American Volunteer.

"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT, RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

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Poetical.

"COME INTO THE GARDEN MAUD."

BY TENNYSON.

Come into the Garden, Maud,
For the black-bat night has flown,
Come into the Garden, Maud,
I'm here at the gate alone.
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown,
For a breeze of the morning moves,
And the plant of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in the light and die,
Come! Come!

Queen of the rosebud, garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In the gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen, lily and rose in one,
Shine out, little head running over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun,
She is coming, my own, my sweet,
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed,
Come, my own, my sweet!
Maud! Maud! Come!
I'm here at the gate alone.

Miscellaneous.

The Fatal Duel.

A TALE OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

FOUNDED ON FACT,

"Madman! you surely have not accepted the challenge of this barbarian?"

"I was not mad enough to refuse it," was the reply.

"Charles! Charles!" said Frank," think of your—think of Adele."

"Adele would scorn me were I branded as a coward," replied Charles; and though my dear mother's heart will bleed when the cold corpse of her only child is brought home to her, the consciousness that he has not dishonored the name he bore, will console her and heal her wounded spirit."

"You always despised the character of a duellist," urged the kind-hearted Frank.

"Never more than I do at this moment," said Charles. "I have not sought this rencontre. Frank, it has been forced upon me. You know I have shunned this Morton as I would a pestilence; I have avoided him as if a venomous serpent stood in my path. Were I to decline this challenge, the bones of my buried forefathers would shrink from me in the grave."

Frank whispered with tearful eyes, "Adele, oh, my poor sister!"

"Do not make a coward of me, Frank," said his friend; "rather strive to nerve me for the trial I must meet to-morrow."

"To-morrow! So soon? Oh, not to-morrow!" exclaimed Frank.

"Ay, to-morrow, at noon; the sooner it is over the better," said Charles, mournfully.

He then produced two miniatures of himself, one for his mother, the other for Adele.

"I did intend to present them myself on my birthday," he added, with a sigh; "but alas, I shall not be here then. Will you be my representative?"

Frank took the miniature, but could scarcely find words to assure his unfortunate friend he might depend on his executing the commission faithfully.

"Mr. Morton has named Dr. Edwards as his friend," said Charles; "of course you will be mine."

Frank pressed the hand Charles extended to him, but his heart was too full for words.

"Our fathers," continued Charles, "faced death at the cannon's mouth, would you have me fear to meet a single bullet? I cannot trust myself to write to my mother, or my dear Adele; it would unman me; you must be my messenger; say to them all I would, if possible. It is now too late,—we will retire to rest; it will be my last sleep, until I sleep forever."

The young men then parted for the night. Frank could not sleep; he was too wretched to close his eyes that night. Before Charles lay his head on his pillow for the last time, he humbly addressed a solemn and fervent prayer to the throne of grace for pardon for the step he was about to take. Earnestly did he pray for consolation for those beloved beings it was his unhappy fate to plunge in certain misery. With heartfelt fervor did he entreat that, though doomed to part forever in this world, he might be permitted to join them once more in the world to come. Then, with the consciousness that he was acting as a man and a gentleman, he composed his weary spirit, and slept much better than any one could expect under the present difficulties. We will now draw the foregoing scene:

The young men were both students in the same [illegible] they had been friends from childhood [illegible] were both intended for the bar. Charles was in his twenty-first year. From a boy he had been most fondly attached to the sister of his friend. He had long looked anxiously forward to the time when he should be able to commence the practice of law, as the period when he could claim the lovely Adele for his bride. Both families were wealthy; both descendants of those brave men who fought—bled—died in the cause of freedom. Charles preferred the study of law to the army; and gladly did his fond mother acquiesce in the opinion, that his country needed statesmen now—not soldiers; proudly did she look forward to the times when her son, her only child, should stand foremost in the legislative halls as the honored representative of his native State. Alas! it was not to be.

Some months before the date of our little tale, this Morton made his appearance in the neighborhood of the college. From the first moment he saw Charles Singleton, Morton seemed determined to annoy him. The character of the latter was soon blazed around. He was a notorious duellist; insolent and overbearing to all about him; he was addicted to gaming, and was universally disliked by almost all who knew him.

On one unfortunate evening, a ball had been given in the county court-house to welcome the time-honored Lafayette to the country in whose cause he had fought so gallantly in his youth.

