"OUR COUNTRY-MAY SHE ALWAYS BE RIGHT-BUT RIGHT OR WRONG OUR COUNTRY."

### MERICAN VOLUNTEER. JOHN B. BRATTON.

TERMS.

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## Poetical.

#### CATO'S SPEECH OVER HIS DEAD SON

Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty. Welcome, my son?! There sethim down, my friends Fall in my eight, that I may view in leisure The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds. How becautiful is death when carned by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity it is That we can die but once to save our country. Way sits this sidness on your brow, my friends I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood Scure, and flourished in a civil war.

Porcius, behold the brother! and remember Tay life is not thine own, when Rome demands i Ween Rome demands it?-but Rome is now no mor The Roman Empire's fallen! (O! cursed ambition Fallon into Gresar's hands! Our great forefathers that left him naught to conquer but his country.

Porcius, come hither to me. Ah! my son, Despairing of success, Let me advise thee to withdraw, betimes, To our parental seat, the Sabine field.
Where the great Censor tolled with his own hand.
In humble virtue, and rural life.
There lived retired; content thyself to be Obscurely good.

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway, The post of honor is a private station. Farewell, my friends ! If there be any of you Who dare not trust his victor's elemency, Know, there are ships propared by my command, Their sails already opening in the winds, That shall convey you to the wished-for port.

The conqueror draws near; once more, farewell In happier climes and on a safer shore. Where Casars never shall approach us more! There the brave youth with love of virtue fired Who gently in his country's cause expired. Shall know he conquered! The firm patriot ther Who made the welfare of mankind his care, Though still by faction, vice and fortune crossed, Shall find the gen'rous labor he has lost.

#### WHAP I LIKE.

BY COUSIN MAY CARPETON.

- I like a sunny morning, And sunny faces too; Tolike to meet with old friends,
- And sametimes montraith now."

  I like sweet songs at twilight, When the sauset's in the west." I like them all, but still, my friends, They're not what I like best.
- Llike to watch the moonlight, I like to cull sweet flowers,
  I like to dance, when music
  Fills up the golden hours.
  I like to build air eastles,
- When all the world's at rest, Yes, these I like that still you know
- I like to go to meeting,
  When I've got something new.;
  I'like to go in pretty late,
  And sit in the front pew!
- I like to eat pine ice cream—
  If it must be confessed:
  All these I like; but, after all,
- I like a nice flirtation. In some cool, shady spot:
  This a head to far me.
  When the weather's rather het,

I do not like it best.

- I like the to parties.

  In witching volendor dross d—
  Indeed I do -but still good folks,
- But l'sten! I know some one,

With such a desaing air, And such a sp! aini moustache! And such as wood aufling hith! What ays this hand and heart will

Make him, oh less blest !

# Miscellaneous.

#### LOVE AND MORAL COURAGE.

But why don't you like him, Agatha?

'Oh-because !' lips don,t choose to put into shape—it means that they know why perfectly well themselves, but won't tell; and not all the coaxing of orrosity, can get it out of them!

And so pretty Agatha Milne played with the compliments showered upon her. It was the knot of scarlet roses, whose velvet petals nothing naw.

The gilded chandeliers had been lighted. soft hazel-brown eyes with a provokingly

But, Agatha!' pursued Ruth Ellenwood. atopping for a moment in her occupation of braiding and arranging Agatha's beautiful waves of anburn gold hair, 'I'm sure a pleasant partner at balls and parties, and—oh, Agatha! don't jerk your head so, or I shall have to braid all these strands over again!'
'Nonsense! that's no test at all!' said

Porious young beauty, 'how do I know that to the health of our fair hostess, Miss Agatha Mr. Fitz Aubyn, silver tongued as he is to Milne.' me, with his homage and his compliments, don't go home and swear at his mother and sisters? How do I know that Mr. Jennings, who has the whole dictionary at his finger-ends, doesn't cheat his landlady?' What means have I of ascertaining that young St. Simons, who is such a graceful waltzer and agreeable small-talker does not finish his cod water with the greatest pleasure, said evenings in a drinking saloon? Oh, Ruth, we Stanton, smiling; but I never touch wine. tests for ascertaining spurious dollars and have counterfoit bank notes, but how on earth are we to know a counterfoit nusband, until he is tied to our unlucky apron-string for life?"

