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BY SANGEL TAYLUR COLERED

All thoughts, all passions, all dolights, . Whatover stirs this mortal frame, All are but ministers of love, All feed his sacred flame. Oft in my waking dreams do I

Live o'er again that happy hour, When midway on the mount I lay, Beside the ruined tower, The moonshine stealing o'er the scene, Had blended with the lights of eve, And she was there, my hope, my joy, My own dear Genevieve.

She leaned against the armed man, The statue of the armed knight, She stood and listened to my lay,

Amid the lingering light. Few sorrows hath she of her own, My hope! my joy! my Genevieve! She toves me best when or I sing

The songs that make her grieve. I played a soft and deleful air. I sang an old and moving story, An old, rude, song that suited well That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush, With downcast eyes and modest grace; For well she knew I could not choose But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore Upon his shield a burning brand And that for ten long years he woodd The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined; and oh!
The fleep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush, With downcast eyes and modest grace; And she forgave me that I gazed Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn.

That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain woods,
Nor rested day or night;

That sometimes from the savage den, And sometimes from the darksome shade, And sometimes starting up at once In green and sunny glade-

There came and looked him in the face An angel beautiful and bright

And that unknowing what he did, And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land—

And how she wept and clasped his knees And how she tended him in vain, And ever strove to expiate

The scorn that crazed his brain—

And that she nursed him in o cave; And how his madness wont away, When on the yellow forest leaves A dying man he lay—

His dying words-but when I reached My faltering voice and pausing harp Disturbed her soul with pity! All impulses of soul or sense

Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve, The music and the deleful tale, The rich and balmy eve;

And hones, and fears that kindle hone. An undistinguishable throng, And gentle wishes long subdued, Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and Virgin shame;
And, like the nurmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name. Her bosom heaved—she stopped aside, And conscious of my look she stopped—

Then suddenly, with timorous eye, She fled to me and wept. She half enclosed me in her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head looked up,

And gazed upon my face. 'Twas partly love and partly fear And partly 'twas a bashful art, That I might rather feel and see

The swelling of her heart. I calmed her fears and she was calm,

Miscellaneous.

'Impossible!" said the whole company, "I've been taking my newspaper for twen-ty years, and paid for it in advance."

FATHER EUSTACIO.

In one of the most beautiful provinces of Portugal stands a convent, in itself an object of beauty from its exquisit architecture, and rendered doubly attractive from the almost nequalled lovliness of its situation. Let the imagination revel amid groves of orange trees, laden at once with fruit, flower, and perfume amid tracks of the dark olive and pine, relieved by the fragrant and lively foli-age of the myrtle and geranium—alleys of lemons and citrons, howers of roses, and springs and rills of the coolest and freshest water, holding Nature's own mirror to the clinging tufts of violets and wild lilies which blossom spontaneously on their margin—let it do all this, and yet it will scarcely trace on its own ern side of the convent, beneath a hill, gay with its belt of timber and its laughing vineyard, stood the Quinta d'as Lagramas; but I am premature in thus designating it—the name of the "Villa of Tears" was given to it after that of which I am about to tell had ta-

ken place. In this convent dwelt the mysterious Father Enstacio. The monastic robe of white serge fell-round his tall and graceful form in folds better suited to the regal purple; the crown of his head was shaven; but the raven curls lustered richly round a brow high and smooth as marble, and the dark fiery eye, and the scornful smile which discovered castern pearls, yet told of a world he had vowed to renounce forever. He was a Spaniard—the brotherhood themselves knew no more; he had made rich offerings at the shrine of the patron saint of their order; he had broken the weapon which he wore at his arrival on the steps of the altar, and trampled his dark plume beneath his feet on the thresh-old; he had withdrawn a rich jewel from his neck, and laid it at the feet of the Madonna (Nossa Senora da picdade); and he had finally taken the yows of the order, and became to appearance, like the rest of the community a mere creature of mechanism and habit. But no one followed Eustacio to his narrow

cell—no ear drank in the low sounds which escaped from his overcharged spirit in his solitude—no eye beheld the contempt with which he hurled from him the effeminate habit of the brotherhood-none looked on him in his paroxysms of emotion, when, with clenched hands, fixed teeth, and starting eyeballs, he stood in the midst of his confined appartment like a thing of stone, and then sprang, as it were, into life so suddenly, that every nerve quivered, and every vein swelled almost to bursting; when his heart heaved as though he had not space even for existence in his nar-row prison, and his hand instinctively sought o grasp a weapon which he wore no longer, and then fell listlessly at his side. None heard the soul-fraught groan that followed as he sank down with his face buried in his spread palms, and spent the night gazing upconsciously at the dim lamp that lit up the misshappen altar, the rude crucifix, and the grinning skull, "which were the furniture of

