American Volunteer.

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

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TERMS.

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Poetical.

THE WIVES.

The wives, we think, are quite as deserving of a blessing as the girls, therefore we submit the following:

God bless the wives,
They fill our hives
With little bees and honey;
They ease life's shocks,
They mend our socks,
But—don't they spend the money?

When we are sick,
They heal us quick—
That is, if they should love us;
If not, we die,
And yet they cry,
And place tombstones above us.

Of roguish girls,
With sunny curls,
We may in fancy dream;
But wives—true wives—
Throughout our lives
Are everything they seem.

HOOPS.

Yes, hoop, hurrah! ye noble lords,
We'll join you in the shout,
And trust that ere the echo dies,
You'll learn what you're about.
Vive les hoops! O, let it ring,
On hill top and in vale,
For we would spread their glory far,
These skeletons of whale.

O, blame us not because we wear
The thing that you detest:
For remember, 'tis a way we have,
To wear what we like best.
And if you cannot bear to see
Our flounces have their day,
Just turn your modest heads aside,
And look another way.

What if it is a foreign mode?
You're not behind us far,
You show it in your short toed boots,
And all the clothes you wear.
And we have as much right to hoops,
As any of you men
Have a right to curl your pot goatees,
A la Napolieno!

Ye married lords with woful phiz,
Who cast your eyes askant,
When teazing wife to take them off,
She sharply says, "I shant."
Go, in penitence and tears,
Bow down those heads of thine,
And mourn that ALL your sins can't hide
'Neath woman's crinoline!

Ye single lords, "Tis distance lends
Enchantment to the view,"
And we would keep you all at bay
To prove the saying true;
For we have found too oft, alas!
Despite your lordly pride,
There's many a snaky tongue behind
The grass that grows outside.

And as to the great bugaboos.
The more that you shall dread 'em
And the louder you shall preach 'em down,
The wider we will spread them.
If that won't do, then hearken this,
With flounces far unfurled,
We will start you all to Jordan,
And monopolize the world!

Miscellaneous.

A Night Among the Wolves.

"The pass was steep and rugged,
The wolves they howled and whined,
But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
And he left the wolves behind."

Macaulay.

"Mike, what kind of a night would this be for fire-shooting," said the doctor to that meditative Nimrod, who was busy sewing up a moccasin by the light of the camp-fire, after a week of travel.

"So, so," replied Mike, without looking up. "I am going, I think."

No answer. Mike put on the mended moccasin, and drew off the other.

"Do you think we can kill anything?"

"S'pose," replied Mike.

"Come, Charlie, let us try it for a little while."

This was all ruse on the part of Poke, in order to make Mike think our great hunt was an unpremeditated affair, and thereby increase the glory of killing so much game. It had been arranged between us during the day that we would try fire-hunting that night. It promised to be a cloudy night, which was of great advantage, as it prevented the game from seeing anything of the hunters, and at the same time rendered their eyes more reflective when exposed to torchlight. We had even gone so far as to make our pitch-pine torches, and the whole preparation was complete. It was a party of two—the Doctor and myself. There would be rather more interest in getting the game alone; and besides that, Mike's opinion on fire-shooting was well known, and we knew he would not go with us—so constant a hunter scorned so primitive a snare as the one we proposed. The negroes we did not want, for the fewer in a party the better. So, one of us taking a gun, and the other carrying a torch, we left the camp.

The boys were chuckling together as they watched us go, and the dogs howled because they could not go with us, and Mike gave one of his expressive coughs, that said plainly as words, "Now for it."

We were soon outside of the glare of the camp-fire, the little creek was crossed, and our torch flashed brightly on the taper trunk of the pine tree, the climbing vines, and the broad-leafed plants that grew by the pools of water. There was no wind, and walking in the pine woods, there was no sound. Once in a long while a sand-hill crane, disturbed in his wanderings, would be seen stalking away, with his red head high in the air, like a sentry on duty; or the sudden motion of the underbrush would tell us that some one of the many little harlequins of the wood that gambol most when men do sleep, had fled from this unusual spectacle of a moving light. But no deer rewarded our search; no bear showed us his heavy coat.

"Faith," said the Doctor, "this romantic promenade is getting somewhat long."

"Think of the deer. One buck will pay us."

"Fudge: if there was no one to laugh at us, I would have turned back long ago. Give me the gun, and you take the light."

Accordingly we changed positions, I going ahead, carrying the torch before me, in such a manner that it would throw the light ahead as much as possible, and none on our persons, and the Docter received the gun and took my place directly behind, and shaded by my person. The night had become still darker, and a misty rain commenced falling. We had left the pine woods after walking a couple of miles, and had come into a grove of low timber. The long moss dropped in curtains, the odor of magnolio's burthened the air, and every minute a copse would force us to turn aside from our route.

