AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

John B. Bratton.

TERMS.

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

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Poetical.

NEVER SAY FAIL.

Keep pushing—'tis wiser
Than setting aside,
And dreaming and sighing
And waiting the tide.
In life's earnest battle
They only prevail
Who daily march onward
And never say fail!

With an eye ever open,
A tongue that's not dumb,
And a heart that will never
To sorrow succumb;
You'll battle and conquer,
Though thousands assail;
How strong and how mighty
Who never say fail!

The spirit of angels
Is active I know,
As higher and higher
In glory they go;
Methinks on bright pinions
From heaven they sail,
To cheer and encourage
Who never say fail!

Ahead, then, keep pushing,
And elbow you way,
Unheeding the environs,
All asses that bray;
All obstacles vanish,
All enemies quail,
In the might of their wisdom
Who never say fail!

In life's rosy morning,
In manhood's fair pride,
Let this be your motto
Your footsteps to guide;
In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail!

THE WORLD IS BRIGHT BEFORE THEE.

BY FITZ GREEN HALLECK.

The world is bright before thee,
It summer flowers are thine;
It's calm blue sky is o'er thee—
Thy bosom virtue's shrine.
And thine the sunbeam given
To nature's morning hour,
Pure, warm as when from heaven,
It bursts from Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow,
The death-dirge of the gay—
That tells e'er dawn of morrow
Those charms may fade away.
The sun's bright beams be shaded,
That sky be blue no more:
The summer flowers be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not, though lonely
The evening home may be,
Though beauty's bark can only,
Float on a summer sea:
Though time thy bloom is stealing,
There's still beyond his art
The wild flower wreath of feeling—
The sunbeam of the heart.

Miscellaneous.

I HAVE NO MOTHER.

"Mayn't I stay, ma'am? I'll do anything you give me; cut wood, go for water, and do all your errands."

The troubled eyes of the speaker were filled with tears. It was a lad that stood at the outer door, pleading with a kindly-looking woman, who still seemed to doubt the reality of his good intentions.

The cottage stood by itself on a bleak moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the latter end of September, and a fierce wind rattled the boughs of the only two naked trees near the house, and fled with a shivering sound into the narrow door-way, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snow-flake touched with its soft chill the cheek of the listener, or whitened with the angry redness of the poor boy's benumbed hands.

The woman was evidently loth to grant the boy's request; and the peculiar look stamped upon his features, would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But her woman's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large, but by no means handsome, grey eyes.

"Come in, at any rate, till the good man comes home. There, sit down by the fire; you look perishing with cold;" and she drew a rude chair up to the warmest corner; then, suspiciously glancing at the child from the corners of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy shoes, the door was swung open with a quick jerk, and the "good man" presented himself, wearied with labor.

A look of intelligence between his wife and *himself*; he, too, scanned the boy's face with an expression not evincing satisfaction; but nevertheless bade him come to the table, and then enjoyed the zest with which he dispatched his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept "only till to-morrow;" so the good people, after due consideration, concluded that so long as he was so docile, and worked so heartily, they would retain him.

One day, in the middle of winter, a pedlar, long accustomed to trade at the cottage, made his appearance, and disposed of his goods readily, as if he had been waited for.

"You have a boy out there, splitting wood, I see," he said, pointing to the yard.

"Yes; do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the pedlar, evasively.

"And where? Who is he? What is he?"

"A jail-bird;" and the pedlar swung his pack over his shoulder. "That boy, young as he looks, I saw in court myself, and heard his sentence—ten months." He's a hard one—you'd do well to look carefully after him."

Oh! there was something so horrible in the word "jail," the poor woman trembled; as she laid away her purchases; nor could she be easy till she called the boy in, and assured him that she knew that dark part of his history.

Ashamed, distressed, the boy hung down his head; his cheeks seemed bursting with the hot blood; his lips quivered, and anguish was painted as vividly upon his forehead, as if the words were branded into the flesh.

"Well," he muttered, his whole frame relaxing, as if a burden of guilt or joy had suddenly rolled off, "I may as well go to ruin at one't; there's no usa in my trying to do better; everybody hates and despises me; nobody cares about me; I may as well go to ruin at one't."

"Tell me," said the woman, who stood off far enough for flight, if that should be necessary, "how came you to go to that dreadful place? Where was your mother—where?"

"O!" exclaimed the boy, with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold, "O! I hain't no mother! O! I hain't had no mother ever since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother," he continued, his anguish growing more vehement, and the tears gushed out from his strange-looking grey eyes, "I wouldn't ha' been bound out, and kicked, and cuffed, and laid on to with whips. I wouldn't ha' been saucy, and got knocked down, and run away, and then stole because I was hungry. O! I hain't got no mother; I hain't got no mother; I haven't had no mother since I was a baby."

