American Volunteer.

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

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Poetical.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Lay down the axe, fling by thy spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plow;
The rifle and the bayonet blade
For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle field.

Our country calls; away! away!
To where the blood-stream blots the green.
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That Time in all his course has seen.
See, from a thousand coverts—see
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight,
Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand in her defense;
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear ye hence.

And ye, whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depth of her green land
As mighty in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,
With sudden floods to drown the plains
And sweep along the woods upturn.

And ye who throng beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On his long thundering marge of sand.
Come, like that deep, when, o'er its brim,
Hot rises, all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barks that swim,
A helpless wreck against his shore.

Few, few were they whose swords of old,
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be.

THE CLEAN FACE;

OR THE BOY WASHED BY HIS ELDER SISTER.

Oh! why must my face be washed so clean,
And scrubbed so hard for Sunday?
When you know very well, (as you've always seen,)
'Twill be dirty again on Monday.

My hair is stiff with lathery soap,
That behind my ears is dripping;
And my smarting eyes I'm afraid to ope
And my lips the suds are sipping.

There down my throat and up my nose—
And to choke me you seem to be trying—
That I'll shut my mouth you needn't suppose
For how can I keep from crying?

And you rub as hard as ever you can—
And your hands are hard—to my sorrow!—
No woman shall wash me when I'm a man,
And I wish I was one to-morrow.

I don't care how much I frighten the dog,
And I care for no stranger that passes,
And still I will cry till you wipe my face dry,
And give me some bread and molasses.

Miscellaneous.

WATERLOO.

THE LAST HOURS OF THE FIGHT.

A few months since I was standing on the field of Waterloo, on the anniversary of that great battle. The fields were waving with the ripening grain, just as they were on that memorable morning, before being trodden down by charging squadrons. As I stood where Wellington had stood, on the ridge occupied by the English lines, and surveyed the entire field and looked down upon the narrow valley where the fate of all Europe was once put up and battled for, a world of conflicting emotions struggled for the mastery within me. The magnificence and pomp of that stern army was before me, and my ear seemed distinctly to catch the first cannon shot that opened the conflict. Far on the right comes down Jerome Bonaparte, with his twelve thousand men. A sheet of fire runs along the walls of the chateau, and a gap open up in the advancing columns of the foe. Its mangled head melts like frost work before the destructive fire. The smoke of the battle covers them from sight, and rolls up the valley, and lo! I see nothing but the melee of horses and riders, the tossing of banners and the soaring of the French Eagle amid the cloud of war, and I hear naught but the roar of the artillery, the braying of trumpets, the blast of the bugle sounding the charge, and the heavy shock of the cavalry.

* * * * * * *

The great battle of Europe was to be fought. All its kings stood looking on with breathless interest, for their thrones were at stake. The feelings of these two great military chieftains themselves as they thus for the first time stood face to face and battled for a continent, were stirred. The British veteran wiping the sweat from his brow exclaimed, "O, that Blucher or night would come!" The next moment an immense body of French cavalry come thundering down on one of the English squares. It had already become weakened by the loss of whole ranks which the French artillery had mowed down, but withstood the desperate shock with true bravery. The French came down at a plunging trot, then breaking into a gallop, fell like a rock hurled back from the mountain, they recoiled from the shock. Driven to desperation by their repeatedly foiled attempts, they stopped their horses and coolly walked them within [illegible] brave square, and whenever a man fell dashed in. Such desperate resolution, such recklessness of life, began at length to tell on the conflict. The square began to shake and waver, when Wellington came dashing up with his guard—they opened and he was in its bosom. The chief was in their keeping—his fate voluntarily thrown into their hands, those British hearts could not yield. Rank after rank fell, but not a man stirred from his footsteps. The French at length gave it up, and retired to their position. Again, on seperate squares were those terrific charges made, and again, as they wavered, did Wellington fling himself in their midst. Thus, from 11 in the morning until 4 o'clock in the evening had the battle raged, when a dark object was seen to emerge from a distant wood. Larger and larger it grew, till a whole column stood revealed, with banners waving in the breeze. Bluchér and his Prussians had come! Both armies saw that the hour had arrived for a final issue.

