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Boetical.

AGE AND YOUTH.

Spring was busy in the woodlands, Climbing up from peak to peak, As an old man sat and brooded, With a flush upon his cheek.

Many years pressed hard upon him, And his living friends were few, And from out the sombre future Troubles drifted into view.

There is something moves on strangely In old ruins gray with years;
Yet there's something for more touching
In an old face wet with tears.

And he sat there, sadly sighing O'er his feebleness and wrongs. Though the birds outside his window Talked of summer in their songs.

But, behold! a change comes o'er him Where are all his sorrows now?
Could they leave his heart as quickly As the gloom clouds left his brow

Up the green slope of his gardon,
Past the dial, he saw ran
Three young pirls, with bright eyes shining,
Like their brown beads, in the sun!

There was Fanny, fumed for wisdom : And fair Alice, famed for pride; And one that could say "My uncle," And said little else beside.

And that vision startled memories, That seems of strife,

Sending hoods of ballowed sunshing Through the ragged rents of life.

Then they took him from his study,
Through long lanes and tangled bowers,
Out into the shaded valleys,
Richly tinted o'er with flowers.

And he blessed their merry voices, Singing round him as he went, For the sight of their wild gladness Filled his own heart with content.

And, that night, there came about him Far off meadows pictured fair.
And old woods in which he wandered Ere he knew the name of care:

And he said: "These angel faces Take the whiteness from one's bair!" Miscelluneous.

STORIES FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS. Beyond the Ga.den Gate.

hildren" said Mrs. Jay, "you may play here but don't go beyond the garden Do you hear me, Peter?" "Yes, said Peter, looking up from his arrow; "Do not go beyond the garte!" Mother then, seeing her little d girl quietly at play in the yard, put onnet and shawl, and went down

and Jessie, his little sister, had nice ogether. He used to make her beor she make him believe she was a they would both make believe cows up a terrible moving; indeed, there end to the different characters, they the while keeping very kind to each Their plays this afternoon led them to the bottom of the garden, where as a gate, hasped inside, which opena field of thick under brush and trees, down to a lower part of the village. as the forbidden gate.

ish we could go out into the woods," ter; "perhaps we should find a bird's oked and saw the pretty woods.rhat did mother tell us; asked Jes-Perhaps she was afraid of bears," an-Peter, " or the water in these woods, hing; but there are no bears. Oh! a squirrel on that tree! See him, Jessie;" and away ran, Peter to the nd away ran Jessie after him. The hid, and the children went on, hopfud another. They strayed down a and came to a brook and little pond. er thought we'd fall into this pond, s the reason she cautioned us against ere," said Peter; " but we shan't "No," answered Jessie, And so they ran round, and ack to the garden gate safe and unwithout anybody knowing they said Peter, "don't you What if mother asks?" asked Jes-she won't ask," suid Peter. ir did not ask, nor did Jessie tell, and on at home as usual. Saturday or the children were washed, and gone to sleep, Peter and his mothtogether, as they often did on Sat-ht. Peter said: "Mother, I, Laye

ost something that afternoon in the und his ball, and a three cent piece cket; he hadn't lost one of them, he "Yes," repeated his mothik a moment what you have missed Wyou have lost something." Peter sure he was of it. "Mother," he aid in a little sorrowful voice, "I why his purents forbid him this or that; his luty is obedience. Nor because nothing befalls him in a course of dissobedience, must he conclude no harm is done at all. Peter and Jessie got home safely; but was there no harm done? Yes, yes; the happy left

their little hearts.
They were afraid—afraid their mother would find it out. This is the way doing wrong wrongs you. It wrongs you out of that peace and comfort which God made you to, enjoy; and all Peter's play in the woods did not make up for this loss until he told his mother and received her forgiveness with her good night kiss.

What one Black-Headed Worm Did.

'That's a splendid sycamore l' said a genphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c. &c., executed with ney and at the shortest notice. ing his grounds. Yes, replied his friend, who was a natu-

worm alone it will kill the tree.'

