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. 46. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1859. NO. 26.

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.

Poetical.

[*From the Home Journal.*]

THE DREAM OF LOVE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I've had the heart-ache many times,
At the mere mention of a name
I've never woven in my rhymes,
Though from it inspiration came.
It is in truth a holy thing,
Life-cherished from the world apart—
A dove that never tries its wing,
But broods and nestles in the heart.

That name of melody recalls
Her gentle look and winning ways,
Whose portrait hangs on Memory's walls,
In the fond light of other days.
In the dream-land of Poetry,
Reclining in its leafy bowers,
Her bright eyes in the stars I see,
And her sweet semblance in the flowers.

Her artless dalliance and grace—
The joy that lighted up her brow—
The sweet expression of her face—
Her form—it stands before me now!
And I can fancy that I hear
The woodland songs she used to sing,
Which stole to my attending ear,
Like the first harbingers of spring.

The beauty of the earth was hers,
And hers the purity of heaven;
Alone, of all her worshipers,
To me her maiden vows were given.
They little know the human heart,
Who think such love with time expires;
Once kindled, it will ne'er depart,
But burn through life with all its fires.

We parted—doomed no more to meet—
The blow fell with a stunning power—
And yet my pulse will strangely beat
At the remembrance of that hour!
But time and change their healing brought,
And years have passed in seeming glee,
But still alone of her I've thought
Who's now a memory to me.

There may be many who will deem
This strain a wayward, youthful folly,
To be derided as a dream
Born of the poet's melancholy.
The wealth of worlds, if it were mine,
With all that follows in its train,
I would with gratitude resign,
To dream that dream of love again.

Miscellaneous.

LUKE BLAIR'S

Encounter With a Pack of Wolves.

"God have mercy upon us!" This exclamation was not more sudden than startlingly uttered, and sent the chills creeping from the leaping heart in pricking sensation over the skin.

It was the first time I had ever noticed such a tremor in the old squatter's tones, or a manner which indicated that he ever felt fear.—It was something unusual, and with my own young pulse quickened, I watched the old man by the dim light of the fire.

I had known Luke Blair—"Old Luke," as he was called—for ten years, and yet knew nothing of his history. There was a mystery about him which none ever penetrated, and an eccentricity of manner which gave his movements a peculiar interest to his rough but true-hearted comrades. He spent his time in the woods, and never brought in anything but wolves scalps. There was a fierce burning look in his eye as he flung them upon the ground, and he would sit for hours after one of his excursions with his head bowed between his hands.

As unsocial as was the squatter, he was respected by all who had come in contact with him. He was brave to madness, and yet as cool in danger as in his camp. Nor was there anything rough in his manners; on the contrary, there was an easy bearing—almost elegance—which bespoke a day of education and refinement. And when he *did* speak his language was well chosen.

Blair had other qualifications which won the respect of the hardy spirits around him.—He was six feet high, broad shouldered, full-chested, and form erect, and his limbs were models of symmetry and strength; his hair and beard had grown unshorn since we had known him, and were thickly sprinkled with gray. But the forehead, though darkly bronzed and deeply seamed, was almost massive, and the head of faultless mould. The eye was dark, lustrous, and in excitement, of peculiar and fascinating power around his neck was some sacred token, which no eye had seen, and which he guarded with a jealous care.

There was something about the old man—his commanding presence, his bravery, and his lonely habits and sad manner—which won my young heart, and I watched every opportunity of manifesting my regard. I had engaged him to guide me to the Mississippi, by the way of ——Prairie,

For several days we threaded the dense forests which intervened, and under great difficulties. The snow had fallen to an unusual depth, the cold was intense, and rendered more intolerable by the fierce wind from the prairie waste. We were warmly dressed, but there were times the weary frame began to feel the dreary influence of the sleep which steals so fatally over the senses,

On the night in question we had turned aside to seek the shelter of a grove of small timber, and to find fuel for our fire. We had faced the blinding storm all day, and could hardly keep sufficiently awake to kindle the fire and secure wood for the night. We had just accomplished this when the hunter made the exclamation at the head of our story, I was awake at once, and the blood tinged through my veins, for I knew that Luke Blair would not so speak without cause,

"Hark?"

The word was but a whisper, but had a terrible distinctness. His hand had involuntarily sought his rifle, and his head turned towards the woods I heard nothing but the wild roar of the storm as it swept by.

"There 'tis again!" The devils are on our track!" and he clutched his knife handle with a steady grasp, and breathed hardly through his thin nostrils.