Bonaparte then rode up to his old and well-tried Imperial Guard that had not been in battle all day. Placing himself at their head, he led them half way down the slope, when he halted and addressed them in his impetuous and fiery manner. He told them that the fate of the battle and of France was in their hands. He was answered by those devoted hearts, "Emperor forever!" with a shout that rang over the storm of battle, and was heard all along the British lines. Then he placed them under Ney, with orders to force the British centre and prevent the junction of Blucher with the allied forces. That hitherto invincible guard came down in beautiful order and array, and with hearts burning with high hopes. They knew that their emperor and the civilized world were looking on.—They carried thrones and kings as they went. They needed nothing to fire their steady courage. No drum, or trumpet, or martial strain cheered them on. No bugle sounded the charge. In perfect order and dead silence they moved over the plain. Above them soared the French eagle no power had ever yet wrested from their grasp, and on them was the eye of Bonaparte. The allied army saw with awe and dread, the approach of that unconquerable legion. The terror of Europe was on the march. For a moment the firing ceased along the lines. The battle was hushed. The muffled tread of that magnificent legion was heard. The sudden calm was but momentary. The artillery again opened like a volcano on the foe. Whole ranks went down before the destructive fire, yet they faltered not for a moment. Over their fallen comrades, with the same steady front they moved on, across the valley and up the slope.

Before their cool resistless charges the English lines melted like frostwork. They took the last fire of the artillery full on their bosoms, and then walked over the cannon, artillery men and all! On, on, like a resistless wave they swept, carrying everything down in their passage, till they approached within a few rods of where Wellington stood. All seemed lost, when a rank of men who had lain flat on their faces behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly heard the ringing order, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" They sprung up as from the bowels of the earth, and poured in their destructive fire in the very faces of that mangled guard. They recoiled from the discharge as if smitten with a sudden blow. A second and third followed. They reeled and staggered a moment, and then turned and fled. The battle was over. The thunder of the first cannon came at intervals on the night air, telling where Blucher trod down the foe. Wellington had left to him the pursuit, and was leading back his weary and bleeding army over the battle-field. The full round moon was riding the quiet heavens, lightning up the mangled masses of human flesh that weighed down the field. Here an epaulette—there a shivered sword flashed back in its beams. Groans loaded the air, while a death shriek came at intervals on the ear. Wellington wept. The excitement and rage was over, and his heart sickened at the awful scene before him.

On the surface of two square miles it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying. The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle, was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth, and the surface trodden down by the cavalry and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels, strewed with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and currasses, shattered firearms and broken swords; all the variety of military ornaments, lancer caps and Highland bonnets, uniforms of every color, plumes and pennon, musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles, but good God! why dwell on the harrowing picture of foughten battle? Each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle. Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of the death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living, amid its desolation, for the objects of their love. Mothers, and wives, and children, for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of the corpses—friend and foe intermingled as they were—often rendered the attempt of recognizing individuals difficult, and sometimes impossible.

In many places the dead lay four feet deep upon each other, marking the spot which some British square had occupied exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen in bootless essay by the musketry of the inner files. Further on you trace the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered; chasseur and hussar were intermingled, and the heavy Norman horses of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the gay chargers which had carried Albion's chivalry. Here the Highlander and tirailleur lay side by side together; and the heavy dragoon, with green Erin's badge upon his helmet was grapling in death with his polished lance. On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was cumbered with the dead and trodden fetlock deep in the mud and gore by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick-strewn corpses of the Imperial Guard pointed out the spot where Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column the favored corps, on whom his last chances rested, they had been annihilated; and the advance and refuse of the guard was traceable to a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the Old Guard attempted to meet the British and afford time to their disorganized companies to rally.

CURE FOR THE EAR ACHE.—Take a small piece of cotton batting, or cotton wool, make a depression in the centre with the end of the finger, and fill it with as much ground pepper as will rest on a five-cent piece, gather it into a ball and tie it up, dip the ball into sweet oil and insert it in the ear, covering the latter with cotton wool, and use a bandage or cap to retain it in its place. Almost instant relief will be experienced, and the application is so gentle that an infant will not be injured by it, but [illegible] relief as well as adults.

The Promise.

As Alice McCarty came out of the little parsonage, she found herself face to face with her father. He had been drinking, as usual, and his features were inflamed with heat and anger.

"Where have you been?" he demanded roughly.

"At the Minister's Saturday class," answered Alice.

"What were you doing?"

"Studying the Bible."

"Now, look here, girl; I gave you leave to go to school on Sundays, and that's quite enough. I'm not going to have you wasting your time in this way. You can find plenty to do at home, without running round to the parson's so often. Now mind!" he added, raising his right hand threateningly, "you don't set your feet there again."