The very flowers of Virginia's beauty and chivalry were present. All was mirth and happiness. Every heart beat joyfully to the merry sound of the music. Charles was promenading with the beautiful Mary Welford, the affianced bride of his friend, Frank Thornton, when passing by Morton he placed his foot in such a manner as to cause Charles to stumble, and but for the sudden jerk given by his lovely companion, he would have fallen to the ground. Burning with indignation, poor Charles exclaimed:

"Villain! the lady's presence saves you from the chastisement your dastardly conduct merits."

Mary urged Charles to pass on and not heed the ruffian. He complied with her request, but he felt from that moment his doom was sealed.

The following morning Charles received a challenge from Morton. This was no more than he expected. He was sufficiently versed in the code of honor, as it is termed, to be aware the choice of weapons fell to his lot. Charles had never fired a pistol in his life, and it was the boast of his antagonest he could snuff a candle at twenty paces without extinguishing the light. Morton knew and exulted in the advantage he had over the brave boy. His exultation was of short duration. When Charles' answer was handed to him, he hastily broke the seal, but turned pale as he perused its contents; then looking towards his friend Edwards, he exclaimed:

"By heavens! this boy has cornered me completely; read that! Is it not a pity to shoot so bold a lad?"

Edwards took the note and read aloud:—Behind the pines in Suffolk county; weapons, rifles; to advance from twenty paces until the muzzle of each rifle shall touch the breast of the antagonist; to fire together at the word; time, noon, Thursday, Sept. 18th."

"Great God! Morton," ejaculated Edwards, "this is certain death to both! You will not meet him on these terms?"

"How can I avoid it?" replied Morton. "This hot-headed youth has caught me in my own snare."

"Explain yourself," said Edwards.

"I did not intend to shoot the boy," Morton observed, with a sigh. "I thought to have a claim on his mother's gratitude, by receiving his random shot, and magnanimously firing my weapon in the air."

An incredulous smile played for a moment around the mouth of Edwards, as he asked:

"Do you, then, know his mother?"

"Do I know her? O, God! how fondly, how madly, have I loved that woman!"

Morton paused for a moment, and then, subduing his agitation, continued.

"In early youth I sought the love of this lady. She was then a beautiful girl of sixteen. She avoided me; repulsed my addresses in a gentle but determined manner. I hoped that time and assiduity would overcome all obstacles. I was absent for a few months, and during that time the father of this boy wooed and won the prize I had so long and vainly coveted. Maddened at the mortification I endured, I vowed eternal vengeance. Singleton was a lieutenant in the army; highly respected by his officers, worshipped by his soldiers; his country claimed most of his time. I had no opportunity to put my fearful vow into execution. Years passed, Singleton rose rapidly in his profession; he was now a Colonel. We never met; but everywhere I could hear of Colonel Singleton's beautiful wife. At last the news came that the colonel had fallen in battle. O! how my heart leaped with joy! Fanny, my adorable Fanny, was a widow—was free! I determined, as soon as decency would permit, to renew my addresses. Twelve long, long months passed. The bereaved widow had never been seen except at church, or in the grounds around her own mansion. At last accompanied by her son, then a child, she would sometimes ride out. I heard the boy had been sick. She went abroad to restore her darling to health. Her husband had been food for the worms now two years. Anxious to know my fate, I wrote to Fanny, requesting an interview. She coolly declined the honor of my visit. Nothing daunted, I wrote and wrote again. At length my letters were returned, unopened, with a request to be troubled no more. I cursed the folly that had led me to humble myself to the haughty dame. If I was galled before, I was now stung to the heart's core. I left my native land; for ten years I sought amusement in foreign travel. When I returned, some months ago, fate—accursed fate—brought me in the neighborhood of the college where this boy was completing his studies. All tongues were loud in his praise, his virtues, his gentleness; in short, he was the constant theme of conversation. I hated him; for his mother lavished that love on him I had so long sought in vain. We met, sometimes, in company, but it was impossible not to perceive that he most industriously shunned all intercourse with me, and, with cool politeness, repelled all endeavors on my part to be friends. On the night of the fatal ball I know not what foul devil prompted me to insult him. His fearless and determined manner, before the lovely girl who hung on his arm, made me feel as contemptible as I know I must appear in her eyes. I hastened home, wrote a laconic challenge, which produced that equally laconic reply."

Edwards listened attentively to Morton's tale of his early love; but, while he pitied his disappointed and unrequitted passion, despised the steps he had taken to obtain revenge.

After a few moments' silence Edwards observed:

"Perhaps Charles Singleton may withdraw himself from this mad arrangement, which must prove certain death to both parties," Morton answered:

"You do not know the boy. As soon might you expect the roaring cataract to retrace its foaming up the rugged rocks from which it dashes, as that brave youth to recede from any step when he feels assured that he is right."

