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

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Poetical.

Bishop Herber on Happiness.

One morning in the month of May,
I wandered o'er the hill;
Though Nature all around was gay,
My heart, was heavy still.

Can God, I thought, the just, the great,
These meaner creatures bless,
And yet deny to man's estate
The boon of happiness?

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
Ye blessed birds around,
In which of Nature's wide domains
Can bliss for man be found?

The birds wild carrolled over head—
The breeze around me blew,
And Nature's awful chorus said—
No bliss for man she knew.

I questioned Love, whose early ray
So rosy bright appears,
And heard the timid genius say—
His light was dimmed by tears.

I questioned Friendship: Friendship sighed;
And thus her answer gave—
The few whom fortune never turned,
Were withered in the grave.

I asked if Vice could bliss bestow?
Vice boasted loud and well;
But, fading from her withered brow,
The borrowed roses fell.

I sought of Feeling, if her skill
Could soothe the wounded breast;
And found her mourning, faint and still,
For others' woes distressed.

I questioned Virtue; Virtue sighed,
No boon could she dispense;
Nor Virtue was her name, she cried,
But humble Penitence.

I questioned Death: the grisly shade
Relaxed his brow severe;
And "I am happiness," he said,
"If Virtue guides thee here."

One by One.

FROM HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moments pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passion hours despond;
Nor the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven; but one by
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

Miscellaneous.

FIRST EXPERIENCE OF A DEBT.

Never did I feel prouder or richer than when my father said, 'Harry, that calf is yours; I'll give you Bossy; she shall be yours.' He was standing whittling in the old barn-door, while I, his eldest son, was marking with delighted interest, Bossy's frisky movements in the yard; how she would snuff in the sweet morning air, then whisk her tail and caper round, if not with all the grace, with far more gladsomeness and naturalness than a ballet queen. Bossy seemed to think it a very pleasant thing to love. Much as I loved the creature before, I was seized with a fresh puff of love at my father's generous announcement.

'Nep!' I cried, 'Nep, that is my calf; see to it, sir, that you treat her like a gentleman, and not bark at her or bite at her when you fetch the cows from pasture.'

Neptune looked up, wagged his tail, and glanced at Bossy, as much as to say, 'Yes, yes, I understand the matter.' To my brothers and sisters—and there were five younger than myself—I was not long in communicating the important intelligence that 'Bossy was my calf; father said so.'

'Mother,' said I, 'look out of the window and see this calf; well, she is mine; Bossy is *mine*; father said so.' She thought it was a nice little calf: and as she was churning, she offered to do my churning for me, when Bossy's age should require such services.

'You shall, mother,' I shouted, with a glad laugh at the thought of it, 'and though it would be my butter, you shall have it all,' and I am sure the words 'my' and 'mine' had a significance unknown before. Besides Bossy, we had the old cow, Bossy's mother, 'Star,' a two year old heifer, a yoke of oxen, a few sheep, and plenty of fowls; these, with six children, made quite a family to be stabled and fed by our little farm among the Vermont hills.

I did not go to school that summer, for the boys' services were needed in the field—ah, those glorious fields and hill sides, and maple groves, and fir briers tall and high, what do many boys imprisoned in the city know of the light and liberty, and lithesomeness of God's free sunshine among the hills? They seldom pass their brick wall bounds,

'To range the fields and treat their lungs
with air,'

and yet the 'country wins me ever,' not only as the heritage of my early memories, but the hope for retreat of life's declining days.

'I never framed a wish or formed a plan,
That flattered me with hope of earthly bliss,
But there I laid the scene.

I think I worked with a new alacrity now that I owned Bossy; I felt like a man, and a man with more than a life interest in the world, for when the farmers grouped together and talked about their stock, I always wanted to add a few words about myself.

'Mother,' I said, one pleasant twilight, as she came and sat in the door, while I threw myself on the turf; 'mother, I want just one thing to make me just as happy as can be.'

'And that is, I hope,' said she, with one of her sweet serious smiles, 'to be a good boy like Joseph and Samuel, then I am sure you will be a happy child.'

I blushed and rolled over in the grass, for certainly nothing was then farther from my thoughts than Joseph or little Samuel. 'No mother,' I answered at length,—half ashamed to own what it was, after this expression of maternal hope,—'not exactly that, thought I do want to be a good boy and nobody can say I don't, but now I was thinking of something else. Oh, mother,' mustering up my courage, 'I want a pail! a little tin pail! *mine?*' squatting on my bare toes before her and looking earnestly into her face. 'And where is it to come from, Harry?' she asked. Alas, it was a question more easily asked than answered.

'The peddlers!' I roared triumphantly, supposing I had gotten over the mount of difficulty: 'the peddlers! the next time one comes, won't you buy me a tin pail—*my pail!* to milk my calf in?' 'Harry forgets how little we have to buy it with, said my mother. 'But, mother, you know Bossy will give milk soon, and she mush have a pail, and then I can milk, and it will help you so, mother.'