Alice turned trembling away, and with a sinking heart bent her steps homeward. To give up her precious Bible class when she was just beginning to feel the value of the lessons she learned there—oh! she *could not* do it. When out of her father's sight, she sat down on the grass and cried, but in the midst of her grief a verse, that had been in the afternoon's lesson, came to her mind—"call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

"It is God's *promise*," thought Alice, "and he will keep it. I will call upon him, and I know that he will deliver me." She knelt in the grass, and told her new trouble to Him who listens to the cry of the humble. There was no sound in answer, God did not speak from the clouds, nor send an angel with his reply, but Alice had the sure word of his promise to stand by, and with it she was content—"I *will* deliver thee."

The week passed away. Alice prayed daily, and waited in faith for an answer. On Saturday morning, as she was busy sewing, her father came in. It was an unusual hour for him to be at home, and a rare thing to see him with so pale a face. He dropped into the nearest chair, and buried his face in his hands.

"Father, what is the matter?" exclaimed Alice.

"Peter Hanlan is dead," he groaned; "killed just in a second. He had taken my place a moment before, or else it would have been me."

"Oh, Father!" said Alice, "I am so thankful it was not you. I know that Peter was a christian."

She said no more; her father remained silent for a long time, and then said huskily, "Alice, I guess I'll go with you to church tomorrow; and you needn't mind what I said about your bible-class—go, if you like."

"Oh, I thank you, father!" said Alice, and with a feeling of wondering gratitude, she went to her room, to return thanks to Him who had not only answered her prayer, but had given her so much more than she had asked by inclining her father's heart to listen to the words of eternal life.

It was a precious lesson to Alice. Thenceforth in every trial, every grief, she carried her sorrows to her Heavenly Father, and throughout her life, had often cause to "glorify Him who delivered, when she called upon Him, in the day of trouble."

The President's Wife.

The Washington correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* makes the following good-natured comments, upon a power in the land which is not provided for in the Constitution, but may be said in some senses to hold sway even above the Constitution:

"We have for the first time in the history of Presidents, a President's wife who seems to be ambitious of having a finger in the Government pie. Her friends compare Mrs. Lincoln to Queen Elizabeth in her statesmanlike tastes and capabilities. She is by no means a simple, domestic woman, but was evidently intended by nature to mix somewhat in politics. That she does so is undeniable. She has ere this made and unmade the political fortunes of men. She is said to be much in conversation with cabinet members, and has before now held correspondence with them on political topics. Some go so far as to suggest that the President is indebted to her for some of his ideas and projects. She is a very active woman. Nothing escapes here eye. She manages the affairs of the White House (I do not mean State affairs,) with ability, and will see to it that the 'old man' does not return to Springfield penniless. In foreign countries her turn for politics would not subject her to adverse criticism, but the American people are so unused to these things that it is not easy for them to like it. Mrs. Douglas was a good deal of a politician, though she never injured her husband's position, but rather improved it, by her social alliances. Miss Lane never alluded to politics, and Mrs. Pierce knew nothing about them. She was probably the most simple hearted woman that ever presided at the President's table. The word 'simple' is not used in a depreciative sense. She was a pure-minded, unselfish, christian woman, and knew nothing at all of the world.

A BRAVE GIRL.—A heroic exploit is told of a beautiful young woman in the villiage of Spicelli, in Southern Italy—The house of her uncle, a liberal priest, was invaded by some brigand ruffians. One of the leaders was amusing himself by stabbing her uncle, who was old, when the girl rushed in, flung herself on him, and snatching in an instant the brace of revolvers he had in his belt, shot him dead. She ran through all the rooms, firing upon every brigand she found plundering the house. She shot down four of them. Alarmed at this unexpected attack, and not knowing what to make of it, the ruffians in the other room ran out. She still pursued and succeeded before they could get a knowledge of the enemy they had to encounter, in closing the front door against them. The brigands attempted to set fire to the house. From the balcony she put out an old musket, belonging to her uncle, and from the window a tri-colored flag, cried, with all her breath, "viva Garibaldi!" The miscreants fired an ineffectual shot or two and started off. A few moments after a captain of Bersaglieri, who just came up, found the exhausted girl in a faint upon the dead body of her uncle.

☞ Many persons have the impression that Gen. Fremont is a graduate of West Point, and has had a thorough military education. This, however, says the New York *Express*, is not the fact. He graduated at Charleston (S. C.,) College, studied civil engineering and then obtained a lieutenancy of Engineers.

