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John B. Bratton.
TERMS.
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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.

WRITE OFTEN.

[Cut out the following and place it in the next letter you write to a dear friend. A more appropriate poem for such service was never written:]

Write to me very often,
Write to me very soon—
Letters to me are dearer
Than lovely flowers in June!
They are all as love's torches,
Lighting of friendship's lamp—
Flitting around the heart-strings,
Like fire-flies in the damp.

Write to me very often,
Write to me in the joyous morn,
Or at the close of evening,
When all the day is gone.
Then while the stars are beaming
Bright on the azure sky,
When through the fading forest
Cold the wild winds sigh,
Draw up thy little table
Close to the fire, and write—
Write to me soon in the morning,
Or write to me late at night.

Write to me very often:
Letters are links that bind
Truthful hearts to each other,
Fettering mind to mind,
Giving to kindly spirits
Lasting and true delight;
If ye would strengthen friendship,
Never forget to write.

WILT THOU LOVE ME!

Wilt thou love me, gentle maiden,
When the hours of youth have fled,
When the hoary locks of winter
Thinly cluster round my head?
When the form now firm and stately,
Shall be bowed by age and care,
And my voice has lost its softness,
Wilt thou love me, maiden fair?

Wilt thou greet me with a welcome,
When the busy day is o'er,
When the parting rays of sunlight
Cast their shadows on the moor?
When our youthful years are over,
When no power can us divide,
Wilt thou still look fondly on me,
And walk softly by my side?

Yes, thou'lt love me when the present
With its halcyon days are passed,
When our bark is gently gliding,
As on time's dark waves we're cast;
When each joyous dream has vanished,
When my heart is sad and chill,
And the shades of death hang o'er me,
Thou wilt love me, maiden, still.

Miscellaneous.

The Poor Tyrolese Boy.

A soldier's widow lived in a little hut near a Mountain village. Her only child was a poor cripple. Hans was a kind hearted boy. He loved his mother, and would gladly have helped her bear the burdens of poverty, but that feebleness forbade it. He could not even join in the rude sports of the young mountaineers. At the age of fifteen years, he felt keenly the fact that he was useless to his mother and to the world.

It was at this period that Napoleon Bonaparte was making his power felt throughout Europe. He had decreed that Tyrol should belong to Bavaria, and not to Austria, and sent a French and Bavarian army to accomplish his purpose. The Austrians retreated. The Tyrolese resisted valiantly. Men, women and children of the mountain land were filled with zeal in defence of their homes. On one occasion, 10,000 French and Bavairan troops were destroyed in a single mountain pass, by an avalanche of rocks and trees prepared and hurled upon them by an unseen foe.

A secret arrangement existed among the Tyrolese, by which the approach of the enemy was to be communicated from village to village by *signal fires*, from one mountain height to another, and materials were laid ready to give an instant alarm.

The village where Hans and his mother lived was in the direct line of the rout the French army would take, and the people were full of anxiety and fear. All were preparing for the expected struggle. The widow and her crippled son alone seemed to have no part but to sit still and wait. "Ah, Hans," she said one evening, "it is well for us now that you can be of little use; they would else make a soldier of you." This struck a tender chord. The tears rolled from his cheek. "Mother, I am useless," cried Hans, in bitter grief. "Look round our village—all are busy, all ready to strive for home and father land; I am useless."

"My boy, my kind, dear son, you are not useless to me."

"Yes, to you; I cannot work for you, cannot support you in old age. Why was I made, mother?"

"Hush, Hans," said his mother, "those repining thoughts are wrong. You will live to see the truth of our old proverb:

'God has a plan
For every man.'"

Little did Hans think that ere a few weeks had passed, this truth was to be verified in a most remarkable manner.

Easter holidays, the festive season of Switzerland came. The people lost their fear of invasion in the sports of the season. All were busy in the merrymaking—all but Hans. He stood alone on the porch of his mountain hut, overlooking the village.

In the evening of Easter, after his usual evening prayer in which he breathed the wish that the Father of Mercies would, in his good time, afford him some opportunity of being useful to others, he fell into a deep sleep.

He awoke in the night, as if from a dream, under the strong impression that the French and Bavarian army was approaching. He could not shake off this impression; but with the hope of being rid of it, he rose, hastily dressed himself, and strolled up the mountain path. The cool air did him good, and he continued his walk till he climed to the signal pile: but where were the watchers? They were nowhere to be seen, and perhaps were busied with the festivities of the village. Near the pile was an old pine tree, and in its holly stem the tinder was laid ready. Hans passed by the hollow tree, and as he listened a singular sound caught his attention. He heard a slow and stealthy tread, then a click of muskets; and two soldiers crept along the cliff. Seeing no one, for Hans was hidden by the old tree, they gave the signal to some comrades in the distance.