The strength was all gone from the poor boy and he sank on his knees, sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with his poor knuckles. And did that woman stand there unmoved?—Did she coldly bid him pack up and be off—the jail-bird?

No, no; she had been a mother, and though all her children slept under the sod in the church-yard, she was a mother still.

She went up to that poor boy, not to hasten him away, but to lay her fingers kindly, softly on his head; to tell him to look up, and from henceforth find in her a mother. Yes, she even put her arms about the neck of that forsaken and deserted child; she poured from a mother's heart, sweet, womanly words; words of counsel and tenderness.

O, how sweet was her sleep that night; how soft her pillow! She had linked a poor suffering heart to hers, by the most silken, the strongest bands of love; she had plucked some thorns from the path of a little, sinning, but striving mortal.

Did the boy leave her?

Never! He is with her still, a vigorous, manly, promising youth. The unfavorable cast of his countenance has given place to an open, pleasing expression, with depth enough to make it an interesting study. His foster-father is dead; his good foster-mother is aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The once poor outcast is her only dependence, and nobly does he repay the trust.

THE BARBER'S GHOST.

The following story is old, but a precious good one. We laughed heartily over it "long time ago," and presuming many of our readers never heard it, we give it up for their edification:

A gentleman traveling some years since in the upper part of this State, called at a tavern and requested entertainment for the night.—The landlord informed him that it was out of his power to accommodate him, as his house was already full. He persisted in stopping, as he, and his horse, were almost exhausted with traveling.

After much solicitation the landlord consented to his stopping, provided he would sleep in a certain room that had not been occupied for a long time in consequence of a belief that it had been haunted by the ghost of a barber, who was reported to have been murdered in that room some years before.

"Very well," says the man, "I'm not afraid of ghosts."

After having refreshed himself, he enquired of the landlord how and in what manner the room in which he was to lodge was haunted.—The landlord replied that shortly after they had retired to rest, an unknown voice was heard in a trembling and protracted accent, saying, "Do you want to be s-h-a-v-e-d?"

"Well," replied the man, "if he comes he may shave me."

He then requested to be shown to the apartment; in going to which he was conducted through a large room, where were seated a great number of persons at a gaming table.—Feeling a curiosity which almost every one possesses after having heard ghost-stories, he carefully searched every corner of his room, but could discover nothing but the usual furniture of the apartment. He laid down, but did not close his eyes to sleep immediately, and in a few moments he imagined he heard a voice saying, "*Do your w-a-n-t to be shaved?*" He arose from his bed, but could discover nothing. He again went to bed, but no sooner had he began to compose himself to sleep, than the question was again repeated. He again arose and went to the window; the sound appeared to proceed from that quarter, and stood awhile silent—after a few moments of anxious suspense, he again heard the sound distinctly, and convinced that it was from without, he opened the window, when it fell full into his ear, which startled him not a little. Upon a minute examination, however, he observed that the limb of a large oak tree which stood under the window, projected so near the house, that every breath of wind, to a lively imagination, made a noise resembling the interrogation, "Do you w-a-n-t to be s-h-a-v-e-d?"

Having satisfied himself that the ghost was nothing more nor less than the limb or a tree coming in contact with the house, again went to bed and attempted to sleep; but he was now interrupted by peals of laughter and an occasional volley of oaths and curses from the room where the gamblers were assembled. Thinking that he could turn the late discovery to his own advantage, he took a sheet from his bed, and wrapped it around him, and taking the wash-bason in his hand, and throwing the towel over his arm, proceeded to the room of the gamblers, and suddenly opening the door stalked in, exclaiming in a tremulous voice, "Do you w-a-n-t to be sh-a-ved?" Terrified at the sudden appearance of the ghost, the gamblers were thrown in the utmost confusion, in attempting to escape it, some jumped through the windows, and others tumbled head over heels down stairs. Our ghost taking advantage of a clear room, deliberately swept a large amount of the money from the table into the bason, and retired unseen to his own room.

The next morning he found the house in the utmost confusion. He was immediately asked if he rested well, to which he replied in the affirmative.

"Well no wonder," said the landlord, "for the ghost, instead of going to his own room, made a mistake, and came to ours, frightened us all out of the room, and took every dollar of our money."

The guest, without being the least suspected, quietly ate his breakfast, and departed many hundred dollars richer by the adventure.

☞ My son, take that jug and fetch me some beer.

Give me the money, then, father.

My son, to get beer with money, anybody can do that; but to get beer without money, that's a trick.

So the boy took the jug and out he goes; shortly he returns and places the jug before his father—

Drink, said the son.

How can I drink said the father, when there is no beer in the jug?

To drink out of a jug, said the boy, when there is beer in it, anybody can do that, but to drink beer out of a jug when there is no beer, that's a trick.