How weighty my arguments might have seemed had she the wherewithal for the purchase, I have no means of knowing; as it was, she patted me on the dead, saying, 'by and by Harry will be able to earn one himself, and that will help mother.'

I leaned my head on her lap with a resigned and loving heart, for nothing ever conquered my vagrant or rebellious wishes like the friendly patting of my mother's hand upon my head.

And this was the first and last of Bossy's pail.

The next person to whom I wanted to communicate my good fortune was Joshua Pepper; but his home being some miles distant, no opportunity occurred for this purpose until the following Sunday, when I suddenly seized him by the jacket on the porch of the old meeting house, as he was about following his father up the aisle. 'You don't know what I've got!'—I whispered excitedly in his ear, but not so low as to escape the hearing of his father, who turned round taking his boy by the hand, abruptly terminated our intercourse. Joshua and I were great friends when the winter school kept and we attended. This season we were both at work, and consequently seldom met except on the Sabbath, when during the short interval of Sabbath services, we often strolled away and ate our dinners together in a neighboring grove, or on the grass grown graves of the churchyard, or in the cool shed built for the accommodation of all church going horses. For in those days there was no Sabbath schools to pasture the lambs of the flock, so that we were, perhaps, sometimes in danger of becoming goats. How I longed for the close of the morning services, and when over, how I tried to moderate my eagerness to find him.

'Here I am,' he cried, twitching me by the sleeve, 'come,' and he led the way to a neighboring well, while I lost no time in setting him guessing.

'Well,' he cried, impatiently, 'I can't guess. Now tell me what it is. I should think it was most likely to be a new knife, only you say it isn't.'

'No! no!' I shouted, charmed with his ill success, 'no! It is a calf! our Boss!—Father has given her to me: he said so! she's mine!'

'Boss yours!' and he looked delightfully incredulous. 'You got a calf! How good it was in your father. I suppose you know that I've got a lamb?' I knew it.

'And now, Harry,' he stopped and took me by the sleeve as if a great thought was striking him, 'will the calf's calves be yours? That's the question. Will Bossie's Bossies be your stock, too? Boy, you'll have a drove soon!'—Respect and admiration twinkled in his little grey eyes as he surveyed me. 'Yes! a drove soon!' and he gave an emphetic nod.

'A drove! I shall, shan't I!' starting up at the full comprehension of this prolific idea.

'Now, make a good bargain with your father,' said my friend, with a shrewd wag of his head: 'tell him as Boss is yours, her calves will be yours also. Have it undestood.'

'Yes I will, that's a fact!' And I felt profoundly that two heads were better than one.

Here unhappily was food for the remainder of the day. Every now and then during the afternoon service I looked hard into the minister's face, and tried to hear what he said—for my mother fixed our attention and refreshed our memories by making us review to her the instruction of the Holy Day—when lo! my drove came rushing like a band of cavalry upon the field of mental vision, setting sermon and minister to flight.

The great question relative to the disposal of Bossy's children could not be asked that day, for the Sabbath was revered and held as sacred time in my distant mountain home. And never did it seem so long and wearisome, diversified as it was by the Catechism and Bible stories, and sweet psalm singing; never at least until this this Sabbath, when I longed for the sun to go down and rise again, for my truant heart was more full of Bossy than the Bible. To-morrow, and that matter shall be settled! was the the last waking thought.

I was awake and up before Monday's sun, and tumbling over Ben, and ran into the kitchen, shouting lustily, 'Father!' He had gone to the barn, and away I scampered crying impetuously as soon as I saw him 'Father! father, will Bossy's children be mine or yours? Can't my calf's calves be mine, father? Won't they be mine?'

'We'll see about it,' was his quiet reply.

'Well, father, if Bossie is mine, I don't see why her calves won't be mine,' determined to bring my father to a definite agreement in the important point.

'Well,' he said.

'Well; and what does that mean father?—They are mine, are they? all Bossy's children, they are mine.'

'As like as not, Harry, but better wait till they come.'

I jumped enthusiastically up, exclaiming 'Oh, what a drove!' How I longed to race over the hills, tell the satisfactory adjustment of the case to Joshua. But that was out of the question, and I contend myself with strutting around Boss, patting her sides, affectionately shaking her tail, examing her small teats, until forgetting altogether the dignity becoming to the master of a drove, I suddenly threw my arms around Bossy's neck and kissed her. Bossy made some show of surprise, and coquetishly attempted to withdraw from my embrace. Some time during the day, under a generous impulse, I determined to give a calf to each of my brothers and sisters, just as my father had given Bossy to me; 'and they shall choose for themselves,' I said, 'the best and handsomest, if they please.'—Never did I feel richer, and, what was better, generous as rich; and in these affluent circumstances, I continued for several happy days.

