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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TERMS.

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Poetical.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

FROM UHLAND.

There came three student's over the Rhine—
Dame Werter's house they entered in:
"Dame Werter hast thou good beer and wine?
And where's that lovely daughter thine?"

"My beer and my wine are fresh and clear—
My daughter is lying cold on her bier."
They stept within the chamber of rest,
Where lay the maiden in black robes drest.

The first he drew from her face the veil;
"Ah! wert thou alive, thou maiden so pale,"
He said as he gazed with sudden brow,
"How dearly would I love thee now!"

The second, he covered the face anew,
And weeping he turned aside from the view;
"Ah, me! thou that lest on a cold bier,
Thy one I have loved for many a year!"

The third once more uplifted the veil,
He kissed the lips so deadly pale;
"Thee loved I *ever, still* love I thee,
And thee will I love through Eternity!"

And that kiss, that kiss, with Promethean flame
Tortured with new life the quivering frame,
And the maid uprose and stood by his side,
The student's own loved and loving bride!

A PRETTY LAGH.

We'll part no more, Oh, never!
Let gladness dark thy brow,
Our hearts are joined forever
By each religious vow.
Misfortune's clouds have vanished,
That caused our bosoms pain,
And every care is banished,
No more to come again.

Hope's star is brightly burning
Within its brilliant dome,
And tells of joy returning
To cheer our rural home.
It shines through gloom to gladden,
Dispelling grief and care,
For sorrow ne'er can sadden
While it remaineth there.

'Mid flowery vales we'll wander,
And by the laughing stream,
Our bosoms growing tender
'Neath Love's enchanting beam.
In youth Love's enchanting beam.
In youth, side by side,
Each morn fresh joys disclaiming,
Through life we'll gently glide.

Miscellaneous.

THE SPORTSMAN'S ADVENTURE.

A SCOTTISH TALE.

During the early part of the summer in the year 18— it happened that two young sports-men in the highlands of Scotland, wearied by a long day's shooting, were approaching a hill-side spring, famous in that wild district for the coldness and pureness of its water. They had just reached the brow of the elevation overlooking the rural fountain, when they saw a young girl in the first blush of womanly beauty, close by the spring.

She was sitting on a low rock that rose by the side of the fountain, her dimpled elbow resting on the cliff, and her head leaning on her hand. Her figure was slight and sylph like yet exquisitely proportioned. Her hair was golden in color, and flowed in natural ringlets on her shoulders.

"So, was I not right?" said one, in a whisper, to his companion. "She has been gathering blues: there are are still some in her hand—let us descend."

The speaker had been leaning carelessly on his gun as he spoke, and now, preparatory to proceeding, threw it to his shoulder. Unfortunately the trigger caught in a bramble and the piece went off lodging its contents in his side. He staggered and fell.

"Good heavens!" cried his companion springing to his assistance, and lifting the wounded man up, "are you killed?"

The young girl we have described had been buried in a profound reverie, but at the report of the gun she started, looking wildly around to see whence it proceeded. In a moment she caught sight of the wounded man lying on the heather above her, while his friend, kneeling on one knee, supported the head of the sufferer—As soon as the sportsman saw the girl was watching him, he shouted and waved his arm for help.

The timid Scottish maiden, who but a moment before was on the point of flying, now turned and began to ascend the hill side.

"My poor friend," said the sportsman, dolefully his hat as she approached, "has met with an unfortunate accident, and I do not know what to do, or where to bear him."

A deep blush dyed the girl's cheek as she encountered the gaze of the stranger, but it passed off immediately, and, with a presence of mind worthy of one older, she stooped down to see if the wounded man was dead.

"He breathes still," she said as she broke a delicate leaf from one of her lilies and held it to his nostril; and looking at his companion, she continued, "do you think you could carry him to the spring?"

The sportsman answered by carefully lifting his friend up in his arms, and bearing him down the hill side the young girl following.

"Place him here," she said, pointing to the slightly elevated bank, "and lean his head against the rock. Everything," she continued "now depends on your getting a surgeon soon. If you will follow that path to your right round the turn of the hill, you will find our cabin. There is a pony there which you can take, and ride to the little town of Abernethy, some five miles off, where, fortunately, a surgeon may be had. At the cabin you will find a shepherd or two—tell them to bring some bed-clothes and a settee, on which to carry your friend to the house. It is an humble place, but better than the hill-side. By the time you get back with the surgeon, we shall have your friend in a comfortable bed, and I hope doing better."

She spoke with so quick a perception of what was best to be done, and did it so composedly, that the sportsman, submitting himself entirely to her guidance, hastened to execute her commission.

When he had vanished around the hill, the young girl took some water in her hands and began to bathe the face of the wounded man. But still he lay insensible, and she persisted in her task for some time without any signs of life being perceptible.