American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2,00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 43. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1857. NO. 37.

Anecdote of Jefferson.

While this distinguished statesman and patriot was Vice President of the United States, it was customary for the individual holding the second high office to attend to business more in person than the refinements of modern times will allow. It happened, on one occasion, that some important matter required his attention in Philadelphia, or some other place distant from the capitol. In those days a journey was not made in a few hours—it was two or three day's travel, and not of the most pleasant sort either. On his return, he stopped at Baltimore. It was about four or five in the afternoon, when the Vice President rode up, saitless and unattended, to the tavern of a Scotchman, by the name of Boyden, who kept the hotel of late so much improved, and now so handsomely sustained by our worthy townsman, Boltzhoover. The bucks of the town were assembled in the large hall, smoking, strutting, cracking jokes, and otherwise indulging in the et ceteras of the day. Boyden was at the bar examining the books, and doubtless making calculations respecting his future prospects. Jefferson had delivered his horse in the hands of the hostlers and walked into the tavern in order to make arrangements in regard to his fare. Some one touched Boydon on the shoulder, and directed his attention to the stranger, with whip in hand striking occasionally upon his muddy leggings. Boyden turned round and surveyed him from head to foot, and concluding him to be an old farmer from the country, whose company would add no credit to his house, he said very abruptly, 'We have no room for you, sir.'

Jefferson did not hear the remark, and asked if he could be accommodated with a room.—His voice, which was commanding and attractive, occasioned another survey of his person by the honest proprietor of the house, whose only care was for its reputation. He could not find, however, in his plain dress, well covered with mud, anything indicating either wealth or distinction, and, in his usually rough way, he said to Jefferson:

'A room?'

Jefferson replied, 'Yes, sir, I should like to have a room to myself, if I can get it.'

'A room all to yourself? No, no—we have no spare room in the house—they are all very full—all occupied—can't accommodate you.'

The Vice President turned upon his heel, called for his horse, which by this time was snug in his stable, mounted and rode off. In a few minutes one of the most wealthy and distinguished men of the town came in and asked for the gentleman who rode up to the door a few minutes before.

'Gentleman,' said Boyden, 'there has been no gentleman here on horseback this afternoon, and no stranger at all, but one common-looking fellow, who came in and asked if he could have a whole room, I tell yer. I told him I had no room for such chaps as him.'

'No room for such chaps as him?'

'No, by the pipers, no room for anybody that don't look respectable.'

'Why what are you talking about, man! He is the Vice President of the United States.'

'Vice President of the United States!' exclaimed Boydon, almost breathless in astonishment.

'Why, yes sir—Thomas Jefferson, the Vice President of the United States, and the greatest man alive.'

'Murder!—what have I done? Here Tom, Jim, Jerry, Jake—where are you all? *Here fly* you villains—fly, and tell that gentleman that we've forty rooms at his service! By George! Vice President—Thomas Jefferson! Tell him to come back and he shall have my wife's parlor—my own room — Jupiter! what have I done!—Here, Harriet, Mary, Jule, clear out all the family—he shall have the best room, and all the rooms, if he wants them. Oh, you hussey, put clean sheets on the bed—Bill, take up this mirror. George, hurry up with the boot-jack. By George! what a mistake!'

For fifteen minutes Boyden raved like a madman, and went fifty times to the door to see if his wished-for guest was returning.

The Vice President rode up to market street, where he was recognized by many of his acquaintances, and by them directed to the Globe tavern, of Market and Charles streets.

Here Boyden's servants came up and told him their master provided rooms for him.

'Tell him I have engaged rooms,' replied Jefferson.

Boyden's mortification can better be imagined than described; the chaps who were loitering about the bar and the large hall, and had laughed heartily at the disappointment of the muddy farmer, had recoved from their astonishment, and were preparing to laugh at their downcast landlord. After some time he prevailed upon a friend to wait on Mr. Jefferson, with his apology, and request that he should return and take lodgings at his house, promising the best room in the house, and all the attention that could be given him.

Mr. Jefferson returned the following answer: 'Tell Mr. Boyden, I appreciate his kind attention, but if he had no room for the muddy farmer, he shall have none for the Vice Predident.' *Baltimore Athenum.*

Stubbs Seeks Revenge.

'Poppy, old Smith's grey colt has broken into our cabbage patch again.'

'He has, has he? Well, just you load my rifle, my son, and we will see if an ounce of lead will not lead Mr. Smith's colt to reform his habits.'

This colloquy passed between Mr. and Master Stubbs, just after tea. As soon as dark came, Mr. Stubbs takes his rifle; marches over towards old Smith's farm, and when within about thirty rods of old Smith's barn, he raised the 'deadly tube,' took aim—pulled the trigger, and dropped one of the best-looking grey colts in the country.'

