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.

ADVERTISEMENTS—Accompanied by the CASH, and not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion.

JOB-PRINTING—Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

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. 44. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1857. NO. 24.

Poetical.

THE POET AND THE STARS.

BY FRANCES BROWNE.

A sage of the starry science sat
In his high and guardless tower,
And swept the night-heaven's boundless realm
With a glass of wondrous power:
He saw where far-off suns gave day
And the march of worlds went by,
Till a wandering poet came and spake
To that watcher of the sky—

A moment turn thy mighty glass
Where the foamy waters spread,
A let it wing an exile's sight
To the land he may not tread.
The skies are high and the stars are bright,
But the bird will seek its nest;
There lies the home of my happier years
And the hearts that love me best.

The sage smiled cold as the winter moon,
But he turned his glass of might,
And the exile saw his country's cliffs
Like a mist wreath on the night.
As saw, and went, and the long years passed,
As ever the years have gone,—
The world around his watch tower changed,
But the watcher still gazed on.

At length to his far-exploring glass
The wanderer came again,—
The love was cold and the home was low,
And he turned to the bright stars then,
I greet thee well, quoth the scornful sage,
For an ancient art thou hast;
When the world below goes ill with men
They turn to the skies at last.

The glass can reach, the poet said,
To the planets' utmost goal,
But cannot give to thy sight the range
Of the winged and wandering soul;
Thou hast gazed and reckoned many a year
Where their distant splendors burned,
But the well-spring of my song was there,
And my heart hath but returned.

Beside that fount I learned of them
What never was known to thee,
Till the light of an earthly home-fire came
Between the stars and me;
For thus it is that the nearest bond
Hath power on the spirit's wings,
And thus it is that this weary world
Is full of parted things.

The wise man parts from wisdom here,
And the true man parts from truth,—
The royal heart to clay comes down
From its golden hopes of youth,
The souls that were as brethren born
Grow old and die alone,—
And the prophet love is not received
When he cometh to his own!

They are reckoned among many a race
That pine for a far-off kin—
They are growing gray in many a home
That are strangers yet therein—
They have set them down with stock and stone,
They have toiled with herd and swain,
Whose birth-right was the loveliest realm
Of the graces fair domain.

So is the world's work marred and stayed,
For the soul is out of place,
And life is a burdened heritage,
And man is a troubled race—
At strife for the fears that downward strain,
For the hopes that upward go,
And haunted still by broken dream
Of the time it was not so.

The earth grows cheerless in her age,
For the parting time is long,
And brave hearts break on the prison bars,
But the bars are old and strong;
They grow by fortune, they grow by time,
By friendships and by wars.
Yet never may one abide that parts
The poet from the stars.

Miscellaneous.

Romantic Breach of Promise

In fifteen hundred and thirty eight, when France happened to be at peace, and nothing was talked of at Court, say the memoir-writers, but festivals, tournaments, carnivals, masquerades, and so forth, one incident occurred to supply the town folks with talk. This was no other than the action for breach of promise of marriage, brought by the Marquis Jehan Loys, of Saluces, against Madame Philippes de Montespedon, widow of Marshall Monte-Jan, who had been governing Piedmont. Some of the details of this case are singular enough to deserve a narrative on their own account; others are amusing chiefly because of their odd similarity with sentimental passages in the lives of our own country folks, from time to time revealed to us in courts of law.

Marshal Monte Jan died in Piedmont, leaving no children. His wife was instantly beseiged with offers of marriage by various great lords of that State—a circumstance at which we are requested by the chroniclers "not to marvel;" for Madame Phillippes was a very respectable and virtuous lady, adorned with great beauty, and in the flower of her youth: she possessed, moreover, sixty thousand livers of revenue in her own right, besides considerable expectations. First among the suitors who followed so closely on the funeral, was the above mentioned Marquis of Saluces, who seems to have been a foolish fellow, and who certainly was most scandalously treated. The narrator was on the lady's side, but he naively states very damaging facts. Madame Phillippes feigned to accept the Marquis' services because it would be convenient to make use of his escort on the way back to France, whither he was going by express order of the king.