The worm was a mean looking, black headed thing about three inches long. The owner of the tree pool-pooled at the idea of who was a capital marksman with the bow

killed it. Only one! characters. They are merry, polite, hopeful boys and girls, but they will cherish some

one favorite fault. One will be proud, and another vain; a third will be envious, a fourth will be passionate now and then; a fourth will be passionate now and then; a closely until it generes the point where the fifth will lie, a sixth will break the Salbath, head ie, then fastened securely. The shaft, the ferocious monster sunk beneath the waves to rise no more of the water the moment it is set free from of the water the moment it. one fault or other can be seen working upon their characters as clearly and hasily as that

black headed worm was seen boring into the One of those boys or girls is reading this

'If you let your one great fault alone i will ruin your soul!'

The Philosopher and the Child.

A philosopher asked a little girl if she had a soul. She looked up into his face with an ur of astonishment and offended dignity and

'To be sure I have.' 'What makes you think you have?'
Because I have,' she promptly replied.
'But how do you know you have a soul?' Beginsor do know, she answered again. It was a child's reason; but the philosother could harfly have given a better. Well, then? said he, after a moment!

disideration, tif you know you have a soul, an you tell me what your sonl is?'
'Why,' said she, 'I am six years old, and don't you suppose that I know what my soul Perhaps you do. If you will tell me,

shall find out whether you do or not.'
Then you think I don't know,' she replied, ; it is my think.' 'Your think!' said the philosopher, astonhed in his turn; 'who told you so? 'Nobody. I should be ashamed if I did not know that without being told. The philosopher had puzzled his brains a reat deal about the soul, but he could not have given a better definition of it in so few

Lile and Love.

words.

What lessons are embodied in thy teachings! stern lessons, as we in our days of hope and happiness, could never think encounter-

written on all things; but the saddest is death. Oh how terrible is the wreck of hearts and homes, when the messenger resistless and sperring in his march, takes from our midst the brave and strong; prayer and tears are of Peter unhasped the gate, and he and no avail; life's lesson we must all learn, life's

burdens we must bear.
Who has not seen some of their loved ones wrapped in the cold getemonts of the grave and borne to the innumerable city of the dead? when we remembered that in our way be most remarkable in an animal of the rederings through life's paths we should meet tile tribe. The ferryman here possessed them no more, see their kindly beaming smile, hear their loved tones no more, have we not, in anguish of soul, uttered the wail of a bleed ng heart, let me die for in all this broad earth I have nought to live for: but we cannot die when we wish to most, we may weep at many a grave before we reach our own. Who has not wept over broken hopes and

severed ties? who has not seen, one by one life's cherished dreams depart, its golden chalice turned to bitterness; or snatched rudely from our grasp the hope and trust of vears?

Oh; who cannot say, when all our hoarded hopes are crushed, our household goods are scattered and broken, I would not live al-

A Mother's Grave. Eafth has some sacred spots where we feel like loosening the shoes, from our feet, and freading with holy reversice; where coud voods beyond the garden gate "When did you go?" she mon words of pleasure are unfitting; place where friendship's hands have lingered in He told her. "And mother," he each other, where vows have been plighted, and happened to us there; we prayers offered and tears of parting shed. into the water, or tear our clothes; Oh, how the thoughts hover around such plants ate as up. Why didn't you want ces, and travel back through immeasurable space to visit thein. But of all the spots on the green earth, none is so sacred as that said his mother. "Lost something?" where rests. waiting the resurrection, those we once loved and cherished. Honce, in all ages, the better portion of mankind have chosen the loved spots they have loved to wander at eventide and weep alone. among the charnel houses of the dead if there is one spot more sacred than the rest, it is a int thought his mother must be a mother's grave, there sleeps, the mother of mother's grave, there sleeps the mother of how could she know when he our infancy—she whose heart; was a stranger who will recollect get to every other feeling but fove, and who could she. Peter put his head could always find excuses for us when we carrier. e bed quilt, for he began to see he could none for ourselves. There she sleeps

mothing; and the more he thought and we love the very earth for her sake. The ludy who passed a five cent piece othing in those woods, "I did; in one of the horse cars in Boston, last Tues happy out of my heart." Ah, that day, was very much confused by the wondernd a sad loss it is when a child los-py out of his heart. Ing gazo, of the other passengers. The con-ductor examined the piece very carefully to not always concern a child to know satisfy himself that it was genuine.

