American Volunteer.

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

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Poetical.

THE VOLUNTEERS FAREWELL.

BY WILLIAM T. URQUHART.

The reveille is sounding, love,
It calls me from thine arms;
It bids me leave my peaceful home,
To share in war's alarms.
Yet though thy cheek be pale, dear love,
And pearly tear-drops fall,—
I know thou wouldst not have me stay,
Nor shrink from Duty's call.

Then once more fare thee well, my love!
Nay, check those falling tears!
On our good swords this day depends
The hopes of future years—
On heav'n we'll rest our confidence—
Who bless'd our early love;
And faithful shall our hearts remain—
Fix'd as the stars above.

If in the conflict falling, love,
A blessing will descend
Upon the grave of him who dies
His country to defend.
Though thou bevail my loss, dear love,
One joy is sure y thine,
Which shall assuage thy present grief,
And solace life's decline.

For long as summer's pleasant gales
Ripple the sea's blue wave,
A nation's love shall hallow
The humblest patriot's grave;
And dear to every faithful heart
Our flames shall ever be,
While floats beneath the vault of Heav'n
The banner of the free.

No longer can I linger, love!
Our flag is now unfurl'd
Upon its course is fixed this day
The gaze of all the world;
Our country's name and thine, dear love,
My battle cry shall be,
And long as life will I remain
Faithful to *it and thee!*

[*New York Atlas.*

THE WHISPERING WIND.

BY ANNIE GREENVILLE.

Hush!—'tis the twilight hour,
And the wind whispers to the dancing leaves.
Come to the vine clad bower
And hid and listen, while it laughs or grieves.

"To the sunny South I strayed,
Where the emerland's glance in the earth's attire,
But the rush of a cavalcade
Thrill'd through the strings of my delicate lyre.

"And a shouting host I heard,
And storm—as if thunder were in the air;
The robe of the vally is firr'd—
But founa it a pall, for the dead were there.

"Then I spread my zephyr wings
And flew from the revel of hungry death—
The lake where the wild bird sings
I playfully rippled to cool my breath.

"Away to the West I hied,
Where a wealth of gushing water gleams—
And I sealed the mountain's side,
Where the tempest slept as in fairy dreams.

"A traveller floated by,
But the giants heard it and hastened forth,
And they raised a battle-cry
Which wakened the guards of the vengeful North—

"To the floods they marched in haste
But the Furies were there and led the van—
The speck which the demons chased
Was freighted with living, but hopeless man.

The billows were lashed to wrath,
And hither and thither them atom sped,
But angels watched its path,
And drove it back from the gates of the dead.

"O mortal!—thy thoughts are vain,
Old ocean is deep and the winds are strong—
The monarch that rules the main
Would rock thee to sleep with a funeral song.

"To the cataract I came,
Where a hardy foot as on *nothing* crossed—
But I hurried past the shame,
Lest my rage should rise and a soul be lost.

"I have murmur'd to the Rhine—
The lake of Geneva—and many a sea—
The Bosphorus too have been mine,
For all things in nature pay tribute to me.

"I have swept through many a plain
Where the summer sunbeams softly glide—
Then over the hills again,
Till I've traversed the world on every side.

"In Temple I have played
On my harp of a thousand trembling strings,
And the music my fingers made
Was sweet as the strain that a spirit sings.

"But give me the gleaming West,
Where the waters like sheets of silver lie—
Where the sword and cannon rest,
And Freedom re-echoes from earth to sky!"

Hush!—'tis the twilight hour,
And the wind whispers to the dancing leaves—
Come to the vine clad bower,
And hide and listen, while it laughs or grieves.

[*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*]

Miscellaneous.

INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

About the middle of December, 1812, the garrison in charge of Fort Niagara, at the mouth of the Niagara river, was surprised by a large party of British and Indians, whereby the American frontier, from Youngstown to Buffalo, was laid open to the depradations of the savages.

One of the most flourishing American villages on the Niagara was Lewistown, situated opposite to the Canadian village of Queenstown, and as the inhabitants of Lewistown had been active in the defence of the frontier, the enemy doomed the place to speedy destruction.

When the flames and smoke were ascending from the wanton conflagration of Youngstown, and the parties of villagers flying from the murderous savages, notified the people of Lewistown of what would soon be the fate of their own homes and families, every one was thrown into the utmost confusion and alarm, and sought safety in flight.

