American Volunteer.

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

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Poetical.

Ellsworth's Avengers.

AIR—*Annie Lisle*—By A. L. HUDSON.

Down near the patriot army,
Near Potomac's side,
Guards the glorious cause of freedom,
Gallant Ellsworth died,
Brave was the noble Chieftain,
At his country's call,
Hastened to the field of battle.
And was first to fall.

CHORUS

Strike, freemen, for the Union,
Sheath your swords no more;
While remains in arms a traitor,
On Columbia's shore.

Entering the traitor city,
With his soldiers true,
Leading up the Zouave columns,
Fixed became his view.
See that rebel flag is floating,
O'er yon building tall!
Spoke he, while his dark eye glistened,
Boys, that flag must fall!

Chorus.

Quickly from its proud position,
That base flag was torn,
Trampled 'neath the feet of freemen,
Circling Ellsworth's form;
See him bear it down the landing,
Past the traitor's door;
Hear him groan, Oh! God, they've shot him,
Ellsworth is no more.

Chorus.

First to fall, thou youthful martyr,
Hapless was thy fate;
Hastened we as thy avengers,
From thy native State.
Speed we on from town and city,
Not for wealth or fame,
But because we love the Union,
And our Ellsworth's name.

Chorus.

Traitors hands shall never sunder,
That for which you died;
Hear the oath our lips now utter,
Those our nation's pride.
By our hopes of yon bright heaven,
By the land we love,
By the God who reigns above us,
We'll avenge thy blood.

Chorus.

Miscellaneous.

Winning a Heart by Cutting a Hole in the Head.

BY A MEMBER OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

'You urge that there is no romance in our profession.'

'To be sure, I do; things happen queerly sometimes, and we make strange acquaintances in the course of our practice, I admit; but that anything romantic, as the word is under stood, occurs in the practice of surgery, I deny.'

Thus discoursed two young gentlemen who wrote M. D. at the end of their names.

'Charles,' said the elder of the two, 'light your cigar and listen. Two years before I received my degree, the events here narrated occurred.' He opened a portfolio, and commenced reading as follows:

'During a period of time occupied by me in a tour through the New England States, in the year 185–, I was on board a steamboat crowded with passengers. The State of Maine had attractions for me, and to one of her towns I was destined. Among the many groups that were enjoying the sight of the sea in their chosen positions on the steamer's deck, a few hours after our departure, the attention of many observers was attracted more particularly to a family party of three persons —an elderly gentleman with intellectual appearance and two young ladies—daughters—one an invalid, the other the incarnation of health and beauty. The object of their journey was the restoration of the health of the afflicted one, by change of scene, and the magic potency, in many cases, of the invigorating sea breeze. Having selected a seat near this party, for no motive of listening to their discourse, the earnest manner of the elderly lady prevented any other result; I heard her father's repeated cautions, and he earnestly entreated her to be careful if she remained upon the deck alone.

'"There is no danger, father,' said she.—'I do not wish to live, if I am to be a slave of fear.'

'For the first time I had become interested in her character, and a silent prayer went forth from my heart, that her path through life should be guarded from any cause for the fear she seemed with all her heart to despise. I left as her father, ending a fresh caution—'Ellen, my dear, I hope no harm will come of your want of care,' led the younger sister to the cabin below.

'A short time afterwards, while standing near the place appointed for the engineer, watching the movements of the complicated machine, with powerful precision propelling us against wind and tide, some dozen miles an hour, on a sudden the engine was stopped in obedience to a signal bell, and I heard considerable bustle on the deck above. A fishing boat had attempted to cross the track of the steamer, and, to avoid collision, the abrupt stoppage had been deemed necessary by the captain. The fishing boat had passed in safety by, and the steamer was again under full steam. As I walked leisurly to the after part of the boat, I saw a crowd near the ladies' cabin, and, borne in the arms of her father, apparently dead, was the young lady whom I had left, and who subsequently became an object of interest to many on board. I hesitated in forcing my way to her, supposing that it might be a case of fainting, and there was enough to apply the remedies on such occasions. After a lapse of some minutes from the agitated appearance of those who had accompanied the young lady into the cabin, it was evident to me that a serious accident had occurred. I entered the cabin with the captain, and beheld, reclining on a settee, the form of that lovely girl, to all appearances dead, her father and sister bending over her in agony, chafing her temples, pressing her with their hands, calling upon her name in vain, their anguish subsided in floods of tears. Messengers had been despatched to different parts of the boat, to ascertain if there was among the passengers a surgeon, who could ascertain the nature of the injury. No one had yet been found. I asked how the accident occurred, and was informed that when the boat stopped, the young lady was leaning over the rail of the promenade deck; the passengers anxiously rushing to one side, as the fishing boat passed, caused the steamer to careen, when the poor girl fell to the deck below, striking her head on the corner of the chain box.

