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. 45. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1859. NO. 52.

Poetical.

THE GIFT OF LOVE.

"Give me," I said, "that ring
Which on thy taper finger gleams;
Sweet thought to me 'twill bring,
When summer sunset's beams
Have faded o'er the western sea,
And left me dreaming, love, of thee!"

"Oh, no," the maiden cried;
"This shining ring is bright, but cold;
That bond is loosely tied,
Which must be clasped with gold!
The ring would soon forgotten be;
Some better gift I'll give to thee!"

"Then give me that red rose,"
Said I, "which on thy bosom heaves,
In ecstacied repose,
And droops its blushing leaves:
If thou wouldst have me think of thee,
Fair maiden, give that rose to me!"

"Oh, no!" she softly said,
"I will not give thee any flower;
This rose will surely fade—
It passes with the hour;
A faded rose can never be
An emblem of my love for thee!"

"Then give me but thy word—
A vow of love—'twere better yet,"
I cried; "who once has heard
Such vows can ne'er forget!
If thou wilt give this pledge to me,
Nor ring nor rose I'll ask of thee!"

"Oh, no!" she said again;
"For spoken vows are empty breath
Whose memory is vain
When passion pursueth;
If e'er I lose my love for thee,
My vows must all forgotten be!"

"Then what," I asked, "wilt thou
O dearest! to thy lover give?
Nor ring, nor rose, nor vow
May I from thee receive:
And yet some symbol should there be
To typify thy love for me!

Then dropped her silvery voice
Unto a whisper soft and low,
"Here take this gift—my choice—
The sweetest love can know!"
Then raised her head all lovingly,
And smiling gave a—kiss to me!

MILDLY JUDGE YE OF EACH OTHER.

Mildly judge ye of each other,
Be to condemnation slow;
The very best may have their failings,
Something good the worst can show.
The brilliant sun hath spots of darkness
On his radiant front, they say;
And the clock that never goeth
Speaks correctly twice a day.

Do not mock your neighbor's weakness,
When his random whims you see,
For perhaps he something like
Every day beholds in thee.
Folly leavens all our natures;
Soundest mortal hath its flaws;
And the rigid stoic scorner
Is no wiser for his saws.

Every mortal hath its hobby;
It may foolish seem to you,
But, remember! Bright or simple,
You have got your hobby too.
Let a fellow feeling warm you,
When you criticise your friend;
Honor virtue in his actions,
In yourself his vices mend.

Think not those whom mortals honor
Are the best the earth affords,
For no tongue of praise doth blazon
Forth the deeds which God rewards.
There are fish behind in ocean,
Good as ever from it came,
And there are men unknown as noble
As the laurell'd heirs of fame.

Mildly judge, then, of each other,
Be to condemnation slow;
For the wisest have their failings,
Something good the worst can show
The sun himself hath spots of darkness
On his radiant brow, they say;
And the clock that never goeth
Speaks correctly twice a day.

Miscellaneous.

Brutalities of Austria.

A recent number of the New York *Times* contains a lengthy letter from the scene of conflict in Europe, and among other things, details a number of the acts of cruelty perpetrated upon the Italian people by the Austrian Government. To read these horrible acts of cruelty makes an American's blood tingle through every vein. No wonder the Italians desire to throw off the Austrian yoke. The following is a specimen of the recorded:

BRUTALITIES OF AUSTRIA.—The indictment should fully set forth each crime of the Austrian government in its dealings with the Italian people, would exceed the collective rolls of the Alexandrian library in length. The thousands obliged to abandon home, friends, house and lands, and save their lives by self-banishment; the thousands who have died by the rope or bullet, without trial and without hearing, for offences of which elsewhere law takes no cognizance; the multitude who starve yearly under the extortion of the Austrian tax-gatherers, demanding the bulk of their difficult earnings; the households, without number, whose young men have been torn away to serve in the far off Carpathian region; all these are distressed witnesses to the enormity of the evil, which the Holy Alliance and the after advances of the Austrians, have fastened upon a helpless people.

The number who, after the events of 1848, become hopeless fugitives from Italy, is reckoned moderately at 50,000. At least 15,000 have perished miserably, upon the scaffold or kneeling before the muzzles of Austrian muskets, since the victory of Novara rendered the pretence of fear and insecurity an audacious falsehood.—Delicate women have been dragged into the public squares, in sight of friends and strangers, bared to the waist, and lashed until the subsequent application of ice could alone save the mangled flesh from mortification. Old men, of exemplary lives, wholly unconscious of offence, and without a hearing, have been suddenly seized and shot.

Of the innumerable instances of such deeds as these, the correspondent of the Times select several columns of items, showing up this tyranny as far back as 1848. But, as we are cramped for room, we can only say that the catalogue is a fearful one, for, following the date selected, 961 capital sentences were passed and executed in Lombardy, while the summary executions, regardless of legal forms, far exceeded that number. As a specimen of this recorded cruelty, however, we quote the following:

WHOLESALE EXECUTION.

