American Volunteer.

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

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Poetical.

MY ANGEL ONCE!

An angel she was, I haven't a doubt,
Though I never discerned her wings;
But it is fair to presume there are angels about
Unincumbered with any such things;
It is pleasant besides; and wherever we go,
Though our hearts may be ever so cold,
Of all things, to be witched by sweet woman you know
Is the green of our life—and its gold!

She had eyes of a pure and brilliant blue,
And of course she had angel hair;
And the pearls of her pretty mouth shone thro'
The murmuring roses there;
You would love the snow of her gentle breast,
And the light of her gentle brow,
And her little hands—and all the rest
That I cannot mention now!

In the innocent days that are wasted and gone
She was gentle and true to me;
And still in my soul that love burns on—
A star on a rainy sea,
But the angel had wings, after all, and she flew
Far away o'er the pitiless tide;
Old Death loved her better than I, and he knew
The true way to make her his bride.

THE ROSE OF BEAUTY.

BY LELIA.

Soft the trembling moonbeams quivered
Over hill top, vale and lea,
And the stars were throwing kisses
To the bright waves of the sea;
And the dew-drop sweetly whispered
Love-songs to the blushing rose,
And the blue waves of the streamlet
Lulled the lilly to repose.

'Neath the golden light they lingered,
Gazing on the stars above,
And they took her hand and whispered,
Soft and silv'ry words of love;
Told her that the moon that wanders
O'er night's starry, silent sea,
Could not be more true and faithful
Than his spirit's love would be.

Yellow-haired beautiful and lovely,
Rose of beauty—star of light—
Told her that her shining tresses
Were more splendid than the night—
That her lips were rose-buds,
Wet with the evening dew,
And her brow was like the marble,
With the blue veins creeping through.

She was but a child in feeling,
Sunshine with its April tear;
Free and happy as the wild birds;
Never knowing doubt or fear.
And she gave to him the purest
Jewel of the spirit's mine;
Poured her young heart's only incense
Madly on a worthless shrine.

He grew cold, and false, and faithless,
And he left her all alone,
Though her soft eyes might have melted
Hearts as cold and hard as stone.
And she plead with fond caresses,
Begged him that he would not go—
But her wildest kiss was lavished
On the lips that dealt the blow.

Miscellaneous.

Slave Labor in Charleston.

The editor of the Rome (New York) *Sentinel*, in a letter to his paper from Charleston, gives the following impressions of the system of slavery as exhibited in the condition of the slaves in that city:

The city of Charleston has a population of some 60,000 inhabitants; what proportion of the above is colored I have not the means at hand to accurately determine; but judging from the number that is met daily in the streets, I should say that at least 40,000 of the 60,000 are of the black race. The most of the colored population, though not all, are slaves. I learn that a number are free, and own slaves themselves. This may seem strange to many Northern people—especially to that class who cannot understand or appreciate that system of labor known as slave labor, in other words, owning the services of another instead of hiring them.

I have seen nothing of slavery as it exists upon the plantations; and but little of course as it prevails in the city; but from my observations whilst here, I am more fully confirmed in the previous belief, that the free States fail entirely to understand the system, as well as the [illegible] feelings of the slave owners, but more particularly of the slaves themselves. That there are some slaves who are discontented and unsatisfied, I have no manner of doubt; but the large majority are perfectly content and would never seriously think of running away, and never of rebelling, if not incited thereto by abolition emissaries, I have just as little doubt. The system of slavery is looked upon here, both by the owners and the slaves, as we at the North do of any business transactions; it is like the apprentice system of the North, where the master does not consider himself committing a crime to take an indentured apprentice for a term of years—say until he is ton until he is twenty-one, and the master and apprentice consider he is disgraced or demeaned because he is thus bound out. At the North a young man or woman may be bound out to another by his father, mother or guardian until such apprentice is twenty-one, and the person thus having the apprentice has just as much control over him and his services as the slave owner has over his slave; the one can be flogged or otherwise punished for indolence and misbehavior, in the one case just as the other; in fact the apprentice is just as much the slave of his master as the slave here is to his; if the one runs away he can be seized and taken back, and *compelled* to serve out his term, the one for a term of years, the other, it is true, for life.

It is the name of slavery that has so many horrors in it, to many well-meaning people at the North. To all appearances the slave is just as contented and happy here as the apprentice is at the North. He looks upon his lot as one fixed and appropriate to him, and the most of them become almost as much attached to their masters and the masters to their slaves, as parents to their children, and *vice versa*; there is far more friendship between the apprentices and their masters at the North. I write this not as an apologist or defender of slavery, but the result of the impressions made upon me from what I have seen. Let me relate an incident.

