American Volunteer.

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

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TERMS.

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Poetical.

BABY KATE.

O my heart is throbbing, throbbing;
Throbbing early, throbbing late;
For the little human angel,
Whom we call our baby Kate.

Eyes of starlight; cheeks whose roses
With the lilies come and go;
Lips which seem to burst with honey,
Fashion'd after Cupid's bow:

And her hair seems golden sunshine—
Golden sunshine ting'd with night—
O did ever Saint or Angel
Gaze upon a sweeter sight!

And her voice is like the music
Which we hear in pleasant dreams,
When imagination pictures
Eden, with its tinkling streams.

Yes, her form is flitting ever—
Ever flitting 'fore my eyes;
And I often dream I see her
Cherub'd, up in Paradise.

She is fading, fading daily—
And I'm sure the Angels wait,
In the sunshine, in the shadow,
For the soul of baby Kate.

A TRUMPET BLAST.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[The following lines, written eighteen years ago, sound like prophecy fulfilled at the present crisis:]

O! for God and duty stand,
Heart to heart and hand to hand,
Round the graves of the land!

Whoso shrinks or falters now,
Whoso to the yoke would bow,
Brand the craven on his brow!

Freedom's soil has only place
For a free and fearless race;
None for traitors false and base!

Perish party! perish clan!
Strike together while you can,
Like the arm of one strong man!

With one heart and with one mouth,
Let the North unto the South
Speak words befitting both.

What though Isacher be strong?
Ye may load his back with wrong,
Over MUCH and over LONG.

Patience, with her cup o'er run,
With her weary thread outspun,
Murmurs that her work is done.

Boldly, or with treacherous art,
Strike our blood-wrought chain apart!
Break the Union's mighty heart!

Work the ruin, if ye will!
Pluck upon your heads an ill
Which shall grow and deepen still!

With your bondman's right arm bare,
With his heart of black despair,
Stand alone, if stand ye dare!

Onward, with your fell design—
Dig the gulf and draw the line—
Fire beneath your feet the mine!

Deeply, when the wide abyss
Yawns between your land and this,
Shall ye feel your helplessness.

Miscellaneous.

PAULINE.

Pauline was an only daughter adopted by some worthy citizen of the Rue St. Honore, Paris, who, having brought her up to the age of sixteen, had placed her in his shop—a perfume warehouse—to dispense his goods at the counter. Women in France are almost universally and practically heads of commercial establishments. The master of the house, when he does not lounge away in a cafe, plays billiards or cards half the day, or walks about like one living on his means, is contented to occupy a retired and dignified position, attending, not to sales, but to wholesale purchases. But such was not the case with M. Boulard, the adopted father of Pauline. Both he and his wife shared the labors of the shop together, he keeping the books while Pauline and Madame Boulard attended to the details. The young girl was very pretty and very modest, and her presence contributed not a little to the success of the business. The good couple, having no children of their own, had manifested their intention of making Pauline their heiress, and this added to the charm that hung over the perfumer's store.

Pauline had many lovers, a great many—as young ladies who are poetry, modest, and virtuous are apt to have, especially when rich; for although the world is not half so selfish and wicked as certain persons fancy, yet a grain of interested love will always peep out among the truest suitors. Two lovers were chiefly assiduous in their attentions—the one a rich shop keeper of the same street; the other, a poor *frotteur*: both were young and tolerably good-looking, and very devoted in their attachment, and it would have hard to say which was the most deserving. But Monsieur Alexis' Laparant was rich and Jean Provost was poor. It will be readily understood that the parents of Pauline would not have hesitated in their choice; but they know only of the affection of Alexis; that of Jean was concealed even from himself. Alexis came often to the house under one pretence or another, and was always favorably received. The Boulards were highly flattered at this preference; Pauline liked his frank, open manners, and always greeted him with a smile. The *frotteur*—one who waxes and shines by means of rubbing the wooden floors of rooms—came to the house in the exercise of his trade. He always bowed low to Pauline, and asked her how she was; and even on her *fete* day had brought a single rose, which was gratefully received. Jean was also a commissioner, and ran on errands, and often came to the house to buy perfumes, soap, &c., for his employers, who, appreciating his honesty and desire for work, freely trusted him with purchases. How happily Jean was if Pauline only served him; and how gentle and respectful was his tone, and how little he concealed his happiness if she gave him a good natured word. Pauline could scarcely be blind to the open love of Alexis, or the concealed affection of the poor *frotteur*; but, however this may be she said nothing and appeared to notice neither. But young Laparant had spoken to old Boulard and he to his wife, and his wife to the young girl, but she kissed her adopted mother so affectionately, and said so gently that she wished not to leave home, that the worthy woman was silent, and put off a little while any serious discussion of the matter.