'Well,' said Ruth, caressingly patting Agatha's tiny hand, 'I am very, very thankful that Providence diln't make me a beauty and an heiress, since it has such a tendency to awake suspicion and distrust. But Agatha, in spite of all you have said, I feel convinced that Charles Stanton is a noble fellow.'

'Very likely,' said Agatha, lightly; 'but here comes Fitz Aubyn, with those splendid horses of his, so give me my shawl.' 'And whither are your foosteps to be di-

rected to-day?' 'Oh, we intend to go to that private view of

pictures in ———street, which I told you star of my life.' And Agatha swept out of the room with the

port of a queen.'
The white lustre of moonlight, pouring down through the circular dome of frosted glass, gave a life-like glow to the superb for an instant in his determination, she paintings whose gilled frames literally covered the walls of the spacious apartments. Here and there, groups of absorbed dilettant! moved, with subdued whispers and brandished opera glasses, as if it were a forbidden thing to speak above one's breath in the four weeks subsequently, as he strode into

om history's page.

Directly in front of one of the finest works fart stood a pair who had unconsciously What's the matter Fitz? you look as of art stood a pair who had unconsciously been the object of many a curious glance and whispered observation of the other sightseers —a tall, stylish-looking young man with an old lady leaning on his arm, whose antique dress of snuff-colored bombazine and oddly shaped beaver bonnet occasioned a greamany covert smiles, and half concealed tit

ters from those present "Oh, by the way, Miss Milne," said Fitz-Aubyn, as in their progress round the rooms this couple gradually came in view, "you have not seen the greatest curiosity of all vet.

'Where,' said Agatha, raising her opera 'You are mistaken, it don't hang on the wall,' said Fitz Aubyn, laughing. 'Look' nearer earth, if you want to see Stanton and

is fossil aunt. Agatha turned her head accordingly, with out remark—she smiled a little, however twas all Fitz Aubyn wanted.

Should you suppose any mortal youth contury specimen to a place like this, where he coolly unfolding the newspaper, so as to get might know he would meet all his fashiona at the inside columns, 'you gay and dashble acquaintances! Upon my word, I believe he'll take her to the opera next! See him carrying her morocco bag, and cotton umbrella! Don't he remind you of Don Quixote in

his youthful days?'
Probably she has money to leave one of these days,' said Agatha, the distrustful eloment uppermost in her mind for the moment. ' Not a solitary red cent, I know, for I have equired. She is in reduced circumstances -that's the term, I believe -but Stanton is very fond of her, nevertheless. She has come up to town from the back woods for a fow days, and--'

He paused abruptly as the very pair in question approached, still absorbed in picture gazing. My dear Charles, said the old gazing. 'My dear Charles,' said the old lady at length, 'you cannot imagine what a reat this is to me-I have not seen such pictures as these since I was a child. How houghtful of you to bring me here!'

'I knew you would enjoy it, aunt!'
'And you are not ashamed of your oldfashioned relative among all those gay young 'On the contrary, dear aunt, I am as proud

as a monarch while you are leaning on my Agatha heard it all, and she also heard him answer, in reply to the gay challenge of some companion:

'Thank you, but don't reckon upon me as one of your party this evening at the opera. I am going with my aunt, who is passionately fond of music, so you must excuse me for

'I told you so!' said Fitz Aubyn, in a sotto voice tone, shrugging his shoulders. Did, you ever see such a fellow as Stanton!' Did, you ever see such a fellow as Speakers.

'Never,' was Agatha's reply, but it was ness which came like a transient grown so emphatically spoken that Fitz Aubyn sunshine in his sober moments.

But the faithful mother died, leaving six the faithful mother died paused many a time and fell into a thought

ful revery.
'Moral courage!' she murmured to herself 'I have somewhere read that it is nobler far than the iron resolution which makes men reckless in battle. I wonder-

And there she stopped resolutely.
What a glorious bracing New Year's Day it was! There had been just snow enough it the night to form a white glistening coal over everything, and afford an excellent ex-cuse for the merry sleighs that darted hither and thither with streaming furs and jingling hells. All the fashionable world was astirhe gentlemen busily consulting their interminable lists of calls, and the ladies putting the

last touches to their gorgeous toilets.