At the house I am stopping is a bright mulatto female slave of some fifteen years of age; she is sprightly, intelligent, can read, write, sing and play the piano. I proposed to her that I would buy her of her mistress (who is a widow;) she said she did not want to go, and would not leave her mistress, as she knew her mistress would not part with her; I told her I would give her mistress $2,000 for her, and when she was thus tempted with the above sum spread out in gold before her vision, she would consent to the transfer, the eyes of the colored girl grew watery, and her lips quivered, but she declared she would not go with me from her mistress—that she loved her mistress, and her mistress loved her, but if I would take her mistress along she would follow. I subsequently related the conversation to the owner, who smiled, and shaking her head, said that no persuasion of any kind, or money, could induce "Grace" (the slave" to leave her, and that that was the feeling of nineteenth-twentieths of the slaves of the South.

A great deal is said at the North about the neglect of the spiritual condition of the slaves; as I have said before, I have seen nothing of plantation slavery, but in this city, I was very much surprised indeed to see the large attendance at church on the part of the negroes; most every one has a hymn or prayer book, and the congregations were very large. There are a number of churches erected exclusively for the colored brethren, some of which churches are larger than the Presbyterian church in Rome, and far better filled by the slaves each Sunday, than any church in that village. The most of the slaves are members of the churches—generally of the Methodist or Baptist denomination—and are very prompt and regular in their attendance at the prayer meetings and the other religious services.

The negroes do menial service here, and it is very seldom an idler is seen. A negro beggar, never.

Wasn't Used To It.—When little blue-eyed Jenny Alton became, one sunny morning, the wife of Sydney Russell, half the girls in Glenville envied her the handsome, merry husband she had won. Jenny was a sweet, winsome creature, with wavy golden hair, blue eyes, and a rosy little mouth, gentle in heart and manner.

Three months after their marriage she bid adieu to her old home and many friends, to find, in the far West, some spot hallowed by the name of home.

Jenny soon found her idol's feet were clay. Nothing was in any way right, or at least he wasn't used to such things. If Jenny's hair or toilet in any way was not as smooth as if taken from a bandbox, my lord and master was certain to remind her that he had never been used to such things at home. She played and sung charmingly in the days of her courtship, but now he so longed to hear his sisters. They were so superior to her in that respect. He could get nothing fit to eat; everything was overdone or under-done, seasoned too much or too little—in short, not at all as he had been used to having it.

A plain colored dress was sure to call out the remark that he wasn't used to seeing the Quaker dress; one with bright colors, that he did wish her taste was different—she looked "horribly" in such a flaming garb.

Such books as she read he couldn't be induced to touch, according to his story, but the fact is he generally managed in some way to find out what they contained. As for her writing home so often, that was all foolishness; he wasn't used to seeing such things from his sisters, but was deaf when his wife said: "Of course not, for they lived scarce five miles from their father's." And then their baby, he was positive she didn't care for it, for he had stayed at sister Smith's and her babies never cried. He wondered why she wanted to name him Frank; it was silly to care if it was her brother's name, especially as he wasn't used to it.

He tossed the precious letter from her mother in her lap, saying: "Here's some more nonsense from the old woman;" and when, as a short visit from her father drew to a close, the tears sprung up into her eyes, he wasn't accustomed to see tears shed for such old daddies.

At home everything was neat as wax, but nothing was ever in order at his own home. He did wish Mrs. Russell would remember he wasn't used to such disorderly housekeeping.

And so years went by, and our rosy-cheeked Jenny grew pale and care-worn, for the poor little wife could do nothing right, try as she would, and had she said: "She wasn't used to it," she might have told the truth; but Jenny was possessed of a spirit lowly and of long suffering, and so, for six weary years, she brightened the home of her fault finding husband, and then laid down to her dreamless slumber under the green sward.

A year after, the poor man took to his home a gay, dashing, black-eyed widow, and thenceforth both he and his two little motherless children met with much they "wasn't used to."

There came a time in after years when he looked back with tear-dimmed eyes to the brief time spent with his lost Jenny, as the brightest of his life. But the grave will not give back the dear ones to our arms, nor wishing sweep away forever our unkind words.

Out Door Exercise for Females.—Among the many advocates of this who are now starting up in different parts of the world, we are glad to recognize Miss Harriet Martineau.—That celebrated lady, past the allotted "three score and ten" of human life, and after her immortal contributions to the statistics of political life, has something to say regarding the physical condition of her sex; and while on that subject is quite as comprehensive and as graphically eloquent as she was, years ago, while treating familiarly matters on which even statesmen had shown themselves poorly informed. Miss Martineau seems to be all heart for the outdoor exercise of females—whether they inhabit the city or the country. Fresh air and uncrowded thoroughfares are attainable by the former, if they will only take the trouble to seek them, just as the advantages of town life are within the reach of the latter, with a little exertion. Like a good philosopher, Miss Martineau recommends an alternation of the two:—exercise in the day, reading and amusement in the evening; and concludes by fortelling for those who follow her advice, health, cheerfulness, and many days. No doubt, she is perfectly right.