The official Gazette issued at Milan, in its number of December 8, 1851, give the text of a sentence passed at Mantua on the 6th December, condemning ten prominent persons to death "for having had relations with Mazzini, having circulated a quantity of the certificates of his loan, and having even planned an attempt upon the sacred person of the Emperor." They were:

1. Henry Tazzoli, Priest, Professor in the Seminary of Mantua.
2. Angelo Scarsellini, landowner at Venice.
3. Bernard de Cenale, gentleman, of Venice.
4. John Zambelli, painter, of Venice.
5. Dr. Charles Poma, physician in the hospital of Mantua.
6. John Pagonini, merchant, of Venice.
7. Angelo Magili, of Milan, merchant at Venice.
8. Julious Faccioli, Doctor of Laws, Venice.
9. Dr. Joseph Quintaville, of Mantua.
10. Joseph Ottonelli, cure of St. Sylvester, near Mantua.

The five first named were hung; the sentence of the rest was commuted to hard labor for terms of various durations. None of those ever saw the charges upon which they were convicted; not one was present at the trial; no one was present at the trial; no one appeared to defend the accused; the composition of the tribunal, and the names of the Judges condemning them, have never been discovered. The sentence is simply countersigned by the Commander of the town of Mantua, General de Culoz.

From the Turin Concordia, Jan. 13, 1848.

A YOUTH SHOT FOR DEFENDING HIS MOTHER'S HONOR.

At Massa, in the Venetian States, the fiscal agent, one Camerini, having concealed a large sum of money to escape the enormous taxes which succeed each other so incessantly, begged the presence of a company of soldiers to protect him. Six hundred men were sent, who installed themselves in the houses of the villagers, and took possession of all the wine, provisions and fuel they could find. Their insolence and assaults upon the women were continual. A young man returning home and finding his mother struggling in the grasp of two infamous subalterns, seized a knife and attacked one of the pair. The outcry brought several soldiers to the spot; the young man was overpowered by numbers, and bound with cords. The leading people of the country interposed in his behalf vainly. During the night, the young man, the communal councilors, the physician, and other persons, were taken to Padua, surrounded during the journey by Austrian troops. For several days he was subjected to torture; and on the 20th December, 1848, he was shot. His fellow-countrymen were obliged to attend the execution, kneeling on the ground.

Customs of the Turks.

Here is a whole volume concerning the customs, manners, and habits of the Turks, contained in a single paragraph:

"The Turks abhor the hat; but uncovering the head, which with us is an expression of respect, is considered by them disrespectful and indecent; no offence is given by keeping on a hat in a mosque, but shoes must be left on the threshold; the slipper, and not the turban, is removed in token of respect. The Turks turn in their shoes; they write from right to left; they mount on the right side of the horse; they follow their guests into a room and precede them on leaving it; the left hand is the place of honor; they do the honors of a table by serving themselves first; they are great smokers and coffee drinkers; they take the wall and walk hastily in respect; they beckon by throwing back the hand, instead of throwing it toward them; they cut the hair from the head, but leave it on the chin; they sleep in their clothes; they look on beheading as a more disgraceful punishment than strangling; they deem our short and close dresses indecent, our shaven chins a mark of effeminacy and servitude; they resent an inquiry after wives as an insult; they commence their wooden houses at the top, and their upper apartments are frequently finished before the lower ones are closed up; they eschew pork as an abomination; they regard dancing as a theatrical performance, only to be looked at and not mingled in, except by slaves; their mourning habit is white; their sacred color is green; their Sabbath day is Friday; and interment follows immediately on death. The death of the women are not registered—those of the men are. Marriages are registered, and with the marriage the woman is virtually struck from existence, so far as goverment is concerned. She is not known officially to the government of Turkey. Her 'lord' or husband does with her as p'eases him best."

THE DEVIL'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—The "Scalpel," the Cayenne pepper in the "castors" of New York journals, tells the following story: A worthy farmer at a country meeting for the relation of the religious experience of its members, said he had been severally tried by a young devil. Said he,—He come last night and sat down on the side of my bed, and grinned at me as I was sayin' my prayers; he was'ent the old devil dear brethern, but a little young one that would weigh about thirty pounds; he sat down on the side of the bed, and I just see his tail and huffs stickin' out under his cloak; it was terrible cold that night, and he looked as though they took good care on him to hum. I had a good chance to look at him, but I went on prayin'; he diden't frighten me a bit; I'd seen his daddy before; so I looked out of the corner of my eye, and I could see his leetle horns; they were jest beginnin to start, like a little bull-calf, they wasn't more than two inches long, but they looked as though they might git terrible pokerish some day."