There were not many upon that day who received more adulation than Agatha Milne, as she stood like a young empress in her 'What philosopher ever solved the mistery of this true woman's reason? 'Because' means ing back her loveliness. Her dress was very ten thousand things that pretty, dimpled simple—pink silk, edged around the should ers with snowy ermine, and long sprays of jessamine drooping from her hair; yet she knew that she had never been so beautiful as now, as she listened with languid smiles to the compliments showered upon her. It was

and the jeweled fingers of the tiny alabaster clock on the mantle pointed to a late hour, when the peal of the door-bell announced a new incursion of guests, and Mr. Fitz Aubyn

men. Good evening, Miss Milne! surely I am not too late to wish you the happiest of all imaginable New Years. Whom do you supabout a young man, from a mere ball-room aguaintance? Any one can be a superson to speak for himself—the Chevalier Stanton. acquaintance? Any one can be agreeable comer, and the keenest eye could scarcely shough to hold your boquet, or bring you an discern the deeper shade of color that glowed fee-cream; that is if he knows enough not to

tread on your toes in the polka, not to step on your flounces in a promenade!

'I know it,' said Ruth, 'but the question is,' interrupted the important the question is,' interrupted the important that is in the polka, not to step on to great her.

Fitz Aubyn, holding high above his head a tiny chalice of engraven Bohemian glass, brimming with crimson wine, 'let us drink the polka.

The impromptu toast was received with ac clamation; of satisfaction, and Fitz Aubyn glanced around to see if all had followed his

lips to the glass.
'Come, Stanton, no lack of chivalry here where's your glass?'
'I will drink Miss Milne's health in clear

Never touch wine and pray why not?' No my dear; why is it?' replied grandma 'It is against my principles,' said Stanton bending her ear, eager to catch and remember.

with quiet firmness.

Fitz Aubyn curled his lip in contemptuous She laughed as she sprang up to look for silence, that was several degrees harder to be bear than spoken obliquy, but another young with a suspicious moisture.

Fitz Aubyn curied his in contemptuous pet, 'Because there is nothing in the way,' Because there is nothing in the way.' Because there is nothing in the way,' Because there is nothing in the way.' Because there is nothing in the way.' Because there is nothing in the way.'

Offer the wine to him yourself, Miss Milne; surely he cannot be so lost to all sense of gallantry as to refuse it from your

Agatha had grown very pale, but without speaking, she filled one of the goblets, and eld it towards Stanton. Will you take it from me?'

Stanton looked at her with calm gravity, as ie replied. Miss Milne, I should be a coward indeed did I allow your persuasions to sway me from the fixed principles which are the guiding

He bowed and withdrew. The glass fell from Agatha's hand shivered into a thousand sparkling fragments; she bit her scarlet lip until the blood started, with a strange sympa-

'A very poor investment those horses of mine, and all this behavior a la good boy in story books,' muttered Fiz Aubyne, about presence of these fair landscapes and scenes the brillantly illuminated salous of the Club

> black as a thunder cloud, observed a bystan der, who was leaning against a marble pillar and picking his teeth in a most epicurear manner. 'The matter? Do you remember that mag-

nificent Agatha Milne, the Queen of all the beauties? 'Of Course I do; she hasn't lost her wite or property I hope !' .
'No, but I've lost the latter item pretty

effectually. Wo do you suppose she is going 'I am sure I cannot guess. Do tell your news at once, and don't keep a fellow in sus

nense. ' Well, she is going to become Mrs. Charley Stanton; actually going to marry a ma with a fossil aunt, and principles that won' allow him to drink a glass of wine! Bah the humbug that passes current in this world.

'I could have prophesied as much before my dear boy, if you would have only done me vould have the courage to bring such a last the honor to listen to me, observed the other, at the inside columns, 'you gay and dashing young fellows are all very well as long as a girl wants to amuse herself; but when it comes to life long question, she is apt to pre-fer a true to a fulse man for a husband.' Fitz Aubyn groaned deeply, but consider ed his position too precarious to be worth ar-

> Mennwhile, little Ruth Ellenwood was a busy as a bee working at her cousin's wedding-robe of spotless white satin, and asking ten thousand questions, the final of which al vays was: But, Agatha, you never would tell me why

ou didn't like him, and now you are just a oad. Tell me, that,s a darling, why you changed your mind?'
And Agatha only laughed and crimsoned and made the same old provoking answer Oh-because !