During the trial of a case in the second session of the Superior Court in Boston, recently, one of the counsel, who has a reputation for saying out of the way things, asked a witness: "Now, sir, at the time the commercial crisis convulsed the community of this continent, and confounded the calculations of the cautious, how much was this lot of land worth?" To which the witness replied, "Let me C I?"

AN INQUIRY.

Mr. Editor:—Can you inform me and others as ignorant as I, what is the reason for the prevailing fashion among females of wearing their dresses so long as to drag on the ground and in wet weather become saturated with water and filth around the bottom, so that four or five inches of the lower part of the dress, in a wet day is more like a mop than the genteel attire of a lady?

Inquirer.

Remarks.—We wish, in the first place, to caution our unsophisticated friend, Inquirer, against hastily, as he seems to have done, at least by inuendo, setting up his own private judgment against the awful mandates of fashion.

2. We wish to premise one thing which our good friends will assent to at once; namely, there may be the best reasons for a certain fashion, although those reasons may be hidden from him.

3. We advance a step further, and affirm that the very fact that the reasons for a certain fashion are hidden from us, may be the strong argument for the continuance of the fashion. This may seem at first very unsatisfactory to Inquirer, but the whole thing will be made plain to him in a minute, when he considers,

4. That the *reasons* for the fashion alluded to may be *deformed feet*, which deformed feet, as reasons for the fashion, are concealed from view by these long dresses; and hence the reasons for the fashion, namely, the deformed feet, being concealed, is the strong argument for the continuance of the fashion, inasmuch as it is the object of the fashion to conceal the feet.

5. While we trust the above reasoning will be entirely satisfactory to our correspondent, and to all other reasonable men, there are other reasons perhaps equally satisfactory; and before proceeding to state them, we wish to promise once more what our friend will assent to as soon as uttered; namely, that no person chooses misery just for the sake of misery. But many ladies do choose to follow the fashion in question with the full knowledge of all the misery it will *entail*. It is not plain then, that a *public good*, and not the misery *entailed*, by these *trailing* dresses, is the real motive, in case the feet are not deformed? Ladies are proverbially and justly regarded as more benevolent than men, and have often been known to suffer for public good what few men would suffer. Now, it often happens that our streets become very disagreeable, especiall in wet weather. What can more strongly impress a man with the disinterested, self-sacrificing heart of woman, than to see her going before him cleaning off the wet and dirty sidewalks, and mopping out the filthy gutters for his accommodation, at the certain sacrifice of all her own comfort—the sacrifice of decency even, and the imminent risk of life!

6. Another motive may be duty, certain conscientious persons feel to acknowledge how highly they are favored above many of the poor around them, in being able to spoil a new dress every time it rains.

Courtship in Egypt.

Last autumn, a boung lady left Dundee for Alexandria, to visit relations in that city.—As the passengers were landing at Alexandria, a richly attired Turk advanced to look at the arrivals, and seemed instantly struck with the damsel from "bonny Dundee." He approached her and suddenly flung a string of figs about her neck. The captain of the ship came forward and informed his bewildered passenger that the gift was a token of admiration and affection. The matter speedily became serious. Through the medium of an interpreter, the Turk entered into conversation with the captain, and inquired the sum for which he would be willing to sell the lady; he had nine wives already, he said; but could he possess this new beauty, she would be the Queen and "Light of his Harem."—The captain, for the sake of a joke, replied that her price was 60,000 piastres (about £500.) The Turk grumbled at the enormous demand; it was just double, he said, what he paid for his most handsome Circassian, Georgien or Mingerlian, ever brought to the Alexandrine market. The captain, however, stuck to his price; and so the parties separated. But on the following morning, when the captain was escorting the lady to the residence of her relations, the Turk again made his appearance, and, throwing another fig necklace around the lady's neck, intimated that he was prepared to give the requisite sum! Here was a dilemma. But the captain soon cleared himself. "Foh!" said he, "you're too late; I sold her yesterday for a thousand piastres more; so you've lost her." The same young lady was married the other day, in Dundee.

Perth Courier.