It was the festival of their patron saint, and one of the brotherhood watched by, his shrine all night. Eustacio won permission from the prior to be that one; and the vesper was chanted, and the twilight mass said, and the monks uttered their orisons at the shrine, and departed, and Eustacio was alone. He looked around him and smiled. There was a taper at the altar of the sacramento, shed its faint light over a limited space, and left the rest of the vast edifice in darkness. No sound was there save the fall of his own footstep as he strode through the murky aisle. The officiating monk had strongly on the sacramento, and Father strode through the murky aisle. The officiating monk had showing her burnished sides to make people happy.—Congre two days from this time the advance guard of the sacramento, and Father save the fall of his own footstep as he strode through the murky aisle. The officiating monk had strongly on the sidewalk. Long may he live and car worthy and Holy keeping."

To this letter no reply was returned. In lantly forward, showing her burnished sides; bleepily entered the chapel to feed the lamp at the altar of the sacramento, and Father through the murky aisle. The officiating monk had strongly on the sidewalk. Long may he live and car you muzzle of "Old Ironsides," Captain Hull, who was then quite fat and dressed in full tights, strongly on the sidewalk. Long may he live and car you muzzle of "Old Ironsides," Captain Hull, who was then quite fat and dressed in full tights, strongly on the sidewalk. Long may he live and car you muzzle of "Old Ironsides," Captain Hull, who was then quite fat and dressed in full tights, strongly on the sidewalk. Long may he live and car you muzzle of "Old Ironsides," Captain Hull, who was then quite fat and dressed in full tights, strongly on the sidewalk. Long may he live and car you muzzle of "Old Ironsides," Captain Hull, who was then quite fat and dressed in full tights, strongly on the sidewalk. Long may he live and car you muzzle of "Old Ironsides," Captain Hull, who was then quite fat and dressed in full tights, strongly on the sidewalk. In a moment after the Guerriere rode gallants of the sacramento, and the next time we meet Mr. R—

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In a moment after the Guerriere rode gallants of the sacramento, and the n strode through the murky aisle. Twice had be traversed it and returned to the shrine he Wed Weeks passed, and still at intervals the no-watched; a third time he paced its solemn length and approached the altar; but now he started, and the blood sprang to his brow, while he passed his hand over his eyes, ques-tioning the evidence that a sund-tioning the evidence that a sund-tioning the evidence that a sund-were concentrated in batteries, and a squad-were concentrated in batteries, and a squadtioning the evidence they gave him. Kneeling there, with her veil thrown back, and disclosing her pure and pallid beauty, was a disclosing her pure and pallid heauty, was a female, whose mantle of sable velvet fell around her in large and heavy folds; jewels were in her hair and on her arms, and the very missal in her small hand was clasped with a rich gem. Her lips moved neiselossly, and she seemed so absorbed in her devetions and she seemed so absorbed in her devotions that she had not heard his approach. Eustacio stood like one entranced—a thousand rec-ollections pressed upon his spirit—his dark dark eyes flashed fire—his breast heaved yet he strived not. The prayer was ended, the lady rose to depart, and started on dis-covering the monk. Eustacio gazed upon her as her features were fully recealed by the taper which burnt before the shrine of the saint. She was beautiful; but it was a proud, pale beauty, which sorrow scemed to be wastng, though it had failed to destroy. Her

form was slight and graceful as the sweep of the river willow. Something that lady read n the countenance whereon she gazed, which rbade fear for in an instant she stood calmly and almost proudly before him. The monk emained like a statue riveted to the spot. "Holy father!" she commenced, in a tone so rich and deep that it died away down the long aide of the chapel, like the last note of

There was questioning in the look which spoke, and entreaty quivered on her tongue. Other accents he heard also—the accents of harging squadrons, rose above the thunder not to it, save by casting still further back the his enemy! For a moment he pansed silently of the battle. About 1 o'clock, P. M., the Minacle or Honest.—At a party one evening, several contested the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing, and a reverend gentleman was appointed sole judge of their respective pretensions.