Despite of her riches, the fair widow seems to have been accidentally without ready cash. She allowed her suitor to pay her expenses all the way from Turin to Paris: and these expenses were by no means light. All the household of her late husband, besides her own, accompanied her. The Marquis thought he had the game in his own hands, and assumed the tone of a matter by anticipation—intimated that the gentlemen, servants, and officers of the deceased should be dismissed and half those of the lady herself, especially the women—for she had, besides dames and demoiselles, femmes de la chambre, and others for different kinds of work, as many as fifteen or sixteen. But Madame Phillippes was so prudent that she never, it is alleged, allowed a word to escape that would bind her; and yet so clever that she obtained all the assistance she wanted. The Marquis, as soon as he got upon French ground, had ordered (Italian that he was) all his people to be on the watch to prevent any communication being brought from a rival; for, he did not doubt that such a rare pearl wou d be eagerly sought after. Yet, in spite of all precautions, as soon as the party arrived at Lyons, a courier came from M. de Vielleville, a relative of the lady, and delivered his letters so secretly that no one ever suspected their existence. These letters contained the information that the court had heard of the proposed marriage with the Marquis of Saluces, and believed the couple were coming to Paris for the wedding. The news had much pleased the king, because he had always heard that love bound a man to a country more than anything, and thought the Marquis, having become a Frenchman by this alliance, would be more faithful ever afterwards. This was sentimentility not to be expected from Francis the First. However, said the correspondent, "I think you are going to marry more for the good of your own country than your own good—if what I hear be true: but I canno believe it: for it is not likely that you would, after having been so happy in your first marriage, enter on another so hurridly without even warning your friends."

Madame de Monte Jan in reply wrote a very characteristic letter. Among other things, she said: I would rather die than do anything of which I might have reason to repent: yet I will confess that the extreme necessity in which the death of the late marshal left me, almost made me trip in words. But Heaven has so helped me, that here I am arrived in France without being affianced, promised or contracted to any living man. I am very much surprised the king should think I am going to bring him servants at the expense of my good fortune, and against my tastes. I will never be an Italian: and, if I were, the last man I should choose to make me so would be the Marquis Jehan Loys—for reasons which I will give you when we meet, but, especially, because he is not, and never will be, a true Frenchman."

But in spite of this declaration, the beautiful Madame Phillippes remained at Lyons, under the charge of this Marquis, who spent twelve days in making preparations, intending to arrive at court in magnificent style. When the party at length set out, their baggage was so enormous, and their train so numerous, that six great boats were filled. They did all their cooking on board. With them they took a band of fiddlers, engaged by that Marquis to amuse them on the river, and alleviate the ennui of the lady for the loss of her husband.—They embarked on the Loire at Roname, and sent by land the horses and mules, which arrived as soon as they did at Briare.

M. de Vielleville had news of their movements nearly every day, by the couriers who constantly passed on their way from Piedmont to their court; he went out from Paris as far as Corbeil, with about eighty horses, one the evening when the travellers arrived at Ersoane:—He sent a messenger directly to Madame Phillippes, informing her of his movements, and got back an answer not to show himself until the next day, at the dinner that was to take place at Juirzy. The lady appears to have been afraid, that if the slightest suspicion of her intention had come to the Marquis, he would have seized her and married her by force.

Vielleville politely kept out of the way until dinner was over, and then rode up with his troop. There were great reverence and salutations; and all those men began to talk as well about the good cheer they had enjoyed by the road, as about the adventures that necessarily happen so long a journey.

At a fitting opportunity however, the lady slipped away; and secretly calling the Sieur Plessis au Chat, a Breton gentleman in her service, ordered him as soon as they reached the Porte Saint Marceau to disentangle her train from that of her suite, and move along the moat, in he direction of the Porte Saint Gagnes, where they were to stop whilst she bade adieu to the Marquis.

Soon afterwards every one mounted, ladies and all: and this gorgeous, brilliant train arrived in good time at Paris. At the gate Plessis au Chat carried out his instructions, and dexterously separated the lady's people from the others. The Marquis, surprised, called out that they mistook the way. But now, Madame Phillippes pulling up, said: "Sir, they are going where they ough: for your lodging is in the Hotel des Ursins, in the Cloister of Notre Dame, and nine is in the Hotel Saint Denys, near the Augustines. My honor commands me not to lodge in your house, but to separate myself from you, which is why I now bid you adieu; but not sir, without thanking you very humbly for your good company by the road.—As to my part of the expense, I have it all down in writing. Your Maistre d'Hotes and Plessis-au Chat will settle matters so well together, that before a week is over we shall be quits: I mean as far as regards money: for my obligations to you will be eternal. Now, I beg you to consider that this is only a bodily separation: I leave you my heart, which you will be pleased to keep." So saying, she kissed him, and said, "Adieu, sir, we shall meet to-morrow at the kings lodgings."

The Marquis was so astonished at this sudden change, that for a long time he could not utter a single word. His sobs and sighs, however, showed his anguish and his sadness. At last his presence of mind returned, and, looking at the lady in anything but a loving manner, he said; "Madame, your adieu gave my heart a pang; but your last words, and the kiss with which you have honored me, have somewhat revived me, though this sudden change and prompt resolution seem strange. To-morrow, as you say, we shall meet; but bear in mind the promise you have given me."

Then the two companions parted: and Madame Phillippes joyfully took her way in liberty to the Hotel Saint Denys. The same evening Vielleville brought to her and introduced as a suitor the Prince de la Rochesuryson, who was of royal blood, being brother to the Duke of Montpensier. "If you will believe me, make this gentleman, as soon as possible, master of your person and your wealth, for all delay will be perilous," said he. The prince and Madame Phillippes were pleased with one another, and exchanged promises.

