AMERICAN VOLUNTEER,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
John B. Bratton.

TERMS.

SUBSCRIPTION.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents, paid in advance; Two Dollars if paid within the year; and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the Editor.

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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.

VOL. 42. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY DECEMBER 20, 1855. NO. 28.

Poetical.

VERDICT—"FOUND DEAD."

THE SURGEON'S TALE.

BY HENRY COLERAIN.

'Twas on a dark December evening;
Loud the blast, and bitter cold;
Downwards came the whirling waters;
Deep and black the river rolled;
Not a dog beneath the tempest;
Not a beggar upon his beat,
Wind and rain, and cold and darkness,
Swept through every desert street.

Muffled to the teeth, that evening
It was struggling in the storm,
Through peaceful lanes and hungry alleys;
Suddenly—an ancient form
Peered from out a gloomy doorway,
And with trembling croak, it said—
"In the left-hand empty garret
You will find a woman—dead!

"Never stepped a finer creature,
When she was a simple maid;
But she did like many others
Loved a man, and was betrayed.
I have seen her in her carriage
Riding, diamonds in her hair;
And I've seen her starving (starving,
Do you hear?) and now—she's there!"

Up the worn and slippery stair
With a quickening pulse I sprung;
Famine, Filth and mean Despair
Round about the darkness hung:
No kind vision met my glances,
Friend or helper of the poor,
So the crazy room I entered,
And looked down upon the floor;

There, on the rough and naked boards,
A long, gaunt, wasted figure lay,
Murdered in its youth by Hunger,
All its beauty—wrinkled clay.
Life's poor wants had left her nothing,
Clothes not fuel—food nor bed;
Nothing—save some ragged letters
Whereon lay the ghastly head.

"Nothing!"—yet what more could Pity
Crave, for one about to die,
Than sweet words from one she worshipped,
(Sweet, though every word a lie?)
In the morning of her pleasure,
In the midnight of her pain,
They were all, her wealth, her comfort,
Treasured—ay, and not in vain.
And with her they now lie mouldering,
And a date upon a stone
Telleth where (to end the story)
Love's poor outcast sleeps alone.
Mourn not; for at length she sleepeth
The soft slumber of the dead,
Resting on her loved love-letters,
Last, fit pillow for her head.

Miscellaneous.

MY FIRST TEMPTATION.

The Story of a Class Mate.

BY HORACE B. STANFORD.

At an early age I lost my father, and as he left us with but little of this world's goods, it soon became necessary that I should find some employment. I was then thirteen years of age, and not very stout or strong, but yet with a will to do anything that could be found for me to do. At length my mother made an arrangement with a carpenter by the name of Morris, and I was taken into his shop as an apprentice. With him I remained two years, but at the end of that time I became so worn down by the hard work imposed upon me, that my mother resolved I should remain there no longer.—My sister Lucy, who was two years older than myself, had long detected my failing strength; and it was mainly through her efforts that I was removed from the place, for I should never have complained.

I was now fifteen—tall, slim and pale—and I knew that I could not stand any sort of work which taxed my physical strength to any great extent. But fortune favored me. A Mr. Joseph Evered, who kept a dry goods store near by, was in want of a salesman, and through my sister's influence I obtained the place. Mr. Evered had a daughter Julia, just about my own age, who was very intimate with Lucy, and it was by her intercessions with her father that Lucy gained her point.

I was duly installed into my place, and I was soon happy and contented, for my employer was kind, and an intimacy sprang up between myself and Julia which afforded me a purer bliss than I had ever before experienced. Thus matters passed on for a year; and at the end of that time my health was restored, and I had so far gained upon the confidence of Mr. Evered that he now trusted me with some of his most particular business. Only one thing troubled me. I was not receiving such wages as I fancied my services entitled me to. In fact I was in debt. I had purchased a suit of clothes of a tailor in the neighborhood, and was owing for them. The tailor wanted his money, and I had promised him he should have it at a certain time; but that time came and passed, and I could not pay him. He threatened, and I promised anew. Oh how many times I wished that I had never bought those clothes. I *could* have got along along without them; and I resolved that never again would I buy anything which I could not pay for upon the spot. But that did not help this case.

One evening I sat alone in the store. It was Saturday evening, and the day had been a busy one. We had sold a great quantity of goods, and the money-drawer was well filled. Slowly a demon rose before me, and began to advise me. He pointed to the money-drawer, and whispered, "There are the means for paying your debt!" I knew that Mr. Evered had no knowledge of the amount of money there, for he knew not how much I had sold. I could take even fifty dollars, and he might never miss it; for I had sold a great quantity of stuff which he had no account of. I had promised the tailor that he should have the money that very night, and I had planned to get Mr. Evered to advance me the necessary sum. I had not been spending money foolishly; but from my poor pittance I supported my mother, and that ate it all up.

