American Volunteer.

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

VOL. 47. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1861. NO. 40.

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

JOHN B. BRATTON.

TERMS.

SUBSCRIPTION.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents, paid in advance; Two Dollars if paid within the year; and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the Editor.

ADVERTISEMENTS—Accompanied by the CASH, and not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion.

JOB-PRINTING—Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c. &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Poetical.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE SNOW FORT.

BY JOSEPH BARBER.

In the happy days of boyhood,
Five and thirty years ago,
(Life's golden age of joyhood,)
We built castles of the snow.
In the glittering drifts we quarried,
And our mansion work was rare,
As those mansions, many-storied,
Manhood fashions out of air.

Though our ramparts and our fosses
Might have puzzled old Vauban,
What cared we, the urchin hosses,
For old fogy rule and plan?
Our outworks were the queerest
Ever reared by human skill,
But of names we chose the dearest—
Every fort was Bunker Hill.

How the parts of British leaders
Went a begging, one and all;
How we all were earnest pleaders
For front places on the wall!
Boys detailed for service foreign,
Fell in line with clouded brow,
Each one clamored to be Warren,
And none wanted to be Howe.

The battle—ah! we fought it,
Not at all by history's light;
How the pesky English caught it,
How they always lost the fight.
In despite of truth we chased them,
And to facts entirely blind,
As down the hill we raced them,
How we peppered them behind!

Thus we fought the fight of Bunker's,
In the days that knew no care,
Ere the snow we tossed, as youngers,
Time had sifted in our hair.
Now, alas! in the fierce battle
We wage daily in the world,
Harder shots against us rattle
Than our boy-arms ever hurled.

And 'tis not the generous tussle
Of the snow fort on the knoll
But a strife with those who hustle
Not the body but the soul;
And instead of gleaming missiles,
Poisoned shafts fly to and fro,
And we march o'er galling thistles,
Not the velvet of the snow!

HURRAH FOR A CHEERFUL GIRL.

Hurrah! hurrah! for a laughing girl,
With a heart devoid of guile;
Hurrah! hurrah! for a rosy cheek,
A bright and bewitching smile;
We love to gaze on such a one—
There's rapture in the sight;
We love to see a sunny smile,
That beams all fair and bright.

Hurrah! hurrah! for a cheerful girl,
With roses in her hair;
Hurrah! hurrah! for a lustrous eye,
'Neath lashes light and fair;
For pensive feelings ne'er disturb
The heart that's light and free,
And sorrow ne'er bedims the eye
That beams with pleasantry.

Miscellaneous.

An Acorn from the Tomb of Washington Planted in Russia by the Emperor.

On the 22d of February Gov. Pickens, of South Carolina, (who was recently Minister to Russia,) made a short address to a military company in Charleston, in the course of which he made the following happy allusion to the universal respect for Gen. Washington:

"I remember while in a distant court of Europe, and at the most despotic of all Governments, that on a memorable occasion I visited the magnificant gardens that surround Peterhoff, near St. Petersburg. The gardens and grounds were dedicated to the enjoyment and peaceful pursuits of the greatest and most brilliant of courts. On a remote island of these magnificent grounds that had been set aside for the private enjoyment and private walks of the Emperor and Empress, a tree was pointed out to me in that garden, cultivated by particular and devoted hands, surrounded by wire wicket work, and flowers flourishing all around it. There stood on one branch of the tree a large brass plate, and on one side of that plate, in German, and on the other in Sclavonic, was written, 'this tree was planted in 1839, by Nicholas, from an acorn that grew near the tomb of the great Washington.' This was the inscription upon that tree, placed there by one of the most absolute rulers that ever swayed the sceptre of Empire. And yet in his private, secluded gardens he paid this deep and heartfelt tribute to the memory of the greatest and purest man the world ever saw.

"He did not take an acorn from near the tomb of the great Elizabeth; nor did he take it from the garden of the Tuilleries, grown in the time of Louis the XIV.; nor did he take it from the tomb of the great Napoleon; nor did he take it from the garden of the Cæsars, near Rome; but he took an acorn from the tomb of a pure and mighty man, in the wilds of America, who had planted the seeds of a Government consecrated to the freedom and independence of nations, whose every principle was directly at war with the principles of its own Government; and yet so great were the virtues and integrity of Washington, that even this mighty monarch, in private and secret, paid to him his heartfelt and deep tribute. The tree was watered and cultivated with more care than any of the trees in that garden. It was flourishing and green, and I trust in God it will continue to flourish green and fresh until its branches shall overspread the civilized world.