"Hush," whispered the Doctor, suddenly, with a spasmodic pull at my coat tail, "there's a deer."

I was just wondering at this absence of deer, and could not account for it, as it was a rare thing to go a mile in Florida without seeing one.

"Where," I whispered; "I don't see it."

"Hush! it has gone now; but we will see it in a moment again."

We advanced on tiptoe, both, in body and expectation.

"There! there!" said the Doctor, pointing with his finger a little distance to the left; but the luminous spot was gone before I had hardly got my eyes on it.

We were in the very place for deer. A heavy wind-fall lay ahead of us, and the mingled trunks and twisted branches looked like the *chevaux de frise* to some great encampment. The flickering light made the shadows move back and forth with a spectral effect, as though dancing, and the hush of the forest was unbroken by any sound. Every moment I expected to see again the two phosphorescent stars that indicate the deer's eyes, and then the true shot would bring us the prize for our labor. It seemed a long time in coming again.

"That deer must be very shy," whispered the Doctor, just above his breath.

The next time I saw it first. It was some distance ahead, and there were two; just before I could point them out to my comrade, they had disappeared. Presently, we saw it on one side of us.

"Charlie, that is a will-o'-the-wisp," said Poke, in rather a subdued tone, "or the devil; who ever heard of a deer going around so?"

"He is examining you to see what manner of man you are."

"Perchance it is some spirit of a departed buck, leading us to a wild chase to destroy us."

"There it is, right behind me, as I live!" ejaculated the Doctor, in evident trepidation.

Sure enough, as I turned my head, I saw the two blue lights that indicate the reflecting lenses of the eye. The Doctor was taking aim, but I noticed it was not very steady. He pulled the trigger—a dull snap announced a miss fire. He pulled the other trigger—it snapped in the same way. The gun was wet with rain.

"Was anything ever so provoking?" said Poke, as the eyes vanished in the darkness.

"If it is the devil, he will have you now."

"How can you talk so?" said the Doctor, with a strong emphasis on the "can."

"There is your deer, Poke, in the windfall," said I, as I caught sight of the eyes moving rapidly along over the mass of timber that lay heaped and knotted together.

"That's no deer," said Poke; "no cloven foot could go over that windfall that way. I would rather see the night huntsman of the Hartz mountain, than see those eyes again." As he was speaking, I saw in the inky darkness ahead of us, another pair of eyes, and two or three pairs on the left. The truth flashed on me. The scarcity of the deer, the proximity of the windfall, the restlessness of those baleful eyes, all gave me the clue—the wolves were around us.

A word to Poke, and the affair was explained, and we stood still for consultation. We tried new caps on our guns, but it was of no use—the cones were saturated with water. We turned toward the camp, but in our confusion we forgot the direction. To heighten the misery of the scene, our torch was almost burnt out; let that die and the rest could be easily divined.

We were standing at the time under a grove of small pecan trees, and at that instant a low snort was heard from the shadow near us, like the cough of a dog.

Poke did not say a word, but, dropping the gun, and seizing a limb of one of the trees over his head, with an agility for which I had never given him the least credit, elevated himself to the crotch, about ten feet from the ground.

I did not want to do anything of the kind, of course not; I would rather have placed my back against a tree, and won a glorious death in battle against my numerous foes, but, alack! for a bad example, I dropped the torch, which broke in pieces in falling, and clasping the nearest tree, which happened to be a medium sized gum tree, soon scrambled to a place of safety. Lucky it was for me that I had that torch in my hand, for when it fell, it lay scattered around the base of the tree, still flickering and flashing in the darkness, and the animals that had surrounded us, as they saw their prey escaping, rushed forward with an angry noise; they saw the glowing embers, and held back just long enough to permit my escape. As I drew myself up to the first limb, a rush of gratitude passed over my soul, and my feelings were as warm as a child's. Nothing could be seen, for the sombre forest shut out the little light there was in the atmosphere, but I heard the pattering of feet beneath my fortress like falling rain. Back and forward they came and went, and snorting sounds and champing teeth made the black night alive with imaginary shapes. I wondered how it fared with the Doctor, yet dared not call, for the uncertainty was less fearful than the reality might be. I pictured him fallen, dragged back from his half attained refuge, and divided among the hungry pack; and the very noises below might be the numbling of his bones.

"While their white tusks crunched over his whiter skull,
As it slipped through their jaws when their edges grew dull."