One morning in the succeeding week, my father sent me into the field with a basket of potatoes for planting, promising soon to follow. I began to drop them into the hills, until the basket was quite empty, ever and anon looking towards the house, and wondering what had become of my father. He did not come, and having finished this part of the work, I concluded to cut across the barleyfield and run home, for the hoe. In the yard I saw a man, whom I instantly remembered my father more than once try to dodge, and I also instinctively, began to edge off, until I caught sight of Bossy, with a halter round her neck, on the point of being led away. When father saw me he turned and went behind the shed.

'What are you going to do with her?' I asked, as the man jerked Bossy along. He looked back, but made no answer.

'What are you carrying off my calf for?' I demanded, boldly marching after.

'Your calf!' he echoed, sneeringly.

'Yes, it is my calf! father said so.'

'Your calf!' he repeated, and I shall never forget his tones.

'What are you leading her off for?' I asked passionately, as he drew her farther and farther down the hill. 'She don't want to go, she don't!' 'Tisn't as she says, I guess,' said the man in a surly tone

I still ran after, hardly knowing what to do or think. To go back and ask of father and explation, and I should risk losing sight of Bossy, and to lose sight of Bossy could not be thought of.

'Where are you going to take her?' I demanded, my courage rising with the painful emergency; 'she's mine!'

'She's not yours, my youngster; she's Mr. Gibbs': I have just taken her for a debt. I'm the sheriff, and I shall take you soon, if you don't leave off;' and quickening his pace, he tugged Bossy after him. 'The sheriff!' I stopped, frightened at my own boldness, and still more for the fate of Bossy. The sheriff was a formidable and dreaded functionary—I did not exactly know kow or why, only that he had been mysteriously connected with much agitation on the part of my father, and with the occasional disappearance of hens from the coop, pigs from the pen, and lambs from the fold.—This, then, was the sheriff? I stood still, afraid to go further, and straining my eyes in the direction of my captive favorite, as they were about to make a bend in the road. I roared out in a kind of wild excitement, 'Bossy! Bossy!' She pricked up her ears and turned round: then the man jerked the halter, and both disappeared behind the trees. I shall never forget my feelings, impetuous boy that I was, when the last vestage of Bossy's tail was lost to my view. I pressed my hands to my eyes to stifle the hot tears, while I manfully tried to master the cry of agony that rushed to my throat. Then I ran back to the house. Father was nowhere to be seen: the voices of the younger children were in the distance; and I went wildly in quest of my mother. 'Oh mother!' I sobbed, and unable longer to restrain my feelings, I leaned my head against the window and burst into a hearty fit of crying.

'My son,' she said, well divining the cause. Just then the children came running in.—'Oh, Harry!' they began, but she hushed and motioned them all away.

I tried to stop my tears, and sat down upon a block. 'Mother,' I at length asked, breaking the mournful silence, 'what did the sheriff take Boss off for?'

'For a debt which your poor father could not pay,' she answered sorrowfully.

'And can they take anything for a debt?' I asked with anxious interest.

'Anything—even to the house over our heads; though I pray to God it may never come to that,' and her voice trembled a very little.

'Then I will never be in debt!' the current of my feelings abruptly turning, 'never! never! never!' I cried with a fierce energy; 'Never! if they can take what we love best, and Bossy's dear image again dimmed my eyes with tears. 'And shall I never see her again?' it was sometime before I could enter on this question, and then tremulously enough.

'You can go down to Mr. Gibbs' and see her, but you must try and keep up heart Harry,' she added with a forced cheerfulness, 'perhaps things will go better by and by, and maybe if you are a good boy, you can earn a calf yourself.'

'And if I do, never a sheriff shall lay afinger on her!' and with a proud sorrow I went back to the field. Ben and Neptune brought home the cows. Neither could I trust myself with a sight of the barn yard, and slender appetite had I for my bread and milk; for it was not Bossy's mother's milk. Just before going to bed I crept round the house to take a peep where Bossy used to be. I took a mournful pleasure in going where Bossy had been, and I almost hoped, by some strange turn of fortunes wheel, she might still be found behind the shadows. 'Ah, it's no use?' I sighed leaning against a post, in the light of a young moon; 'It's no use; Bossy has gone—my drove has gone, and nothing is left—when I grow up no sheriff comes near me—I'll never be in debt.—No taking my Bossy, Mr. Sheriff! No, Mr. Sheriff! No, sir!' and I shook my finger at the ideal image of that respectable official in stern defiance.

After going to bed, I could not sleep for thinking of the day's sad history. 'Joshua is best off: he's got his lamb; and I—I have lost my whole daove, and Bossy into the bargain. There is one thing—I'll never be in debt! Never—I wonder where Bossy is Bossy—Bossy; and sleep bore me off with Bossy in my heart to the to the land of dreams.

Such was my first experience of debt.

Getting an Invitation.

It was observed that a certain rich man never invited any one to dine with him. I'll lay a wager, said a wag, "I get an invitation from him."

The wager being accepted, he goes the next day to the rich man's house about the time he was going to dine, and tells the servant that he must speak with his master immediately, for he could save him a thousand pounds.

