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John B. Bratton.

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American Volunteer.

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.

THE FARMER'S GIRL.

Up in the early morning,
Just at the peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy,
Turning the cows away—
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,
Making the beds upstairs,
Washing the breakfast dishes,
Dusting the parlor chairs.

Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,
Hunting for eggs at the barn,
Cleaning out turnips for dinner,
Spinning the stocking yarn—
Spreading the whitening linen,
Down on the bushes below,
Ransacking every meadow
Where the red strawberries grow.

Starching the ruffles for Sunday,
Churning the snowy cream,
Rinsing the pails and the strainer
Down in the running stream—
Feeding the geese and the turkeys,
Making the pumpkin pies,
Jogging the little one's cradle,
Driving away the flies.

Grace in every motion,
Music in every motion,
Beauty of form and feature,
Thousands might covet to own—
Cheeks that rival spring roses,
Teeth the whitest of pearls;
One of these country maids are worth
A score of your city girls.

Miscellaneous.

A VICTIM OF MISTHFULNESS.

CONFIDENTIAL DISCLOSURES OF AN OLD MAID.

I may safely say that the organ of mistfulness has been the cause of most of the misfortunes of my life. While still a small child, I exhibited the propensity of laughing at anything which struck me as being ludicrous, no matter where, when or how it was.

At one time, I went to a funeral with my mother. It was the funeral of a young lady who was very much beloved, and of course lamented. Every one was in tears when, on turning towards a window, I saw two men sitting, one of whom was noted for his length of nose, the other because he had none. It was too much for my risibles—I choked, coughed, and sneezed—but it would not do; laugh I must, and laugh I did. Suddenly a shadow fell across my eyes, and a fleshly protuberance resembling a barbed hook, travelled some distance across my nose, and I heard these words pronounced in my ear:

"Child, you may be the next victim to the fell destroyer!"

This completed my overthrow, and my mother, shaking me violently by the shoulders, took me home, declaring that I never should go anywhere again till I knew how to behave myself.

When I went to school, the same fate followed me. I received more reprimands and more punishments than any other six pupils. Once when my teacher had been scolding me, and was just pronouncing pardon, I looked up and perceived the remains of a pinch of snuff adhering to the end of his nose. Then, alas! woe was me that day.

When our committee came into school I was always watching my master's great hands and feet, and the awkward way he had of rolling his eyes and hanging out his tongue; and many are the scoldings I received over the school's back. I laughed my way from girlhood to maidenhood. At length there came a time to me, as there comes to all, when I was in love.

Edward Payson was a youth whom any lady might be proud to love. He was gentle and kind, and for a time I was able to control my laughing genius while with him. My parents really hoped that I had begun to improve.

One evening he was unusually sober, I unusually gay. He wished me to converse soberly; I would not, and tried to prevent him from doing so. The more sober and grave he became, the higher my spirits rose, till at length I was above the earth—the clouds dancing about in the broad expanse of air. I leaped from one airy castle to another, till at length my lover, tired, and no doubt disgusted, said:

"Amelia," he said, in a husky voice, "I had hoped that you were the one to control my destinies, and who would be my companion through life's thick maze—a friend—a wife. But I see my mistake. I am friendless and alone, and must remain so. Forgive me for thinking to tame your wild, free spirit. You have said it is useless. I believe it. Farewell! hereafter we meet but as friends."

I was amazed—thunderstruck—but he was gone! I often met him afterwards, but he was reserved, and I was always gay and trivial in his presence. Oh, woman, thou art an enigma! When thou feelest most deeply, thou seemest most gay! When thou lovest most, thou seemest to scorn!

Then came another lover light headed as myself. He was always joking, always gay.—People said: "What a match!" and looked upon the thing as settled. One evening he came to me with a very solemn countenance, and said:

"Amelia, I have an idea in my head."

"Don't it feel funny?" said I, which so frightened the poor man, that he was unable to finish. In like manner I have stopped two others' confessions. Thus you see that my propensity for making fun has made me what I am—a lonely old maid. I have not mourned my fleshly off, on account of it, however, but on the contrary, I have laughed and grown fat.

Rub still in some machine could be invented to keep my countenance while I listen to another declaration, I would be most happy to receive both the machine and the declaration.

Mrs. Partington at the Cattle Show.—This is a very beautiful sight for a person with cardinal beastly taste," said Mrs. Partington at the agricultural show, looking at the big sheep, and addressing a tall young man by her side.—He responded "yes'm." "Is that a hydraulic ram?" she asked with great simplicity, provoking a smile on the young man's face, and a loud laugh from outsiders, who were attracted by the black bonnet. The young man informed her that this was a long wooled sheep, from which very long yarn was spun. "Ah!" said she, "you are very kind; but can you tell me if the Pope has sent any of his bulls over here to the show?" "No," said he, stalling tremendously; "but among the swine is a descendant of the great Bonaparte." Neither Mrs. Partington nor any one near knew what he meant, but he laughed loudly, and those outside laughed louder than he, much to his satisfaction. They laughed even louder when he found swinging from his button behind a tag bearing the inscription, "Vermont Boy," with age and height given, but he did not. And, like was looking so innocently all the while, trying to make the rain sneeze by tickling his nose with a straw.—*Boston Post.*

"Bill," said Bob, "why is this tree called a weeping willow?"