"Allow me, then, to settle this difficulty amicably, if you do not wish to take his life," said Edwards quickly, eager to catch at any plea to stop this horrid duel.

"What! to be posted for a coward—a poltroon—through the whole State of Virginia? Never!" replied the duellist, "never! Would not all the world say, if he had fought with pistols, I should not have shunned the encounter? I know he is totally unskilled in the use of fire-arms; of course he had but a poor chance to hit me. My object was to humble his mother's proud soul, when she should be told she was indebted to the man she spurned for the life of her much loved son. This Hotspur has signed the death-warrant of us both."

"For God's sake let me appeal to his mother to put a stop to this duel? I will make it appear the act is entirely unknown to you—will that satisfy your revengeful heart?"

"And make her hate me worse than ever," returned Morton, with a bitter smile.

"It cannot be; all remonstrance is in vain; it is too late to retract now.

With a heavy heart, the Doctor took his leave to meet the following day to attend his friend to the scene of certain death.

Thursday morning dawned as calm and bright as though no deed of death was contemplated. Before the appointed hour both parties were on the spot.

Morton was pale and agitated; over and over again did Dr. Edwards urge him to desist before it was too late.

His only reply was, "I dare not; I, who have faced death so often, am doomed to meet it at last from the hands of one I ought to love as my own child, for he is the offspring of her for whom I would willingly sacrifice ten thousand lives."

"I cannot fight against fate; my doom is sealed."

On the other side, poor Frank, with tearful eyes and almost bursting heart, entreated Charles to let him adjust the matter, and not be the death of his dear mother and his loved Adele.

"Name not those dear objects to me now," said Charles, "it will unman me; tell them my last prayer—my last thought was for them—bid them pray for me when I am gone."

Then turning with a bright smile towards his adversary, he inquired of Frank if the hour was nigh?

Previous to taking their ground, Edwards once more appealed to Morton—once more endeavored to melt the hard heart of that revengeful man,

"Look at him, Morton, look at him; have you the heart to be the death of that beautiful, that dauntless boy?"

"I dare not look at him," cried Morton; "he is too like his mother; if I see her image reflected in her child, it will make a coward of me; urge me no more, the die is cast for us both."

In a few minutes, the seconds on either side made the requisite arrangements, the opponents took their respective places; Charles with a firm step, but flushed cheek. Morton, pale, tottering, with his eyes averted from the object of his vengeance.

The word was given—they advanced, and as each rifle touched the breast of his antagonist, they simultaneously fired. Charles—the noble, whole-souled Charles, fell dead instantly, the ball had pierced his heart.

Morton uttered one shriek—one fearful yell, and then expired.

The friends of these unfortunate beings who had been hurried out of existence, jointly expressed their regret at the result of this encounter, and as they departed, bearing with them the remains of mistaken vengeance, determined never again to join in any affray of honor.

Edwards had, comparatively speaking, an easy task to perform. Morton directed in his will that his body should be placed in the burial ground of his ancestors, in Dinwiddie county, as he had no near relatives; none grieved at his untimely death particularly as his wealth consisting of a cotton plantation and slaves; he requested should be equally divided between the two beings he had most injured, namely, the mother, and affianced bride of his victim.

On poor Frank, the affectionate, the tender-hearted Frank, devolved a duty as distressing to him, as it was to those to whom it was his lot to disclose the adventure of that fatal day.

When the dead body of her darling son was borne to the dwelling of his widowed parent, her heart bled with anguish.

No one but Dr. Edwards and herself could surmise why Morton bore such a deadly animosity to her amiable and much respected son. Deeper, far deeper, was the wound Mrs. Singleton endured from the certain conviction that Charles had fallen a victim to the malice Morton felt towards her. As the grave closed over his remains, she felt as if the whole world was centred in the coffin that held the ashes of her only child.

We will now turn to Adele—the tender, timid Adele. She had looked forward to the approaching vacation with delight. Charles would come home with her brother Frank.—Their plantations joined; she would see her loved Charles every day until he should go to the city to commence the study of law. Oh, how fondly, how anxiously did that young girl wish for that vacation.

When the news reached her that he was dead—shot—we may almost say murdered—she fell as lifeless as the body of him she mourned. Days, weeks, months passed—that beautiful, that innocent being was a raving maniac, with brain fever; and when reason once more dawned on her so long benighted soul, it was only to renew her sorrows; she seemed as if awakening from a long slumber. One by one she inquired every circumstance of Charle's death. Daily, hourly did she view the little miniature—his last, his dying gift. As she kissed the senseless ivory, she would gently whisper, "I shall soon be with you dear, dear Charles,"

Truly did she surmise her stay on earth was but for a short duration. As the fever left her fragile frame, she sank into a deep decline, from which no art of medicine could save her. She faded daily, and as the anniversary of Charles death drew nigh, her physicians requested no allusion whatever might be made to renew her grief, as any agitation might prove fatal.

