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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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NO. 44.

Poetical.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY EDWARD STILES KEEL.

"From little things the thoughtful glean Lessons of highest wisdom."

I. Little baby, on wife's knee, Smiling sweetly, pleasantly; Little boy, upon the floor, Turning books and pictures o'er; Little girl, with golden hair, And her mother fair; If you owned these lov'd things three, Could you deem life misery?

II. Little wife to love and bless— Little children to cherish; Little care, and little strife; Such things make a happy life. Little heed for woe or fame; Little hate, and less to blame; If these little things were thine, Could you, would you, e'er repine?

III. Little baby, carried away— For too pure and holy to stay; Brother's sons are prest "Neath the sod in dreamy rest. Dear things lent—not fully given— We have angels thrice in heaven; Rightly viewed, the chast'ning rod Ever points us up to God.

IV. Changes passing this world below— Death is passing and he is dead; Joys are fading—hopes soon fly; Friends must leave us—lovers die; Small things these, if we live true To the home Faith, has in view— If we cling to faith, strength, and love, Little way to Heaven at last.

V. Little ways to heaven on high— Little children in the sky; Little joy to bind us here— Little cause for sigh or tear. Little things like these might win Little man from earth to sin; But how little, day by day, Strive we for the "better way."

Miscellaneous.

CURING A JOKER.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

Not a thousand miles from where I live dwelt a man named Sam Peabody—or, at least, so I call him; for he is a good man now, and he did not like to have the evil deeds of his youth brought up among strangers. Sam was a jester, a comedian, and a clown; and he had a way with him, yet he often caused much mischief. On one occasion, when he had been out at night enveloped in a white sheet to frighten some girls, and the moment the approach of a chaise, and frightened the coachmen so that the chaise was smashed up and the occupants severely injured. Sam had been talking with, and argued with, to no purpose. He could not be made to understand the wickedness of his pranks. Sometimes would flash lines across the sidewalk and stir up pedestrians; he would ring bells in the night, and ask them if they had plumed themselves on being able to outdo him in bed. Once he sent a doctor out to bed him. The good doctor arose and allowed Sam till they came to Adam Snip's domicile, and here the joker called upon the legged tailor, and the moment Snip opened his door he was assailed by Sam. "There, doctor, is a man who makes the worst you ever saw!" and with this he ran away and left the doctor and tailor to settle the matter. This was a serious business in one sense it set the whole town in a laugh, and Sam was delighted.

"What's the matter?" asked her husband. "I've been frightened," gasped the woman, soon as she could command her speech. "But how?" "Out by the window trees. An ox, with real horns, and fiery eyes, came out at talking on his hind legs!" "By thunder, it's Sam Peabody!" exclaimed Jerry. "I know it's his morning."

"I knew it was Sam as soon as I had time to think," returned the wife, "for his voice was plain; but I was so frightened at first that I didn't know who it was." "Jerry was angry. It did not suit his fancy to see a defenceless woman thus treated. He took his hat at once and went over to a small house on the opposite side of the street where he had a partner in business, another stout, iron-headed man, named Geo. Tyler. "Look here, Tyler," cried Jerry; "Sam Peabody is out in the willows, rigged up in his ox-horn, and with some marking paint he painted out a flaming placard, with letters large and distinct. Can you tell me, if your wife presses, and bade Tyler put one of them on?" "For," said he, "if she sees two men coming home, she'll be scared."

"The dresses were thrown on after a fashion, and they leaped forward and seized it, and the moment each a bonnet. They then proceeded a lot of stout cord, and taking the fire-board they sailed forth. As they approached the willows, they began to giggle and twitter. In a few minutes they were long the fearful non-sensical, made its appearance. "With a low, deep howling it walked into the road, and stood directly in front of the two pedestrians. "Do you go on?" followed Sam. "Mercy!" screamed Jerry. "An ox on a road!" "Save me!" squeaked Tyler. The ox-horn approached another step, and Jerry leaped forward and seized it, and the moment Tyler was by his side. "Now, Mr. Peabody, I reckon you're safe," uttered Jerry, giving him a grip like a vice. "Don't—don't!" cried Sam. "Don't hurt me!"

"We won't hurt you if you keep quiet, but if you make any resistance you'll run the risk of getting your head broken." Sam knew that it was Jerry Smith's wife that was frightened, and he knew that Jerry could handle his own child. He begged and prayed, but to no purpose. The two stone-cutters backed him up against one of the willows, and then proceeded to bind him to the trunk of the tree. They lashed his hands behind his back, then lashed his ankles together, and then they bound him to the tree at the shoulders, waist, knees, and feet, and they did it securely too. After they took the fireboard and placed it against the tree above his head, seeing that by this means which they brought for that purpose.