"Cause one of the smarting, plagney things grew near our school house, and supplied master with switches."

Madness of George III.

Little is known respecting the nature of the delusions which possessed the king's mind, but the following passage from Lord Eldon's papers indicate one of them: "It was agreed that, if any strong feature of the king's malady appeared during the presence of the council, Sir Henry Halford should, on receiving a signal from me, endeavour to recall him from his aberrations; and, accordingly, when his majesty appeared to be addressing himself to two of the persons whom he most favored in his early life, long dead, Sir Henry observed, 'Your majesty has, I believe forgotten that —— and —— both died many years ago.' 'True,' was the reply, 'died to you and to the world in general, but not to me. You, Sir Henry, are forgetting that I have the power of holding intercourse with those whom you call dead.'

'Yes, Sir Henry Halford,' continued he, assuming a lighter manner, 'it is in vain, so far as I am concerned, that you kill your patients. Yes, Dr. Baillie——but, Baillie, Baillie,' pursued he, with resumed gravity, 'I don't know. He is an anatomist; he dissects his patients; and then it would not be a resuscitation merely, but a reaction, and that, I think, is beyond my power."

The following memoranda of his condition from 1812 till his death, is given by an anonymous writer, but are well authenticated, I believe, and comprise all that I have been able to find respecting this period. "At intervals he still took a lively interest in politics. His perception was good, though mixed up with a number of erroneous ideas; his memory was tenacious, but his judgment unsettled; and the loss of royal authority seemed constantly to pray upon his mind. His malady seemed rather to increase than abate up to the year 1814, when, at the time the allied sovereigns arrived in England, he evinced indications of returning reason, and was made acquainted with the astonishing events which had recently occurred.

The queen, one day, found the afflicted monarch engaged in singing a hymn, and accompanying himself on the harpsichord. After he had concluded the hymn, he knelt down, prayed for his family and his nation, and earnestly supplicated for the complete restoration of his mental powers. He then burst into tears, and his reason suddenly left him. But he afterwards had, occasionally, lucid moments. One morning, hearing a bell toll, he asked who was dead. 'Please your majesty,' said an attendant, 'Mrs. S.' 'Mrs. S.!' rejoined the king 'she was a linen-draper, at the corner of —— street, and brought up her family in the fear of God. She has gone to heaven; I hope I shall soon follow her.' He now became deaf, imbibed the idea that he was dead, and said: I must have a suit of black, in memory of George III., for whom I know there is a general mourning.—In 1817 he appeared to have a faint glimmering of reason again; his sense of hearing returned more cute than ever, and he could distinguish persons by their footsteps. He likewise recollected that he had made a memorandum many years before, and it was found exactly where he indicated. After 1818 he occupied a long suit of rooms, in which were placed several pianos and harpsichords; at these he would frequently stop during his walk, play a few notes from Handle, then stroll on. He seemed cheerful, and would sometimes talk aloud, as if addressing some nouleman; but his discourse only to past events, for he had no knowledge of recent circumstances, either political or domestic. Towards the end of 1810 his appetite began to fail. In January, 1820, it was found impossible to keep him warm; his remaining teeth dropped out, and he was almost reduced to a skeleton. On the 27th he was confined wholly to his bed, and on the 29th of January, 1820, he died, aged 82 years."

American Journal of Ingenuity.

Roger Sherman.

Roger Sherman, one of the members of the American Congress for Connecticut, who signed the Declaration of Independence, had originally been a shoemaker. When earning his livelihood in his humble occupation, he happened to have a lawsuit with one of his neighbors; and, on going to consult a lawyer on the subject, he presented him with a written statement of the case, which he had drawn up himself. The lawyer was a shrewd man, and at once discovered, on reading the statement, the shoemaker's *forte*, which he told him, was not to make shoes but to deal with matters of law. Mr. Sherman took the hint, and, having studied law, became in time not only one of the first lawyers, but one of the most eminent patriots and statesmen of his country. During the war of independence, he happened to be the chairman of a committee of Congress, appointed to investigate certain charges of peculation in the commissariat department; and, in presenting the report of the committee, he stated that it would be observed, in perusing it, that he had dwelt particularly on the article of shoes; the reason of this was simply, that, having been bred a shoemaker himself, it was the subject with which he might be supposed to be best acquainted. He had no idea of being ashamed of *the gentle craft.*

A word to Mothers.