Hans saw instantly the plot revealed to the enemy; a party had been sent forward to destroy it; the army was marching to attack the village. With no thought of his own peril, and perhaps recalling the proverb his mother had quoted, he seized the tinder, struck the light, and flung the blazing turpentine brand into the pile. The two soldiers, whose backs were then turned to the pile waiting the arrival of their comrades, were seized with fear; but they soon saw there were no foes in ambush—none but a single youth running down the mountain path. They fired, and lodged a bullet in the boy's shoulder. Yet the signal fire was blazing high and the whole country would be aroused. It was already aroused from mountain top to mountain top. The plan of the advancing army was defeated, and a hasty escape followed.

Hans, faint and bleeding, made his way to the village. The people with their arms were mustering thick and fast. All was consternation. The inquiry was everywhere heard, "who lighted the pile?" "It was I," said a faint, almost expiring voice. Poor crippled Hans tottered among them saying, "The enemy—the French were there." He faltered and sunk upon the ground. "Take me to mo mother," said he; "at last I have not been useless."

They stooped to lift him. "What is this?" they cried: "he has been shot. Hans the cripple has saved us." They carried hans to his mother, and laid him before her. As she bowed in anguish over his pale face, Hans opened his eyes and said, "It is not now, dear mother, you should weep for me; I am happy now.—Yes, mother, it is true,

'God has a plan
For every man.'

You see he had it for me, though we did not know what it was."

Hans did not recover from his wound, but he lived long enough to know that he had been of use to his village and the country; he lived to see grateful mothers embrace his mother, and to hear that she should be considered a sacred and honored bequest to the community which her son had preserved at the cost of his own life.

Great emergencies like those which met Hans cannot exist in the history of all. To all, however, the Tyrolese motto may speak, and all will experience its truth. None need stand useless members of God's family. There is work for every one to do, if he will but look out for it. So long as there is ignorance to instruct, want to relieve, sorrow to soothe, let there be no drones in the hive, no idlers in the great vineyard of the world.

Imperial Courtship.

The following amusing account of the courtship of the late Emperor Nicholas is from a recent Berlin paper:

About the year 1816, the Grand Duke Nicholas came to Berlin to see if one of the Prussian Princesses would suit him, and the Princess Charlotte was given to understand by her father that if he should take a fancy to her, they would have no objection to his returning the fancy. The time drew near for the expiration of the Grand Duke's visit to come, and he was seated at the supper on the last evening next to the Princess Charlotte, when he abruptly told her he must leave Berlin the next day. He hoped to surprise her into some demonstration of feeling on the occasion, but her maidenly pride withheld her from making some very saying nothing remark in acknowledgment.

The Grand Duke, thereupon, soon assumed another plan of operations; knowing that however little the eyes of the company might be actually fixed on him and his fair neighbor, they were, nevertheless, the object of general observation, he commenced telling her, but in an apparently unembarrassed manner, and playing with a ring of his the while, that he had devoted himself, during his short stay there, to making himself acquainted with her character and disposition, &c,, and that he had found in her every quality that he believed best calculated to make him happy in wedded life, &c.; but as they two were at that moment the object of scrutiny to many present, he would not press her for any reply to his overtures, but if it was agreeable to her, that he should prolong his stay at her father's court she would, perhaps, have the goodness to take up the ring he had in his hand. This ring he then, apparently while playing with the two objects, thrust into the roll of bread lying on the table before him, and went on, seemingly in all *sang froid*, with his supper. With an equal appearance of unconcern, the Princess presently put out her hand, and took up the roll as if mistaking it for hers, unnoticed by the company, withdrew the ring, and put it on her own hand. The rest requires no narration.

Mackerel.

The mackerel is said to be rather a queer fish. Peter Gott says:

The habits of these fishes are very peculiar. And although they have been taken in immense numbers for three-quarters of a century, their habits are not well understood. They often move in immense bodies, apparently filling the ocean for miles in extent. They are found near the surface. Sometimes they will take the hook with great eagerness. At other times not a mackerel will bite for days, although millions of them are visible in the water. When they are in the mood for taking the bait, ten, twenty, and even thirty barrels are taken by a single vessel in a few hours. They usually bite most freely soon after sunrise in the morning and towards sunset in the evening. They all cease to bite about the same time as if they were actuated by a common impulse. They are easily frightened, and will then descend into deep water. It has often happened that a fleet of vessels has been lying off the Cape, a mile or two from shore, in the midst of a school of mackerel, and taking them rapidly upon their decks, when the firing of a gun or the blast of a rock would send every mackerel fathoms deep into the water, as suddenly as though they had been converted into so many pigs of lead; and perhaps it would be some hours before they would reappear. They are caught most abundantly near the shores, and very rarely out of sight of land.

INDORSING NOTES.—It is well said by a shrewd observer, that there were some things which every man has to learn for himself. It would seem as if the folly of indorsing what is called accommodation paper was one of them. Tens of thousands have been ruined in this way, yet tens of thousands still continue to practice it. Many who indorse paper with impunity for years, discover, at last, that they also, in spite of their assertions that they would never be losers by it, are brought to bankruptcy by it.—Sir Walter Scott, who had gone on, from year to year, adding acre to acre, farm to farm, woke one morning to find himself ruined, through his indorsements on Constable's paper; and, the rest of his life, shortened by excessive labor, had to be devoted, not to carrying out the favorite dream of his ambition, but to liquidating the debts thus contracted. Even Barnum, whose name has become synonymous to shrewdness, fell before this delusive habit.