Meanwhile the Marshal Dannebund, who had succeeded Marshal Monte-Jan in his governorship, had formed the project of succeeding also to his widow and property. He therefore had written to the Dauphine to plead his cause, and to represent that, by putting their revenues together, they might make up a hundred thousand livres a year, a very rare thing in France for any one but a prince. The Dauphine came with this proposal, and strongly spoke in favor of Dannebund. "I know," said she, "that the Marquis of Saluces is three times as rich, but his position is more uncertain. Besides, he is very disagreeable in person, with a big belly, fat, dirty, swarthy, and awkward—Whereas my candidate, as you know, is a very presentable fellow."

To this Madame Phillippes replied by confirming her engagements with the prince, and the Dauphine accordingly withdrew her proposal, and recommended her to marry as fast as possible, because the king laid great stress on the alliance, and might exercise his absolute authority.

The Marquis never passed a day without calling to see his mistress; instead of finding her alone he always met the Prince de la Rochesuryon, who thus became a very thorn in his side. By no means whatever could he obtain a tete-a-tete interview. So at last, unable to put up with his annoying position any longer, he suddenly began a legal action, and arraigned the lady before the Parliament of Paris. This he did by express command of the king, who had the marriage very much at heart, though he did not like to use his own authority against the interests of a prince of his own blood.

Madame Phillippes was much disturbed by the prospect of being forced to ally herself with her obstinate suitor; and we may be sure there were anxious consultations at the Hotel Saint Denys. When the day of trial came, she appeared, accompanied by M de Veilleville, and many other lords and gentlemen, ladies and maidens. Everyone expected a long and scandalous discussion. The First President began the proceedings by telling Madame Phillippes to raise her hand and swear to tell the truth: one then asked her if she had not promised marriage to Monsieur le Marquis Jehan-Loys de Saluces, then present. The lady, forgetting her hints and innendos, replied on her faith. No. The President was about to examine her closely, and the greffier had taken up his pen, when the fair defendant stepped forward, and in a firm voice uttered the following speech:

"Messiehrs this is the first time I have ever been before a court of justice and, therefore, I am afraid that timidity may make me contradict myself in my answers. But, to cut short all the subtleties in which you are proficient, I now say and declare, before you gentlemen and all present, that I swear to God and the King—to God on the eternal damnation of my soul—to the King on the confiscation of my honor and my life—that I never gave my promise of marriage to Monsieur le Marquis Jehan-Loys of Saluces: and, what is more, never thought of doing so in my life. And if any one says the contrary, here, (taking M. de Vielleville by the hand,) here is my knight, who is ready, saving the honor of this court, to prove that he villainously lies!"

This warlike demonstration, so much in harmony with the character of the period, and the chivalry which Francis the First was trying to revive, met with complete success.

"Here's a business!" exclaimed the President, familiarly. "Greffier, you can pack up your papers. There is no writing to do. Madame la Marechale has taken another road, and a much shorter one." Then addressing the Marquis, he said:

"Well, sir, what observation do you make on this incident?"

The Marquis had glanced at his own portly person, and compared it with the martial aspect of the lady's knight.

"I don't want a wife by force," said he, "if she won't have me, why I won't have her; and there's an end."

With these words he made a low bow and left the court. The M. de Vielleville asked if the lady were not free to marry whom she liked, and being answered in the affirmative invited the whole company to come and be present at the betrothal between Madame Phillippes and the Prince de la Rochesuryon, which would take place immediately. But the wily lawyers did not accept, saying they must deliberate and send a deputy to acquaint the king with what had taken place. One of them also whispered to the knight, "You had a six months trial before you if you had not been so clever. The Marquis had an interrogatory of forty articles prepared as to expressions that had been publicly used by the lady to him and his people: as to the kisses she had given him, by the way, especially the kiss at Porte Saint Julien (a circumstance that would have gone much against her,) that she would give him a chain of five hundred cens for the wedding."

"Well, well, said Vielleville smiling, "all we need say now is, that a French woman has outwitted a hundred Italians."

Thereupon, the betrothal between Madame Phillippes and the prince immediately took place: and in two or three days they were married at the Augustins without much ceremony, the bride being a widow. They lived happily together for twenty-five years, and had a son and a daughter: but the princess survived both her husband and her children, and died in 1578, forty years after her curious journey from Turin to Paris.

Lapland Marriages.