☞ "An honest man is the noblest work of the Lord!" enthusiastically exclimed a Hard Shell Baptist, and then after a pause he added, "but the Lord hasn't a job in the world for fifty years."

☞ A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain; while witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.

Government Horses.

How Disposed of—What Becomes of them after their Last Career.

The army correspondent of the Boston *Journal* furnishes the following interesting horse item:

Forty-two thousand six hundred mules and horses have been purchased by government for the army, at a cost of about $5,500,000.—The contracts are about closed. For months the streets have been filled with horses; go where you would, you would find boys and men leading, riding and driving them, each man or boy having from six to ten in charge. The government corrals are near the Observatory. There, at any time you may see from three to seven thousand. There the horse dealers congregate, stout, burly, tobacco-chewing men with their eye-teeth cut. There, too, are the imperious inspectors, whose word is of great consequence to contractors. An accepted horse receives the mark of ownship, U. S., on his left shoulder, and is respected according to his rank. If he is of aristocratic mould; if he, like individuals of the highest order of mammalia, can carry a high head, and move with a consequential air, he is caparisoned with gilt trappings, and receives nice attentions, and has, as a general thing an easy time of it; but if he is only of common blood, or has a hide like an old hair trunk, or if he would answere as a standing advertisement of a grain dealer—"Oats wanted; inquire within," he is turned over to the mercies of the teamsters of the baggage trains, some of whom know as little of teaming as of balloon navigation.

Government is losing enormous sums in the wear and tear and unnecessary abuse of horse flesh, in the cutting, slashing, pounding, inefficient care and neglect of teamsters, and the furious galloping of soldiers and officers over the pavements, up hill and down, as if a horse had muscles of iron and nerves of steel. I do not know as there is any help for it. The machinery is so vast, so complicated, and necessarily of such a character that the wear tear and depreciation must be very great.

I do not know what is the per centage per annum of the deprecation of horse flesh; but from what I have seen, it must be very large, thirty-three per cent, I should judge. Occasionally you see the old horses floating down the river. One near Chane Bridge the other day committed suicide by jumping into the canal. While making my way toward one of the camps in the vicinity of Kalorma the other day, I came upon the place where good horses go when they have shuffled, cantered and trotted off the mortal coil. It was in a swamp, and there were hundreds of newly made hillocks—with horses beneath. A few shovels of earth were thrown upon the carcases, but heads and hoofs were exposed. The covering or attempt, was a sham. The Government pays so much per horse for getting them out of the way when dead. There was an odor in the air which a man with sensitive olfactories would be likely to perceive, or, to put it a little stronger, (the statement not the odor,) even if he had no nose, he would know that something was in the neighborhood. within a hundred yards are several dwellings. As a sanitary measure, the evil ought to be remedied.

A NOBLE WOMAN.—The Chicago *Tribune* says, Robert Brand, Esq., Mayor of Galena, in a report to a citizens' meeting, touching his duties in connection with the wounded men of Company I, Nineteenth regiment, at the late disaster on the Ohio and Mississippi railroad, thus speaks of the noble conduct of Madame Turchin, the Colonel's wife, on that mournful occasion:

"This report would be incorrect were I to omit the names of Colonel Turchin and his heroic wife; to the Colonel, for his care and attention in providing for his soldiers and the facilities he extended in the performance of my sad duties to the dead. But to hear the wounded men speak of the heroic conduct of the brave Mrs. Turchin! When the accident occurred—when the dead, dying and mutilated laid in one mass of ruin—when the bravest heart was appalled, and all was dismay, this brave woman was in the water rescuing the mangled and the wounded from a watery grave, and tearing from her person every available piece of clothing as bandages for the wounded—proves beyond all question that she is not only the right woman in the right place, but a fit consort for the brave Turchin in leading the gallant sons of Illinois to battle. Such misfortunes brings forth heroic women, whose services may be frequently needed if this fratricidal war shall continue to the bitter end."

WAITING.—It will be well if the public ever learns the truth of the following words, from Mr. Parton's life of Jackson:

"The chief employment of a soldier's life is *waiting*. He waits his life-time for the breaking out of war. He waits for months after the campaign opens, for the day to arrive which decides its fate and his own.—Through the long hours of the day of battle, he waits, comprehending nothing of the hurly burly around him till it comes his turn to advance and be shot. He is a man whose life-time's work is done in a few thrilling hours or minutes, and the rest of his life is waiting for those hours or minutes to come round.