Among the last to escape were two brothers, name Lothrop and Bates Cook, the former of whom a few days previous had his right leg amputated above the knee, and was now a helpless invalid.

Lothrop, who, in his crippled condition had no hope of escaping the scalping knife of the savages, begged his brother to leave him and fly for his life. But the generous man had no such intention.

With all the haste possible, Bates, after getting the team and sleigh to the door, managed to drag the bed on which his brother lay up on the vehicle, and throwing in clothing and such other necessaries as came nearest to hand, started off in the rear of the flying fugitives. But so rough was the ground that the wounded youth could endure no other than the slowest motion.

Bates, therefore found it necessary for him to restrain his team to the slowest walk, while he could see in his rear the flames bursting out of the doors and windows of the house they had just quitted, and the yells and war whoops of the drunken Indians rang with startling effect in his ears.

House after house was fired, and before the young men had reached the top of the hill on their way out of the place, the entire village was wrapped in flames.

They could see the painted warriors, wild with drink and bedecked with the plunder of the stores, dancing and howling in the streets, like so many incarnate demons; and mingled here and there among them, and dodging in and out of the burning building, the British associates as busily engaged in the work of plunder as the savages, while obscene oaths and drunken songs attested their infernal joy.

On the other hand, as they moved slowly along, they could see teams and groups of their neighbors and friends disappearing rapidly in the distance, while they were forced to move along slowly and exposed to the first party of drunken and infuriated savages who might espy them. Moving thus along, they had proceeded something like half a mile from the smoking village, when on ascending an eminence, Bates was startled by a fierce war whoop in the rear, and to his horror discovered a band of savages in pursuit of them, and wildly gesticulating for them to stop.

In the excitement of the moment he urged his team to a faster gait; but a cry of pain from Lothrop caused him to slacken his speed again, and catching up a gun he had the forethought to throw it into the sleigh, he prepared to defend his helpless brother to the last.

Lothrop now perceiving the danger they were in, and knowing, in his feeble condition, that escape was hopeless unless swifter progress could be made, begged his brother to drive on. At least it could only be death to him; and if the motion of the sleigh over the rough ground should kill him, he thought it would certainly be better than fall into the hands of their merciless pursuers.

The Indians dashing on, were soon in hailing distance, and in broken English, threatened Bates with the most cruel tortures if he did not stop, but he refused to obey.

Soon coming up with the sleigh, the savages began to chase Bates round and round it, but from some oversight paid no attention to his helpless brother. At last Bates snatched up the gun from the sleigh and ran off to one side of the road, to draw the Indians, if possible, away from Lothrop. The ruse partially succeeded, but as a fierce looking Indian pursued Bates more closely than consistent with his safety, he turned suddenly, and leveling his gun at the savage, he fired. The Indian gave a terrific yell, leaped into the air, run a few paces, and fell dead. The death of their leader exasperated the savages to the last degree, and they were about to wreak their vengeance on the brother, when upon their right, on the mountain, they heard a wild, ringing war whoop, and the next minute a volley of rifle shots whistled toward them, and several of the pursuers fell killed and wounded to the ground.

The new party proved to be a band of friendly Tuscaroras, under Little Chief, who hearing the firing along the road, hastened to reconnoitre, and seeing the two brothers, whom they immediately recognized, thus beset, ran down the hill to their relief, and of the fifteen or twenty savages who pursued the villagers, scarcely one-fourth returned to tell the fate of their companions.

Bates Cook afterward became Controller of the State of New York, and Lothrop occupied many positions of trust and distinction, but both now sleep their last sleep.