"Alas!" she said, "he is dead! And yet but half an hour ago he was in the full strength of health and manhood. It cannot be—I have heard," she continued eagerly, as if a sudden thought had struck her, and she began to tear open his vest to get at the wound, "that my grandsire died at Colloded from the blood coagulating in the wound, when if a surgeon had been by, he might have been saved. What if this should be the case here?"

She had by this time bared sufficient of his person to get at the orifice of the wound. The dark gore had almost stiffened about it. She stooped down and tenderly commenced wiping away the congealed blood. She had not been long engaged in her task of mercy, when the wounded man stirred, and opening his eyes fixed them earnestly upon her.

"Where am I?" he inquired, for his memory was yet vague. "Ah! I remember—my gun went off. But where is Harry?"

"If you mean your friend," said the young lady, "he is gone for a surgeon. I have consented to watch by you till some shepherds come to carry you to our cabin. And there they come," she exclaimed clasping her hands, equally glad to conclude this embarrassing *tete a-tete*, and to see the wounded man placed in a situation of more comfort.

"Heaven bless you!" said the sufferer, with emphasis. "You have saved my life."

In a few moments the wounded man was placed on a settee brought by the shepherds, and the cavalcade wended its way towards the cabin. The maiden walked last, and by her side stalked sadly the two dogs of the sufferer; and the dumb animals with a sense almost human, as if appreciating her kindness to their master looked up affectionately in her face every few steps. The cabin was like those existing everywhere in the highlands—a rude but cheerful habitation, but was both larger than usual and adorned with more taste inside.

In about two hours the friend of the sufferer returned bringing with him the surgeon who was closeted with his patient more than an hour and when he came forth the young girl was sitting anxiously by the fire, in company with a middle aged woman, the wife of one of the shepherds.

"Oh, Miss Helen," said the old surgeon answering the inquiry of her eyes, "you have saved the life of as brave a lad as ever shot a muir cock or stalked a red deer. I know all about it, ye see, lassie, ye came of a generous and gallant race;" and he patted her head as a father would that of a favorite daughter, adding as if to himself, "'tis a pity the southron has the broad acres that were once her ancestors'; that she, coming of the chieftain's line should have but a cabin and a few bits of hill side for a flock or two of sheep." The next day the wounded man was pronounced better, but in a very critical position; and his removal was forbidden by the old surgeon.

"Ye maum keep him he awhile yet, lassie," he said addressing Helen; "and I'm almost persuaded ye'll bae to be his nurse. He has nae sisters or mother to send for, it seems; and men are very rough nurses ye ken. Mrs. Colin is here, and will mae doubt help; but ye maun be his nurse maist of the time, yeerself. Aweel aweel don't look frightened, 'tis what can't be helped."

And so Helen, timid and embarrassed was compelled, from the urgent necessity of the case to attend on the wounded man. His friend indeed remained to assist in nursing him; but the invalid, with the whim of a sick man, soon began to refuse his medicines, unless administered by the hand of Helen. Moreover, until the danger was over, his friend watched every night at his bedside, and in consequence required a portion of the day for rest. Helen was necessarily left alone for hours with the wounded man. The surgeon for the first two weeks came every day to see his patient, but after this visited him less frequently.

He now mended rapidly: began to sit up, and very soon he could totter to the window, and look out. In a day or two more he found his way to the cottage door where, sitting in a chair, he inhaled the delicious morn air, for an hour or so at noonday. His friend when the invalid was thus far convalescent took to his gun again and went out for game, and Helen and her guest were frequently left alone together.

"How shall I ever thank you sufficiently, Helen?" said Donald, one day. "Your presence of mind when I was dying by the spring, saved my life."

The blushing Helen looked down, and answered, "Don't talk that way, Mr. Alleyne—You would not I know, if you were aware how much it pained me."

"Call me Donald" said the convalescent; "surely we have known each other long enough for you to drop that formal name.—Or if you will not call me Donald, then I shall address as Miss Graeme."

"Donald then," said Helen, archly looking up, and shaking the curls back from her face.

"Bless you for the word, Helen," he said taking her hand. "Do you know it sounds sweeter now than I ever thought it would?"

"Mr. Alleyne," she said, tho' with averted face, "if you would not have me keep out of your sight forever—if in short, you have any respect for a friendless girl—do not speak in that strain again." And she rose as if to depart.

"Helen, hear me," said her lover, detaining her; "hear me only for one word more. Since the hour that you saved my life I have loved you, and every day I spent in your society has increased that love; but if you will say that you love another, I swear never to speak on that subject again."

She endeavored to detatch her hand, which he had caught a second time, but he held it too firmly.