About noon on the 18th—the unfortunate, the fatal 18th of September—Adele requested to be assisted to the window to enjoy the fresh air. The day was serene and beautiful.—The foliage was just beginning to change in the neighboring forest, and poor Adele noticed to Mrs. Singleton, who was watching beside her:

"The leaves are falling again; I shall soon fall too. This is the anniversary of our dear Charle's murder; have you forgotton it?"

Then taking her miniature from her bosom, she kissed it over and over again, and, turning to her weeping mother, said:

"Promise to lay me in the same grave with Charles, will you?"

Sobs were the only answer she received.—She then continued:

"It is near now soon, I come, dear Charles—I come."

She bent her head over his image, as though to press it to her lips; but, alas, that gentle spirit had fled forever. Adele was dead!

According to her dying request, she was laid in the grave beside him whom she had loved so fondly through life. Not a dry eye followed that sweet girl to the tomb; and many, very many were the execrations that were uttered by the assembled slaves on the bad white man who murdered their young master and mistress.

The wealth bequathed by Morton to Mrs. Singleton and Adele was scornfully rejected by both. Dr. Edwards, as the most intimate friend of Mr. Morton, was requested to seek out the lawful heirs, and restore their property, which he most honorably did,

Ere another year had waned, the heart-broken mother was laid in the grave of her murdered son. Thus three amiable beings were hurried out of existence; the victims of a bad man's revenge.

From the New Orleans "True Delta."

THE LITTLE CHURCH AT THE SOUND.

BY MISS C. WINGATE.

It seems but a little while since Christmas garlands hung fresh and green upon the walls of our city churches, and yet the solemn season of Lent, which stripped off even their crisp and faded remnants, is itself half gone. And now, while we inhale the "spicy breath of spring," which has stolen upon us almost unawares, and crush with our daily tread the milk-white blossoms which fall from the orange trees, my thoughts revert to another church that knows no decorations save those which spring bestows—no other garlands than those which summer, with lavish fingers, hangs about it. No brilliant coloring, from stained glass windows, falls upon its altar, or its aisles, but golden sunbeams stream in through the foliage which surrounds it, till the bare floor and cushionless benches are mottled over with ever-changing radiance. And scarce has the gorgeous gilding of day grown pale, ere the softer moonlight repeats, in silvery meshes, the mystic figures.

One little glimpse you can catch as you approach a turn in the road which leads to it, of something white you know not what. It may be but the early bay-blossom—for the air is rich with its sweet perfume; or the gleam of some placid lake, just seen, then lost again—for woodland deceptions are familiar to you who have seen how the startling outlines of some giant figure melt away, as you near the gnarled and leafless tree which originated them, or some monster of the forest, unfamiliar alike to your experience and your imagination, is merged into the stunted bush that grew apart from its fellows. This time you will not venture to pronounce upon the little speck of white that flecks the landscape before you, but never again can it flash across your eye without quickening your pulse, bringing with it a sense of security in the wilderness, of companionship in the solitude, of hope and of peace—for it is one wee corner of our little church,

Like a snow-white dove it nestles
In among the trees,
Whose every leaf at spring-time rustles
In the passing breeze;
Rustic benches are around it,
Carved with many a name;
Here our fathers sat and rested,
Here we do the same.

Here we sit and hear the ocean
In the distance roar,
See its white waves leaping upwards,
High above the shore;
See the sunlight on the streamlet,
Glittering like a glory,
While old oaks bend o'er to meet it,
Moss-clad they and hoary.

Here a little bridge hath spanned it—
Frail and weak it seemeth;
Often here I love to stand, when
Moonlight o'er it gleameth,
Listening to chirp of katydids
That sing on the young vines,
Letting my fancy wander free,
And picture distant realms.

Musing upon the dead who lie
Asleep within those graves,
Or dreaming o'er those wavelets free,
About old ocean's caves;
Wondering what lovers here have sat,
In sight of church and ocean,
Plighting fond vows, or silently
Entranced in deep emotion

But most I love this spot, when autumn
Storms have swept the grove;
When brown pine tassels strew the forest—
Then I love to rove;
When hicory nuts come dropping near me
With sudden startling sound,
And squirrels dart among the branches
With light and graceful bound;

Or, when the large and heavy rain drops
Have dimpled all the ground,
Or, when the dry and broken twigs
Lie scattered all around;
Ere the wind has ceased to flutter
Mongst the leafless trees,
Playing mad, wild pranks about me
With the fallen leaves,—
Tossing hair, and dress, and apron,
All about with ease,—
Till I draw my mantle close,
And run before the breeze!