I heard the noise this time, which had attracted his attention before, swelling, as the storm lulled an instant, into a wild, protracted howl, as from a thousand famished throats, clear, dismal, and wailing with that fearful tone which startles the boldest, even at their firesides. Blair turned, and as our eyes met he slowly whispered—

"A pack of hungry wolves! God have mercy upon us!"

A sickening sensation went like a flash to the heart, and then came burning thoughts of home, and again the chills, as I thought of the shelterless prairie and blinding snow.

"Again! the black devils are on our tracks!" As Blair spoke he laid his hand upon my arm, and with an expression of sadness which I never shall forget looked me steadily in the eye. There was a tremor of the lip which I had never seen before. It was not fear—I knew that—but some terrible remembrance or presentment which came over him with irresistible power,

"The hour has come! I know it would,—have felt it for days. I do not fear death, but it is horrible to be hunted down in such a spot as this, and be torn by infernal devils."

His breath came thick and hissing through his clenched teeth, and his chest heaved with intense emotion,

"Here," said he, lifting the soiled string over his head; and taking a locket attached to it in his hand, "is the shadow of one you never knew, but the original was once the light of my young life, and come with me to this territory when the world was bright with hope. I left her in the cabin, one day, and went to my work, as usual. She crossed the valley, and came where I was working.—Wishing to fell the tree I was at work upon, I urged her to cross the log over the creek before the dark, and I would immediately follow her. She had not been gone but a little time, when there burst up between me and our cabin that long, freezing sound, the howl of a wolf. It was answered as if from a thousand throats, up and down the valley, until one wild, startling, unearthly howl swelled on the still evening air. God, how that howl went to the soul! I reeled in utter weakness, a moment, but soon rallied, and with the speed and energy of despair, rushed down the path. I had reached the stream, and was upon the old trunk thrown across, when another and a different sound reached my ears. It seemed that my brain would burn into ashes under the fiery heat, and my heart burst from my bosom. That was the cry of my wife—a clear, wailing shriek of *mental agony*."

Blair dropped his head and thrust his fingers into his ears, as if that terrible sound was again ringing through the forest. A moment, and he hurriedly resumed;

"I remembered no more until the morning broke, and the sun smiled through the trees upon the terrible scene. It was horrible!—The ground was torn and stained with dark spots, where pools of blood had sunk away.—Seven long black bodies lay around gashed by the axe, some of them glaring fiercely as they fell, their tongues thrust out and the white fangs gleaming fearful in their open jaws.—The axe itself lay within reach, red with blood its entire length. My own arms were also stained, and still damp. But, God of mercy! a worse sight than all this met my gaze of returning consciousness. Tightly in my arms I was holding the head of my wife, her form bare, and limbs torn into shreds. * *

The old man sobbed convulsively, and wrung his hands until it seemed that the blood would start from his fingers.

"Coming!"

Again, and nearer than before, the dismal howl rose above the storm. The camp fire burned dimly in the blinding storm of snow, and a sense of loneliness and terror came over the spirit darker than the sky overhead.

"Here, take this," said Blair, as he handed me the locket, "and if you survive, carry it to——, New York, and I will thank you.—Boy, I am not afraid to die. Death will be rest, and I shall see Maria.

We must take to the tree. It is freeze, or death by the wolves. Quick, boy! Good-by."

I felt the hot tears drop on my hand as the old man pressed his quivering lips upon it, and pushed on towards the trees,

We had need to be quick, for we had hardly reached the branches when a score of long, gloomy shadows shot out of the surrounding darkness, and sent up a yell which went to the heart colder than the breath of the wintry blast. They paid but little attention to the dim fire, and scenting their prey gathered in a shadowy circle beneath us.

"Lash yourself fast, boy, and commend your soul to God, for you will freeze, and better to rot on the oak than to be torn by the devils."

"It's of no use," he continued, as I suggested that the sound of our guns might reach the inmates of the cabin, "they would not hear 'em in the storm, and besides, I swear by the living God, that I will send some of them to h—ll before I die."

Blair commenced his deadly work, and as one of the wolves fell the others fought and snarled, and gashed their teeth over the horrid feast. Their teeth sounded like the smiting of steel upon steel. Still they howled more fiercely as the slaughter went on.

"My gun is wet, and will not go," I heard Blair mutter with a curse. "Damn 'em I'll try them with the axe."

My wildly uttered warning was too late, for, as it swelled above the sounds below, with unnatural strength Blair leaped down with a shout of rage and defiance, and with his axe and knife fought the pack face to face.

I grew sick at heart as I watched with burning eye-balls the struggle through the darkness. I could see the black forms swarming around the trunk, where Blair had backed up. After the first howl of joy, as it seemed to me, when Blair jumped down, the wolves were less noisy, and apparently more wary, for they seemed to realize that they had an enemy to deal with. I madly called to him, and muttered curses as I tried to unite the thongs with which I had lashed myself to the trunk.