At length, I summoned courage and called, "Poke!"

"Hulloa!" was the response—more grateful to my ear than any sound in the world.

"How are you, my boy?" I called again.

"Safe, thank the Lord!"

"What a disgraceful situation to be in, and how are we to get out of it?"

"I will be grateful if I can only keep in it; for this tree is so small that the wolves can almost reach me when they jump; and, as I climbed up, one caught my coat-tail and bore it entirely off."

"Climb up higher, then."

"I can't; the tree is so small, that when I get any higher, it bends over and lets me down—oh dear!"

"Haven't you your pistol with you? Try and shoot one, and it may frighten them."

"Oh, dear, no; there are hundreds of them. Just look at them below!"

I looked down, and surely I could see a drove of them. They were evidently the gray wolf; for, in spite of the darkness, I could once in a while detect their motions from their light coats.

Poke suggested that they were phanton wolves, and declared they were all white.

All the fearful stories that I had ever read came coursing through my brain. I saw snow-buried huts snuffed out and ravished by these prowlers, and heard the shriek of the child, thrown from the sleigh by its fear-maddened mother, and many an old dream reshaped in my mind the terrors of nights of fever. Were we to be tired out by their devilish patience? Was one gang to relieve another until we wearily fell into their hot-tainted jaws, thus to be hurled into oblivion?

I shouted, in the hope that some one might hear me; but what good to shout in the midnight forest? I heard a voice—it was Poke saying his prayers. I listened devoutly, but could offer none myself.

When he had finished I called to him. He answered faintly—

"What is it? speak quickly; I can't hold on much longer."

"Fire your pistol; do try; it may bring some help, even if it does not kill."

"I will try," answered Poke.

There was a momentary pause, and then the sharp crack of a pistol was followed by the singing of a bullet close by my ear. By the flash I saw Poke, hatless and almost coatless, hanging on to the topmost branch of a young pecan, that bent with him like an orange tree under a heavy load of fruit. With the report of the pistol there was a scramble among the voracious crew at our feet; but they did not go away prematurely, and were back in a moment.

"Fire the other barrel, dear Poke, but try and fire it the other way—point it down."

"Bang! sounded the pistol, and I heard a thump on the ground, as the poor fellow threw away the now useless weapon.

"Hold on, Poke; take heart, my dear boy."

"Oh, it is very easy to say take heart, but when the tree bends a little more than usual, I am within a foot of these hell-hounds. Oh, dear!"

At this moment I thought I saw a light flashing through the foliage. A moment more I was convinced of it.

"Where—where! Oh, dear, I can't turn my head lest I slip off."

"There they come; I see them—three torches, and men and dogs."

"God bless them!" I heard Poke say, faintly.

I was afraid he was fainting. "Hold on, Poke," I said, and screaming to the men, I called them to hurry. On they came at a run. I recognized them as they came up with their torches flashing through the woods; they were Jackson and his men. He had been in our camp only the day previous, and told us he had a sheep-farm in this neighborhood. "Quick—this way," I shouted, "the wolves! the wolves!" He answered me. How blessed a thing was the sound of a human voice in our necessity. They came under the trees we were in.

"Hullooa, there! where are you? Where are the wolves?" he shouted in his stentorian tones.

"Dar's de sheep I'm bin huntin' all dis bressed night!" exclaimed a negro who accompanied Jackson on his search.

I looked around, and there was Jackson's big flock of sheep, staring blandly at us in the trees and their master by turn. It had been their eyes we had seen in the darkness.

And there was Jackson see-sawing on a fallen tree, hiccoughing and laughing and crying by turns; and there were the negroes, and they called in the sheep. "Ho! ho! ho! Oh, laws a massy! did I ever—ho! ho! ho! wolves! Oh, laws a massy!"

Poke slid down the tree he was in, picking up his coat tail, that had been torn off by a broken limb in his hurried ascent, sighing:

"Oh! that I had the wings of a dove!"

[From Household Words.]

A Stocking Full of Bank Notes.

Some years ago—in the days of the thirty-shilling notes—a certain Irishman saved up the sum of eighty-seven pounds ten, in the notes of the Bank of Ireland. As a sure means of securing this valuable property, he put it in the foot of an old stocking, and buried it in his garden, where bank note paper couldn't fail to keep dry, and to come out, when wanted, in the best preservation.

After leaving this treasure in this excellent place of deposit for some months, it occurred to the depositor to take a look at it, and see how it was getting on. He found the stocking-foot apparently full of the fragments of mildew and broken mushrooms. No other shadow of a shade of eighty-seven pounds ten!