A medical gentleman entered the cabin—a young man entered with him. Upon examination it was found that the skull of the young lady was fractured, and every indication of compression of the brain. This intelligence was imparted to the unhappy parent of the girl, with the candid acknowledgment that her situation was one of imminent peril. 'Can nothing be done to save her?' said the weeping father. The sister had been removed in an almost unconscious state from the cabin and was in the care of some of the ladies.—He replied that there was but one hope to rest upon—an operation, and that skillfully and speedily performed. 'What operation?' asked the father, holding her head in his hands, and waiting a reply in breathless anxiety.

'Trepanning,' quietly responded the physician, and briefly explaining his meaning.

A painful silence of some minutes now ensued.

'When this dreadful operation is performed, what is the chance of recovery?' gasped the father, seizing the physician by the arm.

'That must depend upon circumstances,' was the reply.

'Save her life. Ellen, my child—my child! Poor girl, 'tis an awful thing to think of. If, as you say, it must be done, for Heaven's sake lose no time.'

'I have no instrument fit for the purpose. Nor would I undertake it if I had. It needs a more experienced hand than mine. I never saw it done. From books only I know its nature and manner of proceeding.'

The captain remarked that he had a case of instruments on board the boat; of their purpose he was ignorant. The young man who had entered with the physician had been carefully examining the injury, and requested the captain to procure the instruments, who left the cabin for that purpose. He then addressed the physician:

'Sir, should the trepan be at hand, would it not be well to attempt the operation? In her present state she must die, unless some aid be promptly given. I will assist you.

'Are you a physician?'

'No; I am a student of medicine only. I have seen the trepan twice used with complete success. I am aware 'tis a dangerous operation, though easily performed.'

'I shall not undertake it. I could not summon resolution. I do not profess surgery.'

'We are many miles from land, sir. I never performed this or any other operation upon the human body. Relying upon my knowledge of anatomy—the exigency of the case—the favorable position of the wound, I would not shrink in any attempt to save a valuable life. Why should you sir?'

The captain returned. The case was opened and proved, upon examination, to be a large case of amputating instruments, and, fortunately, the trepan and its necessary instruments accompanying them.

The father revived from an apparent stupor. The sight of the knives made him shudder.

'Well,' said he in a whisper, 'what is to be done?'

The young man and the physician were conversing inaudibly together for a moment.

'No sir,' replied the physician.

'Nothing in the world would induce me to attempt it. Having no confidence in my own power, you know, sir, it is not likely that I should succeed.'

'If you were not on the boat, and under the circumstances, at the request of those interested, I would attempt it. But it is understood that you refuse, and if the father will trust me, I will save her, if I can. Captain you know me. I have none but good motives.'

The father listened. The calm and cool manner of the student weighed much in his favor. After a look at his child, who still seemed in the sleep of death, the low, peculiar breathing sound attendant upon such cases, being the only sign of life and sure symptom of the nature of the hurt, he took the young man by the hand and said:

'Do what you think best. Save her, if you can. God help you!' He kissed her and walked away, checking his emotion, repeating the prayer for her safety.

A request was made for those whose aid was not necessary, to retire from the cabin, which was, of course, complied with. The physician, to his credit be it spoken, remained to assist in an act which he dared not be principal in. The instruments having been carefully arranged, and everything that prudence could suggest attended to, the young lady was placed upon a table to undergo the fearful operation. There was to her no dread. She could feel no pain. Sensation to her was a lost faculty. But the loss of self possession in the operator—a lack of knowledge and judgment in a critical moment, might make of the instrument used to save a life a weapon of destruction. The physician secured her head in a position most convenient, the student removed from the injured spot the golden curls, as he took the scapel in his hand to make the necessary incision through the integuments. 'Twas evident success would attend his efforts. His hand trembled not. A part of the scalp was dissected up—the bone was visible—the saw was about to do its work Such silence—a frightful wound appeared, and though inflicted on one who felt not the knife, still it called forth a terrible feeling of suspense. But a short time had been occupied by the young operator, when, removing a piece of the skull of a circular form, the brain, with its thousand vessels distended with blood, showed plainly through it covering membrane.