"I have also seen the Cossack of the Don and the Volga; I have seen the Lancers of Russia, and I have seen the Tartar and the Arab in the wilds of the interior, and yet notwithstanding their semi-barbarian life, even they converse of the mighty Washington in their tents at night. There is no portion of the world that has not heard of his name, and love and admire his great and manly truthfulness and virtue."

DUCKS IN SUMMER.

There is doubt of its being true, and its a good one, if I can hit on the right way of telling it:

Aaron was a tall, strapping fellow, near seventeen. You never saw a more susceptible youth. Being good-looking, the girls were all easily smitten with him.

They used to flock out to the country on Friday evenings. Talk of a colt! There is no such romp as a town girl turned loose in the country. She races, she jumps, she climbs trees, shaking the wild berries down upon the timorous beaux beneath her. Oh, she is the most beautiful, winning, delightful creature in the world.

Mose was much younger than his cousin; he knew Aaron was taking on about that haughty lass, May Stelton. And May was in love with Aaron.

May, and Troup, and Sue, and Kate all came out on Friday evening, with Mose's sister, Angeline. Mose got off early Saturday to let Aaron know. Aaron was for running over to his aunt's.

"No," says Mose, "bring the gun; the woods are full of squirrels. We might kill a dozen walking the two miles."

The road led along the creek bank. Aaron was in a brown study thinking of May. Mose was looking up in the tree tops and among the bushes, anxious for a pop at something. It was the shadiest and quietest of places. So far and no game.

"Lets leave the road a bit, and go to the head of the creek," said Mose. "It's so out of the way nobody ever disturbs it."

"We'll see something there!"

And they did. Let it be July 24.

"What is it?" asked Aaron, aroused a little.

Mose put his hand to his ear:

"Ducks—the biggest kind!"

"This time of year?"

"I see 'em."

"Give me the gun.'

"No—couldn't think of it."

Klick, klick.

"Well, blaze away; they'll fly if you go nearer."

"The bushes are in the way," said Mose, bringing the piece down with his shoulder.

"Shoot anyhow!" insisted Aaron running up.

"It's the girls in a swimmin'!"

They sat down like snow flakes. They were white as the petticoats strewn on the pebbly beach. Their teeth chattered. A long silence. At last Aaron looked slowly around at Mose with the meanest sort of countenance. Mose's face, as he returned the glance, was a regular sheep looking one.

"Can they find it out!"

"I reckon not, if we are sly."

"Let's climb up the tree, it leans right over them."

They crept along like snakes. They reached the tree. Mose being the lightest, gave the gun to Aaron, and climbed far out on a [illegible] nest. Aaron wasn't so high.

It was a pretty sight, of course. You've read of nymphs, syrens, etc.? They couldn't compare. Hair loose, and floating on the water, arms, etc.? glistening in the water. Kate was as white as snow. Sue was plump as a partridge in pea time, and sat in the waves like a bird in its nest. Troup was slim all over with a few exceptions.

Aaron promised not to look at Angeline if Mose wouldn't wink at May. Impossible! Angeline sported gracefully like a native of the element, and May was a black-eyed houri, *coleur de rose*, from top to toe. They splashed and paddled, and chatted like mad.

The tree began to shake. Aaron had a terrible back ague, and Mose began to smoke and burn, commencing at the ears.

There was a larger noise than usual among the unconscious bathing beauties. Aaron stretched his elongated neck, at the same time hitching the gun forward. Unfortunately the the trigger caught in a vine, and went off with a deafening report. It was the climax of the adventure. Mose tumbled, from excitement into the creek, plum right between Sue and Kate. The gals—they dove badly, strangled, and up the bank, their white retreating forms gazed at by the eyes of the fish hawk that had pounced among them. They are robed in a twinkling, but not one with her right dress on. Aaron dashed into the woods. There was a terrible scream as he ran right into their midst. All ran in different directions, and came dropping in one after another at Mose's mother's.

The boys took a long turn into the woods, and did not get back before night. They said they had been *deer* hunting, and hadn't seen the creek.

The girls appeared to believe them.

A COLORED MAN LEAVES BY WILL MONEY TO PURCHASE A CHILD IN SLAVERY.—A colored man named Richard Bruce died a few months since in Boston, leaving by his will about $1100 for the purchaser of one or more of his children in slavery. He was an old man and having purchased his own freedom, and that of his wife, a few years since, had by industry and economy laid by this sum. Since he became free, Columbus Bruce, the husband of one of his daughters, had his freedom given him, and went to Boston. The case became known to some citizens, who made a contribution of funds, and a leading merchant went to Maryland and purchased his wife, who came leaving in slavery her only child, a boy now about sixteen years old. F. W. Pelton, Esq., has been appointed administrator of the estate, and upon inquiry, leans that Richard Bruce leaves several children in slavery in Maryland, all having families.