Stubbs having fulfilled his mission, returned home, went to bed, and slept with a lighter conscience than he had enjoyed during the last eight months. The next morning, while seated at breakfast, who should be seen striding towards the domicile of Mr. Stubbs but old Mr. Smith. Smith entered the house—Smith was excited, and for a moment lacked words to express himself.

'Mr. Stubbs, I've come over to tell you that a horse was shot near my barn last night.'

'Sorry to hear it, Mr. Smith, although not at all surprised, for that grey colt of yours was not calculated to make friends.'

'But it wasn't my colt that got shot.'

'Wasn't your grey colt? Well, which horse was it?'

'It wasn't mine at all; but one of yours—that grey colt you purchased last week of Widow Dubois. He broke into my pasture last evening; I intended to send him home this morning, but it's no use now—his brains lay scattered around the barn-yard.'

Mr. Stubbs was thunderstruck. The idea that he had killed the wrong horse, drove him to desperation, and caused him to seek relief in a direction that rather astonished his household. The last seen of Stubbs, he was chasing his oldest boy, Jim, down the turnpike with an eight foot sapling.

☞ A man who can crack a joke in half a minute after a fifty-six has fallen on his toes may be called excruciatingly funny.

How the City of Sandusky was saved from Famine.

The Buffalo Republic is responsible for the following, which is as good as anything of its kind since Locke's moon story:

"Years agone, when the course of trade ran in a counter direction to what we now behold, owing to a severe drouth, the city of Sandusky underwent all the horrors of a protracted famine. The water on the bar at the mouth of the bay was so low that vessels were unable to reach the port, and as there was no land transportation at that time which could be relied upon in case of sudden emergency, it appeared as if Providence had forsaken the place entirely, and that its inhabitants must soon perish. For days and weeks their stock of provisions had been gradually disappearing, until soon all was gone, and their only reliance was upon the few fish which they were enabled to obtain from the waters of the bay, and an occasional meager supply of game from the neighboring forest.

"At the time of which we write, the woods in that vicinity, and in fact throughout the Western Reserve, were frequented by vast numbers of wild hogs which obtained a bountiful subsistence and grew fat upon the *shack* which everywhere abounded. These hogs were doubtless originally estrays, but the sparseness of the population in the interior, and the rapidity with which they multiplied, rendered them strangers to man and very shy of his presence. During the drouth, of which mention has already been made, large droves of these animals wended their way to the lake, in the neighborhood of which they continued to remain.

"Sandusky Bay, in particular, was a favorite place of resort for them, in the waters of which they were accustomed to wallow, after slaking their thirst. Those who are acquainted with the locality of which we speak, will remember the annoyance to which the early settlers were exposed in the shape of a fine red sand which covered the beach, and which, in times of high wind, was not only troublesome, but exceedingly dangerous. Thousands of hogs, in consequence of frequenting this spot, became totally blind; but still, with all the cunning which belongs to this perverse race in their natural state, they continued to elude their hunters.

"One day, when the famine in the city was at its height, and when it was apparent that even the strongest must soon succumb, Joe B——— took down his gun, and resolved to make a last effort to rescue his wife and little ones from a fate the most horrible of which the mind has any conception. All day long had their sunken eyes and shriveled hands implored him in vain for bread—and alas! he knew too well that not within the whole city was there a mouthful to be had, though he were to offer in exchange thrice its weight in gold. Nerved to desperation by this reflection, but still with feeble steps, he took his way to the forest, resolved not to return without relief in some shape.

"For a long time he hunted in vain, traversing miles of weary pathway, without so much as seeing a single evidence of animated nature, until he was on the point of yielding to despair. At this moment a noise, as of approaching footsteps attracted his attention, and he paused, with every faculty rendered keen by hunger, to listen. Nearer and nearer came the tramping, and just as Joe, to screen himself from observation, took shelter behind a tree, a wild hog emerged from a thicket, advancing directly toward him, followed immediately by another, and another still.

"The hunter, trembling with anxiety and excitement, raised his gun, but suddenly paused in astonishment at the singular phenomenon before him. The drove, (for drove there was) was approaching him in Indian file, and headed directly for the bay. The second hog held in his mouth the tail of the first, the third that of the second, and so on to the number of sixty and upward, each was holding fast to the caudal appendage of his predecessor, and all were being led by the foremost of the drove, and he, being the only one that could see, was thus convoying his afflicted companions.