Every Laplander has his dozen or two dozen deer, and the flocks of a Lapp Croesus amount sometimes to two hundred head. As soon as a young lady is born—after having been duly rolled in the snow—she is dowered by her father with a certain number of deer which are immediately branded with her initials, and thenceforth kept apart as her especial property. In proportion as they increase and multiply does her chance improve of making a good match. Lapp courtships are conducted pretty much in the same fashion as in other parts of the world. The aspirant, as soon as he discovers that he has lost his heart goes off in search of a friend and a bottle of brandy. The friend enters the tent, and opens simultaneously the brandy and his business: while the lover remains outside, engaged in hewing wood, or some other menial employment. If, after the brandy and the proposal have been duly discussed, the eloquence of his friend prevails, he is himself called into the conclave, and the young people are allowed to rub noses. The bride then accepts from her suitor a present of a reindeer's tongue; and the espousals are considered concluded. The marriage does not take place for two or three years afterwards, and during the interval the intended is obliged to labor in the service of his father-in-law.

Truthfulness.

Of all the happy households, that is the happiness where falschood is never thought of.—All peace is broken up when it happens that there is a liar in the house. All comfort has gone when suspicion has once entered—when there must be a reserve in talk and reservation in belief. Anxious parents, who are aware of the pains of suspicion, will place general confidence in their children, and receive what they say freely unless there is strong reason to distrust the truth of any. If such an occasion should unhappily arise, they must keep the suspicion from spreading as long as possible, and avoid disgracing their poor child while there is a chance of its cure by their confidential assistance. He should have their pity and assidnous help, as if he were suffering under some disgusting bodily disorder. If he can be cured he will become truly grateful for the treatment. If the endeavor fail means must of course be taken to prevent his example from doing harm; and then, as I said, the family peace is broken up, because the family confidence is gone.

☞ A Dutchman having enlisted in the service at a military station, not a hundred miles from New York, was one evening placed on guard. Seeing a couple of gentlemen approaching, he challenged them with

"Friends with the countersign," was the reply.

"Vell, if you ish frents, and knows as '*Putler*' is de gounter-sign, de gounter sign is correct. Pass, frents, mit de gounter-sign."

☞ A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all fell a weeping but one man, who being asked why he did not weep with the rest—"I belong to another parish."

☞ A Western editor much wishes to know whether the law recently enacted against the carrying of deadly weapons, applied to doctors with pills in their pockets.

☞ Poverty is no disgrace, save in the eyes of fools whose forefathers were paupers.

Henry Ward Beecher on Boys.

A boy is a piece of existence quite separate from all things else, and deserves separate chapters in the natural history of man. The real lives of boys are yet to be written. The lives of pious and good boys, which enrich the catalogues of great publishing houses, resemble a boy's life about as much as a chicken picked and larded upon a spit, and ready for delicious eating, resembles a free fowl in the fields.—With some few honorable exceptions, they are impossible boys, with increased goodness.—Their piety is monstrous. A man's experience stuffed into a little boy, is simply monstrous.—And we are soundly sceptical of this whole school of *pate de foie gras* piety. Apples that ripen long before their time are either diseased or worm-bitten.

So long as boys are babies, how much they are cherished! But by-and-by the cradle is needed for another. From the time a baby becomes a boy, until he is a young man, he is in an anomalous condition, for which there is no especial place assigned in nature. They are always in the way. They are inquisitive as monkeys, and meddlesome just when you don't wish them to be. Boys have a period of mischief as much as they have measles or chicken pox.—They invade your drawers, mix up your tooth powder with hair oil; pull your laces and collars from their repositories; upset your ink upon invaluable manuscripts; tear up precious letters, scatter your wafers, stick everything up with experimental sealing wax, and spoil all your pens in the effort at spoiling your paper.

Poor boys! What are they good for! It is a fathomless mystery that we come to our manhood (as the Israelites reached Canaan) through the wilderness of boyhood. They are always wanting something they must not have, going where they ought not to be, coming where they are not wanted, saying the most awkward things at the most critical times. They will tell lies after infinite pains to teach the obligations of truth, they give us the full benefit of frankness and literalness by blurting out before company a whole budget of family secrets. Would you take a quiet nap? Slam bang goes a whole bevy of boys through the house! Has the nervous baby at length after all manner of singings, trottings, soothings, and maternal bosom opiates, just fallen asleep? Be sure an unmannerly boy will be on hand to bawl out for permission to do something or other which he has been doing all day without dreaming of leave.

The restless activity of boys is their necessity. To restrain it is to thwart nature. We need to provide for it. Not to attempt to find amusement for them; but to give them opportunity to amuse themselves. It is astonishing to see how little it requires to satisfy a boy's nature.

First in the list, I put *strings*. What grown up people find in a thousand forms of business and society, a boy secures in a string! He ties up the door for the exquisite pleasure of untying it again. He harnesses chairs, ties up his own fingers, halters his neck, coaxes a lesser urchin to become his horse, and drives stage—which, with boys, is the top of human attainment. Strings are wanted for snares, for bows and arrows, for whips, for cats' cradles, for kites, for fishing, and a hundred things more than I can recollect. A knife is more exciting than a string, but does not last long, and is not so various. After a short time it is lost, or broken, or has cut his fingers. Rattan string is the instrument of endless vices, and within the management and ingenuity of a boy. The first article that parents should lay in, on going to the country, is a large ball of twine. The boys must not know it. If they see a whole ball, the charm is broken. It must come forth mysteriously, unexpectedly, and as if there were no more.