Her father walked about the cabin, not daring to look in the direction in which his child was lying. After various attempts to speak, he turned, saw the blood necessarily lost, trickling down her livid cheeks, and covering in its course, the loose locks that had been spared.

'Is she alive? Do not answer me—still I must ask. O, Ellen, Ellen!'

Expressions like these escaped from his lips in tones of heart sinking despair. No attention was paid to him by the operator, who was proceeding to the last stages of his task, with as firm a hand and determined heart as if the instruments were acting on marble. A moment's pause for reflection and consultation, had enabled him to decide upon an important point. Applying a lever to the depressed portion of the skull, it was with some difficulty raised, and signs of returning consciousness were evident. She moved her hands and raised them to her head. The eye of the sufferer resumed its natural office, and from her lips came the words of transport:

'Father, I am safe! I am better!'

Transition from death to 'life so sudden, was like the charms of the magician's art.—Overcome by the change, her father sank into a chair and was not disturbed till the proper dressings were applied and the operatton pronounced complete. The party was soon after landed at the town where I intended to spend some days, and with the young surgeon, I assisted in her removal to the carriage. For days he attended her constantly, and her complete recovery was the result. Is there not something romantic in this?'

'No; it's what might be called an interesting case, and its equal may be found in any of your public lectures by distinguished professors of surgery.'

'Well, it's an odd way to be introduced to a wife; you'll allow that, I suppose?'

'Why, yes, one would hardly suppose that cutting a hole in the cranium of a young lady was the way to win her heart.'

'It was in this case, at any rate. The fair haired lady I introduced you to yesterday, the wife of my friend,———, you know, who is no doctor, was the heroine of my romance. I had the story from the M. D., who was present on the occasion. And her father has given him with her a fortune. That lock of hair you saw braided in the brooch you so much admired in his bosom, was the one cut from Ellen's head previous to the operation, and which he prizes beyond the jewels that compass it. Now, what say you to the romance of our profession?'

'Say,' yawned the junior M. D., 'why that such things don't happen every day. Why is not your friend one of us?'

'He is, in all but name—possessing the qualities necessary to the practice of the healing art, an honor to society, delighting to do good, enjoying the felicity of domestic life with a companion won from the grave, by the knowledge of a splendid science, and courageous exercise of its principles. Is not his reward the continuation of a true romance?'

A Positive Witness.

It is of Warren, the author of 'Ten Thousand a Year,' that this sharp practice in the examination of a man accused of swearing falsely in a will case is related. It shows great dramatic power unconsciously exhibited in his daily business.

The prisoner being arraigned, and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor, placing his thumb over the seal, held up the will and demanded of the prisoner whether he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly answered he had.

'And did you see it at his request as subscribing witness?'

I did.
Was it sealed with red or black wax?
With red wax.
Did you see him seal it with red wax?
I did.
Where was the testator when he signed and sealed this will?
In his bed.
Pray, how long a piece of wax did he use?
About three or four inches.
Who gave the testator this piece of wax?
I did.
Where did you get it?
From the drawer in his desk.
How did he light the piece of wax?
With a candle.
Where did that piece of candle come from?
I got it out of a cupboard in his room.
How long was that piece of candle?
Perhaps four or five inches long.
Who lit it?
I lit it.
What with?
With a match.
Where did you get the match?
On the mantle shelf in the room.
You did?
I did.

Here Warren paused, and fixing his large deep blue eyes upon the prisoner, he held the will above his head, his thumb still resting upon the seal, and said, in a solemn, measured tone.

Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will; he signed it in his bed; at his request you signed it as a subscribing witness; you saw him seal it; it was with red wax he sealed it; a piece of one, two, three or four inches long, he lit that wax with a piece of candle which you procured for him from a cupboard; you lit that candle by a match you found on the mantle shelf?

I did.

Once more, sir—upon your solemn oath—*you did?*

I did.

My lord—*it's a wafer!*

The prisoner was convicted.