Thrift and Health.—By returns made to the Register-general in France, it appears that persons who are "well to do," live, on an average, eleven years longer than those who are dependant on their daily labor. One reason for this is, the health-giving influence of composure of mind; another, that forehandedness removes the necessity for hard exposures. The same important truth is shown by the fact that the average of life of those who belong to the Society of Friends, in England, is some fifteen years greater than of others in the same sphere of life; the Friends being, the world over, models of thrift and quiet composure.

As judicious economy promotes thrift, we propose it to our readers as a good medicine—a medicine safe and efficient, applicable to all climes, countries and classes. It is "hard to take" to some, but steady persistence in its practice soon makes it a habit, when it is rather easier to be economical than to be extravagant.

Extravagance, waste, and carelessness not only ruin those who practice them, but have a demoralizing effect on those who may be benefited thereby in a material point of view. Persons seldom thrive whose occupations or modes of obtaining a living depend on chance, are in a great measure fortuitous or uncertain—such as gamblers, stock brokers, robbers, wreckers, hunters, miners, office-holders, and speculators in general. Hence those parents are wisest who bring up their children to the expectation of making a living or becoming rich by some occupation which brings with it gains which are moderate, uniform and steady. As a general rule to young men, the first political or salaried offices, the first bet won, the first successful speculation, is at the same time the first step towards material unthrift, towards moral degradation, and towards a premature grave.—*Jour. of Health.*

Good Advice.—He gave good advice who said: If you are in trouble, don't tell of it to every person you meet. Not one in a hundred will sympathize with you. Some may speak a word of comfort, to turn away and ridicule you, but precious few will laugh less freely, or engage with less earnestness in the business of life. Troubles, in nine cases out of ten, are like threatening clouds, which soon vanish.

The Sympathising Woman.

If we were called upon to describe Mrs. Dobbs, we should, without hesitation call her a sympathising woman. Nobody was troubled with any malady she hadn't suffered.

"She knew all about it by experience, and could sympathize with them from the bottom of her heart."

Bob. Turner was a wag, and when one day he saw Mrs. Dobbs coming along the road towards his house, he knew that in the absence of his wife he should be called upon to entertain her, so he resolved to play a little on the good woman's abundant store of sympathy.

Hastily procuring a large blanket, he wrapped himself up in it, and threw himself on a sofa near by.

"Why, good gracious! Mr. Turner, are you sick?" asked Mrs. Dobbs, as she saw his position.

"Oh, dreadfully," groaned the imaginary invalid.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, a great many things. First and foremost, I've got a congestion of the brain."

"That's dreadful," sighed Mrs. Dobbs.—"I came pretty near dying of it ten years to come next spring. What else?"

"Dropsy," again groaned Bob.

"There I can sympathize with you. I was troubled with it, but finally got over it."

"Neuralgia," continued Bob.

"Nobody can tell, Mr. Turner, what I've suffered from neuralgia. It's an awful complaint."

"Then again I'm very much distressed by inflamation of the bowels."

"If you've got that, I pity you," commented Mrs. Dobbs; "for three years steady I was afflicted with it, and I don't think I've fully recovered yet."

"Rheumatism," added Bob.

"Yes, that's likely to go along with neuralgia. It did with me."

"Toothache," suggested Bob.

"There have been times, Mr. Turner, said the sympathizing woman, when I thought I should go distracted with the toothache."

"Then," said Bob, who having temporarily ran out of medical terms, resorted to a scientific name, "I'm very much afraid that I've got the *tethyas arvis!*"

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," said the ever ready Mrs. Dobbs; "I had it when I was young."

Though it was with great difficulty that he could resist laughing, Bob continued;

"I am suffering a good deal from a sprained ancle."

"Then you can sympathise with me, Mr. Turner. I sprained mine when I was coming along."

"But that isn't the worst of it."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Dobbs, with curiosity.

"I wouldn't tell any one but you, Mrs. Dobbs, but the fact is"—here Bob. groaned—"I'm afraid, and the doctor agrees with me, my reason is affected—That is, in short, I'm a little crazy!"

Bob. took breath and wondered what Mrs. Dobbs would say to that.

"Oh, Mr. Turner, is it possible?" exclaimed the lady. "It's horrible! I know it is.—I frequently have spells of being out of my head myself!"

Bob. could stand it no longer, he burst into a roar of laughter, which Mrs. Dobbs taking for the precussor of a violent paroxysm of insanity, she was led to take a hurried leave.

The Tree that Never Dies.

"Mary," said George, "next summer I will not have a garden. Our pretty tree is dying; I won't love another tree as long as I live; I will have a bird next summer, and that will stay all winter."

"George, don't you remember my beautiful canary? It died in the middle of summer, and we planted bright flowers in the ground where we buried it. My bird did not live as long as the tree."