Jean, meanwhile, became sober and thoughtful, he dared not hope, he dared not even think of making an offer; he a poor workman with uncertain means of livelihood, and so far beneath the position of her he loved. Had she been an unfriended orphan, without home, he would joyfully have offered his heart, and the only fortune he had—his honest labor. While thus depressed an event occurred which drove Pauline completely out of his thoughts.

One day he was sent for to wax the floors of a house near the Plains Royal, the apartments of which were generally devoted to pleasure parties of the courtiers. Jean, who was well known and trusted, was told to wax the floor of every room then unoccupied. He obeyed, and soon found himself in a chamber of luxurious appearance, surrounded by pictures which told of rural love and happiness. Jean had seen them often before, but they had never affected him so much, and, forgetting time, place and his duties, he leant on the stick which held the wax and fell into deep thought. Suddenly he was startled by voices in the next room; a horrible sentence caught his ear, and justified his listening. Pale and terrified, he hearkened to every word, and moved not, for fear of being discovered.

He had discovered an awful and frightful secret, and he was a dead man if found in that room, the ill-joined wainscot of which allowed everything in the next to be distinctly heard. "What shall I do?" thought he to himself; "to-morrow is the fete-day of St. Louis, I have no time to lose."

Jean left the room on tip-toe, and with the utmost caution; then descending the stairs, feigned to leave for dinner. No sooner was clear of the house than he made for the Perfecture of Police, and entering the hotel, asked to see the Lieutenant. The servants replied that he could not be seen. It was one o'clock and the fashionable Paris dinner hour of that day—now six hours latter. Not a valet dare disturb M de Bellisle from his meal; but Jean insisted, stormed, implored, and at last, as they siezed him by the shoulders to put him out cried "Do not drive me out. I must see Monsier de Bellisle; the King's life is in danger."

It was the eve of St. Louis, 1758, and the King was Louis XV. The servants hesitated, looked at one another, and an agent of police, struck by the man's tone, made them pause.

"Go, repeat his words to Monsieur le Lieutenant," said he, "and show this person into his private cabinet."

Jean, recovering his breath, followed his guide, and soon found himself face to face with the magistrate, whose mien was severe and inquisitive, and even incredulous. He bade the *frotteur* sit down, and asked his business in a somwhat petulant tone—the tone of a man disturbed in the midst of his dinner.

"I come here," said Jean, firmly, "to inform you of a plot against the King's life."

"I am informed of such plots every day," replied the Perfect, who was used to pretended denunciations from persons aiming at exciting attention and getting money. "But let me hear the details."

Jean related all that the reader knows, added that the attempt on the King's life was to be made that evening at the reception on the occasion of the eve of the fete of St. Louis, when it was usual to present the monarch with boquets of flowers. One of these was to contain a poison so subtile that the King, on smelling it, would fall as if struck with apoplexy. Bellisle looked at Jean. His mien was agitated; he was profoundly moved. His handsome and honest features were excited as if with deep indignation; the palor of horror was on his countenance. The Perfect of Police, remembering the pretended revelations of La Tude and others, was still not wholly convinced.

"Are you sure," said he to Jean, "that you have heard what you tell me? Be careful. If you have done this from mere motives of cupidity, and invented a fable, you will pay dearly for it; the Bastile for life."

"Put me to the rack, if you please," cried Provost, "it will no alter my words. I repeat that the King is in danger. I will offer my life as security for my truth!"

"Enough. I believe you. We will together go to Versailles."

It was a very short time afterwards, when M. de Bellisle and Jean Provost entered the Palace of Versailles by the stairs Œil de Bœuf, and arrived secretly at the King's private apartments. Every precaution was taken to conceal the presence of the Minister of Police from the courtiers, as thus the conspirators might guess the discovery of their atrocious plot.