One party produced his failor's bill with a receipt attached to it. A buzz went through the room that this could not be outdone, when a second proved that he arrested his tailor for the room that this could not be outdone, when a second proved that he arrested his failor of the fails of the sire of the segredal closts, and the room that third put in his claim.

"The palm is his," was the general cry, but a third put in his claim.

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"The palm is his," was the general cry, the feats of either of my predecessors, but I glance suffered. Never had the lady looked the feats of either of my predecessors, but I glance suffered. Never had the lady looked the course habit. For all this one the combatants staggered and fill heavily the passion of the contents he heard also—the accents of fits encents he heard also—the accents of fits encents he heard also—the accents of fits the heaviled by fit the better of the theory is another. A tall man likes a charging squadrons, rose above the thunder of the the local to clotely bind the chiral allowed bisterily, and then he sprang convulsively and sternly, and then he sprang co "Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot boast of the feats of either of my predecessors, but I returned to the owners two umbrellas that they left at my house."
"I'll hear no more," cried the astonished arbitrator; this is the very ne plus ultra of virtue of which I never knew one capable."
"Hold," said another, I've done more than that."
"I'mpossible!" said the whole company."

"I'm and for a moment seemed to arrest the lide of victory. Napoleon stood at the head like contrast; friendship seeks its own countities on him as he sank down bleeding and senseless; then came the house, he said selling all amp from the ground, she turned one long, fixed look on the monk, which I never knew one capable."

"I'm and sell heavily and fell heavily against the trunk of a citron tree, and the combatants staggered and fell heavily against the trunk of a citron tree, and the combatants staggered and fell heavily against the trunk of a citron tree, and the combatants staggered and fell heavily against the trunk of a citron tree, and the combatants staggered and fell heavily against the trunk of a citron tree, and the combatants staggered and fell heavily against the trunk of a citron tree, and the combatants staggered and fell heavily against the trunk of a citron tree, and the combatants staggered and fell heavily against the trunk of a citron tree, and the combatants staggered and fell heavily against the trunk of a citron tree, and the combatants staggered and fell heavily against the trunk of a citron tree, and the combatants staggered and fell heavily against the trunk of a citron tree, and the combatants staggered and fell heavily against the trunk of a citron tree, and the combatants staggered and fell heavily against the trunk of a citron tree, and the combatants against the trunk of a citron tree, and the combatants against the trunk of a citron tree, and the combatants against the trunk of a citron tree, she turned one long, fixed look on the monk, and retreated, closing the door as she with-

pear; but she came no more that night.

Thenceforward the piety of Father Eustachioose the plainest, the commonest, the most didomatic. Eschew fine words as you would native a regue; love simple ones as you would native.

Thenceforward the piety of Father Eustachio became a proverb among the brotherhood. His nights were no longer spent in sleep; he a regue; love simple ones as you would native.

Thenceforward the piety of Father Eustachio became a proverb among the brotherhood. His nights were no longer spent in sleep; he loy would native the plain of the pl pear; but she came no more that night.

from her own sunny home to the convent shrine; and Eustachio heard her tale of sor-

plication, frequent but short delays. Ther came the name of her hated suitor, and the cowled listener started from her side, and clenched his hands, and ground his teeth, as he murmured out-

"'Tis he! 'tis he !-- the murderor of my sister—the hunted one of my hate whom pursued till my soul sickened that I found him not, and in dispair vowed itself away in and forget. But think not that I have forget under the command of Frederick William ten. Hearken to me, Inez"—and he drew the Prussian King. Alexander of Russia towards his agitated listner, who had already with an equal army, was pressing down risen and stood before him—"hearken to me: through the wilds of Poland, to unite in the the cloister—they are not the anodynes I march upon Paris. England co-operated with the cloister—they bring no Leth—I ditures from her inexhaustible treasury. am still Adrian, Duke of--while I strive miy to be a monk. I am still the brother o the dead Carlotta, while I thought only to throw off the world and the world's ties .-Dare not to marry him! Listen to but one eight hours to arrange the Stails of the camvow from his polluting lips, and the curse of paign; and immediately dictated two hunthy crime be on thee! Blood is there upon dred letters, all of which still remain the his hand, though he may stretch it to thee in gentleness—poison in his breath, though it may syllable passion. He was the husband of my sister: she passed away, and none knew where or how :- but many whisnered--murder! Think you not that I pursued him? large, and I was even at his heels—alas, too were:

"In so just a war, which we have not pro emy, and he poured his subtle poison into the ears of one in power, and I was pro-claimed—a traitor. The blow was strek my sister, my revenge, all were forgotten-my proud name became a reproach-my honere bowed to the dust. Look at yonder sparkling cress, pendant from the neek of the Madona; little deemed I, when I knelt to receive that boon, that the giver, in his blind pelief or an enemy, would so soon cast me forth to shame and obloquy! I uttered no justification—to be suspected was enough; out I came hither—came to forget myself to stone—to be a man no longer—to be a monk —and I am one! The convent rings with my

deep voice grew yet deeper-"the very lethurgy—the very thought of him whom I have sworn to sacrifice. I have vowed the lagger; I have hunted him to his lair, and now I can strike it even to his heart's centre!" "Advian I Eustraio. " murmured the lady.
"Either name is dear from thy lips," said
the cowled noble, "though the one is sullied by calumny, and the other is but a mockery.

siness, and live on till another day in their apathy; till tomorrow, then, farewell!"

Weeks passed, and still at intervals the no-

It was on a lovely midnight, when the lands cape was flooded with the light, and clematis and the richer blossoms of the pomegranate, as they disclosed their beauty to the moon, and thought of Inez ; but ere long came wilder visions, and he remembered his sister, who was murdered in her lovelines, and on whose grave no eye had rested. Then came the memory of her husband, of the murderer! and he looked up to the moon as she rode in ight, and then down on the dark shadow cast ilong the earth by the wooded height which ounded the landscape. He felt that he stood there a dishonered man and an alien— he felt that he was loved even in he evil fortune, and that his enemy had again crossed his path. He struck his hand forcibly on his breast, and it came in contact with the hilt of his dager; the monk smiled—the world had seldom looked on a smile like that with which he drew it forth. He cast that with which he drew it forth. He cast back his clinging robe, he fetched one long.

At 4 o'clock he was again on horseback.

voice of Inez; trembling and tearfully she

and retreated, closing the door as she with-drew. Long stood Eustacio gazing after her, as though he dreamed that she would re-ap-record that she would re-ap-ors shook off the heaviness of sleep, and pitched hatteries, before he profess his ad-

compressed. One glance sufficed—horror had been busy with her—she was a maniac! fugitives rushed from the field, ploughed by the batteries of Napoleon, and trampled Night after night she trod the secret passage been busy with her—she was a manine!

Few heard the tale: the holy brotherhood row; and she breathed it as she sat on the bore away their dead; the Count consigned marble step of the altar where they had first his fellow noble to a silent grave, and of his met; and the hand of the monk wiped away daughter no one knew more. The peasant, the few large drops which fell as she murmured it in his car. It was a simple and a sad tale. while he hastily mutters a Pater and an Ave,

JENA AND AUERSTADA.

BY JOHN S. ABBOTT.

In the year 1806, England, Russia and Prussia formed a new colligin against France. him not, and in dispair vowed itself away in a cloister, that it might moulder into inanity, and forgot. But think not that I have forgot.

But think not that I have forgot. under the command of Frederick William.

The Emperor was greatly provoked by this plans for developing the industrial resources of France. He shut himself up for fortymonument of his sagacity and energy. In monument of his sagacity and energy. In six days the whole imperial guard was transported from Paris to the Rhine. They travelled by post sixty miles a day. On the 24th of September, Napoleon, at inidnight, entered his carriage at the Tuilleries, to join the ly, as a hunted deer, he fled from place to army. His parting words to the Senate

breathe it in a whisper—he sought to rid himself of so tenacious a pursuer, so bitter an encarse of which it would be impossible to as sign, and where we the only take arms to defend ourselves, we depend officely upon the support of the laws, and upon that of the people, whom circumstances call upon to give fresh proofs of their devotion and cour-

Placing himself at the head of his army, by a series of skillful managers, he threw his whole force into the rear of the Prussians, cutting them off from their supplies, and from all possibility of retreat. Being thus sure of victory, he wrote as follows to the King of Prussin:

Sir, MY BROTHER-I am in the heart o Saxony. My strength is such that your forces cannot balance the viotory. But why niety: the blind crowd, who looked on me, cold me as a thing too hely for this world. shed so much blood? Why fnake our subjects slay each other? I do not prize victory pur-I am pointed at as a pattern, made the depository of the sin of others, and held to be too clinsed by the lives of so many of my children. pure to sin myself; but it is not so," and the If I were just commencing my military cadeep voice grew yet deeper—"the very reer, and if I had any reason to foar the chances of war, this language would be wholly misplaced. Sire, your implesty will be vanquished. At present, your uninjured, and may treat with me in a ranner comfortable with your rank. There a month is passed you will seat it. A live a morth is I am aware that in thus will I may irritate that sensibility, which naturally belongs to every severcies. But circumstances deto every sovereign. But circumstances deimplore your majesty to view in this letter, nothing but the desire I have to spare the effusion of human blood. Sire, my brother, I pray God that He may have you in His worthy and Holy keeping."