For a long while I sat and looked upon that drawer, and all the while the tempter was persuading me. I knew that young clerks often did such things, and that some times necessity compelled them to it—at least, so I then thought. How could I meet my creditor again without the money? I could not; and at length I resolved that I would not. I arose and went to the drawer. I opened it, and saw the bank which had been fairly jammed in there.—I counted out twenty dollars! My hands trembled, and my heart beat quickly. I thrust the notes into my pocket, and then hastened back to my seat, and ere long afterwards my employer entered.

"Well, Charles," he said, "I guess we'll shut up now."

I arose and went out and put up the shutters; and when I came back, I found Evered engaged in counting the money. As I approached him, he eyed me with a sharp, searching look, and I trembled like an aspen.

"What ails you?" he asked.

"Nothing, sir," I answered, trying to compose myself.

"But there must be something the matter," he resumed, "for you look as pale as a ghost."

"I am tired," I said.

"Well, well, you've worked hard to-day, and you may go. I'll attend to the rest."

With a desperate endeavor to compose myself, I thanked him for his kindness, and then seized my hat and left the store. The fresh air revived me somewhat, and I hurried on to the tailor's. I paid my bill, and for a moment my heart was lighter; but it was only for the moment. When I reached the street again, the thought of what I had done came upon me with a whelming force, and I was miserable. When I reached home, I professed to be sick, and retired at once. But my mother, sick and weak herself, came up to my bed and wanted to fix me some medicine. She gave me a simple preparation, drew up the clothes snugly about me, and having kissed me, she said:

"Be careful, Charles, for 'twould be painful indeed to have you sick. God keep and bless you. Good night."

O, how those last words rung in my ears.—What would my mother say—how would she feel—if she knew that her son was a *thief*. It was a long time before I could give the word shape and form, but it came at last. I could not keep it back. *Thief! thief!* rang in my soul, till an agony was upon me so intense that all other conceptions of pain were, as nothing. The night passed away in sleepless, phantom-making restlessness; and when the morning came, I arose and walked out before my mother or sister was up. I did not return until breakfast was ready; and then I had so far overcome all outward signs of distress, that little remark was made upon it. But the worm was gnawing at my heart.

That forenoon I went with my sister to meeting; and as I entered the little church, I met the gaze of Mr. Evered. He watched me sharply, and I saw marks of pain upon his face.—After the services were over, I saw him in conversation with the tailor. I noticed how earnestly they spoke, and once I saw the tailor point his finger towards me, I felt sure, then, that all was discovered!

"For mercy's sake, Charles, what is the matter?" cried Lucy, as she caught my arm.

"He's faint," I heard a tremulous say; and on turning, I saw Julia Evered. She was frightened—and at that moment came the conviction that she loved me. But that other thought came with it; and then I knew she would ere long despise me.

Sick and faint, I hurried away; and to all the anxious inquiries of Lucy, I only replied that I was not well. O, how miserable I felt; for I knew that my employer had detected the theft. His gaze at me in the church was proof enough; but his conversation with the tailor made it doubly sure. That afternoon I dared not go to church, and my mother worried over me. If she would only have left me alone, I might have been less miserable; but she clung close to me, and I had to lie to her—the first falsehood I ever spoke to that noble woman!

Another night of restless agony, and then I came to the severest part of all. I must meet my employer. It was late when I descended to the kitchen, and I found my mother as pale and deathly as death itself. For the moment I forgot my own pain, and hastened to her side. She gazed up into my face with such a look as I hope I may never see again.

"Don't ask me any questions, Charles," she said, "but go at once to the store. Mr. Evered wants you immediately."

I could not ask a question—I could not speak. Without breakfast—without waiting to see Lucy—I started from the house. People whom I met gazed at me sharply, and once I heard the word *thief* pronounced! O, Evered had told the story of my crime! How could he?—No, no, 'twas the tailor who had told it, for my employer would never have done it. Yet it was known. I stopped, and suddenly the thought of flight occurred to me. Why had I not thought of it before? Why should I stay longer—where shame, and shame only, could be mine? I turned to flee, and just then my sister came rushing after me, with her hair floating widly in the morning air, and her face pale as death.

"O, Charles," she uttered, "come with me at once! Come, come, our mother is dying!"

My sister seized my hand, and by main force dragged me away. I reached my home—I knew not how, for my reason had almost left me. Into the little bed-room, Lucy dragged me; and there lay my mother stark and cold.

"O, Charles, you have killed her!" sobbed my sister, as she threw herself upon the bed. She could not stand your disgrace!"

One moment I gazed upon that cold, pale form; and then a wild, unearthly cry broke from my lips. I plunged madly forward upon the bed—

"Charles! Charles!"

I started up. I felt a heavy hand upon my shoulder, and again my name was called.

"What is the matter? Come, rouse up.—For mercy's sake, what ails you?"