"You are rich and I am poor," she said at last; "you would some day repent of this thing. Even your friends would laugh at your folly."

"Then you love me?" said he, eagerly. "Is it not so?"

But this time Helen faced him, and with a dignity that quite awed his rapture.

"Mr. Alleyne, will you let me go?" she said. "I am an unprotected girl, and you presume on my situation."

"No, no!" he exclaimed, but he let go her hand; "You misjudge me, indeed, Miss Graeme, for your blood is as good as mine; and even if it were not, Donald Alleyne is not the man to love for rank or wealth."

Helen, whose pride rather than heart had spoken, was moved by these words and she lingered irresolutely. Her lover saw the change in her demeanor and hastened to take the advantage of it. Nor did Helen long continue to resist his pleadings. She loved him indeed only too well, as she had all along confessed to her own heart. Still when even brought to half acknowledge that he had a place in her heart, she would not promise to be his without a condition. He argued long, and earnestly, but her answer was always the same.

"We must part for a year," she said. "You think now, with the memory of your illness fresh upon you, that you love me; but I am come of too haughty a blood, though poor now, to marry even where I might love on so sudden and questionable attachment. You are rich, fashionable, and with influence; I am the last of a line proscribed ever since Culloden. Your place is the gay world, where you will be surrounded by troops of friends; mine is the humble cabin, where a few mere dependents have been my only companions ever since my father died. If you really love me, you will return at the end of the year; and if you forget me, I shall live here, with the heather and the muir-cock as I have lived before."

The lover was therefore compelled to submit. There was a proud independence in her banishment of him, which became, he said to himself, the daughter of chieftains who had fought at Bannockburn and Flodden Field, and sacrificed their all at Culloden.

Two weeks from that time Donald and his friend left the Highland cabin, and Helen was alone. Never before had she known what it was to be alone. She never knew how much she loved all her lover was away.

But even a year will pass, and just a twelve month from Donald's departure Helen sat at the spring side, which she had named for the trysting spot of her lover proved faithful. She had been there already for many hours, watching with an eager timid heart, half trembling at her own folly in expecting him, half angry with herself for her doubts; but now, as the gloaming came on, yet no Donald appeared her bosom swelled high to bursting. She rose frequently, and looked up the bridle path, but nobody was in sight. At last the stars began to come out; the wood grew chill; and with an almost broken heart she rose to return to the cabin.

"I might have known this," she said, sadly. "Do not all my books tell me the same? Even the old story of trusting woman and deceiving man."

At this instant an arm was thrown around her waist, and a well remembered voice whispered in her ear—"Now, Helen, dear, one of our cruel sex, at last, is falsified. I thought to steal on you unawares and surprise you; and so went round by the cottage to leave my horse there. Had you looked behind, instead of before you you would have frustrated my little scheme by seeing me. I have waited a whole year impatiently for this day, and I find you more at last."

A month from that time Sir Donald Alleyne introduced his bride to his ample domains in England, and never had a fairer wife entered the splendid halls of his ancestors.

In the great gallery of the castle is a picture of a Scottish girl, with a half pensive face, sitting by a mountain spring; and the old housekeeper as she goes the rounds with visitors, pauses before the portrait to say, "That is the likeness of the last Lady Alleyne; and lovely she was and as good as lovely. By her husband, the late baronet, she was always called the "Lily of the Valley." Why, I have never heard."

Forest Scenery in Sweden.

The road sometimes runs for a vast number of miles in a straight line through one of these forests and the dreary feeling of the traveller may be conceived. The solemn silence may be for hours unbroken by the slightest sound. It happened once that by the upsetting of a carriage I was left alone until the driver had ridden back to procure another and during that time my only fear was that the silence in which I listened should be broken, the fall of a leaf would have startled me. Sometimes a conflagration occurs, which gives a new and terrible aspect to the scene. These devastating fires are the result of accident and careless. Many a very white moss which covers the ground is an excellent tinder when the wood cutters light their fires and smoke their pipes in the forest. I saw a whole island—or at least all that grew of it—consumed in this way, and a curiously beautiful sight it was, burning in the midst of a large and rapidly rushing river. Some fishermen had gone there and made a fire and cooked some fish, and eaten a dinner, and they had set the island on fire like a ship at sea, and it burned down to the water's edge. At the dead of night it was a very large spectacle, a burning mass, so large, so bright, so furious in the midst of rushing water. The tall dark heads rising above the flames rose over them and then descended again satisfied with their prey, and lowering they were obliged to die because they could destroy no more. And the green isle was a black heap of charcoal with the waters circling around it.—*Miss Bunbury's Northern Europe.*

Origin of one of our most Popular Songs.