SWEET REVENGE---A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

On Olive street, in St. Louis, lives a gushing maiden of coquettish proclivities, who cheers the declining years of a father who owns several nice corner lots, and carries desolation into the hearts of all the miserable bachelors who wear tight boots and yellow gloves on her account. Until recently the devastating Hebe managed to keep all her admirers in such a delightful fog of uncertainty that no one could consider himself 'the man;' but at a private party, a short time since, she bestowed special smiles on two infatuated swains, and the rivalry for her hand at once narrowed down to this brace of knights. One of these favored individuals is the possessor of a very 'loud' plantation of sentimental whiskers; and so effective did those prove in his suit that it soon became evident that he would handsomely defeat his rival and win the prize. None perceived this sooner than the aforesaid rival, who is so unfortunate as to be fearfully beardless, and 'tremenjous' was his agony in consequence.—He made a gallant fight of it. He had his hair curled daily by a gifted artist in that line, regardless of expense; he bloomed into vest patterns of deafening brilliancy, and mortgaged his salary six months ahead, that he might flourish sundry gorgeous rings and breastpins. But all was of no avail; the whiskers still bristled in easy triumph, and the defeated lover became as desperate as a cat with snuff in her eyes. He had been trifled with by a heartless coquette; he had been put to expense involving bankruptcy; his heart had been turned into a desert, and a hated rival had 'accomplished his hellish designs.' What was left for him but revenge? There was a charm in the word—a paradise in the thought. He would send his rival and the faithless one to the other side of Jordan, and magnanimously make the same trip himself. He had been invited to a highly respectable tea party, at which 'the perjured pair' would also be present, and there the terrible sacrifice must be made. When that fatal evening arrived, he made himself as gorgeous as a first class sun flower, and stalked dramatically into a funeral drug store. 'Arsenic—two ounces,' he whispered to the attendant clerk, in a manner that would have made his eternal fortune and brought down the galleries, had he tried it at the theatre. Being familiar with horrors, the clerk blandly smiled an assent, and furnished the poison, like a genuine Borgia. Crowding the package into a very small watch pocket, the unflinching minister of vengeance repaired to the festive gathering, and was immediately driven to the verge of lunacy by the spectacle of the whiskers and the maiden waltzing together—

'Like a pair of scissors
Whirling round a spindle.'

As the hour for 'taking tea' approached, he stole darkly into the *salon a manger* and divided his arsenic between three particular cream pots. Then he returned to the parlor and hypocritically joined the pair he devoted to death, just as the sentimental young woman who officiated at the piano had struck up 'The Bold Privateer' for a march to the tea room. As though by accident, he had led his unsuspecting victims to that part of the beaufet where the fatal cream pots glittered, and commenced operations by modifying his own cup of bohea from one of them. They unwittingly followed suit with the others, and were nicely poisoned in about five minutes!—The poisoner chuckled fiendishly as he witnessed the success of his plot, and went back to the parlor with his victims without a doubt that all three of them would be in kingdom come in less than half an hour. At the door of the room he quitted them, for there came upon him suddenly a half regret that he had included himself in the devoted category.—The regret grew in absolute remorse in about five minutes; and, as the perspiration oozed out upon his forehead, he grew 'much worse.' A momentary pause in the music caused him to look up, and he beheld the hated whiskers leading the faithless one to a sofa. The unhappy man could bear no more. He dashed toward the pair, and blurted out: 'Stomach pumps—quick! all poisoned!' and then darted through the hall into the street. The effect of his announcement may be imagined; ladies fainted promiscously, and the attendant cavaliers grew pale and asked 'what was the matter?' In the meantime the author of all this trouble flew through the streets like a secessionist with creditors after him, and tore into the drug store before mentioned, with little regard to the proprieties of the place. In broken accents he confessed his guilt to the clerk from whom he had purchased the arsenic, and gave an immediate order for 'three stomach pumps!' The clerk was observed to smile immediately, and whispered something like—I knew how it was; perfectly harmless, I assure you; white sugar, you know. In another instant the would-be poisoner was dashing along the street again in the direction of the tea party establishment, minus his hat, and giving three cheers at short intervals. Charging through an army of physicians who had been suddenly called in, he reappeared before the horrified assemblage in the parlor and announced the 'joyful intelligence' in very bad grammer. Of course there was an immediate 'reaction,' as they say in Baltimore; and, in the general happiness over the innocent termination of the poisoning business, the prisoner was forgiven. On the following morning however, he left St. Louis without paying his board bill, and is said to have gone South with the secession troops from Frankfort.