CROCODILE BUNTING.

Crocodile Life in South America, Don Ramon Paez has recently published in England a Book of Travels

ventures. Here is a sketch of

While walking along the banks of the Portuguesa one may see these huge lizards col-lected in groups of half a dozen or more, That's a splendid sycamore!' said a genthat the moment we took aim they rushed eman to his friend, to whom he was show-into the water. Being at a loss how to procure a subject for my pencil, I sought the advice of an old man, an angler by profession, ralist; 'but see! here is a wood-worm forcing | who lived in one of the huts near the river. its way under the bark. If you let that He agreed to let me have his cance, with his worm alone it will kill the tree.

owner of the tree pooh-pooled at the idea of and arrow.

one such worm killing so noble a tree, and what!' I exclaimed in astonishment; 'do 'What!' I exclaimed in astonishment; 'do 'S' these monsters with Well, well, we'll see. I'll let the worm we expect to kill one of these monsters with The worm soon worked its way under the ito,' he exclaimed; 'but you must first know hark. The next summer the leaves of the tree dropped off very early. A year later it was a dead and rotten thing. One worm had These arrows are constructed so as to allow the head, affixed to the shaft somewhat Sometimes I see boys and girls with beau-low the head, affixed to the shaft somewhat tillul faces, graceful bodies, and pretty fair in the manner of a lance, to come off the moment it strikes an object in the water. A slender cord, several feet in length, connects it with the shaft, which last is made of a light, buoyant reed; around this the cord is wound closely until it reaches the point where the

the head by the struggles of the animal, thus line just now. I have a whisper for you, toy little friend. I don't want to speak it out ter; and then, if practicable, we might plunge lated this adventure then added, So delightter; and then, it practicable, we might plunge a harpoon into the only valuerable spot we could hope to reach, viz: the nape of the neck, after which the animal could be easily cocke, for the caiman had devotred all my

There, think of this, will you? Think of dragged on shore by means of strong ropes it, my child, artil you ere afraid to keep your fault. There go to esus and ask him to wash it away in his most precious blood, dian boy, whom I found under a tree, seated Accordingly, I went in search of the Indian boy, whom I found under a tree, seated like a tond on his handeless, skinning a porcupine he had just killed. At my approach he raised his head and fixed on me his unmeaning eyes. When spoken to, he only replied to all my questions with the mono-syllubles, si, no. After a little coaxing, and

the promise of some fish hooks, he followed

me to the cance without uttering a word We were not long in getting 2 change to ike a log of wood. Our position was most its scales, and my voing Nimrod last no times. in improving the opportunity. Stepping a few paces in advance, and bending gracefully ever the precipice, he let fly at the reptile's head his skinder, yellow reed, por election, viz: shooting the arrow up into the or at in angle of forty-five degrees, which causes it to descend with great force upon the object.

after describing an are of a circle in the manner of a bomb shell. Although the distance was fully three hunred paces, the arrow struck the mark with the precision of a rifle ball. A violent plunge if the huge reptile was the first intimation that the trial had been successful, and a mo-ment after I perceived the golden reed, now cance and immediately gave chase up stream, as the crocodile had taken that direction.-

We were rapidly gaining upon him, when, in very deep water, as was indicated by the ing as we set sail under sunny skies, and duted in the set of the country bark glided pleasantly over smooth waters, we did not dream of the counts, the storm, we did not dream of the counts, the storm of the country.

This is circumstance rendered it imposing the property of the country of the country of the country of the storm of the country.

The tempest, that came of the country of the storm of the country of the come to the surface to breathe, and then we might strike him with a harpoon; but in this we were equally disappointed.

ound for them.