The "Old Oaken Bucket," was written by S. B. Woodworth, while yet he was a journeyman printer, working in an office at the corner of Chambers and Chatham streets, New York.—Near by, in Frankfort street, was a drinking-house, kept by a man named Mallory, where Woodworth and several particular friends used to resort. One afternoon the liquor was super-excellent. Woodworth seemed inspired by it, for, after taking a draught, he set his glass upon the table, and smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's *eau de vie* was superior to any that he had ever tasted. "No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken, there was one which in both our estimations, far surpassed this in the way of drinking." "What was that?" asked Woodworth, dubiously. "The draughts of pure, fresh spring water that we used to drink in the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from the labors of the field on a sultry day in summer." The tear-drop glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye. "True, true," he replied, and shortly after quitted the place. He immediately returned to the office, grasped a pen, and in half an hour the "Old Oaken Bucket," one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready in manuscript to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations.

IMMORTALITY.—How beautiful the following gem from the pen of Prentice, and how happy the heart that can see these beauties as he portrays them:

"Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth and then pass away, and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are placed above the reach of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be set out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful being that passes before us like a meteor, will stay in our presence forever."

THE TOLTAIC BATTERY.—At the Bank of England the platinized silver voltaic battery is used as the source of power in manufacturing bank notes. It was devised by Mr. Smee, and has been used fourteen years. Large batteries are employed holding several gallons of acid charge, the platinized silver plate being of fair thickness, and the thick rolled zinc plates, being so arranged that they can be easily changed. For charging the battery dilute sulphuric acid is used, generally mixed in the proportion of one-eighth acid to one-seventh of water. In order to secure a strength suitable to the purpose of the battery, it is found convenient to adjust the mixture to the specific gravity of 1180, and, thus charged, the battery will continue in action three weeks.

☞ There is not in the world a surer sign of a little soul, than the striving to gain respect by such despicable means as dress and rich clothes. None will depend upon these ornaments but they who have no other.

HOW PEOPLE TAKE COLD.

The time for taking cold is after your exercises; the place is in your own house, or office, or counting room. It is not the act of exercise which gives the cold but it is the getting cold too soon after exercising. For example, you walk very fast to get to the railway station, or to the steamboat, or to catch an omnibus, or to make time for an appointment; your mind being ahead of you, the body makes an effort to keep up with it; and when you get to the desired spot, you raise your hat and find yourself in a prespiration. You take a seat, and feeling quite comfortable as to temperature, you begin to talk with a friend, or to read a newspaper, and before you are aware of it, you experience a sensation of chillness, and the thing is done. You look around to see where the cold comes from, and find a window open near you, or a door, or that you have taken a seat at the forward part of the carriage and as it is moving against the wind, you are soon made aware of the presence of a strong draft. Or, it may be, you meet a friend at the corner of the street, who wanted a loan, and was quite complimentary—almost loving; you did not like to be rude in the delivery of a two lettered monosyllable, and while you are contriving to be truthful polite and safe, all at the same time on comes the chilly feeling from a raw wind at the corner of the street, or the slush of mud and water in which for the first time you noticed yourself standing. After any kind of exercise, do not stand a moment at the corner of a street for anybody or anything, nor at an open door or window.

"Is he Rich?"

Many a sigh is heard—many a heart is broken—many a wife is rendered miserable by the terrible infatuation which parents often manifest in choosing a life companion for their daughters. How is it possible for happiness to result from the union of two principles so diametrically opposed to each other in point, as much as virtue is to vice? How often is the first question which is asked respecting the suitor of the daughter, this—"is he rich?"

"Is he rich?" yes he abounds in wealth, but that does not afford any evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband.

"Is he rich?" yes, his clothes are purple and fine linen, and he fares sumptuously every day, but can you infer from this that he is virtuous?

"Is he rich?" yes, he has thousands floating on every ocean; but do not riches take to themselves wings and fly away? Will you consent that your daughter should marry a man that has nothing to recommend him but his wealth? Ah, beware! the gilded bait sometimes covers the barbed hook. Ask not then, "Is he rich?" but "Is he virtuous?" Ask not if he has wealth, but if he has honor, and do not sacrifice your daughter's happiness for money.

Good Advice.

James Buchanan, the President elect, in addressing a company students of Franklin and Marshall College, who called upon him at his own house, said: "There were many little eccentricities in the life of a college student that might be pardoned or overlooked; but there was one habit which it formed at college in early youth, which I regarded as one of the bright spots in my general Magazine, and that was the use of intoxicating liquors, and declared it would be better for that youth that contracted an appetite for strong drink that he were dead or had never been born; for when he saw a young man entering upon such a career a fondness for liquor becoming with him a governing passion he could see nothing before him but a life of sorrow and a dishonored grave in his old age. Many lads, he has aware, considered this practice a mark of smartness, but he regarded it as an offence that cannot be pardoned, especially in a student at college."