Louis received the Lieutenant, and had with him a long and secret interview. In fact, they parted only when at eight o'clock the monarch went into the Hall of Treaties to receive the respectful homage of all the foreign embassadors and courtiers, who on this occasion were all received in state. The Lieutenant of Police joined Jean Provost, guarded in a private chamber bytwo *exempts*, and sat down to a hurried meal, in which he invited the *frotteur* to join him without ceremony.

Meanwhile Louis XV, had entered the Hall of Treaties, and seated himself upon the throne at the end of the apartment. Before him was a magnificent round mosaic table, given to Louis le Grand by the Republic of Venice, and which was now destined to receive the splendid and rare bouquets offered on this occasion by the royal family, the grand officers of the household, and the members of the diplomatic corps to the King. The crowd was gay and gorgeous. Every variety of costume—rich, bright and resplendent—shown beneath the blaze of light which showed off the brilliancy of the diamonds on the women. The king, who, dispite his frivolty, had great courage, not a fund of good sense, which, with other education, would have made him a different man, was by no means moved, but smiled graciously Madame de Pompadour, and caressed his favorite spaniel, which sat upon a stool at her feet.

The ceremony commenced. The King, as was the custom, took the boquets one by one, thanking every giver by some sprightly word. Pretending to play with the spaniel, and to repress its indiscreet caresses, he placed every bunch of flowers near the spaniel's nose, and then laid it down on the mosaic table. Madame de Pompadour laughed, but hid her daughter with her fan.

"If they feel hurt!" said she in a whisper.

"It is your spaniel, Countess," replied the King gallantly.

The foreign ministers had the precedence, and had presented all their bouquets. The members of the royal family came next. The King took the bouquets from the hands of the nearest of the blood royal, who, afterwards, stepped back bowing. He held the flowers to the spaniel's nose; the poor brute snuffed it, reeled, and fell dead! Madame de Pompador turned pale and would have shrieked, but the King had warned her by look.

"Not a word," whispered he; "it is nothing. Drop the folds of your dress over the poor animal; it has died to make true the saying, Son of a King—brother of a King—never King!

The ceremony proceeded, Louis XV. completely concealed his emotions, while Madame de Pompador smothered her alarm and curiosity. As soon as all was over, the King retired to his chamber, and sent for the Lieutenant of Police, who at once was struck by his solemn manner.

"Am I to arrest the guilty?".

"You were correctly informed, Bellisle. Last year the danger of Damiens, this time a bunch of flowers; and always from the same quarter. I cannot, nor ought I to punish. I order you to desist from inquiry into the mystery. Where is the man who saved me!"

"Close at hand, sire," replied the Lieutenant, who knew well whence the blow came, and also that it decended from too exalted a hand and too near a relative to be noticed.

"Bring him to me?"

"I am at your orders, sire," and the Lieutenant of Police bowed. M. Bertin de Bellisle was far too honest a man to do as most of his predecessors would have done—used the discovery, and kept all the credit to themselves.

"I have brought this young man with me, sir," continued Bellisle; "he is in the guard room, confussed and alarmed at being in his rude working-dress."

"So much the better," said the King; "it is at least an honest occupation. Bring him in, Monsieur de Bellisle; "I will receive him better than I would a courtier."

Bertin de Bellisle went out, and returned leading the *frotteur* by the hand. Jean Prevost—bold, stout fellow though he was—trembled, held down his head, and turned and twisted his cap in his hands, quite unaware that he was pulling it to pieces.

"Embrace your King," cried Louis XV. with a greatful tear in his eye; "this is your first reward."

"Sire," said Jean, falling on his knees; "I ask no reward but the feeling of having saved your Majesty."

"Come hither," and the King seized him and kissed him on his cheeks.

"I am unworthy such honor."

"What can I do for you?" asked Louis, who was capable of good emotions.

"I ask nothing sire."

"But I insist. Whatever you may ask you shall have."

"If your Majesty could give me Pauline," whispered Jean Prevost.

"O,o," laughed Louis XV., who was now once more himself again, "a love affair. Come, the *frotteur* shall sup to night with the King, whose life he has saved, and tell his story.—Bellisle, send a coach for him in the morning or rather come yourself. I will give you farther instructions about the matter. But silence, my friend, not a word."