☞ A lieutenant in the service, by the name of Broom, was advanced to a captaincy, and naturely enough, liked to hear himself addressed as Captain Broom. One of his friends persisted in calling him plain Broom, much to his annoyance, and one day, having done so for the fortieth time, Broom said:

"You will please remember, sir, that I have a handle to my name."

"Ah," said his tormentor, "so you have; well, Broom-handle, how are you?"

KENTUCKY RIFLEMEN.

The renown which Kentucky riflemen have obtained for percision and skill in handling the rifle, has become world wide, and excited the attention and wonder of the warriors of other nations. In battle, they have stood as cool and collected, although the first time in action, as the oldest veterans of Europe: pouring in their deadly fire with unerring aim.

'I shot that officer,' exclaimed a rifleman, as he saw an officer fall at New Orleans.

'No, no—I shot him!' said his comrade at his side.

'If I shot him, I shot him in the right eye,' said the first.

'And I shot him in the left,' was the response.

After the battle it was found that this officer had been shot in both eyes. This unerring percision can only be obtained by long practice and thorough drilling. The first settlement of their State they were compelled to be constantly under arms, as it were, to guard against the wily Indians and escape the murderous tomahawk. As the father, so the children grew up, taught, in the earliest infancy possible, to poise the rifle and direct its aim. As amunition was not always convenient to be had, the father would dole out to his son a certain number of cartridges for his rifle, for each one of which he must bring home some sort of game, or get a taste of hickory for every missing shot.

Many years ago, I was conversing with my father on the wonderful skill of the Kentuckians, when he related the following amusing anecdote:

'I was out in the wilds of Kentucky, some years before the war, on a surveying expedition, and had an opportunity of studying the character of the earlier settlers for a considerable length of time. It became necessary for me to stop a few days at a log tavern, and to while away the time I took my trusty rifle and explored the woods for game, of which there was an abundance. The landlord had a fine little son, about ten years of age, who accompanied me with his rifle, and always had extremely good luck. On one occasion the fates seemed to be adverse to him; for, perceiving a squirrel on a very high branch of a tree, he up with his rifle, blazed away, and down came the squirrel. The look of dismay with which he viewed his game I shall never forget. Dropping the rifle on the ground, he burst into tears. In the utmost surprise I inquired what the matter was. He answered:

'Daddy'll lick me!'

'Lick you! What for?'

'Because I didn't hit him in the head.'

I soothed him all I could, but the day's pleasure was over. On returning to the tavern I interceded for him all in my power to save him from the hickory, but it was of no use; the application must be made, if only for an example.

'No, no, stranger; if I let him off I break a standing rule of our State. I was never let off, and what was good for me is good for him.—He must shoot right or put up with what he gets.'

The hickory was applied, but no bones were broken.

Such training as that, which was universal in those parts, tells the secret of Kentucky rifle shooting.

Keen Rejoinder.

Mr. Buffum, of Lynn, Mass., was under cross examination by an attorney named Lord, who did his best to perplex and brow beat him so as to overset the testimony he had given against his client. The question was something relating to machinery, and Mr. Buffum had used the word 'philosophical' in his evidence. Mr. Lord continually harped upon this phrase, and endeavored to make the witness ridiculous in the eyes of the jury. At last he inquired:

'Pray Mr. Witness, as you seem to be a great philosopher, can you tell me what the consequence would be if the air should be exhausted from a hogshead?'

'Yes sir,' replied Mr. Buffum 'the head would fall in.'

'Indeed, sir,' pursued the counsel, 'and can you tell me philisophically, why the head should fall in first?'

'Yes, sir,' returned Buffum, 'it is because hogsheads are like some lawyers—*their heads are the weakest part!*'

The roar of the court-room acknowledged the victory of the witness over the counsel.

Philopœna.

A correspondent of the Teunton Gazette, writes from Berlin the following account of this game as practiced among the Germans: 'Here when a couple exchance philopœnas, the object of each is not to be first to pronounce the common word at the next meeting, but with the exchange the sport has but begun. The latter object of each is to draw the other into accepting some offer, and if that is done, the word 'philopœna' is spoken, and a forfeit required. To illustrate it better by example:

'A and B exchange philopœnas at a party, and in a few days after, A calls upon B at his or her house. B instead of waiting to be asked in, enters just before the invitation is given; it offered a chair takes a seat upon the sofa; if B presses the butter to A at the table, A takes cheese instead, and so on, always taking care to accept nothing, but in a quiet way endeavoring to force the other party into acceptance of some offer on his own side.

'If at that visit either is successful, he immediately says 'philopœna,' but if both should always be on their guard, the thing may pass on to a subsequent occasion. The reader will instantly see how preferable this method is to our own, where oftentimes there is a rude haste exhibited to be the first to speak and where the person who has the least on his mind is generally successful.'