Now, in fancy only can I
Wander in the grove,—
See the church, the bridge, the streamlet,—
Every spot I love.
* * * * *
That its image has not faded,
Let this picture prove.

CONGRESSIONAL REFINEMENT.

People living at a distance from the National Metropolis, and reading the report of Congressional proceedings in the papers, do not know precisely how to account for the peculiar deliverances most in fashion in our legislative halls. Their conception of a Congressman is about as far from the reality as a landswan's idea of a whale, and their notion of Congressional dignity and decorum—formed upon abstract principles—would experience a rude shock if they were suddenly transported to the Capitol. They would see in the House of Representatives, for example, a knot of members just outside of the charmed and charming circle, (supposed to include within its boundaries the "first man" of the country,) smoking, and enjoying *otium sine dignitate* in the freest and easiest manner possible. They would see another honorable gentleman stretched at full length on one of the lounges within the hall, trying to catch some short repose, after the debauch of the previous night. If the yeas and nays are called, a friend shakes him up at the proper moment, and he sits upright and drowsily records his vote. If nothing very exciting is transpiring, they will be sure to have a satisfactory view of a very large variety of boots struck up, American fashion, far above that portion of the person supposed to contain the human brain. If they are particularly fortunate, they may happen to see one honorable Representative refreshing himself with alternate bites of Bologna sausage and cracker, and another keeping his throat moist during the delivery of his speech by modest sips of eggnogg gracefully imbibed.

The House being composed of representatives of essentially democratic principles, one would hardly expect to find many specimens of the "air noble" therein, and one would be very apt to meet with disappointment if he did. With some worthy exceptions, the general appearance of the members is not indicative either of high breeding or of gigantic intellect. But whatever may be their outward deportment, the language constantly employed in the House, in the presence of ladies in the galleries, and spread before the world in the reports of proceedings, is such as would be unbecoming if uttered in the lowest grogery in the land. The "retort courteous" has been banished, and members stigmatise each other as liars, thieves and perjurers.

Is there no remedy for this state of affairs, or is no remedy needed? It is the deliberate choice of twenty-five millions of Anglo-Saxons that they should be thus *mis*-represented? Is there some fatal malaria about the House of Representatives that degrades the members of it to the level of—each other? Or do none but underbred men receive the suffrages of our people? There was never a deliberate assembly of Camanches or Pawnees that did not put to shame our National Legislature—at least in assuming an air of dignity.

If such things are the natural outgrowth of our institutions, they are rotten to their core. There was no need for Lord Macaulay to predict the downfall of our Republic, because his was a prophecy after the event. We are verily fallen, if the majority of our Representatives are the types of their constituents; and all our talk about the glorious destiny of our happy land is mere bluster, as contemptible as it is false. The corruption and venality that have been charged upon American politicians are bad enough, and we have good cause to moderate our transports, in view of such charges, whenever they are substantiated; but even dishonesty is compatible with outward decency and with some regard for the amenities of life. Can there not be found in a body of two hundred and fifty men, enough gentlemen to give tone to the body? Cannot one gentleman be found to preside when the House goes into Committee, who will have the requisite sense of propriety, and the requisite moral courage to rebuke behavior that disgraces a nation?

We have no desire to exaggerate the evils of which we speak, and no disposition to magnify trifling faults. But these are no light matters, to be disposed of with a joke, and to be forgotten as soon as laughed at. No American could listen to the strictures upon our National bear-garden, that are common enough in foreign lands, without feeling his cheek burn, and his bosom swell with impotent ire. We tolerate this insolent conduct because we are too indolent to administer the corrective; and the most fatal symptom about the disease is the indifference everywhere manifested. It is not true that these are representative men; it is not true that their total disregard of decorum and good breeding would be endured for one brief moment in any gentleman's parlor. And if it ever becomes true that public opinion in America not only endures, but endorses such wilful and persistent violation of every principle of refinement, we would prefer a life under the constitutional monarchies of England or Prussia to the freest and best institutions that Heaven has ever granted to humanity. How long are we to blush, and to slink away from the question, when our children ask us to define Congressional refinement.

Baltimore American.

JAPANESE VISITORS.