A DRUNKEN PHILOSOPHER.—The late Wm. J. Snelling, a writer for the Boston Press, who died there several years ago in the House of Correction, was on one occasion found dead drunk in the street and taken to the watch-house, where was kept over night. On being brought before the police magistrate, next morning, he had become partially sober, when the following dialogue took place:

Magistrate—Well, Snelling, what do you do for a living?

Snelling—I am a public writer.

M.—And pray, what do you find to write about?

S.—A little to commend, much to censure, and very much to laugh at.

M.—Umph! And what do you commend.

S.—A handsome woman that will stay at home; an eloquent preacher that will preach a short sermon; and a fool who has sense enough to hold his tongue.

M.—What do you censure?

S—A man who marries a girl for her fine dancing; a working man who believed in the sympathies of professional gentlemen a youth who studies law or medicine while he has the use of his hands; and people who elect a drunkard or a blockhead to office.

M.—What do you laugh at?

S.—I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualifications do not merit.

M.—Oh, I perceive that you are an utterer of pithy sentences. Now I am about to utter one that will surprise you.

S.—A pithy sentence from your honor would indeed be a matter of astonishment.

M.—My sentence is, that you discontinue writing for the term of thirty days, while you rest and recruit yourself in the House of Correction.

This retort was a poser. Snelling submitted to the requirements of the Vagrant Act, and retired from the halls of justice in company with the officer, without another syllable.

"I am astonished at you, George, when I was young I always went with the first cut."

"The first cut is the slab, do you know *that* old man?"

"Help to roll over this log, quick, George!"

BREVITIES.

Wise and Otherwise.

What is the simplest way of increasing the speed of a slow boat? To make her fast.

Where the lawyers flourish we may take it for granted the laws do not.

The ship called statesmanship is generally a specimen of land-craft.

"My dear sir, you have used my half of our case of champagne." "Oh, yes; you are my friend, and I always take your part."

There are some human tongues which have two sides, like that of certain quadrupeds—one smooth and the other very rough.

The less a man knows, the wider his mouth opens. It is as impossible for a fool to keep his jaws shut, as it is for a sick oyster to keep his shell closed.

One of our subscribers in the country, who has read about sailors "heaving up" anchors, wants to know whether it was sea sickness that make 'em do it.

It may be a question whether an army is or is not brave, when, on being attacked at morning meal, it resolves at all hazards to break-fast.

A servant who had lost her morning's milk from the front area recently put an emetic in the can, and the next morning discovered a policeman a little distance from the house, "making his returns."

What is the difference between a permission to speak in a low tone, and a prohibition not to speak at all? In the one case you are not to talk aloud; in the other you are not allowed to talk.

"Jake," said an old farmer to one of his mowers, "do you know how many horns there are in a dilemma?" "No," replied Jake, "but I know how many horns there are in a quart of whisky."

"Captain, are you going to run your steamboat in this fog?" a timid passenger asked of one of the sound skippers. "No, sir," was the reply, "we might as well try to drive a toad through a barrel of tar.

TWO TALES OF A RING.—A servant boy was sent into the town with a valuable ring. He took it out of its box to admire it, and in passing over a plank bridge he let it fall on a muddy bank. Not being able to find it, he ran away, took to the sea, finally settled in a colony, made a large fortune, came back after many years, and bought the estate on which he had been a servant. One day, while walking over his land with a friend, he came to the plank bridge, and there he told his friend the story. "I could swear," he said, pushing his stick into the mud, "to the very spot on which the ring dropped." When the stick came back, the ring was on the end of it!

I heard this story when a child, and should certainly have forgotten it, but for a curious illustration which followed it of the insensibility of some minds to degrees of probability. A gentleman in company said: "I knew a thing quite as extraordinary as that. A lady of my acquaintance lost her wedding-ring, and could find it nowhere. This was shortly before Twelfth day; when the cake was cut, she found the ring in the very piece that was cut for her. She had helped her cook to make the cake, and the ring had dropped off her finger." No person in the company disputed the second story being as extraordinary as the first; but, young as I was, I could not help dissenting in my own mind. And now and then, when I have read trials and verdicts, I have suspected that the narrator of the second story was only one of a class which is not extinct.