☞ A good looking fellow was arreigned before court, charged with having stolen a watch. It was his first error, and he was ready to plead guilty. The judge addressed him in very gentle tone, and asked him what had induced him to commit the theft. The young man replied that, having been unwell for some time, the doctor advised him to *take something*, which he had accordingly done. The judge was rather pleased with the humor of the thing, and asked what had led him to select a watch. "Why, said the prisoner," I thought if I only had the *time*, that nature would work a cure!"

A WAR EAGLE.—In the eight Wisconsin regiment, which has just gone to Missouri, there is a fine company called the Chippewa Eagles, which carries as its standard, a live American Eagle perched on the top of a pole. It is quite tame. The bird was caught on the headwaters of the Chippewa river by the Chippewa Indians. The soldiers have been offered a high price for it, which they refused, swearing that they will never part with it, and it shall never be taken by the enemy.

TRUE.—He who never forgets his old friends and cherishes his attachments for them as ever, no matter how much time, space, or fortune, have kept them apart, is one of those rare beings with whom God has endowed the earth that society may not utterly wither through the influence of ingratitude, selfishness, and the incessant changes in life.

☞ A lady in Michigan, consoling her neighbor for the loss of her son, was answered in tears.—"If Bill's grandmother is in heaven, I know she will not see Billy abused."

Lynch Law in Delaware.

A MAN HANGED BY A MOB.

A mulatto man, named Jacob Hamilton, was hanged by a mob at Smyrna, Del., Oct. 12. The circumstances were as follows:—Mr. John Cloak, an aged and wealthy citizen, lives on the outskirts of the town with his wife and two daughters. The latter are aged respectively eighteen and twenty years. At half past eleven o'clock on Thursday night, Mr. and Mrs. Cloak were awakened by loud screams which issued from the room of the young ladies. Mrs. Cloak immediately proceeded to the apartment, when she was attacked by a man who was struggling with her daughters in the dark.

Mrs. Cloak added her screams to those of the girls, and Mr. C. at once hastened to her aid. He, too, was attacked and beaten in a shocking manner. While the struggle was going forward, a negro servant, who slept in an out-building, procured a ladder, and by placing it against the window-sill enabled the three ladies to escape. The intruder also got away, and without being recognized. His object was evidently to violate the person of one of the young ladies.

For several reasons it was believed that the mulatto, Hamilton was the guilty party. He was arrested next morning, early, and taken before the magistrate of the town. From the evidence, it seems that Hamilton was employed on the farm of Mr. Cloak. He had been at the house the day previous, engaged in putting up stoves. While there, a small toy had been given him, and this article was found in a portion of the pocket of the intruder which, had been torn off by Miss Cloak in the struggle. There were other circumstances which tended to convince the people of his guilt, and an intense excitement was the result.

The prisoner was of course committed to answer the charge against him; and he was ordered to be conveyed to Dover jail, a few miles distant. Hamilton was a very powerful man, and in order to guard against his escape, while on his way to prison, his arms were pinioned behind his back.

While the hearing and the trying was in progress preparations were being made outside for lyinching the prisoner. A rope was procured, a noose was made, and when the constables made their appearance in the street with their charge, the crowd gathered around, seized him, and ran him to a beach tree on the banks of a mill-dam at the edge of the town. The rope was placed around his neck, the other end was tied to an out-stretched limb of the tree, and in a few seconds the poor wretch was dangling in the air.

All this took place in broad daylight, at half past nine o'clock in the morning, in sight of hundreds of spectators. Among the lookers-on there were probably two hundred females. No person attempted to vindicate the outraged law. Hamilton met his fate without a murmur or a struggle. While being hurried to the place of execution he denied his guilt; but it is said that just at the moment he was [illegible] being suspended he confessed.

The body was allowed to hang until four o'clock in the afternoon, when it was cut down, and a coroner's jury was empannelled to enquire into the manner in which the man had come to his death. After a post-mortem examination, a verdict was rendered to the effect that the deceased had died from the effects of strangulation, the result of hanging inflicted by *some person or persons unknown to the jury!* It is probable that every man concerned in the hanging was well known to the jurors, most of whom were doubtless upon the ground at the time.

It is said that after the hanging of the mulatto, it was found that there was a fresh gun-shot wound in one of his legs, and a ball was found in the wound. Mr. Cloak fired two pistol shots at the intruder during the struggle in the dark, and it is supposed one of the balls took effect. There is but little, if any doubt, of the guilt of the poor wretch; but, in true lynch-law style, he was hanged first and tried afterwards.