In the midst of his despair the man had the sense not to disturb the ashes of his property. He took the stocking-foot in his hand, posted off to the Bank in Dublin, entered it one morning as soon as it was open, and staring at the clerk with a most extraordinary absence of all expression in his face, said—

"Ah, look at that, sir! Can ye do anything for me?"

"What do you call this?" said the clerk.

"Eighty-sivin pounds tin, praise the Lord, as I'm a sinner! Ohone! There was a twenty as was paid to me by Mr. Phalin O'Dowd, sir, and a tin as was changed by Pat Reily, and five as was owen by Tim; and Ted Conner, says he to ould Phillips—"

"Well! Never mind old Phillips. You have done it, my friend."

"Oh, Lord, sir, and it's done it I have most complate! Oh, good luck to you, sir, can you do nothing for me?"

"I don't know what's to be done with such a mess as this. Tell me, first of all, what you put in the stocking, you unfortunate blunderer."

"Oh, yes, sir, and tell you true as if it was the last word I had to spake intirely, and the Lord be good to you and Ted Conner, ses he to old Phillips, regarden the five as was owen by Tim, and includen of the tin which was changed by Pat Reilly—"

"You didn't put Pat Reilly or old Phillips into the stocking, did you?"

"Is it Pat or ould Phillips as was ever the valy of eighty-sivin pound tin, lost and gone, and includen the five as was owned by Tim, and Ted Conner——"

"Then tell me what you *did* put in the stocking, and let me take it down. And then hold your tongue, if you can, and go your way, and come back to-morrow."

The particulars of the notes were taken, without any reference to ould Phillips, who could not, however, by any means, be kept out of the story, and the man departed.—When he was gone, the stocking-foot was shown to the chief engraver of the notes, who said that if anybody could settle the business, his son could. And he proposed that the particulars of the notes should not be communicated to his son, who was then employed in his department of the Bank, but should be put away under lock and key, and if his son's ingenuity should enable him to discover from these ashes what notes had really been put in the stocking, and the two lists should tally, the man should be paid the lost amount. To this prudent proposal the Bank of Ireland readily assented, being extremely anxious that the man should not be a loser, but, of course, deeming it essential to be protected from imposition.

The son readily undertook the delicate commission proposed to him. He detached the fragments from the stocking with the utmost care, on the point of a penknife; laid the whole gently in a basin of warm water and presently saw them, to his delight, begin to unfold and expand like flowers. By-and-by, he began to 'tease them' with a camel's hair pencil and the penknife, got the various morsels separate before him, and began to piece them together. The first piece laid down was faintly recognizable by a practiced eye as a bit of the left hand bottom corner of a twenty pound note; then came a bit of a five; then of a ten; then more bits of a twenty; then more bits of a five and ten; then another left hand bottom corner of a twenty—so there were two twenties!—and so on, until to the admiration and astonishment of the whole Bank, he noted down the exact amount deposited in the stocking, and the exact notes of which it had been composed. Upon this, as he wished to see and divert himself with the man on his return—he provided himself with a bundle of corresponding new clean, rustling notes and awaited his arrival.

He came exactly as before, with the same blank staring face, and the same inquiry "can you do anything for me, sir?"

"Well," said our friend, "I don't know, maybe I *can* do something. But I have taken a great deal of pains and lost a great deal of time, and I want to know what you mean to give me?"

"Is it give, sir? Thin, is there anything I wouldn't give for my eighty-sivin pound tin, sir; and it's murdered I am by old Phillips?"

"Never mind him. There were two twenties, were there not?"

"Oh! holy mother, sir, there was! Two most illegant twenties! and Ted Conner—and Phalin—which Reilly——"

He faltered and stopped, as our friend, with much ostentatious rustling of the crisp paper, produced a new twenty, and then the other twenty and then a ten, and then a five, and so forth. Meanwhile, the man, occasionally murmuring an exclamation of surprise, or a protestation of gratitude, but gradually becoming vague and remote in the latter as the notes reappeared, looked on, staring, evidently inclined to believe that they were the real lost notes, reproduced in that state by some chemical process. At last they were all told out, and in his pocket as he still stood staring and muttering, "Oh, holy mother, only to think of it! Sir it's bound to you forever that I am!"—but more vaguely and remotely now than before.

"Well," said our friend, "what do you propose to give me for them?"

After staring and rubbing his chin for some time longer, he replied with the unexpected question:

"Do you like bacon?"

"Very much," said our friend.