Affairs at West Point.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, writing to that paper under date of June 22d; gives some interesting particlars of the state of things at the Military Academy, and of the recommendations of the recent Board of Visitors. The board, which has just closed its session, recommended an increase in the number of cadets. The maximum number that can now be admitted, is 273, while the barracks to the buildings are capable of accommodating 400. Although, in the last forty-nine years, the population of the country has been multiplied four-fold, the legal number of cadets admissible into the Academy has been enlarged by the addition of about twenty-three. The compliment in 1812 was two hundred and fifty. The Visitors, therefore recommend that the corps be raised to four hundred cadets, that each United States Senator, and each United States Representative, be allowed, respectively, to nominate one, and that the remainder be appointed by the President at his discretion.

Another and quite important suggestion of the Board is, that the cadets be hereafter taught the use of the telegraph, so as to become practical operators. The course of study now covers a period of five years. It is proposed to reduce it to four years, which was the term originally adopted. The graduation of two classes this year, the fourth and fifth, will create a large number of vacancies, and will considerably increase the size of the class which will enter on its studies this summer. In the whole corps there remain but thirteen cadets from the South, and but one of these is from the Cotton States.

MIGRATORY HABITS OF THE BUFFALO.—There is a feature in the migratory character of the Buffalo not generally known, except to hunters, and that is the vast body of the herd is never found the same district of country two seasons in succession. The buffaloes of North America form an immense army, marching in one continuous circuit, but, perhaps, three-fourths of the entire number of which are found within range of from two to three miles. Thus, where buffaloes are abundant one year, they are fewer the next, until the great body, having completed its circuit, again makes its appearance. The circuit is completed in about four years. Its western limit is the eastern base of the Rocky mountains, and its eastern is bounded by a marginal outline of civilization, extending from the British settlements on the North, to northern Texas on the South. The range of latitude traversed extends from the Cross Timber of Texas to the tributaries of Lake Winnepeg on the North.

NATURE'S PREPARATION FOR DEATH.—No human being can rest for any time in a state of equilibrium, where the desire to live and that to depart just balance each other. If one has a house, in which he has lived and always means to live in, he pleases himself with the thought of all the conveniences it offers him, and thinks little of its wants and imperfections. But once having made up his mind to move to a better, every incommodity starts out upon him until the very ground plan of it seems to have changed in his mind, and his thoughts and affections, each one of them packing up its little bundle of circumstances, have quitted their several chambers and nooks and migrated to their new home long before its apartment are prepared to receive their bodily tenant. It is so with the body. Most persons have died before they expire,—died to all earthly longings, so that the last breath is only as it were, the locking of the door of the already deserted mansion.

POLITE CHILDREN.—A writer in the Illustrated London *Times* says that "American children are much handsomer than English children, and much more polite. They have greater confidence in their parents, which is the result of freedom of intercourse." We believe this to be strictly true although most Americans are always praising the politeness of English children. We never discovered their superiority in this respect.

"THAT'S JUST MY LUCK."

How often have we heard this expression, and how many times is it made a sort of comforter for the evils which befall those who should attribute their ill success to their lack of foresight, energy, or perseverance. Many events, doubtless, occur which no human wisdom can guard against, or human circumspection foresee, but the disasters of life are mainly attributable to ignorance and carelessness, and luck has nothing to do with them. Many persons seem through their whole lives to be battling with ill luck, but their ill luck, when analyzed, is only a want of energy, economy and foresight. Any other person than the unlucky one sees how, and why he does not succeed. He observes a man in a good and growing business neglecting that business and indulging in recreations and amusements, while his customers are going to other and more attractive traders. Business thus falls off, and the trader continues his devotion to amusements to compensate for the anxiety and trouble which the decay of his business produces. He finally fails, and then says: 'That's just my luck.' How could this have produced any other result? What has his luck to do with it. A merchant, not satisfied with the gains of legitimate business, goes into the stock market or becomes a shaver of notes. He comes in contact with sharpers who are glad to be able to dispose of decaying stocks or doubtful pecuniary notes, and he comes out of the market not only minus profits, but also with his capital stock diminished. Then he says it is just his luck, he can never make anything; but his misfortune simply is that he forgot to attend to his legitimate business. Those who go in crowds on public days with well filled pocket books which they frequently expose, find to their chagrin that some adroit person has relieved them of their burden; and they curse their luck when their stupidity is the only thing to blame. A young man has a good situation but allows his companions to allure him from business, and instead of taking care of his employer's interests, he neglects them until, after repeated remonstrances, he is discharged without a recommendation. Then he whines about his bad luck, but there is no luck at all about it; he has only reaped the reward of his negligence and inattention. The young neglect their studies, and when they enter upon the duties of active life they find themselves incompetent to perform them. However they may talk of bad luck, they may trace all their trouble to misspent time in their youth. Then again a parent imagines that his child is blessed with extraordinary capacity, and allows his mind to be so crowded and overworked that disease finally prostrates it, and then the parent talks of the bad luck he has in rearing his child. But he, the parent, only lacked common sense. A lawyer who has a good deal of clients becomes tired of the monotony of the legal business, and imagines that he is fitted to shine in the arena of politics. He joins some strong party, and when he is convinced that they are about to succeed he thinks he has attained the end of his reward. But the party is not victorious, and the lawyer finds that while he has not gained a political position he has lost the majority of his clients; and this is bad luck. We might go on in this manner and should find, after all, that there is but little bad luck in the world. Misfortunes are generally the result of certain causes, and those who carry out their plans with prudence and energy can generally control these causes.—Delays and disappointments no doubt will fall to their lot, but in the long run proper means directed to proper ends are almost certain of producing good luck to those who use them. This talk about bad luck has an evil effect upon young people. When they become negligent and things go wrong, instead of looking at the errors they have committed and resolving to remedy them, they complain of their bad luck and try to enlist the sympathies of those around them. This sympathy should never be extended, for it will confirm those who receive it in their indolence and indiscretions, and make them always the victims of ill luck. Let those who imagine that they have had bad luck hitherto only determine that they will not have bad luck in the future, and they will find that this very determination will release them from the presence of their enemy.