"The hunter comprehended the scene in a moment, and instantly decided upon his course. Raising his gun deliberately, he fired, and severed the tail of the leader close to the roots.—His affrighted leadership, with a loud squeal, bounded into the thicket and disappeared, while his blind companions came to a dead halt. Joe quickly divested himself of his boots and crept stealthily up to the first of the band, which stood quietly holding in his mouth the amputated tail of his former conductor. This the hunter seized and commenced gently pulling upon it. First one hog started, then another, then another, until soon, like a train of cars, all were in motion, and without pausing to rest for a single instant, Joe led them quietly into a huge pen near his residence, where they were soon slaughtered, *and the city was saved.*"

DAMASCUS.—Independent of its central position, Damascus has attractions in itself superior, perhaps, to any city in the East. We have heard of "rose-ried cities half as old as time," but Damascus is at least as old as any received history, and is, in fact, the oldest city we know of, which preserves to this day its original importance. From the time Abraham left his home "between the rivers," to journey westward towards the "Land of Promise," its name has been familiar; its beauty and riches have been proverbial for 4000 years, and has been a link never broken, between the patriarchal ages and that of the steam engine and electric telegraph. It has come under the dominion of David, of Jeroboam, of Pharoah Necho, of Nebuchadnezzar, of Alexander, of the Ptolemies, of Pompey, of Cleopatra, of Herod, of the Moslem of the Crusaders, of Timour the Tartar, of the Sultans of Constantinople, and the Pashas of Egypt, yet it survives and still flourishes. Here is still the "street called Strait," where Ananias come, directed by a vision, to call for "one called Saul of Tarsus." Here is still shown a window—by the way, of Saracenic origin—from which it is said the Apostle was let down. Here is the site of St. Paul's conversion, also misplaced, but the improbability of which is even cited as a proof of its genuineness. And here on the tomb of Saladin, the head of John the Baptist, the house of Naaman, and the Mosque of Sultan Selim. So varied are the associations, near and remote, real or apocryphal, of a city which crowns them all by its position and luxurient verdure, its gardens, its pastures, and its "lucid streams"—its Abana and Pharpar, "better than all the waters of Israel."

☞ There should be as little merit for loving a woman for her beauty as in loving a man for his prosperity, both being equally subject to change.

☞ The cultivation of flowers is, of all the diversions of mankind, the one to be selected and approved as the one most innocent in itself, and most perfectly devoid of injury or annoyance to others.

☞ "I say Jake, what do you suppose they does with the dead corpses on shore?" "Blast me if I knows." "Vy, blow me if they doesn't nail 'em up in boxes and direct 'em."

A Hard Case.

In the pretty village of Haddonfield, New Jersey, some years ago, there resided an old fellow who was familiarly known, in town and county round, as "Old Joe." He had no particular occupation, except doing 'chores' or errands—nor any particular location. He ate where he could get a bite, and slept wherever he could find a lodging-place. Joe was a regular old toper, and Jersey lightning had no more effect on his insides than so much water. He generally made his head-quarters at the lower tavern, for there were two in town. He would sleep and dose away the afternoon on an old bench in one corner of the bar-room, but was always awake when there was any drinking going on. When he was not asked to drink he drained the glasses of the few drops left in them. One afternoon, Dr. Bolus, the village physician, was in the tavern, mixing up a preparation. He placed a tumbler half-full of acquafortis on the bar, and turned round to mix up some other ingredients. A few moments after he had occasion to use the poisonous drug, when he found, to his dismay, that the tumbler had been drained to the last drop. "Mr. Wiggins," exclaimed the Doctor in affright to the landlord, "what has become of the acquafortis I put on the bar a few moments ago?"

"I don't know," replied the landlord, "unless Old Joe slipped in and drank it."

In this suspicion they were soon confirmed, for the hostler said he had seen Old Joe swallow the fatal draught. The Doctor, knowing that he must die after such a dose, instituted a search at once. After some hours spent in looking through the barns, out-houses, and woods, for three or four miles around the village, Joe was abandoned to his fate. It was a cold night, and as the village topers assembled around the blazing hickory fire in the bar-room, nothing was thought of, or talked of, but the unfortunate end of poor Old Joe. Some four days had elapsed, and nothing having been heard from Old Joe, they all came to the conclusion that he was a goner. The Doctor, about this time had occasion to visit a patient, some eight miles distant; what was his surprise, when about five miles from the village, to see Old Joe in front of a farmer's house, splitting wood.

"Why, Joe," said the Doctor, riding up to the fence, "I thought you was dead and buried before this!"

"Why, what made you think that, Doctor?" said Joe, leaning on his axe handle.

"Didn't you drink that dose I left on old Wiggins' bar, a few days since?"

"Yes," replied Joe, half-ashamed to own it.

"Do you know what it was?" asked the Doctor.

"No!" returned Joe.

"Why, it was aquafortis—enough to kill a dozen men!"

"Well, now, Doctor, do you know that I thought there was something queer about that darned stuff, for after I drank it, every time I blowed my nose I burned a hole in my pocket-handkerchief."