"Well, I don't see as we can love anything. Dear little brother died before the bird, and I loved him better than any bird, or tree, or flower. Oh! I wish I could have something to love that would not die."

The boy paused. During the school hour George and Mary had almost forgotten that their tree was dying, but at evening, as they drew their chairs to where their mother was sitting, and began to arrange the seeds they had been gathering, the remembrance of the tree came up before them.

"Mother," said Mary, "you may give these seeds to cousin John; I never want another garden."

"Yes," added George, pushing the papers in which he had carefully folded them, towards his mother, "you may give them. If I could find some seeds of a tree that would never fade, I should like then to have a garden. Is there any such garden, mother?"

"Yes, George, I have read of a garden where the trees never die."

"A real garden, mother?"

"Yes, my son, in the middle of the garden, I have been told, there runs a pure river of water clear as crystal, and on each side of the river is the *tree of life*—a tree that never fades. That is the garden of Heaven. There you may love and love forever. There will be no death, no fading there. Let your treasure be in the tree of life, and you will have something to which your heart can cling without fear and without disappointment. Love the Savior here, and he will prepare you to dwell in these green pastures, and beside those still waters."

☞ A wild man of the woods, who speaks French in a manner not at all wild, is furnishing a local topic to the New Orleans papers. He was caught in a clump of bushes on a plantation, thirteen miles below the city, armed with a revolver, which unpleasant instrument he popped at every prssenger along the road. Having frightened an entire parish out of its wits, a strong force was mustered to capture him, and that job was safely accomplished. Nobody knows him, nor will he give any account of himself. Some of the papers regard him as an Abolitionist in disguise, and there is a talk of hang him at a venture.

Young Joseph Smith and his mother, son and wife of Prophet Joseph, of Mormon notoriety, lately attended a conference of Mormons held in the State of Illinois, at which time Joseph and his mother were both baptized in the faith, and young Joe was ordained head high priest and prophet by them. Joe pretends that he was led by the spirit of God to do so, but a letter-writer says, "I am of opinion that the spirit of speculation had more to do with it than God had, as the family is very much in debt, their property being all mortgaged, and Joe is to receive $20,000 per year for his use." They are to start next fall for Council Bluffs, when those Mormons at Salt Lake who wish to leave Brigham Young can do so and join Joe in the Bluffs. Joe has published his manifesto. He is opposed to polygamy and disobedience of the laws.

John Bull Very Fair.

The London *Standard* talks in a very frank and manly way about the probable visit of the Prince of Wales to our country:

"If the Prince does go amongst them, they will give him a cordial and hearty welcome. They are republicans, and, in theory at least, republicans do not care for personal rank. They are not caught by titles, and a 'lord of high degree' possesses no special claim to their respect. We might, probably, here raise an objection on the very threshold, but we prefer to think that our Yankee friends are sincere when they tell us that 'what they may lack in the appreciation of the personal rank of the Prince of Wales, they will make up for in their desire to do honor to the future ruler of a great nation, and to the son of a Queen whose purity of character and moral firmness have enabled her to resist the temptations of a dangerous position.' We venture to think, however, that in spite of this protest against tuft-hunting, there are not a few Americans who will be very glad to get a sight of a live prince. It will be something new to look upon the representative of one of the old royal houses of Europe. The sternest of Republicans will probably not refuse to pay his homage to the descendant of that king from whom the pilgrim fathers fled. He may even think that what seemed like a curse was in reality a blessing, and be thankful for the fate which drove his ancestors to seek a new home across the Atlantic. Be that as it may, we are very sure that the young prince will receive in America, if he goes there, a willing and enthusiastic welcome. There can be no doubt that the prince would not recross the Atlantic without having, at least, paid a visit to the States, and if the reception were public, it would be accepted as a proof that the American people are glad to recognize officially the bond of union, arising from a common origin and a common language, which should always subsist between the two countries. A visit of the Prince of Wales to America would be something more than an ordinary royal visit, for it ought to mean that, so far as the great principle of political liberty is concerned, there is no real difference of opinion between Englishmen and Americans. We have, indeed, had occasion very frequently to criticise the institutions of America. We do not like them, and by every means in our power, we shall endeavor to prevent their establishment in this country. At the same time, while we would line our coast with fortresses to prevent the intrusion of the ballot box into these domains, we do not feel called upon to quarrel with the Americans because they happen to think otherwise."

The Loafer.