The Poor Man's Statue.

When the Athenians built the temple of Minerea, a statue was wanted to place upon its top. A poor mechanic was induced by his friends to compete for the prize with a favorite and wealthy sculptor of noble birth. The day for raising the statue came, that of the patrician was unveiled, and raptures greeted the revelation. But it was, in truth, so small that as it ascended, its beauty dissappeared, and when it reached the top it seemed but a shapeless man. The statue of the poor mechanic was next unveiled; it seemed huge and uncouth, and resembled nothing human or divine. But as it ascended, its apparent deformities disappeared, it grew more comely, and finally reached the top, and seemed animated with divine beauty and life. The poor mechanic won the laurel, and was borne off amid the shouts of the multitude. Let us bear this in mind—if among us there are men rough and uncouth, it is because we have not lifted them to that proud position they are so fitted to honor; it is because we left them in obscurity, to elevate the pandering and unscrupulous, who only trys to deceive us.—*Oration by a Mechanic.*

VICES.—The worst vices, springing from the worst principles, the excesses of the libertine, and the outrages of the plunderer, usually take their rise from early and unsubdued idleness.—Christian parents, therefore, should take heed that the offspring which Heaven has given them, be so instructed in diligence and virtue, that instead of being scourges to society, they may become ornaments of grace, and benefit the world by their example of what christian men and women should be.

The Mexican Massacre at Tacubaya.

The first victim was Gen. Lazcano, an old soldier, who was walking in the Archbishop's gardens at the time of his seizure. It would appear that he had been a severe disciplinarian, and his former subaltrans, in conducting him to the place of execution, took that occasion to avenge themselves with insults, to which the General replied, "It is cowardice to insult a man condemned to death." And again, when told that he was to die the death of a traitor, he answered "I am no traitor, and as to death, I only feel it for my family's sake. For myself, I am resigned to my fate." He was allowed to drink a glass of water, and fell shot through the head. The officers who suffered with him were Cols. Villagran and Arteaga, Capt. Lopez and Lieut. Sierra. The first is said to have distinguished himself for his valor in the war with the United States. Notwithstanding their entreaties, all were shot with their backs turned as traitors.

The physicians assassinated were Drs. Portugal, Rivero, Spanhez, Duval, and Abad. The first was the cousin of Castillo, Miramon's Minister of War, an office which to his honor he at once resigned. It is stated that these unfortunate men were advised to take refuge in flight, but they refused. A few moments after the infuriated soldiery, now drunk with aquadiente, rushed into the hospital and dragging their victims out into the street, assassinated them in the most barbarous manner. One of them was engaged in binding up the wounds of the enemy at the time; the other in amputation.

Among the most regretted of the victims is the young Covarrubias, son of the well-known Vera Cruz poet of that name, and himself the author of many beautiful lyrics and other pieces which gave great promise for the future. He was but a young man of nineteen years, and though doubtless, like all such young men open in his declarations of sympathy with the liberal cause, had not been personally engaged in hostilities. The fact was called to the attention of Marquez. The assassin was inexorable.—"These young men of genius," was his reply, "are just the young men that we have most to fear."

The number of known victims is fifty-three, though it is believed to be much larger. They were assassinated in the street, in their houses, anywhere the brutal soldiery chanced to meet them. Finally they were all carried off in common carts to a neighboring ravine, into which, as into one great Goloma, they were all thrown together. In the meantime, the victorious generals were making their triumphal entry, with their prisoners dragged after them as in the days of old, into the capitol; the cathedral and its towers were hung with red; a procession of women—we can hardly believe the statement—presented Marquez with a sash of the same sanguinary color, and a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted in honor of the victory.

N. O. Picayune.

Reasons for Turning Loafer.

Among the many reasons which are effectual in urging a man to turn loafer, the following may be named as a few of the most powerful:

1. You are never bothered with tailors' or boot makers' bills.
2. Poor relations are a kind of folk that dont make frequent calls upon your purse.
3. You have no work to do, and may lounge the streets to your heart's content.
4. You are never in danger of being roused from a sound sleep, with, "Joseph, get up; breakfast is waiting for you."
5. You run no hazard of being knocked down for your money.
6. You are at liberty to enjoy the undisturbed luxury of sucking molasses from hogsheads, through a wisp of straw.
7. You are free from the constraints of fashionable etiquette.
8. You have no fear of getting corns on your toes, from new boots.
9. You are in the way of becoming a philosopher, by observing with solicitude "the change of the moon," and noticing the alternate approach of fair and foul weather by the direction of the winds.
10. You are never obliged to take your "eye opener" or your "phlegm-cutter" at your own expense.
11. You are never likely to be denounced by the rabble as a purse-proud aristocrat.
12. And you enjoy the distinction universally accorded, of being a *public man.*