The Lieutenant of Police retired, and Louis XV., who was always delighted with novelty and an unexpected amusement, took the *frotteur* just as he was, to the Triannon, where he was to sup with Madame de Pompadour; and there, in the presence of the court favorites, made him tell his story, which Jean did with a naivete truth and sincerity which deeply interested the King, used wholly to another atmosphere. Next morning Louis, after shaking Jean warmly by the hand and holding a private conference with Ballisle, said:

"You shall have a house in the park, my friend, near the Triannon. You shall be honorary head gardner, with a hundred louis a month for your salary, and every morning you shall bring me a bouquet. I shall thus never forget you, nor the cause which compels my everlasting gratitude."

Next morning, at an early hour, before the business of the day commenced, and while the porter was taking down the shutters of of the shop, M. Roulard called his wife and Paulincin hislittle office. The good man's air was grave and a little annoyed. He had gone out the previous evening, and returned at a late hour. Pauline had long since retired to rest, but M. Bonland had held a long conference with his wife. The excellent citizen spoke with animation, and not without a little anger, but finally cooled down before the soothing of his wife.

"Besides," said he triumphantly, "she can never hesitate. Bah! prefer a wretched *frotteur* to a substantial citizen—never."

"Pauline," began M. Boulard in the morning, "I have to speak seriously to you. It seems your marriage must be decided on at once, since high people have troubled themselves about it. But that I have spoken myself with the Minister of Police—I should think—never mind; I am not a fool. But of course I should be wrong. Well Pauline, you must this morning decide. Two lovers are at your feet—Alexis, and you will never believe it, Jean Provost, the *frotteur!* Isn't it ridiculous?"

"Dear father, excuse poor Jean," stammered Pauline.

"I know you would forgive him, child. But now you must decide freely, of your will, between them. We have our wishes; but this is nothing; we leave you unbiased. Speak out like a good little girl, and speak out frankly."

"But, my dear father, I have no wish to marry."

"But, child, you must. You shall know the reason at another time. So now, child, you must speak out. Who is to be—Alexis or Jean?"

"Must I speak now?" said Pauline, blushing.

"Yes, child, said Madame Boulard, "it is absolutely necessary."

"Then, dear papa and dear mamma, if it is all the same to you, I like Alexis—"

"I knew it!" cried the delighted Boulard

"Very well; but—I—love—Jean." And Pauline buried her pretty, blushing, pouting face in her hands.

The perfumer looked at his wife, his wife at him, and both cried, "I never could have thought it."

"But," said Madame Boulard, resignedly, "perhaps it is all for the best."

"Perhaps," replied Boulard, with a melancholy shake of the head. "O, woman; woman!"

A knock came to the door, and then Jean Provost entered, so well dressed, so proudly happy, so handsome, that they all started.

"I am come to know my fate," cried he; but the rogue had heard the last words of the old couple through the half open door.

"She is yours," cried M. Boulard, with a sigh; "though what a poor *frotteur* can want with such a wife, is more than I can imagine."

"I am not a poor *frotteur*," said Jean Provost; "I am honorary head gardner of the royal garden of Versailles, with a hundred lonis of a monthly income, and a house large enough to hold us all, if you will come and live with us and sell your business. That you may understand my sudden rise, I may tell you my new parents—but never repeat it,—that I have luckily saved the King from the attempt of an obscure assassin, and that Louis XV, has shown his gratitude to the *frotteur*."

"Monsieur Jean—"

The young man smiled; he had never been called Monsieur before.

"Mon. Jean, here is my hand. We accept and are very glad, since Pauline loves you. It was for her sake that we hesitated. There, take her, and may you both be as happy as we have been;" and the old man looked affectionately at his wife, and at the young couple, who had scarcely looked at one another.

They were married, and they were happy. They went down to Versailles to live in the house the King gave them, and lived there long after Louis XV.'s death the place being kept for them by Louis XVI. Jean became gardener in reality; and for the eleven years that the King lived he never wanted a boquet of some kind at the Palace of Versailles, and far more wonderful, he never forgot the action of the *frotteur*, nor ceased to bear it in grateful remembrance. At his death there were two who shed genuine tears, and cast many a garland on the tomb—and these were Jean Prevost and Pauline his wife.