"Ha! ha! glorious sport here, boy; another devil the less!" and his maniac laugh and shout came up scarcely less startling than those of the wolves around him. I knew that he was mad.

I could hear the vice-like jaws close constantly around Blair, and now and then his axe sink with a heavy, crunching sound into some skull, and then all grew more dim; a delicious feeling of happiness crept over me; the sounds of the strife below died out, and sweet dreams stole over me like the Summer's breath. The reports of our rifles had reached the cabin, which, as I afterwards learned, was not twenty rods from where we camped. The inmates, numbering some fourteen, by the addition of emigrants who had stopped in the storm, came out with dogs and guns, and reached the spot but a moment too late.—Blair had lodged his axe so deeply in the head of a wolf that the corners remained fast, and the others tore him down. They were literally shot down with their fangs holding to the torn flesh, and his warm blood jetting over their shaggy skins. The mangled body was snatched from them, and I cut down from the tree and carried it to the cabin.

I was all Winter recovering from my injuries. The awakening from that dream of death was a terrible awakening, and I suffered more than pen can describe.

Blair was buried on the edge of the prairie, and when I left in the Spring the early flowers were already springing upon his grave.—The old man rests sweetly under the wide shadow of the old oak.

I carried the locket to its destination. The sister clutched it eagerly, and thanked me, though her heart almost broke under the stroke. I remained in New York through the Summer, and in the Autumn the sister returned with me to——Prairie, and we built our cabin within sight of the brother's grave. The oak is now dead and splintered, and the spot where he died densely covered with an undergrowth, whose vines shut out the light of day, and guarded it even from the footfall of man or beast. Last week our dog brought out a skull, with the wide gash of an axe hit through the top. Quietly, and without the knowledge of my wife, I went and tossed the momento into the thickest growth of the place.—*Daily Wisconsin.*

A Chapter on Babies.

BY A CHILDLESS MOTHER.

"A baby in the house is a well-spring of pleasure." Saith not "brother Tupper" something like this? If this mark be true, then the house of our ambitious little village must be well watered, for such a crop of babies as ye show this season, has rarely been exhibited since Barnum's famous harvest, a few years since. Indeed, our excessive efforts and improvements in this direction, led one amateur judge to observe, in the classic language of Young America, that "if we were a *one-horse*, we were certainly not a one-baby concern."

Our district has ever been celebrated for its choice flowers and elegant bouquets. Several gentlemen have proved that our blackberries and pears are likely to become as renowned as our time-honored pippin, and now we may add with truth that our babies are as "plenty as blackberries," and quite as worthy of notice.

We have large babies and small babies; light babies and dark babies; quiet babies and noisy babies; boy babies and girl babies—all sorts of babies, except ugly babies and cross babies—fortunately all our babies are good and handsome!

As we poor, childless wives meekly go from house to house, we learn that each new baby that is presented for our inspection, is heavier, prettier, more forward and more excellent than any other mother's baby. "Mrs. Slouch's baby is a nice little creature, but so small!" "Mrs. Slim's baby is a cunning fellow, but what a head!" "The Tumble Bug's babies are always dumpy, and the new one has such *stray* (not starry) eyes." "Mrs. Flinder's baby is a darling little girl; but did you see its nose? Whereas this baby—that is, the baby we are holding in our awkward, unaccustomed arms—is just the dearest, loviest, cunningest little creature that ever was born! We stifle down a rebellious sigh, as we think of our own quiet home, where cradle cares and cradle joys never intrude; where no gentle baby breathings ever freight the air with sweet anxieties; where no baby's soft murmur of satisfied content or helpless complaining is ever to break the unnatural still of a childless home. We look on this mother's baby, and our yearning becomes a prayer for faith to know that "God doeth all things well!"

What a fine thing it is that each mother thinks so well of her baby. We cannot help smiling at this over admiration which sees no defect in the little soft "bundle of pink flesh" and white cambric. We listen at the pretty lady, duly arrayed in an elegant *deshabille*, recounts the peculiar excellencies of her new treasure, and we can see nothing more beautiful and interesting than the happy smile of content with which, as the nurse hands out the baby, the convalescent turns back the blanket and discloses the little face and tiny arms. What if the mother's eyes were not so enchanted; what would become of all the unlovely babies? what would be the fate of those unsightly little monsters that are born in this troublous world? It is a delightful weakness, this inordinate affection—we will not degrade it by the name of an instinct, but allow it the noble one of affectionate judgment. The generality of mankind may take comfort in the thought that, however unloved and unappreciated they may have been, each one was, for a time, at least, and to one person, the most attractive, the most interesting, and the most important of the human race.—Beautiful manifestation of a glorious nature is this instinct of maternal love! From the highest to the lowest order of creature, fervently may we bless God for such a transcendent gift. No elevation of rank, no degradation of sin, can extinguish the spark; and though it may be perverted or exaggerated, still there is ever in its partiality, patience, self-denial, and self-forgetfulness, a holy beauty that must compel respect. "The child once a part of the mother," brings with it blessing and love, and is an angel minister to evoke memories of lost innocence and a tender Father's forbearing patience.