For indoors, next, we should place upon the list pencils and white paper. At least one hour in every day will be safely secured by that. A slate and pencil are very good. But as children always aspire to do what men do, they count the usual half of a letter and a bit of pencil to be worth twice as much as any slate.

Upon the whole, we think a safe stream of water near by affords the greatest amount of enjoyment among all natural objects. There is wading and washing; there is throwing of stones and finding of pebbles; there is engineering of the most laborious kind, by which stone and mud are made to dam up the water, or to change the channel. Besides these things, boys are sensitive to that nameless attraction of beauty which specially hovers about the side of streams; and though they may not recognize the cause, they are persuaded of the fact that that they are very happy when there are stones with gurgling water around them, shady trees and succulent undergrowth, moss and cress, insect, and bird, and all the population of cool water courses.

But boys are not always boys. All that is in us lies, is in them in mud. The very yearnings, the musings, yea, the very questions which occupy our latter years as serious tasks, are found in the occasional hours of boyhood. We have scarcely heard one moral problem discussed in latter life that is questioned by children. The creation of the world, the origin of evil, divine foreknowledge, human liberty, the immortality of the soul, and various other elements of elaborate systems belong to childhood. Men trace the connections of truths and their ethical applications and relations, but the ample elements of the recondite truths seem to have gained in them very little in the progress of years. Indeed, all truths whose root and life in the infinite and like the fixed stars, which become no larger under the most powerful telescope than the natural eye. Their distance is too vast to make any appreciable variation in magnitude possible. They are a mere point of light.

Boys have their soft and gentle words too. You would suppose by the morning racket that nothing could be more foreign in their nature than romance and vague sadness, such as ideality produces in adults. But boys have hours of great sinking sadness when kindnes and tenderness are peculiarly needful to them.

It is worthy of notice, how soon a little kindness, a little consideration for their boy nature, wins their confidence and caresses. Every boy wants some one older than himself to whom he may go in moods of confidence and yearning. The neglect of the child's want by grown people, and the treating of children as rattling, noisy imps, not yet subject to heart-throes, because they are so frolicsome in general, is a fertile source of suffering. One of the common forms of selfishness, is that which refuses to recognize any experience as worthy of attention if it lies in a sphere below our own.

A thousand things are blamed on them simply because, measured by our manhood standard, they are unfit, whereas upon the scale of childhood they are congruous and proper. We deny children's requests often upon the scale of our own likings and dislikings. We attempt to govern them by a man's regimen and not by a child's.

And yet badgered, and subdued and scolded on the one hand; petted, flattered and indulged on the other—it is astonishing how many children work their way up to an honest manhood in spite of parents and friends. Human nature has great elements of great toughness in it.—When we see what men are made of, our wonder is not that so many children are spoiled, but that so many are saved.

The country is appointed of God, to be the children's nursery; the city seems to be made by malign spirits to destroy children in. They are cramped for room, denied exercise, restrained of wholesome liberty of body, or, if it is allowed, at the risk of morals.

Children are half educated who are allowed to be familiar with the scenes and experiences of the open country. For this, if for no other reason, parents might make an effort every year to remove their children from the city to the country. For the best effect is desirable that they should utterly leave the city behind them. It is absurd to go into the country to find the luxuries of a city. It is to get rid of them that they go. Men are cumbered and hampered by too much convenience in the city. They grow artificial. They lose a relish for natural beauty and the simple occupations of rural life. Our children need a separate and special training in country education. We send them to the Polytechnique for eight months. But four months we send them to God's school in the openness and simplicity of the country. A diploma in this school will be of service to body and mind while life lasts.

No Gloom at Home.

Above all things there should be no gloom in the home. The shadows of dark discontent and wasting fretfulness should never cross the threshold, throwing their large black shapes, like funeral palls, over the happy young spirits there. If you will, your home shall be heaven, and every inmate as an angel there. If you will, you shall sit on a throne and be the presiding household deity. O! faithful wife, what privileges, what treasures, greater or purer than thine?

And let the husband strive to forget his cares as he winds around the long, narrow street, and beholds the soft light illuminating his little parlor, spreading its precious beams on the red pave before it. The night is cold and cheerless, perhaps, and the December gust battles with the worn skirts of his old overcoat, and snatches with a rude hand and willing cry, at the rusty hat that has served him many a year. He has been harassed, perplexed, persecuted. He has borne with many a cruel tone, many a cold word, and nerved himself up to an energy so desperate and depressed; and now his limbs ache with weariness; his temples throb with the pain beat as caused by a too constant application; he scarcely knows how to meet his wife with a pleasant smile or sit down cheerfully to their little meal which she has provided with so much care.