MRS. SWISSHELM ON BABIES.—Mrs. Swisshelm does not seem to like the way in which mothers now a-days bring up their babies. In an article on the subject in which there is more truth than poetry, she says:

"A majority of babies are to their mothers what a doll is to a little girl—something to dress—a means of displaying odds and ends of finery, and exhibiting one's tastes. If infants were treated on the plan upon which a farmer treats lambs, goslings, chickens, pigs, &c., viz: well fed and kept warm, they would live and grow just as well cared for goslings live and grow; and we never knew one to die. Dutch babies wear caps, and how could any lady of taste have her baby look like the Dutch? Just so; and the Dutch babies generally live, laugh and grow fat, for they are all 'smothered in flannel' and feathers, and kept all in 'a sweat.' Dutch mothers do not keep their babies for model artist exhibitions. They cover them up, keep them warm and quiet, and raise a wonderful number of sturdy boys and girls."

FOUND HIS CROWD.—A young man, clad in homespun, was standing in Court street, a few days since, devouring a doughnut, when he was accosted by one of a half dozen genteel dressed idlers with,

"Just come down."

"Yes, guess I have, great place this, isn't it you?" said the countryman.

"Tis so, bub, how's your marm!" asked the city buck, bent on sport with the greenery.

"Well, she pretty well, she sent me down here on business."

"She did? What kind of business are you on?"

"Why, she wanted me to come down to Boston, and to look round and find a half dozen of the biggest fules to edicate 'em, and I rather guess I've got my eyes on 'em now," said the stranger, taking in the whole crowd at a glance.

The next moment he had the edgestones to himself where he quietly finished his doughnut.

MUST HELP UNCLE SAM FIRST.—A farmer in Wisconsin had a son who joined the eighth regiment of that State without his father's consent. Several letters were written by the father to the son while the regiment was in quarters at Camp Randall, for the purpose of persuading him to return. At last he wrote him that he must come that he had a large amount of thrashing to do; that he could not affford to hire help if it were to be had, which was hardly possible, owing to the number of enlistments; and that he must return home and help him, even if he enlisted again afterwards. The young man replied:

"*Dear Father*:—I can't go home at present. I should be very glad to help you, but Uncle Sam has a mighty sight bigger job of thrashing on hand than you have, and I'm bound to see him out of the woods first!"

RATHER LOW-NECKED.—The following outside touch is related by Mrs. Tiozli, in a letter from Bath, in 1818.

A genteel young clergyman in our upper crescent, told his mama, about ten days ago that he had lost his heart to pretty Miss Prideaux, and that he must absolutely marry her or die. The mother gravely replied:

"My dear, you have not been acquainted with her above a fortnight; let me recommend you to see more of her."

"More of her!" exclaimed the lad, "why I have seen down to the fifth rib on each side already!"

The letter writer adds a joke of her own that our British belles *outstrip* those of any other nation.

THE KIND OF NETS.—"You can't do anything with them Southern fellows," the old at the head of the table was saying. "If they get whipped, they'll retreat in some Southern swamps and bayonos along with the fishes and crocodiles. You haven't got the fish nets made that'll catch 'em."

"Look here, old gentleman!" screamed a fiery little fellow at the foot of the table; "we've got just the kind of nets for traitors in the bayous or anywhere."

"Hey! what nets?"

"Bayon-nets" and the little fellow pointed his joke with a for fork, spearing a potato savagely.

☞ The following is a good story about a clergyman who lost his horse one Saturday evening. After hunting in company with a boy until after midnight, he gave up in despair. The next day, somewhat dejected at his loss, he went into the pulpit, and took for his text the following passage from Job:

"O, that I knew where I might find him."

The boy, who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burden of his thought cried out:

"I know where he is—he's in Deacon Smith's barn!"

CAPPING A STORY.—A Scotch paper speaks of a fox having been seen trying to spring a steel trap by means of a stick that he carried in his mouth. We knew a fox once that took a well pole from the well and pushed a turky off the lower limb of a tree with it, and put the pole back in its place. At least he got the turkey, and the pole was all right in the morning.

Women's Veneration.