#### MY HEROINE.

vo low, dark rooms, lived my heroine. T ittle yard in front is small, but in Suma is gay with balsams and bright pinks, a he little path leading to the gate is alwa ently swept. But perlaps you will not this my heroine deserving of the title when I tele you she is neither beautiful nor talented, as the heorines of novels always are—but she possessed qualities of mind and heart which would have done credit to any.

Her father was a drunkard. Her mother

was a pale, sad woman, worn with toil and orrow, but was ever gentle and uncomplain ing in all her troubles; ever kind and forgive ing when her husband ill-treated her, and treasuring up with joy every word of kind-ness which came like a transient gleam of

The eldest was able to work for himself, and the infant was given to one of the relatives. But upon Mary, my heroine, came the whole responsibility of earing and providing for the rest; for her father, too far lost to have the manliness to exert himself for their support,

continued in his degraded course.

Thus the little girl became a demure house keeper. Not for her were the games and toys and sports in the open air. Her time was occupied in the making and mending of little garments, and all the sober routine of a demestic woman. How changed she was! from a careless, happy girl to a sad, premaure woman! All that was childish crowded out! But though she worked early and late,, and the cross was heavy to bear, she often said, with tears in her pale blue eyes, "I cannot wish my mother back to so much troub-

Noble little girl'! Self-denying and faithul, toiling on without even the cheering love f a father: never dreaming that she is here-

A peculiarly noble trait of hers was her lingering regard for her father. Ever shielding him from reproach, she would never say he was harsh to her, but with loving charity hid his foults for the same of hid his faults from the world as far as was

in her power. But in less than a year after her mother's death, this meek young spirit found rest. I thought with joy how her patient love would, new incursion of guests, and Mr. Fitz Aubyn no more be tried by an exacting parent.—entered, surrounded by a gay party of young Surely the reward of such devotion will be

> The little family was scattered, and th father joined the army. It is hoped he will sometime realize the worth of the devoted creatures whom his blindness brought to the

And now, has not my heroine sustained her

TRUE EDUCATION .- Educate your children to activiity, to enterprise, to fearlessness in what is right, and to cowardice in what is Educate them to make for themselves the noblest purposes of life, and then to follow them out. Educate them to despise suffering that stands in the way of the accomplishment of many aims, and count it as a little thing. Make them free by lifting them up into the storms of life, and not by covering them down with soft and downy

SHARP.—'Grandma, do you know why I can see in the sky so far?' asked Charlie, a little four year old, of the venerable lady who eat on the piazza knitting.

'No my dear; why is it?' replied grandma

ber the wise saying of the precocious little Because there is nothing in the way.'-

#### A Positive Wilness.

It is of Warren, the author of Ten Thou and a Year, that this slar practice in the examination of a man accused of swearing falsely in a will case is related. It shows great dramatic power inflonsciously exhibit

business. I ed in his daily 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 pay the rent.—Holmes County Farmer. 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?'

hib T Was it sealed with red or black wax? With red wax. Did you see him scal it with red wax?

Where was the testator when he signed ind sealed this will? In his bed.

Piny, 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 got 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. low long was that piece of candle? Perhans four or five inches long.

Who lit it? What with? With a match. Where did you get the match? On the mantle sholf in the room.

You did? I did.

Here Warren paused, and fixing his large deep blue epes upon the prisoner, he held the will above his head, his thumb still resting ipon the seal, and said, in a solomn, meas

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 ubscribing witness; you saw him seal f one, two, three or four inches long, he lit hat wax with a piece of candle which you from the hard carnings of his poor old fath-procured for him from a capboard; you lit er until the old gentleman is unable to work hat candle by a match you found on the mantle shelf?

I did, Once more, sir-npon your solemn oath-10u did?

My lord—it's a wafer! The prisoner was convicted.

THE DEMIJORN CHULCH .- Old Judge L. Mahama kept a demijahn of good old Jamaia in his private office for his own comfort the entertainment of his particular riends. The Judge and noticed for some triends. The Judge and noticed for some time that on Monday mornings his Jampica was considerably lighter than he left it on Saturday nights. An extra fact had gradually established itself highes mind. His son Sam was missing from the paternal pew in church on Sundays. One Sunday afternoon Sam came in and went up stairs rather

"Sam, where have been ?"
"To hurch, sir," was the prompt reply. "What church, Sam?"
"Second Methodist, sir."

