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By John B. Bratton.

OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY.

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Odds and Ends.

THE STREETS, ON THE STREETS—Men in their thick heavy boots go malinging along, in certain ways to tread, and the ladies in their silk and satin dresses go...

watching her intently, sprang forward and caught her in his arms. They took Annie to her bed. The powerful excitement of the day, with her effort to conquer it, had created fever in her veins and her brain. For a week Annie lay in great danger.

Miscellaneous.

ANNE LEE; OR, THE BRIDAL SONG. BY KATE RANDOLPH. Annie Lee was a poetess. Nature made her, and she had sung as the bird sings, and the flower sends out fragrance...

The Resurrection Flower.

In its account of the recent Spring Exhibition of the Brooklyn Horticultural Society, the New York Tribune says: "We must notice one very remarkable curiosity, known as the Resurrection Flower."

Morning Calls in Tunis.

Lady E. S. Wortley, in her description of Tunis, says: "A poor ppy visits a Tunisian in a curious way, generally. On ordinary occasions you go, exactly as you do in our country, to the door of the house, and knock at the door."

WHAT SHALL PERISH?

What shall perish? Perish that flourish, Blossoms steeped in dewy tears, Rubes that the brooklets cherish, Oaks that brave a thousand years.

A BATTLE SCENE.

On the 10th ult., the President of the United States, the Secretary of the Navy, Captain Ingham, several members of Congress, besides some hundreds of ladies and gentlemen of lesser note, paid a visit to the U. S. Frigate Merrimack, lying about five miles from Annapolis.

Swiss Courtship.

When a girl has arrived at a marriageable age, the young men of the village assemble by consent on a green mat in the gallery of the chalet in which the fair one resides.

A Fragment.

Swiftly glide our years—they follow each other like the waves of the ocean. Memory calls up the persons we once knew—the scenes in which we once were actors, they appear before the mind like phantoms of a night vision.

Family Cakes.

As EXCELLENT SUGAR BISCUITS.—One pound of flour, three quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, six eggs, and season to taste. Pour into shallow pans, and bake half an hour in a moderately hot oven.

Never did school text contain a more assured truth than that which records, "Ideas are the power of vice, and of all virtues the worst is the illness of mind."