Alas, alas! these little missionaries are not always successful; and though sent for our good, too often fall into the evil ways of those they came to make better. Well, well, we will not moralize; bachelor's wives and old maid's children are proverbial, so we will keep our thoughts to ourselves, and will not fail, as we go from house to house, to note the peculiar charms of each baby, and endeavor, like a good bearer of sermons, to pick out beauty and truth from the most unpromising subjects. We will not glance at the old baby, or at the boy who was once "*the*" baby, and wonder if the present incumbent will grow up to be a like nuisance. We will not, in imagination, picture the wakeful nights, the shrivering papa, or, worse, the dead sleeper of a papa, the baby disease, the trouble, the expense, the hundred new cares entailed by this little morsel of humanity. Our hearts shall go out to that rejoicing mother's heart, and we will agree that it is just the nicest and best thing in the world to possess a baby.

☞ A merchant of a certain city, who died suddenly, left in his desk a letter to one of his correspondents. His sagacious clerk, a son of Erin, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom: Since writing the above I have died."

☞ An Irishman being asked, on a late trial, for a certificate of his marriage, took his hat off and exhibited a huge scar, which looked as though it had been made with a fire shovel. The evidence was satisfactory.

☞ Why is a chicken sitting on a fence like a cent? Ans.—The head is on one side and the tail on the other.

LADIES' LUGGAGE.

How happy is the single life
Of all those priests and monks!
Not one of whom has got a wife
To bother him with trunks
And bandboxes, a load too great
For man or horse to bear,
Which railways charge for, over-weight,
And cabs ask double fare.

Foll care, as with your bride you post,
Distracts your anxious mind,
Lest this portmanteau should be lost,
Or that be left behind;
Her baggage as you travel down
Life's hill, weighs more and more,
And still, as balder grows your crown,
Becomes a greater bore.

Outstretched by Fashion vile and vain,
Hoop-petticoats, and vests,
Now British females, to contain,
Require no end of chests,
To which bags, baskets, bundles, add,
Too numerous to name,
Enough to drive a poor man mad,
A Job with rage inflame.

The cab keeps swaying o'er your head,
With luggage piled above,
Of overturn you ride in dread,
With her whom you should love;
Then you, the station when you gain,
Must see that lumber stowed,
And fears about it in the train,
Your heart and soul corrode.

Thus does your wife each journey spoil
Of yours that she partakes,
Thus keeps you on the fret and broil,
Your peace and comfort breaks.
With all these boxes, all her things,
(How many!) to inclose,
The fair Encumbrance on you brings,
A wagon-load of woes. *Punch.*

How to Keep Men at Home.

Experience is a dear and often a sad school, as exemplified in the following remarks, furnished by a correspondent of an exchange paper. Hear him for his cause, and drop a tear of pity. He says; "There would be fewer wretched marriages, fewer dissipated, degraded men, if women were taught to feel the angel duty which develops on them, to keep the wandering steps of those who are tempted so much more than they, in the paths of virtue and peace—to make them feel that in the busy world is noise and confusion—that at home is order and repose—that their "eyes look brighter" when they come—that the smile of welcome is ever ready to receive them—the work, the books are ever ready to be laid aside to minister to the husband's pleasure—they would find amusement then at home, not strive to seek it elsewhere. And not alone to the higher classes of society should this be taught—it should be a lesson instilled into the minds of all—high and low, rich and poor. Fewer heart broken wives, weeping and scolding would stand waiting at the doors of public houses, to lead the unsteady steps of their drunken husbands home, if that home had a room as cheerful, a fire as bright, a welcome as ready and cordial as the tap room they frequent. Duty has seldom so strong a hold on men as women; they cannot, will not for duty's sake, remain in a dull, tedious or ill managed, quarrelsome *home*, but leave it to seek elsewhere the comfort and amusement which fails them there; and when riot and revelry have done their work, the wives and sisters, who have done as little to make them otherwise, are pitied for their bad husbands and brothers."

From the Paris Correspondent of the N. Y. Express.

Parisian Scandal and Crime.