"Had a good sermon, Sam?" "Very powerful, sir; it quite staggered ne sir: "Ah! I see," said the Judge, " quite pow

ful, ch, Sam?" The next Sunday the son came home rath er carlier than usual, and apparently not so much "under the weather." His father hailed him with. "Well Sam, been to the Second Methodist

again to day?".
"Yes, sir." "Good sarmon, my boy?"
"Fact was, father, that I couldn't get in hurch shut up and a ticket on the door." "Sorry, Sam; keep going—you may get good by it yet." Sam says on going to the office for his usu-

al Spirit ual refreshments, he found the John" empty, and bearing the following label: "There will be no service here to-day, this

hurch being closed for repairs."

Curious Mirror.—Among the curiosities exhibited at the last Paris Exposition, and promised for ours, was a huge concave mirror, the instrument of a startling species of optical mugic. On standing close to the mirror, and looking into it, it presents nothing but a nagnificent monstrous dissection of your own physiognomy. On retiring a little, say a couple of feet, it given your own face and figure in true proportion, but reversed, the head downwards. Most of the spectators, ignorant of anything else, observe these two effects and pass on. But retire still further; standing at the distance of five or six feet from the mirror, and behold you see yourself not as a reflection—it does not strike you as a reflection-but your veritable self, standing in the middle part between you and the mirror. The effect is almost appalling from the idea it suggest of something supernatural; so startling, in fact, that men of the strongess nerves will shrink involuntarily at the first view. If you raise your cane to thrust it at your other self, you will see it pass through the body and appearing on the other side, the fig

ure thrusting it at you the same instant.
The artist who first succeded in finishing a the arrise who are succeeded in large with a mirror of this discription, brought it to one of the French kings—if we recollect, aright, it was Louis XV—placed his majesty on the right spot, and bade him draw his sword and thrust it at the figure he saw. The king did so; but, seeing the point of the sword directed to his own bases he throw down his wears. ed to his own breast, he threw down his weap on and ran away. The practical joke cost the inventor the king's patronage and favor; his majesty being afterwards so ashamed of his own cowardice, that he could never again look at the mirror or its owner.—English Paper.

A Loving Child .- A young lady of New Bedford was intimately acquainted in a family in which there was a sweet bright little oy of some five years, between whom and herself there sprang up a very tender friend-ship. One day she said to him—

"Willy, do you love me?"
"Yes, indeed!" he replied, with a clinging "How much ?"

"Why, I love you-I love you-up to the Just then, his eye fell on his mother.-

The flowers that breathe the sweetest

#### Grades of Villainy. The man that will take a newspaper for a length of time, and then send it back refused

ed of swearing and unpaid for, would swallow a blind dog's dinner, then stone the dog for being blind.

He would throw a soldier's wife and fami-

Gentlemen, you may as well give it up .-The English language does not contain words sufficiently forcible out of which to frame a to express the utter meanness of sentenco that man who 'takes a newspaper for a length of time, and then sends it back refused and unpaid for.' So then, save your wits for something that has a soul, something that is not both an outrage and disgrace to humanity .- Wellsville Patriot.

Mo would be as mean as the man who chased his poor old blind mother for stopping in his door yard to beg for bread, and who gave his only child a penny for going to bed benefits of trial by jury. supportess, and the next morning charged him a penny for his breakfast.—Torchlight.

Worse yet. He would steal the pennies from the eyes of his dead grandmother, and then curse her because they were not quar-

Yes, he'd feel his children on bread and water, tickle them in the throat with a feather till they threw it up, and then put it away carefully for another meal .- Red Bluff Bca-

County (Galifornia,) Journal. That don't fit the case at all. He'd smug le himself through to Heaven by a round

bout road, bribe St. Peter with a bogus far thing and then, after h had got in would central government, and consequently no steal paving stones from the streets and trade them off for half penny stumps of cigars .-Morgan Co Gazette. Stronger yet. He would sponge a living

afterwards sell his remains to the medical student for anatomical purpose. -Blufton Worse yet. He would chase a broken legged musquito across a ten mile swamp for its 'gut fat'-and then curse his maker ecause he could not suck nourishment from ts tail, and thus save the ordinary expenses