The most miserable, hopeless scrap of humanity, is an idle man—a man whose chief aim of life is to "loaf"—to waste in listless lounging and mental and physical inaction, the best years of his life. There are a number of such beings here and in every other town, miserable loafers, whose sole occupation is to avoid employment of any kind—whose lives can scarcely be called lives—who die one after another, and leave behind them—what? A vacancy to be mourned? No, for they are in themselves vacancies, not men. To these atoms society owes nothing. The history of the world's progress ignores their names, their existence, and being dead, the grave contains no more inert, worthless earth than it did before. They become chronic nuisances; they have no local habitation or name in so far as regards their worth or value, and from day to day, in the haunts of busy men, the pass current as uncurrent funds—at so much of a discount that they can't even pass themselves. The only apparent exertion they exhibit is that which enables them to be eternally in somebody's progress and business. They never do any special harm, and never accomplish any good. They die only when they get too lazy and indolent to use their respiratory organs. They never get the consumption, because they havn't energy enough to cough. They give employment to nobody, for they have none for themselves. It costs more to get them to the polls to deposit their votes, than their votes, carcasses and and the entire election is worth. From these, and such of these, may fortune preserve all well-meaning mortals.

A Tale of Unrequited Love.—The editor of the Ureka *Union* relates as follows how he once got in love and "got the mitten:"

We were never, kind reader, "desperate in love" but once, and that was with a red—no, auburn-haired girl, with a freckled complexion, who had but a few pretensions to beauty; but then she had such really beautiful eyes, deep liquid orbs, through which her soul, in moments of tenderness, looked out in passionate fervor, and in joyous mirth dashed and sparkled with the light of a thousand dew drops—diamonds, we were going to say—but we never saw a thousand diamonds. Her name was Laura—which, when breathed softly by a very soft lover, is a very sweet name—and her clear ringing laugh fell around you like a shower of silver bells. Moreover, she wore a dark, wine colored dress, trimmed with lilac colored velvet and black fringe, with a neat little white collar of fine lace, which is the prattiest of dresses, and has the effect to make a very plain girl to look absolutely charming. She never perforated her ear, to hang thereby a pendulum of glass or brass, and the only ornament on the little, white hand, which needed none, was a plain gold ring, sacred to the memory of a maiden promise. Well, one evening—it was moonlight in the summer time—we sat alone on the porch, by the cottage door, holding that little, white hand in a gentle pressure, but one arm had stolen from her waist, and a silent song of joy, "like the music of the night," was in our soul. Our lips met in a sweet, delicious kiss, and bonding softly to her ear, we whispered the tale of passionate devotion—we proposed. In a moment she tore her hand from ours, and with a look of ineffable scorn, she said, in a voice trembling with suppressed rage, "What! marry an editor! *Yeou git out!*" We slid.

The Vermont Patriot tells a story of an old usurer, who went, one day, to visit a former borrower, who had since, fortunately, grown from poverty to independence. They went into the garden. Passing a walk flanked on either side with flowers of great beauty and variety, he came to a potato patch, when he exclaimed, "My friend, you'll have a fine crop of potatoes there!" "That's just like you," said the proprietor, "when gentlemen and ladies pass through my garden they look at the flowers, but when a d——d hog comes in, all he can see is potatoes!"

☞ The following resolution, which was adopted at a meeting of young ladies, in a neighboring town, some days since, shows the effect of leap year upon the female sex:

"*Resolved*, That if we don't get married this year, somebody will be to blame."

Very likely. But we hope the ladies will not "blame" the men, as usual, for this is not the men's year to do the courting.

Habits of Animals.

Between the bats and the carniverous animals there are two or three families which naturalists have agreed to call *insectivorous*, from their usual food. The mold or *Talpa*, is the first of these. It possesses, in common with the insectivore, sharp, conical teeth which serve to break the hard wing covers, &c., of the insects upon which they feed. The mole lives under the ground, and is never driven, except by an inundation, to leave the network of galleries and cells with which he pierces the ground in every direction. With his long, sharp snout bearing, like that of the hog, a ring of cartilage, he opens his burrow, and with his powerful fore feet excavates his way with great rapidity, packing the earth away on each side as he proceeds. His eyes are completely concealed until the thick, soft fur is turned up, when they appear like small, shining points, which are, undoubtedly, perfect organs of vision, although they cannot range over an extensive field. They have no external ear, but a small opening may be discovered by proper scrutiny. Notwithstanding this seeming defect, the hearing of the mole is remarkably acute, and aids him in detecting the motions of his prey, as well as in escaping danger. They are the cleanest of animals, although they live constantly in the soil; they avoid all wet, muddy places, and their furs retain no particles of dirt. They move with equal facility backwards or forwards, their fir falling smoothly either way. The female builds her nest in a hillock of earth which she raises above the general level of the ground, that it may not be drowned by every rain, and fills with leaves and dry grass, taking care to have a dozen or so galleries running from the nest in every direction, in which she and her young may escape when danger approaches. Although the mole abhors water, it can swim like most animals, and may be seen escaping in this way, when low meadows are inundated by a freshet. It is even recorded that moles have taken possession in the midst of a lake, of a deserted island by swimming from the nearest point of land.