"Thin it's a side as I'll bring your honor to-morrow morning, and a bucket of new milk—and ould Phillips—"

"Come," said our friend, glancing at a notable shillelagh the man had under his arm, "let me undeceive you. I don't want anything of you, and I am very glad you have got your money back. But I suppose you'd stand by me, now, if I wanted a boy to help me in any little skirmish?"

They were standing by a window on the top story of the Bank, commanding a court-yard, where a sentry was on duty. To our friend's amazement, the man dashed out of the room without speaking one word, suddenly appeared in the court yard, performed a war dance round this astonished soldier—who was a modest young recruit—made the shillelagh flutter like a wooden butterfly, round his musket, round his bayonet, round his head, round his body, round his arms, inside and outside his legs, advanced and retired, rattled it all round him like fireworks, looked up at the window, cried out with a high leap in the air, "Whoo-roo! Thry me!"—vanished—and never was beheld at the Bank again from that time forth.

American Young Men.

American history presents many remarkable instances of young men taking prominent and commanding stations at an age which would be thought very young in other countries. We subjoin a few striking examples from the list of those who have passed off the stage of human action.

At the age of twenty-nine, Mr. Jefferson was an influential member of the Legislature of Virginia. At thirty he was a member of the Virginia Convention; at thirty-two a member of the Continental Congress, and at thirty-three he wrote the Declaration of Independence.

Alexander Hamilton was only twenty years of age when he was appointed a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army of the Revolution, and aid-de-camp to Washington. At twenty-five he was a member of the Continental Congress—at thirty he was one of the ablest members of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States; at thirty-two he was Secretary of the Treasury, and organized that branch of Government, upon so complete and comprehensive a plan that no great change of improvement has since been made upon it.

John Jay, at twenty-nine years old, was a member of the Continental Congress, and wrote an address to the people of Great Britain which was justly regarded as one of the most eloquent productions of the times. At thirty he prepared the Constitution of New York, and in the same year was appointed Chief Justice of the State.

Washington was twenty-seven years of age when he covered the retreat to the British troops at Braddock's defeat, and was honored by an appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia forces.

Joseph Warren was twenty-nine years of age, when he delivered the memorable address on the 5th of March, which roused the spirit of patriotism and liberty in his section of the country; and at thirty-four he gloriously fell in the cause of freedom on Bunker Hill.

Fisher Ames, at the age of twenty-seven, had excited public attention by the ability he displayed in the discussion of questions of public interest. At the age of thirty, his masterly speeches in defence of the Constitution of the United States had excited great influence, so that the youthful orator of thirty-one was elected to Congress from the Suffolk district over the Revolutionary hero, Samuel Adams.

De Witt Clinton entered public life at 28; Henry Clay at 26.

The most youthful signer of the Declaration of Independence was William Hooper, of North Carolina, whose age was but twenty-four.

The Truthful Boy.

"I hate 'pattern boys,'" said Richard Gray; "I never feel at home with them; for if you do anything they don't think right, you never feel safe; they are almost sure to tell of you. They always get into the good graces of the master."

"What do you mean?" asked his brother Philip.

"Why, our master said at school yesterday, that he thought young Morris quite a pattern of good conduct, and hoped, when he came to school, we should all be kind to him."

"Well, we shall see," said Philip, "when he comes; I say he will be like all the rest."

George Morris came to school. Some liked him, and some did not; but he behaved kindly to all.

One day they were all at play in the playground, when George was heard crying out in great trouble. "What have I done? Oh, what have I done? What will Mr. Harding say?"

"What is it? what is it?" cried several voices; and the crowd gathered quickly around to see what was the matter.

"Oh," said George, "my ball has broken a pane of glass in the green-house, and I am afraid it has knocked down some of the flower-pots, for it made such a clatter. I had no right to be so near the green-house."

The boys ran to the green-house, and there, sure enough, was Mr. Harding's beautiful cactus, in full bloom, thrown down upon the floor, and the plant broken.

"Oh! what will Mr. Harding say?" said George; "it was only yesterday he was showing it to Squire Lowndes' gardener, and he said it was the finest he had seen for a long time."

"You'll catch it," said Richard Gray, who was a very ill tempered boy, "you'll catch it, for going so near the green-house with your ball."

"Mr. Harding need not know anything about it," said Philip; "at least, I will not tell who did it."

"Nor I," said Joe Green; "none of us will; so do not trouble yourself about it, George.—When Will Thompson let the water run out of the water-butt, Mr. Harding tried all he could to find out, but he could not. We all said we did not do it."

"And," said Philip, "we will all agree that we know nothing about how the cactus got knocked down, and he will think some one threw a stone out of the road and broke it.—And so you will get out of the scrape."