The believe that their own countrymen were afraid to measure their strength with that of the enemy, and this thought gave them more pain than the wounds which some of them were still suffering from.

In a moment after the Guerriere rode gal-But hark! Inez, they have rung in the dawn the drones are about to shake off their drow

stadt. It was the evening of the 13th of October. The sun was just sinking with unusual brilliancy behind the western hills, when vere concentrated in batteries, and a squadron of eighteen thousand cavalry, splendidly

caparisoned and with burnished armor, were drawn up upon the plain. the Landgrefenberg, a steep, oraggy hill, which the Prussians had supposed inaccessible to artillery, and from whose summit the long lines of the Prussians, extending many leagues, could be clearly discerned. As the gloom of night settled down, the blaze of the russian campfires, extending over a space

of eighteen miles, illuminated the scene with an almost unearthly glow. Couriers were despatched to hasten on the bat-talions of the French army. To encourage the mon, Napoleon, with his own hands, labored through the night in blasting the rocks and clearing the way that he might plant a battery upon the brow of the Land-grafenberg. As brigadeafter brigadearrived-they took the position assigned them by their experienced chieftain. Soult and Ney were ordered to march all night to a distant. point, to cut off the retreat of the enemy. Towards morning, Napoleon threw himself upon the bleak hillside to share for an hour the

flashed, and the rich blood mant ed in the proud brow "add yet other epithets become but it had other occupants. He heard the was covered with the dead; the shricks of

a rogue; love simple ones as you would native ross on your cheek. Let us use the plainest and shortest words that will grammatically and gracefully express our meaning.

kept holy vigils when the world was buried holy monk, and a third was there; she look-led up and a third was there; she look-led up and pointed with stern eye and steady with carthquake roar, charging the lowilder-led up and pointed with stern eye and steady finger to the corpse of the cowled combatant chapel which assured him that she went not remained in a few minutes the work was done; the Prussian with the night dow, and her lips livid and a third was there; she look-led up and pointed with stern eye and steady finger to the corpse of the cowled combatant chapel which assured him that she went not with the night dow, and her lips livid and a third was there; she look-led up and pointed with stern eye and steady with carthquake roar, charging the lowilder-led up and pointed with stern eye and steady finger to the corpse of the cowled combatant with a stern eye and steady finger to the corpse of the cowled combatant with a stern eye and steady finger to the corpse of the cowled combatant with a stern eye and steady finger to the corpse of the cowled combatant with a stern eye and steady finger to the corpse of the cowled combatant with a stern eye and steady with earthquake roar, charging the lowilder-led up and pointed with stern eye and steady for extra extr

eneath the tread of his resistless cavalry.
While this scene was transpiring on the tant. As the fugitives of both armies were Her father had vowed her to a hated union, and hurries on his mulay from the Quinta driven together in their flight, in confusion and she pined in soul, while she won, by supdias Lagrimas.

As the tagtives of both traines with exhaustless good humor. About and dismay unparalled, horsemen, footmen, and dismay unparalled, horsemen, footmen, by the she won, by supdias Lagrimas.

> Night came at length. But brought no relief to the vanquished. The pitiless pursuit man with the bundle."
>
> was uninterrupted. In whatever direction It may have been im the shattered columns fled, they were met by the troops which Napoleon had sent anticipaing the movement. The king himself narrowuntil he reached a place of safety. The Prushousand in killed and wounded, while twonty thousand more were taken prisoners.

No military abiofts in has over manifested Napoleon. In less than fourteen days every purchase, but our radiant-faced friend. mant of the Prussian army was taken, and all the French. The king, a woo-stricken fugitive, driven from his realms, fled for refuge to the army of Alexander. Never before in the history of the world was so formidable power so speedily and utterly annihilated. But one month had now clapsed since Na poleon left Paris. An army of two hundred housand men, in thorough discipline and tresses, strengthened by the labor of ages, and which had been deemed impregnable. had fallen into the hands of the victor, and he was reposing in security in Berlin, in the palace of Frederick the Great. The story of universal amazement. man," said the Emperor Alexander, "we are | iu the street with a bundle." but children attacking a giant."