☞ Sir James Mackintosh invited Dr. Parr to take a drive in his gig. The horse became restive. 'Gently Jemmy,' says the Doctor; 'take care: don't irritate him: always soothe your horse, Jemmy. You'll do better without me. Let me down, Jemmy.' Once on terra firma the doctor's view of the case was changed. 'Now, Jemmy, touch him up—never let a horse get the better of you: touch him up—conquer him—don't spare him; and now I'll leave you to manage him—I'll walk back.'

☞ Mrs. Snubblechops (to her daughter, Laura)—It was very wrong of you, Laura, to waltz with young Jolly. Your papa was greatly shocked. He says he has met young Jolly in the city, in places where no decent young man would ever be seen!

Laura—Well, what was papa doing in those places, then? Isn't HE a proper associate?

Mrs. S.—My love, you shouldn't ask such questions. You know—with him—it's quite different.

ANALYSIS OF A FOP.—He is one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-sixth walking-stick, and the rest kid gloves and hair. As to his remote ancestry there is some doubt, but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose.

To Those Who Decry Tales and Novels.

George W. Curtis recently delivered a lecture on Literature, in which he took occasion to speak in the following terms on fiction:

Objection to fiction is objection to the most instinctive play of the human mind. Fiction is no more to be explained or defended than the sunset or the rose. If anybody objects to novels in the abstract, he objects to man. It is no more waste of time to read a good novel than to read a good poem, or look at a fine sunset, or yield to a noble instinct. I have heard sad-eyed clergymen publicly denounce fiction, as such, to young men, and then preach croaking sermons on the parables. But Sir Walter Scott himself could belie his art. He says:—We are inclined to think that the worst evils to be apprehended from the perusal of novels is, that the habit is apt to engender a distaste for real history or useful literature," &c. But is it to be supposed that Scott sincerely believed that mankind were to be more improved by reading the real history of Messalina or Cleopatra, or of Catharine, than by reading the history of Rebecca? Did he prefer as a moralist that his daughters should read the memoirs of the Duc de Grammont, or Charles the Second, or any other King, rather than the fictitious history of Sir Roger de Coverly? Did he not know that the excellence of a novel is the excellence of nature, or any other great work of art, and that his own Jennie Deans is as real in herself and as influential on the human mind as Judith or Queen Elizabeth? All history becomes fiction in the advance of time.

How many characters have we of Oliver Cromwell, and which are we to accept as the true one? Probably history is less true to nature, on the whole, than fiction. Clio is such a high-stepping muse that she goes over just what we want to know. Personal memoirs, which approach much nearer to fiction in their nature, always charm and instruct us. There is no doubt that the history of Robinson Crusoe would help a boy on his way through life much better than any history of Oliver Cromwell. Goodness is never imaginative. History and fiction are only two ways of putting a fact. We are just as sorry to see Iago succeed as to see Leonidas fail. For us, both Iago and Leonidas are real men.

The great artists decry their art, but the art remains. What a man does seems insignificant to himself, because his best work he does most easily. Raphael paints the Transfiguration, but envies the shoemaker's skill. The great artists decry their art, but, I say, their art remains. And whether it be painting, or poetry, or sculpture, or music, or fiction, its purpose is still the purpose of all art—the moral education of the race.

Frankness.

Frankness is supposed to be a common virtue. It is most uncommon. It is indeed an extraordinary thing. It requires truth, simplicity, love and genuine goodness. Men speak plainly when they do speak, but they are not open and free. Men speak truths very plainly when angry; many speak pleasant truths in kindly. But few there are whose souls are so balanced in an atmosphere of love that they speak whatever needs to be said, to each all plainly, gently, daily. The dearest friends live together for years without daring to speak things which they know, and which each party knows that the other knows. Parents live with a reserve years long toward their children. Children carry untouched, unsyllabled, thoughts and feelings that take hold of their very being.—*Friends meet and part day by day, friends so true that they would almost die for each other*, or what is harder than this, who are willing to LIVE for each other, and never speak of things that each knows is passing in the other's mind. It is very strange to see people come up to topics on conversation, that, by a tacit freemasonry, are sacred, and without one word or look, one glides past one side, and the other upon the other side, and meet beyond, going in a common channel again. Was there ever a thoughtful person that dared to be open, transparent, frank? But, however this may be, there can be no doubt that christian people are not frank enough for each other's good. If men knew how to speak the truth in love how rich one might become. A man might stand in the focus of the wisdom of all his friends. But refusing to let their light shine, men now grope in the partial light of their own wisdom, distempered by self-love.

☞ QUAKER YOUNG LADIES in the Maine Law States, it is said, still continue to kiss the lips of the young temperance men to see if they have been tampering with liquor. Just imagine a beautiful young girl approaching you, young temperance man, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a dove, with the charge:

"Mr ——, the ladies believe you are in the habit of tampering with liquor, and they have appointed me to examine you according to our established rules—are you willing?"