There not being money enough to buy a whole family, it is proposed to purchase the child of Columbus Bruce, and negotiations are now pending for that purpose his mistress being willing to sell him in consideration of his being fat and lazy. Until recently, he was held at $1,500, but he is now offered at $1,300. As the will g ves no authority for the purchase of a grandchild of the deceased, the necessary authority for this diversion of the funds, must be procured from the Supreme Court or Legislature.

☞ The wise carry their knowledge as they do their watches—not to display, but for their own use.

☞ It is estimated that upwards of 300,000 Americans are for the time being resident in Europe, and that their joint annual expenditures there are $250,000,000.

☞ The reason why they find so few rhinoceroses. Because they're so remarkbaly well hided.

☞ "Love in a cottage," is very well when you *own* the cottage, and have money out at interest.

☞ A Dutchman thinks "honesty ish de besht policy, but it keeps a man mosht tam poor."

A Game Mistake.

Many of our readers remember the stately presence, the dignified bearing and imposing manner of Col. William C. Preston, of South Carolina. It was when all those qualities were in their prime, and Preston represented his State in the Senate of the United States, that business or pleasure called him to the West, and to take passage down the Mississippi river. In those "flush times," the steamers swarmed with hoosiers, greenhorns, and gamblers, the latter politely designated "sporting gentlemen," the term gambler or "blackleg" entailing from the speaker a pistol shot or a wipe from a bowie knife.

The boat was on the eve of departure, and our Senator, standing on the deck and holding a small mahogany box, was observing with great interest and pleasure the busy scene on the wharf, when an individual, luxuriating in a rather ornate style of dress, approached him, and in a subdued tone demanded:

"I say, old feller, when are you going to commence?"

"Commence what, sir?" asked the astonished Senator.

"Pshaw! none of that gammon with me! The fact is, a few of us boys want a little fun, and we won't pile on too strong for you; so come and open at once."

"Really, sir," replied Preston, "I am totally at a loss to guess your meaning; open what?"

Open what! Why the bank, of course. May be you think our pile isn't large enough to make it an object. But we're not so poor as all that, anyhow!"

The Senator meditated gloomily, but all was dark to him, he was plunged into a sea of doubt, and he had never met any problem, not even a political one, so hard to solve.

"Perhaps," broke in his pertinacious friend again, after a considerable pause, "perhaps you will say directly that you are not a sporting man."

"I certainly am nothing of the kind, sir," replied Preston, rather angrily; "and I can't imagine what put the idea into your head."

"Not a sporting man? Whew-w! I never heard of such a piece of impudence! Well, if you are not a sporting man, will you please to tell me why you carry that about with you?" and he pointed to the mahogany box, which he still carried.

A light broke on Preston's mind. "The mahogany box!" he cried. "Ha! ha! ha! ha!—very natural mistake, indeed, my good sir! very natural, indeed! my good sir; very indeed! Well, I will show you the contents." And laughing heartily, he opened the box in question, which was in fact a dressing case, and displayed the usual parade of brushes, combs, razors, soap, etc., which usually fill that article of traveling comfort.

Our friend looked at the case, then at Preston again. Then he heaved a long sigh, and then he pondered.

"Well," he broke out at length, "I did take you to be a sporting gentleman—I did, but now I see you are a barber; but if I had known it, d—n me if I had a spoke to you."

THE GARDEN.—Should the weather prove favorable, it will not be long until we will begin to turn our attention to the garden. The first thing to be done, if not done last fall, will be to clear off all old plant stalks and everything else that don't properly belong to the garden plot. After the surface has been cleaned, take your barrow and put on as much well decomposed manure or compost as you think is required to bring the soil up to a productive condition. Spread the manure over the ground, and let it remain until you are ready to spade the ground.

A good gardner will know how to attend to the proper spading and bringing the soil to as fine condition as can be, for on this depends, mainly, on any soil, the growth of root crops and all else.

It is all wrong to expect good results from plants that have to labor to get their roots down to moisture below. Make the soil as fine as you can. Many a poor seedsman has had all the blame laid on him because the gardner saw fit to put the seeds into a *cold, wet soil.*

Before planting, see that the soil is warm and moderately dry, and then the seedsman will escape the censure that should fall upon the one that plants. Seeds planted in a cold soil, if they germinate at all, will have no advantage over seeds planted while the soil is in proper condition.

Peas, onions, radishes, lettuce, and a few other seeds and roots may be planted as soon as the above conditions can be brought about by the sun and March winds.