An 1812 WAR STORY. -The following, we believe, has never seen print. Ogden Hoff-man used to tell the story. He was in the great fight between the Constitution and the Guerriere, and said that as the British ship came sailing down on them, as they heard the in the door coming in. Purchasing a contain Isaac Hull, and asked for orders to fire "Not yet." was the quiet response. As they soon as I get home." came still nearer, and the British vessel poured in her fire, the first lieutenant of the Consti-

ery muscle and vein throbbing with excite ment, shouted out as he made another gyra tion, "Now, boys, pour it into them," That broadside settled their opponent, and when the smoke cleared away the Commodere's tights were to be seen split from waistband to heel. Truly the Commodore had a soul on or eighteen thousand cavarry, spiendally aparisoned and with burnished armor, were rawn up upon the plain.

Napoleon immediately took possession of orders with perfect coolness, and only changed his tights when the British commander's sword was given up to him.

THE LIDDLE PLACE BONY .- "Chon, you recklemember dat liddle plack boney I pyed mit de bedlar next veak?' "Voh vot of him?"

" Notting, only I gits sheated burdy pad." "Yah. You see, in de vurst blace he ish blind mit bote legs, und ferry lame mit von eye. Den ven you git on him to rite he rares up pehint unt kicks up pefore so vuser as a chackmule. I dinks I dake him a liddle rite yisdertay, unt so sooner I gits strattle his nack he gommence to heist up, shust so like a vakin peam on a poatsteam; und ven he gits tone I was so mixt up mit eferydings I vinds mineself zittin arount packvards, vit his dail in mine hants vor de pridle."

"Vell, vat you going do to mit him?"
"Oh, I vix him potter as cham up. I hitch him in de cart mit his dail vare his "Holy father?" she commenced, in a tone so rich and deep that it died away down the long aisle of the chapel, like the last note of the vesper organ.

"Scarce saint enough for the first, nor reversed enough for the second, lady," murmured the monk, as though he brooked not the address from such lips; and the dark eye flashed, and the rich blood mant ed in the

MATRIMONY AND HAPPINESS .- Sam Slick in his "Wise Saws," say that the nature of matrimony is one thing, and the nature of

manner, "ao take a mede noney, Miss—:
'tis so sweet—so like yourself."
"Ah, Mr. Muddie," handing the butterdish-to-the host, she exclaimed. "Do take a
little butter 'tis so like yourself!"

graph "In what company is your life insured sir?" asked a sprightly young miss.

"In the Hope."
"I prefer the Alliance." said she blushing. "Then we'll make a joint-stock operation, if you choose," said the delighted old bache-

The Man with the Bundle.

You have met him? Burly, broadhouldered, a little careless both in dress and lains of Jena, another division of the Prus- gait, as if conscientiously opposed to precision sian army was encountering a similar disas-ter on the field of Auerstadt, twelve miles dis-curve of the smooth shaven chin to the glean of gold spectacles that sits astride his wagons and artillery, in densest and wildest see him heading as if homeward, and carry entanglement, there was rained down upon ing thitherward a brown paper enveloped them the most terrible storm of balls, bullets parcel. From long familiarly, with this fea parcel. From long familiarly with this feature of his personality, we had come to des ignate his otherwise anonymousness as "the

It may have been imagination on our part but as we met him the other cold afternoon his face seemed so absolutely radiant with ly escaped capture during the rout of that thought the thermometer at the corner of terrible night. Accompanied by a few com- Milk street went up two degrees as he passed. panions on horseback, he leaped hedges and We determined to make an effort to know tences, and plunged through forests and fields, more about him.

To-day our desire was gratified. Turning sians lost in this one disasterous fight twenty into Marsh's to purchase the quill now be thousand in killed and wounded, while twenty tween our fingers—we can't abide metallic ens-who should be standing at the counter, clasing at the same instant, the lid of a mag so much skill in the following up a victory as nificent writing case and a bargain for its "To what address shall we send this?" the fortresses of Prussia were in the hands of | said the clerk, with a tone indicating extreme

"Nowhere," responded the purchaser, "I

always carry my own bundles."
"Yes, sir; but this is heavy, and it will be pleasure to us to send it." "Young man," replied the other, "I alays love to take something home at night to show to my wife and children that I haven't forgotten them while at my business taken prisoners, or dispersed. Not a hostile and I wouldn't give a pin to make anybody regiment remained. A large number of fornyself. I began life by lugging about parcels as a dry-goods man's boy, and many is the weary mile of sidewalks I've trudged to carry a yard of ribbon or a paper of pins to omebody too proud or too lazy to carry it for this wondeful achievement passed over Europe themselves. I haven't forget my old thoughts, like the wonders of an Arabian tale, exciting and what's more, though times have changed with me since then, I ain't ashamed to be seen "Yes, sir, but this is heavy."