It was Mr. Evered who spoke. I was still sitting upon the stool behind the counter, but my head had fallen forward upon a pile of goods that lay heaped up before me. Instinctively I cast my eyes upon the money-drawer, and slowly the truth worked its way to my mind. A cold, clammy sweat, was upon my brow, a pain in my limbs, and I trembled like an aspen.

"What ails you, Charles?" Mr. Evered kindly asked.

"My soul—such a dream!" I involuntarily gasped.

"Well, well! if it's nothing worse than that I am glad. But come, I want to have a few words of conversation with you before you go."

I was fully aroused now. I looked at the money-drawer, though, many times ere I could fully realize that I was safe. The tempter had come, but an angel had met and beaten him away. The doors and shutters were closed, and then my employer sat down by my side.

"Well, Charles," he commenced, "Julia has been telling me this afternoon that you wholly support your mother."

"Yes, sir," I tremblingly answered. "My sister thus far has only been able to support herself, and the rest all comes on me."

"But how do you get along? Surely, your salary here is not sufficient."

"But it has been sufficient, sir, to find us in food and fuel. For—for clothing—I have—"

"Run in debt, eh?"

"Yes, sir; but I will never do it again. I will go ragged, if need be, but I will not run in debt."

"Right—right; my boy! But we will fix that all right now. I have been thinking for some time of increasing your pay, and I will do so now—not only so, but I must put it back to where I first thought of it, and that was three months ago. Let's see."

He turned to the desk as he spoke, and made a few figures on a piece of paper.

"Three dollars a week for thirteen weeks would be thirty-nine dollars," he said. "Will that square you up?"

"O yes, sir; and more—more, too."

"Then you shall have that, and hereafter you shall have that amount over each quarter."

He said something more about making me his head clerk at some time, but I did not fully understand him. I received the money, paid the tailor, and when I had reached my home, I had become calm and happy. I told my mother and Lucy of my good fortune, and they wept for joy.

Yet I could not help shuddering fearfully whenever I thought of that terrible vision which came upon me while the tempter was with me. But—let me say it again—'twas an angel's visit.

Years have passed away since that time.—Mr. Evered is an old man—my children are his children, and the store that was once his is now half mine. He has retired, and the other half of the extensive business belongs to Lucy's husband. My mother still lives, and, thank God, can yet bless her son that he has never yet called one drop of sorrow to her life-cup.

Ballou's Pictorial.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.

I can see that I grow older,
And I note it day by day;
I can feel my heart grow colder
As its pleasures pass away.
At the festival-table glass I linger,
As with faded eye I trace
Solemn tokens which Time's finger
Has engraven on my face.

But one moment can restore me
To my boyhood, and my prime,
And sweet memories come o'er me,
Of that brief and blessed time:
Then I hear a father's blessing,
And I feel a mother's kiss;
And again I am caressing
One who shared with me my bliss.

Who shall say the past must perish
'Neath the Future's coming waves?
What the soul delights to cherish
From oblivion's depths it saves!
Looking backward, on I'm gliding,
Till I reach that final shore
Where the Present is abiding,
And where change shall come no more.

From the New Novel, "The Old Homestead," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

THE HUSKING FROLIC.

The barn was a vast rustic bower that night. One end was draped with corn ready for husking; the floor was neatly swept; and overhead the rafters were concealed by heavy garlands of white pine, golden maple leaves, and red oak branches, that swept downwards like a tent. Butternut leaves wreathed their clustering gold among the dark green hemlock, while sumach cones, with flame colored leaves, shot thro' the gorgeous forest branches. The rustic chandalier was in full blaze, while now and then a candle gleamed out thro' the garlands, starring them to the roof. Still, the illumination was neither broad nor bold, but shed a delicious twilight thro' the barn, that left much to the imagination and concealed a thousand, maybe, signs of love making that would have been ventured on more slily had the light been broader.

But the candles were aided by a host of sparkling eyes. The air was warm and rich laughter and pleasant nonsense handled from group to group amid the rustling of corn husks and the dash of golden ears, as they fell from the heap that swelled larger and larger every passing minute.

Uncle Nathan's great arm chair had been placed in the centre of the barn just beneath the hoop of lights. There he sat ruddy and smiling, the very impersonation of a ripe harvest, with an iron fire shovel fastened in some mysterious manner across his seat, a large splint basket beneath his knees, working away with an energy that brought the presperation like rain to his forehead. Up and down across the sharp edge of the shovel, he drew the slender corn, sending a shower of golden kernels into the basket with every pull of his arm, and stopped now and then with a well pleased smile to even down the corn as it rose higher in his basket.

Our old friend Salina sat at a little distance, with her fiery tresses rolled in upright puffs over each temple, and her great horn comb towering therein like a battlement. A calico gown with very gay colors straggling over it, like honey-suckles and buttercups on a hill side, adorned her lathy person, leaving a trim foot visible upon a bundle of stalks just within range of Uncle Nat's eye. Not that Salina intended it, or that Uncle Nat had any regard for neatly clad feet, but your strong minded woman has an instinct which is sure to place the few charms sparsely distributed to the class in conspicuous relief on all occasions.