"Sir," said the servant to his master, "here is a man in a great hurry, who says he can save you a thousand pounds."

Out came the master.

"What is that, sir? Can you save me a thousand pounds?"

'Yes, sir, I can; but I see you are at dinner; I will go myself and dine, and call again.

"Oh pray, sir, come in and take dinner with me."

"I shall be troublesome."

"Not at all."

The invitation was accepted. As soon as dinner was over, and the family retired, the conversation was resumed.

"Well, sir," said the man of the house, now to your business. "Pray let me know how I am to save a thousand pounds."

"Why, sir," said the other, "I hear that you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage."

"I have, sir."

"And that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds."

"I do, sir."

"Why, then, sir, let me have her, and I will take her at nine thousand."

The master of the house rose in a passion and kicked the fellow out of doors.

☞ Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.

☞ Father Streeter, of Boston, during his ministerial service of 28 years' duration, has married 3,673 couples. Surely the old gentleman has much to answer for.

LETTER OF JOHN VAN BUREN.

New York, May 30, 1855.

Gentlemen: I have received your favor, inviting me to attend and address a meeting of democrats at Tammany Hall on Thursday the 31st inst., to celebrate the glorious victory achieved by the democracy in Virginia, and greatly regret that unavoidable absence from the city will deprive me of the pleasure of being present.

The result of the recent election in Virginia is highly honorable to the electors of that unflinching democratic commonwealth. There is no state in the Union which has more signally manifested its devotion to principles in preference to men, and there never has been an occasion when that devotion was more conspicuous than now. In the great contest of 1840 a native citizen of New York led the democratic column, and a native of Virginia was at the head of the opposing forces.

In that severe and disastrous conflict the democracy of New York were overborne, but Virginia setting aside her own son, gallantly sustained the great democratic principles which, though prostrated in that campaign, were victorious in the succeeding one, and have since been incorporated in the permanent policy of the government. In the severe struggle of '44, which inaugurated this policy, the same alternative was presented to Virginia. Henry Clay, a native of Virginia, and a citizen of rare popularity and talent, was the whig champion—James K. Polk, of Tennessee, was his opponent. Although Tennessee refused to sustain her distinguished citizen, Virginia again postponing personal preferences, rallied to the democratic cause, and swelled the tide of democratic triumph.

Again, in '52, the gallant and accomplished soldier who was the whig candidate for President, claimed Virginia as his birth place, and rejoiced in, the personal acquaintance and friendship of vast numbers of her citizens: again she turned from her own son to sustain the true principles of free government, which she found represented by a comparative stranger from a distant state. And now, when the republican electors of Virginia saw the vital principles of civil and religious liberty embodied in candidates with whom they had in past days maintained angry and protracted struggles, they promptly threw aside the recollection and prejudices these struggles had left behind, and with a generosity and liberality that ought never to be forgotten, brilliantly upheld their own cherished and time-honored creed.

Personal considerations were everywhere laid aside. Accomac, the residence of Mr. Wise, gave his competitor the usual whig majority.—Halifax, the residence of Mr. Flournoy, rolled up in Mr. Wise's favor one of its proudest democratic votes. Rockingham, Shennandoah and Page, the old tenth legion of Virginia democracy—the staunch population denounced by the Richmond *Whig* as the Saubian Dutch—sustained the democratic cause with unparalleled unanimity and power. Gratifying as the result is to democrats everywhere, and most honorable to the intelligence and steadiness of the Old Dominion, it is one that no careful observer of her past history ought to have doubted.

A party has recently sprung into existence which seeks to proscribe by its political action those who have not been born in the United States, or who profess a particular religious faith. They design to act in secret, deny their association, and in answer to all inquiries make the response which has given them the name they bear. They are Know-Nothings. They know nothing of the struggles for freedom in the Old World—they know nothing of the cause of our revolution—they know nothing of the declaration of independence—they know nothing of the means by which our independence was acquired—they know nothing of the foundation on which our institutions were placed by the constitution of the United States, and the recent canvass shows that they know, if possible, less than nothing of the great men and great history of Virginia.

Thomas Jefferson, one of Virginia's noblest sons, and a champion of the world's freedom, drew the declaration of our independence, which charged against our royal oppressor, amongst the chief of grievances, that "he had endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands." Under this declaration, unanimously adopted, our forefathers raised the standard of rebellion, and invited the aid and association of liberal men throughout the world. Lafayette, Kosciusko, Steuben, De Kalb, and patriots innumerable, whose names do not require to be mentioned, flew to that standard and converted that rebellion, into a successful and glorious revolution.

During the bloody struggles by which it was accomplished, Thomas Jefferson drew the celebrated act for the establishment of religious freedom, which several years afterwards, became the statute of Virginia. In a preamble of rare eloquence and force, it declared that "Almighty God hath created the mind free; that all attempts to influence it by temporal punishments or burdens, or by civil incapacitations, tend only to beget habits of hypocrisy and meanness, and are a departure from the plan of the Holy Author of our religion, who being lord of both body and mind, yet chose not to propagate it by coercion on either, as it was in his almighty power to do."