If women have one weakness more marked than men, it is toward veneration. They are born worshipers, makers of silver shrines for some divinity or other, which of course, they always think fell straight down from heaven. The first step towards their falling in love with an ordinary mortal is generally to dress him out with all manner of real or fancied superiority; and, having made him up, they worship him. Now, a truly great man, a man really grand and noble in art and intellect, has this advantage with women, that he is an idol ready made to hand; and so that very pains-taking and ingenious sex labor in getting him up, and can be ready to worship him on shorter notice. In particular is this the case where a sacred profession and a moral supremacy are added to the intellectual. Just think of the career of celebrating preachers and divines in all ages. Have they not stood like the imag of "Nebuchadnezzar the king set up," and all womankind, coquetts and flirts not excepted, been ready to fall down and worship, even before the sound of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, and so forth. Is not the faithful Paula, with her beautiful face prostrate in reverence before poor, old, lean, haggard, dying St. Jerome, in the most splendid painting of the world, an emblem and a sign of woman's eternal power of self-sacrifice to what she deems noblest in man? Does not old Richard Baxter tell us, with delightful single-heartedness, how his wife fell in love with him first, spite of his long, pale face; and how she confessed, dear soul, after many years of married life, that she had found him less sour and bitter than she had expected? The fact is, women are burdened with fealty, faith, reverence, more than they know what to do with; they stand like a hedge of sweet peas, throwing out fluttering tendrils everywhere for something high and strong to climb up by, and when they find it, be it ever so rough in the bark, they catch upon it. And instances are not wanting of those who have turned away from the flattery of admirers to prostrate themselves at the feet of a genuine hero, who never wooed them, except by heroic deeds and the rhetoric of noble life.—*The Minister's Wooing.*

The Wandering Jew,

The familiar legend of the Wandering Jew, so celebrated in poetry and romance, originally ran as follows:

"Cartaphilus was porter to Pontius Pilate, governor of Judea. He saw the JUST ONE arraighed in the hall—clothed with purple, crowned with thorns, mocked, buffeted, spit upon; he heard the people choose a murderer in preference to the Messiah; he heard the words of Pilate, "Take ye him and crucify him, for I find no fault in him; he saw the soldier drag forth the "Man of sorrows," and, in bitter hatred and bold scorn, this Cartaphilus struck him with his fist, and bid him go the faster to the cross: "Go faster, Nazarine; why dost thou tarry?" And so the legend tells us the Nazarine looked round upon, and said "I, indeed, am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come?"

"Mathew Paris tells this story, but it was current before his day. The Wandering Jew was reported to have been seen by many persons in various ages, and in different countries, and was represented as a very devout man, for it appears that he was converted to Christianity very shortly after the ascension of our Lord, and that he spent his long life in making known the truth of the Gospel and in distributing whatever money he possessed to the poor.

"The legend probably originated from an old tradition of the Church, that one of the disciples was especially set apart for pilgrimage on earth until the consummation of all things. This tradition was founded on the words of our Savior addressed to Peter, on the latter asking what would become of John, the disciple whom Jesus loved: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" In consequence of this expression, we are told that the "saying went abroad among the brethren that disciple should not die;" but it is strongly pointed out that the expression itself might bear a very different signification."

NEW SONG—"How do you like the clam song?" asked an old lady of her daughter as they stepped out into the street after a popular concert.

"Calm song!" exclaimed the young lady in astonishment. "Why, what do you refer to mother?"

"Why the first one she sung"

"Oh! you mean Shells of Ocean, don't you, mother?"

"Well yes," said the old lady, "I do think that was it; it was something about clams, any way, and you know I do like them so well. Did't you like it?"

☞ "Ma, I am going to make some soft soap for the fair this fall!" said a beautiful Miss of seventeen to her mother the other day.

"What put that notion into your head, Sally?"

"Why, ma, the premium is just what I have been wanting?"

"Pray what is it?,'

"An Iowa Farmer, and I hope he will be a good looking one?"

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

☞ The Dublin Freeman, of the 9th of November, reports that at a meeting of tobacco manufactures, held that day, it was agreed to advance the price of manufactured tobecco two pence per pound, from that date, in consequence of the great rise in the price of the leaf.

☞ An experienced old stager, says, if you make love to a widow who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by declaring that you *thought they were sisters.*

☞ Truth itself becomes falsehood if it is presented in any other than its righteous relations. There is no truth but the "whole truth."

☞ Endeavor to forget the past, and seek in the present for occupation—something to interest and exalt your mind: and, above all, have faith in the future.

☞ Love is a compound of honey and gall, mixed in various proportions for customers.