☞ The following good joke occurred not long since in one of the churches in the western part of Onondaga county:

"An aged clergyman, speaking of the solemnity attached to the ministerial office, said that during the whole term of forty or fifty years that he had officiated therein, his gravity had never been but once disturbed in the pulpit. On that occasion he noticed a man directly in front of him leaning over the railing of the gallery with something in his hand, which he soon discovered to be a huge chew of tobacco, just taken from his mouth. Directly below sat a man fast asleep, with his head back and his mouth wide open. The man in the gallery was intensely engaged in raising and lowering his hand, taking an exact observation, till, at last, having got it right, he let fall the quid, and it went plump into the mouth of the sleeper below! The whole scene was so indescribably ludicrous that for the first and last time in the pulpit an involuntary smile forced itself upon the countenance of the preacher.

☞ A dispute about precedence once arose between a bishop and a judge, and after some altercation, the latter thought he should quite confound his opponent by quoting the following passage:—'For on these two hang all the law and the prophets.'—Do you not see, said the lawyer, in triumph, that even in this passage of scripture *we* are mentioned first? I grant you, said the bishop, *you* hang first.

☞ 'Mind, John,' said a father to his son, if you go out into the yard you will wish you had stayed in the house.

'Well, if I stay in the house, I shall wish I was out in the yard: so where is the great difference, dad?'

☞ A lady at Jaynesville, N. Y. had a narrow escape from death by a pin which she was holding in her mouth dropping into her wind-pipe. Her agony was terrible; but skillful surgical aid was at hand, she was relieved under the influence of chloroform, by opening the throat and extracting the pin after an operation which occupied three hours.

☞ "Is them old fellows alive, now?" said an urchin to his teacher.

"What old persons do you mean, my dear?"

"Why, Paul, and Luke, and Deuteronomy, and them."

The Female Fiend.

The female fiend is seen in all parts of the country. She is confined to no especial locality. In the church—on the sidewalk—in the lecture room—amid a party of girls, or in the company of matrons everywhere, you will see the female fiend. But she delights above all things to squat down by the hearthstone, and spit her venom in the very bosom of Home. The female fiend does not resemble those devils who are delineated in old picture books. She has neither horns, nor cloven foot, nor forked tail. She wears the exterior of woman, and very often a neatly dressed, modest looking and smooth spoken woman. Her voice is low and persuasive. She sets homes on fire with a hint. She separates husbands and wives with a lie, cleverly told and well spiced with expressions of affection. She rakes up old family quarrels—knows everything bad that has happened to every man and woman in the neighborhood within twenty years—and it is her work to plant hatred in the Home, suspicion among friends, and discord on earth wherever she goes. The female fiend may be virtuous, (as far as the body is concerned) or she may be unchaste, but her soul is the soul of a prostitute. She has a low opinion of her own sex. She believes every woman to be 'in heart a rake,' therefore she lets no occasion pass with doing her best to make it appear that Miss Jones is a corrupt girl, and that Mrs. Smith is an unchaste wife. She is always sure that Mr. Smith never goes out with good intentions; nay, she is satisfied that he goes out to mingle with the abandoned. She knows matters about this one and that one which she could tell if she would. If she would tell, the roofs would come off the houses—only she don't choose to tell. So dexterous a *hinter* is the female fiend.

The female fiend is found everywhere. She does a large business in a small neighborhood. She spits vitriol and brimstone in country towns. In the city, she is more circumscribed in her operations; but even there she manages to drive a brisk traffic for the good of her master, the Devil. She works more mischief in the world than any prostitute, gambler, or murderer, that ever lived. She cultivates lying into a business, and makes slander one of the fine arts. *Avoid the female fiend.* Shun her in church—at the evening party—on the sidewalk—in the Home—shun her as you would cholera or murder. Keep her out of the company of your wife and sister; for the sake of all that you hold dear, never permit your family to come within the circle of the female fiend.

As a matter of curiosity, let us ask you, reader, have you a female fiend in your neighborhood?

I was an Idle Boy.

Yes, I am a man; and woe is me for having been such a little fool when I was a boy! I hated my books, and took more pains to forget my lessons than ever I did to learn them. Always at the bottom of my class, and my book thumbled and dogeared, and cried over—the very emblem of duncehood. "Do, Charles, learn you lessons," said my father, "or you will be fit for nothing when a man." "Do, Charles, give your mind to books, or I shall be ashamed of owning you for my boy," said my poor mother. But no; I must give my mind to whipping tops and eating cakes, and a fine scholar they made me! Now there was Fred Jones, he liked play well enough, but he liked reading better; and he learned more out of school hours than I did in them. Fred Jones, is now, like myself a man, but a very different kind of a man. He has made friends among the wise, the honorable, and the learned; I cannot be admitted to their acquaintance. He can interest a whole company with useful information; I am obliged to be silent, or talk about the weather or my neighbors. I can make out a bill of parcels, but I blunder over a letter to a friend. I see my error now, but is too late. I have no time to read for I must work for my daily bread; and if I had time I could not turn my reading to profit.