A BRIEF HISTORY OF FOUR CLERKS.—A writer in the New York *Tribune* states that in the winter of 1854-5, four young bank-clerks used to meet for euchre, playing alternately at their residences in Brooklyn. These meetings continued pleasantly for a while, the party keeping early hours, and no gambling being allowed. A year later the party was not reorganized, but met accidentally on Christmas Eve, at a raffle in Brooklyn. The downward path was already entered upon. The results sum up as follows:

One of the young men is travelling in Europe, his bondsman having paid $3,000 for him, in which sum he was defaulter at the bank where he was employed. Another is in the Sing Sing prison for forgery. The third, Oscar S. Field, the recent defaulter in Brooklyn, and now wandering with the mark of Cain upon his brow—the murderer of his own peace and the happiness of his family. The fourth communicates these facts, and concludes his story thus: And the last casts a glance over the past, a shudder creeps through his frame as he thinks over the fate of his companions, and thanks a merciful God that saved him from the abyss into which he had almost plunged himself. There were other bank clerks among the party, and ere long their defalcations must come to light, for they have been possessed of sums which they could not come by honestly.

☞ A man travelling, entered a tavern, and seeing no one present but the landlord and a negro, seated himself and entered into conversation with the negro. Shortly he asked Sambo if he was dry. Sambo said he was. Stranger told him to go to the bar and "take something," at his expense. Negro did so, and left. Landlord says to the stranger:

"Are you acquainted with that nigger?"

"No, never saw him before; but why do you ask?"

"I supposed so from your conversation with him, and asked him to drink."

"Oh," said the stranger, "I was experimenting. The fact is, I was dry too, and I thought that if your liquor didn't kill the nigger in fifteen minutes I would venture to take a drink myself."

Landlord's curiosity satisfied.

LAUGHABLE MISTAKE.—A cotemporary tells of a young lawyer who resided upon Nanticoke creek, and in times of the absence of the young pastor of the "district meeting" acted as clerk. He had a strange way of manufacturing words, when at a loss for the right one. Well, upon a certain occasion, when he deemed his services in request, he undertook to "give out a hymn," in which the word "doxology" occurred; and as he could not get hold of the word, he requested the congregation to sing "four verses and a *sock dolager!*"

Too Big to obey a Mother.

A boy "Too big to obey his mother!" Such a boy must be larger than a giant, and one with strange ideas of the rights of big people. I should not like to live near him, nor even see him, for I expect he would feel too big to mind the laws of his country, or the laws of God, and thus be a dangerous neighbor. I am told that there are such boys, or rather those who think they are "too big to mind their mother."

What does your mother want you to do?—To stay in of evenings, to let tobacco alone, to avoid associating with bad boys, to read useful books, to shun novels and idle newspapers, to mind your studies or trade, or whatever you are engaged in on week days, with diligence, and on the Sabbath to be regularly at Church and Bible class; and above all, she wants to see you a faithful Christian boy. This would make her happy beyond description, and you feel "too big" to yield to her wishes!

My boy, believe me, you are in a most dangerous state of mind, which makes me tremble for you, both for this world and the next.—Think of Christ, the King of kings and the Lord of lords. When he was old enough, and wise enough to confound the learned doctors in the temple of Jerusalem, he was none too old and wise to obey his mother; and when he was dying, he took care to provide her with a son to render to her honor and affection.

Believe me when you are small enough to depend upon your mother for your food and clothing, and daily care, and while she is so anxious to see you growing up into a good and worthy man, and so willing to make any sacrifice to help you on in life, you should be ashamed to say, or even think, "I am too big to mind my mother."

Search all the biographies in your own, or your father's library, and tell if you can find a case of a man, distinguished for greatness and goodness, who allowed such a thought to enter his mind. No; such men prize a good watchful mother, obey her goodly maxims as long as they live, and teach them to her children.

You are "too big" to disobey your mother, but don't allow yourself, my dear boy to become such a monster of iniquity as to be "*too big*" to mind a good mother.

Jerusalem at Sunset.