AN AFFLICTED HUSBAND.—A bereaved husband, standing by the grave of his deceased wife, "refused to be comforted," said to a friend as he turned towards him and laid his head on his shoulder, "I've lost horses, and I've lost likely calves and shoats, *but I never had anything to cut me up like this!*" Wasn't that an afflicted mourner.

This reminds us of a scene we once witnessed in a country store in one of the oldest settled districts in Western Virginia. The shop keeper was engaged in waiting upon a customer, when a sturdy country born Dutchman came in with a whip under his arm and said:

"Good morning, Mr. Shones."

"Ah! Good morning Mr. Appleback," said Mr. Jones, in reply, "how do you do, and how is your family?"

"Well, we're all well chust now, except my wife; and she is dead agin," answered Mr. Appleback.

"Indeed?" said Mr. Jones. "I am very sorry to hear it, I have no doubt you are greatly disturbed in consequence of your loss, but you must bear it with the philosophy of a christian."

"Well, yes,"—he replied, "dat ish so—be shure I don't know much about *flosofy*—but I do know dat I would sooner half lost one of my best horses, dan my wife, 'cause she was *sich a feller for warrick* (work.)

☞ "I have found," said Addison, "that the men who are really the most fond of the ladies, who cherish for them the highest respect—are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of great assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung—who make words supply the places of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment—are their favorites. A due respect for women leads to respectful action towards them; and respect is mistaken by them for neglect or want of love."

THE BRETON WOMEN.—Among the many strange customs which mark the Breton peasantry, there is none more remarkable than that of wearing the hair. For while the men cultivate long tresses hanging down to their waists, and of which they are very proud, the women do not show a single lock; and the girl who might be tempted by the beauty of her *chevelure* to allow a ringlet to escape from beneath her closely fitting cap, would not only lose all chance of obtaining a lover, but would be regarded by the young men as a *fille perude*, that is, a coquettish girl, unworthy of their affections. To this strange custom many London and Paris ladies are indebted for the magnificent hair which adorns their heads, but which was grown in the wilds of Brittany.—*London Sun.*

☞ They have a man in Mississippi so lean that he makes no shadow at all. A rattlesnake struck at his leg six times in vain, and retired in disgust. He makes all hungry who look at him, and when children meet him in the street they run home crying for bread.

☞ The debating society of Spring Garden recently, after a very animated discussion on the question, "whether a *gal* has a right to say *no* before she's axed," decided, by nearly a unanimous vote, that "she *haint.*"

☞ A wag, upon visiting a medical museum, was shown some dwarfs and other specimens of mortality, all preserved in alcohol.

"Well," said he, "I never thought the dead could be in such spirits."

☞ A subscriber writes to a western editor, "I don't want your paper any longer." To which the editor replied, "I wouldn't make it any longer if you did; its present length suit me very well."

☞ Tying a mackerel to your coat-tail and imagining yourself a whale, is one of the first lessons in cod-fish aristocracy.

GOOD.—The New York Evening Post is responsible for the following conundrum:

Why is an omnibus trap like the conscience? Because its an inward chock upon the outward man.

County Newspapers---Their Use.

County papers are of much more use than people imagine.

They very naturally aid in directing public attention to matters in which every citizen of the county is more or less interested.

They contribute in a variety of ways to the formation of public opinion, on subjects of public interest.

They furnish very convenient mediums for the discussion of questions of local interest.

They aid in giving character and importance to the county in which they are published.

They stimulate a taste for reading, and disseminate, in the course of one year a vast amount of useful information much of which would not reach a portion of their readers through any other channel.

They are of essential service in publishing various items of local intelligence in which the citizens are more or less interested, but of which many would remain uninformed, were it not for these papers.

In short—county papers add in a great variety of ways, to the character, intelligence and prosperity of the country in which they are published; and therefore, have a strong claim for support upon all who are directly or indirectly benefitted by them.

As to the objections we not frequently hear urged against the support of county papers that the price charged for them is too high, it may be replied, that the price at which it can be afforded depends mainly upon the number of its subscribers. The chief expense in the publication of a paper, consists in setting up the matter. One thousand or even ten thousand copies can be furnished at a very small addition to the cost over and above the cost of composition.

Steady!

There is a valuable lesson to be learned from the popular use of this word—especially by the young.

"Steady, boys!" shouts the boatswain, as the vessel tosses and creaks among the breakers. The gallant Jack-tars catch the sound of the word, and obey. To have disregarded it, would have been wreck and ruin.

'Steady, men!' commands the colonel, at the head of his regiment, as it marches to the attack, or prepares for the deadly charge of the enemy—and 'steady!' is caught up and passed from major to captain along the line of battle. On obedience turned the victory which perched upon their banners!

'Steady!' says the corner-man at the 'raising,' as he receives the end of the log to fit it into its notch. The slightest 'unsteady' motion might have brought the heavy log tumbling, and crashing, and crushing, upon the heads of the neighbors who came so kindly to give their gratuitous assistance.