* * * * * *

"That our civil rights have no dependence on our religious opinions, more than our opinions in physics or geometry, that, therefore, the proscribing any citizen as unworthy the public confidence by laying upon him an incapacity of being called to the offices of trust and emolument, unless he profess or renounce this or that religious opinion, is depriving him injuriously of those privileges and advantages to which, in common with his fellow citizens, he has a natural right; that it tends also to corrupt the principles of that very religion it is meant to encourage, by bribing, with a monopoly of worldly honors and emoluments, those who will externally profess or conform to it."

"That truth is great and will prevail if left to herself—that she is the proper and sufficient antagonist to error, and has nothing to fear from the conflict, unless by human interposition disarmed of her natural weapons, free argument and debate; errors ceasing to be dangerous when it is permitted freely to contradict them." It was therefore enacted that no man should be enforced, restrained, molested or burthened in his body or goods, nor should otherwise suffer on account of his religious opinions or beliefs; but that all men should be free to profess, and by argument to maintain, their opinions in matters of religion, and that the same should in no wise diminish; enlarge or affect their capacities. The act was declared to be an assertion of natural rights, and any future act repealing it, or narrowing its operation, was pronounced an infringement of natural right.

To the vindication and support of the great doctrines thus avowed, Mr. Jefferson dedicated his life, and after his death an inscription drawn by himself and now found upon his tombstone, was discovered amongst his papers, to this effect—"Here lies buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and father the University of Virginia." It was in the teeth of this history, in the face of this inscription and over the grave of this man, that the opponents of democracy in Virginia dared to attempt the establishment of native intolerance and religious persecution. Nor had they the grace, as in every other State to hide their heads in a bag. Virginia alone has the *viva voce* vote.

Those who would trample there upon the history of our revolution the precious principles under which it was carried on, and on which our liberties were established—those who would convert its promises into false pretences, and proclaim it a sham and a cheat, might know nothing, but in Virginia they must say something. They must vote *viva voce*, and thus publicly admit their connection with an order which they knew in their hearts deserved the utter ignominy with which it is soon to be covered. The result is what might well have been anticipated. Mr. Wise deserves the honor of having at an early day, forced this issue into the canvass. He deserves the credit of having conducted the canvass with ability, fidelity, industry and courage, and he richly deserves the high and honorable position in which the result of the canvass has placed him.

It is not alone his victory, or that of the other distinguished candidates who succeed with him; it is not alone a victory to the democratic party—it is a victory of democratic principles, effected by liberal and just men. Party associations, so frequently accidental, never accurately describe or define the political sentiments of the individuals who are ranged under them. I have no doubt that many liberal minded whigs voted the democratic ticket in Virginia, and I know that thousands of them in New York, rejoice in its success. Let it then, be our care so to conduct the approaching canvass in New York, that a still more glorious triumph may crown our efforts. Let our position be sharply defined, our cause thoroughly discussed, and our candidates worthy of our cause. Do this, and New York, in '55 and '56, will stand where she stood in 1800, '44 and '52, side by side with Virginia in the front rank of victory. Respectfully and truly yours,

JOHN VAN BUREN.

Rich Men In New York.

Here are a million of people nearly, most of whom are trying, or at least strongly desiring to be rich, and the number who have succeeded in that object is but ten hundred and sixty! Of these, three hundred and fourteen are put down at one hundred thousand. Two hundred and five have attained the rank of nine hundred and fifty thousand. One hundred and fifty-nine enjoy the distinction of two hundred thousand.—Seventy-nine have risen to the height of a quarter of a million. Seventy-five have reached the grade of three hundred thousand. Eighteen have the rare facility of three hundred and fifty thousand. Thirty-seven have won the commoner glories of four hundred thousand. Three individuals only have paused at four hundred and fifty thousand; while seventy-three have pressed forward to the grandeur of a half million.—Twenty-four have proceeded to six hundred thousand; twenty-five to eight hundred thousand; and sixteen have attained the giddy height of one million. Five have gone on to a million and a half; six to two millions; one to three millions; two to four millions; one to five millions; and one stands, solitary and alone, on the pinnacle of six millions.

How we Pay our Soldiers.

The regular army now consists of about 10,000 men; the militia force of 2,250,037. There are in the United States the astounding number of 120,000 gentlemen who hold commissions in the military service, and are, therefore, in the enjoyment of military titles.

The pay of a private soldier in the army of the United States is $12 a month "and found," but if he enlists for a second term of five years, he gets $2 more.

The pay of a Major-General is rather better. He is entitled to $200 a month, fifteen rations daily, three horses, and four servants. But he generally takes his rations, horses and servants in the form of money, which raises his monthly stipend to $375. The pay of his aid-de-camp, supposing him to commute for the four rations, three horses two servants, to which he is entitled, amounts to $141 a month.