Solemn, sephulchral, is the character impressed on the mind by a traveler's visit to the Ancient City at Sunset. Here is a city still to the eye extensive and populous, but no voice arises from its wide area and the hills and valleys around. The evening breeze rustles among its hoary trees, sweeping sadly the black rocky surface of the ground. The red light glances over the city, touching its domes and minarets with a last dying gleam, and the dreary hills are broken into grand masses of purple and vermillion, while the glen below, where sleep millions of the sons of Israel, and the sad groves which shrouded the agony of Christ, are sinking into the shades of night. Such is the hour to visit Jerusalem; alone, seated under some ancient tree, a memorial of past burden of her glory and guilt. Then looking eastward over the fair horizon, Moab and the desert, glowing in the sun's last rays, complete the indellible impressions of a scene, that for its associations is unequalled in the world. Our survey of Olivet would be incomplete without visiting Bethany, (which is in fact at its eastern extremity,) the village into which Jesus so often retired to visit the hospitable family of Lazarus. The path continues from the crest of Olivet, and, as we lose sight of Jerusalem, presents us with a succession of pleasing landscapes. The approach is through the open corn fields; the white roofs of the sequestered village are seen among the groves of olives, which mark nearly the extremity of cultivation, before we reach the solitude of the desert. There are, on the right, the remains of a beautiful building of the middle ages, and on the bleak hills beyond, the more extensive ruins of a castle or convent, overlooking the Dead Sea and the Moab Mountains. In the village is shown a tomb which tradition has selected as that of Lazarus. The pilgrim will linger about this pastoral spot, recalling the walks through the corn fields, where Jesus plucked the ears of corn by the wayside, or imagining the sister of Lazarus coming forth to meet him, and conduct him to the tomb of his friend. Of all the walks to Jerusalem, this to Bethany over the Mount of Olives, is the most picturesque in itself, and most pleasing in its recollections.

Piety in Humble Life.

Christianity humbles the most menial employments in life, and the servant in the kitchen may have God as truly as the minister in the pulpit. The motive and the aim of life are of more importance than the condition. The following story by old Hugh Latimer is an illustration:

We read a pretty story of St. Anthony, who, being in the wilderness, led there a very hard and straight life, insomuch as none at that time did the like; to whom a voice came from heaven saying:

"Anthony, thou art not so perfect as is a cobbler that dwelleth at Alexandria."

Anthony, hearing this, rose up forthwith, and went till he came to Alexandria, where he found the cobbler. The cobbler was astonished to see so reverend a father come to his house.—Then Anthony said to him:

"Come, and tell me thy whole conversation, and how thou spendest thy time!"

"Sir," said the cobbler, "as for me, good works have I done, for my life is but simple and slender. I am a poor cobbler; in the morning when I rise, I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, especially for all such neighbors and poor friends as I have. After I set me at my labor, when I spend the whole day in getting my living, and I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness: wherefore, when I make to any man a promise, I keep it, and perform it truly, and thus I spend my time poorly, with my wife and children, whom I teach and instruct, as far as my wit will serve me, to dread sin. And this is the sum of my simple life."

THE JUVENILE CHINESE.—The Chinese have, in general, so much precocity of judgment and intelligence, that they are capable of attending to serious business at an age when European children think only of play; and though somewhat inclined to moroseness and melancholy, the juvenile inhabitants of the Celestial Empire are early accustomed to the realities of life.—The children of the great towns soon learn to understand commercial affairs, industrial speculations, and moreover all the knaveries of stock-jobbing; and the children of the country know perfectly well how much a field of rice will produce, and calculate as well as any grown men the profits derivable from the culture of the mulberry or tea plant. These little materialists appear to have somewhat withered hearts, and are by no means remarkable for candor and simplicity; they have seldom any aspirations towards generous ideas, or noble sentiments, and one may see in the very look of their narrow, oblique little eyes, the indications of roguery, cupidity, and cunning.

Science Answering Simple Questions.

Why is rain water soft? Because it is not impregnated with earth and minerals.

Why is it more easy to wash with soft water than with hard? Because soft water unites freely with soap, and dissolves it instead of decomposing it, as hard water does.

Why do wood ashes make hard water soft? 1st. Because the carbonic acid of wood ashes combines with the sulphate of lime in the hard water, and converts into chalk; 2d. Wood ashes convert some of the soluble salts of water into insoluble, and throws them down as a sediment, by which the water remains more pure.

Why has rain water such an unpleasant smell when it is collected in a rain tub or tank? Because it is impregnated with decomposed organic matters washed from the roofs, trees, or the casks in which it is collected.

Why does water melt salt? Because very minute particles of water insinuate themselves into the pores of the salt by capillary attraction, and force the crystals apart from each other.

How does blowing hot food make them cool? It causes the air which has been heated by food to change more rapidly, and give place to fresh cold air.

Why do ladies fan themselves in hot weather? That fresh particles of air may be brought in contact with their faces by the action of the fan; and as every fresh particle of air absorbs some heat from the skin, this constant change makes them cool.

Does a fan cool the air? No, it makes the air hotter, by imparting to it the heat of our face; but cools our face by transferring its heat to the air.

Why is there always a strong draught through the key hole of a door? Because the air in the room we occupy is warmer than the air in the hall; therefore the air from the hall rushes through the key hole into the room, and causes a draught.

Why is there always a stronger draught under the door and through the crevice on each side? Because the cold air rushes from the hall to supply the void in the room caused by the escape of warm air up the chimney, &c.

Why is there always a draught through the window crevices? Because the external air, being colder than the air of the room we occupy, rushes through the window crevices to supply the deficiency caused by the escape of the warm air up the chimney, &c.