Scarcely have the excitement and public curiosity, in Paris, incident to the Chereau abduction trial and acquittal, commenced to die away, when another case, far more dark and tragical in its nature, suddenly fills the blank and leaves the widest room for gossip and scandal. In this affair, also, a young and lovely female stands in the foreground, with a widowed mother, who has endeavored, by the commission of a terrible crime, to conceal from the world her daughter's wrongs; an infant, not sought to be brought into the world, as in the Chereau case, but hurried out of it the instant the little creature has crossed the threshold of existence.

In this more recent occurrence is presented the spectacle of a high born and elegantly educated young lady, contracting a culpable connection with her mother's coachman—and of that mother, in her desire to conceal the stain upon her child's name, strangling the new born babe, and destroying by fire the last vestige of its existence! These horrible events have happened near the city of Tours, the capital of one of the loveliest provinces of France. The name of the principal actress is Madame Lemoine de Chinon, and Mademoiselle Angelina de Chinon is the appellation of the young girl. Madame de Chinon has hitherto occupied a high social position, and was in the enjoyment of a handsome fortune.

Angelina, her daughter, is not yet eighteen years of age, has been brought up elegantly and aristocratically, is described as very beautiful. Her betrayer managed that Madame should be let into the secret—having nothing to fear from the resentment of a father or avenging brothers, there being neither—and then offered to make amends by wedding the fair Angelina. Such a marriage would not have caused much less scandal than the proof of the young girl's error. This Madame Chinon knew, and indignantly rejected the man's proposal, but was so imprudent as to turn him out of the house.

He told the story and boasted of the part he had played. The aristocratic lady pretended to treat with disdain the reports which soon reached her ears, and hereupon the executioner grew bolder and hinted at the murder of Angelina's infant. For these "slanders," officious friends of the Chinon family caused him to be arrested, and Madame de C., was called on to prosecute. She consented; but when informed that a refutation must be corroborated by medical proof, the miserable woman threw off all disguise, and avowed what could no longer be concealed.

She claimed, however, that she had committed no murder, but merely sought to remove the evidences of error. The same counsel, Mr. Lachand, who, in the face of most positive evidence, procured the acquittal in the Chereau case, is engaged for her, and the trial is looked for with the intensest interest.

☞ Felix McCarthy, of the Kerry militia, was generally late on parade. "Ah, Felix," said the sergeant, 'you are always last.'—"Be aisy, Sergeant Sullivan," was his reply, "sure some one must be last."

☞ An Ohio editor recently took a contemporary to task for copying the choice scraps from his editorial column and not giving him credit for them. The contemporary replied by saying he did not do a credit business.

☞ 'Don't you think, wife, that tobacco-smoke would kill the mosquitoes in our room?' 'It might; but it would kill me first.'

General Jackson's Duel with Col. Dickinson.

From Parton's Life of Andrew Jackson, lately issued by Mason Brothers, of New York, we extract the following account of his duel with Dickinson. Dickinson was quite a young man, of acknowledged courage, in good pecuniary circumstances, and left a lovely and highly educated wife, and several small children. Jackson's second in the duel was Gen. Overton, who was then, and had always been, a strong personal and political friend, Mr. Parton says;

Dickinson's second won the choice of position, and Jackson's the office of giving the word. The astute Overton considered this giving of the word a matter of great importance, and he had already determined *how* he would give it, if the lot fell to him. The eight paces were measured off, and the men placed. Both were perfectly collected. All the politeness of such occasions was very strictly and elegantly performed. Jackson was dressed in a loose frock coat, buttoned carelessly over his chest, and concealing in some degree the extreme slenderness of his figure. Dickinson was the younger and handsomer man of the two. But Jackson's tall, erect figure, and the still intensity of his demeanor, it is said, gave him a most superior and commanding air, as he stood under the tall poplars on this bright May morning, silently waiting the moment of doom.

"Are you ready?" said Overton.

"I am ready," replied Dickinson.

"I am ready," said Jackson.

The words were no sooner pronounced than Overton, with a sudden shout, cried, using his old country pronunciation, "FERE!"

Dickinson raised his pistol quickly and fired. Overton, who was looking with anxiety and dread at Jackson, saw a puff of dust fly from the breast of his coat, and saw him raise his left arm and place it tightly across his chest. He is surely hit, thought Overton, and in a bad place, too; but no; he does not fall. Erect and grim as fate he stood, his teeth clenched, raising his pistol. Overton glanced at Dickinson. Amazed at the unwonted failure of his aim, and apparently appalled at the awful figure and face before him, Dickinson had unconsciously recoiled a pace or two.

"Great God!" he faltered, "have I missed him?"

"Back to the MARK, sir!" shrieked Overton, with his hand upon his pistol.