Behold the bitter fruits of idleness in childhood.

☞ 'Come here, my little lad,' said an Attorney to a boy about nine years old. 'A case is between the devil and the people, which do you think will be most likely to gain the action?' The boy replied:—'I guess it will be a hard squeeze; the people have the most money, but the devil has the most lawyers.'

☞ A little boy, kneeling at his mother's knee to say his evening prayer, asked leave to pray in his words, and with a childlike simplicity said: 'God bless little Willie, and don't let the house burn up; God bless papa and mamma; God bless me, and make my boots go on easy in the morning.'

GRAVE JOKE.—A wag going through a grave-yard, observed on one of the stones the following lines:

"As I am now, so you must be,
Prepare for death and follow me."

He took out his pencil and wrote below:

"To follow you I'll not consent,
Until I know which way you went."

☞ Flour is a very useful article in its place; but we don't like to see young women rubbing it on their faces. Doubtless many of them do it more for the fun of the thing than to improve their good looks, but then it is mighty *mean fun*, considering the high price of flour.

☞ Some of the postmasters recently appointed in the seceding States decline to take the oath to support the Constitution of the United States. The offices will be discontinued.

☞ A young lady remarked the other day that she would like to do something so as to have her name appear in the papers. We advise her to get some one to put his name in with hers.

☞ A Yankee bragging of having killed a panther whose tail was three feet long, Brown replied that the "tail" was long enough not "to be continued."

THE GAME OF LIFE.—In youth hearts are trumps; in manhood, diamonds and clubs, but at the close of life *spades* is sure to win.

☞ A little fellow one day non-plussed his mother by making the following inquiry; 'Mother, if a man is a mister, ain't a woman a mistery?'

☞ 'Well, Susan, what do you think of married ladies being happy?'

'Why, I think there are more ain't than there is that ain't.'

☞ "Ladies, issuing from beautiful lips, are like spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose.

☞ Pride sleeps in a gilded crown—contentment in a cotton night cap.

A Sabbath-School Incident.

At a meeting in Exeter Hall, London, where there was a vast number of Sabbath-School children assembled, a clergyman arose on the platform, and told them of two bad little boys whom he had once known, and of a good little girl whom he afterwards learned to know. This little girl had been to Sabbath-School, where she had learned to do good every day. Seeing two little boys quarreling, she went up to them, told them how wickedly they were acting, made them desist from quarrelling, and in the end told them to attend Sabbath-School. These boys were Jim and Tom. 'Now children,' said the gentleman, 'would you like to see Jim?'

All shouted with one voice, 'Yes, yes!'

'Jim, get up!' said the gentleman, looking over to another part of the stage. A reverend looking missionary arose and looked smilingly upon the children.

'Now would you like to see Tom?'

'Yes, yes!' resounded through all the house.

'Well, look at me—I am Tom, and I too have been a missionary for many years. Now, would you like to see little Mary Wood?'

The response was even more loud and earnest than before, 'Yes?'

'Well, do you see that lady over there in the blue silk bonnet? that is little Mary Wood, and she is my wife!'

THE MAN WHO DESPISED WHISKEY DRINKERS.—It was on one of the river steamers, at dinner, that an amiable matronly lady remarked, in the midst of conversation with a grave-looking gentleman on the subject of temperance, 'Oh, of all things in the world, I despise a whiskey drinker!' The gentleman dropped his knife and fork, in the ardor of his feelings, extended his hand, and took hers within his own, and with an emotion that threatened tears over the loss of ruined sons, he replied with faltering words, 'Madam, I respect your sentiments and the heart that dictated them. I permit no one to go beyond me in despising whiskey-drinking. I have been disgusted on this very boat, and I say it now before our worthy captain's face. What, I ask, can be more disgusting than to see well dressed, respectable and virtuous looking young men, whose mothers are probably even now praying that the tender instruction by which their youth was illuminated may bring forth precious fruit in their maturity; I say, to see young men step up to the bar of this boat, and, without fear of observing eyes, boldly ask for whiskey, when they know that there is in that very bar the best of cognac brandy!'