The mole is not so abundant in this country as in England, and throughout the continent of Europe. It exists, however, in considerable numbers, everywhere in the North Temperate zone, but has never been found in South America, South Africa, or Australia. In England they are so numerous that mole catching has been a profession, and in France M. Le Court thought the matter of sufficient importance to demand his whole time and attention. It so happened that the skill of Le Court saved a large and fertile district from inundation by a canal, whose banks the moles were undermining. Varieties, such as the shrew mole, the star-nosed mole, &c., are found, but their habits present the same peculiarities with the common mole, above described.

The *shrews* form another family of the class of insectivorœ. These do not burrow like the mole, but frequently enter the galleries already excavated. The smallest of known quadrupeds belong to this family.

The hedgehog also belongs to this order. They are found nearly all over Europe, Africa, and the East Indies. In England it is found about the size of a large rat, or six or eight inches in length, while in this country, we find it twelve or fourteen inches long, and weighing sometimes fifty pounds. It lives on lizards, toads and worms, and runs quite quickly on the ground, but when overtaken rolls itself into a ball, presenting only a mass of prickly spines. If it is engaged in eating, when disturbed, it frequently rolls up dinner and all, and is unrolled with the greatest difficulty. Its sping covering proves a sufficient protection against dogs, who are sure to fill their noses with the stinging quills, if too eager. The quills adhere loosely to the body of the animal, but most closely to anything in which the point is inserted, on account of the rough barb which terminates them.

The hedgehog burrows in the ground, and remains in its nest in a torpid condition thro' the winter. Its sagacity is celebrated in antiquity. Plutarch says that a citizen of Cyzicus became quite noted as a mathematician from his ability to predict the changes of the wind. Having noticed that the hedgehog having [illegible] openings to its burrow invariably [illegible] that which faced the wind, and made the change some time in advance, he made use of the sagacity of this animal to help himself to a high position among the people.

The last family of this order is represented by but one genus, the Bauxrings of the Island of Sumatra. It appears intermediate between the shrews and squirrel. It lives in trees, which it climbs with great agility, and devours the insects with which they are infested.

The Fable of the Wandering Jew.—The legend of a Jew ever wandering and never dying, even from the crucifixion of Jesus to this day, has spread over many European countries. The accounts, however, as in all fables, do not agree. One version is this: When Jesus was led to death, oppressed by the weight of the cross, he wished to rest himself near the gate at the house of a shoemaker named Ahasuerus. This man, however, sprang forth and thrust him away; Jesus turned towards him, saying, "I shall rest, but thou shalt move on till I return." From that time he has had no rest, and is obliged incessantly to wander about. Another version is that given by Matthias Parisonsis, a monk of the thirteenth century:—When Jesus was led from the tribunal of Pilatus to death the door-keeper, named Cartaffious pushed him from behind with his foot, saying, "walk on Jesus, quickly; why dost thou tarry?" Jesus looked at him gravely, and said, "I walk on, but thou shalt tarry till I come." And this man, still alive, wanders from place to place, in constant dread of the wrath to come. A third legend adds that this wandering Jew falls sick every hundred years, but recovers, and renews his strength; hence it is that, even after so many centuries he does not look much older than a septugenarian. Thus much for the legends. Not one of the ancient authors makes even mention of such an account. The first who reports some such thing is a monk of the 18th century, when as is known the world was filled with pious fiction even to disgust. However, the story has spread far, so that it has become a proverb. "He runs about like a wandering Jew." There are not persons wanting who assert to have seen the wandering Jew. But when their evidences is examined by the test of historical credibility, it is found that some imposter had made use of this fable to impose upon simple minded people for some purpose of his own. However the legend is not altogether untrue; there is a wandering Jew who roves about Europe, throughout every century. This imperishable being is—prejudice against the Jews.

☞ There is a man in Indiana so thin that when the sheriff is after him he crawls into his rifle and watches his adversary through the touch-hole.

The Utah Judgeship.—Mr. Wilson, present United States Attorney for the territory, and Hon. R. P. Flenniken, of Pittsburg, are said to be named as Judges for Utah.

Odds and Ends.

☞ Universal profession—that of gold-chaser.

☞ Profane men take a curse-ory view of things.

☞ The miser, living in perpetual fear of being robbed, robs himself.

☞ When did Moses sleep five in a bed? when he slept with his forefathers?

☞ Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only true balance to weigh friends.

An Irish newspaper advertises: "Wanted, an able-bodied man; as a washerwoman."