If you open the lower sash of a window there is more draught than if you open the upper sash. Explain the reason of this. If the lower sash be open, cold external air will rush freely into the room and cause a draught inward; but if the upper sash be open the heated air of the room will rush out, and of course there will be less draught inward.

By which means is a room better ventilated—by opening the upper or lower sash? A room is better ventilated by opening the upper sash; because the hot, vitiated air, which always ascends towards the ceiling, can escape more easily.

By what means is a hot room more quickly cooled—by opening the upper or lower sash?—A hot room is cooled more quickly by the lower sash, because the cold air can enter more freely at the lower part of the room than at the upper.

Why does the wind dry damp linen? Because dry wind, like a dry sponge, imbibes the particles of vapor from the surface of the linen as fast as they are formed.

Which is the hottest place in a church or chapel? The gallery.

Why is the gallery of all public places hotter than the lower parts of the building? Because the air of the building ascends, and all the cold air which can enter through the doors and windows keeps to the floor till it has become heated.

Why do plants often grow out of walls and towers? Either because the wind blew the seed there with the dust; or else because some bird, flying over, dropped the seed there, which it had formerly eaten.

Heart Disease.

When an individual is reported to have died of a "Disease of the Heart," we are in the habit of regarding it as an inevitable event, as something which could not have been foreseen or prevented, and it is too much the habit, when persons suddenly fall down dead, to report the "heart" as the cause; this silences all inquiry and investigation, and saves the trouble and inconvenience of a repulsive "post mortem."—A truer report would have a tendency to save many lives. It is through a report of "disease of the heart," that many an opium eater is let off into the grave, which covers at once his folly and his crime; the brandy drinker too, quietly slides round the corner thus, and is heard of no more; in short this "report" of "disease of the heart," is the mantle of charity, which the politic coroner, and the sympathetic physician throw around the grave of "genteel people."

At a late scientific congress at Strasburg, it was reported, that of sixty-six persons who had suddenly died, an immediate and faithful post mortem showed that only two persons had any heart affection whatever: one sudden death only, in thirty-three, from disease of the heart. Nine out of sixty-six died of apoplexy, one out of every seven, while forty-six, more than two out of three, died of lung affections, half of them of "congestion of the lungs," that is, the lungs were so full of blood, they could not work, there was not room for air enough to get in to support life.

It is then of considerable practical interest to know some of the common every day causes of this "congestion of the lungs," a disease which, the figures above being true, kill three times as many persons at short warning, as apoplexy and heart disease together. Cold feet; tight shoes; tight clothing; costive bowels; sitting still until chilled through and through after having been warmed up by labor or a long or hasty walk; going too suddenly from a close heated room, as a lounger or listener or speaker, while the body is weakened by continued application or abstinence, or heated by the effort of a long address; these are the fruitful, the very fruitful causes of sudden death in the form of "congestion of the lungs;" but which being falsely reported as "disease of the heart," and regarded as an inevitable event, throws people off their guard instead of pointing them plainly to the true causes, all of which are avoidable, and very easily so, as a general rule, when the mind has been once intelligently drawn to the subject.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE "BLOCKADE OF BOSTON."—Just before the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, and the arrival of a strong reinforcement to the British army in Boston, the drama received a considerable impetus. General Burgoyne was a dramatic author, and upon his arrival in Boston, to relieve the tedium of a soldier's life, he produced a drama, called "The Blockade of Boston." The English army, at the time, was beleagured in the city, by the American militia, and the piece was written with a view of inspiring his men with a due contempt for the Yankees. It is related, that during one performance of the "Blockade of Boston," probably in March, 1776, prior to the evacution of the city, a very curious scene occurred. In one of its merriest scenes, a sergeant, without his hat, and in the wildest confusion, suddenly rushed on the stage, and shouted in a voice of thunder, "the rebels—the rebels—they're attacking the neck!" which the audience supposing to be a part of the piece, applauded very loudly, being struck with the soldier's highly natural acting. A few minutes afterwards, the beating of drums served to break the illusion, and the scampering off of the actors put an end to the play.

Who Paid for the Kiss.

A stout drover, on his way to the capital with twenty or thirty beeves, passed by a farmer's house, in the front of which happened to stand a remarkably buxom, blooming woman, the farmer's wife. Inflamed with the sudden passion of admiration the dusty-footed traveller approached the motionless beauty, and, not knowing how else to enter into conversation, asked for a glass of water. It was willingly brought to him; but, in returning the glass, he suddenly threw his arms around her, pressed her close to his heart and gave her the most sonorous of unmistakable kisses. Which fury appeased, the rough customer once more overtook his cattle.