AN ACCOMMODATING YANKEE.—A double-bedded room does not mean, in the States, a room with two beds, but a bed with two persons in it. During the great embargo, I happened to be in Charleston, S. C., when the landlord proposed to me to sleep with a dirty [illegible] foreign [illegible]

'If I cannot have a separate bed, I prefer sitting by the fire all night to sleeping with that —— Russian!'

'Is he a Russian, sir? said a tall, thin, inquisitive Yankee, that stood listening to the conversation; 'Is he a Russian?' I'll take him, then, if it pleases you, stranger. I should rather like it, for I never slept with a Russian.'

A PLEASANT PICTURE.—The local editor of the Petersburg *Express* is a young man of taste, but he suffers it to run away with him. For instance:

"What a lovely picture a young lady presents," says he, "on a cold morning, with all her winter fixings on, coming down town, at a brisk speed, innocent of any intention whatever other than being comfortable and looking pretty! A sweet little bonnet, daintily trimmed with brown ribbon, and on the inside with a delicate white fur, tied on with a neat bow; a soft, downy comforter, encompassing enough of her neck to disclose a little of its snowy purity, and gracefully descending in front; a tunic of dark brown, or a mantle of black cloth, and two little jet black gaiters underneath, peeping, like mice, in and out, and completing an ensemble sufficient to make a susceptible youth feel like spending his last ten in a ring, gift books, a marriage license, and the minister. Cheap!"

REMARKABLE FACT.—The day after Christmas last, a lady in this city became mother to a fine and healthy girl child. There is nothing startling in this fact, nor calculated to excite comment. As usual, mother and child did well, and progressed in health and strength. But two weeks afterwards the same lady was again the mother of a child, a fine boy, who is also flourishing, as well as the doubly-taxed mother. This circumstance, although of extreme rarity, being probably the second well ascertained case of the kind in the United States, is one which is known to medical men as having occurred before, and is accounted for upon clearly ascertained physical grounds.—*San Francisco Herald.*

☞ A priest, proceeding to the chapel one Sunday marning through the burial-ground, observed some sprightly girls seated on a tombstone, and wishing to be jocular with them, asked what they were doing there. 'Nothing at all, plaze your riverence,' was the reply of one of them. 'Nothing!' said he. 'What is nothing?' 'Shut your eyes, your riverence,' retorted one of the girls, 'and you'll see it.'

☞ A grand jury down south ignored a bill against a hue negro for stealing chickens, and, before discharging him from custody, the judge bade him stand reprimanded; he concluded as follows:

"You may go now, John; but (shaking his finger at him) let me warn you never to appear here again." John, with delight beaming in his eyes, and with a broad grin, displaying a beautiful row of ivory, replied; "I would't bin here dis time judge, only do constable he fotch me."

☞ The Richmond Enquirer says, whether Virginia is safe for the Union' depends upon whether Black Republicans make the Union safe for Virginia.

☞ When a housekeeper is lost so deep in thought that she sprinkles the boiling clothes with salt, and puts the flat iron into the soup, it is time that she paid more attention to domestic cookery and less to the last novel.

☞ What do you think of a young lady whose lips are so sweet that she is obliged to wear a veil whenever she goes into the garden to protect them from the bees.—*Exchange paper.*

Think? Why, that she should have some one to take care of and call her '*honey*.'

☞ Don't *rivil* a blacksmith's attention by *iron*-ically *heating* his *temper* with the assertion that he will *forge* and *steal*, for fear you will get *hammered* and *rolled out.*

Speech of ex-President Tyler at the Peace Conference.

Ex-President Tyler, on taking his seat as President of the Conference of the States, at Washington, said:

Gentlemen:—I fear you have committed a great error in appointing me to the honoable position you have assigned me. The country is in danger—it is enough—one must take the place assigned him in the great work of reconciliation and adjustment. The voice of Virginia has invited her co-States to meet her in council. In the initiaton of this Government that same voice was heard and complied with, and the results of seventy odd years have fully attested the wisdom of the decisions then adopted. Is the urgency of her call now less great than it was then? Our god-like fathers created—we have to preserve. They built up, through their wisdom and patriotism, monuments which have *eternalized* their names. You have before you, gentlemen, a task equally grand, equally sublime, quite as full of glory and immortality. You have to snatch from ruin a great and glorious Confederation, to preserve the Government, and to renew and invigorate the Constitution. If you reach the height of this great occasion, your children's children will rise up and call you blessed. Yes, Virginia's voice, as in the olden time, has been heard. Her sister States met her this day at the council board. Vermont is here, bringing with her the memories of the past, reviving in the memories of all, her Ethan Allen and his demand for the surrender of Ticonderoga, in the name of the Great Jehovah and the American Congress. New Hampshire is here—her fame illustrated by memorable annals, and still more lately as the birthplace of him who won for himself the name of Defender of the Constitution, and who wrote that letter to John Taylor which has been enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen. Massachusetts is not here—(some member said she is coming)—I hope so, said Mr. Tyler, and that she will bring with her her daughter Maine. I did not believe it could well be that the voice which, in other times, was so familiar to her ears, has been in vain. Connecticut is here, and she comes, I doubt not, in the spirit of Roger Sherman. Rhode Island, the land of Roger Williams, is here, one of the two last States in her jealousy of the public liberty, to give in her adhesion to the Constitution, and among the earliest to hasten to its rescue. The great Empire State of New York—represented thus far but by one—delegates to day a fuller force to join in the great work of healing the discontents of the times, and restoring the reign of fraternal feeling. New Jersey is here, with the memories of the past covering her all over. Trenton and Princeton live immortal in story—the plains of the last encrimsoned with the heart's blood of Virginia's sons.—Among her delegation I rejoice to recognize a gallant son of a signer of the immortal Declaration which announced to the world that thirteen Provinces had become thirteen independent and sovereign States. And here, too, is Delaware, the land of the Bayards and the Rodneys, whose soil at Brandywine was moistened by the blood of Virginia's youthful Monroe. Here is Maryland, whose massive columns wheeled into line with those of Virginia, in the contest of glory, and whose State House, at Annapolis, was the theater of a spectacle of a successful commander who, after liberating his country, gladly ungirthed his sword and laid it down upon the altar of that country. Then comes Pennsylvania; rich in revolutionary lore, bringing with her the deathless names of Franklin and Morris, and I trust ready to renew from the belfry of Independence Hall the chimes of the old bell, which announced Freedom and Independence in former days. All hail to North Carolina! with her Mechlenburg declaration in her hand, standing erect on the ground of her own probity and firmness in the cause of public liberty, and represented in her attributes by her Mason, and in this assembly by her distinguished sons at no great distance from me. Four distinguished daughters of Virginia also cluster around the council board, on the invitation of their ancient mother, the oldest, Kentucky, whose sons, under the intrepid warrior, Anthony Wayne, gave freedom of settlement to the territory of her sister, Ohio, and extending his hand daily and hourly across La Bell Riviere to grasp the hand of some one of kindred blood of the noble States of Indiana and Illinois and Ohio, who have grown up into powerful States already grand, potent, and almost imperial. Tennessee is not here, but is coming—prevented from being here only by the floods which have swollen her rivers. When she arrives she will wear the badges on her warrior crest of victories won, in company with the Great West, on many an ensanguined plain, and standard's torn from the hand of the conquerors at Waterloo. Missouri and Iowa and Michigan, Wisconson and Minnesota, still linger behind, but it may be hoped that their hearts are with us in the great work we have to do. The eyes of the whole country are turned to this hall and to this assembly in expectation and hope. I trust, gentlemen, that you may prove yourselves worthy of the great occasion. Our ancestors probably committed a blunder in not having fixed up every fifth decade for a call of a general Convention to amend and reform the Constitution. On the contrary, they have made the difficulty next to insurmountable to accomplish amendments to an instrument which was perfect for five millions of people, but not wholly so for thirty millsons. Your patriotism will surmount the difficulties, however great, if you will but accomplish one triumph in advance, and that is triumph over party. What is party when compared to the task of rescuing one's country from danger? Do that, and one long shout of joy and gladness will resound throughout the land.

THE DROVER'S TRICK.—It is said there are "tricks in all trades," and we believe it. Here is a developement in this direction, which the reader can add to his present stock of facts proving the truth of the old adage.

"Never buy a fat pig at Brighton," was the advice given us by one who had been there.

"And why not a fat pig?"

"Cause you see they fat 'em too fast for the Brighton market sometimes."

"How so?"

"Why, you see, some of them west country dealers fetch their pigs in, pretty nigh skin and bone. Well, afore Fair day they gives 'em corn and salt—no swill—no water. Next day pigs is amazin' thirsty. Then the sarpents gin 'em jest as much water as they kin drink. The pigs puts into it, and keeps a drinkin' and drinken.' 'Sposen on an average they swaller about a barrel apiece. That makes em look all filled out and sleek and heavy, I tell you. But there ain't no heart and substance in it. You car' one of them critters home and calculate you've got a bustering' pile of pork, but jest you look in your hog pen next mornin', and you won't find nothing but a hog frame, skin an' bone, and dear at that. You can't tell me nothin' about fat pigs; I've been there, and I've seen 'em manufactued!"

Odds and Ends.

☞ Running—Suckers.