"No matter, I'm strong," and out he went with such a glow on his face, that one could imagine it lighted up the now dim sidewalk, ods ahead, as a locomotive burner illumina tes its track.

Another well-known street face passed him sharp orders, when the guns were run out gress knife, the new comer said in a sharp and the men could be seen ready with their and dictatorial tone, "send it to my house, match-locks, an officer came in haste to Cap- (No. fifteen hundred and something, Washing. ton street) immediately; I will want it as "Two different men," suggested we, as

tution came on the poop and begged permission to return the broadside, saying that the men could not be restrained much longer.—
"Not you" was the indifferent reply. Still nearer the British ship came, and the American for something handsome. The other was an subscription paper yet that didn't get his name for something handsome. The other was an subscription paper yet that didn't get his name for something handsome. ican prisoners, who were in the cock-pit of er man failed last week, all there was of the Guerriere, afterwards said that they began him to fail, is nt worth his salt; but he had mand that I should use no concealment. I to believe that their own countrymen were rather take the commercial disgrace of a fail-

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch mentions that Gardner Furniss has gone insane, and been the "price of cotton must fall." sent to a mad house. The correspondent continues: Gardner Furniss has been sent to a mad-

house! Do you remember the, man? You

cannot have forgotten a scandelous flare-up that took place here at the St. Nicholas Hotel two or three years ago, in which a dandified young man of this region so persecuted a southern lady with whom he became intimate that she had to call for protection, in the hotel, against personal violence. She was a married lady of high respectability and standing, but in some manner had entered into an "entangling alliance" with this young northern adventurer, who improved money, and when she had none left, to take her jewelry and clothing, by pawning which to raise funds for himself. She came to New York, and he pursued her. At last his conduct became so unendurable that she was compelled to disclose her own shame, and her husband sent her to a private insane asylum on Long Island. He persecutor immediately sued out a writ of habeas corpus for her related, which beauth the relation of her related out a writ of habeas corpus for her related out a writ of habeas corpus for her related out a writ of habeas corpus for her related out a writ of habeas corpus for her related out a writ of habeas corpus for her related out a writ of habeas corpus for her related out a writ of habeas corpus for her related out a writ of habeas corpus for her related out a write of habeas corpus for her related out a writ of habeas corpus for her related out a write of habeas corpus for lease, which brought the whole case before the public; when she was sent to her relations in the South. That young northern

Scene in a Sanctum.—Enters a large strong man, with a cow-hide in his hand, "Is the editor in?"

" He is." " You ?" "Yes."

"I have come to settle with you." "Well, (editor draws a revolver) go ahead. "I have taken your paper now about

"Well." (Capping his pistol.) "An article in your last issue (editor cocks his pistol) has convinced me, sir, that-you "I dony your right to give it-be cautious,

"Give you what?" "A thrashing." "Why, no, my dear sir, I came to pay indvance for another year."

The editor wilted. ived a life of innocence and simplicity."-

Upon this a critic remarks;
"When was this period of innocence?— The first woman went astray. The very first against accepting the hand of her new lover, man that was been in the world killed the but finally yielded to the wish of her parents. second. When did the time of simplicity and became his wife. Years passed on, Capt.

Rosa fight, was a member of the Charleston spent his life in defending. That rival was Convention, and a most devoted Union man. John Slidell, one of the rebel ambassadors When twenty-six of the Georgia delegation second from the Convention, he was, one of the research while on their way to Europe. There are many fletitious stories of the delegation of the research while on their way to Europe. There are many fletitious stories of the research while the stories of the research while the research while the research was a second of the research while the research was a member of the Charleston spent his life in defending. That rival was convenient to the research was a member of the Charleston spent his life in defending. That rival was convenient to the research was a member of the Charleston spent his life in defending. That rival was convenient to the research was a member of the Charleston spent his life in defending. That rival was convenient to the research was a member of the charleston spent his life in defending. That rival was convenient to the research was a member of the research was a membe the ten who refused to vacate their seats, but remained in the Convention to its close.