As Salina sat perched on the base of the corn stalk, tearing away vigorously at the husks, she she cast an admiring glance now and then on the old man as his head rose and fell to the motion of his hands; but that glance was quickly withdrawn with a defiant toss of the head, for Uncle Nat's eyes never once turned on the trim foot with its calf-skin shoe, much less on its owner, who began to be a little exasperated, as maidens of her class will be when their best points are overlooked.

"Humph!" muttered the maiden, looking down at her calico, "one might as well have come with a linsey woolsey frock on for what anybody cares. In order to relieve these exasperated feelings Salina seized an ear of corn by the dead silk and rent away the entire husk at once; when lo! a long plump ear appeared, the very thing that half a dozen of the prettiest girls on the stalk heap had been scrching and wishing for all the evening.

This discovery was hailed with a shout.—The possession of a red ear according to the established use of all husking parties, entitled every gentleman present to a kiss from the holder.

The barn rang again with the clamor of voices and the shouts of merry laughter.—There was a general crashing down of ears upon the corn heap. The roguish girls that had failed in finding the red ear, abandoned work and began dancing over the stalk heap, clapping their hands like mad things, and sending shout after shout of merry laughter, that went ringing cherily among the starlight evergreens overhead.

But the young men after the first wild shout, remained unusually silent, looking sheepishly at each other with a shy unwillingness to commence duty. No one seemed urgent to be the first, and this very awkwardness set the girls off like mad again.

There sat Salina, amid the merry din, brandishing the red ear in her hand, with a grim smile upon her mouth, prepared for a desperate defence.

"What's the matter? why don't you begin?" cried a pretty black piece of mischief, from the top of the stalk heap; "why before this time, I thought you would have been snatching kisses by the handsful."

"I'd like to see them try, that's all!" said the strong minded female, sweeping a glance of scornful defiance over the young men.

"Now, Joseph Nash, are you going to stand that?" cried the pretty piece of mischief to a handsome young fellow, that had haunted her neighborhood all the evening; "afraid to fight for a kiss, are you?"

"No, not exactly," said Joseph, rolling back his wristbands, and settling himself in his clothes; "it's the after-clap, if I shouldn't happen to please," he added in a whisper, that brought his lips so close to the cheek of his fair tormenter, that he absolutely gathered toll from its peachey bloom before starting on his pilgrimage, a toll that brought the glow still more richly to her face.

The maiden, laughing till the tears sparkled in her eyes, pushed him toward Salina in revenge.

But Salina lost no time in placing herself on the defensive. She started up, flung the bundle of stalks on which she had been seated at the head of her assailant, kicked up a tornado of loose husks with her trim foot, and stood brandishing the red ear furiously, as if it had been a dagger in the hands of lady Macbeth, rather than inoffensive food for chickens.

"Keep your distance, Joe Nash; keep clear of me, now, I tell you; I am't afraid of the face of man; go back out of this while yur have a chance; you can't kiss me, I tell you, without you are stronger than I be, and I know you are!"

"I shan't—shan't I!" answered Joe, who was reinforced by half a dozen laughing youngsters, all eager for a frolic; well, I never did take a stump from a gal in my life, so here goes for that kiss."

Joe bounded forward as he spoke, and made a snatch at Salina with his great hands; but with the quickness of a deer, she sprang aside, leaving her black silk apron in his grasp.—Another plunge, and down came the ear of corn across his head, rolling a shower of red kernels among his thick brown hair.

But Joe had secured his hold, and after another dash, that broke her ear of corn in twain, Salina was left defenseless; with nothing but her two hands to fight with; but she plied those with vigor, leaving crimson marks upon her assailant's cheeks with every blow, till, in very self defence he was compelled to lessen the distance between her face and his, thus receiving her assault upon his shoulders.

To this day it is doubtful if Joe Nash really did gather the fruits of his victory. If he did, no satisfactory report was made to the eager ring of listners; and Salina stalked away from him with an air of ineffable disdain, as if her defeat had been deprived of its just reward.

Shutting Doors.

"Don't look so cross, Edward, when I call you back to shut the doors; grandpa's old bones feel the cold wind; and besides, you have got to spend your life shutting doors, and you might as well begin to learn now.

"Do forgive me, grandpa, I ought to be ashamed to be cross to you. But what do you mean. I ain't going to be a sixton. I am going to college, and then I am going to be a lawyer."

"Well admitting all that, I imagine 'Squire Edward C——" will have a good many doors to shut, if ever he makes much of a man."

"What kind of doors? Do tell me, grandpa."

"Sit down a minute, and I'll give you a list.