McClellan and his Generals.

Bayard Taylor, in describing a recent review of the Union troops, says:—I had an opportunity of contrasting McClellan with a score of Genrals and princes. There was Smith and Marcy, all manly, gallant faces, and figures of true military bearings; Cols DeTrobriand and Salm Salm, with their dashing chivalresque air; the Prince de Joinville, twisted and stooping, lounging on his horse; the Orleans Princes, with their mild, amiable faces and aspect of languid interest—in all, a most remarkable group of figures. A horse's length in advance sat the smallest man of the party, broad-seoldered, strong-chested, strong-necked and strong-jawed, one hand upon his hip, while the other, by an occasional rapid motion, flung some communication to the passing squadron of cavalry. The visor of his cap was wet pulled down over his eyes, yet not a man in the lines escaped his observation; his glance seemed to take in at once the whole spectacle, yet without losing any of its smallest details. "He is a commander," said my Austrian friend. Something in his figure, his attitude, and the square, tenacious set of his jaws, remind me strikingly of Field Marshal Radestky. I scanned the lines of his face in vain for some mark of weakness, indecision, or timidity. All was cool, firm, prompt, determined and self reliant. If he does not justify the expectations of the nation, physiognomy is of no value.

KINDNESS TO MILCH COWS.—We find the following in *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*:

One of the greatest errors in overcoming cows that are unquiet while being milked is to whip, beat, kick and bawl at them. This is generally done, and the cow becomes afraid or angry, and instead of becoming better grows worse. Milch cows cannot be whipped or terrified into standing quietly, gently and patiently during milking. They dislike to be milked, for they know that loud words and hard blows always attend the operation.—They dread to see the milker as the little urchin dreads the birchen rod in the hands of an angry pedagogue, when he expects to have it applied to his back. A cow kindly and properly treated is pleased to see the milker, awaits his or her approach, and submits with pleasure to the operation of being milked.

☞ A lady who had a number of female servants, and to each of whom she gave on one occasion, a pair of cast-off, half worn shoes, found the following impromptu on her chamber mantel the succeeding morning:

How careful should our mistress be,
The narrow path to choose,
Since all the maids within her house
Are walking in her shoes!"

☞ Ezekial Woodmans, of Chelsea, Mass., "got off" the following prize conundrum at Boston last week: "Why is the water-lily like a whale?" "Because it comes to the surface to blow,"—which so tickled "a committee," that Ezekial received a hundred dollar gold watch as a reward of merit.

The Position of General Houston.

The Richmond Enquirer contains a letter from Sam Houston, dated September 18, which was written for the purpose of defining his position, and in a answer to an artical which he saw in the New York Herald, which states that General Houston has no sympathy with the rebellion. In reply to this he says:

Previous to the act of secession by Texas, and whilst the measure was one of argument and opinion, my position to it was open and avowed, and my opposition to the acts of the Convention was not concealed, but on all becoming occasions fully expressed, nor did I cease that expression of opposition to the measure of secession until the people acquiesced in it, when I as one of them, unhesitatingly assented to this conclusion; since which time I have attempted to throw no impediment in the way of this action, but on the contrary, have performed all the acts of a dutiful and loyal citizen of the Southern Confederacy. This was doing no more than what became me, for I have lived and acted upon the principle that all public officers should obey the will of their constituents, and all private citizens support the Government which secures to them their liberties.

While the Convention was in session, I presented a communication to the Legislature, accompanying resolutions forwarded to me by the Executive of Tennessee, on the subject of coercion, in which I denounced, unqualifiedly, such a measure of Federal policy. Since then, my opinion has undergone no change.

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Had I been disposed to involve Texas in civil war, I had it in my power, for I was tendered the aid of seventy thousand men, and means to sustain myself in Texas, by adhering to the Union; but that I rejected, and, in turn for the offer, I gave my advice to the Federal Government that I wanted no money, I desired no office, and wished for no troops, but if Mr. Lincoln was wise, and wished to confer a benefit upon the country, he should evacuate Forts Pickens and Sumpter, recall all the Federal troops from Texas, and not take the counsel of such a man as General Scott, or his administration would be disgraced. Notwithstanding this, when my message was reported to Mr. Lincoln, by his own messenger, it appeared that he did not believe that his agent had been faithful in the discharge of his trust in reporting my opinion. So strong was this belief, that he immediately resolved to send another messenger and troops to the South.