The arrival of the Japanese dignitaries in one of our own national vessels, at a United States port, presents a new phase in the history of that isolated and secluded people. The doctrine of non-intercourse has long been a fundamental principle in Japanese politics, and it has been faithfully carried out. The honor of teaching these semi-barbarians a more liberal policy, and whatever profit may be derived from a more intimate intercourse with them, belong to us, if we improve the opportunity now offered. Our great commercial rival has already managed to get himself into an unfriendly attitude, and by upright dealing and a proper regard for the prejudices and habits of these strangers, we may not only secure a large market for our commodities, but what is far better, exert a salutary influence upon many millions of our race hitherto beyond our reach. If we can do anything to ameliorate the social condition and improve the morals of this people, the first step is to show ourselves worthy of their confidence and regard.

The accounts of the controversy between the authorities of Japan and some English residents or visitors have been very vague and unsatisfactory. Enough was told to show some very sharp practice on the part of the more civilized Islanders, and a genius for speculation that would be hard to match in New England. The value of gold coins in Japan, as established by law, is very far below their actual worth in comparison with coins of a baser metal. The English traders soon discovered the different relative values, and they established a "system of Exchanges" by which enormous profits were made at the expense of the Japanese. The latter was acute enough to suspect all was not right, before all the gold in the Empire had disappeared, and they put an abrupt end to these transactions, and cancelled all contracts in which the payment of gold coin was a condition, There was a protest entered, of course, in regular British form, and some large talk of compelling the Japanese to respect their "treaty stipulations."—The subsequent investigation, however, revealed only one fact; namely: that these English "speculations" were more correctly spelt without the initial letter.

It is unnecessary to bespeak for these visitors a distinguished reception. We have reason to believe that the United States occupies a high placce in the estimation of the Japanese, and this official visit is the first step in an intercourse that will probably become intimate and mutually profitable within a few years. As they will no doubt extend their journeyings in all directions throughout the country, visiting all points of interest, it is but reasonable to presume that a similar privilege will hereafter be granted to Americans in their own islands. It is rather early in the day to predict a future for an Empire of which so little is known. There have been fabulous accounts of gold and silver mines of extraordinary richness existing in some unknown portion of the Empire, and it is possible that the mineral resource of the islands will be developed to the utmost if Yankee ingenuity is allowed to display itself. No country in the world has made greater advances in agriculture, and the importation of improved machinery and farming implements, and of a better breed of farming stock, would be an early result of freer intercourse. If these embassadors take home with them a favorable impression of our country and people we may do more towards advancing their prosperity and elevating them in the scale of nations than we at present imagine. Even supposing that Englishmen enjoy the same freedom of access, the jealousy and distrust they have managed to awaken in Jeddo will be a constant barrier in their way, and our countrymen will be benefited by this instance of British impolicy and impropriety.

☞ Here is a brief, but pointed "essay on man:"

At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;
At thirty, tame, if ever;
At forty, wise, at fifty, rich;
At sixty, good, or never.

Here is an essay on woman:

At ten, a bud; at twenty, in bloom;
At thirty, married, if ever;
At forty, mother; at fifty, aunt;
At sixty—the probability is that the old lady is something worse for the wear.

☞ There is a young woman living in Alstead, N. H., who weighs over 700 lbs., and it takes over 20 yards of calico for a dress.

☞ A despatch from Norfolk, Va., says that the great dismal swamp is on fire, and raging with great fury.

A Funny Case.

A man named Pierce Kitchen was recently tried in the Quarter Sessions of the city, for an assault and battery on his wife. Mrs. Kitchen was brought to the stand—couldn't swear that her husband had ever struck her, but swore that he indulged in whisky, and failed to support his family. Mr. Kitchen plead his own *cause*—saying the lawyers were humbugs. "Mrs. Kitchen, gentlemen of the jury," said Mr. Kitchen, "is a member of a church.—Mrs. Kitchen forsakes her *kitchen*, and spends half her time in the lecture-room. While my breeches are running to seed, and the children going about with illkept noses and dilapidated extremities, Mrs. Kitchen is indulging in confab with a lot of old ladies about the shocking nudity of the South Sea islanders. While willing to provide for *her*, gentlemen of the jury, I ain't willing to feed all the brethren of the church, nor to give Bohea parties to twenty people twice a week, neither. If I've got tiglit on the strength of such provocation, gentlemen of the jury, it ain't a bit more than the best of you would have done if placed in my circumstances; and if you was me, and I was you—knowing the case as I do—I'd render a verdict of acquittal, and served the woman right." The jury rendered a verdict of "Not Guilty"—thinking evidently that Mrs. Kitchen should give more attention to her own kitchen and her little kitchens.