"Mercy!" shrieked Sam, "you aren't a goat to leave me here?" "Yes sir," answered Jerry, "you've had your share of joking long enough, and now we'll have a little more of it. You and your wife are as tied than to have had her frightened as you came near frightening her. Mind you, Sam, we only mean this for a joke."

And with this, the two men went away, talking no heed of the joker's cries and protestations. But they did not go far away until they were sure there would be no more passing on that road for the night.

On the following morning, Jerry set the news of a going of Sam Peabody, and in half an hour after sunrise, a hundred people were collected around the willow tree. There stood Sam just as he had been left the night before, shaking and shivering with cold. The ox-skin had been fixed on so as to tie him to the tree, and he had really looked like an ox fastened up there. He had sewed up his hide so that his legs and arms fitted into the skin of the ox's legs and his own head was where the original cap had been. He looked like a pig to whose sale, when fattened, she was looking forward with no little anxiety as the sole means of paying her rent, had been stolen, and that she suspected a certain Irishman of her acquaintance to have done it. She had promised to do everything in his power for his restoration, and went about it as follows: Next Sunday he took a stone with him into the chapel, and laid it down beside him during the service, and when the pastor had at the organ the suspected man, he lifted his hand, and made as if he were going to ring the stone; when the man, taking guilt to himself, dodged aside that it might not hit him. "Let the pig be restored instantly," continued the priest, "or you shall see the willow come off!" Next morning the widow, to her great delight, found her protégé in the sty.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE—ADAM'S WEDDING. An English article, in the *British*, has an amusing account of the wedding of Adam and Eve. The editor says that he has seen the original man—he fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke to find himself a married man. He appears to have "popped the question" immediately after meeting Mal'amelie Eve; and she, without flirtation or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of that first kiss in this world we have had, however, our own thoughts on the subject. Of that first kiss in this world we have had, however, our own thoughts on the subject. Of that first kiss in this world we have had, however, our own thoughts on the subject.

SHOCKING CASE OF INSANITY.—A letter from Vienna, in the *Zell*, of Berlin, taken here which has been much talked of. A clerk in a merchant's office whilst working at his desk, felt a sort of presentiment of coming danger, which led him suddenly to turn round and see a woman standing in the doorway. She was dressed in a black gown, and her eyes were haggard, and her looks indicated by fever. She said to him, "It is all right, you came for me, I will now roast the goose which I bought for you. See here is the same moment the clerk heard the cry of a child in the kitchen. He rushed to the spot, and found the new born child tied up, and lying on the frying pan. The mother, taken suddenly with the milk fever, had mistaken her child for a goose, and was about to put it to death. The father happily arrived in time to prevent such a catastrophe.

LITTLE THINGS.—Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams—a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship—a bridle bit is a little thing, but see its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the large parts of large buildings together; a word, a look, a frown—all are little things, but powerful for good or evil.—Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt—'t is a promise, redeem it—'t is a shilling hand it ever—you know not what important event hangs upon it. Keep your word sacredly—keep it to the children, they will mark it sooner than any one else, and the effect will probably be as lasting as life. Mind the little things.

TO KEEP EGGS.—During a long voyage to South America, it was noticed how fresh the eggs continued to be. The steward was called on for his secret, and he said that he purchased his stock, he packed it down in small boxes—rains boxes—and afterwards, about once a week, turned over every box but the one out of which he was using. The secret was, that the son of his success is that by turning the eggs over, he kept the yolk about the middle of the albumen. If still the yolk after awhile finds its way through the shell, he does not care, when it does so, the egg will spoil. Hence understand this fact, for they, as is well known, turn over their eggs on which they set at least daily.—*Country Gentleman*.

RAILROAD WIT.—Among the jokes which have been got off during the detentions occasioned by the deep snow, is the following, clipped from a Vermont paper: "Madam," said the conductor, "a day or two ago, your boy was seen at half past four, he was turned over to the police." "If my boy was seen at half past four," replied the woman, "who had paid for a half ticket, but he was small enough, when he started."