But the door is opened, the overcoat thrown hastily off. A sweet voice falls upon his ear and the tones are so soft and glad that hope like a winged angel flies right into his bosom and nestles against his heart.

The latch is lifted and the smiling face of his wife gives an earnest welcome. The shining hair is over her fair brow; indeed she stole a little coquettish glance at the mirror hanging in its narrow frame just to see if she looked neat and pretty before she came out. Her eye beams with love, her dress is tasteful—and—what?—Why the forgets all the trials of that long, long day as he folds her in his arms and imprints a kiss upon her brow.

A home where gloom is banished, presided over by one who has learned to rule herself and her household, Christianity!—oh he is thrice consoled for all his trials. He cannot be unhappy. Theat sweetest, best, dearest solace is his—a cheerful home. Do you wonder that the man is strengthened anew for to-morrow's cares?

Simplicity of English Dress.

In the families of many of the nobility and gentry of England, possessing an annual income which of itself would be an ample fortune, there is greater economy of dress, and more simplicity in the furnishing of the dwelling than there is in many of the houses of the citizens who are barely able to supply the wants of their families by the closest attention to their business. A friend of ours, who sojourned not long since, several months in the vicinity, of some of the wealthy landed aristocracy of England, whose ample rent rolls would have warranted a high style of fashion, was surprised at the simplicity of manners practiced. Servants were much more numerous than with us, but the ladies made more account of one silk dress than would be thought here of a dozen. They were generally clothed in good substantial stuffs, and a display of fine clothing and jewelry was reserved for great occasions. The furniture of the mansions, instead of being turned out of doors every few years for new and fashionable styles, was the same which the ancestors of the families for several generations had possessed—substantial and in excellent preservation, but plain, and without any pretentions to elegance. Even the carpets on many suits of parlors, had been on the floors for fifty years, and were expected to do service for another half century. With us how different is the state of things! We are wasting an amount of wealth in this country, on show and fashion, which, if rightly applied, would renovate the condition of the whole population of the world, and christianize, civilize and educate all mankind.—*Calender.*

A Short Story by Dickens.

Dickens tells the following story of an American sea captain:

On his last voyage home the captain had on board a young lady of remarkable personal attractions—a phrase I use as one being entirely new, and one you never met with in the newspapers. This young lady was beloved intensely by five young gentleman passengers, and in return she was in love with them all very ardently, but without any particular preference for either. Not knowing how to make up the determination in this dilemma she consulted my friend the captain. The captain being a man of an original turn of mind says to the young lady, "Jump overboard, and marry the manwho jumps after you." The young lady, struck with the idea, and being naturally fond of bathing, especially in warm weather as it then was, took the anvice of the captain who had a boat manned in case of accident. Accordingly, next morning the five lovers being on deck, and looking devoutedly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea head foremost. Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and her lovers were got out again, she says to the captain: "what am I to do now, they are so wet?" Says the captain, "take the dry one?" And the young lady did and she married him.

A Wife's Prayer.

If there is anything that comes nearer to the imploration of Ruth and Naomi, than the subjoined, we have not seen it:

"Lord bless and preserve that dear person whom thou hast chosen to be my husband; let this life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and comfort unto him, a sharer in all his sorrows, a meet help in all the accidents and changes in the world; make me amiable and forever dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dear est love and holiness, and mine to him in all its sweetness, charity and complacency. Keep me from all ungentleness, all discontentedness, and unreasonableness of passion and humor; and make me humble and obedient, useful and observant, that thy blessed word: and both of us may rejoice in thee, having for our portion the love and service of God forever."

☞ "If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?" said a skeptic to a clergyman.

"Why don't you have some knowledge of this world before you come in to it?" was the caustic reply.

☞ Punch says that the reason why editors are so apt to have their manners spoiled, is because they receive from one correspondent and another such a vast amount of evil communications.

"The Wages of Sin is Death."

A young man, who was in prison, awaiting his trial for a serious crime, was asked what ruined him.

"Sir," he replied with tears in his eyes, "it was my street education that ruined me! I had a good home education, but I would be out of the house and go off with boys in the street. In the street, I learned to lounge. In the street I learned to swear. In the street, I learned to smoke. In the street, I learned to gamble. In the street, I learned to steal!"

So you see, my children, the street ruined that youth. It seemed pleasant to him, as it does to some of you, to spend his hours abroad with idle, roystering lads. No doubt he tho't his father and mother were too strict, too particular, too notional when they wished him not to frequent the street; and thinking so, he choose to have his own way even at the price of disobeying his parents. He did have his own way. To what did it lead him? To destruction! I think he paid too high a price altogether for having his own way. Do you agree with me in this opinion? If so, beware how you imitate him. Beware how you cherish a love for the street and street companions. Find your enjoyment at home, especially in the evening.