PENNSYLVANIANS IN NEW ORLEANS.—The *Crescent* says that among the different States of the Union whose sons have made New Orleans their home, Pennsylvania, the old "Keystone State," is not the last represented by any means. Many of the most prominent and influential citizens are natives of Pennsylvania, and it is the only State represented whose sons pay her the compliment of remembrance by a festal reunion once a year. The festivals of the Keystone Association, in years past, have been of the happiest and most elegant description, and the Association may be set down as one of the fixed institutions of the city. A preliminary meeting for the festival this year has been called, and all natives of the Old Keystone who may be in the city, either permanently or temporarily, and feel disposed to join in honoring the State of their birth, are invited to participate.

NEWSPAPER LIBEL IN ENGLAND.—The London *News* has won a legal victory over the Earl of Lucan. This paper had very severely censured the Earl's conduct in the Crimea, for which he demanded a full retraction and apology. The editor refused to retract; but offered to publish any letter which the Earl might see fit to write in reply. This offer was refused, and the Earl sued for libel. Upon the trial the defence called no witnesses, but contented itself with a cross examination of the Earl himself, and submitted the case to the jury as one in which there had clearly been nothing more than such an expression of opinion upon a matter of public interest as duty required. The jury rendered a verdict of acquittal.

THE BUG TRADE.—Bugs are an important article in the trade of Rio Janeiro. Their wings are made into artificial flowers, and some of the most brilliant varieties are worn as ornaments in ladies' hair. One man manages to earn his living by selling insects and other specimens to the strangers who visit the port. He keeps twelve slaves constantly employed in finding bugs, serpents and shells which are most in demand. The nearest approach to his business that we can remember is, that of the trade of fire flies in Havana; the insect being caught and carefully fed on the sugar cane, is used as an ornament in ladies' dresses. Being twice the size of an American firefly, it is very brilliant at night. The creoles catch them on the plantations and sell them to the city belles; some of them carrying them in silver cages attached to their bracelets. They make a fine display by lamplight.—*Merchant's Magazine.*

☞ The tendency of the Parisians to political change was not ill described by the Frenchman when, speaking of them during the year of tumult of 1848, he said: "They do not know what they want and they will not stop till they have got it!"

☞ A poor woman recently applied to a charitable institution in Philadelphia for assistance, giving as a reason why she needed relief, that her husband followed politics for a living, and it did not support his family.

☞ A landlady in Philadelphia, it is said, makes her pies so light that her lodgers can see to go to bed without a candle, after eating a moderate sized piece.

☞ There are complaints that censure, as there are satires that praise.

A MOMENT OF HORROR.

BY AN ARMY OFFICER.

I do not propose to tell a story either of romance or of sentiment, but simply to narrate an incident which happened to myself in the fall of 185—. I was bound westward to the city of New York.

The city was crowded with strangers. After unsuccessful applications at several hotels, at last I obtained lodging at—'s, kept on the European plan. Here I was obliged to content myself with a chamber on the fourth floor, oddly enough arranged in some respects, as, upon going to it, after supping, for the purpose of changing my travelled-stained dress, I noticed the room had no window, with the exception of a square opening in the wall, through which air and light were admitted from the adjoining room. To the opening, too, was attached a shutter in that room. I dressed and attended the Bowery Theatre, reaching my apartment, on returning, about half past twelve o'clock at night.

When about stepping into bed, I observed the wicket open, and a thought struck me to take a look into the adjoining apartment. Why it was I know not; perhaps a sense of my cold insecurity actuated me.

I got upon a chair and gazed through the window into the chamber. No one was there. It was furnished like my own. A lamp was burning upon the table, and upon the latter was lying a bolster, a whetstone, and a pair of large whiskers.

Well thought I, these are rather queer articles of wardrobe. After a glance at the premises, I felt anything but easy. I finally got into bed, first placing the lamp upon the floor at the foot, and examining my pistol. I had it carefully under my head. At first, though quite fatigued, I could not sleep; and when I did doze, my dreams were uneasy and troubled. Macbeth had been the play at the theatre, and witches and black whiskers, Banquo's ghost, with pistol, bolsters and the like interesting visitors, were the companions of my dreamy thoughts.

About three o'clock, it might have been, I was aroused by a somewhat singular noise. On listening, it evidently proceeded from the next room. It could be likened to nothing I had ever heard it was low, but regular and metallic in sound—so to express it; such a sound for instance, as might be made in cutting glass with a diamond. Suddenly I thought of the whetstone on the table, and at the same moment became convinced the noise was that of a knife being sharpened. My bed was placed in the diagonal corner of the room from the wicket, and I had been lying with my back to the latter. I turned in the bed as noiselessly as possible, so as to face the wicket, grasping my pistol. The lamp was burning dimly, and all was as still as death.