Mothers, do you realize who a trust is committed to you? That your child "is a loan to be rendered back with interest?" Do you realize that you are training an immortal soul, to be happy or miserable forever? Every word and act of yours is forming his character, and producing an influence that will be felt even through the ages of eternity. Do not think that your words fall upon the ears of your child like rain upon a heated stone, if it the time he appears to be absorbed in other objects: for they fall upon fruitful ground, and nothing that finds a lodgment there will be lost, but will spring up, it may be in after years, and bear fruit good or evil. How many a saying that fell upon my youthful mind was pondered and studied, bearing an impression that time can never efface. Say nothing you would not wish to hear repeated by your child, and see influencing his conduct. Consider well before you speak, and then see that your words are all sufficient. What a sensation must fill the soul of a child when he for the first time, has reason to doubt his mother's word. Many a mother has forgotten her threats, for the reason that they are spoken without consideration, thus leaving her child to doubt, her sincerity. Allow him to trust confidently in you, that he may the sooner trust in God. Say things not in anger or haste, for you will have reason to repent it at leisure. Exercise rigid self government, and go to God for strength and grace, or you can never govern others happily.

Gen. Cass.—A visitor to the residence of this veteran statesman writes—I spent a Sunday with Gen. Cass. The old man still lives in the autumnal glories of a well spent life; is hale, hearty and worth four millions. His career has indeed been successful. He speaks in foreboding language of our national prospects, and is strong in the belief that disunion will yet carry its banners over the Republic.

Prisoner, you have heard the prosecution for habitual drunkenness; what have you to say in defence? "Nothing, please your honor, but an habitual thirst."

THE PERILS OF TEMPTATION.

Several months ago, we noticed the arrest in London, of three individuals connected with a very old Banking House, under a charge of misappropriating securities that had been confided to their care. The case excited a deep sensation at the time, as well because of the high standing of the parties, as the fearful injury done to the sufferers. The trial came on in due course, the allegations were fully sustained by the evidence, and a verdict of *guilty*, was rendered against the three unhappy criminals, Messrs. Paul, Strahan & Bates. A few days afterwards they were called into court, when they were sentenced to transportation for fourteen years. The scene is thus described by the London Morning Advertiser.

"Baron Alderman (who labored under deep emotion) sentenced the prisoners in the following terms: William Strahan, Sir John Dean Paul, and Robert Makin Bates, the jury have now found you guilty of the offence that is charged against you in the indictment, the offence of disposing of securities entrusted to you by others for safe keeping, but which you have appropriated, under circumstances of temptation, to your own advantage. A more serious offence can hardly be imagined in a great commercial community, like this, and the punishment for such an offence must be commensurate with its magnitude. All persons in your position should be especially careful, for your example is of the highest importance. You have held high positions in the commercial word, and at one that position was doubtless a most honorable one. I very much regret that it comes to me to pass any sentence upon you, and yet the public interest requires it—justice requires it—and it is not for me to shrink from any duty that properly belongs to me in the position I occupy. I should have been glad, had it pleased God, that somebody else had been called upon to sentence you, for I have seen one of you under far different circumstances, in a high office, sitting by my side, in the exercise of my judicial functions. The present lamentable case teaches me most emphatically, that we should all, pray not to be led into temptation—not to commit such grevious offences as that of which you are now found guilty. You have been well educated—you have held high positions, and you feel your present condition more acutely than probably some others might do. It will grievously afflict those who are connected with you, who will most sensitively feel your present disgrace.—All that I have to do is to say that I cannot conceive any worse case of the sort under the act of Parliament; and, as I cannot conceive a worse case, I must pass the extreme sentence which that act imposes. The sentence of the court is, that you be transported for fourteen years."

During the delivery of the scotence, Sir J. D. Paul clasped his hands together, and trembled violently, Mr. Bates and Mr. Strahan were most calm in their demeanor. It was understood that the wretched men would remain in Newgate or Milbank Prison, until their affairs shownld be fairly investegated, and a balance sheet in bankruptcy filed, when they would be removed to Gibralter, until the remainder of their penal sentence should be completed. The case is well calculated to admonish. It will be seen that temptatation sometimes selects its victims from high places as well as low. The delusion is, to fancy that our pecuniary difficulty is momentary, and to apply the funds of other people with the object of extrication.—This first error leads to others, and in too many cases leads to deplorable consequences.

[Phila. Inquirer.

Smart Chaps.

We have very smart boys in this town, says a cotemporary: one in particular, who was called up the other day by the pedagogue to give some account of his absence, and to give some evidence, if possible, of progress in his studies:

"Where was you yesterday, you rascal?"

"I was out in the field alone."

"What were you doing in the field, sir, picking berries?"

"No, sir, I was out alone myself."