The pay of a Brigadier-General, including commutation for twelve rations, three horses, and two servants, is $246,50 per month. A Col of dragoons or artillery, $183; Col. of infantry, $166; Lieut. Col. of dragoons or artillery, $162; Lieut. Col. of infantry, $146; Major of infantry, $129; Captain, 79 50; First Lieut., $69,50; Second Lieut., $64 50; Surgeon Gen., $208 33; Surgeon of ten years' service, $151; Assistant Surgeon of ten years' service, $122; Assistant Surgeon of five years' service, $98 50; Assistant Surgeon of less than five years' service, $81 83. All officers above the rank of Captain are allowed one or more horses and servants or an equivalent in money. One ration goes for 20 cents; one horse $8 a month, one servant, $15 50.

MECHANICS.—The following beautiful extract is from Bulwer's celebrated play, entitled the "Carpenter of Reouen." It is a high compliment to mechanics:

What have they not done? Have they not opened the secret chambers of the mighty deep, and extracted its treasures, and made the raging billows their highways, on which they ride as on a tamed steed? Are not the elements of fire and water chained to the crank, and at the mechanic's bidding compelled to turn it? Have not mechanics opened the bowels of the earth, and made its products contribute to our wants? The forked lightning is their playing, and they ride triumphant on the wing of the mighty winds. To the wise they are flood-gates of knowledge, and Kings and Queens are decorated by their handiwork. He who made the universe was a great mechanic.

MORAL INFLUANCE OF BABIES.—The influence exerted unconsciously upon a family by a little child, especially if it be beautiful, gentle and good, is not easily estimated. Few persons are aware, or take time to think how much ill feeling is prevented—how much good nature and affectionate emotion are evoked; how much dullness and gloom are banished by the odd plays and sweet innocencies of the baby.—Even the rebuke which is silily ministered over baby's shoulders to some older body loses its vinegar and provokingness. Often, too, the brother or father, impatient for his meal, that he may get to business, is cheated into forgetfulness while holding the baby and listening to its funny attempts to talk. How, we should like to know, can a man grumble while baby is crowing in his face or clambering on his knee? Heaven's blessings on all good babies.

☞ The two General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church—both Old and New School bodies—have resolved to meet in the city of N. Y. in May 1856.

☞ The city of Cleveland has a law that every owner of a dog shall pay a tax on male canines $5, on females $10.

☞ A young man named Dent has been mulcted in $2,000 for seducing the daughter of Thomas Grider, at Farmington, Mo.

☞ An ugly baby is an impossibility.

Gen. Jackson a Gentleman.

Instead of being a rude and unpolished man, as many have erroneously supposed, General Jackson was considered by all who knew him, intimately as the very perfection of a gentleman. His manners were courteous in the extreme, and to illustrate this fact Mr. Buchanan related a striking incident. He said, on one occasion, he received a letter from an American lady, who had a daughter married to an individual of high rank among the English nobility. In her note to Mr. Buchanan, she informed him she bore a message to the President of the United States, from William IV., and she desired him to accompany her to the White House in order that she might present it in person. Mr. B. obeyed her request, and they went to the President's mansion. He excused himself for a few moments and went to the private room of the President, where he found him in the most wretched disabille. He was clad in the old grey surtout coat, a dirty shirt, his beard was long, and to crown all, was smoking an old blackened pipe. Mr. B. acquained him with the fact that Mrs. ——— was in another part of the mansion, with a message to him from the King of England. He was fearful the old Gen. might walk down stairs to receive his visitor in that sorry plight, and therefore suggested to him whether he had not better arrange his dress and shave. His reply was, "Buchanan, I once knew a man who made a fortune by minding his own business—go down stairs, and say to Mrs. ——— I shall be happy to wait on her presently." He left the apartment, and in a very short time the old gentleman gracefully entered the room, dressed in a suit of black cloth, clean shaved, with his fine head of white hair, carefully brushed, and received the lady with the greatest ease and polish of manners.—She bore to him the kind salutations of the King with the request that he would, after the expiration of his Presidential term, visit England. On their return from the White House, the lady expressed her high gratification, and the pleasure she had derived from the interview, and said she had visited every principal court in Europe, and mingled with those of the highest rank, but that Gen. Jackson in all the attributes of gentlemanly courtesy, and highly refined manners, excelled every other man she ever met.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

Hints for Marriageable Ladies.

If a man wipes his feet on the door-mat before coming into the room, you may be sure he will make a good domestic husband.

If a man, in snuffing the candles, snuffs them out, you may be sure he will make a stupid husband.

If a man put his handkerchief on his knees while taking his tea, you may be sure he will make a prudent husband. In the same way, always mistrust the man who will not take the last piece of toast or Sally Lunn, but prefers waiting for the next warm batch.

It is not unlikely he will make a greedy, selfish husband, with whom you will enjoy no "brown" at dinner, no crust at tea no peace, whatever at home.