MORAL INFLUENCE.—Away up among the Alleghenies there is a spring so small that a single ox in a summers day could drink it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out into the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its bank more than a hundred villages and cities, and many thousand cultivated farms; and bearing on its bosom more than a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away some twelve hundred miles more till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It was one of the tributaries of the ocean, which obedient only to God, shall roll and roar till the angels with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear that time shall be no longer.

So with moral influence. It is a rill—a rivulet—a river—an ocean boundless and fathomless as eternity.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.—When you are world-weary, and soul-sick, talk with a little child. As the clear trusting eye is lifted to yours, a thought of the immeasurable distance you have blindly traveled from that sweet trust to your humble atheism, will touch the world frozen fountain of your tears; and just as the little head, unquestioning and confiding, leans upon your breast, so will you yearn instinctively for the Father of All, whose loving arms are our best and safest shelter. That man, or woman, must indeed be past redemption, whom "the little one in the midst" cannot bring nearer Heaven.—*Fanny Fern.*

GOOD CORN BREAD.—One quart of corn meal, 1 pint of wheat flour, two eggs and a little salt, with sour butter-milk sufficient to make a very stiff batter. Mix thoroughly, and then add one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a very little hot water. Stir this in and pour into well-greased pans, sufficient to be one and a half or two inches thick when cooked. Place in a hot oven, and bake until done, say half an hour, and carry to the table hot.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—Take 6 cups of sour milk, two eggs, 1 teaspoon heaping full of saleratus, 3 tablespoonfuls flour, 5 cups Indian meal, 2 tablespoonfuls molasses, one-half cup sour-cream. Raising, or dried fruit, improve it very much. It is good either boiled or steamed. If boiled, it requires a-cup more meal, and 1 spoonful more flour than when steamed.

☞ The Richmond, Va., City Council has bought a mansion in that town for $50,000, for Jeff Davis as president of the Southern Confederacy.

☞ Many a young and gallant hero will lose his life in the present war, to whom, when mouldering in the dust, the following poem by the greatest of American poets, will truthfully apply. As an offering of genius at the grave of the soldier and patriot, it has not its equal in the English language:

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

BY FITZ-GREEN HALLECK.

He hath been mourned as brave men mourn the brave,
And wept as nations weep their cherished dead.
With bitter, but proud tears, and o'er his head
The eternal flowers whose root is in the grave,
The flowers of Fame, are beautiful and green;
And by his grave's side pilgrim feet have been,
And blessings, pure as men to martyrs give,
Have there been breathed by those he died to save.
Pride of his country's banded chivalry,
His fame their hope, his name their battle cry;
He lived as mothers wish their sons to live,
He died as fathers wish their sons to die.