"Well: but what were you doing?"

"I was meditating."

"Meditating, you rascal, upon what?"

"I was meditating what I'd be when I got to be growed up—printer, doctor, lawyer, or school-master, and took the field for it.

"Brave boy! What was your conclusion?"

"Thought as how I'd be a school-master—they lives easy—likes to give lickin's and teach the young idea what to shoot at."

"Precious boy. How did you progress in your studies?"

"Well."

"Let me see: how many mills make 4 cents?"

"Don't know: but guess it takes as good many cents to make a mill, if they am built of stone."

The pedagogue fainted, and we came away.

How to Gain a Reputation.

A French author, finding his reputation impeued by the hostility of the critics, resolved to adopt a little stratagem to assist him in gaining fame and money in spite of his enemies.—He dressed himself in a workman-like attire, and repaired to a distant province, where he took lodgings at a farrier's shop, in which he did a little work every day at the forge and anvil. But the greater part of his time was secretly devoted to the composition of three large volumes of poetry and essays, which he published as the works of a Journeyman Blacksmith. The trick succeeded—all France was in amazement; the poems of this "child of nature," this "untutored genius," this "inspired son of Vulcan," as he was now called, were immediately praised by the critics, and were soon purchased by everybody. The harmless deceit filled the pockets of the poor poet, who laughed to see the critics writing innocent praise on an author whose every former effort they made a point of abusing.

Deal Gently with the Erring.—The man possesses an extremely grovelling mind who rejoices in the downfall of another. A noble heart, instead of denouncing as a consummate scoundrel, one who has erred, will throw around him the mantle of charity and the arms of love, and labor to bring him back to duty and to God. We are not our own keepers. Who knows when we shall so far forget ourselves as to put forth our right hand and sin? Heaven keeps us in the narrow path. But, if we should fall, where would be the end of our course; if in every face we saw a frown, and on every brow we read vengeance, deeper and deeper would we descend in the path of infamy; when, if a different spirit were manifest towards us, we might have stun our career of sin and died an honest and upright man. Deal gently with those who go astray. Draw them back by love and persuasion. A kind word is more valuable in the lost, than a mine of gold. Think of this and be on your guard, you who would chase to the confines of the grave an erring and unfortunate brother.

We have some frailty,
Love you all the livelier,
And the grace which redeems us,
Must come from the skies.

Anecdote of Webster.

Among the many anecdotes told of Mr. Webster, there is one, which, though slightly reflecting upon the neglegence in pecuniary matters, is still very Websterian in its wit:

On one occasion it is related, he was the guest of the Southern Senators and Representatives in the city of Washington, and they passed many compliments upon him; and alluding frequently to his being like the Southerners in his habits and his feelings, and it was all an accident that he was born in New Hampshire. At last Mr. Webster arose; "Gentlemen," said he, "it has been stated that I resemble the Southerners in many respects—and I must confess that, now it has been mentioned, I think I do. The Southerners love a good glass of wine—so do I. This is one thing in which I resemble the Southerners. The Southerners also are good judges of beauty, and I will again confess that I am a lover of the beautiful.—This makes two points of resemblance. But there is a third in which I more resemble them. The Southerners, it is said, never pay their debts; and the same has also been said of me. In these particulars, gentlemen, I feel I am like the Southerners."

Shouts and laughter followed the sally of wit and good humor.

The Saints in the Wilderness.

According to the last advices from Utah, the Salt Lake saints were experiencing the effects of a financial crisis. Some of the brethren sent out to expedite the emigration had run Gov. Bringham into debt about $50,000, which shows that Utah is in pretty good credit. The holders of the drafts called on the leader, hunted him up for the cash "before," as he expressed it, "they could find time to shave their beards," which troubled him so much that he went incontinently and preached a sermon on the subject, his text being, "from this time forth do not fret thy gizzard." In this curious address he declared he will pay them when he can and not before. The poor, he said had got the money, they must have confidence and wait. Bringham does not appear to have any desire to repudiate, for he offered, at the conclusion of his address, to sell sixty thousand dollars worth of property to pay off the claims, at the same time he gave a hard hit to the brethren who still owed the church. He wanted these persons to apostolize, for they were sure, he said, to take advantage of their brethren and leave in the end. Bringham seems to have a vein of hard common sense in his mental composition, which answers admirably for the control of the community which surrounds him.

A Billion.

Few people have any conception of the stupendous sum which is designated by this term. Some writer having stated in an article headed 'What becomes of all the pins?' that millions of billions of pins must vanish,' nobody can tell how, or where, in the course of a year.—Euclid, correspondent of the National Intelligencer, shows up the absurdity of the assertion in the following style:

"I think, sir, the author of that article thought little of what he was saying, when he said that millions of billions of pins must vanish' in the course of a year. Many pins, undoubtedly vanish every year; but any mathematician will demonstrate to us that a single billion has never yet been manufactured. A billion, according to Noah Webster, is a 'million of millions'—a number so vast, I say, that the human mind has not the capacity to comprehend it. A manufactory making a hundred pins per minute, and kept in constant operation, would only make 52,596,000 per annum, and would require, near 20,000 years, at the same ratio, without a single moment's cessation, to make that number called a billion.

