste its lime, its body, mind and soul, in folly, idleness, and usclessness. Better to wear out in a year, than to rust out in a rectification of the printed our books, cultivated our minds and souls? "Work out your own salvation," says the inspired Apostle to the Gentiles.

THE YANKER LIWYER,

Takee lawyers and dectors, though plenty to the latter and the property and dectors, though plenty to the desired and in the property and the p

Tankee lawyers and dectors, though plenty conough news-tys, on the borders, used to baye a moderate time of it.

As it was pretty generally known that they would not drink whiskey, or fight when challenged, every built, had his driving at them, and they were frequently driven to leave their stations, and find a more peaceable one. Occasionally, however, one was found, whose scruples were not so nice, and in such a case a blood fight was sure to occur.

Mr. Henry emigrated from Vermont to a certain county scat in Missouri, to practice law.

mg. Henry emigrated from Vermont to a certain county seat in Missouri, to practice law.—
There was never a kinder or more devoted man to his profession.—One of the leaders of the circuit, however, was a drunken bully named Wilson, a man of great physical strongth and pugnacity, and after he had been beaten two or three times in forensic display, fie determined to drive Henry from the place.—Having publicly anounced his intention, it came, of course, to the oars of his intended victim. But he received 15 coulty, and must be supply. The next circuit court came round, and to increase the bully's animosity, the first cause tried was an important one, in which Mr. Henry had been detained by the government, and himself for the defence.—Great efforts were made on both sides, but the superior ability of Mr. Henry carried the day. Court had adjourned for dinner, and as soon as the judge had retired, and before the lawyers generally, had left the room, Wilson walked deliberately up to Mr. Henry and grossly insulted him.

The cool hearted Yankee looked him deliber.

dail vapors from a lamp that he accidentally left burning in the room. After the fluid was altoneumed, the chemist said the oxidal suction of the wick so consumed the onitrogen of the lungs, that the fidical vapors suddenly stopped the inspiration, and the heart ceased to beat."

John ralsed himself up in bed, gazed with a stornness indescribable on the reclining form of his room-mate, and in a stontorian voice exclaimed in the stornness indescribable on the reclining form of his room-mate, and in a stontorian voice exclaimed in the stornness indescribable on the reclining form of his room-mate, and in a stontorian voice exclaimed in the stornness indescribable on the reclining form of his room-mate, and in a stontorian voice exclaimed in the stornness indescribable on the reclining form of his room-mate, and in a stontorian voice exclaimed in the stornness indescribable on the reclining form of his room-mate, and in a stontorian voice exclaimed in the stornness indescribable on the reclining form of his room-mate, and in a stontorian voice exclaimed in the following in the face, and asked him what he meant. The replied, to drive every d_ yance from the sun shines so pleasantly, and I see such beau. "Look there dear mother," said the child, bow these angry waves dash against those rocks, and oblive from the sun shines so pleasantly, and I see such beau. "If the was the wish of the burning as he did not the propose in the first of the sun shines so pleasantly, and I see such beau. "If the was the wish of the burning as he his wish, and that his wish and the room of his proket, greatly to the astonishment of the crowd, who did not suppose to ever learned the use of such things, and replied to the wish of the propose he over learned the use of such things, and the particulars about the death of Mr. Hoskins, but "I can see nothing, my child," said the mother. The fool hearted Yankee looked him deliberation of the circuit, he would go, but not titled flowers, and the bridge in the life of the circuit, he would go, b on his water key that hing danging from his vect, and observed that his should keep the other bullet to shoot through the ring of his watch key the next time he presumed to insult him.—The bully turned away, as pale as death, and not another word was said about driving off the Yankoe lawyer.—Sloan's Garden City.

"You Sal, what' o'clook? and where's the chicken pie?" It's eight sir."

NO. 52.

Pat and the Clerk. Pat and the click.

We know of nothing in Mrs. S. C. Hall's
"Tales and Sketches of the Irish Peasantry."
(one of the most natural and characteristic of
all the books which describe the peculiarities of
the Irish, in the "lower walks" of that unbappy country, that we have ever encemtered;
that excels the following specimen which some
months ago found a place in our receptacle, cut
from an American paper printed at 'the South.
It is a striking: illustration of "The Pursuit of
Knowledge under Difficulties." A round-faced,
curly-haired Hibernian inquires at the postoffice for a letter for himself. Rut the questions
and answers are more effective than the story, and answers are more effective than the story, in detail, would be; so we present it as original-

"Pat.—"Have you'veralettherfor meself?"
"Pat.—"What name?"
Pat.—"Why, me own name, av coorse;

whose clast?"

Clerk (still urbane.)—"Well, what is your name?"

Pat.—"Me name's the same as me father's afore me, and would be yet, only he's dead."

Clerk (not quite so urbane).—"Well, what do you call yourself?"

Pat.—"I calls meself a gintleman; and it's a pity there aren't a couple of us!"