☞ If you do good, forget it: if evil, remember and repent of it.

☞ Why is a letter G like the; Because it is the centre of light.

☞ The chap who fell into error was lifted out by the lever of public opinion.

A Contented Farmer.

Once upon a time, Frdrick, King of Prusia, surnamed Old Fritze,' took a ride and espied an old farmer ploughing his acre by the wayside, cheerfully singing his melody.

"You must be well off, old man," said the King; "does this acre belong to you, which you so indnstriously labor?"

"No, sir," replied the farmer, who did not know that it was the King, "I am not so rich as that; I plow for wages."

"How much do you got a day?" asked the King.

"Eight groschen,' said the farmer.

"This is not much," replied the King "can you get along with this?"

"Get along, and have something left."

"How is this?"

"The farmer smiled, and said:

"Well, if I must tell you, two groschen are for myself and wife; with two I pay my old debts; two I lend; and two I give for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," replied the King.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. I have two old parents at home, who kept me when I was weak and needed help; I keep them; this is my dept toward which I pay two groschen a day. The third pair of groschen, which I lend away, I spend for the children, that they may receive a Christian instruction; this will come handy to me and wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sick sisters whom I would not be compelled to keep; this I give for the Lord's sake.

The King, well pleased with this answer, said—"Bravely spoken, old man! Now I will give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"This is a riddle which I cannot unravel," said the farmer.

"Then I will do it for you," replied the King.

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting him fifty new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming:—The coin is also genuine, for it comes from our Lord God, and I am his paymaster.'

Drawing Rations.

There are some episodes in the life of a soldier provocative of laughter, and that lighten camp life. Not long ago a farmer who did not reside so far from a camp of "the boys" as he wished he did, was accustomed to find every morning that several rows of potatoes had disappeared from his field. He bore it for some time, but when the last half of his field of fine "kidneys" began to disappear, he began to think that sort of thing had gone far enough and determined to stop it. Accordingly, he made a visit to camp early next morning, and amused himself by going around to see whether the soldiers were provided with good and wholesome provisions. He had not proceeded far when he found a "boy" just serving up a fine dish of "kidneys," which looked marvellously like those that the "gude wife" brought to his own table. Halting, the following colloquy ensued.

"Have fine potatoes here, I see,"

"Splendid!" was the reply.

"Where do you get them?"

"Draw them."

"Does the government furnish potatoes in your rations?"

"Nary potatoe."

"I thought you said you drew them?"

"Did!—we just do that thing!"

"But how, if they are not inclined in your rations?"

"Easiest thing in the world. Won't you take some with us?" said the soldier, as he seated himself at the table, opposite the smoking vegetable.

"Thank you! But will you oblige me by telling how you drew your potatoes, as they are not found by the commissary?"

"Nothing easier. *Draw' em by the tops, mostly.* Sometimes with a hoe, if one is left in the field."

"Hum! yes! I understand. Well, see here, if you won't draw any more of mine, I will bring you a basket every morning, and draw them myself."

"Bully for you, old fellow!" was the cry, and three cheers and a tiger were given for Farmer—there, we had like to have written his name. The covenant was entered into, and no one but the owner drew potatoes from that field afterward.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.—The other day a young lawyer of one of the Western counties, was employed to prosecute a man indicted for larceny before a committing court composed of the magistrates. On hearing the testimony, they refused to commit the prisoners to jail. Our lawyer whose name is McKay, concluded to take revenge on the magistrates. He accordingly began the attack.

"I wish your Honors would fine me five dollars for contempt of Court," he said.

"Why, Mr. McKay?"

"Because I feel a very decided contempt for the Court."

"Your contempt for the Court is not more decided than the Court's contempt for you," was the response of one of the magistrates.

This was a stinging retort, and Mac felt it; but another worshipful member of the Court—a dry, hard looking old blacksmith—put in a blow that finished the work and completely demolished the young lawyer:

"We might fine you," he said, "but we don't know which one of us you'd want to borrow the money from to pay it with."

The laugh was against Mac. He was a notorious borrower when he could find a lender. He has never jested with the Court since that rebuke.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The New York Court of Appeals has decided that, to eject a passenger from a car while in motion, is so dangerous an act that it may justify the same resistance on a part of the passenger as to direct attempt to take his life. Any passenger, for good cause, may be ejected in a proper manner, but his resistance to an effort to expel him without stopping the car, does not present a case of concurrent negligence on his part. Under this ruling a passenger, who was thrust from a car while in motion, obtained a verdict of $4,000 against a company.