Dickinson recovered his composure, stepped forward to the peg, and stood with his eyes averted from his antagonist. All this was the work of a moment, though it requires many words to tell it.

General Jackson took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger. The pistol neither snapped nor went off. He looked at the trigger, and discovered that it had stopped at half-cock. He drew it back to its place, and took aim a second time. He fired. Dickinson's face blanched; he reeled; his friends rushed toward him, caught him in their arms, and gently seated him on the ground, leaning against a bush. His trowsers reddened. They stripped off his clothes. The blood was gushing from his side in a torrent. And, alas! here is a ball, not near the wound, but above the *opposite* hip, just under the skin. The ball had passed through the body, below the ribs. Such a wound could not but be fatal.

Overton went forward and learned the condition of the wounded man. Rejoining his principal, he said:

"He won't want anything more of you, General!" and conducted him from the ground.

They had gone a hundred yards, Overton walking on one side of Jackson, the surgeon on the other, and neither speaking a word, when the surgeon observed that one of Jackson's shoes was full of blood,

"My God! General Jackson, are you hit?" he exclaimed, pointing to the blood,

"Oh! I believe," replied Jackson, "that he has pinked me a little. Let's look at it. But say nothing about it *there*, pointing to the house,

He opened his coat. Dickinson's aim had been perfect. He had sent the ball precisely where he supposed Jackson's heart was beating. But the thinness of his body, and the looseness of his coat combining to deceive Dickinson the ball had only broken a rib or two, and raked the breast bone. It was a somewhat painful, bad-looking wound, but neither severe nor dangerous, and he was able to ride to the tavern without much inconvenience. Upon approaching the house, he went up to one of the negro women who was churning, and asked her if the butter had come. She said it was just coming. He asked her for some buttermilk. While she was getting it for him she observed him furtively open his coat and look within it. She saw that his shirt was soaked with blood, and she stood gazing in blank horror at the sight, dipper in hand. He caught her eye, and hastily buttoned his coat again. She dipped out a quart measure full of buttermilk, and gave it to him. He drank it off at a draught, then went in, took off his coat, and had his wound carefully examined and dressed. That done, he despatched one of his retinue to Dr. Catlett, to inquire respecting the condition of Dickinson, and to say that the surgeon attending himself would be glad to contribute his aid towards Mr. Dickinson's relief. Polite reply was returned that Mr. Dickinson's case was past surgery. In the course of the day, General Jackson sent a bottle of wine to Dr. Catlett, for the use of his patient.

But there was one gratification which Jackson could not, even in such circumstances, grant him. A very old friend of General Jackson writes to me thus:

"Although the General had been wounded, he did not desire it should be known until he had left the neighborhood, and had therefore concealed it at first from his own friends. His reason for this, as he once stated to me, was, that as Dickinson considered himself the best shot in the world, and was certain of killing him at the first fire, *he did not want him to have the gratification even of knowing that he had touched him.*"

How Colds Should be Treated.

Dr. Hall's *Journal of Health* says that there are three things which every man should do the moment he is satisfied that he has taken cold: 1st, eat nothing; 2d, go to bed and cover up warm, in a warm room; 3d, drink as much cold water as he can or as he wants, or as much hot orb tea as he can; and thus using himself, in three cases out of four, the subject will be cured in thirty-six hours. On the contrary, if he allows his cold to go two days unmolested, he can swallow nothing that will affect it in the least; and the cold with such a start, will run its course of about a fortnight, and whatever is swallowed then by way of physic, is a useless hindrance. It is a mischievous though somewhat popular fallacy, "feed a cold and starve a fever."—Feeding the cold is feeding a fever; a cold always brings on fever, and never begins to get well until the fever subsides; and every mouthful swallowed is so much fuel to sustain the fires of fever. It is indeed fortunate that as soon as the cold is fairly seated nature allows no appetite; otherwise the most common cold might be followed by very serious results, and unless upon a very sturdy constitution would almost prove fatal.

☞ A recent estimate fixes the number of houses in New York city at fifty-six thousand one hundred and four.

SNOW.

Whirling, curling down to the ground,
The snow flakes comes with noiseless tread;
Dressing in white the withered flowers,
Forming a curtain in summer bowers,
And a covering for the dead.
Dancing along in frolicsome glee,
Kissing the boughs of the leafless tree,
Pressing his lips to the window pane,
In at the door and out again;
Bedecking the earth in a winding sheet,
As it skips along with its downy feet,
Skimming the air in eddies wild,
Crowning the head of the fair-haired child,
With a crystal wreath of snowy spray,
That sparkles awhile, then melts away.
Hither and thither, a fairy fleet,
Sailing down on the frozen street,
Dashing along o'er the dreary moor,
Chilling the hearts of the wretched poor.
Borne on the breath of the winter blast,
A feathery throng, it hurries past;
Caressing the brow of the lovely hill,
Hushing the song of the laughing rill—
It comes to the earth a fairy thing,
Turning to TEARS at the voice of Spring.