You nod acquiescence. She gently steps close up to you, lays her soft arm around your neck, dashes back her raven curls, raises her sylph-like form upon her tip-toes, her round, snowy, heaving bosom against your own, and with her angelic features lit up with a smile as sweet as heaven, places her rich, rosy, pouty, swee, sugar, molasses, butter, eggs, strawberries, honey-suckle, sun-flower, lily, baby-jumper, rose-bud, cream, tart, apple-pie, peach-pudding, apple-dumpling, ginger-bread, nectar-lips against yours, and—(Oh, Jerusalem! hold us!)—busses you, by crackey! Hurrah for the gals, and the Maine Liquor Law, and death to all opposition!

Several of our bachelor friends say that they would like to live in Maine.

PREACHING TO TERRIFY.—The ministers who deal most in terrors, who preach doctrines which ought to make their flesh creep, and to turn their eyes into fountains of tears, are not generally distinguished by their spare forms and haggard countenances. They take the world as easily as people of a milder creed; and this does not show that they want sincerity or benevolence. It only shows how superficially men may believe in doctrines which they yet would shudder to relinquish. It shows how little the import of language, which is thundered from the lips, is comprehended and felt. I should not set down as hard-hearted a man whose appetite should be improved by preaching a sermon full of images and threatenings of a "bottomless hell." The best meals are sometimes made after such effusions. This is only an example of the numberless contradictions of human life. Men are every day saying and doing, from the power of education, habit and imitation, which has no root whatever in their serious convictions.—*Exchange.*

THE BIRD OF THE TOLLING BELL.—Among the highest woods and deepest glens of Brazil, a sound is sometimes heard, so singular, that the noise seems quite unnatural; it is like the distant and solemn tolling of a church bell struck at long intervals. This extraordinary noise proceeds from the Arapongo. The bird sits on the top of the highest trees in the deepest forests, and though constantly heard in the most desert places, it is very rarely seen. It is impossible to conceive anything of a more solitary character than the profound silence of the woods broken only by the metallic and almost supernatural sound of this invisible bird, coming from the air and seeming to follow wherever you go. The Arapongo is white, with a circle of red around its eyes—its size is about that of a small pigeon.—*National Intelligencer.*

A Good Story.

One of the French papers tells a good story of a saddler. He belonged to the militia company of his village, and this company one day, "in a moment of enthusiasm," resolved to get up a band of music. The hat was passed round and a sufficient number of francs was contributed for the purchase of the needful instruments. The instruments were ordered from Paris, and in due time arrived; when lo! it was discovered that, by some strange oversight, nobody had thought of the big drum! Another subscription was raised, and the saddler was deputed to order the drum, he professing to know a first-rate maker of that instrument. But it occurred to him that he could make a drum himself and pocket the money; so with great secrecy he gathered materials in a garret-room of his house, and addressed himself to the work, carefully keeping the door locked, and suffering no one to know what he was about. The band was to be produced in public for the first time on the King's birth-day, which was near at hand, and yet the big drum had not arrived from Paris—that is, the saddler had not got it finished. He worked night and day, and at last, on the morning of the eventful day, the task was completed. Not a moment too soon, for at early daylight the captain and his lieutenants were thundering at the saddler's door, demanding tidings of the drum. "It has arrived—last night—by the *diligence*," stammered the saddler; "I have it safe up stairs—a grand Paris drum—by the most celebrated maker." Up stairs rushed the military dignitaries, the saddler leading the way. The drum was immensely admired, and the order was given to convey it at once to the captain's quarters; when the unlucky discovery was made that the drum was altogether too big to pass through the door. "Wretch," shouted the captain, "how did you get it into this room, if it came from Paris?" "I hoisted it through the window," gasped the miserable saddler;—but oh! the prompt detection of his fraud. *The window was much narrower than the door!*

SMALL TALK.—Nobody abuses small talk unless he be a stranger to its convenience. Small talk is the small change of life; there is no getting on without it. There are times when "'tis folly to be wise," when a little nonsense is very palatable, and when gravity and sedateness ought to be kicked down stairs. A philosopher cuts a poor figure in a ball-room, unless he leave his philosophy at home. Metaphysics are as intrusive in the midst of agreeable prattle as death's head on a festal board. We have met with men who were too lofty for small talk—who would never indulge in complaints as to servants, nor discuss the state of the weather. They would never, oh! never, condescend to play with a ribbon or flirt with a fan—they were above such trifling; in other words, in toto, they were above making themselves agreeable, above pleasing, and above being pleased. They were all wisdom, all gravity, dignity, and all tediousness and seriousness, which they bestowed upon company with more than Dogberry's noble generosity. A man who cannot talk has no more business in society than a statue. The world is made up of trifles, and he who can trifle elegantly and gracefully, is a valuable acquisition to mankind. He is a Corinthian column in the fabric of society.