☞ The best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express.

☞ Words of good advice, or truths uttered in season, are seldom thrown away.

☞ Life is short, therefore should be well and usefully employed.

☞ If thou become offended, let not the sun go down upon thy wrath.

☞ A good deed done in a day is satisfaction to the soul at night.

☞ Kind words alleviate misery and are as a balm to the afflicted.

☞ Pray unto God for all men, for they are all members of one family.

☞ The Prodigal Son was a Scripture case of secession. He commenced with arrogance and ended in a pig pen!

☞ The Governor of Massachusetts has given orders to the troops of that State to hold themselves ready for active service.

☞ Mouths—an instrument to some people of rendering ideas audible, and to others of rendering victuals invisible.

☞ The people of Tennessee have decided to remain in the Union, by an immense majority.

☞ When you negotiate for a house having all the modern improvements, you will generally find that a mortgage is one of them.

☞ The most direct method of determining horse power—Stand behind and tickle his hind legs with a briar.

☞ Butchers are generally very honest men; yet they are known to be influenced by a propensity to *steel* knives.

☞ An editor of a paper in Indiana wants to know if Western whisky was ever seen "comin' thro' the rye?"

☞ A miserly old fellow has hit upon an experiment to save candles. He uses "the light of other days."

☞ "Peter, are you into the sweet-meats again?" "No, marm; the sweet-meats are into me."

☞ The fellow who got intoxicated with delight has been turned out of the temperance society.

☞ The immense appetite of London is fed every year by about 270,000 oxen, besides 30,000 calves, 1,500,000 sheep, 30,0000 swine.

☞ If a man could be conscious of all that is said of him in his absence, he would probably become a very modest man, indeed!

☞ "My lad," said a lady to a boy carrying the mail, "are you the mail boy?" "You doesn't think I'm a female boy, does ye ma'am?"

☞ Not a word more of reproaches—forget and forgive. Revenge is but an instant gratification—but forgiveness is a pleasure for life.

☞ Ephraim says that even as the pudding should be well divested of its bag before eating, so a stranger should be well known before trusted.

☞ A man boasting in a company of ladies that he had a very luxurious head of hair, a lady present remarked that it was altogether owing to the mellowness of the soil.

☞ The shortest man we ever heard of, was one, who, when standing on his feet, had to look up to examine the blackning on his shoes!

☞ "I'd just like to see you," as the blind man said to the policeman when he told him he would take him to the station house if he did not move on.

☞ "Among all my boys," said an old man, "I never had but one boy who took after me, and that was my son, Aaron, who took after me with a club."

☞ The Lafayette (Ind.,) Courier warns people against taking "spurious notes on the Boone County Bank, as they are no better than the genuine."

☞ Wife, (complainingly,)—"I haven't more than a third of the bed." Husband, (triumphantly,)—"That's all the law allows you."

☞ To cure poverty—sit down and growl about it. By so doing you'll be sure to get rich, and make yourself particularly agreeable to every body.

☞ It is a strange way of showing our humble reverence and love for the Creator to be perpetually condemning and reviling everything that he has created.

☞ Merrit is never so conspicuous as when it springs from obscurity, just as the moon never looks so lustrous as when it emerges from a cloud.

☞ An Irishman, who was engaged at a drain, had his pickaxe raised in the air just as the clock struck twelve, determined to work no more till after dinner, let go the pickaxe and left it hanging there!

☞ The Great Salt Lake lies at an elevation of 4,200 feet above the level of the sea, and is 70 miles land. When its waters evaporate, they lvave a deposit of about two inches thick of saline matter.

☞ If girls would have roses on their cheeks, they must do as the roses do, go to sleep with the lilies, and get up with the morning-glories. But then we should not like them to sleep in quite such dirty beds.

☞ Some queer fellow who has tried 'em says: "There are two sorts of wine in Stuttgard; to drink one is like swallowing an angry cat; the other like pulling the animal back again by the tail."

☞ Some one blamed Dr. Marsh for changing his mind. "Well," said he, that's the difference between a man and a jackass—the jackass can't change his mind, and a man can—it's a human privilege."

☞ Said a certain individual to a wag, "The man who has raised a cabbage head has done more good than all the metaphysicians in the world!" "Then," replied the wag, "your mother ought to have the premium."

☞ Vain and inconstant as thou art, O child of imperfection, how canst thou be but weak? Is not inconstancy connected with frailty? Can there be vanity without infirmity? Avoid the danger of one, and thou shalt escape the mischief of the other.

A WARNING.—Young ladies should never go to church merely with the intention of having *some* gentleman escort them home. It is also bad policy to have a different one every Sunday night.