A Ghastly Spectacle.—It is almost incredible to state the loss of the Russians in Sebastopol alone: thousands and thousands of dead bodies putrify the air, and indeed, almost the earth. I have been to see Sebastopol, and to describe the state of it, is almost, and indeed utterly impossible; it is a frightful den; the last two bombardments have made frightful havoc in the town: it can only be compared to a stove, it is so riddled with shot and shell.—The buildings look quite perfect from our batteries, but once near them you find them nothing but mere shells; nothing remains of the inside but confused piles of rubbish; no staircase, no doors, nothing remains except the unseemly mass, nor is there a single door or window to be seen in any of them. In walking thro' the town; wherever you could turn, nothing *but dead bodies piled on top of each other met the eye, and a horrid stench saluted the nose; and what was more shocking still, there were casks filled with arms, legs, hands, toes, and fingers piled regularly away in heaps.*

Three Thousand Bats in one House.—A gentleman of the county of Prince Edward, Va., as we learn from the Farmville Journal, having been compelled to abandon the use of one of the rooms of his dwelling, in consequence of the offensive smell produced by a large number of bats having taking up their residence under the weather-boarding and the wall—determined a short time since to get rid of his troublesome visitors by pulling the apartment to pieces—He did so, and found them concealed under every plank and in every crevice, in multitudes almost too astonishing for belief. He estimates the number—dead and alive—to have been between two and three thousand.

How to Wash Windows.—The nicest article for washing windows is a deer-skin, as no particles come off to adhere to the glass and make it look as if washed with feathers. There is no need of anything larger than a hand-basin for washing windows. The great splashing some people make in the exercise of their art is entirely useless, and is, moreover, deleterious. When the water is permitted to run in great quantities over the glass it dissolves the putty and soon loosens the panes from their setting, also stains the glass. Two pieces of washleather and a quart of suds are all that are necessary. Wipe the glass first with the wet cloth or leather, and after it becomes dry with the clean cloth, and then it will look clear, and far more so than if rinsed in a dozen pails of water.

The Scotch have a saying, "Who cheats me once, shame befall him; if he cheats me twice, shame befall me."

A Subject for Barnum.—The editor of the Eddyville (Iowa) *Free Press* boasts that a lady of that place, under 21 years of age, has been the mother of seven children.

On the line of the New Jersey railroad is a grave yard in which stands a tombstone with the following touching and simple, yet exquisitely poetic epitaph: "He was a good egg."

It thought you was born on the first of April, said a Benedict to his lovely wife, who had mentioned the 21st as her birthday.

'Most people might think so, from the choice I made of a husband,' she replied.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

As "all the world" and his wife are being daily importuned, through the newspapers, to "buy a farm" somewhere in the backwoods of Pennsylvania, the following narrative of a recent adventure in the region where the lands of promise, so eloquently described in advisements, are located, will be found interesting.

Jersey Shore, Pa., Nov. 20, '55.

Mr. Editor:—In the early history of this country, we read of many remarkable adventures and thrilling episodes in the lives of hunters and pioneers, that appear quite marvellous: but probably there are none possessed of more deep and thrilling interest than the following, which occurred recently: The hero of this adventure, Arvine Clark, Esq., is a highly respectable citizen of the borough of Jersey Shore, and in the employ of the "Farming and Land Association," as agent, which is establishing a new colony near the site of the famous Ole Bull settlement. Being an experienced woodsman and old hunter, he is peculiarly fitted as an agent to explore the wilds of that region. The story was related to the writer by Mr. C. himself, and may be relied upon as being correct.

On the 4th of November last, Mr. C. was exploring the route for a new road to the settlement, through a wild and gloomy wilderness. As the shades of evening drew on he commenced to retrace his steps, as he supposed, thro' lands of William Silver, Esq., of Philadelphia; but he was disappointed and lost his way.—He became alarmed, and as the dusky shades of night were settling around, he found himself in a dense forest, at least eight miles from the settlement. Becoming very tired from rapid walking, he sat down upon a log to rest a moment and contemplate his situation. His attention was suddenly arrested by a rustling in the bushes close by, and on cautiously looking round, beheld a huge bear coming towards him. To draw up his trusty rifle and shoot the beast was the work of a moment. Bruin gave a fearful and awful roar, which awoke the echoes of the gloomy solitude, and then was still. Fearing that the beast was only wounded, Clarke hastily re-loaded his gun with two balls, *the last in his pouch*, and discharged them into the body of the monster, when he cautiously approached and found that he was dead. He describes the roar of the beast, as he received his death wound, as terrific; and calculated to make the stoutest heart quail with fear.