The farmer was in the field not far off, and, to call him and make enraged report of the proceedings was the work of as few minutes as possible. Instantly unhitching the plow-horse, the injured husband mounted and rode after the invader of his rights, overtook and tempestuously accused him.

The guilty purloiner was not going to defend himself, however. On the contrary he confessed humbly that he was in the wrong—regretted that he could not give back to the lady the kiss he had so culpably taken from her without her permission—but pleaded for pardon on the ground that the temptation was too strong for human resistance. She was too beautiful!—Would not the wronged spouse compromise—say for five dollars, or so?

Between the compliment to his wife and the sight of the pocket book, the injured husband was mollified—took a ten dollar bill—gave back a "five," for change, and returned, thinking himself, on the whole, no poorer for the transaction. In which frame of mind he remained, till, on bringing the ten dollar bill to light again, for a purchase, a fortnight afterwards, he found that it was a counterfeit! Five dollars for the kiss, but who paid for it?

THE FIRST EFFECTS OF THE WAR.—We are now beginning to learn some of the first horrors of the fearful war waging in Italy. The Austrians are laying all bare and desolate before them. The contributions and exactions in the shape of rations for the support of the troops are such as completely to strip all the towns and villages and farms of the country through which they pass. To use the words of the sacred poet, "Before them is as the garden of the Lord, and behind them is a desolate wilderness." In all this there is a two-fold object to be accomplished. Of course, it diminishes the expense of the war to Austria, and for a time makes the enemy bear the burden and brunt of supporting both sides. But, besides this, it exhausts the country of the enemy and their means of supporting the allied army when they may want to come to attack the provinces of Lombardy and Venice and wrest them from the Austrians. These provinces are, too, thus kept fresh and unexhausted in their rear to fall back upon in case of necessity. This course, it may be said, is absolutely necessary in the present state of the Austrian finances, and the only thing that can save them from ruin while carrying on a war with a bankrupt treasury. But it is frightful to think of the sufferings and extortions thus brought upon thousands of peaceful and innocent families; for the penalty of non-compliance in the course of a few hours with the most enormous and almost unheard of demands, is the giving up of the district to "the discretion of the soldiery." None need be told that this is with an Austrian soldiery murder, torment, rapine—all the evils of fire and sword and famine, and evils far worse even than these are the alternatives of non-compliance.

It is true that it was thus the first Napoleon carried on his wars, and even replenished the coffers of France while in a state of war with all the world, so that his finances never gave way even to the very last. But the Austrian Government has not the genius of either Napoleon in matters of finance, and it must and will raise up against itself such an intolerable hatred and horror in every civilized home, that it will probably wake up in Italy and throughout Europe the desperate feeling that, however questionable the motives and conduct of the French and Sardinians may appear to some, it is impossible things can be worse, and hardly possible but that they should be better than under Austrian rule.

It may be true, also, that though Austria may have *declared* war, Sardinia *provoked* it, and, therefore, deserves this sort of retribution; nor do we doubt that there is often a sort of retributive providence in these matters, scattering the nations, that delight in war, and by which those who take the sword perish by the sword. But it is Austria now that, by taking the sword thus fiercely at the first onset, is preparing a terrible retribution for herself, by and by, when the war reaches her own fertile valleys in Lombardy. A single repulse that shall drive the Austrians behind the line of the Ticino, and it will be the turn of the French and Sardinians to retaliate, and every family attached to the House of Hapsburg will have to retire with the army, or become the subject of some horrible fate.

We have boasted of the civilization of the Nineteenth century as diminishing the horrors of war, but it seems destined in each age to become more terrible as the powers of men become greater when the passions only are sufficiently aroused. It is, however, well to bear in mind that such atrocities do not contribute to eventual success. It was Wellington's system of *paying for every thing*, and hanging up all who would not respect private property, that caused his camp to be well supplied, when that of his enemy was bare, in the Peninsula campaign. It was in like manner the gallant conduct of the American troops, during the war with Mexico, that made the inhabitants receive them so cordially, and enabled them to march, step by step, through a country with which they were at war, as if at peace, till they reached the city of Mexico and the Halls of Montezuma. When in the history of the world before was there ever a people who offered inducements to their conquerors to remain in their country after the war was over.—*Public Ledger.*

LOUIS NAPOLEON IN 1840.—The German papers, which sympathize with Austria in the present war, are digging out of the lumber of the past some of the facts which show Louis Napoleon's antecedents and his opinions in earlier life. The following is one of those reproduced to prove how valueless his expressed opinions are:

Proclamation of His Majesty the French Emperor, Napoleon III, on landing at Bologna, 1840. I appear among you as a warm and true Democrat and Republican. I take the shadow of the man of the century as the symbol of the promise which I now solemnly make. I will be, as I always was, a child of France. In every Frenchman I will ever see a brother. The Democratic Republic is the object of my adoration, and I will be her minister. *Never will I try to clothe myself in Imperial robes.* May my heart cease to beat on the day when I shall forget what I owe to you—what I owe to France.—May my mouth forever be shut if I ever say a word against the Republican sovereignty of the French people. May I be cursed, should I suffer that in my name doctrines were taught, contrary to the Democratic principle and the government of the Republic. May I be condemned, if I should lay a treasonable hand against the rights of the people, be it even with their consent, or against their will, by force. And now believe me, as I do believe you, and may this call from me be like a prayer to heaven.—*Vive la Republique!*

To Acquire a Beautiful Form.