The man, my dears, who wears goloe shoes, and is careful about rapping himself up well before venturing into the night air, not unfrequently makes a good invalid husband, that mostly stops at home, and is easily comforted with slops.

The man who watches the kettle and prevents its boiling over, will not fail, my dears, in his married state, in exercising the same care in always keeping the pot boiling. The man who doesn't take tea, ill-treats the cat, takes snuff, and stands with his back to the fire, is a brute whom I could not advise you, my dears, to marry upon any consideration, either for love or money, but decidedly not for love.

But the man who, when tea is over, is discovered to have had none, is sure to make the best husband.

Patience like his deserves being rewarded with the best of mothers-in-law. My dears, when you meet with such a man, do your utmost to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed first.

London Punch.

The California Snake Bird.

Alexander S. Saylor, of Monterey, in his 'Familiar Sketches of the Natural History of California,' says:

'That in the coast counties of Southern California, there exists a singular species of birds, generally called, on account of his well-known mortal averson to all members of the snake tribe, the 'snake bird.' It is not a bird of prey, but lives entirely upon grain, like the gallinacia. When full grown, it measures two feet from the end of its tail to the tip of its beak.

The tail has four or five feathers tipped with white. Its feet are furnished with four toes, two in front and two behind; and all are guarded with sharp needle like claws. The color of the bird is a mottled, yellowish gray, and it rarely attains the weigh of a pound. Its beak is two and a half inches long, and very hard and sharp.

When this bird finds a rattle snake—and rattlesnakes are to be found in great numbers in Southern California, wherever the ground is covered by the cactus plant—it immediately proceeds with the greatest caution and despatch, to gather the fallen cactus fruit, and dry lobes, and quietly enclose him in, to the height of a foot or more—the spikes and spine of the plant, strong and sharp as needles, serving as an insurmountable barrier, to escape of the snake. This being accomplished, the bird gathers with its claws and feet the young cones of the pine which are as hard and heavy as stones, and hovering over its enemy, lets them fall one by one, from the height of five or six feet, upon the infuriated viper, who, surrounded by prickles and points wherever he turns, is soon fully aroused to the danger of his position. The bird, with malicious screams, continue to drop one after another, until his foe is exhausted, and then picks the snake to death with its iron beak.—*Scientific American.*

TO THE POINT.—We have never seen scriptural quotations more aptly applied than in the following dialogue, which took place at the table of Bishop Doane:

It is stated that Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, is strongly opposed to temperance. A short time since, Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the same denomination, and a member of the order of "Sons," dined with the Bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine, desired the reverend gentleman to drink with him, whereupon he replied:

"Can't do it, Bishop, wine is a mocker."

"Take a glass of brandy, then," said the distinguished ecclesiastic.

"Can't do it, Bishop, strong drink is raging."

By this time the Bishop, becoming somewhat restive and excited, said to Mr. Perkins:

"You'll pass the decanter to the gentleman next to you."

"No, Bishop, I can't do that, woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips."

What was the peculiar mental condition or moral state of the Bishop at this stage of the proceedings, our informant did not state.—*Buffaloe Democracy.*

☞ Why do pioneers go before an army? To *axe* the way.

HARRY SAMPSON OBTAINS REVENGE.

Mr. Snarl resides in Forsyth street. Mr. Snarl is an old bachelor, with an Irish girl for a house-keeper. Snarl lives in good style, but has some queer notions. He dislikes dogs above all things, organ-grinders and beggars not excepted.

Snarl's next door neighbor is Harry Sampson. Now, Harry is the very opposite of old Mr. Snarl. He sets a high value on a dog, and there is only one article equal to a Newfoundlander, and that's a woman. Harry has several specimens of the canine race. The other evening they got up a howling match because the moon became eclipsed. They commenced about ten o'clock, and kept it up till the sun got an inch and a half above Williamsburg.

This so annoyed Mr. Snarl, that he had Harry jerked up "for a nuisance," and fined ten dollars. Harry paid the money, but resolved on revenge. The next morning the following advertisement appeared in the Herald:

WANTED—At Forsyth street, two Bull dogs, and four Spaniel Pups. For full-blooded dogs the highest price will be paid. Call between 4 and 6 p. m. JAMES SNARL.

We need not say that the advertisement was inserted by Harry. His reason for making the calls between four and six p. m. was because Mr. Snarl was always out at that hour, taking an airing around the Battery.

At the hour specified, dogs and pups might have been seen going up the Bowery to Grand, to Forsyth, and up Forsyth to the mansion occupied by Mr. Snarl.

The first person that pulled the door bell was a butcher boy from Center Market, with a pair of bull dogs that would "tear h—l out of a tiger." Maggie answered the bell, when the following colloquy took place:

"Does Mr. Snarl live here?"

"He does. Why do you ax?"

"I've got some dogs for him."

"Dogs for Mr. Snarl—mother of Moses, did you ever; you've mistook the door."

"Devil a bit of it—read that."