"In the first place, the door of your ears must be closed against the bad language and evil counsel of the boys and young men you will be at school or college with, or you will be undone. Let them once get possession of that door, and I would not give much for Edward C——'s future prospects."

"The door of your eyes, too, must be shut against bad books, idle novels, and low wicked newspapers, or your studies will be neglected, and you will grow up a useless ignorant man. You will have to close them sometimes against the fine things exposed to tale in the store windows, or have any left to a way.

"The door of your lips will need especial care, for they guard an unruly member which makes great use of the bad company let in at the doors of the eyes and ears. That door is very apt to *blow open*; and if not constantly watched, will let out angry, trifling, or vulgar words. It will back-bite sometimes worse than a March wind, if it is left open too long; I would advise you to keep it shut much of the time till you have laid up a store of knowledge, or at least till you have something valuable to say.

"The inner door of your heart must be well shut against temptation, for conscience, the doorkeeper, grows very indifferent if you dirregard his call; and sometimes dros asleep at his post, and when you may think you are doing very well, you are fast going down to ruin. If you carefully guard the outside doors of the eyes, and ears, and lips, you will keep out many cold blasts of sin, which get in before you think.

"This shutting doors, you see Eddy, will be a serious business; one on which your well-doing in this life and the next depends."

☞ Two married couple took seats in the cars at New York, bound for Boston, in close proximity; and about 8 o'clock they both indulged in balmy slumbers, the heads of their wives resting upon their husbands' shoulders. When the cars reached Worcester, the gentlemen stepped out, and the ladies, apparently exhausted, slept on. The delay was brief, and on re-entering the cars, the husbands, whose eyes were scarcely open, exchanged seats, and in a few minutes resumed their natural positions, and were in the land of dreams. At Farmington the cars stopped again, when one of the ladies said,—

"Will you have time to get me a drink of water here?"

The affrighted gentleman (not recognizing the music of his wife's voice) exclaimed—

"By heaven, have I make a mistake?—This isn't you, Willy?"

"No," exclaimed the lady, "and you ain't my husband!"

"Perhaps we had better exchange seats," exclaimed the husband in the seat immediately in the rear, who had awoke, "for there's a slight mistake here."

The second lady, too fatigued did not awake and as the temporary husband endeavored to shift his burden so as to move, she merely ejaculated, "Do keep still."

☞ A rather amusing scene was witnessed at Columbus, Ohio, Post Office, the other morning.

A rough, uncouth-looking customer inquired for a letter at the general delivery. He received one, and not being sure that it was for him, he asked the clerk to read a few lines to him.

The postmaster with his usual urbanity and natural desire to accommodate, read as follows:

"Dear S——. This letter comes a hoppin I take my pen in Hand to inform you that we are awl well, and hope, you are enjoyin the same blessin. I am sorry to hear you have been on another drunken spree——"

"Stop!" shouted the attentive listener, "stop I say! That ere letter's for *me*; so here's your five cents, and fork that ere document over!"

And amid a general laugh of the bystanders, he vanished.

From "The Widow Bedott Papers."

A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Elder Sniffles, having preached the Thanksgiving sermon, was invited to dine with Mr. Maguire.

Elder Sniffles under peculiar circumstances.

"Elder Sniffles, let me give you another piece o' the turkey."

"I'm obleeged to you, Mr. Maguire; you probably recollect that I remarked in my discourse this morning, that individuals were too prone to indulge in an excessive indulgence in creature comforts on thanksgiving occasions.—In view of the lamentable fact that the sin of gormandizing is carried to a sinful excess on this day, I, as a preacher of the Gospel, deem it my duty to be unusually adamonious on such occasions; nevertheless, considering the peculiar circumstances under which I am placed this day, I think I will waive objections, and take another small portion of the turkey."

"That's right elder; what part will you take now?"

"Well, I'm not particular; a small quantity of the breast, with a part of a leg, and some of the stuffing will be quite sufficient."

"Pass the cranberries to Elder Sniffles, Jeff.—Elder help yourself; wife, give the Elder some more of the turnip sass and potatoes."

"Thank you, Mrs. Maguire, I am an advocate for vegetable diet—and have always maintained that it is much more congenial to individuals of sedentary habits and intellectual pursuits, like myself, than animal food."

"Jeff, my son, pass the bread. Sister Bedott send your plate for some more o' the turkey."

"No, I'm obliged to ye—I've had sufficient."

Elder Sniffles departs from his usual diet.

"Jeff, cut the chicken pie."

"Sure enough, I almost forgot that I was to carve the pie. Aunt Sally, you'll take a piece of it, won't you?"

"Well, I don't care if I drew take a little mite on't. I'm a great favorite o' the chicken pie—always thought 'twas a delightful beverage—don't you, Elder Sniffles?"

"A very just remark, Mrs. Bedott—very indeed; chicken pie is truly a very desirable article of food."