Don't Underrate Your Enemy.

A sensible Northern paper thus chides the Northern public for their folly in supposing that they will have an easy time in "coercing" the South:

"When people rush to war as recklessly as horse jockeys swamp horses, there is a pretty strong probability that somebody will be cheated. If we believe that we shall not find, in this war, a foe every way worthy of our steel, we shall surely cheat ourselves. We must make up our minds that, in the South, the Astors will go to the war themselves. They will go and take their sons with them. The war will be upon their own soil in the sight of their homes, and everybody will be in the fight. In one regiment in Georgia, there are eleven men who are worth over $400,000 apiece. In one county, which had only 2,500 voters at the last election, 2,100 volunteers have enlisted. These are facts which we must be fully prepared to meet—or woe to us. If we are going to beard a lion in his den we shall not increase our chances for victory by persuading ourselves that he is only a sheep or bob tailed dog. The wiser things is to own up at once, that he is a veritable lion, and that it is no child's business to beat him."

TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A very touching little incidect occured during the late session of the American Board of Missions, at Cleveland, Ohio. A beautiful pieced quilt was brought in and unfolded. It was accompanied with a note; donating it to the Treasury of the Board. The quilt was made by a little girl, five years old, who died from hip disease, a short time after she had finished the work. In her dying hour she bequeathed it to the cause of Missions for whatever it might bring. The quilt was put up at auction, in the Convention. A bid of fifty dollars was immediately made for it; then a hundred dollars was offered, and finally, Mr. W. E. Dodge, of New York, carried off the prize for one hundred and fifty dollars, regarding himself as the fortunate purchaser. Thus a mere child, scarce beyond an age to conceive an idea of God and her relations to Him, gave, with the work of her little hands, more money to christianize the poor heathen, than some adults give in their whole lives.

GOVERNMENT BAKERIES.—The basement of the Capital building at Washington has been converted into an immense bake-house. In the building there are eight large ovens in full operation, employing forty bakers, and turning out from twenty thousand to twenty-four thousand twenty-two ounce loaves per day. In the vaults, outside of the building, there are six double ovens, employing sixty bakers, and producing daily thirty thousand to forty thousand loaves. One hundred and sixty persons are employed at these bakeries, receiving from thirty-five to forty-two dollars per month. The monthly pay-roll amounts to over $6,000. We understand that the authorities here have now in consideration the propriety of erecting large bake ovens at Camp Curtin, near Harrisburg, for the purpose of baking bread for the large number of troops stationed at that place.

☞ A good story is told of a "sell" on the Abolitionists of Galesburg. The town is made up of Abolitionists, and of course they are the last men to volunteer to meet on the battle field the men they have traduced for years. Galesburg has sent few if any soldiers to the war, and those who have gone are not of the class of whom we speak. Well, the other day, the railroad conductor, when his train arrived at Galesburg, told the people that U. S. officers were drafting in Peoria, and would be there next day to draft them into the service. It is said that next day there wasn't a man in Galesburg who was between the ages of 18 and 45 years, unless he was a cripple or sick.—*Rock Island Argus, Ill.*

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.—Mr. John Spongle, of Hanover, York county, left his home on Tuesday, the 24th ult, on a visit to Lebanon, and, although intending to remain but a few days has not been heard of since. He was traced to Lebanon, and there every clue to his whereabouts was lost. Mr. S. is about forty-five years of age and of medium height, and had on when he left home a slouch hat, black coat and steel-mixed pants. It is supposed that his mind has become unsettled through melancholy, and that he has wandered off among strangers. Any information of the missing gentleman will be thankfully received by his distressed family.

Anecdotes of Stephen Girard

A paper read by Dr. W. M. Cornell at the last meeting of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, in Boston, gave the following interesting Anecdotes of Stephen Girard:

Stephen Girard was the sole judge of his beneficence. If rightly approached he would give largely; but if dictated to or treated rudely he would not give at all. Samuel Coates, one of his old friends, knew how to manage Girard, while many who sought aid from him were unsuccessful. Mr. Coates was one of the managers of the "Pennsylvania Hospital," which was then much in want of funds. He undertook to get a donation from Mr. Girard, and, meeting him in the street, stated his object. Mr. Girard asked him to come to him next morning.