A dark and gloomy night was settling down on him—he had no bullets for his gun—was far in the wilderness without food or shelter surrounded by wild animals. He had no matches to kindle a fire—his situation was desperate, and to add to his further discomfort, it commenced raining. What was to be done? To remain there without a fire was exceedingly dangerous. With these reflections he continued to grope his way through the laurel, hoping to find a path that might lead to a hunter's habitation, but in vain. The night was as dark as Egypt, and the howling of a pack of wolves greeted his ear. Being an old man, he soon became exhausted and found that he would have to remain there for the night. Coming to an aged hemlock he scaled himself at its root for the night. Could he but obtain a fire he would be comparatively safe. The effort was made by collecting some dry materials, and loading his gun with powder, fired the charge into a dry cotton handkerchief. It was a failure! As the gun was discharged, another bear, apparently within twenty feet of him, gave a hideous and awful roar that made Clark's hair stand on end. Bruin was terribly frightened by the discharge of the gun, and hastily scampered off, much to the relief of Clark, who now began to fairly realize the danger of his situation.

Here he remained, not daring to fall asleep. About two o'clock in the morning, to add to the horrors of his situation, the yell of a panther was heard. The beast approached—came nearer every few minutes uttering a screech that froze the blood in his veins! As a last resort to defend himself from the attack of the savage animal, he re-loaded his gun putting in some *three cent pieces and steel pens*, (for he had nothing else); which he *hoped* might do some execution. The animal came so near that the glare of his eyes in the darkness resembled two balls of fire! Clark expected every moment to receive the fatal spring. There he remained, without daring to move; with the fiery eyes of the panther fixed upon him! In this dreadful situation expecting every moment to be torn in pieces, he remained till break of day, when he was relieved from danger and the animal disappeared. Hungry, weary and excited, he left for the settlement, where he arrived about noon, and related his thrilling adventure. A party proceeded to the place where the bear was shot, and brought in his carcass, which proved to be a very large one. It was dressed and forwarded to New York. It was several days before Clark fairly recovered from the fatigue, the fear, and excitement of that night, which will never be removed from his mind.

Reader, how would you like to spend such a night in the gloomy wilds of a Potter county wilderness? John of Lancaster.

Heroism of a Dog in the Crimea.

The following account of the exploits of a dog in the Crimea, translated from the Gazette of Trieste, surpasses every thing heretofore recorded of the devotion and bravery of this noble animal:

A great sensation has been caused in the camp of the Allies by the heroic deeds of a dog belonging to Col. Metmann, of the 73d regiment of the line. On the 16th of August, during the battle of the Tchernaya, the quadruped broke his chain, fought in the ranks of the army, saved the life of a sergeant and a soldier, and took three Russians prisoners. A ball struck his foot, but the wound only embittered the animal the more. He threw himself upon a Russian officer, bore him to the ground, and dragged him prisoner by the coat collar to the French. A physician has bound up the wound, and the four-footed hero is convalescing. He will probably receive some mark of honor, as another dog in the English army has been rewarded with a medal for his devotion to his master.

A man who does not claim to be a judge of swine says: "Last spring I bought a little pig from a drove, and he was good for eating, but wouldn't grow much. He got so after a week or two that he would eat a large bucket full at a time, and then like Oliver Twist, call for more. Well, one morning I carried out a wash bucket full of dough, and after he had swallowed it all, I picked the pig up and put it in the same bucket I had fed him from, and did little cuss didn't half fill it full."

Affliction.—The hiding places of men are discovered by affliction. As one has aptly said, "Our refuges are like the nests of birds in summer, they are hidden among the green leaves; but in winter, they are seen among the branches."

The good heart, the tender feelings and pleasant disposition make smiles, live and sunshine everywhere.

Home Life.

We cut the following paragraph from Gov. Wright's address, before the New York State Agricultural Society:

"At the base of the prosperity of any people lies this great principle—*Make labor fashionable at home.* Educate, instruct, encourge: and offer all the incentives you can offer, to give interest and dignity to labor at *home.* Enlist the heart and the intellect of the *family* in the support of a domestic system that will make labor attractive at the homestead. By means of the powerful influences of early home education, endeavor to invest practical labor with an interest that will cheer the heart of each member of the family; and thereby you will give to your household the grace, peace, refinement, and attraction which God designed a home should possess.