# of life. - Bellefonte Watchman.

Daniel Webster in his Coffin. We find the following accounts of the funeral of Col. Fletcher Webster, and the inspecion of his illustrious father's remains, in last reek's issue of the Plymouth Rock:

The tomb at Marshfield once again opens wide its portals to receive the last of the sons of the "Great Expounder." The funeral of Col. Fletcher Webster took

place in Marshfield on Wednesday, September 10th. The body was brought down from Boston in a richly-caparisoned hearse, with four horses, by way of Hingham and South Shore. Several coaches conveyed his Boston friends from the Kingston depot, where a large assemblage gathered from the neighboring towns. Rev. Mr. Alden, the village pastor, conducted the services, the body rest ing on his father's writing table in the library, according to his dying request. A large procession followed his body to the tomb, where the coffin was deposited with the fami-

ly whom a nation mourns. By request of Peter Harvey, Esq., and others, the oaken box containing the great statesman's coffin was opened; and the matalic cover of the glass removed. How were the feelings of those personal friends stirred within them to find those lineaments and fea-

up to the grave.

The eyes were more sunken, but the heavy shadows beneath the brows were always there in life. Even in death, and for a decade shall consist only in the United States there in life.

matchless mind. Said one who looked upon his face again, "I forgot all else, and cannot tell you anything of the tomb or surrounding objects,"

more shall human eye behold that face, over which thought and feeling once flashed the light and shade of that "imperial mind." public trial, by an impartial jury of the state in a nation's admiration and gratitude.

tain post whenever he committed a fault; and obtaining witnesses in his favor; and to bave that a nail should be drawn out when-

The pare all drawn out, said the parent.

The boy looked sad, and there was a whole volume of practical wisdom in his sadness.—

The boy looked sad, and there was a whole ion or invasion, when the public safety may volume of practical wisdom in his sadness.—

The boy looked sad, and there was a whole ion or invasion, when the public safety may require it.

Has the Congress suspended the privilege

witume of practical wisdom in his sauness.—
With a heavy heart he roplied:

'True, father, but the scars are there still!'

Parents, who would have their children grow to sound and healthy characters, must sow the seed at the fireside. Charitable assections are referred to many and perhaps to suspend it? No! The Congress cannot to suspend it? No! The Congress cannot to suspend it? sociations can reform the man, and perhaps to suspend it? No! The Congress cannot sow the seed at the man, and perhaps sociations can reform the man, and perhaps make him a useful member of society, but, also the scars are there. The reformed delegate the right.

Has it been suspended? Yes!

By whom! The President.

Does the 'Public safety' require its suspendent. of the man he once was, he is covered with scars. dishonorable scars.

ed; and when it is expected it is suffered. authority at all.

#### WHERE ARE WE DRIFTING.

When we want to discover whither we are drifting, and how far we have gone from safe harbor, all we have to do is to recur to the original land-marks. With this view we suboin some extracts from the Declaration of Independence and from the Constitution of the United States. When our fathers grew y out of a rented shanty, and shave their tired petitioning the British Crown against leads and sell their hair to a wig maker to grievances, and protesting against usurpations, they took up arms, and gave their reasons—some of which we annex--in a emorable paper, known to this day as the

Declaration of Independence. The history of the King of Great Britain is The history of the King of Great Britain is time discovering some fresh rabbit tracks, he history of repeated injuries and usurpative the bridle a jerk. The docile animal ions, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these

States. He has affected to render the military in dependent of and superior to the civil power. He has combined with others to subject us

For transporting us beyond the seas to be ried for pretended offences. These reasons were held then to be sound

and sufficient, and to this day the whole civilized world holds the same opinion of them. The Revolution over and independenc achieved, the fathers of the republic met in convention to frame a Constitution for the safe and better government of the States which, at a great expenditure of blood and treasure, they rescued from British thraldom; and to save their descendents from out rages and aggressions similar to those pracsetting hen and curse her because she did not hatch full fledged chickens.—Sonora

County (California) Louised ights of the individual States, and so secure ly hedge around with safeguards the rights and personal liberty of the citizen, that there could be no danger of encroachments by the States or insurrection or revolution on the part of the people. How far their expecta-tions have been realized history will declare. As far as human foresight, profound wisdom

large experience, and an humble trust in Divine Providence could enable them to make perfect Constitution, they succeeded. and then let him die in the poor house, and To the President, by virtue of the civi functions of the office, and as a Commander n-Chief of the army and navy, is committed the faithful execution of the laws; by and with the advice and consent of the Senate he may perform cortain acts, and for the faith ful performance of the duties confined to him he takes a solemn oath.

CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. Of the Executive.

8. Before he enters on the execution of his office he shall take the following oath or affirmation: "I do solemnly swear (or affirin) that will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of

Of the Legislative. Art. 1, Sec. 1.—All legislative powers here granted shall be vested in a Congress of he United States, which shall consist of Senate and House of Representatives.

Sec. 8.—The Congress shall have power to

my ability, preserve, protect, and defond the Constitution of the United States:"

lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States.

To make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vest-ed by this Constitution in the Government of

the United States or in any department or officer thereof. Sec. 9.—The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public

Of the Judiciary.

Art. 3, Sec. 2. The trial of all crimes, extures which no man ever looked upon to forget, retaining the same color and impressing trues where the same color and impressing the same color and impressi

there in life. Even in death, and for a decade the captive of the grave, that kingly presence inspired the same deep reverence and speechless awe as when in the living temple of his ted of treason, unless on the testimony of two metabless mind. witnesses to the same overt act, or confession

Amended Constitution The velvet pall, with its rich embroidery, Art. 5. No person shall be held to answer was in perfect preservation, though deprived for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unof its primitive gloss.

In silence the lid was dropped and the box jury, except in cases arising in the land or less on a presentment or indictment of a grand reclosed. Farewell, thou great departed I naval forces, or in the militia when in actu-Earth's communion with thee is o'er. No al service in times of War or public danger.

Rest, noble statesman, with, thy patriot and district wherein the crime shall have been sons. Thy memory "still lives" ensirined committed, which district chall have been n a nation's admiration and gratitude.

Print IT IN LETTERS OF GOLD.—A father, formed of the nature and cause of the accuwhose son was addicted to some vicious prosection; to be confronted with the witness pensities bade the boy drive a nail into a cer-against him; to have compulsory process for

ever he corrected an error. In process of ime the post was completely filled with units. The youth became alarmed at the extent from British tyranny. This Constitution the fine indiscretions, and set about reforming President of the United States has sworn to The youth became intrined at the order of the united States has sworn to of his indiscretions, and set about reforming himself. One by one, the nails were driven preserve, protect and defend' to the 'best of my [his] ability.' It seems that the Constitution vests in Congress alone the right to for his reade, self-denying heroism, in free-ing himself from his finalts.

sion in the loyal States, where there is nei-ther 'rebollion' nor 'invasion,' and where the administration of law is unimpeded? No!-John, said minister to his hired None but a fool or a knave wil say it does. man 'you should become a teatotelar, you And yet it has been suspended? Yes? And have been drinking again to-day.' 'Do you have been drinking again to-day.' 'Do you have take a drop yourself?' Ah, John; you certainly neither by the authority of the must look at your circumstances and mine.' Constitution nor of Congress—the former does 'Very true,' said John, 'but can you tell me not give the authority in any case, and the how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so latter neither has nor can—and as these are clean?' 'No John, I cannot tell you that.' the only two sources which we know of from the latter it was just because every one kept. Just then, his eye fell on his mount.

Flinging his arms about her, and kissing her passionately, said—

"But, mamma, I love you way up to God!"

Well, sir, it was just because every one kept his own door clean."