George left them, and stood under the tree, thinking of the mischief he had done, when Joe Green came up to him. "Be sure, George, if Mr. Harding asks you who did it, to say you did not."

"I could not say that," said George, "for I *did* do it."

"Yes," said Joe, "but then you needn't *say* so, and then we will all keep quiet."

"Oh!" said George, "but I shall be so unhappy till I have confessed it."

"Then you are very foolish, and deserve all you will get," said Philip Gray.

"Yes," added Joe Green, "and Morris will change his mind when he comes to school to-morrow."

When George reached home, he told his father of what had happened. "I think," said Mr. Morris, "that you would do right to tell Mr. Harding all about it. If you were to follow the advice of your schoolmates, you would cause them to practice deceit, and the blame of the accident would fall on the wrong person. Besides, you will add sin to sin; and, suppose you deceive your teacher, you cannot deceive God, for he knoweth all things. His all-seeing eye is upon you, and you must act as in his sight."

"We will see how he will manage it," said Richard, as they stood in a group at the school-door, on the following morning; "depend on it, he will be glad to do as we say."

All were seated in the school room, and the master was about to commence the duties of the day with prayer, when George was seen leaving his seat, and going towards Mr. Harding. Everything was so still, you might have heard a pin drop.

"If you please, sir," said George, "I cannot tell a lie," and paused.

"I know you would not, wilfully," said Mr. Harding. "Well."

George proceeded to give the history of the matter, and to beg Mr. Harding's forgiveness.

Mr. Harding's eyes filled with tears; he could scarcely speak at first. All eyes were fixed upon him, and on the youth who dared to be true.

"George," said Mr. Harding, "had you broken every pane of glass in the green-house, and destroyed every flower it contains, I would forgive you. You have done right in telling me the whole truth, and I respect and love you for it. Give me your hand—I heartily forgive you."

George bowed and went to his seat.

Ice Water.

If the reader is down town or away from home on a hot day, and feels as if it would be perfectly delicious to have a glass of lemonade, soda water, or brandy toddy, by all means let him resist the temptation until he gets home, and then take a glass of cold water, a swallow at a time with a second or two interval between each swallow. Several noteworthy results will most assuredly follow.

After it is all over you will feel quite as well from a drink of water as if you had enjoyed a free swig of either of the others.

In ten minutes after you will feel a great deal better.

You will not have been poisoned by the lead or copper which is most generally found in soda water.

You will be richer by six cents, which will be the interest on a dollar for a whole year.

You will not have fallen down dead from the sudden chills which sometimes result from drinking soda, iced water, or toddy, in a hurry.

No well man has any business to eat ices, to drink any iced liquors in any shape or form, if he wants to preserve his teeth, protect the tone of his stomach, and guard against sudden inflammations and prolonged dyspepsia. It is enough to make one shudder to see a beautiful young girl sipping scalding coffee or tea at the beginning of a meal, and then close it with a glass of ice water, for at thirty she must either be snaggled tooth or wear those of the dead or artificial.

Fresh spring or well water is abundantly cool for any drinking purposes whatever. In cities where water is *artificially* supplied, the case is somewhat *different*; but even then there is no good excuse for drinking ice water, because even if the excuse were good in itself, the effects on the stomach and teeth are the same.

Make a bag of thick woolen, doubled, lined with muslin; fill it with ice; have in a pitcher an inch or two of water above the faucet, and let this bag of ice be suspended from the cover within two inches of the surface of the water. The ice will melt slowly and keep the water delightfully cool, but not ice-cold. A still better effect will be produced if the pitcher is also well enveloped in woolen. Again, water almost as cool as it can be, unless it has ice actually in it, may be had without any ice at all, by enveloping a closed pitcher, partly filled with water, with several folds of cotton, linen or bagging, and so arranging it that these folds are kept wet at all the time by water dropping from another vessel on the principle of evaporation.

Hall's Journal of Health.

An Affectionate Letter.

The following affectionate and whole-souled confession, which we received from a "fair one," and which is decidedly rich, originated with a verdant youth of some twenty-five summers, residing in the State of Maryland:

Dear miss: as I have becom verry much attach to youre pearson sence I met you at captaines M——'s party, and would like to have the pleasure of cultivateing my acquaintance with you, and know of beatter mode to persue then taken the liberty of writing to you a few lines to knou wether you or knot, and if you are so disposed to resceev my visit as one you thought you could essteem, You be so good as to let me kno bey anccring me. For I ['tell 'em who I am!'] never new whot it was to love untell I saw you, and alwaise herd when enney one loved they did at fires sight, and I believe it to be true, For I fell in love with at the first glimps I saw of you, and I thaught it would be dowing myselfe injustice to keep hide within my breast that which I realey felt in my heart, and not make it nown to you. If you ancere me, you will please to direct it to C——, M——— co., Maryland. You must excuse the penmanship of this letter, for it was don in a hury.