As my eye fell upon the window, it encountered first a hand placed upon the sill; then rose by degrees, a head with a pair of glittering black eyes, great heavy whiskers, and a long, sharp knife between his teeth! I think I possess the ordinary courage of a man, but I must confess the blood in my veins seemed to curdle as I viewed the apparition. Quick as lightning, I sprang up in bed, and pointing my pistol, cried out, "If you move a muscle from your position, you're a dead man." The eyes glared, the head remaining, however, as described, the man not uttering a syllable. I got out of bed, and, with pistol still presented and eyes fixed on his, I backed to the bell-rope and pulled it violently. In a few moments a servant came up. I called him to bring a police officer; there is something serious going on here. In a moment the passage was filled with the inmates of the house. In a short time a "star" made his appearance, and took the man into custody. The landlord said he had arrived that evening without baggage.

The next day a gentleman claimed the supposed assassin as his brother, a *maniac*, whom he had been conducting to the insane asylum in Philadelphia, and who had escaped from him while in that city. He had made his way to New York, and with the well known cunning of a madam had managed to avoid detection. I suppose the "power of the eye"—for I kept mine fixed on his—had restrained him, otherwise he could easily have mastered me in a moment.

Since then, whilst in a strange place, I have been careful to examine and secure my chamber before retiring.

Modern Definitions.

Hard times—Sitting on a cold gridstone and reading the President's message.

Love—A little word within itself intimately connected with shovel and tongs.

Progress of Time—A pedlar going thro' the land with wooden clocks.

Politician—A fellow that culls all his knowledge from borrowed newspapers.

Rigid Justice—Juror on a murder case fast asleep.

Friend—One who takes your money and then turns you out of doors.

Patriot—A man who has neither property or reputation to lose.

Honesty—Obsolete. A term formerly used in the case of a man who paid for his newspapers and the coat on his back.

Independence—Owing fifty thousand dollars which you never intend to pay.

Lovely Women—An article manufactured by milliners.

"Who wants but little here below,
And wants that little for a show."

Dandy—A thing in pantaloons with a body and two arms—a head without brains—tight boots—a cape—a white handkerchief—two breaches—and a ring on his little finger.

Coquette—A young lady with more beauty than sense—more accomplishments than learning—more charms of person than graces of mind—more admirers than friends—more fools for wise men than attendants.

Credit—A wise provision by which constables get a living.

Benevolence—To take a dollar out of one pocket and put it into the other.

CREATION OF THE HUMAN RACE.—Dr. Hitchcock, the eminent geologist, said in a recent discourse delivered by him in Albany that geological science places man among the most recent of created things. We find the surface of the earth (says Dr. H.) composed to the depth of some 8 or 10 miles of rocks. The rocks are full of the remains of animals and plants.—Thirty thousand species of them which differ from any living species, have been disinterred, yet no human remains are found among them, until the loose soil—alluvium is reached, which soil is universally acknowledged to be of recent origin. The remains of other animals are found several hundred feet below the surface. But, if man has been in existence when these other animals lived whose remains were found in such depths, his remains would also be found there, for his bones are of the same structure as theirs and likely to resist destruction.

☞ We may lay in a stock of pleasures, as we would lay in a stock of wine; but if we do, for the tasting of them too long we shall find that both are soured by age.

A POPULAR ERROR.

One of the most common and fatal mistakes made by ardent friends of education, is the indulgence of unreasonable hopes, and the maintenance of extravagant views as to what they can effect by means of it. It is often supposed that great results can be produced in a single term of twelve or fifteen weeks. Both teacher and committee aim at this rapid mode of manufacture. True education is that which aims at the slow and healthy growth of the mind—the incorporation into it of principles and the formation of tastes and habits, the full value of which will appear only after mature years have developed their tendencies. The highest and best parts of education are incapable of exhibition. The show made at the close of a term is well enough to amuse children and their fond parents, but it is often like that of newly dressed pleasure grounds, adorned with trees and shrubs fresh from the nursery, having a show of vitality in the foliage, though as yet drawing no sap from the root. Such frost work at the school-room is soon dissolved, and generally passes away with the occasion. All attempts at such premature results of education are entirely useless, and yet our system of employing teachers by the term renders it almost necessary that for a teacher who is ambitious of distinction, to lay his plans for that kind of superficial culture and mechanical drill which can be produced in a few weeks, and shown off as evidence of marvelous skill.—*President Sears.*

Checked Prespiration.