Well, sir, it was just because every one kept his own door clean." there is authority for the suspension which we are ignorant of, or he has assumed the When punishment is deserred it is expect- fearful responsibility of the act without any

"Some Hoss."-Once on a time a Yankee who was traveling through Kentucky, had a fine horse and no money. He had taught the animal to lie down or sit on his haunches when the bridle was pulled pretty hard. Our traveler saw no way of replenishing his purse

but by selling his horse and this he resolved to do the first opportunity. As he was going slowly along he saw a hunter at some distance from the road whom he rode up to and accosted. In the course of the conversation he told the latter he had an invaluable horse to sell-a horse that would act precisely like a setter, when he was in the vicinity of game. Casting his eyes around, at the same

lay down.
"There are some rabbits here," said the rider. "I know by his ears." The Kentuckian, curious to test the rope ted sagacity of the horse, searched around, and, sure enough, started three or four rabbits. He was greatly surprised, but the Yan-kee took the affair of course. To make a long story short the wonderful horse changed hands on the spot, three hundred dollars being the consideration. His new owner mounted him, and with characteristic hospitality, the Yankee agreed to accompany him home to cross, and which was rather deep for horsenen. Judge of the Kentuckian's dismay when, on pulling the bridle in the middle of the river, his steed subsided in the running

waters as if he was a hippopotamus.
"How is this?" he roared out, nothing but nis head visible. The Yankee who was mounted on the hunter's other horse was not disconcerted in the cast, but replied coolly: "Oh! I forgot to tell you he is as good for fish as for rabbits!"

HOMELY WOMEN.—For a homely, even an ugly man, I have no pity to spare. I never aw one so ugly yet that, if he had brains and a heart, he could not find a beautiful voman sensible enough to marry him. But or the hopelessly plain and homely sisters, these tears! There is a class of women who know that they possess in their persons. who know that they possess in their persons o attractions for men—that their faces are omely, that their frames are ill-formed, that reir carriage is clumsy, and that, whatever my be their gifts of mind, no man can have the slightest desire to possess their persons. I'hat there are compensations for these womn. I have no doubt but many of them fail to ind them. Many of them feel that the sweetst sympathies of life must be repressed, and here is a world of affection from which they nust remain shut out forever. It is hard for woman to feel that her peron is not pleasing—harder than for a man to feel thus.

It is said that the average number of hattles a soldier goes through is five. We know an old maid who has withstood fourteen ngagements, and has powder enough left for is many more.

A young lady in one of our 'Rural Districts' was once escorted home from an vening party by a young man to whom she vas not particularly partial. On taking his eave be remarked-Sunday night.'
Well, Bill Smith,' replied the lady you

an come as a friend, but not as a 'feller.' Bill did not go either way. The other day, a friend, wishing to oach my little three-year old Susiethe hymnoginning—I want to be an angel, told her repeat the first line, when she looked up,

ad with animation exclaimed—
'No, I don't; 'I want to be a soldier.—Exhange. A THOUGHTFUL Boy. A boy was once isked by a companion, with whom he was oing to ride on horseback, to take such a rip as would violate his father's command; at he nobly declined. 'Nobody will see ou,' replied the other, still urging him to perform the evil act. 'I shall see myself,'

xelaimed the manly fellow, with a firm re-Weak persons may be sensible enough of heir weakness to make a wise use of it. Life is a lottery; but he who draws many orks won't be likely to draw much else.

The trout losses his life for a worm; many men lose theirs for less. Men have made an obscure Bible, but God never did.

A woman in love with you will easily for-

give a great indiscretion, but never a small

The grocer who is dishonest in the use of

is scales, lies in weight to deceive.

The man who 'challenged contradiction' goes into an awful fight, and was severely A breath goes from the preacher, and &

ally the end of the matter. Never be troubled with trifles, and soon all rouble will appear as trifling. He that swims the sea of life with bladders

an not stand the first prick of adverse for-

ound comes to the hearer, and that's gener-

Second thoughts are best; man was God's irst thought; women his second.

No man is happy who is not cheered by Physical labor relieves us fr you mental han iness of the poor.

Time is an old novelist who takes pleasure in printing his tales on our countenances. He writes the first chapters with a swan's down, and graves the last with a steel pen. The following, working out by a blue-eyed ngel, is given as the arithmetic of love:
'After introduction, 4 compliments make 1

tender looks make I ramble by moonlight; 2 rambles make 1 proposal; 2 proposal; (1 to pa) make 1 wedding. Dobbs says he would have died of the chol-

blush; 8 blushes make one tender look;

era last summer, it it had not been for one "The doctor gave me up!" Two days afterwards, he says, he was a

vell man, indulging in succotas A woman is a good deal like a piece of ivy.

The more you are ruined, the closer she clings to you. A wife's love don't begin to show itself till the Sheriff is after you.