Take abundant exercise in the open air—free, attractive, joyous exercise, such as young girls—when not restrained by artificial proprieties—are wont to take. If you are in the country, or can get there, ramble over the hills and thro' the woodlands; botanize, geologise, seek rare flowers and plants; hunt bird nests, and chase butterflies. Be a romp, even though you may be no longer a little girl. If you are a wife and a mother, so much the better. Romp with your children. Attend also to your bodily positions in standing, sitting, lying, and walking, and employ such general or special gymnastics as your case may require. Live, while in doors in well ventilated rooms; take sufficient wholesome and nourishing food, at regular hours; keep the mind active and cheerful, in short, obey all the laws of health.

Take a lesson from the English girl, as described in the following extract:

"The English girl spends more than one-half of her walking hours in physical amusements; that is, in amusements which tend to develope, and invigorate, and ripen the bodily powers. She rides, walks, drives, rows upon the water, runs, dances, plays, swings, jumps the rope, throws the ball, hurls the quoit, draws the bow, keeps up the shuttlecock, and all this without having it forever impressed upon her mind that she is thereby wasting her time. She does this every day, until it becomes a habit, which she will follow up through life. Her frame, as a necessary consequence, is larger, her muscular system better developed, her nervous system in subordination to the physical, her strength more enduring, and the whole tone of her mind healthier. She may not know as much at the age of seventeen as does the American girl; as a general thing she does not, but the growth of her intellect has been stimulated by no hothouse culture, and though maturity comes later, it will last proportionably longer."—*Hints toward Physical Perfection.*

The Austrian Cavalry.

No power can boast of such a body of cavalry as Austria. It is enormous in number. The horses are excellent—well bred, handy, active and courageous. The men are bold riders, good swordsmen, and better still are the right weight, and are recruited in great part from two of the greatest equestrian nations in the world, the Poles and Hungarians. In her service, the monstrosity so often witnessed in France, of a giant of two hundred pounds weight, laden with arms and accutrements, astride of a beast not much bigger than himself, is never witnessed. In short, the Austrian Uhlan or Hussar is the model light cavalry man of the world. Small, light, wiry, active, indefatigable, a rider from his cradle, his bride in his heels, and his hand, eye and heart on his sabre, indefatigable in the march; swift in the charge, everywhere by turns and nowhere long, it may be almost said that the Hungarian Hussar, now that the Turkish spahi is a thing of the past, is the only light cavalry, in fact the only *cavalry* in existence. His cuts are as fatal and sure as other men's thrusts. His horse is part of himself; riding and fighting are his pastime. In former days he was the glory and boast of the Austrian army. Those gay swarms of hardy little men which it shot from its sides on the march, were its surest aids in victory, its best safeguards in defeat.

All this, however, goes down before the Enfield rifle and the Armstrong gun. Let the horse be ever so swift, the sabre ever so sharp, or the rider ever so bold, the conical ball is too much for him. A charge of cavalry upon a body of properly armed infantry bids fair to be henceforward impossible. Two hundred yards has been fixed by the best authority as the proper charging distance, and in by-gone days it was only at two hundred yards that the fire of a square began to tell, and saddles to be emptied. But now-a-days the iron rain patters on the horsemen before they get within half a mile of the foe. If they quicken their pace to close, the maddest charge will not bring a dragoon horse on the bayonet in less than three minutes, and when he arrives he is blown and disabled. "When he arrives"—if he arrives, we should say: for even in traversing eight hundred yards at the top of his speed, he receives half a dozen volleys from practised sharp shooters. To send cavalry on such service will, we may safely predict, henceforward be considered madness. The foot soldier has a swifter messenger in his cartouche box than the fleetest Hussar, and Austria loses her most efficient weapon.

Jefferson's Rules of Life.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.
3. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
4. Never spend your money before you have it.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and co'd.
6. We never repent eating too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have those evils cost us that never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.

"Little Mary."

"Little Mary," as she was always called, was the light and joy of her home, and the cherished pet of the neighborhood where she lived. She was a beautiful child, and needed no embellishment from fiction to endear her to the memory of those who knew and loved her while here. To cheeks blooming with the rosy hue of health, thoughtful dark blue eyes, and hair of golden brown, which added a loving, confiding disposition, and a childish g