Mr. Coates called and found Mr. Giard at breakfast. He asked him to take some, which Mr. Coates did. After breakfast, Mr. Coates said, "Well Stephen, we will proceed to business. "Well, what have you come for, Samuel?" said Mr. Giard. "Just what thee pleases, Stephen," replied Mr. Coates. Girard drew a check for $2,000, which Mr. Coates put in his pocket without looking at it. "What! not look at the check I gave you!" said Mr. Girard. "No, beggars must not be choosers, Stephen," said Mr. Coates. "Hand me back the check I gave you," demanded Girard. "No, no, Stephen; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," said Mr. Coates.

"By George," said Girard, "you have caught me on the right footing."

He then drew a check for $5,000, and presented it to Mr. Coates, observing, "Will you look at it?" "Well, to please thee, Stephen, I will," said Mr. Coates. "Now, give me the first check," demanded Mr. Girard, which was accordingly done.

The Rev. Dr. Stoughton; an eminent Baptist minister of Philadelphia, did not understand Mr. Girard so well as Mr. Coates did. When they were about building their meeting house in Sansom street; Dr. Stoughton called on Mr. Girard for aid. Girard received him as he usually did beggars, coolly but courteously, and gave him a check for $500. Dr. Stoughton received it with a low bow; but, upon examining it expressed his astonishment, adding; "only $500! Surely you will not give us less than $1,000." "Let me see the check, Mr. Stoughton;" said Girard; "perhaps I have made one mistake." The Dr. returned him the check. With the utmost *sang froid* Girard tore it into fragments, observing, "Well, Mr. Stoughton; if you will not have what I give, I will give nothing." The Dr. left him; exceedingly mortified.

☞ A broker, not long ago, when escorting a fair damsel home, asked her what kind of money she liked best. Of course the blushing beauty instantly suggested matrimony.—"What rate of interest does it bring?" inquired the man of current funds and wildcat documents. "If properly invested, it will double the original stock every two years."

☞ As a proof that girls are useful articles, and that they wouldn't very well get along without them, it has been stated, by a late writer, as a fact, that if all the girls were to be driven out of the world, in one generation, the boys would all go after them. Well, they would.

☞ A Western clergyman, in presenting a revolver to one of the volunteers, said: "If you get into a tight place, and have time to use it, ask God's blessing if you have time, but be sure and not let the enemy get the start of you. You can say amen after you shoot."

☞ A milkman was awakened by a wag in the night with the anouncement that his best cow was choking. He forthwith jumped up to save the life of Brummie, when, lo! he found a turnip stuck in the mouth of the pump.

☞ If your sister, while engaged with her sweetheart, ask you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, start on the errand but you need not return. You will not be missed. Don't forget this, little children.

☞ Since 1844 there has been but one summer (1854) in which so little rain has fallen as during the season just closed, and but two summers (1857 and 1859) in which there was not a greater average of heat.

☞ The Chinese are a queer people to go to market. A gentleman at Canton writes that a neighbor of his has laid in his winter's provisions—a hind quarter of a horse and two barrels of bull dogs.

☞ Teach your children by language and precept never to wound a person's feelings because he holds an humble station in life, or because he is poorly clad, or because he is awkward.

☞ Binding grain by machinery has been successfully accomplished in Iowa. The band is of wire. The cost of wire sufficient to bind one acre of grain is about fifteen cents.

☞ A little girl, hearing her mother speak of going into half mourning, said, "Why are you going half mourning mamma—are any of our relations half dead?"

☞ Friendship which flows from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity, as the water that flows from the spring does not congeal in winter.

☞ Rulers are generally too fond of display. They seem more anxious to fill the eyes than the stomachs of their people.

☞ It is but a step from cunning to knavery; lying makes the whole difference—add that to cunning, and it is knavery.

☞ The death smile is the grandest thing in the world. It makes the dark past an arch of triumph into a radient future.

☞ Those who are always peering into the affairs of their neighbors constitute a very mean sort of peerage.

☞ Down east they put a fellow in jail for swindling. The audacious chap had dried snow and sold it for salt.

☞ Men who endeavor to look fierce by cultivating profuse whiskers, must be hair-em-scarce-em fellows.

☞ You may speak out more plainly to our associates, but not less courteously than you do to strangers.

☞ If a woman is truly beautiful, let not her beauty be made dim by the flash of diamonds.

☞ Some men's mouths seem to be like the dikes of Holland—made to keep out water.

☞ If a man is dissipated, his fortune will probably soon be so too.