We see pride in everybody but ourselves; The greatest difficulty, that an artist has. dray ing crowds is to get them to sit.

Prosecution follows righteousness: the scorpion is next in succession to Libra.

To keep fish from smelling-cut off their Two can make love, but it takes three to

nake a wedding.

He who turns from evil does himself a

Don't marry an attorney; it must be s, and thing to be hung to a limb of the law. Why is ice in a thaw like philanthro

nes Miss Jones says she only wears crinc-

py?—Because it gives in all directions.

Persevere and you will prosper, be upright and you will be esteemed.

Telt is astanishing how keen even ig. norant people are in discovering imaginary

"Solitude sweetened," as the child aid when he was shut up in the cellar where there was plenty of molasses.

What word would give sorrow to the mechanic and joy to the prisoner?—Discharg-

What is that word of one syllable which if the first letters are taken from it, become a word of two syllables? Plague—Ague.

Why is a young lady just from boardschool like a building committee? Because she is ready to received proposals.

"Why did you retreat in the face of he enemy?" "You see sir, I have got a retreating nose, and of course I have to follow

A Young lady shouldn't be unhappy occause she isn't quite as tall as she would like to be. It is a very easy thing to get

D'Isra li, the English statesman and writer, is said to be completely broken down in mind and body, by the use of opium, and is nearly imbecile 96,998 barrels of coal oil have been

ransported over the Pennsylvania Railroad o an eastern market during the nine months of the year ending September 30. Sam Slick says he would rather break

t yoke of steers any day, than try to make up ave got their dander up. JUVENILE ATROCITY .- "Aunty, I saw a gentleman in the hotel reading room busy

with two volumes at once." "Why Charley how was that?
"He had a volume of Dickens in one hand, and a volume of smoke a comin' out of his

Mr. Yancy has made a lively sensation in Paris, among Americans, by solemnly advising a cotton speculator to "realize" without delay, for "in less than sixty days England will recognize the Southern Confederacy,

At an evening party in Huntindon, Indiana, a few nights since, two young gontlemen who had been very enthusiastic Wide Awakes last fall, but who refused to join a company of volunteers for the war, were seized by the young ladies, arrayed in petticoats, and turned into the street. A fearful warning.—Lafayette Journal.

UNWRITTEN POETRY .- It is stamped upon the broad blue sky,—it twinkles in every star,—it mingles in the ocean's surge, and glitters in the dew drop that gems the lily's bell. It glows in the gorgeous colors of the decline of day, and rests in the blackened crest of the the chance to deprive her of all her pocket gathering storm-cloud. It is in the mountain's height and in the cataract's roar,—in the towering oak, and in the tiny flower.— Where we can see the hand of God, there beauty finds her dwelling-place.

Our friend Jemima Honeytops, is a like somd others of her adorable sex, marked herself at too high figures in her youthful days. The consequence was, the goods did'nt sell. They've since sourcd. Let the fate of Jemima be a warning to all young ladies,— Don't be foolish, maidens, but become sensible wives.

Three or four times a couple appeared before a elergyman for marriage; but the bridegroom was drunk; and the reverend contlemen refused to tie the knot. On the last occasion he expressed his surprise that a respectable-looking girl was not ashamed to appear at the altar with a man in such a state. The poor girl broke into tears, and said she could not help it. "And why pray?" "Because, sir, he won't come when he is so-

BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER .- On the occa-BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER.—On the occa-sion of the recent buttle at Beaufort, the trite common-placeism about 'brother being arrayed against brother' was literally reali-zed. Captain Pereival Prayton, of our gun-bent Pocahontas, and Brigadier General Drayton, the Chief of the rebel forces on shore, are brothers, but though the fire from the batteries, was at times concentrated on the Poca-hontas, and though the Pocahontas took her share in the battle with all possible fiery clouonce, the brothers are guiltless of fraternal blood, for both escaped unhurt.

A ROMANTIC STORY .- Capt. Wilkes, the bero of the San Sacinto, years ago fell in love with a protty girl who consented to become his wife, but a rival, by poisoning the mind of her parents against him, succeeded in breaking off the match. The girl protested Wilkes remaining a batchelor, and the next time he met his rival he was a prisoner or To Lieut. L. A. Nolms, of Georgia, (a rebbond his ship, a traitor to his country and a colofficer,) reported as killed at the Santa rebel against the flag the honest tar had