How to Enjoy Toothache.

To enjoy this delectable pain to its fullest extent, you should have it in all its glory for about a week. Let the pain permeate and insinuate into every portion of the body, racing, jumping and springing around generally like rats in a corn crib; let it ache until you can't tell whether the pain is in your mouth, on the top of your head, or in your pryant, but rather think it is around there; let it ache until you feel like it would be a great relief to hold up your head by the ears and shake out every molar, incisor, grindor, and achor in it; let it ache until you are doubtful whether you stand in the position that nature assigned you, or with your heels in the air; let it ache until you seriously believe that every bone, nerve and muscle of your body is full of teeth, and that every tooth is aching on its own hook, and then, when you have enough pain to fit out an hospital—when you feel like kicking yourself down stairs—when you are exceedingly anxious to fall down somewhere and break your neck—then, we repeat, you will begin to realize the toothache.

From the N. Y. Post of Tuesday Evening,

Robbery of the Adams Company's Boston Express.

An Iron Safe taken from the cars—Sixteen Thousand Dollars Lost—The Thieves Escape with their Booty.

Last night, shortly after the New York and Boston train left New Haven, the agent in charge of the express safes and packages of the Adams Company left the room where he was stationed, and visited the mail room adjoining against the understood rules of the Company. During his absence an iron safe, weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds, and containing sixteen thousand dollars, was thrown from the car by some parties at present unknown.

It is presumed that the theft was accomplished by persons who have been passing up and down the road for some months watching for the opportunity to abstract the valuables. This opportunity would not have occurred had the agent remained at his post.

The express room is built in the fore part of the baggage car, and has three doors, one upon each side and one leading out upon the forward platform. A passage-way connects with the baggage-room in the rear of the car, and between the two is the mail room. The parties, who were undoubtedly on the watch, might have approached the safe from either the front or rear platform, but it is almost a certainty that it was thrown either from the front or side door.

The agent did not discover his loss until the train had reached Forty-second street, in this city. He is, however, sure that he noticed the safe at New Haven.

The following is a list of the property contained in the safe, as far as is known, furnished us by Mr. John Hoey:

Ten $500 bills of the Atlantic Bank of Boston.

$300 in bills, newly issued, from the Langdon Bank of Dover, New Hampshire.

A number of notes of various amounts.

Three coupons, of $25 each, of the Bank of Commerce, New York.

Notes belonging to Rathbone Brothers; and some smaller amounts in money.

It is the opinion of the officers of the Company that the safe was buried immediately; at any rate, the thieves will find hard work to get rid of the notes, if they should dare to bring them forth.

The Company have this morning paid the amounts called for in the various receipts, so that their customers do not lose even by delay.

The Safe was recovered on Thursday, in a pile of old railroad ties. The robbers cut a square piece out of the bottom of the safe.—They cut open the money bags, taking only the contents. The $3,000 of new bills on the Langdon Bank will not prove available, payment being stopped.

THE DANGER OF MASQUERADING—A JUDGE MISTAKEN FOR AN ESCAPED CONVICT.—The Cleveland (Ohio) *Plaindealer* says that recently a leading citizen having been invited to a parlor masquerade resolved to go, and to make his disguise impenetrable sent to Columbus for a convict's full suit. It arrived in due time, and about nine o'clock on the evening of the masquerade the Judge put it on; covered himself with a light cloak and sallied forth, a violent wind prevailed and one of the gusts took the Judge's cloak off and sent it whirling into the air. He sprang to recover it, and at the same time a watchman sprang for him. The Judge got his cloak, however, before the watchman got him, and started on a fast run, hotly pursued by the watchman. The Judge saw it all. The watchman mistook him for a regular escaped convict. If caught it would be unpleasant. The watchman saw it all too. Here was a chance to distinguish himself, and perhaps to make something by it. The race became exciting. Fortunately for the Judge it happened on a back street. The race continued. The watchman was reinforced by another watchman, and both pursued the Judge at a furious pace. The Judge finally yielded, and made the watchmen, after considerable trouble, understand who he was and what he was about.—He was then suffered to proceed on his way. He told his wife, who said she would never say anything about it, and that is how it got out.

☞ Mr. Bomberger, 76 years of age, residing in Baltimore, committed suicide the other day by cutting his throat with a razor.—He had been for some time ill with a disease of the lungs, and preferred to die at once rather than linger. He was a soldier of 1812.

Gods and Ends.

☞ An Irish lady, in her will, ordered her body to be burned after her death, as she was afraid of being buried alive.