CURIOUS CUSTOM.—In a tract of country in Germany, not far from Frankford-on-the Maine, called the Wetterau, a custom existing at the fairs which may startle some of our salaried magistrates and police inspectors To some of the numerous light fingered gentry a privilege was granted, for an adequate fee, with full permission to steal what they could without being amendable to the law, with this single proviso, that they must not be caught *in flagrante delictu*: if so, the owner of the property had the equal privilege of paying the rogues out by a good thrashing, for which no action for assault could lie. These thieves were somewhat ironically designated, in their official written license. *frei kaufer* (free buyers), and public notice was given at the beginning of each fair that free buyers had been licensed, and that therefore every one should be on his guard. In mediæval times many of the municipal customs of our own country were very similar, and it would be a curious circumstance if, in the town records of any English city, such a custom as that of licensing free buyers could be found, more especially if the still unexplained Pie Powder Court, at Smithfield Bartholomew Fair, granted any such privilege.

OLD EGYPTIAN JEWELS.—The jewels of the Egyptian Queen Aah-Kotep who died eighteen hundred years before Christ, and whose tomb was discovered by a French archæologist in 1850, are exhibited at the International Exhibition in London. When found at Gounah, the body of the Queen was covered with objects in gold and silver, such as a diadem of massive gold encrusted with precious stones, elaborately chased with the heads of sphynxes, and bound together with a chord of gold wrought like a tress; a collar of gold having depending from it three flies of solid gold, supposed to be the decoration of the Egyptian Honorary Order of the Fly; two heads of lions and a boat of Death mounted on wheels, and with little rowers in silver. The sitter is supposed to represent the deceased Queen, and the chanter in the boat is of gold. His finger is placed upon his lip, as if enjoining silence.

☞ George Francis Train is responsible for the following: 'What a howl would have passed through England had the Northern army been guilty of the most brutal atrocities perpetrated by the Rebels at Manassas and elsewhere! Using the skulls of our brave officers for spittoons, boiling of their flesh to get their ribs for castanets, and sending tokens made from their bones of our brave men to the fiends in shape of women, who seem to have acted like so many tigresses during this terrible civil war. *May God have mercy on their souls.*'

'Is Miss Blinkins at home?' asked Mr. Saunders of an Irish girl who answered his ring at the door.

'Yes, I b'lave she is, Sir.'

'Is she engaged?'

'An' it's engaged, you say? Faix, an' I can't tell you, Sir; but she kissed Mr. Vinton last evening as if she had never seen the likes uv him, an' it's engaged I b'lave they are, Sir.'

☞ Water drinkers are never drunk,

EVENING.

One star is trembling into sight,
And soft as sleep the darkness falls,
The wood dove from the forest calls,
The bat begins his wayward flight.

Streams, murmuring in the ear of Night,
Within the woody hollow wind,
Whose dusky boughs are intertwined
Above their music and their light.

The woodland range is dimly blue,
With smoke, that creeps from cots unseen,
And briery hedge and meadow green,
Put on their white night-robe of dew.

And every sound that breaks the calm
Is like a lullaby to rest;
All is at peace—except the breast
That needs the most its soothing balm.

The Pilot's Story.

Many years ago, when I was so small a boy as to hardly recollect it now, my brother and myself were placed on board one one of the St. Lawrence river steamers as cabin boys and waiters, with a view to become pilots when we were older. That was nearly fifty years ago, and boats were not fitted up in the style they are now, nor were good pilots a thing to be found every day. We had run up and down several times, when, one morning, about ten o'clock, we stopped at Brockville to take on board, as usual, a government pilot to guide us down the river.

It was late in the season, and we had a strong wind the night before, leaving the river rough, and our usual pilot had hard work to keep the boat in its proper trace while it brought us into Brockville two hours later than the usual time. The clouds overhead still looked cold and the wind blew fresh and strong, and making all possible haste, we again put out of the harbor and were soon bounding on our way. Throughout the morning I noticed an anxious look on the captain's face, which he spoke his uneasiness about the final termination of our journey.

We had a good many passengers on board; and although we unusually reached Montreal by four o'clock in the afternoon, we should be delayed until six, if not later. About ten miles this side of Lachine a storm of rain commenced, which rendered it almost impossible to guide the boat at all, while the rapids of that name, the most terrific in the whole river, were yet to be passed. The pilot was one of the best on the route, but a man of passionate temper, with a peculiar dogged look. Between him and the ordinary boat pilot there existed an old grudge, which had once or twice led to blows, when they came in contact with each other. That morning, while passing one of the higher falls, they stood together at the wheel, when, owing to the strong current of the water and the almost exhausted strength of him who had guided us all the night, one of the spokes slipped from his hands and nearly caused an accident of a pretty serious nature. This annoyed his companion, and hard words passed between them, since which time a silence had been preserved.