Washington's Appointment as Commander.

On Thursday, the 15th of June, two days before the Battle of Bunker Hill, George Washington was chosen Commander-in-Chief of "all the continental forces raised, or to be raised, for the defence of American liberty." The appointment was officially announced to him on the following day, and modestly accepted; and on the 18th he wrote a touching letter to his wife on the subject, telling her he must depart immediately for the camp; begging her to summon all her fortitude, and to pass her time as agreeably as possible; and expressing a firm reliance upon that Providence which had ever been bountiful not him, no doubting that he should return safe to her in the fall.—*But he did not so return.* Darker and darker grew the clouds of war; and, during more than seven years, Washington visited his pleasant home upon the Potomac but once, and then only for three days and three nights. Mrs. Washington spent the winter in camp with her husband; and many are the traditions concerning her beauty, gentleness, simplicity, and industry, which yet linger around the winter quarters of the venerated Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the Revolution. For many long years she was remembered with affection by the dwellers at Cambridge, Morristown, Valley Forge, Newburgh and New Windsor. When, on each returning spring, she departed for her home on the Potomac, the blessings of thousands—soldiers and citizens—went with her, for she was truly loved by all.—*Mount Vernon and its Associations.*

General Jackson, his Valor when a Boy.

The following incident of the boyhood of Gen. Jackson, is copied from Parton's Life of Jackson. It occurred during the partizan war in the Waxhaws:

In that fierce, Scotch-Indian warfare, the absence of a father from home was often a better protection to his family than his presence, because his presence invited attack. The main object of both parties was to kill the fighting men, and to avenge the slaying of partizans. The house of the quiet hero, Hicks, for example, was safe until it was noised about among the tories that Hicks was at home. And thus it came to pass, that when a whig soldier of any note desired to spend a night with his family, his neighbors were accustomed to turn out and serve as a guard to his house while he slept. Behold Robert and Andrew Jackson, with six others, thus employed one night in the Spring of 1781, at the domicil of a neighbor, Captain Sands. The guard on this occasion was more a friendly tribute to an active partizan than a service considered necessary to his safety. In short, the night was not far advanced, before the whole party were snugly housed and stretched upon the floor, all sound asleep, except one, a British deserter, who was restless, and dozed at intervals.

Danger was near. A band of tories, bent on taking the life of Capt. Sands, approached the house, in two divisions; one party moving towards the front door, the other towards the back. The wakeful soldier, hearing a suspicious noise, rose, went out of doors to learn its cause, and saw the foe stealthily nearing the house. He ran in terror, and seizing Andrew Jackson, who lay next the door, by the hair, and exclaimed:

"The Tories are upon us!"

Andrew sprang up and ran out. Seeing a body of men in the distance, he placed the end of his gun in the low fork of a tree near the door, and hailed them. No reply. He hailed them a second time. No reply. They quickened their pace, and had come within a few rods of the door. By this time, too, the guard in the house had been roused, and were gathered in a group behind the boy. Andrew discharged his musket, upon which the tories fired a volley, which killed the hapless deserter who had given the alarm. The other party of tories, who were approaching the house from the other side, hearing this discharge, and the rush of bullets above their heads, supposed that the firing issued from a party that had issued from the house. *They* now fired a volley, which sent a shower of balls whistling about the heads of their friends on the other side.

Both parties hesitated, and then halted. Andrew having thus, by his single discharge, puzzled and stopped the enemy, retired to the house, where he and his comrades kept up a brisk fire from the windows. One of the guard fell mortally wounded by his side, and another received a wound less severe. In the midst of this singular contest, a bugle was heard some distance off, sounding the cavalry charge; whereupon the tories concluding that they had come upon an ambush of whigs, and were about to be assailed by horse and foot, fled to where they had left their horses, mounted, dashed pell-mell into the woods, and were seen no more. It appeared afterward that the bugle-charge was sounded by a neighbor, who, judging from the noise of muskotry that Capt. Sands was attacked, and having not a single man with him in his house, gave the blast upon the trumpet, thinking that even a trick so stale, aided by the darkness of the night, might have some effect in alarming the assailants.

☞ "Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed old Mrs. Beeswax. "What will the impertinence of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might just as reasonably toll me that the man had six heads in his hat.

☞ A young lady was asked to join a division of the Daughters of Temperance. She replied: "It is unnecessary, as it is my intention to join one of the Sons soon."