"Allow me to help you to some of it, Elder."

"Thank you, my young friend; as I before remarked, I am entirely opposed to an immoderate indulgence of the appetite at all times, but particularly on thanksgiving occasions. However, I consider it my duty at the present time to depart, to some extent, from the usual simplicity of my diet. I will, therefore, comply with your request, and partake of the chicken pie."

"Take some more of the cranberry sass, Elder; cranberries is hulsome."

"A very just remark, Mrs. Maguire; they are so—nevertheless, I maintain that we should not indulge too freely, in even the most wholesome creature comforts; however, since you desire it, I will take a small portion of the cranberries."

Elder Sniffles has an acid stomach.

"I'm obleeged to you, Mrs. Maguire—but I confess I am somewhat fearful of taking articles of that description upon my stomach, as they create a degree of acidity which is incompatible with digestion. Is it not so, my young friend? You are undoubtedly prepared to decide, as you are, I believe, pursuing the study of the medical science?"

"I think you are altogether mistaken, Elder Sniffles. We should always take a due proportion of acid with our food, in order to preserve the equilibrium of the eternal economy, and produce that degree of effervescence which is necessary to a healthy secretion."

"Exactly. Your view of the subject is one which never struck me before, it seems a very just one. I will partake of the pickled tongue in consideration of your remarks.

"Take a slice on't Sister Bedott. You seem to need some tongue to day; your's oncommon still."

"What a musical man you be, Brother Maguire; but it strikes me that when an indiwiddiwal has an opportunity of hearing intellectible conversation, they' better keep still and improve it. Ain't it so, Elder Sniffles?"

"A very just remark, Mrs. Bedott, and one which has often occurred to my own mind."

"Take some more of this chicken pie, Elder Sniffles."

"Excuse me, my young friend, I will take nothing more."

"What! you don't mean to give it up yet, I hope, Elder?"

"Indeed, Mr. Maguire, I assure you I would rather not take anything more; for, as I before remarked, I am decidedly opposed to excessive eating upon this day."

Elder Sniffles oversteps his usual boundaries.

"Well, then, we'll have the pies and puddins. Jeff, my son, fly around and help your mar change the plates. I'll take the puddin. Melissy, you may tend to the pier. Seff, set on the cider. So, here's a plum puddin. It looks nice. I guess you had good luck to-day, wife. Sister Bedott, you'll have some on't?"

"No, I'm obleged to ye. I've got ruther a headache to-day, an' plum puddin's rich. I guess I'll take a small piece o' the punkin pie."

"Elder Sniffles, you'll be helped to some of it, of course?"

"Indeed, Mr. Maguire, the practice of indulging in articles of this description after eating meat is esteemed highly injurious, and I inwardly protest against it; furthermore, as Mr. Bedott has very justly remarked, plum pudding is rich—however, considering the peculiar circumstances of the occasion, I will, for once, overstep the boundaries which I have prescribed for myself."

"Am I to understand that you'll have some, or not?"

"I will partake, in consideration of time and place."

"Jehiah! wife, this is good a' pudding as I ever eat."

Elder Sniffles partakes of punkin and mince pie.

"Elder Sniffles, will you take some o' the pie? Here is a mince pie and pumkin pie."

"I will take a small portion of the pumkin pie, if you please, Mrs. Maguire, as I consider it highly nutritious; but as regards mince pie it is an article of food which I deem excessively delectorous to the constitution, inasmuch as it is composed of so great a variety of ingredients. I esteem it exceedingly difficult of digestion.—Is it not so, my young friend?"

"By no means, Elder—quite the contrary, and the reason is obvious. Observe, Elder, it is cut into the most minute particles; hence it naturally follows that, being as it were, completely calcined before it enters the system, it leaves, so to speak, no labor to be performed by the digestive organs, and it is disposed of without the slightest difficulty."

"Ah, indeed, your reasoning is quite new to me, yet I confess it to be the most satisfactory and lucid. In consideration of its facility of digestion, I will partake also of the mince pie."

Elder Sniffles thinks sweet cider nutritious.

"Wife, fill the Elder a glass o' cider."

"Desist, Mrs. Maguire, desist, I entreat you. I invariably set my face like a flint against the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage."

"Jimmen! you don't mean to call new cider intoxicating liquor, I hope. Why man alive, it's just made—hain't begun to work."

"Nevertheless, I believe it to be exceedingly insalubrious, and detrimental to the system.—Is not that its nature, my young friend?"

"Far from it, Elder—far from it. Reflect a moment, and you will readily perceive, that, it being the pure juice of the apple—wholly free from all alcholic mixture—it possesses all the nutritive properties of the fruit, with the advantage of being in a more condensed form; which, at once renders it more agreeable, and facilitates assimulation."

"Very reasonable—very reasonable indeed—Mrs. Maguire, you may fill my glass."

"Take another slice of the pudding, Elder Sniffles."