Let this be your watchword in all the doings of life—in your words and your deeds—amidst your triumphs and your defeats—your success and your reverses. Everywhere, and at all times, *study* to be 'steady.' Thus the value of this little word will be learned in the best of all schools—'the school of experience.'

'That's a *steady* young man,' says one smilingly. Isn't that a high compliment, youthful reader? Would you not desire to have it said, in turn, of *you?* Well, it's in your power to secure like praise by being 'steady.'

If you want 'steady employment' at 'steady wages,' see that you yourself are 'steady.' *Nay, you must take care of your earnings, too.*

'Reckless' is the very opposite of 'steady,' and it applies as well to the use of money as the making of it. The habit of being careful, in this respect, is but another expression of the idea we are striving to impress upon the minds of our younger readers. This habit has assisted to secure for an entire section of our country the designation of the 'Land of *Steady* Habits'—and a proud designation it is, albeit, used somewhat sneeringly at times.

Be not reckless, then, but 'steady,' youthful reader of the VOLUNTEER. Pass the word along the battle line of life; 'Steady, boys—STEADY!'

SENSIBLE DOCTOR.—A handsome young widow applied to a physician to relieve her of three distressing complaints, with which she was afflicted.

"In the first place," said she, "I have little or no appetite. What shall I take for that?"

"For that madam, you should take air and exercise."

"And, doctor, I am quite fidgety at night and afraid to lie alone. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, madam, I can only recommend that you take—a—husband!"

"Fie! Doctor. But I have the blues terribly. What shall I take for that?"

"For that madam, you have, besides taking sir, exercise, a husband, to take—the newspaper."

Sensible doctor, that.

☞ To ascertain the length of the day and night, any time of the year, double the time of sun's rising, which gives the length of the night, and double the time of its setting, which gives the length of the day. This is a simple method which we guess few people know.

☞ If you wish to be happy, wealthy and wise, make haste and get married and quit telling lies.

☞ One of our most distinguishrd lawyers, while entering his cold bed on a sharp night, lately, was overheard to say to himself: 'Well of all the things for getting a living the worst thing a man could follw would be to go about town on such nights as this, and getting into bed for folks.'

☞ "TINTON," exclaimed an Irish sergeant to his platoon; "front face, and tind to rowl call! As many of ye as is presint will say 'Here" and as many of ye as is not present will say Absint!!"

☞ An Irishman on being asked which was the elder, he or his brother, replied, "I am the oldest, but if my brother lives three years we shall both be of an age."

☞ A Frenchman being troubled with the gout, was asked what difference there was between that and the rheumatism. "One very great difference," replied Monsieur, "suppose you take von vice, put your finger in, you turn the screw until you can bear him no longer—dat is de rheumatism; den 'spose you give him von turn more—dat is de gout."

EASILY SOITHED.—The Cleveland Plaindealer says an athletic specimen of a man from the Emerald Isle, called in the counting-room of one of our River street merchants, and there took off his hat to make his best bow.

"The top of the morning to ye, Mr. P——; I've been told ye're in want o'help."

"I've but little to do," replied Mr. P——, with mercantile gravity.

"I'm the boy for ye's. It's but little I care 'bout doin'—shure it's the money I'm afther."

☞ The young lady who sleeps with a dream book under her head has learned its contents by heart.

Disaster on the Chicago and Rock Island R. R.---A Train Plunged into the River.

The *Missouri Republican*, of the 10th, contains the following particulars of a disaster, which has been briefly announced by telegraph:

The recent heavy rains, washing away embankments, occasioning slides, undermining ties, and sweeping away bridges, have been the cause of delays, and much hard swearing, of failures to make connections, and detensions of the mails, and a general derangement of the rail and lines in Illinois and Missouri. If this were all we should be glad. On the Chicago and Rock Island Road, as it crosses the De Page river, five miles from Joliet, the heavy rains of Friday had swollen the river till it overflowed its banks, covered the bottom and submerged the track on both sides of the bridge.

A freight train, consisting of the locomotive, tender and seven cars loaded with horses, approached this river on Saturday. The engineer, ignorant of any obstruction, and confident in the firmness and safety of the road, though covered with water, held on his way, ploughing through a stream two feet deep guided by the iron track, until he reached the bridge, when the appalling fact was revealed that the swollen river had not only submerged the bridge, but swept it away! Locomotive, tender, seven cars with their freight of horses, one after another, disappeared beneath the surface of the stream, deep enough, by reason of the freshet, to hide from view every vestige of the train. Down with it went all in charge of it, and three of them were lost. One human life, destroyed overbalances the destruction of a thousand horses. But who can think, without a shudder, of those seven cars closely confining, beyond all hope of escape, their noble freight of horses?