☞ Riches may unable us to confer favors, but riches cannot give us the power to confer them with propriety and grace; even trifles may be so bestowed as to cause to be trifles.

☞ One of our exchanges advertises for two compositors, "who don't get drunk," and adds that "the editor does all the getting drunk necessary to support the dignity of the establishment."

Gods and Ends.

☞ Remember the poor.

☞ Fair dealing is the bond and cement of society.

☞ Gray hairs, like honest friends, are often cast from us for telling unpleasant truths.

☞ Extraordinary offers from strangers should always be viewed with suspicion.

☞ Be careful about sending money to parties whom you do not know.

☞ The phrase *E pluribus unum* is Latin, and means, literally, "From many, one."

☞ We wind up clocks to keep them running, and banks to stop their running.

☞ Rough language is bad in youths when used by old people, it is bad-in-age.

☞ It should be remembered that a bare assertion is not necessarily the naked truth.

☞ If you want a man to do fair work for you, be sure that you give him fair play.

☞ We suppose that a man who never speaks may be said always to keep his word.

☞ It is a shame, if any person poorer than you is more contented than you.

☞ Fools are rulled by their humor; but wise men by their interest.

☞ A benevolent physician considers the poor his best patients, for God is the paymaster.

☞ Always be quite as careful, in your business transactions, of taking credit as of giving it,

☞ If you want a sinking fund, throw your money into the river—or invest it in lottery tickets.

☞ One of the readiest ways of contracting loose habits, is to put a belt around your dressing-gown.

☞ The class of people that a newspaper proprietor prefers having as customers, are the earliest settlers.

☞ Many a sweetly-fashioned mouth has been disfigured and made hideous by the fiery tongue within it.

☞ If a small man wants a pleasant sail through the atmosphere, let him go out in a stiff breeze with a big umbrella.

☞ Ladies, if your husbands are obstinately deaf when you are talking to them, try a little *palm*-oil upon their ears.

☞ Young ladies should remember that oranges are not very apt to be prized after being "squeezed" a number of times.

☞ Many institutions are improperly called *semi*-naries, for they do not half teach anything.

☞ There are some points of contest, which it is better to lose by arbitration than to win by law.

☞ Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much; Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

☞ A man will generally give you his advice without charge, but you will often be cheated if you take it.

☞ Solomon says that the tongue is not easily bridled. But it is easily bit—though he doesn't say so.

☞ In seeming opposition to the natural course of things, some men rise by their gravity, and others sink by their levity.

☞ "Don't you mean to marry, my dear sir?" "No, my dear widow, I'd rather lose all the ribs I've got than take another."

☞ It is by no means easy to do one's best in speaking or writing; the thought that costs little is seldom worth more than it costs.

☞ To act upon a determination made in anger, is like embarking in a vessel during a storm.

☞ Scrutinize a lawyer closely when he advises you to avoid litigation, and a doctor when he drinks your health.

☞ What winds does a hungry sailor like best? One that blows *fast*, then *chops*, and then comes in *little puffs*.

☞ Rousseau read to Voltaire his Ode to Postority, "I fear," rejoined Voltaire, "it will never reach its address!"

☞ Mayheer Drinkecoff makes a distinction thus: "Too much whisky is too much, but too much lager-beer is shoost right."

☞ The richest man on earth is but a pauper, fed and clothed by the bounty of heaven.

☞ "Union is not always strength," as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing his rum with water.

☞ Four things come not back; the broken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

☞ A philosopher, being asked what was the first thing necessary towards winning the love of a woman, answered, "An opportunity."

☞ All men who do anything must endure a depreciation of their efforts. It is the dirt which their chariot-wheels throw up.

☞ A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

☞ The man who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

☞ In this country, wealth shifts from point to point with such rapidity, that, in one or two generations, the hills sink and the valleys rise.

☞ Cruel men are the greatest lovers of mercy; avaricious men of generosity; and proud men of humility—in everybody but themselves.

☞ Cuvier describes a fish that is flat half the year, and round the other half. It is'nt like Dickens new periodical "*All the Year Round.*"

☞ Such mental viands as are proper and wholesome for children should be seasoned with sugar, and such as are dangerous to them with gall.

☞ In making an estimate of a man or woman, don't take the dress into consideration. 'Tis the value of the blade that you inquire into, not of the scabbard.

☞ It has been ascertained that there is a "northwest passage" around this continent; but it is so blocked up with ice that probably it can never be turned to any practical account.

☞ The price of the finest Flanders lace is about ten times its weight in gold. An inexperienced male eye cannot tell it from the imitation, which costs but little more than its weight in lead.