Youre reale admirier, JAMES B——.

SEEING THE ECLIPSE.—The Providence *Post* narrates the following experience of a highly respectable citizen, of good moral character, in search of the eclipse:

Got up at 5 o'clock Wednesday morning. Looked out for the sun, but couldn't find it. Concluded I was up early. Went to bed.

Got up again at half-past five. Saw something they called the sun. Loomed red. Went down town. Sun looked whiter, and brighter as a tin pan. Thought I would go home and get breakfast. Noticed the breakfast room looked dark. Opened the blinds, when it looked lighter.

Seven o'clock. Went down town again. Sun shining very bright. Tried to look at it, but couldn't. Thought I would take glass. *Took one.* Smoked it. Thought I could see better, but was't satisfied. Didn't see any eclipse.

Eight o'clock *Took another glass*, thinking it might be a better one. Smoked. Couldn't see a patch on the sun's face. Grew bigger. *Took another glass*—smoked. Looked first-rate.

Half-past eight. Things didn't look right, but could see something. Thought too trouble might be in the last glass. *Took another.* Saw the biggest kind of an eclipse. Saw the sun and moon. *Took another glass* and looked and saw two suns. Smoked, and *took another glass.* Saw two suns and two moons. *Took another glass.* Five or six suns and ten or fifteen moons, all mixed up, and seemed to be drunk.

Nine o'clock. Couldn't see much of anything. Concluded I was sun-struck. Thought I would go home. Saw an omnibus and thought I would get in. Turned out to be Swarts' what-d'ye-call-it. Tried another, and got in. Went home in a coal cart. Think eclipses are humbugs, besides making people have headaches.

TERRIBLE FIGHT AMONG THE INDIANS IN THE WEST.—We learn from Mr. Davidson, of Indianola, that a painful rumor was brought to that place on Saturday last, by a returned Pike's Peaker, of a severe Indian fight, some three weeks since, on the Solomon, about one hundred miles above Fort Riley, in which about three hundred Pottowatomies and Delawares were killed. The informant says he passed directly through the scene of the fight, that the dead were all scalped, and supposed the other party to have been Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, &c., who were known to have been in that vicinity at that time. The murdered Indians are supposed to be a party of some three or four hundred Pottowatomies, half-breeds, and Delawares, that went from that vicinity a short time previous to the rumored battle, for the purpose of hunting buffalo. Among them were Messrs. Le Flumbeau, Beaubien, Ogee, Darling, and several other prominent Indians, well known in this vicinity, who accompanied the expedition for the sake of the excitement and pleasure which it promised.

The fight was witnessed by a couple of pioneers, who were at the time hunting buffalo, and was described by them as being a fearful scene. The combatants numbered some thousands, were all mounted, and kept constantly circling, lying down in their saddles, and firing over their horse's necks as they approached the enemy. The fight lasted two hours. Quite a number were killed—their informants did not know how many—and at the end of that time the Pawnees broke, and ran with the Chyennes after them.

In addition to the above information, Mr. B. informs us that great excitement prevails throughout the frontier settlements, on account of Indian depredations—that many whites had been killed, also, that he met many families on their way to the larger settlements, carrying with them the entire household goods, having abandoned their homes, their crops, and everything they could not carry. Companies were being made up at Manhatten, Junction City, &c., for pursuing and chasting these wild Indians, who have never before pressed the settlements so close as now. It is hoped that the commandants of the forts will take this in hand immediately. The settlement of the country on the Republican and Solomon Forks had been rapidly progressing this season, and these disturbances, unless speedily checked, will provo very serious in their effects upon the country.

Messrs. Le Flumbeau and others spoken of above, have since been heard from, all safe. The rumor of a fight is confirmed, but no particulars received.

Topeka (Kansas) Record, Aug. 4.

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.—Sir John Bowring, at a recent Tract Society meeting, said:

"The Chinese are a proud nation, and naturally enough. Their language has existed four thousand five hundred years, and everybody reads it. Our language is a language of yesterday. A person who lived in the Island of Great Britain eight hundred years ago could not understand one of us, and we could not make ourselves understood by him.

But Confucius wrote six or seven hundred years before Jesus Christ, and his language is read not by fifty or sixty millions who understand the English language, but by five hundred millions of the human race. What a wonderful power!