The truth is, we must *talk* more, *think* more, *work* more, and *act* more in reference to questions relating to *home.*

The training and improving of the physical, intellectual, social and moral powers and capacities of the youth of our country, requires something more than the school house, academy, college, and university. The young mind should receive judicious training in the field, in the garden, in the barn, in the workshop, in the parlor, in the kitchen—in a word, around the hearthstone, at *home.*

Whatever intellectual attainments your son may have acquired; he is unfit to go forth into society if he has not had thrown around him the genial and purifying influences of parents, sisters, brothers, and the *man-saving* influence of the family government. The nation must look for virtue, wisdom, and strength, to the education that controls and shapes the *home policy* of the family circle. There can be no love of country where there is no love of home. Patriotism, true and genuine, the only kind worthy of the name, derives its mighty strength from fountains that gush out around the hearth stone: and those who forget to cherish the household interests, will soon learn to look with indifference upon the interests of their common country.

Fashion and Furs.—The rage for furs was never greater, perhaps, than the present season promises. For a number of years the trade has gradually increased in extent and importance, till furs seem to have become an almost indispensable article of ladie's apparel. The style has changed since the last season, by the widening of the "victorine" into a cape, so that in many cases, it is substituted for cloaks and shawls. Tailors ingeniously contrive so to vary their styles, particularly as to the length of skirts and waists, as to compel an observance of their whims.

In like manner, furriers create a demand for new patterns, by rendering the former ones antique and distasteful, and many who, a year since, provided themselves with costly furs, now find themselves altogether out of fashion, and under the necessity of further outlay and the aid of the furrier. The mink sable, or American mink, has suddenly become very popular, from its resemblance to the Russian sable, and will be the fur most worn this winter. Though costing not more than one-third as much as the real sable, its appearance often gives it a preference. The skin, commonly known as the Russian sable, and which sells for $300 to $500 per cape—choice as high as $800.

The genuine Russian sable is very seldom seen in the United States and a set—muff cape and duffs—costs $1400 to $2000. The stone martin, from Germany and Greece, the latter being the best, is still much worn, in large capes, and is among the handsomest furs.—Good sets are to be had from $30 to $40, extra $125. Ermine costs $400 to $500 the set. The opposum (mountain martin) is the staple for medium priced furs, particularly for the country trade, and black fox silver fox, squirrel, &c., are cheaper still. The price of all kinds of furs are slightly in advance of last year. The mink is very much in advance, and the manner of making up all descriptions still further enhances their cost.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

A Daring Slave Refugee.—A slave named Jacob Green ran away last August, from Mr. Parsons, of Romney, Va., into Pennsylvania. A few weeks after he returned under cover of night, stole a horse, and carried off five of Mr. Parson's slaves. Two weeks ago he again returned, and carried off five slaves from the same place belonging to Mr. Stump. This induced Stump, Parsons and a nephew of Mr. Parsons, to start in pursuit of them. In Bedford county, Pa., two of stump's slaves were overtaken and sent back. Green discovered Parsons in the cars, and jumped out, and Parsons followed and secured him, though he was heavily armed. Col. Piper, Gen. Potts, and other abolitionists interfered, and forced Parsons away. The release of the fugitive effected, Potts went before a magistrate and made oath against Parsons for attempting to kidnap. Parsons procured bail. The slave, Green, it is thought, is in Canada by this time.

"Ah," said a wicked lad to a lady acquaintance of proud aristocratic caste, "I perceive, madam, you have been learning a trade. 'Learning a trade!' replied she heartily, looking needles and pins at him, 'indeed you are greatly mistaken sir.'

"Oh," said the mischievous chap, "I inferred from the looks of your cheeks that you had turned painter!"

The wag sloped instanter, and the lady saved herself from fainting by taking a glass of brandy and water.

Life is a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings, that part asunder if one is broken. Thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers which make it more strange that they not all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush. Decaying tenements we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitutions by nature. The earth and atmosphere whence we draw the breath of life, are impregnated with death; health is made to operate to its own destruction. The food that nourishes contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates is by vivifying first, tends to wear it out by its own action. Death lurks in ambush along the paths. Notwithstanding this truth is so palpably confirmed by the daily examples before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart. We see our friends and neighbors die, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell may give the next warning to the world.

The kissing stories, of which we have recently given several, seem to beget more. A gentleman in Richmond, Virginia, writes to us that in the beautiful village of Lexington, in the valley of Virginia, a young gent having devoted himself to the special entertainment of a company of pretty girls for a whole evening, demanded payment in kisses, when one of them instantly replied, "Certainly, Sir, present your bill!"

A love sick young gentleman, who has taken very much of late to writing sonnets has just hung himself with one of his own lines.

Ventriloquist on the Dock.

Quite an exciting scene occurred at one of our wharves lately:

The hands of one of our steamers were engaged in rolling off a cask, when to the consternation and surprise of the persons engaged in performing that operation, a voice was heard within the cask.

"Roll it easy, those darned nails hurt; I'd rather pay my passage than stand all this!"

Holding up their heads, their trunks expanded to the size of two saucers, the two laborers exclaimed—

"That beats the d—!"