You may depend upon it, boys and girls, that to pass safely along the ways of life you must be careful of your steps. It will not do for you to tread a path merely because flowers grow in it and you feel a desire to pluck them. The most flowery paths often lead to the most dangerous places. You must seek, therefore, for the right rather than the pleasant way. Indeed the right path is always the most pleasant in the end.

To find the right way, and thus to avoid the dangers of the wrong one, you need a guide for your feet. I have read somewhere, that, on a part of the seashore in England, there are steep cliffs rising abruptly from the beach. To keep smugglers from landing foreign goods on which duties have not been paid, a guard is stationed to watch night and day. The men composing this guard have to ascend and descend the cliffs in the night. The path is very narrow, and runs close to the edge of the cliff. A single misstep would cause a man to fall over on to the beach, and be dashed to pieces.

How do you surpose the men of that guard find their way up and down the cliffs at night in safety? If you were to examine their path, you would see a row of very white stones set in all the way up from the beach. These stones can be seen in the darkest night. The men look for them, and thus traverse the giddy path with safety.

Now, my dear children, God meant this holy book to be to you, on your life journey, what those white stones are to the men who guard the cliff in England. It tells you where to go and where not to go, what to do and what to avoid. If you wish, then, for safety, you must both study and obey the Bible. If you will not, why, like the young man in the prison, you must find pain, shame, and death in your pathway.—*Sunday School Advocate.*

A Speculator.

A few days since, two gentlemen whose countenances betrayed the fact that they were interested in the condition of stocks, were conversing, and standing, in Third street, near the corner of Dock. One was a great speculator, developing the plan of a magnificent project, the other a dazzled capitalist, ready to snap at the bait. He hesitated a little, but was just yielding, merely making a few objections for conscience sake.

Directly there appeared, in front of the show window of a tobacco and cigar store, a couple of newsboys, who began an intense scrutiny of the interior.

"By thunder! I'd like to smoke a cent's worth of Tobacco!"

"Well, said the other, buy a cents worth."

"Yes, but I hain't got nairy cent."

"Hold on, I've got two cents."

"That's the ticket! just the thing—one for the pipe, and one for tobacco."

"Oh yes! but what am *I* to do?"

"You? Oh, *you can be the stockholder and do the spittin!*"

It was a flash of light. The capitalist thrust his hands into his pockets and fled. The speculator cast a furious look at the two newsboys, and turned down the street.

Aristocratic Wealth in England.

The Marquis of Breadalbane rides out of his house a hundred miles in a straight line to the sea, on his own property. The Duke of Sutherland owns the country of Sutherland, stretching across Scotland from sea to sea.—The Duke of Devonshire, besides his other estates, owns 96,000 acres in the county of Derby. The Duke of Richmond has 40,000 acres at Goodwood, and 300,000 at Gordan Castle. The Duke of Norfolk's Park, in Sussex, is 15 miles in circuit. An agriculturalist bought lately the island of Lewis, in the Hebrides; it contains 500,000 acres. Their large domains are growing larger. The great estates are absorbing the small freeholds. In 1786, the soil of England was owned by 200,000 corporations and proprietors, and in 1822 by 32,000. These broad estates find room on this narrow island. All over England, scattered at short intervals among ship-yards, mines and forges, are the paradises of the nobles where the livelong repose and refinement are heightened by the contrast with the oar of industry and necessity out of which you have stepped.—*English Traits.*

☞ A man went to a photographic artist and said, "I want my head taken off; and you must do it immediately, 'cos I want to send it by railway?"

☞ An Irishman, who was troubled with the toothache, determined to have the old offender extracted; but there being no dentist near, he resolved to do the job himself; he filled the excavacation with powder, but being afraid to touch it off, he put a slow match to it, and then ran to get out of the way.

☞ "Young man, do you believe in a future state?" "In course I does—and what's more I intend entering it as soon as Betsey gets her things ready." "Go to, young man, you are incorrigible—go to." "Go two? If it wasn't for the law against bigamy, whip me if I would not go a dozen. But who supposed, deacon, that a man of your age would give such advice to a young man just entering into life."

☞ An Irishman addicted to telling strange stories, said he saw a man beheaded with his hands tied behind him, who directly picked up his head and put it on his shoulders in the place. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed a bystander, how could he pick up his head when his hands were tied behind him? 'And sure, what a fool ye are?' said Pat, 'an' couldn't he pick it up with his teeth? To old Nick wid yer botheration!"

☞ Washington seldom indulged in a joke or a sarcasm, but when he did he always made a decided hit. During the debate in the establishment of the federal army, a member of Congress offered a resolution, limiting it to three thousand men; to which Washington suggested an amendment, providing that no enemy should ever invade the country with more than two thousand men. The laughter which ensued smothered the resolution.

Shingling a House.