There is a firm in New York, under the mild and soothing title of *Snap & Byte*.

☞ "Green but dangerous," as the asparagus said to the copper kettle in which it was boiled.

☞ Whatever the wind may do in winter, it cannot be denied that in Spring it "turns over a new leaf."

☞ If the Mexicans want to learn the secret of *stable government*, they had better send for Mr. Rarey.

☞ Singular marriage—The man who wedded an opinion found himself married to a one-eyed dear, (one idea.)

☞ Wedded love is a delightful "inititution." There is a world of poetry and solid comfort in wedded love.

☞ The Odd Fellow's hall at Pittsburg has been sold at sheriff's sale for $35,000, one half its original cost.

A pretty face and a handsome dress often make a great *belle*; but an enraged bull sometimes makes a great *beller*.

☞ The Prince of Wales is to lay the corner stone of a statue to his royal mother, at Hamilton, C. W., during his visit.

☞ What a pity there is not some moral specific, that might operate on impure minds like an emetic on a foul stomach.

☞ The suspension of the house of Perry, Treadwell &Norton, of the Eagle Furnace, Albany, is announced. Liabilities, $600,000.

☞ A man who is not worth a dollar, and who has no trade or certain employment, has no business to inveigle a young girl into marrying him.

☞ The rats in a Western city are said to have gnawed the foundations from under a warehouse, undermining the building, and bringing it fairly to the ground.

☞ Daniel C. Kenyon, the defaulting Cashier of the East Greenwich Exchange Bank, R. I., has been sentenced to eight years imprisonment in the State Prison.

☞ The Bishop of Reitz thanked the Bishop of Lisieux for having consecrated him. "It is for me," said the latter, "to thank you. I was the ugliest bishop in France until you were elected."

☞ In what two cases are precisely the same means used for directly opposite purposes. Why, bars, to be sure. They are put on bank windows to keep thieves out, and on jail windows to keep them in.

☞ It has been said that "it is better to give than to receive," and we suppose that Sayers and Heenan fully appreciated this truth when they were interchanging blows within the ropes.

☞ If words could kill a man or an evil, all men and all evils had been dead long ago. But, luckily, words are as blank cartridges—it is no matter after the discharges, to count, the killed and wounded.

☞ Take particular care not to be too hasty. Before resorting to the arbitrament of arms, you should exhaust every means of adjustment and conciliation that a brave man and a Christian could invoke in such an emergency.

☞ A Tennesseean, who is six feet six inches long, and is buying horses in Cincinnati, says he is the shortest of seven brothers, the heaviest one of whom weighs 330 pounds. The shortest one is pretty nearly as long as a fence rail.

☞ A citizen of Alton, Ill., whose house was assailed by a mob not long since, fired several charges of shot into the crowd, and wounded eight persons, one of whom received no less than twenty-two shot in different parts of his body.

☞ As a matter of principle, we should say that no man ought to allow personal considerations, especially such as are of an unfriendly character, to interfere in or with his worship of God, or his attendance at the church of which he is a member.

☞ The entire edition of "The City Life," an obscene sheet published in New York, was seized by the police, and two men, named Benjamin F. Okie and Wm. H. Dayton, the alleged publishers of the paper, were arrested and held for examination.

☞ In the Supreme Court holden at Lowell, Mass., before Judge Bigelow, Miss Sarah H. Trovis has just recovered the handsome sum of $3,000 from Mr. Abel Pond, because the latter failed to come to time on a promise of marriage he had made to the fair plaintiff.

☞ The "complete account of the great prize fight" says that Sayers "went to grass" thirty-nine times, and Heenan once. What a pity that both *animals could* not have been kept there as long as Nebuchednazzar. At the expiration of their grazing time they might have come back respectable beasts.

☞ The London *Times* confidently predicts that the Swiss will fight if Napoleon sends French troops into the Northern provinces of Savoy. Switzerland can bring an army of 200,000 into the field in six weeks, of whom 70,000 are the most practical riflemen in the world, and a war in Savoy might give Napoleon considerable trouble.

☞ It is desirable, undoubtedly, that husband and wife should pass through this valo of tears "hand in hand," but it is not absolutely necessary that they should symbolize their intention at the outset, by sitting for an hour at a time with their digits, interlocked, at places of public amusement, in railway cars and steamboat cabins, and in the public rooms of hotels.

☞ People say that they shell peas, when they *un*-shell them; that they husk corn, when they *un*-husk it; that they dust the furniture, when they *un*-dust it, or take the dust from it; that they skin a calf when they *un*-skin it; and that they scale fish, when they *un*-scale them. We have heard many men say that they were going to weed their gardens, when we thought their gardens were weedy enough already.