☞ The Presidential election comes off on the 6th of November.

Odds and Ends.

☞ Prudence and economy beget riches.

☞ You are old enough to know better than you are doing.

☞ It is less painful to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

☞ Foolish talking arises from two causes, ignorance and the desire to show off.

☞ No man can avoid his own company, so he had best make it as good as possible.

☞ Why is a muff like a fool? Because it holds a lady's hand without squeezing it.

A MATTER OF COURSE.—Cheating and jockeying at horse-races are matters of *course.*

☞ Why are presidents like vagabonds?—Because they are associated with vices!

☞ Fast youths are now called young gentlemen of accelerated gait.

☞ So long as men are imprudent in their diet and their business, doctors and lawyers will ride in carriages.

☞ A person who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of yours. Have a care how you listen.

☞ Keep your store of smiles and kindest thoughts for home; give to the world only those which are to share.

☞ The value of new buildings put up in Boston, Mass., the present season, will exceed it is believed, $5,000,000.

☞ "Sir," said a colporteur, "shall I leave some tracts here?" "Yes" was the reply; "with the heels this way."

☞ The census returns in one of the upper townships of Northampton county report fifty living children in four families.

☞ An artesian well in progress at Macon, Miss., is throwing a column of water some fifteen feet above the surface of the earth.

☞ An immense bed of white marble, said to be equal to the finest Italian, has been discovered in Presque, Isle county, Michigan.

☞ An irritable man is somewhat like a hedge-hog rolled up the wrong way, and pierced by his own prickles.

☞ Why should potatoes grow better than other vegetables? Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

☞ An eminent teetotaler would only consent to sit for his portrait on condition that he should be taken in water colors.

☞ "How do you get that lovely perfume?" asked one young lady of another. "It's scent to me," replied the other.

☞ A pleasant and cheerful mind sometimes grows upon an old and worn out body, like misletoe upon a dead tree.

☞ What is that which every man can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided? Water.

☞ A Frenchman wishing to compliment a girl as a "little lamb," called her a "small mutton."

☞ "Jim, how does the thermometer stand to-day?" Ours stands on the mantel-piece right again the plastering."

PRIDE.—The devil's stratagem, who, like an expert wrestler, usually gives a man a lift before he gives him a throw.

☞ Dobbs thinks that instead of giving credit to whom credit is due, the cash had better be paid. Dobbs should not be impertinent.

☞ As to flattery, the current commodity of the world on which fashion lives and thrives, it is, at most, a lie in its best clothes.

☞ It is said "the hare is one of the most timid animals, yet it always dies game!"—Why shouldn't it, when it is made game of.

☞ The man, who gets along by borrowing is on the highway to ruin. He is somebody else's property, riding a sprained livery horse.

☞ "You seem to walk more erect than usual my friend."

"Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."

☞ There are as good horses drawing in carts as in coaches: and as good men are engaged in humble employments as in the highest.

☞ A man can do without his own approbation in society, but he must make exertion to gain it when alone; without it, solitude is not to be endured.

☞ "Where shall I put this paper so as to be sure of seeing it to-morrow?" inquired Mary. Charles. "Oh, on the looking-glass, to be sure," was the reply.

☞ We were considerably amused by an account that we lately saw of a remarkable duel. There were six men upon the ground, and six misses.

☞ A paper from one of the interior counties says:—"There is not a single person in the county jail! Are there any *married* persons there?

☞ A henpecked husband writes: "Before marriage I fancied wedded life would be all sunshine; but afterward I found out that it was all moonshine."

☞ A civic youth, intending to offer marriage to a young lady, wrote to ask her to unite with himself in the formation of an Art Union.

A STRONG DRINK.—A politician says he once partook of a beverage so strong, that he could not tell whether it was brandy or a torchlight procession that was going down his throat.

☞ In the window of a shop in an obscure part of London is this announcement: "Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten, and poetry composed on any subject."

☞ A mind too vigorous and active serves only to consume the body to which it is joined, as the richest jewels are soonest found to wear their settings.

☞ Some persons seem to suppose that, as soon as they have breakfasted, it is their bounden duty to devote themselves entirely to the great business of the day—thinking of dinner.

☞ Fame is an undertaker that pays but little attention to the living, but bedizens the dead, furnishes out their funerals, and follows them to the grave.

☞ Fun is worth more than physic, and whoever invents or discovers a new source of supply deserves the name of a public benefactor.

☞ The Duke de Duras, observing Descartes seated one day at a luxurious table, cried out, "What! do philosophers indulge in dainties?" "Why not?" replied Descartes; "do you think that nature produced all her good things for fools?"