While in this place I was told several incilents in relation to the cunning and instinct of these saurians, one of which appeared to be most remarkable in an animal of the rengreat many goals. One day he perceived that several of them had disappeared, and, not being able to account for it in any other way, he at once laid the blane on the hated crocodiles, although these creatures seldom carry their attacks beyond their own element His suspicions, he discovered in the end, were well founded, having witnessed the destruction of one of his goats in a very sin gular manner. It appeared that a crocodile goats delight in jumping from place to place, out more especially from rocks and mounds. Rocks, however, being rather scarce in the country, their trencherous enemy undertook to gratify their taste for this innocent pasime, and at the same time cater to his own. Approaching the water's edge to within a fow feet of the bank. he swelled out his back in such a manner as to give it the appearance of a small island or promontory. The stupid goats, perceiving this, varied their gambols by jumping from their secure places on shore upon the seeming island, which they, howover, never reached, for the crocodile, tossing up his head at the right instant, received them into his open jaws, and swallowed them

without difficulty. No person can venture near the water without danger from their attacks, being so treacherous that they approach their intended victim near enough strike him with their powerful tails betore he is even aware of their proximity. The bubbling sound of a gourd being filled in the water by some imprudent person specially attracts them. To obviate this danger, a calabash bowl, with a long wooden handle, is usually employed for

If by accident a huama being falls a prey to this tyrant of the river, the reptile is then called chado, which appellation implies everything that is bold, ferocious, and treacher-

bold enough to meet the enemy face to face on?"

in his own element. The man who makes up his mind to this encounter is well aware that this must be a conflict to the death for

that this must be a conflict to the death for one of the antagonists.

The ferryman related to us a feat of gallantry, worthy of a better cause, performed by a Llanero with one of these monsters.—
The man was on his way to San Jaime sh a pressing exand. Being in haste to get there the same day, he would not wait for the cance to be brought to him, but prepared to swim across assisted by his horse. He had already America, which contains some exciting ad-Crocodile Life and Death. across, assisted by his horse. He had already secured his saddle and clothes upon his head basking in the sanshine near the water, with their laws wide open till their ghastly palates ferryman cried out to him to beware of a caitheir laws wide open the their guasary panaes are filled with flies or other creatures alighting within them. We tried in vain shooting them with gune; the reptiles were so wary the canoe. Scorning this advice, the Llanero replied with characteristic pride. Let him come; I was never yet afraid of man or beast.' Then level raides, part of his ponderous equipment, he placed his two

edged dagger between his teeth and plunged edged dagger between his teeth and plunged fearlessly into the river.

He had not proceeded far when the monster rose and made quickly towards him. The ferryman crossed himself devoutly, and muttered the holy invocation of 'Jesus, Maria y Jose!' fearing for the life, and, above all, for the fearless the hole of the improvement transfer. In the the toll of the imprudent traveler. In the meantime, the swimmer continued gliding through the water towards the approaching crocodile. Aware of the impossibility of striking his adversary a mortal blow unless he should reach the armpit, he awaited the moment until the reptile should attack him to throw his saddle at him. This being accomplished so successfully that the crocodile. doubtless imagining it to be some sort of good eating, jumped partly out of the water to catch it. Instantly the Llanero plunged his dagger up to the very hilt into the fatal spot. A hoarse grunt and a tremendous splash showed that the blow was mortal, for

the tardy assistance of the terryman, who of-fered to pick him up in his canoe, he waived acting as a guide for its recovery.

The old angler then proceeded to explain his bloody dagger in the air, exclaiming, as that the operation must be conducted first by the did so, Is there no other about here? sending one of these arrows into the body of and then turning, he swam leisurely back to

THE BEIRD. Nature has supplied the most of mankind with beards, and in very ancient times, the use of a vizor apon it was authorize. In Greece, the first instance of shaving occurred in the reign of Alexander the Great. This warrior ordered the Macedonians to be shaved lest the beards of his soldiers should afford handles to their enemies. The sareastic Diogenes, when he once saw some one whose test the skill of his new acquaintance. As chin was smooth said: I am afraid you we approached the river banks a large cross think you have great ground to accuse na adile hove in sight, floating down the stream ture for having made you a man and not a weman.' In Cicero's time the genuine beard was not worn in society Rut the

(gootee) seems to liave been affected by the oling Koman "swells." The beard began to revive again in the ime of the Emperor Hadrian. But of all the eniperors who wore that organizate, none creates so much interest in posterity as the imperor Julian. His beard is the most famous beard in history. Speaking of it, he says: "I commence with my counterance. It had actaing regular, or particularly agree allo about it; and out of humor and whimsicality, and just to punish it for not being handsonic, I have made it ugly by carrying

this long and peopled 'e ri.'