If on the grief-worn cheek the hues of bliss,
Which fade when all we love is in the tomb,
Could ever know on earth a second bloom,
The memory of a gallant death like his
Would call them into being; but the few,
Who as their friend, their brothers or their son,
His kind, warm heart and gentle spirit knew,
Had long lived, hoped, had feared for him alone;
His voice their morning music, and his eye
The only starlight of their evening sky,
Till even the sum of happiness seemed dim,
And life's best joys were sorrows but with him;
And when, the burning bullet in his breast,
He dropped, like summer fruit from off the bough,
There was one heart that knew and lov'd him best
—It was a mother's—and is broken now.

DRAFTING FOR THE ARMY.

A RICH SCENE.

BY "CHARLIE."

An amusing scene came off in a small town situated in the northeastern part of this (Dutchess) county, a few days ago.

It appears that a young man engaged in pedding "Yankee Notions," happening to stop for the night at a tavern with his wares, thought he would have some sport with the rustics, before his departure; and accordingly adopted the plan of representing himself in the employ of "Uncle Sam."

Before retiring for the night, he had the landlord of the hotel "well posted" as to his plans for the morrow, giving him instructions to inform the "boys" that there was a drafting officer staying there.

In the morning he sallied forth into the bar-room; and the first one he "picked out" of the crowd, was a man pretty well advanced toward forty-five years of age, and apparently a coward at heart.

The officer advanced toward him, placed his hand upon his shoulder, and at the same time asking his name:

"Oh! I cannot go!" exclaimed the man "I cannot go; I'm not a sound man. I have had my fore-finger bruised, three of my ribs have been broken, and have lost the use of my right eye. I cannot go! I tell you I am not a sound man,"

The officer thinking that the man had "sufficient" reasons why he could not go, left him and proceeded on to another man somewhat younger than the first man accosted.

"Come up here, my man?" said the public functionary, "what is your name?"

"Oh! I shall die before I get there!" cried out the second, somewhat encouraged by the success of the first, in getting free from being enrolled, "I never can go, I am so unwell.

"Very well, my good fellow, carelessly replied "Uncle Sam," I will never release you on any such pretence, unless you will get the written certificate of some practicing physician, well known in this vicinity."

Accordingly, off starts the "green un" for the nearest doctor. Arriving at the house, almost exhausted with fatigue, he rushes in the Doctor's office, and cries out in a stammering manner,

"Doc—Doctor! I want you to give me a certificate to tell the man what pulls men off to join the army, that I'm not a well man."

"Well," replied the doctor, "I don't know as I can do that for you. I cannot say you are not a well man. I would perjure myself if I did."

"Oh! Now dear doctor, you know it would be the last time I would see "Sal," if they take me off. Can't you jest set it down for me."

While the second character was gone for the doctor's certificate, the officer had "struck on" about twenty others congregated in the room, each one having, in his own estimation, some plausible excuse for not wanting to go.

It soon became rumored around the village what was going off at the hotel, and both old and young, male and feamale, rushed to the scene, the men begging to be "let off just for once," and the women crying and going in hysterics, upon the anticipated loss of husbands and lovers.

The "officer" after having enrolled a sufficient number of men to satisfy his fun-loving characteristics, gave orders to them to appear on the ground next morning to be in readiness to go to Albany the day following, to be armed and equipped.

Many were the tears shed that night, and many were the wills that were made. Lovers and husbands parted, as they thought they could never let their Zacariahs to go be shot at by the rebel rebels.

The morning came, and the crowd began to gather around the hotel. Everything was ready to start, when—lo! the pedlar had decamped for parts unkown. The cry of "sold!" "sold!" went up from every mouth, and the men returned to their work, declaring that they would treat him to a coat of tar and feathers, if he should ever happen to travel that way again.

A SCOLD CONVERTED.—In the early period of the history of Methodism some of Mr. Wesley's opponents, in the excess of their zealous enthusiasm, took up a whole wagon-load of Methodists and carried them before a magistrate. When they were asked what these persons had done, there was an awakened silence; at length one of them said—

"Why, they pretended to do better than others, and besides, they prayed from morning till night."

The magistrate asked if they had done anything else.

"Yes, sir," said an old man; "an't please your worship, they *converted* my wife, till she went among them she had such a tongue, and now she is as quiet as a lamb."