Clerk with dignity)—"Stand back!"

Pat.—"It's "back" I'll stand when I gits my letther."

Clerk (sternly).—"How can I give it to you, if you don't tell me who you are, you stupid bog-trotter?"

g-trotter?"
Pat .—"Thin is that what you're paid for

And in whist-phrase, he "shuffles" the let-ters, "deals" one to Barny, who "cuts."—Har-per's Mogazine

The Do-Nothings.

ceting of this society was held yesterday cning.
Sam Lazybones took the chair.
Bill Loaferson was the vice pres
The Secretary made his report.

cvening.
Sam Lazy bones took the chair.
Bill Loaferson was the vice president.
The Secretary made his report. He observed, that at the last meeting nothing had been done, according to the constitution of the society.
Jim Vacuum offered to make a motion, but did not move from his seat. He observed that it was the destiny of man to work. The present order has been founded for the encouragement of idleness! A new member was waiting to be initiated.
The President said, "Let him come in."
The new member was carried in, on a four-post bedstead. After giving the password for nothin mill Mill.
The President administered the password for administion into the order to repeat it after him.—The candidate waited till the President had finished, and then said "Ditto."
The Vice President asked the candidate whether he would take a drink.
The candidate nodded and opened his lips.
"The Secretary will now read to you the rules of the Society," said the President.

f the Society," said the President. The candidate shut his eyes and fell asleep in

The candidate shut his eyes and fell asleep in an instant.

"He'll do?" said the President, approvingly.

"Yes," said the Vice President; "he'll do—
nothing."

The member's name was enrolled, and he was
roused up to pay his subscription.

He did nothing of the kind. Nothing else
took place. Nothing more was said. Nothing
more was done. We know nothing more. The
whole thing amounts to a mere nothing.

A Bad Book's Influence.

If some purifying censor could go through the whole range of the vast compass of English literature, armed with authority and power to expunge at pleasure whatever may be found injuexpunge at pleasure whatever may be found inju-ious to christian morals, the fires of Calinh Omer rious to christian morals, the fires of Caliph Omer would hardly be more sweeping. If any part of such a work be done withsuccess, the performance confers a favor on the whole multitude to whom the English is a vernaculer tongue. Such a task of purification for many a book would be a greater miracle and a greater mercy, than the sweetening of the bitter waters of Marah in the desert, for the familishing Hebrews. The poisonous influences of moral impurity and error, go from the book into the soul; they are not exhausted, blike arsenic on the outer frame, nor confined to the book into the soul; they are not exhausted, like arsenic on the outer frame, nor confined to a limited period of time. They burn in the mind through eternity. They outlast the frame of the author. Some men's sin's are open before, hand, going before to judgment, and some follow after. The accuract evils of a licentius, book, or of a profane and infidel publication, especially it there be enough of the semblance of genius in it to make it immortal through a lifetime, follow the author into the eternal world. Sad must be the reflection of those who have exof genius in it to make it immortal through a lifetime, follow the author into the eternal world. Sad must be the reflection of those who have ex-pended the powers of genius God has lavished upon them, in providing perennial and perpetual fountains of sin in its most alluring forms for

fountains of sin in its most atturing forms for all who come after.

If Some alarm was excited in the maternal breasts of a village by the announcement upon the door of a new comer; "Children taken in three seconds." It was soon discovered however, that he was not a kidnapper, but a daguerational of the second of the secon cotypist:

illy degeneracy, by printing the following solito-quy of a member of the Richey family: "My grandfather fought at the battle of Bunker Hill, my father was at Hull's surrender, and I run like h—ll on the plains of Ktshwankie."

A Danjen.—At a dinner party, lately, the ollowing message was politely delivered by a little girl to a wit of no inferior order. "If you clease, Mr. B., mamma sends her compilments, and would be much obliged if you would begin to be funney."

to be funney."

Good.—At a party a few, evenings since, as a young gentleman named Frost was cating an apple in a quiet corner by himself, a young lady came up and gally asked him "why he did not share with her? He good naturedly turned the side which was not bitten towards her, maying ...—Here, take it if you wish." "No," I thank you," she exclaimed, looking at him archly, "I would rather have one that is not frost-bitten" and run off to join the company, leaving poor Frost with a thaw in his heart.

DF Success depends upon unity of action. IF He who knows himself will never be im-Queen Victoria was born on the 24th of

iny The Baltimoreans are complaining of the

13-An object of interest,—a girl whose in-

enterprising people.

If Mr. Jefferson at the age of 38 wrote the Declaration of Independence.

If Dont stand hesitating upon that good resolution of yours—put it through.

If The colored Free Masons of Harris Wiff are building a half it that town.

If Ex-President Filmore has reached as home in Buffalo from his tout south. Both, the Whig and Democratic cand dates for Governer of Iowa, are editors.

that.