The Brittons, like the ancient Gauls, alwed the hair to grow thick on the head; attached to him, skimming swiftly over the and, although they shaved their beards close surface of the water. We hastened for the on the chin, were immense tangled mousta and, although they shaved their beards close ches, which sometimes reached their breasts, It may be presumed that the northern na-tions felt the symbolic fixe of these appear dages; we have a well known passage of

In Edward II.'s reign, beards were worn After waiting for him two hours, we gave apparently by persons in years, great officers him up, along with the arrow head sticking of State, and knights templers, but not genin his own body. I made various other at erally. Sir John Mandeville, the traveler, tempts to secure a specimen, but with no who died A. D. 1372, was called Sir John better result, as the river was yet too high to with the Beard (persumably from its size. In Edward III.'s time—the hey day of chir alry, of feudal ornament, of love poetry, of heraldry-long bear I and fine mustache were in honorable estimation. In Richard II.'s reign, the fashion continued. The beard

was 'farked,' and in all knightly effiges the mustache is long and drooping on each side of the mouth. A sober and well governed gentleman of Elizabeth's time, regulated his beariff as he did his dress, mind, manners or conduct. A was an index of his status or profession; an emblem of his feelings and tastes—a symbol to be respected like his coat of arms. The Reformer, John Knox, cherished a large and profuse one, obviously from its patriarchal character, from the honor shown it in the Jewish days, from whose sentiment he drew his inspiration. The scholar, such as George

Buchanan, wore it sometimes as one who followed Knox and Calvin. The hair, as we all know, played an important symbolic part in the civil wars of England; and the same rigor which the Puritun exercised on the head he exercised on his chin, and trimmed his beard as closely as he trimmed his locks. The Vandyko beard is the typical one of this period. Peaked beards and mustaches were popular among the cavaliers; and were at least pret-

Beards went out of fashion for more than two hundred years, among the Anglo Saxone of Europe and America; but they have been revived again, and are now cultivated and defended upon scientific considerations.

The mustache is approved because it is aid to be a natural respirator; a defense to the lungs against the inhalation of dust, and the beard is defended as a protection for the throat against cold. It has been recommen-ded that all preachers who are subject to throat diseases should, allow their beards to grow. Travelers in sandy regions, millers, akers and all mechanics should allow the beard free play.

Ber Crazy as Goorge the Third was said this dainty morsole There are, however, men ed the King, "is not that better than a doz-

THE PARSON GOING TO MILL.

He laid aside his book,
And in despair upon the hearth
With troubled air did look.

"But hunger is a serious thing, And it is sail to hear

The miller bowed to him and said : "Sir, by your church steeple; I yow I give you praise for this,

Right on his old meal-bag. But as he rode, he overtook

To see you compromise this way. The honor of your cloth." "Why told you not, my reverend friend, Your meal was running low? What will the neighbors think of us,

If to the mill you go??

"My wealthy friend," the parson said,
"You must not reason so;
For be assured, as a settled thing,
My meal is always low." "If my dear people wish to know

MORAL. Laymen! it peeds no miracle, No hard, laborious ton: To make the pitreon's meal-bag like The widow's cruise of oil: Pour forth into his wife's store room

As rather an unscrupulous fellow named Ben was coming down one morning, he met-Tom, and stopped him. 1 say, Tom, he said, 'here's a pretty good counterfeit three. If you pass it, I'll

'Let's see the plaster,' said Tom ; and after examining it carefully, put it in his vest pocket, remarking: 'It is an equal division—a dollar and a-

'There is no use in looking, for I received the note from Ben himself not ten minutes

forked the dollar and a half in change; with this deposit and a can of dysters. Tom left. Shortly afterward he met Ben, who asked him if he had passed the note. " 'Oh, yes,' said Tom at the same time pas ng over the dollar and a half to Ben.