MENTAL CONDITION OF THE HORSE.—In a very interesting essay on "Body and Mind," in the last number of the Edinburgh Review, it is stated that many of the mental conditions of the human being are also observable in some of the lower animals. *They sleep, they dream, they become insane. They have variations in temper. The horse will weep like his master, and the big tears course as rapidly down his cheeks, from grief or pain. In the disease rabies, the mental* character of the horse is wonderfully changed. If before the disease he was good tempered and attached to his groom, he will recognize his former friend, and seek his caresses during the intervals between the paroxysms of fury, and he will press his head against his bosom, and with a piteous look gaze upon him, as if beseeching relief from the dreadful malady. Yet in an instant his whole conduct will change into furious madness and singular treachery. He labors under an intense feeling to destroy, and there appears to be a desire for mischief for its own sake.

THE BLARNEY STONE OF NEW ENGLAND.—Several years ago, a friend of ours delivered an address, before the Pilgrim Society, in N. Y., in the course of which, as in duty bound, he said as much as was proper and no more, about Plymouth Rock. When he sat down, a respectable Milesian gentleman, arose, and observed, that they also had a rock in Ireland, or stone, which was held in high estimation there, and which was well known as the Blarney Stone. This announcement was received with shouts of laughter, for there was scarcely a person present who did not suppose the statement to gush from the Irish fountain of fun. The orator of the day under the impression, that the statement was a sheer pleasantry, at his expense, made rather a sharp rejoinder.—The Irish gentleman, conscious of having stated nothing but the truth, was of course greatly surprised.—*Boston Tr.*

IGNORAMUS.

Whether was first, the egg or the hen?
Tell me, I pray you, ye learned men.

FIRST SCRIBE.

The hen was first, or whence the egg?
Give us no more of your doubts, I beg.

SECOND SCRIBE.

The egg was first, or whence the hen?
Tell me how it could come, and when?

IGNORAMUS.

A fig for your learning, 'tis fudge, I vow!
If you can't settle this question now;
So tell me, I pray you, ye learned men,
Whether was first, the egg or the hen?

COOLNESS IN MOMENT OF TRIAL.—A story is told of a lady in a neighboring city, from the perusal of which some of our ladies may learn a lesson to be applied if ever placed in a similar predicament. Her dress was stepped upon by a partner in a dance at a wedding party, while her little feet,

Beneath the petticoats
Peeped out and in like little mice,
Which shun the light.

The skirt was torn, and a whalebone thrust out into the circle in a very unseemly manner. The lady cooly took hold of the article, drew it from her dress, and walked to the door and threw it out, and took her place in the cotillion just in time to "forward and back." Although her dress collasped" she did not. That lady would walk up to the cannons mouth, or to the *altar*, without fear or trembling.—*Wheeling Times.*

☞ One must be *easy* in his mind to go to sleep *quietly*, but what must have been the feelings of the stranger who was sent up stairs in a western hotel to sleep with a backwoodsman, who gave him this welcome:

"Wa'al, stranger, I've no objection with your sleeping with me, none in the least; but it seems to me the bed's rather narrow for you to sleep comfortable, considerin' how I dream. You see, I am an old trapper, and generally dream of shooting and scalping injuns. Where I stopped night afore last, they charged me five dollars extra 'cause I happened to whittle up the head-bord with my knife while I was dreaming. But you can come to bed, if you like. I feel kinder peaceable to-night."

Political.

HEAR THE SON OF HENRY CLAY, AT LANCASTER, OCTOBER 8, 1856.

Now, fellow-citizens, I am no democrat; I have never been a democrat, but I am not the man to do the democrats injustice, and especially when I have a glorious country, and that country to be saved. [Cheers.] We are all in the same ship, and my love for the Union is greater than my love for party. Drive the gallant ship through the breakers and upon the rocks and every man of us is lost. I have not come from south of Mason and Dixon's line to indulge in the weakness of some Southern men who have tried to frighten you in talking of a dissolution of the Union. The people of my country are opposed to it, and thank God, the women, too, are in favor of a Union to a man. [Laughter and applause.] We, of Kentucky, know where we stand. We know precisely our position. We know that there are at the extreme South, fanatics on the subject of slavery. We know, also, there are fanatical abolitionists at the extreme North. And we of the centre, slave States as well as free, have to save this Union, and save it we will. [Applause.] How can we save it? Can you Fillmore men save it? I suppose there are some here.

What chances have you—men who fight under the banner of Fillmore, you who advocate the doctrines of his great Albany speech—to save it? Are you not now pursuing a suicidal course? Are you not killing yourselves? You know that you are a fragmentary party here; that in Pennsylvania the Fremont abolition party is stronger than you are; yet you suffer them to delude and cheat you into a sham fusion. [Applause.] Fillmore men, don't you feel this to be so? [Laughter.] A few weeks ago, the fusion was a great thing; you were going to cipher up all the officers and all that sort of thing: but don't you sicken of it now? It was a trick; that fusion was a vile, miserable trick of the politicians. They did not come out bravely and boldly and show their hands. They did not say here is our ground, and upon it we will fight to victory or death. The fusion was not even manly. What have you Fillmore men gained by it? You say you love your country. You say that your leader, Mr. Fillmore, is a great man. Then why have you not listened to him? Why have you not hearkened to his voice? Was not his speech at Albany a great and noble effort? It was, and in that patriotic speech he goes so far as to charge moral treason upon those engaged in the cause of Fremont. Yet when you loved him so much as to take him without any platform, when you hold that he is himself a good enough platform for you, why is it that you are now seen fusing with the black republicans whom he most earnestly warned you against. I appeal to you in the matter. I know you think you're right. The mass of the people are nearly always right. I know the American people, and am sure they are everlastingly in favor of the stars and stripes. [Applause.] Fillmore men, beware of demagogues. They have led you away from the doctrines of your leader. I am free to admit that he is a good man; that I admire and respect him. I go further—I believe the country would be safe under his administration. But the Fillmore men must not be led away from their own principles, and those of their leader, by designing politicians, unless they wish to have the long finger of scorn pointed at them.