"No more, I'm obleeged to you, Mrs. Maguire."

"Well, won't you be helped to some of the pie?"

"No more, thank you, Mr. Maguire."

"But you'll take another glass o' cider, won't you?"

"In consideration of the nutriticious properties of new-cider, which your son has abundantly shown to exist, I will permit you to replenish my glass."

Elder Sniffles illustrates his principles by examples.

"So you won't take nothing more, Elder?"

"Nothing more my friends—nothing more whatsoever; for, as I have several times remarked during the repast, I am an individual of extremely abstemious habits—endeavoring to enforce by example, that which is now strenuously enjoined from the pulpit, to wit; temperance in all things."

"Walk into the sitting room, Elder."

Slick's Fable of the Spider and the Fly.

"Few things resemble each other more in nature than an old cunnin' lawyer and a spyder. He weares his web in a corner, with no light behind to show the thread of his net, but in a shade like; there he waits in his dark office to receive his visitor. A buzzin' hurrin', thoughtless fly, thinkin' of nothin' but his beautiful wings and well made legs, and rather near sighted withal, comes stumblin' head over heels into the net.

"I beg your pardon,' says the fly. I really didn't see this net work of yours; the weather is foggy, and the streets so confounded dark—they ought to burn gas here all day. I'm afraid I've done mischief.

"Not at all,' says the spyder, bowing; 'I guess it's my fault. I reckon I ought to hung a lamp out, but pray don't move, or you may do damage. Allow me to assist you.' And he ties up one leg, and then the other and furls up both his wings, and has him fast as Gibralter. 'Now,' says he, 'my good friend (a phrase a fuller always uses when he has got yourself a considerable sum), I must bleed you.'

"Bleed me!' says the fly; 'excuse me, I'm obliged to you—don't require it.'

"Oh, yes, you do, dear friend,' and he gets ready for the operation.

"'If you dare do that,' says the fly; 'I'll knock you down, and I'm a man that what I lay down I stand on.'

"'You had better get up first,' says spider a laughing, 'you must be bled—you must pay all damage,' and he bleeds him till he grasps for breath, and feels faintin' comin' on.

"'Let me go my good fellow,' says poor fly, 'and I will pay you liberally.'

"'Pay!' says the spider. 'You miserable uncircumcised wretch; you have nothing left to pay with. Take that!' and he gives him the last dig, and he is a gone coon—bled to death.

How to break up a Cold.

Dr. Hall, in his Medical Journal, gives the following directions for breaking up a cold:—

"A bad cold, like measles and mumps, or other similar ailments, will run its course in about ten days, in spite of what may be done for it, unless remedial means are employed within forty eight hours of inception. Many a useful life may be spared to be increasingly useful, by cutting a cold short off, in the following safe and simple manner. On the first day of taking a cold there is a very unpleasant sensation of chillness. The moment you observe this get to your room and stay there; keep it at such a temperature as will entirely prevent this chilly feeling; even if it requires a hundred degrees Fah. In addition, put your feet in water half leg deep, as hot as you can bear it, adding hotter water from time to time, for a quarter of an hour, so that the water shall be hotter when you take your feet out than when you put them in; then dry them thoroughly, and put on warm, thick, woollen stockings, even if it be summer, (when colds are most dangerous,) and for twenty-four hours eat not an atom of food, but drink as largely as you desire of any kind of warm teas, and at the end of that time, if not sooner, the cold will be effectually broken, without any medicine whatever. This theory is no doubt, good for weak constitutions, but for a hale hearty person we would recommend the substitute of cold water drinks in the place of hot tea.

☞ The Staunton Spectator relates a story told of a Rockingham county court, in the olden time. Lawyer Jones was the great man in those parts at that day and on one occasion, while engaged in a trial with Judge Holmes, then a young man, as opposition counsel, he became very profane. The Court had to maintain its dignity, but could not think of punishing the King's Attorney. So after a grave consultation, the presiding justice announced that if Mister Holmes did not quit making Mister Jones curse and swear they would send him to jail!

☞ A celebrated hangman in England, showing the gallows attached to Newgate, observed to the bystanders that he had hung twenty persons on it at one time. Some one suggested that it was too small. "Oh no blessa you, twentyfive people would swing on that very comfortable!"

☞ If you want to know the way to the penitentiary, follow the man who thinks the world "owes him a living."

☞ Why is a street corner like a crazy man's brain? Because it is constantly turned.

☞ There is beauty enough on earth to make a home for angels.

☞ If all the world's a stage, women wag the tongue and guide the vehicle.

☞ Vanity renders beauty contemptible.

☞ If two hogsheads make a pipe, how many would make a cigar.

☞ Money is defined to be a composition to take stains out of a character.

Popping the Question.