That evening, when Ben made up his cash old counterfeit three in the drawer. ing to his locum tenans, lie asked:
"Where did you get this curse! note? Didn't you know it was counterfelt?

and I suspected it was fishy,; but he said he had just received it from you, and I took it. The thing had penetrated the wool of Ec With a particular grin, he muttered, Sold !' and charged the can of oysters to profit and

AN ITEM FOR THE HOME CIRCLE. - Sombody says, and truly too, that there are few families uvwhere, in which love is not abus ed as furn ishing the license for impoliteness. A husband, failler, or brother, will speak harsh words to those he loves best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a

shame that a man will speak more impolitely, at times to his wife or sister than he would to any other female, except a low vicious one. nature prove to be a weaker protection to a of society, and that a woman usually is in-debted for the kindest politoness of life to those not thoughing to her own household. Things night not to be so. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his heartstone, is a small crowd and a very mean man. Kind words are circulating mediums between true gentlemen and ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the more sacred bonds of conjugal love.

A MAN OF BONE .- Here is a curious fact for you. The flesh of a living man once grow we suppose it was so; for in the museum at Dublin, Ireland, there is, or was, the skeletime after a debauch till by slow degrees to have been, there was evidently a method bend in his body, yet when he was placed in his madness at times. Speaking to Arch upright, like a stone, he could stand, but Bishop Sutton of his large family, he used could not move in the least. His teeth were ous in an animal of the species, as from that the expression, 'I believe your grace has bot time they not only waylay persons, but follow them in the cances, in hopes of again securing Arch Bishop, 'only cleven.' 'Well,' rejoin-convey liquid sustemance for his nourishment.

The parson satin his house one day,
While wintry storm did rage;
High rapt, he drank in lofty thought
From Hooker's classic page.
But as he sat, and holy broath Into his breast did steal.

His sweet wife opened the door and said:
"My dear, we have no meal." With a deep groan and saddened brow "My people think that I must break

To them the bread of heaven, But they'll not give me bread enough Three whole days out of seven."

And it is said to hear.

Fixed children's mournful cry for bread houd ringing in your ear.

So straight he mounted his old horse,

With meek and humble will,

And on his meal-bug, patched and coarse,

He journeyed to the mill.

But none to your church people."
The parson mounted his old horse—
He had no time to lag—
And rode, like hero, to his home,

A proud and rich layman, Who, with a close, astonished gazo, The parson's bag did scan. My reverend sir, the truth to tell, it makes me feel quite wroth,

How to promote my bliss, I'll simply say, a bag of meal Will never come amiss. Will never come amiss.

Just keep the store-room well supplied,
And I will keep right still;
But if the meal runs out again,

I must go to the mill."

Your gifts right plentiful; The miracle is simply this— To keep it always full!

Profit and Loss.

half a piece?

'Yes,' said Ben. 'All right,' said Tom.

And off he went. A few minutes afterward, he quietly, step ped into the store of his friend Ben, and purchased a can of oysters for a dollar and a half, laving down the three dollars for them. The clerk looked at the bill rather doubtingly; when his suspicions were immediately

Of course the clerk, with this assurance

count he was surprised to find the same 'Why,' said the clark, 'Tom gave it to mo

It is thus that the honest affections of a man's vomun in the family circle then the restraints pleen and had temper upon those of his

into a bone. It seems hard to believe, but ton of one Clark, a native of the city of Cork, whom they called the ossifed man one of the greatest curiosities of nature. Lt is the car-cass of a man entirely ossified in his life time, living in that condition for several years .-Those who had known him before this sur prising alteration, affirm that he was a man of great strength and ability. He felt the first symptoms of this surprising change some every part grow into a bony aubstance, except his skin, eyes and intestines; his joints settled in such a manner that no ligament had its propor operation; he could not rise up without assistance. He had at least no upright, like a stone, he could stand, but with a libel, suit. The tongue lost its use, and his sight loft incessantly, and achieve a good troublesome him some time before he expired.

Protecting Animals from Rain Storms. I believe that farmers generally are not aware how much loss they sustain in the flesh of their domestic animals, and how much they suffer during the cold storms of rain in the summer, or at any other season of the year. Warm showers never injure animals; indeed, they appear to have a good relish for such a sprinkling as they frequently get, providing it is not as cold as ice.