When about two miles above the Lachine rapids, some of the rigging aloft gave away, and the night pilot mounted the upper deck with the ladder attempted to make it fast. The wind blew fiercely, and while exerting all his strength to stay the mischief, he lost his hold and fell, the ladder coming down directly upon the head of our government aid, wounding him pretty severely. Not pausing to look at the mischief, he seized the unfortunate man, and with almost superhuman strength he lifted him above the boat railing. The other quickly guessing his meaning, wound his arms around the neck of his companion, they fell together in the boiling flood below. We lowered the lifeboat as quickly as possible, ropes were thrown out and every effort put forth to save them—but in vain. They rose to the surface of the water, still locked in each other's arms and then sunk from our view forever.

The boat now rapidly rushed on, coming nearer the frightful rapid, while terror-struck faces were around us, at the thought that no master hand was near to guide us through the dark passage below. The scene which we had just been caused to witness only made our situation more terrific, while wild and tearful eyes around us bespoke the agonizing apprehension of the passengers and crew as we went madly plunging to destruction, scarcely half a mile from the gulf, whose dashing waves we could distinctly hear. The captain had frankly told us of his inability to guide us through the perilous passage, while deck, gangway and cabin were filled with men, women and children, some of whom were praying, some weeping, others intensely crazy with agony too intense for utterance. Women eagerly clutched their children, and and husbands pressed their wives to their bosoms, with only the hope of dying together. The captain stood at the wheel assisted by one of the passengers, vainly endeavoring to hold out to the last and guide her until every effort should prove fruitless, while, with strained eyes and looks of despair, they gazed through the almost blinding storm upon the craggy rocks, lifting high their gray, bare heads out of the water, and upon which they expected every moment to be dashed to pieces.

Just as frenzy had begun to calm down into sober, earnest preparation for the doom which awaited them, there came out of the state rooms a fair young creature, over whose head scarce sixteen summers had passed. She was of medium hight, and fair as the lily of her northern clime. She donned a dress of plain black stuff, while the coat of one of the deceased pilots was buttoned tightly around her slight form. Her face was ashly pale as she mounted the stairway, and with her hair disheveled by the wind, she exclaimed, in a voice which rang clear as the notes of a bugle above the storm:

"I know something of this Lachine rapid, and will use my best endeavors to guide you, although we have everything against us. Let two of you who are the strongest and the most self-possessed stand by me at the wheel, while the rest invoke His aid who ever stilleth the tempest to guide our life-laden bark safely through the troubled waters."

As if in derision of her matchless courage, the mad waves dashed higher, while the thunder pealed a loud defiance to her words. With pallid face and lips compressed she took her station at the wheel, while two powerful men stood by to aid if possible. With a firm hand she raised the glass and swept the scene before her; then bidding them to have courage, the boat entered upon its fearful course, bounding onward as if conscious of the hand that guided its destiny.

Her orders were given in clear, loud tones, she stood proudly erect, her eyes brightening while into darker blue, until one would have fancied her the ruling spirit of the storm. The water dashed against the boat, crowning her fair head with glittering drops; yet still she stood unheeding, while not an eye in all that group that gazed not in mingled awe and confidence upon that delicate form. Once again the spoke of the wheel slipped from the grasp of him who held it, but a fair jewel-ed hand arrested its progress, and when darkness shut the last rock from our sight, one deafening shout arose high above the storm for her who had so bravely guided us through the shadow of death.

She would receive no thanks for herself, but bidding us "give thanks to Him whose voice ever ruleth the storm," she retired to here state-room and was lost to view.

Around the cabin table that night, about an hour before we entered the harbor of Montreal, we learned her history. She was the daughter of a merchant who owned the line of boats, one of which she had just saved from ruin. Her mother died when she was a child, and her father had yielded to her wishes and allowed her to accompany him on the boat of which he was captain. By degress she became acquainted with every bend in that beautiful river, while calm and storm alike brought scenes of beauty to her eye. She was now on her way to visit some friends at Quebec, where her father proposed joining her to spend the winter.