The mate coming up at this moment, and unaware of the cause of delay, commenced cursing them for their dilatoriness, when from within, the voice again came forth:

"You're nobody; let me out of this cask."

"Who's that?" said the mate.

"Why it's me!" said the voice; "I want to get out—I won't stand this any longer!"

"End up the cask," said the mate.

"Oh don't—you will kill me!" said the voice. "These darn nails prick me. Look out!—Don't!" again said the casked up individual, as the men were turning it over.

"Cooper," said the mate, unhead this cask, and take out that man."

As the adze sundered the hoops, and the head was coming out, the voice again broke forth—

"Be easy, now is there any one about?—I don't want to be caught!"

Quite a crowd had now gathered round the "scene of action," when, to the utter astonishment of the bystanders, a loud gutteral laugh broke forth, which made our hair stand on end, the cask was filled with bacon.

"What does it mean?" says one.

"I swear, it beats my time," said the mate.

"We enjoyed the joke too well to "blow," as we walked off arm in arm with the "Fakir of Ava," the ventriloquist and magician.

Conundrums.

'Talking of conundrums,' said Old Hurricane, stretching himself all over Social Hall, and sending out one of those mighty puffs of Havana smoke which had given him his name, 'Talking of conundrums, can any of you tell when a ship may be in love?'

'I can tell—I can,' snapped out little Turtle. 'It's when she wants to be manned.'

'Just missed it,' quoth Old Hurricane, 'by a mile. Try again. Who speaks first?'

'I do, secondly,' answered Leamons. 'It's when she wants a mate.'

'Not correct,' replied Hurricane. 'The question is still open.'

'When she's a ship of great size,' (sighs) modestly propounded Mr. Smoothly.

'When she's a tender to a man of war,' said the Colonel, regarding the reflection of his face in his boot.

'Everything but correct,' responded Hurricane.

'When she's struck aback by a heavy swell,' suggested Starlight.

'Not as yet,' said Hurricane. 'Come—hurry along!'

'When she makes much of a fast sailor,' cried Lmashpipes.

Here there was a great groan, and Smashpipes was thrown out of the window. When peace was restored, Old Hurricane propelled again.

'You might have said, 'when she hugs the wind,' or, 'when she runs down for a smack,' or, 'when she's after a consort,' or something of that sort. But it wouldn't have been right. The real solution is—When she's *attached to a buoy.*'

'That's it, is it?' said Smashpipes, who mysteriously re-appeared. 'That's what I just stepped out to tell the ladies. Now, some of you tell me when a ship is beloved?'

'When the carpenter re-guards her,' quoth Meister Karl. 'Smashpipes—you must find the cigars.'

And Smashpipes brought out his box of Regalias, and behold there came a great cloud over Social Hall.

Story of a Butterfly.—The following beautiful little sketch is by the charming Grace Greenwood. It occurs in her account of her voyage across the Atlantic:

"One day, much to my surprise, I spied a real live butterfly, on one of the spars of the vessel. *He had been thrown out from the shore,* the captain said. But his wings were wet with spray, and torn by the winds, and it did not live many minutes after it lit. I thought to myself that perhaps this poor creature had been born in some secluded cottage garden, brought up on the sweetest honey and the purest dew, cradled by night in a jessamine flower, and rocked by soft summer winds, or cosily crouched in the heart of a rose, and sung to sleep by a merry cricket. That perhaps, she had alway been happy and contented till some gossiping locust or fragrant humming bird had filled her ears with fine stories of grander gardens over the sea, and she had been seized with a foolish longing for foreign travel, stranger sights, and adventures. And that from this time she had found her garden-home dull, her honey and dew insipid, her rosebud uncomfortable, the song of her cricket nurse harsh, till she could stand it no longer, but bravely flew off from shore right over that beautiful, sparkling sea. Then the storm wind took her and whirled her on and on, through the salt ocean spray, all day and all night, until it left her at last, not in a fairy garden, but on a great ship which smelt of tar instead of roses, and where she sank down to the deck, and the small gold stars died out of her azure wings, and she was soon only a little heap of shining dust."

The Latest Lady's Invention.—The patent petticoat lifter" is the great centre of attraction at the exhibition in the Crystal Palace in New York, and is thus described: There are four small pulleys attached to the waist under the dress, over which are two small cords, one end of which is attached with pins, severally to the front, rear and sides of the skirt, at about the height of the knee. The other ends terminate in loops, which are led into the pockets on either side. If a lady wishes to go up stairs, she pulls loop No. 1 in the right pocket, and instantly the dress rises in front, so that the ascent is made with perfect grace. No. 2 in the left hand pocket elevates the rear, in the same manner, and all pulled at once lifts all the skirts knee high! All these pulleys, loops, toggle cords, &c., show that woman is determined