Most animals will endure pretty severe cold,
as long as they can keep dry; but as soon
as their bodies have been wet, and are kept wet, evaporation commences. And as evaperation is a cooling process, the heat of their budies is carried away very rapidly; and the sudden transition from heat to cold chills

them in a very short time, and injures them more than a severe storm in winter. Animals will endure a very sudden chance from cold to heat, with impunity; but sud-den changes from heat to cold are often at-tended with very serious consequences. We are apt to think because it is summer, or not freezing weather, that a storm of rain will out, and those who are out wish to be in.
not hurt our animals. But could they communicate to us their feelings during a storm of cold rain, there would not be so much negligence about protecting them, especially during the cold and stormy days and nights of autumn.

of autumn.

I well remember that about twenty years ago there was a severe rain storm in the month of June; and although our sheep had been slicared more than two weeks, we thought they ought to be brought home to-

the barn. But many of them were so cold and the wrong side of right. and feeble in consequence of the rain that it was necessary to go after them with a wa-About the Ist of July, 1861, there was another very cold storm of rain, which swept away hundreds of sheep in the town where I

resided. One farmer lost about sixty of his choicest sheep, although they had been sheared several days before the storm came on. I have heard of more than three hundred lost during the storm.
It is infinitely better for animals to keep them in a stable or shed, where they cannot

get a mouthful of food for twelve successive hours; than to allow them to be exposed for only two hours to a storin of cold rain. When I was accustomed to keep sheep, I was always careful to let them have the benefit of a shed, if they needed it, not only in winter, but during summer; and it was very unusual that our horses and neat cattle were left for one hour, in the field during a cold storm. Cold storms not only make cattle look bad, but they do really injure them, by rendering them stiff and dall; and they often contract a severe cold, which many times will surerinduce entarrh and glanders. Young calves and colts often suffer extremely from exposure to cold storms, even

in summer; and to shelter them, will be me and money well appropriated. 'A merciful man regardeth the life of his beast. -THINK OF IT.-How idly and flippantly the word death is said. Who can tell what ever lived! Because he was the first in the a day can bring forth? We are here to day, human race. morrow numbered with the dead -Our fathers, where are they? To use a correct figure of speech -- seventy grains of sand taken from the mighty ocean, represent the usual number of years allotted to man. But what mortal can compute eternity? The sando of the boundless deep, aye, and of count-less worlds, in the immensity of space; all would be exhausted in computing annual periods of time, similar to this material world.

Reader pause! Every pulsation that beats in the inner man is a quickstep towards eter-nity. Be therefore prepared for the spiritual world and a vast eternity either for better or for worse. SINGULAR CUSTOM .- A part of Bohemia called Egra, scems to be the only place where wedding is not considered an occasion of ejoicing. There it would be deemed inde orous for a bride to appear in white garments mlorn herself with jewels and flowers. She wears the usual black dress with a cloak of the same color, with a rosemary in one hand, and in the other a yeil with which to cover her during the ceremony In this dismal attire, she demurely proceeds to the church attended by her relations, who preserve the utmost solemnity of courtenance

during the ceremonies. There is a beautiful legend illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty at whatever cost to our inclination. A beautiful vision of our Saviour had appeared to a monk, and in silent bliss he was gazing upon married a man by the name of 'Bull.' it. The bour arrived in which it was his luty to feed the poor of the convent. He ingered not in his cell to opjoy the vision, but left it to perform his humble duty.— When he refurned he found the blessed vision still waiting for bim, and uttering the e words: \ Hadst thou staid I must have

A CREAT CURIOSITY .- On Saturday last, as one of the misons, at the West Harrisburg market house, was dressing one of the stones of which the building is being constructed, upon chipping off a block, he found a large petrified rattlesanke in the inside. The anake is in a most wonderful state of preservation. The scales are perfect, the back hone s clearly defined, and it is one of the most interesting specimen of petrefaction probably ever discovered. The gentlemanly superinendent of the work, Mr. Charles Swartz, has possession of the reptile at present .-Harrisburg Union.

A Re-Tailon.—A newsboy rushed into a ctail store on Hanover street, the other day, and thus accosted the proprietor:
'Say, Mister, do you retail shirts here?'