A gentleman artist sketched her likeness on a leaf of his portfolio, as she stood at the wheel wrapped in the pilot's coat, with the glass in her hand, and her full-length portrait still graces the gallery of fine arts in Montreal Many a rough hand grasped the snowy fingers at parting, and many a blessing crowned that noble head.

A magnificent diamond bracelet bearing an inside plate, the name of the vessel and date of the occurrence, was presented to her about a week after her arrival in Quebec, by passengers who were on board at the time, while loud and triumphant were the praises borne to the ears of a fond parent of the noble conduct of that frail but fearless one who had braved the danger before which stout hearts and strong forms had quailed.

"And what became of her afterwards? I inquired.

She married an officer in Quebec, and her children still live there. One is a noble boy, or rather a man now, and plows the ocean in one of the battle-ships of England.

PRECOCIOUS.—In one of our city schools, not many years ago, a member of the committee asked the members of a class which was under examination.

"What was the cause of the saltness of the ocean?"

Soon one little girl raised her hand, flushed with the discovery which had flashed upon her mind.

"You may tell," said the committee man.

"Salt fish, sir!" said the pupil.

The committee man immediately proceeded to the next class.

☞ The special incongruities that often mark men of letters are thus noticed by the London *Athenæum*: "A more, fiercely persecuting for opinion while writing in favor of the rights of thought; a Bacon, teaching morals and taking bribes; a La Fontaine, writing intrigues while avoiding, in his own person, a single amour; a Young, making wretched puns and writing *Night Thoughts*; a Sterne, beating his wife and crying over a dead ass; a melancholy Cowper, gasping out the laughter-moving story of John Gilpin."

AN OLD CHICKEN.—In attempting to carve a fowl one day, a gentleman found considerable difficulty in separating its joints, and exclaimed against the man who had sold him an old hen for a young chicken.

"My dear," said the enraged man's wife, "don't talk so much about the aged and respectable Mr. B., he planted the first hill of corn that was planted in our town."

"I know that," said her husband, "and I believe this hen scratched it up."

☞ A new way of keeping warm has been put in practice with good effect. It is to have a buckwheat cake made large enough to cover the bed, like a quilt, and spread over it 'piping hot' about the time of retiring. When made of proper thickness, it retains the heat until morning; and then, if a person is too lazy to get up, he can make a very good breakfast by eating off the edges as he lies.

☞ A boy and a girl of tender years were disputing as to what their mothers could do. Getting impatient, the little damsel blurted out by way of a climax and a clincher: "Well, there is one thing my mother can do that your's can't; my mother can take every one of her teeth out at onee."

AN INDIAN'S IDEA OF CANNON.—Opathleyohole, one of the loyal Indian chiefs driven from Arkansas and the Indian Territory by the prosecutions of the rebels, told Captain Coffin, as the U. S. army, who was about to start for Fort Leavenworth, to bring back with him "some wagons that shoot."

☞ A lady, whose favorite cat had been done to death, with strychnine by an un-*feline* neighbor, was advised by Caleb to have the body interred by a grapevine. Upon being asked the reason for his advice, he remarked that it would increase the growth of the *Cat*-awba grapes.

☞ "O, papa, doctor March had such hard work to pull mother's tooth out."

"Had he, my son?"

"Yes, I see him try first with his pinchers. then he puts his mouth right close to mother's and pulled it out with his teeth!"

☞ Little Sally was teaching her younger brother the Lord's prayer. They went very smoothly until she arrived at "Give us this our daily bread." No, no, sissy, me want cake!" and he refused to proceed until the desired amendment was made.

☞ A Connecticut soldier writes home that the Commissary at Annapolis has given the boys so much mule meat that the ears of the whole regiment have grown three and one-half inches since their arrival at the Maryland capitol.

☞ Brave men are generally calm, always courteous in speech, and very modest in demeanor. It is your coward who is vituperative and egotistical. Brave men never deal in vulgar epithets. It is your coward who scolds and blusters of his own prowess.

☞ "Biddy," said a lady, "I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." In a few minutes Biddy returned, with the information that Mrs. Jones was just seventy-two years, seven months and two days old.

☞ If you can help a friend, always do it, if, he is worthy—if you cannot, don't insult him in the style of refusal. A little word, nut or look, when the heart is sore, lingers as does the fragrance of the rose long after the vase is broken.

☞ "Mother," said Ike Partington, "did you know the 'iron horse' has but one ear?" "One ear! merciful gracious, child what do you mean?"—"Why, the engine-car, of course."