"Carry them back," said the magistrate, "and let them *convert* all the scolds in the town."

☞ Persons who practice deceit and artifice always deceive themselves more than they deceive others. They may feel great complacency in view of the success of their doings; but they are in reality casting a mist before their own eyes. Such persons not only make a false estimate of their own character; but they estimate falsely the opinions and conduct of others. No person is obliged to tell all he thinks; but both duty and self-interest forbid him ever to make false pretences.

LIFE'S BETTER MOMENTS.

Life has its moments
Of beauty and bloom,
They hang like the sweet roses
On the edge of the tomb;
Blessing they bring us,
As lovely as brief,
They meet us when happy,
And leave us in grief.

Hues of the morning,
Tinging the sky,
Come on the sunbeams,
And off with them fly;
Shadows of evening
Hang soft on the shore,
Darkness enwraps them,
We see them no more.

So life's better moment's
In brilliance appear,
Dawning in beauty
Our journey to cheer;
Round us they linger,
Like shadows of even,
Would that we, like them,
Might melt in heaven.

MINIE RIFLES.

We notice that many persons seem not to understand what is meant by a Minie Rifle. They speak of our government rifles as "Minie Rifles" and even designate the rifled muskets as a "Minie musket." Minie's chief invention was a *bullet*, and it is the *Minie bullet* that makes the rifle shooting of the French army so effective.

Claude Etienne Minie was at first a private soldier in the French army, who began his military life when he was very young. It is one of the peculiarities of that army, that a man can raise in it from the ranks and become a field marshal, if sufficiently meritorious. Minie rose to be a captain of foot chasseurs. In this position he found time and opportunity to let loose his inventive faculty. He made important improvements on gun-barrels and cartridges, which were adopted by the Government; and, finally, he perfected his invention of the famous Minie bullet, which in the French army has superceded everything else of the kind. In 1849 he received the cross of the legion of honor, and a few years later received a commission as major. He was then stationed permanently at Vincennes as instructor in the use of fire-arms.

The Minie bullet is an elongated cylinder, conical in front and concave behind. It has a thin band, and when in cartridge, the powder behind it fills the cavity, and on exploding swells out the edge, making it fit and fill the grooves of the rifle barrel. This greatly increases its force and makes it effective at very long distances. Minie improved rifle barrels, and nearly the whole French army are now furnished with guns of this improved pattern; but the "Minie" should be applied to the bullet rather than the gun, when it means terrific force and execution.

☞ It is rumored that the Administration at Washington is about to appoint Henry Winter Davis to the Austrian Mission, to compensate him for his defeat by the people for Congress. The propriety of appointing discarded politicians to foreign missions is at best doubtful—but no greater insult could be offered to the Union men of Baltimore than to commission Henry Winter Davis. He was defeated by an overwhelming majority in a Union District, not because he was a Union man, but because the people had no faith in his integrity. To rebuke the loyal citizens of Baltimore for their refusal to elect a dishonest demagogue, is not calculated to increase their affection for the Federal Government.—*Pat. & Union.*

A GOOD RULE.—A man who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy.—When asked how he got his riches, he replied: "My father taught me never to play until my work was finished, and never spend my money until I had earned it. If I had one hour's work in a day I must do that the first thing, and in an hour, and after this I was allowed to play, and then could play with more pleasure than if I had the thought of the unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so.—It is to this I owe my prosperity.

☞ Hope writes the poety of a boy, but Memory that of a man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of God. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim; the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

☞ "You know, madam, that you cannot make a purde out of a sow's ear" "Oh, sir, please fan me: I have intimations of a swoon. When you use that odious specimon of vulgarity again, clothe it in refined phraseology. Just say—"It is impossible to fabricate a pecuniary receptacle from the auricular organ of a femihine porcine quadruped."

☞ A gentleman, while in church intending to scratch his head; in a mental absence reached over into another pew and scratched the head of an old maid. He discovered his mistake when she sued him for a breach of promise of marriage.

At an evening party lately, a young man from England was boasting of the pedigree, wealth and importance of his ancestors.

"O yes," said Sam H., your father and mine spent part of their lives together."

"Where was that?" sharply replied the other.

"In the Bloomingdale poor house!" was the stinging answer.