☞ The man who tried to stop the bark of a dog in the waters of eternal youth, is now endeavoring to invoke the muse of a cat.

☞ Mary asked Charles, "What animal dropped from the clouds?" "The rain, dear?" was the whispered reply.

☞ No doubt a lady may be expected to make a great noise in the world when her dress is covered with hugles.

☞ Every man can and should do something for the public, if it be only to kick a piece of orange peel into the road from the pavement.

☞ If you wish to cure a scolding wife never fail to laugh at her with all your might until she ceases—then kiss her. Sure cure.

☞ What is the difference between an emperor and a beggar? The one issues manifestoes; the other manifests toes without his shoes.

☞ Why is it impossible for a watch that indicates the smaller division of time ever to be new? Because it must always be a second-hand one.

☞ An old lady, being asked to subscribe to a newspaper, declined on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it.

☞ "Give me a kiss, dear girl." "I can't," she replied; "I don't mind lending you one, but I must have it returned to-morrow."

☞ There is a man in Carlisle so witty that his wife manufactures all the butter that the family uses from the cream of his jokes.

☞ Trusting to luck is trusting to time, and time is the most unreliable of all things with its fruits.

☞ Oft what seems a trifle, a mere nothing by itself, in some nice situations, turns the scale of fate, and rules the most important actions.

☞ Of eloquence, Pascal says:—"The agreeable and the real are requisite; but this agreeable must itself be found in the truth."

☞ If misfortune comes into your house; be patient and smile pleasantly, and it will stalk out again, for it can't bear cheerful company.

☞ We are sure to be losers when we quarrel with ourselves; it is a civil war, and in all such contentions triumphs are defeats.

☞ We often see young spendthrifts allying themselves to females who are not so only because they have nothing to expend.

☞ A man whose caution is excessive, seldom feels the satisfaction that comes from a sense of security.

☞ One good deed cannot compensate for a life of crime; a single ounce of gum is not enough to embalm a whole catacomb of mummies.

☞ The confidential friendship of two bad and cunning men is generally an injury to others, and no benefit to themselves.

☞ "I shall be indebted to your for life," as the man said to his creditors when he ran away to Australia.

☞ Why are jokes like nuts?—Because the drier they are the better they crack.

☞ When you receive a kindness, remember it; when you bestow one, forget it.

☞ Fame is like an eel—rather hard to catch and a good deal harder to hold.

☞ A Mr. Lyon declined fighting a duel, and was called a dog for it. "Ah, you may call me dog, but a live dog is better than a dead Lyon."

☞ Don't judge of moral character by the face. The frog is more innocent than many an animal that has a much handsomer physiognomy.

☞ Slanders, issuing from red and beautiful lips, are like foul spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose.

☞ The young lady with "speaking eyes" has become quite hoarse in consequence of using them too much.

☞ To quell the pride even of the greatest, we should reflect how much more we owe to others than to ourselves.

☞ It is certainly a paradox that we are naturally desirous of long life, and yet unwilling to be old.

☞ Never neglect your fireplaces. Much of the cheerfulness of life depends upon them. What makes a fire so pleasant is, that it is a live thing in a dead room.

☞ Philosophers themselves, like the stoic gentleman of Marmontel, after praising simplicity of living, often sink to sleep on heavy suppers and beds of down.

☞ It is a general remark that all classes of persons are ever ready to give their opinions. We think the lawyers must be excepted; they sell theirs.

☞ He who has made time his friend will have little to fear from his enemies; but he that has made it his enemy, will have little to hope from his friends.

☞ Good faith is the richest exchequer of governments, for the more it is drawn upon the firmer it is, and its resources increase with its payments.

☞ The highest and most characteristic glory of all earthly beauty is to make us aspire to a heavenly one; and a woman is great in proportion to the ideal she suggests.

☞ You may outlaw the friend of truth, but truth remains; you may humble the poet, the artist, and the Christian, but you cannot debase poetry, or art, or Christianity.

☞ They are best situated to be happy, who are neither too high nor too low—high enough to see models of good manners, and obscure enough to be left in the sweetest of solitudes.

CONNUBIAL.—"Husband, I dont know where that boy got his bad temper; I am sure not from me." "No, my dear, for I don't find that you have lost any.

☞ There are hardly any persons so forlorn and destitue, as not to have it in their power to do some good. There is much kindness which is not expensive.

☞ A fortune won in a day is lost in a day; a fortune won slowly, and slowly compacted, seems to acquire from the hand that won it a property of endurance.

☞ A gentleman praising the generosity of his friend, observed: "He spends his money like water." "Then of course he liquid-ates his debts," rejoined a wag.