Odds and Ends.

☞ There is no better looking-glass than an old friend.

☞ Where the hedge is lowest, men generally leap over.

☞ When every one takes care of himself, care is taken of all.

☞ Children tell in the street what they hear in the house.

☞ When good cheering is lacking, our friends will be packing.

☞ Who practice not virtue in youth cannot fly sin in old age.

☞ Words are nothing but wind, but seeing is believing.

☞ When a proud man hears another praised he thinks himself injured.

☞ Associate with the wise and their wisdom will cling to thee.

☞ What do you eat every day that nobody else eat? Your dinner.

☞ We pity the family that sits down to a broil three times a day.

☞ Southern blood did'nt run at Corinth, but the Southern bloods did.

☞ Why is a good cook like a woman of fashion. Because she dresses well.

☞ The Rebel Confederacy, now so soon to perish, is utterly bankrupt.

☞ Which travels the slowest—heat or cold?—Cold, because you can easily catch it.

☞ People who like so much to talk their mind, should sometimes try to mind their talk.

☞ The rebel army is like an inveterate coquette; it backs out from all engagements.

☞ A man cannot possess anything better than a good woman, nor anything worse than a bad one.

☞ Mississippi has a small stream called "Lost River." Her big namesake is her lost river now.

☞ Why are birds so light? Because their bones are hollow and filled with air instead of marrow.

☞ The man that was in the habit of blowing his own praise gave the ear-ache to his neighbors.

☞ The fellow who kissed the face of Nature, says it didn't taste half as well as the lips of his lady friend.

☞ If the medical dogma is true that "like cures like;" the bite of a cat should be treated with cat-nip.

☞ The rebels threaten to suspend diplomatic relations with England. They had better wait till they have a few.

☞ The man who made an impression on the heart of a coquette has taken out a patent or stone-cutting.

☞ The falsehoods of the rebel authorities are in many cases infernal machines planted to blow up their own friends.

☞ Two great geographical dicoveries are yet to be made—the source of the Niger and "the last ditch."

☞ It might be difficult to say which would contribute most to the peace of a country—the execution of the laws or the lawyers.

☞ The question with General Halleck now is not whether he can whip Beauregard, but whether he can catch him.

☞ One year of love would do more towards setting us mutually right when in the wrong, than an eternity of wrangling.

☞ Under the operation of the pills administered by our army and navy, the rebel fortifications get very suddenly reduced.

☞ Those who make sales to Uncle Sam in this war may not be war-horses, but they are generally tremendous chargers.

☞ "Madam, your dress is dragging in the mud."

"Well, suppose it is, isn't it fashionable?"

☞ Beauregard took most of his munitions away with him from Corinth, but failed altogether to take away his character for pluck.

☞ Among the conditions of sale by an Irish auctioner was the following: "The highest bidder to be the purchaser, unless some gentleman bids more."

☞ It may perhaps, be thought difficult to decide which is the most destructive—the mortar in the battle field or the mortar in the drug store.

☞ The rebel journals complain of a scarcity of lead in the South. Mr. Lincoln has, we believe, given orders to his subordinats to give them a supply.

☞ "There is to be no more retiring," said the Richmond Enquirer about a week ago. Ah, well, but when is there to be an end of the skedadling?

☞ An old maid being at a loss for a pin-cushion, made use of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

☞ A good many of the rebel organs ventured to intimate that Jeff. Davis had better devote himself more to fighting and less to fasting and praying.

☞ One of our exchanges wants all of the rebels to join the church. What has the Christian religion ever done to him that he should wish it such harm?

'Bob, is that dog a hunter?'

'No; he's half hunter and half setter. He hunts bones when he is hungry, and sets by the fire when he is satisfied.'

☞ An Albany barber having an intemperate man to shave on Sunday, begged him to keep his mouth shut, as it was a punishable offence to open a "rum hole" on the Sabbath.

☞ A farmer was asked why he did not take a newspaper. "Because," he said, "my father, when he died, left me a good many newspapers, and I haven't read them through yet."

☞ Beauregard calls himself a Christian. He prays. He sings psalms. Probably he expects to be saved. Why should a wholesale dealer in lies be in heaven when the father of them is in hell?

☞ A Doctor's wife attempted to move him by her tears. 'Ah!' said he 'tears are useless.' I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chlorate of sodium and water.