☞ An Irishman remarked to his companion on observing a lady pass, "Pat, did you ever see a woman so thin as that before?"

"Thin," replied the other, botheration, I seen a woman thin as two of her put together, I have."

☞ A young miss of Belfast, Me., whose acquirements are rather beyond her four summers, was a few days since repeating the catechism at her mother's knee. In response to the question, What did God create? she said: "The earth, the sun, the moon, the stars—*and stripes.*

"FATHER," said lady of the new school to her indulgent spouse, as he resumed his pipe after supper, "you must buy our dear Georginna an English grammar and spelling book she has gone through her French, Latin, and Greek, music, drawing and dancing, and now she must commence English."

☞ An affair occurred in the streets of Leavenworth, Kansas, between D. R. Anthony, proprietor of the Daily Conservative, and R. O. Satorlee received a ball in his right side, and died in twenty minutes.

Odds and Ends.

☞ HOT.—The weather.

☞ Fashionable—Midnight carousals and swelled-heads in the morning.

☞ Be cautious what you say—when and to whom.

If you wish to read a rogue, look at his eye.

☞ He who follows two hares is sure to catch neither.

☞ Perfumery—An article that indolent young ladies use in the place of water and soap.

☞ It is not the quanity of the meat but the cheerfulness of the guests, which makes the feast.

☞ He that neglects to observe the workings of Providence, robs his soul of its choicest comforts.

☞ A lump of wet saleratus, applied to the sting of a wasp or bee, will stop the pain in one moment, and prevent it from swelling. Pin this fact up somewhere for this summers use.

☞ What letter would make all flowers alike W would make all flowers, wall flowers.

☞ The only colored nation in the world that coins its own specie is Hayti.

☞ If you love others; they will love you. If you speak kindly to them they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love and hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasantly yourself.

☞ A smile is like the bursting of the sun from behind a cloud, to him who thinks he has no friends in the wide world.

☞ Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.

☞ A man frequently admits that he was in the wrong, but a women never—she was "only mistaken."

☞ "If all the world were blind what a melancholy sight it would be," said an Irish clergyman to his congregation.

☞ Over one hundred thousand letters sent North from Washington week before last two-thirds of them were written by our soldiers.

☞ The weather has been very warm for the last two weeks.

☞ True benevolence is to give a man the small-pox and then have him taken to a pest house as a nuisance.

☞ The official vote of Tennessee gives a majority fo reseparation of 61, 175. The vote was the largest ever polled.

☞ No less than three hundred and forty-three members have been admitted to practice at the Philadelphia Bar since June 1st, 1855.

☞ The New York *Herald* says that the number of applications for position in the Custom House in that city, Foot up to about 29,000.

☞ Why is the Union like a crab-apple? Because to be worth anything it must be preserved.

☞ Pleasant.—The weather.

☞ The French army numbers about 687, 000 men, with 10 marshals, 194 generals of divisions, 162 brigadier generals, 1,370 majors, and 6,871 captains.

☞ The more we know of History, the less shall we esteem the subjects of it; and to despise our species, is the price we must too often pay for knowledge of it.

☞ When concession is evitable, it is wise to concede before necessity destroys both freedom of thought and dignity of movement.

☞ The demand for iron in the United States has fallen off almost to nothing in England, at which the iron masters grumble.

☞ There is no truth in the report that more men are not wanted at Washington. The transport of troops thither will not cease till the force is raised to 50,000.

☞ The nerve which never relaxes—the eye which nerve blanches—the thought which never wanders, these are the masters of victory.

☞ "WHERE do you hail from?" queried Yankee from a traveller.

"Where do you rain from?" was the response.

"Dont rain at all!" said the astonished Jonathan.

"Neither do I hail, so mind your own business.

☞ How is it possible for a man to get beastly drunk, as the saying is, when the beast having more sense than the man, gets drunk not at all?

TEARS.—There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power! They are the mesengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and unspeakable love.

☞ Duty is the little blue sky over every heart and soul—over every life—large enough for a star to look betwene the clouds, and for the skylark Happiness to rise heavenward through and sing in.

☞ He who is passionate and hasty, is generally honest. It it your old, dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware. There is no deception in a bulldog. It is only the curr that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned.

☞ Manners are the shadows of virtues—the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, maners may often be redered useful guides in the performance of our duties.