☞ How events rush on! The Rebellion is not a year old, and yet what a page has been added to the worlds history! A Republic of thirty millions of souls plunged into Civil War; eleven States revolted from the Federal Union, with three others trembling in the balance; seven hundred thousand soldiers in the field; and a fleet larger than the Spanish Armada sweeping down upon the Southern Coast. Truely men grow old rapidly in such times as these.

☞ Wanted to know—Whether the volume of sound has yet been found.

☞ Fashionable people are apt to starve their happiness, order to feed their vanity.

☞ Those who heed not God's writ are often forced to heed the Sheriff's.

☞ Women never truly command till they have given their promise to obey.

☞ A poor fellow who pawned his watch says that he raised money with a lever.

☞ A promising young man may do very well perhaps—a paying one much better.

☞ Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it.

☞ It is not so great a virtue never to fall as to be able to rise whenever we do fall.

☞ A Man's name passes around most freely when it has a handle to it.

☞ Take the world easy, but be careful lest by the world you are easily taken.

☞ We may judge of a man's character by what he loves—what pleases him.

☞ Small faults, indulged, are thieves to let in greater.

☞ Queer kind of love—A neuralgic affection.

☞ Moving for a new trial—courting a second wife.

☞ State's Evidence—a wretch who is pardoned for being meaner than his comrades.

☞ An old bachelor says that during leap-year the ladies jump at every offer of marriage—hence the term.

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

☞ To a lover there is but two places on earth—one where his sweetheart is, and the other where she is'nt.

☞ If time is money, some people have a good deal more than they know what to do with.

☞ If you wish to keep your enemies from knowing any harm of you, don't let your friends know any.

☞ Sieze opportunity by the foelock, if you can; if you fail, grab him by the nap of the neck.

☞ "Don't you mean to marry, my dear sir?" "No, my dear widow, I'a rather lose all the rib's I've got than take another."

☞ Much of our feelings, inspirations moral sentiments and inmost thoughts are governed by outward surroundings.

LITTLE BOY.—"Father, I know how to fire off the guns and cannons of earth, but who is tall enough to touch off thunder!"

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

☞ Our ladies must be great heroines, if we may judge from the manner in which we occasionally hear them storming *fortes.*

☞ Take care of your personal attractions, improve your mental one, and so make yourself deserving of the good fortune in store for you.

☞ Bargain—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he has cheated the other.

☞ Some people are so obtuse that one would hardly think they could have an acute disease.

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

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

☞ Impudence sometimes attains the pitch of sublimity, and at this point it has produced a very great impression on many men.

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

☞ Men seem anxious to undo the work of God. He made men out of nothing, and they appear to be striving to make nothing of themselves.

☞ Never argue with a sick man. We don't know whether you are wise in ever doing so with any one, under any circumstances; but it is positively cruel to do so with a man who is weak and ill.

☞ "O, Charley," said a little fellow to another, "we are going to have a cupalo on our house!"

"Pooh! that's nothing," rejoined the other, "Pa's going to get a mortgage on ours."

A CUTE ANSWER.—"William," said a teacher to one of his pupils, "can you tell me why the sun rises in the east?"

"Don't know, sir," replied William, "'cept it be that the east makes everything rise."

Teacher fainted.

☞ At a marriage in Leeds, after the ceremony, the bride burst into tears of course.—Whereupon the bridegroom, a stout six foot fellow, following the example, blubbered like a calf, and on being remonstrated with, roared out—"Let me alone! I feel as bad about it as she does, in course."

☞ The Stars and Stripes now wave in six of the seceded States, to wit: in North Carolina, over Fort Hatteras; in South Carolina, at Beaufort; in Florida, at Key West and Fort Pickens; in Mississippi, at Ship Island, an Eastern Tennessee and in the northern and western sections of Virginia.

☞ Not long since, a gentleman took his little daughter to a dentist to have a tooth extracted. After the operation her father said to her:

"Now my dear, if you don't put your tongue where the tooth came out you'll have a gold tooth." To which she replied:

"If I *should* have one, it would not be long before you would try to get it out."