Here Sykeie took out the Morning Herald, and showed Maggie the advertisement. Maggie was thunderstruck, still there was "no denying the advertisement." She accordingly told Sykeie to go into the back yard "wid the dogs," and await the return of Mr. Snarl. Sykeie did so.

In about two minutes Maggie was again summoned by the door-bell.

"What do you want?"

"Mr. Snarl—I've got them dogs he wanted."

"You have—well then go into the yard wid the other blackguard."

No. 2 followed No. 1; No. 2 was soon followed by No. 3, who was succeeded by lots, 5, 6, and 7. By half past five the back yard contained twenty-one bull dogs, and fourteen spaniels. The former got up a misunderstanding, and by the time Mr. Snarl arrived, seven spaniels had been placed *hors du combat*, while a brindle bull dog from Fulton Market was going through his third fight with a "yallar terrier," from Mott street.

Mr. Snarl reached home a few minutes before six. Maggie opened the door, and burst out as follows:

"For the love of the Lord go back and stop 'em. They are ateing one another up, and if not choked off will devour the cestern. Since the days of Crummel I've not seen such hullabaloo entirely."

Snarl "went back"—Snarl looked into the yard and would have sworn, but he could not find oaths sufficiently powerful to do justice to his feelings. When we left, Mr. Snarl was emptying "the back yard" with an axe-helve. The next morning Harry Sampson complained of him for having a "dog fight" on his premises. Snarl was fined twenty-five dollars—fifteen dollars for having "such a fight," and ten dollars for being "an old hypocrite." It is not necessary for us to say that Harry Sampson slept better that night than any night since the war with Mexico.—*N. Y. Dutchman.*

THE TRUE WIFE.

She is no true wife who sustains not her husband in the day of calamity, who is not, when the world's great frown makes the heart chill with anguish, his guardian angel, growing brighter and more beautiful as misfortunes crowd around his path. Then is the time for testing whether the sweetness of temper beams only with a transient light, or like the steady glory of the morning star, shines as brightly under the clouds. Has she then smiles just as charming? Does she say "Affliction cannot touch our purity, and should not quench our love? Does she try, by happy little inventions, to lift from his sensitive spirit the burden of the thought?

There are wives—nay, there are beings who, when the dark hours come, fail to repining and upbraiding—thus adding to outside anxiety the harrowing scenes of domestic strife—as if all the blame in the world would make one hair white or black, or change the decree gone forth. Such know that our darkness is heaven's light; our trials are but steps in a golden ladder, by which, if we ascend, we may at length gain that eternal light, and bathe forever in its fullness and beauty.

"Is that all? and the gentle face of the wife beamed with joy. Her husband had been on the verge of distraction—all his earthly possessions were gone, and he feared the result of her knowledge, she had been so tenderly cared for all her life! But, says Irving's beautiful story, "a friend advised to give not sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eyelids until he had unfolded to her all his hapless case."

And that was her answer, with the smile of an angel—*Is that all?* I feared by your sadness it was worse. Let these beautiful things be taken—all this splendour let it go, I care not for it—I only care for my husband's love and confidence. You shall forget, in my affection, that you were ever in prosperity—only still love me, and I will aid you to bear these little reverses with cheerfulness.

Advice to Young Men.

There are thousands of men who possess wealth which has been obtained at the neglect of intellectual cultivation. Those would give half their fortunes if they could be set back and have the leisure for mental culture which young men are throwing away. Let this be no longer. Commence now to devote an hour or two each evening to study. It may be difficult at first, but it will be easier as you proceed, and at length it will become the most delightful of all your enjoyments. The mind makes the man. Do not suffer yours to be dwarfed by too much enjoyment either in business or pleasure. Whatever you do for the cultivation of your intellect will be permanent. Every hour expended in this manner will return you five hours of the most elevated enjoyment in after years.

Nor is this all. As you become intelligent, your opportunities for usefulness will increase, and you can be the benefactor of your race.—With an increase of usefulness comes an increase of emolument. The better able you are to help others, the better qualified will you be to help yourselves. Do not then trifle away the best years of your existence in low and frivilous pleasures, which will only degrade you, and impair both your usefulness and success in after life.

A POINTED REBUKE.—'Father, I hate that Mr. Smith,' said a beauty, the other day, to her honored parent.

'Why so, my daughter?'

'Because he always stares at me so, when he meets me in the street.'

'But, my child, how do you know that Mr. Smith stares at you?'

'Why, father, becalese I have repeatedly seen him do it.'

'Well, Sarah, don't you look at the impudent man again when you meet him, and then he may stare his eyes out without annoying you in the least. Remember that it always takes two pairs of eyes to make a stare.'

☞ Experience is a pocket compass, that a fool never thinks of consulting until he has lost his way.

☞ The Juryman who "stood out" got wet. It had commenced raining about that time.

☞ Every woman is in the wrong until she cries—and then she is in the right, instantly.

☞ How ignoble most men's lives would appear to themselves if described as the lives of others!

☞ Prodigals are born of misers, as butterflies are born of grubs.