There are two kinds of prespiration, sensible and insensible. When we see drops of water on the body as the result of exercise, or subsidence of fever, that is sensibly prespiration, prespiration recognized by the sense of sight. But when perspiration is so gentle that it cannot be detected in the shape of water drops, when no moisture can be felt, when it is known to us only by a certain softness of the skin, that is insensible prespiration, and is so gentle that it may be checked to a considerable extent without special injury. But to use popular language which cannot be mistaken, when a man is sweating freely and it is suddenly checked, and the sweat is not brought out again in a few moments, sudden and painful sickness is a very certain result.

What, then, checks prespiration? A draft of air while we are at rest after exercising, or getting the clothing wet and remaining at rest while it is so. Getting out of a warm bed and going to an open window, has been the death of multitudes.

A lady heard the cry of fire at midnight; it was bitter cold; it was so near, the flames illuminated her chamber. She left the bed, and hoisted the window; the cold chilled her in a moment. From that hour until death, a quarter of a century later, she never saw a well day.

A young lady went to her window in her night clothes, to look at something in the street, leaning her unprotected arms on the stone window-sill, which was damp and cold. She became an invalid, and will remain so for life.

Sir Thomas Colby, being in a profuse sweat one night, happened to remember that he had left the key of his wine cellar on the parlor table and fearing his servants might improve the inadvertance and drink some of his wine, he left his bed, walked down stairs; the sweating process was checked, from which he died in a few days, leaving six millions of dollars in English funds. His illness was so brief and violent that he had no opportunity to make his will, and his immense property was divided among his six day-laborers who were his nearest relatives.

The great practical lesson which we wish to impress upon the mind of the reader is this: when you are perspiring freely, keep in motion until you get to a good fire, or to some place where you are perfectly sheltered from any draft of air whatever.—Hall's Journal of Health.

DEWDROPS.

Grace is the mustardseed from which springs the tree of glory.

He who drinks the health of everybody drinks away his own.

It is no sin to be tempted, and all who will may resist.

A crown will not cure the headache, nor a golden slipper the gout.

He that sins against men may fear discovery, but he who sins against God is sure of it.

A man shows as scant a stock of ideas as of gallantry, who compliment one woman at the expense of another.

There is nothing so like acry of pain as a scream of delight. There's nothing so closely approaches a look of madness as a look of joy.

Too austere a philosophy makes few wise men; too rigorous politics, few good subjects; too hard a religion, few religious persons, whose devotion is of long continuance.

If you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual people. They impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand.

Women are the poetry of the world, in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light giving, harmonious they are the terrestrial planes that rule the destinies of mankind.

The true motto for life is to do right, and let the consequences take care of themselves. It is all sheer vanity to try to accommodate yourself at every point to the whims and notice of some other persons, and try to square your ideas to please this or that sect or party.

Contentment abides with truth. You will generally suffer for wishing to appear other than what you are; whether it be riches, or more learned. The mask soon becomes an instrument of torture.

AN INDIAN STORY.—Speaking of Indians, we have an old chap here who has lived a number of years on the frontier, and whom we shall call Capt. Perry. He occasionally takes rather too much of the "inspiring fluid," and, like others who have passed through an eventful life, is fond, when in this state, of relating his "hair-breadth escapes;" and also, like most others, magnifies them to a somewhat unwarrantable extent. Being in the "Grocery," the other day, while the captain was relating one of his adventures, which happened near some lake, the name of which I do not now remember, he stated that it occurred on the Fourth of July.—After performing unheard-of prodigies of valor, he was finally forced to run. This he did, and shortly afterward found himself on the bank of the lake, which was "frozen solid all the way across." Without a moment's hesitation he started over, followed closely by the Indians, three in number. When about a mile from the shore, he perceived the Indians were becoming scattered; and, stooping down, he picked up a hoop-pole and killed them, one at a time, as they came up.

"Why, Capting," asked a bystander, "how could the river be frozen over on the Fourth of July—and how came a hoop-pole that far from shore?"

"Um! Um! grunted the old man, (with a *hic!*) "*what do you know about Indians?*"

☞ A Quaker being asked his opinion of Phrenology replied indignantly, "Friend there can be no good in a science that compels a man to take off his hat!"

☞ There are persons who talk for the sake of talking; there are others who talk in order to talk well; but the fool talks to make others talk about him.

☞ Hope is the best medicine, and fortunately it is in the power of every doctor to dispense it.

The New Carpet.

"I can hardly spare it, Jane; but as you have so set your heart upon it, why I suppose I must."

The young wife looked with rapture upon the shining gold pieces.

"A hundred dollars," said she to herself; "how rich it makes me feel. It seems a great deal to pay for a carpet, but 'gold is worth gold,' as the old saying is, and one good purchase is worth a dozen poor ones. I'll buy one of the very finest and most beautiful Brussels."