127 As many writers have taken the trouble to define what a wife ought to be, we may as well add our idea on the subject to the general fund. A wife should be like reast lamb—tender and

of Nicholas in making the avowal, that no, one desired the peace of the world more than he did the peace of the world alluded to being, no doubt Turkey.

In Utah, a man who has not more than

The British fleet in the Baltic numbers fifty ressels, all in the highest state of cilicioney, carying 2,389 guns and 82,114 men.

UFA good reputation is better than a fine coat, in almost any kind of business—except weeding a fashiomable lady.

UF The French empress drives herself, out, in a carriage and four horses. She handles the ribbons with great skill.

IF The man who tried to sweeten his tes will one of his wife's smiles has "fallen back" on sugar. Nothing like first principles after on sugar.

De Govern thy life and thoughts, as if the hole world were to see the one and read the

To Deaths by Hipdrophobia continue to be rife in all parts of the country, and are too numerous to be noticed particularly.

To California has been making rapid strides in the science of agriculture within the instryear or two. All accounts agree that, with a tolerable season, the wheat crop of that witho now growing will be in excess of the wints of the population.

gland.

D. An old maid was heard to exclaim, while

siting at toilot the other day—'I can bear adversity, I can encounter hardships, and withstand
the changes of fickle fortune; but oh! to live
and droop, and die like a single plnk—I can't
fendure it; and what's more I won't.'

Significant.—A Washington clergyman, a Sunday or two since, while stating a deficiency in the collections, remarked that since the issue of three cent places the revenue of his church had decreased nearly one-half!

IMMIGRATION.—During the first three weeks in the month of May, 429 vessels from foreign ports arrived at New York, bringing to our midst 48,054 passengers.

wirtue into men. If they won't take the insti-tution in the regular way, depend upon it that, it will do no more good than to preach meta-physics to a cooking-stovo, or plain clothes for a girl who goes in for the fashions.

ECT A young lady, says one of our exchanges, conarked to a main friend, that she feared that she would make a poor sailor. The gentleman promptly answered "Probably—but I'm sure you would make an excellent mate." De The worst feature in a man's face is his

DF Somobody says that politoness is like an air-constion—there may be nothing in it but it eases our joits wonderfully.

DISTRICT HALL HALL A TRACE, hall an ostate; and he that hath a calling bath a place of profit and lioner. A plough-man on his legs is higher them.

Odds and Ends. A.

A STANDARD OF THE PARTY OF THE

IF A foundry has been opened up town to

The cholers is prevailing in different sec-

13 How to make a town prosper fill it with nterprising people.

by When you happen to have no diffiner, and to money to buy one, just sit downland, read a lookery-book. Capital feast of imagination, hat.

People marry, not so much for what they now of each other, as for what they hope to

W. W. Davis, son of Gen. Davis of Bucks county, Pa., has been appointed secretary of New Mexico, by President Pierce.

Beauty is a great gift of Beaven-not for the purpose of female varity, but a great gift, for one who loves and wishes to be loved.

all.

A sporting gentleman in Mobile has offered a premium of \$500 (in the form of a bet) to any man in Alabama who can drive six cats in harness.

The oldest bool in the U. States is a manuscript bible in the possession of Dr. Witterspoon of Alabama, written over 1000 years ago on parchment.

Fashion rules the world, and a most ty unical mistress she is—compelling people to ubmit to the most inconsistent thing imagina-le, for fashion's sake.

other.

If Macaulay once observed that prise sheep were only fit for idendles, and prize centre to light them.

If In Silperia, the greatest inxuries are raw, cats, "certed up in bear's oil; while in Japan n stayed proceedile, flanked with monkey's feet, is the high of that things.

the bight of that things, who lent a minuser a hone, which ran away and throw his clerical rider, thought he should have some priedle for his aid in spreading the gospet!

population.

Russia is the greatest empire in extent that ever existed. It occupies was regions of Europe and Asia, and forms nearly one sixth of the habitable globe. It is forty one times the size of France and, 188 times the size of En-

ed actress and ahthoress, is to be married on the 6th of June, to Wrn. F. Ritchie, Esq., senior editor of the Richmond Engagery. Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, the distinguished actress and anthoress, is to be married on ino um of June, to Win. F. Hitchie, Esq., scalor califor of the Richmond Enquirer—a geniteman in all respects worthy the guardianship of so amiable, beautiful and accomplished a lady. The ecremony will take place at Ravenawood, L. I., New York, at the mansion of Mrs. S. G. Occion.

17 "I would advise you to put your head in a dye tub, it's rather rod," said a joker to a sandy girl. "I would advise to put your's into an oven, it's ruther soft," said Maney. IIe who makes a question where there is here is no reason.

Never attempt to drive either religion or

OF It is a singular fact that many ladies nover or got beyond eighteen until they are, married.

ing "I fear God," said a man of good sense; and next to Him, I fear only the man who does

Frost with a thaw in his heart.

| The last gift enterprise is the announcement of one hundred thousand bundles of ciment of ciment of one hundred thousand bundles of ciment of cimen