I came here to-day to speak to two classes of people. The Buchanan men are all right. I cannot touch them or stir them, and I want to do neither because they are right. [Great applause.] One of the classes to which I wish to talk was the Fillmore men, to whom I have talked, because they were at one time, like me, old whigs. But there is another class in this county of Lancaster to which I came here to talk. Now, do you men of Lancaster suppose, because I live away off in Kentucky, that I did not know this farmer people?—these men who raise cattle and grow grain?—these men who stood so honestly and faithfully by my father? [Immense applause.] I have known you, and I feel at home in your midst. It is to these old whigs I wish to appeal: to these men who stood by my father, through thick and thin, even against the men of their own county—statesman of Wheatland—and who gave him and his party thousands and thousands of majority.

Is it not strange to you that the son of Henry Clay comes here and implores you by the memories of his father, by the love you bear your wives and children, and by your own happy firesides, to support the man of Wheatland. [Applause.] It may appear extraordinary, but I am marching in the strict line of my duty. [Great applause.] Since 1848, we whigs have no party: but we have a Union to save which is above all parties. [Renewed applause.] I take up the game where my father left it. Did he not leave off with the compromise of 1850? Did he not die with the harness on? Did he not die a Senator? The last days of his life devoted to the Union above all parties. And do you think I would dare to come here this day to make the appeal I do make for Buchanan, unless I believed I had his sanction? [Immense applause.] Do you not think it was a hard thing for me to tear passion and prejudice from my heart and lay them a sacrifice upon the alter of my country? It was hard. But passion and prejudice are bad things in themselves, but they are ten times worse when they stand in the way of duty to our country? When at last I knew I had the patriotism to make the sacrifice, I looked back and found encouragement. It was as though a man were patting me upon the back, and saying, "go on, boy, you are doing right." I had seen my father standing side by side with the democratic leaders—all freeing themselves from party trammels, and embarking, as he expressed it, in the same *omnibus*, in which there were neither abolitionists nor nullifiers, but whigs and democrats, who had by common consent come together for the salvation of the Union. [Applause.] And are you whigs afraid to do now what was done then? [Cries of no, and cheers.] What have you to look to unless you take this course? Do we not all struggle for Union and against disunion? Certainly we do, and we should reflect on the fact that there are extreme men in both sections, who, by their violence, may force us to do what, upon sober reflection, we would not do for our lives if we could avoid it. [Applause.] We are one people, with one history, which is crowded with recollections of gallant and glorious deeds. The bones of an uncle of mine lay upon the bloody field of the Raisin, and the field of the bloody Buena Vista was watered by the blood of a brother. A gentleman now upon the stand assisted to bring home his remains for sepulture.

HEAR THE SON OF DANIEL WEBSTER, AT LANCASTER, OCTOBER 8, 1856.

To be President a man should possess a vast knowledge of men and things, which a long experience in public life can alone give, in order to fit him for a wise selection of advisers and a successful administration of public affairs.—The experience is the result of a lifetime; and when we find a man who possesses it, together with undying love and devotion to the Union, we have found one who is qualified for the Presidency, and whom, for our country's sake and our own, we should elegate to that exalted position. Now, gentlemen, there is no man living who has so much ability and such long and varied experience in public affairs, as your countryman, James Buchanan. [Tremendous applause.] Mr. Benton has been long in public life, but has been almost always in one branch of National Legislature; but Mr. Buchanan has served long in the House of Representatives, long in the Senate, has been on foreign service abroad, and for one term served in the Department of State, always reflecting honor upon his State and country and credit upon himself. [Cheers.]