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THE UPRIGHT MAN OF BUSINESS. There is no being in the world for whom I feel a higher moral respect and admiration, than for the upright man of business. No, not even the philanthropist, or the missionary, or the martyr. I feel that I could more easily be a martyr, than a man of that lofty moral uprightness, and let me say here distinctly, that it is not for the generous man who has this kind of respect. Generosity seems to me a low quality, a mere impulse, compared with the lofty virtue I speak of. It is not for the man who distributes charities—who bestows magnificent donations. That may do very well. I speak not to disparage it. I wish there was more of it; and yet it may exist with a want of the true, lofty, unending uprightness. That is not the man, then, of whom I speak; but is he who stands amidst all the interest and perilous exigencies of trade, firm, clear, disinterested and upright. It is the man who can see another man's distress as well as his own. It is the man whose mind his own advantage does not cloud. It is the man whose soul is as judge upon a question between himself and neighbor, just as safely as the parent magistrate on the bench of justice. Ah! how much richer than ermine—how much richer than a train of magisterial authority—how much more useful than the guarded pomp of majestic truth! Yet it is the man who is true—true to himself, his neighbor, and his God—true to his conscience; and who feels the slightest suggestion of that conscience is more to him than the chance of acquiring a hundred estates.

THE STAR THAT GEMS THE EVENING SKY. The star that gems the evening sky, And lights the wanderer's lonely path, The flower that droops the modest wreath, And shrinks before the tempest's wrath— Though each in vain may seek to vie With youth in beauty, charms, and grace, And like their beauty they will fade. There is a star whose brighter ray Is shed about the human soul, To drive the clouds, the mist away, And guide the pilgrim to his goal. Religion's star, whose gentle glow Extends beyond this vale of tears, Thy power the grave, thy warmth the earth, And Death the conquered conqueror fears.

THE BARTHOLOMEW IN JAPAN. The New York *Tribune* of Friday week, in noticing the earthquake at Jeddo, says that Japan is a volcanic country, and that ever since it has been known to Europeans earthquakes have from time to time occurred there; and no longer ago than last year they happened one in which the town of Simoda, over twenty port in the island of Nippon, was greatly damaged, and a Russian galleon lying in the harbor totally disabled. Jeddo was reported to have suffered somewhat from that shock; and without putting implicit reliance in the extent of the damage, it is not necessary to say that the excessively combustible character of the buildings, which, with the exception of a few ancient stone castles, are built of wood, with windows and partitions of paper, and covered with vermillion, which makes them still more combustible.

THE BIRTH OF "BILL." A writer in the *Buffalo Republic* gives the following interesting reminiscence, which may be interesting by some of our readers: "In 1838 I was in Rochester, and when there I saw a sublime force was enacted on Mount Hope. A wag at Mount Morris found a quantity of bear bones, which he palmed off as the bones of Col. James Boyd and company. In a few days a crowd gathered to see the trial, and completed the humbug. A pompous funeral was planned, and Gov. Seward invited to deliver the funeral address. The chest was discovered by some of the Rochester faculty a day or two before its removal to the city, and their fear of these military impostors that they kept the secret to themselves. Never had poor Bruce such a pompous funeral. It was supposed that seven thousand persons followed in procession to the city, and was particularly eloquent on this funeral occasion.

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WHAT WOMAN CAN DO. As a wife and mother, woman can make or mar the fortune and happiness of her husband and children; and even if she did nothing else, this would be a sufficient reason for her to partner and herself a competent in old age, no matter how small their beginnings, or how adverse a fate occasionally be theirs. By her cheerfulness she can restore her husband's spirits, and by her industry she can give him health. If her tender care can often restore him to health, if disease has seized upon his overworked powers, by her counsels and her love, she can win him from bad company; if temptation, by her firmness and her life, she can save him from her precepts, and her sex's insight into character, she can mould her husband, however diverse their dispositions, into good and noble men and women. And by leading a virtuous and virtuous life, she can refine, elevate and spiritualize all who come within her reach, so that with others of her sex emulating and assisting her, she can eventually do more to regenerate the world than all the statesmen or orators of the age. She can do as much as all; perhaps even more, to degrade man, if she chooses it. Who can estimate the evil that woman has the power to do? As a wife she can ruin her husband by extravagance, idleness, or want of economy. She can make a devil and instead of a man, who might otherwise have become a good member of society. She can bring backers, strife and perpetual discord into what was once a happy home. She can deprive the innocent babes whom God has entrusted to her charge, into vile men and evil wretched women. She can lower the moral tone of society itself, and thus pollute legislation, and corrupt the morals of an angel of glory. Instead of making flowers spring up in her footsteps, all the vices which she can transform to a black and blasted desert, covered with the scorn of all evil passions, and swept by the bitter blasts of everlasting death. This is what woman can do for the wrong as well as for the right. Is her mission a little one? Has she no "worthy work," as has become the cry of late? Man may have