A REPENTANT CRIMINAL.—The Governor of Mississippi has transmitted to the Legislature an application made to him by Richard S. Graves, former Treasurer of the State, and an absconding defaulter, asking permission to make restitution to the State, without liability to criminal prosecution, and promising if that be granted him, to pay up his indebtedness by annual instalments. The amount for which he was a defaulter was $45,000. He is now in Canada and perfectly free, but wants to get back to his native soil, where he has friends and relatives. Here is a striking instance of a man who has escaped the vengeance of the law, voluntarily coming forward to acknowledge his crime, profess his repentance and ask to be forgiven. The world should be merciful. But it is questionable whether granting the request of Graves, would not be setting a precedent of dangerous tendency.

IN A FIX.—Jemmy Downer had been out all day training—the first time since he was chosen captain over the Tuckertown Guards—and being pretty well filled with libations of punch and so forth, got somewhat bewildered as he plodded along towards his home. Meeting a boy on the road, he accosted him with, "Well, my boy, can you tell me where Capt. Downer l—ives?"

"Why, sir, you are Capt. Downer; arn't you?"

"Yes, I know t—hat, boy. But where the d—evil do I live? Can you tell me t—hat?"

The lad piloted the inebriated officer to his domicil, and then left him to take care of himself. The pillar of the country's pride and glory tried the door; it was locked. He then drew out his night key, but could not find the key hole. "By Gosh!" he exclaimed, after trying in vain to find the incision in the door, "if this isn't a good 'un. Here the old l—ady has l—ocked the d—oor and by g—racious, she has b—uttoned up the k—ey hole, besides!"

WOMAN.—A pretty woman is one of the institutions' of this country—an angel in fancy goods and glory. She makes sunshine, fourth of July and happiness wherever she goes. Her path is one of delicious roses, perfume and beauty. She is a sweet poem written in rare curls, choice calico and good principles. Men stand up before her, as so many admiration points, to melt into cream and then butter. Her words float around the ear like music, or the chimes of Sabbath bells. Without her, society would lose its truest attraction, the church its firmest reliance, and young men the very best of comforts and company. Her influence and generosity restrain the vicious, strengthen the weak, raise the lowly, flannel-shirt the heathen, and strengthen the faint-hearted. Wherever you find the virtuous woman, you also find pleasant fireside, bouquets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle hearts, piety, music, light and model institutions generally. She is the flower of humanity, a very Venus in dimity, and her inspiration is the breath of heaven.

GRAMMAR.—'Jim, did you ever study Grammar?'

'I did.'

'What case is Squire W——e?'

'He's an objective case.'

'How so?'

'Because he objected to paying his subscription, which he has been owing for five years or more.'

'What is a noun?'

'I don't know; but I know what renoun is.'

'Well, what is it?'

'Runing off without paying the printer, and getting on the black list as a delinquent.'

'Good! What is a conjunction?

'A method of collecting outstanding subscriptions, in conjunction with a constable—never employed by printers until the last extremity.

☞ The head clerk of a large mercantile house was bragging rather largely of the amount of business done by his firm. "You may judge of its extent," said he, "when I tell you that the quills for our correspondence only cost two thousand dollars a year!"—"Pooh!" said the clerk of another house, who was sitting by; "what is that to our correspondence, when I save four thousand dollars a year in ink, from merely omitting to dot the I's."

GENTLEMAN.—The word 'gentleman' is evidently no mark of wealth or station.

'You are no gentleman,' said a waiter at a tavern, to a person who gave him threepence.

Threepence more would have constituted the gentleman, in the eyes of the waiter, and this may have been withheld through poverty.

'What sort of a person,' said an individual to his landlady, 'is that who occupies your back parlor?'

'He is a tailor by trade,' said she, 'but very much of a gentleman.'

This meant that he paid his five shillings a week regularly. Thus it seems that the word is not confined by any regard of the individual.—There is no doubt that we all have a vague conception of something when we hear of a man being a 'gentleman.' If a man eat too heartily he is not a gentleman, and if another have nothing to eat, he also is not a gentleman.

☞ A Marysville paper says that there is a hemp merchant in Sutton street, in that place, who possesses "the singular and beautiful" faculty of whistling two parts of a tune at once. This is nothing to some men in this region, who have the habit of talking on both sides of a subject at the same time.

☞ Hunt, in his reminiscences, relates that Coleridge, upon the death of a master of a school he had attended when a boy, remarked, "It was lucky that the cherubims who took him to heaven, were nothing but faces and wings, or he would have infallibly flogged them on the way."

☞ Two Irishmen one day went a hunting, and on seeing a deer start up, Pat, raising his gun, took after the animal.

'Pat,' said Jimmy, 'yer gun's not loaded.'

'Faith, be jabers,' the wild baste doesn't know it.'