Afternoon came; the rosy babe was laid asleep in his little cradle, and the maid received a score of charges to linger by its side every moment till the darling woke up. Jane flushed with eager anticipation, looked her neatest, and, throwing her mantilla over her shoulders, she was just hurrying at a loud ring at the door brought out a tish "Oh dear!" at the unexpected

"Oh! Jane—dear Jane!" and a p creature sat panting on the sofa. in such trouble—such a dreadful Can you help us? Do you think we borrow a hundred dollars from your hu Couldn't you get it for us? You kn said I might always rely upon you when came; and poor Charles expects every mo- ment to be arrested; and he is so ill!"

"Dear, dear!" said Jane, her good heart suddenly contracting. "Edward told me only this morning, not to ask him for any money, for three months:" and she gathered her purse up tightly in her handkerchief. "I'm sure, if—I—only—could oblige you, I would; but I expect Edward is really pushed. Can't you get it elsewhere? Have you tried?"

"Yes," answered her friend, despondingly, "I have tried everywhere. People know that Charles is ill and cannot pay immediately. Mr. J——— knows our circumstances, yet he insists upon that money. Oh, it is so hard! it is so hard!"

Her pitiful voice, and the big tears running like rain down her pallid cheeks, almost unnerved Jane's selfishness. But that carpet—that beautiful carpet she had promised herself so long, and so often been disappointed of its possession that she could not give it up. She knew her husband's heart—and that he would urge her to self denial. No! she would not see him—if she did, it was all over with the carpet.

"Well," said her poor friend, in a desponding voice, raising to go, "I'm sorry you can't help me; I know you would if you could, and it is something to know that, but I go back with a heavy heart. Good morning, dear Jane; I hope you will never know what it is to want and suffer.

How handsome the new carpet looked as the sun streamed in on its wreathed flowers, its colors of fawn, and blue, and crimson, its soft velvets richness—and how very proud felt Jane at the lavish praises of her neighbors. It was a bargain, too: she had saved thirty dollars in its purchase, and bought a pair of elegant vases for the window recess.

"I declare," said her husband, "this looks like comfort; but it spoils all my pleasure to think of poor Charley Somers. The poor fellow is dead!

Jane gave a real sharp scream, and the flush faded from her face.

"Yes! that rascally J——! For the paltry sum of one hundred dollars, he arrested Charles, who ruptured a blood vessel, and scarcely lived an hour afterwards. You know he has been weak and ill this long while."

"And Mary?" issued from Jane's bloodless lips.

"She has a dead child, and they tell me her life is despaired of. Why on earth didn't they send for me? I could easily have spared the money for that purpose. If it had stripped me of the last dollar they should have had it. Poor fellow—poor Mary!"

"And I might have saved it—*all!*" shrieked Jane, sinking upon her knees on the rich carpet. "Oh, Edward, will God forgive me for heartlessness? Mary did call here, and with tears begged me to aid her—and I—had the whole sum in my very hand—and coldly turned her away. O, my God, forgive me! forgive me!"

In the very agony of grief, poor Jane would receive no comfort. In vain her husband strove to soothe her: she would not hear a word in extenuation of her selfish conduct.

"*I shall never forget poor Mary's tears: I shall never forget her sad voice: they will haunt me to my dying day! O, take it away—that hateful carpet! I have purchased it with the death of my dearest friend! How could I be so cruel! I shall never be happy again never, never!*"

Years have passed since then, and Mary with her husband lie together under the green sod of the church yard. Jane has grey hairs mixed with the light brown of her tresses: but she lives in a home of splendor, and none knows her but to bless her. There is a Mary, a gentle Mary in her household, dear to her as her own sweet children—she is the orphan child of those who have rested side by side for ten long years.

Edward is rich: but prosperity has not hardened his heart. His hand never tires of giving out bounty to the poor; and Jane is the guardian angel of the needy. The "new carpet," long since old, is scarcely preserved as a memento of sorrowful but penitent hours and many a weary heart owes to its silent influence the prosperity that has turned want's wilderness into an Eden of plenty.

A Woman's Smile.

One of our exchanges, the editor of which has evidently been warming himself in the sunshine of a pretty face, has the following. "A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape; it embellishes an interior face and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual, or insipidity is the result; nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved; for this imparts an air of deceitful grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the line of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown. There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinctive character—some announce goodness and sweetness, others betray sarcasm, bitterness and pride; some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness, others brighten it by their brilliant and spiritual vivacity. Gazing and poring over a mirror cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch that the heart keeps unsullied from the reflection of evil, and is illumined and beautified by all sweet throbs."

A SISTER'S IN