Where can you find any one now living, who can say as much for himself or has any one to say it for him? We should all feel proud of our leader for his eminent qualifications for the office for which he is a candidate. If we look over the history of the country, we will hardly turn over a page of it for the last forty years in which the name of Mr. Buchanan does not appear. [Applause.] There he stands for the last forty years, side by side with the greatest and most illustrious men of the country:—[Renewed applause.] If any one of his distinguished compeers were now living, if the great sage of Ashland, if Calhoun, of South Carolina, or Webster were still in the midst of their countrymen to advise and guide them, they would be the first to do justice to his great and unsurpassed talents, and use their Herculean energies in securing his success in this crisis. [Cheers.] And now citizens of Lancaster, allow me to suggest that the present is the time for you to exert all your energies in securing the success of the principles maintained by the democratic party. The democratic ticket deserves and should have your hearty support on Tuesday next. Remember that the enemies of the constitution, of the Union, and of yourselves, *will on that day attempt to carry the State, and proclaim to the world that Pennsylvania has declared for abolition and disunion.* If you love your country, now is the time for action. Now is the time for exertion, if you would preserve the Union, and send it down to your children as you received it from your fathers, with all the blessings which you have enjoyed under it. Democrats and whigs, your country calls upon you to elect those who represent the principles of devotion to the Union. On Tuesday, the 14th day of October, you are expected to work together for the success of the national men on the democratic State ticket. After we have succeeded in defeating the factions which now threaten to overwhelm us, we may quarrel on questions of policy. Now there is a fearful responsibility resting upon every citizen, and he should be careful to discharge it properly.

Withering Denunciation of the Black Republican Party by Millard Fillmore.

MILLARD FILLMORE delivered a speech at Albany, New York, in July, in which he thus referred to the Black Republican party:

"Suppose that the South, having a majority of the electoral votes, should declare that they would only have slaveholders for President and Vice President, and should elect such by their exclusive suffrages to rule over us at the North. Do you think we would submit to it? No, not for a moment. (Applause) And do you believe that your Southern brethern are less sensitive on this subject than you are, or less jealous of their rights. [Tremendous cheering.] If you do, let me tell you that you are mistaken. And, therefore, you must see that IF THIS SECTIONAL PARTY SUCCEEDS, IT LEADS INEVITABLY TO THE DESTRUCTION OF THIS BEAUTIFUL FABRIC REARED BY OUR FOREFATHERS, CEMENTED BY THEIR BLOOD, AND BEQUEATHED TO US AS A PRINCELESS INHERITANCE.

I tell you, my friends, that I feel deeply, and therefore I speak earnestly on this subject,—(cries of "Your right!")—for I feel that you are in danger. I am determined to make a clean breast of it. I will wash my hands of the consequences, whatever they may be; and *I tell you that we are treading upon the brink of a volcano, that is liable at any moment to burst forth and overwhelm the nation.*

It seems to me impossible that those engaged in this can have contemplated the awful consequences of success. If it breaks asunder the bonds of our Union, and spreads anarchy and civil war through the land, *what is it less than moral treason?* (Cries of "nothing—nothing less!") Law and common sense hold a man responsible for the natural consequence of his acts, and must not those whose acts tend to the destruction of the government, be equally held responsible? (Cries of "yes! yes!")

That's So.

We find the subjoined paragraph in an exchange paper which places an important matter on its true ground. Read it attentively:

THE SLAVERY-EXTENSION FALSEHOOD.—The charge of slavery extension cannot be sustained by fact or by argument against the Democratic party. The platform adopted at Cincinnati does not contain a line, a word, or a letter, which pledges the Democratic party of the country to the extension of slavery beyond its present limits. The candidates of that convention have not written or uttered a syllable in favor of such a policy. The Democracy remain upon the same ground assumed by them upon the acquisition of California and New Mexico, maintained in 1848; sustained in 1852, and then endorsed by the Whig national Convention, to wit—*the principle of non-intervention*, and *the policy of non-interference, by Congress, with slavery in the States or Territories of the Union.* The Democracy do not propose to depart, and they are not to be driven from this position, whatever an ultra organ, North or South may declare to the contrary. Whenever the affairs of Kansas shall be brought to a settlement, it will be through the instrumentality of the people of that Territory, and not by the dictation of citizens of Missouri or Massachusetts: and wholly in accordance with the doctrines of the Democratic party.

NEGRO AMALGAMATION.—At the Fremont Mass Meeting the Republicans from Oberlin marched *arm in arm* with the negroes, and nearly all the "kullered pussons" on the ground wore silk badges with "Fremont and Dayton" printed thereon.—*Seneca Advertiser.*

We can hardly take up a paper in the free States that does not contain such paragraphs as the above. The fusion between the negroes and the Republican whites is of such a close and intimate character that no one can deny that the Abolitionists are rightly termed by the appellation of *Black* Republicans. The whole teachings and tendencies of that organization are toward *amalgamation*. If such were not the case, we should not hear "Republicans advocating negro suffrage and the rights of negroes to send their children to the public schools with the whites, and we should not see their most prominent journal, the New York *Tribune*, advocating the election of the negro, Fred. Douglas, to Congress.

☞ The Fremont City authorities of Columbus, Ohio, rented a meat stall in the Market to a negro brother named Manly, but the white butchers objected, and Manly was at once ejected from the place by the friends of freedom in power. Another trouble to the Fremonters in that city is, that the colored people demand the right to bury their dead in the Green Lawn Cemetery along with the white dust and ashes.

☞ "Here," said a dandy to an Irish laborer, "come and tell me the biggest lie you ever told in your life, and I'll treat you to a whiskey punch." "An' by my sowl," replied the Hibernain, quickly, "yer honor is a gentleman."