Speaking of "popping the question," we don't know but what it would be fairly in order to "wring in" the following from an exchange:

"Be sure before you commence cooing. Our friends T—— and S——, one evening met at the house of an acquaintance of some young ladies for whom both gentlemen entertained tender feelings. In a spirit of frolic one of the young ladies blew out the lamp, and our friends thinking it a favorable movement to make known their feelings to the fair objects of their regard, moved seats at the same instant, and placed themselves as they supposed by the lady's side, but she had also moved, and the gentlemen were in reality seated next to each other. As our friends could not whisper without betraying their whereabouts they both gently took, as they thought, the soft little hand of the charmer, and when after a while they ventured a gentle squeeze, each was surprised to find it returned with an unmistakable pressure. It may well be imagined that the moments flow rapidly, in the silent interchange of mutual affection. But the rest wondering at the unusual silence of the gentlemen, one of them noiselessly stepped out and suddenly returned with a light, and there sat our friends T—— and S——, most lovingly squeezing each others hands, and supreme delight beaming in their eyes. Their consternation and the ecstacy of the ladies may be imagined but not described. Both gentlemen eloped, and T—— was afterwards heard to say that he thought all the while S——'s hand felt hard."

A Hint to Desponding Ministers.

A certain minister who had been very successful in his labors in the Gospel vineyard at length saw but little fruit attending his administrations. To be useless he could not bear; his soul was bowed down under the discouraging prospects around him. Nothing on earth, was so gloomy to him as spiritual death, for he had been used to showers of reformation and mercy, and nothing else could satisfy his mind. Seeing no outpourings of the spirit, no sinners converted under his preaching for some time, his soul was beset with desponding and melancholy fears. While thus exercised he dreamed that a gentleman hired him to work for him, and the price of his labor was stipulated. On inquiring what his employer would have him go about, he was informed that he must go and hammer a certain rock to pieces.

"That," he replied, "will do no good, for the rock is large and hard, and I could never break it to pieces."

"That is nothing to you," said the gentleman, "follow my directions and I will pay your wages."

The laborer then went to work, and though it appeared an endless, and therefore useless task, he labored with diligence and patience for the sake of his wages. After a while, contrary to all calculations the mountainous rock, broke in shivers.

The minister saw the dream contained instruction for him. He felt the reproof, resumed courage, and was again blessed with seeing the rocky hearts of many of his hearers broken by the hammer of God's Word.

The Fall of the Leaf.

Silent monitor to man of the frailty of his nature, how eloquent is thy prophetic fate to the eye of mortals! And yet, at all seasons man drops from the stem and withers on the ground. We behold our fellow-beings fall around us at all seasons, and yet it makes less impression upon us than the fall of a single leaf! Familiar with death—and yet insensible of its approach! Who can solve the mysterious contradiction?

Pensive, not solemn, is the approach of autumn. The sweets of summer still linger on the breeze—and the fruits of the year crown the hopes of the husbandman. The shining landscape yet glows beneath the varied tinge of the forest; and nature, blushing in the hectic of her decay, looks more lovely as she breathes her last sigh on the blossoms of the seasons.

Nature has made all her changes instructive to man, to add wisdom to his mind and replenish the love of his heart. Each season comes freighted with his admonitions—for who that is mortal can foresee the hour when his leaf may fall? To man life is a perpetual autumn.—It flourishes from infancy to the season of autumn, even while the rose is blushing in all its glory—while old age lives on, defying every change, till some kindly frost cuts it gently from the earth, and it returns to mingle with its native dust:

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away!
Oh! that the earth that kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel a winter's flaw!"

The fall of the leaf has its lesson to us all; and few are without that pensive feeling which makes the heart better, the affections purer, and the intellect more subdued to the power of God.

DANIEL WEBSTER IN HIS YOUTH.—A collection of Daniel Webster's letters, with biographical notes, is about to be published in Boston, from which a correspondent of the New York Evening Post extracts a few passages. It appears that Daniel, while a law student helped to support his brother Ezekiel, at College, by copying deeds, &c. The latter also occasionally recruiting his finances by school teaching.—The correspondence between the two, on the ways and means, is interesting. Daniel writes to his brother, under date of Salisbury, N. H., Nov. 4, 1802, as follows:

"I have now by me two cents in lawful federal currency. Next week I will send them, if they be all. They will buy a pipe—with a pipe you can smoke—smoking implies wisdom—wisdom is allied to fortitude—from fortitude it is but one step to stoicism, and stoicism never pants for this world's goods. So, perhaps, my two cents, by this process, may put you quite at ease about cash."

Again, as late as June 10th, 1801, he writes from Salisbury, after having declined a comfortable office, in order to pursue a profession:

"Zeke, I don't believe but what Providence will do well for us yet. We shall live, and live comfortably. I have this week come within an ace of being appointed Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, for Hillsborough county.—Well, you will say, you are no better off than if you had not come within an ace. Perhaps I am—say nothing but think a good deal, and do not distrust the gods.'"

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