James H—— was a young man who commenced life with every flattering prospect, and a wife and lovely children soon blessed him. Unhapily by slow degrees he became—to make a long matter short—a drunkard. One evening he left his wife in tears, as was too common, repaired to the house of a man who sold him the deadly poison, and drank so much that he sank down in a kind of stupefaction easily mistaken for sleep. All his companions had deserted him. Near midnight the landlord's wife came into the bar-room and told him:

"I wish that man would go home, if he's got one to go to."

"Hush! hush!" says the landlord, "he will call for something else directly."

"I wish he would make haste about it, then, for it is time every honest person was in bed," said his wife.

"He's taking the shingles off his house and putting them on ours," said the landlord.

At this time James began to come to his senses, and commenced rubbing his eyes, and stretched himself, as if he had just awoke, saying, "I believe I'll go."

"Don't be in a hurry, James," said the landloard.

"O yes, I must go," says James, "so good night!" and off he started.

After an absence of some time, the landlord one day met and accosted him.

"Halloo, Jim, why haven't you been to see us?"

"Why," says James, "I had taken shingles enough off my house, and it began to leak, so I thought it was time to stop the leak, and I've done it!"

The tavern-keeper astonished, went home to tell his wife about it, and James has since let rum alone, and attended to his own business.—He is now a happy man, and his wife and children are happier than ever.

Be kind to your Horses.

Says a writer in the *Ohio Cultivator*, and proceeds to argue the wherefore in this sensible wise:—"In the course of life I have seen a good many horse, some, too, that were called ugly horses. Now, it is my opinion that there is no use in owning what might be called an ugly horse. Use the whip and spur less, and in their place put kindness. Three grains of kindness are worth all in the world in breaking a colt. There are a great many horses injured for want of kindness. This I am sure no one will pretend to deny. The colt has never been handled. The man, with several others to help him, drives the colt into the stable. He then forces a bit into his mouth, and if there is one among them that dares, he jumps upon his back, well armed with a stout whip, and very often a spur; these he does not forget to use. He clings to the colt's back as long as he is able, but is finally thrown off. He tries again and again, until, completely exhausted, the colt is obliged to yield, that is for the time being. Is this the way to break colts? No, to be sure it is not. The golden rule will apply here as well as anywhere. So be kind to your horses, my gentle friend.

PRINTER'S "LINGO."—It is well known that every profession has its technical terms and as a matter of course it is expected that the Printer has a "bit" which is only intelligible to themselves. We will for a moment imagine our readers to be in a printing office and hear the order of the foreman. "Tom put George Washington on the galley and finish the murder of the woman and two children in New Orleans. Distribute the Cholera and Small Pox. Put up the great fire in Philadelphia. Be sure to get the great drouth in this week. John take up Franklin Pierce and let the Devil practice on distributing him." That Faust was burned for inventing the art of printing who wonders at it!

WRITE DOWN YOUR EXPERIENCE.—Repeatedly we have suggested to the farmers who are constant readers of our paper, to write down their every-day experience in their business, so far as they may be interesting and useful to others, and communicate them to their brother farmers and the public, (and we can assure them that they will be read by nine-tenths of the community who are not farmers,) thro' the medium of this paper. We devote weekly a large space to the exclusive benefit of farmers, and we think it ought to be their pride and pleasure to assist us in making it as valuable and interesting as possible. We are satisfied that we have accomplished great good, in the quarter of a century we have ceaselessly labored to advance the farming interests of our country; and it is our determination to leave no means untried to increase this usefulness and to deserve the help and sympathy of at least the farmers of Pennsylvania.—*Ex.*

MULTUM IN PARVO.—It is the general received opinion that fine goods come in little packages, and, upon the strength of that dogma, little women, if they are handsome, are preferred by many. For all such, the following verse is a settler:

A little bee has many sweets, but wh le upon
the wing,
If you attempt to change its course, you'll find
it has a sting.
And so a little woman, if you dare to "put her
out,"
Will show a piece of devil, such as "we read
about!"

☞ At a political meeting in Pike Co., Pa., while the committee were out writing resolutions, a sturdy old farmer rose and addressed the chair.

"Mr. President, mout I say a word?" asked he.

"The meeting will be proud to hear from you, Mr. Subsoil.

"Well, Mr. President, enduren of the time of the committee's out, *couldn't you tell us all how you've bedded your taters?*"

There was a great laugh at Subsoil's expense, but his question involved a matter of more practical importance than such as often come before political meetings.

☞ When Judge Henderson, of Texas, was first a candidate, he visited a frontier county, in which he was, except by reputation, a stranger. Hearing that a trial of felony would take place in a few days, he determined to volunteer for the defence. The prisoner was charged with having stolen a pistol; the defence was "not guilty." The volunteer counsel conducted the defence with great ability. He confused the witnesses, palavered the court, and made an able, eloquent,