'Yes, my son; we have them to fit you at ne dollar each-very nice ones,' 'Oh, blazes ! I don't want a whole one .-But I seed on your sign: Shirts retail and wholesale, and I thought you might re-tail mine, for it wants it bad; a dog got hold of it, and wouldn't let go if I'd kill'd him.'

A jolly fellow had an office next door One day, an elderly gentleman f the old fogy school blundered into the

rrong shop.
"Is the doctor in?" Don't live here,' said the lawyerwho wa full scribble over some documents. Oh! I thought this was his office?'

! Next door. Pray sir, can you tell me has the doctor ' Not living.'

Many say that trumpet-players are located to short lives. We doubt it; we have known men to blow their own trumpets

old age.

NO. 19.

BREVITIES.

Wise and Otherwise. Give neither counsel nor salt till you ire asked for it.

The more the merrier, the fewer the

Never trouble trouble till trouble trouoles you.

The dog wags his tail, not for you but

The fox is very cunning, but he is more

inning who catches him.

" Short visits are the best," as the fly said when he lit on the stove. What church do you attend, Mrs. Par-

ington?—Oh, any paradox church where the Gospel is dispensed with! Why is matrimony like a besieged city? Because those who are in it wish to be

If a man is murdered by his own hired men should the coroner find a verdict of killed by his own hands? There is a town down east, where the

people are so opposed to committing an assault that it is with difficulty they can be persuaded to strike a tune in churc

The true way of reaching the right is through the heart of the wrong; he who goes

IJA soldier, who was arrested for stealing:a rebel's goose, said he found the bird hissing at the American flag, and arrested it

The phlice are after the perpetrator of the following conundrum: Why is a lovely young lady like a hinge? Because she is something to a dore.

Was your son engaged before he went to the war? asked Mrs. Rugg of a neighbor. 'No, but he has had several engagements since,' she replied. . :Wby.don't your father take a newspaper?' said a gentleman to a little urchin, whom he caught in the act of pilfering one from his

debr step.
Cause he sends me to take it. Dresses are coming down. The sign before the door of a mantua maker's shop, in the city, reads thus:
"N. B.—Dresses made lower than ever."

If you wish your neighbors to notice you, buy a dog and tie him up in the celler all night. They won't sleep for thinking of Flave said that if men should rise from the dead and read their epitaphs, some

of them would think they had got into the wrong grave. Wur was Adam the best runner that

The richest genius, like the most fertile soil when uncultivated, shoots up in the rankest weeds; and instead of vines and olives for the pleasure and use of man, produces to its slothful owner the most abundant crop of

ooisons.

gland, is apparently too proud to adopt the usual sign of his calling, and prefers to announce it by the somewhat pithy inscription just over his doorway- My Sign's in the Cellar. Among the addresses presented upon the accession of James I, was one from the accession of Shrowsbury, wishing his majesty might rein as long as the sun, moon and stars endured. 'Faith, mon,' said the

A tavern keeper at Leigh, Luncashire, En-

King to the person who presented it, 'my son then must reign by candle light.' W hat strange creatures girls are. Office one of them good wages to work for you, and, ten chances to one, if the old woman can space any of her girls —but just propose matrimony, and see if they don't

ump at the chance of working a lifetime for victuals and clothes. That was a very pretty conceit of a comantic husband and father whose name was Rose, who named his daughter Wild so that she grew up under the appellation Wild Rose. But the remance of the hade was sadly spoiled in a few years, for she

Pat was hungry, and got off the cars for refreshments. The cars very thought-lessly went on. 'Ye spalpeen!' he cried, starting on a run and shaking his fist as he flew alter them. 'Stop there, ye old stame waggin, ye murtherin stame engine, ye've got a passenger aboard that's left behind !' Mr. Timothy," said a learned lady,

who had been showing off at the expense of a dangler, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story" "Divine Almira," meekly replied her ador-er, "in thanking you for that compliment, let me remind you that you occupy the upper story entirely." AN OPINION ON MORGAN.-It is related

hat an old woman ventured out in the midet f Morgan and his men in a little town in Indiana, and inquired of a robel, who was itting backward upon his frame,' . Whar'is the gayfuller ? D'ye mean John Morgen?'

'Yuns, jest so,' 'There he ic,' said the reb, pointing to Well, said the old lady, eyeing him from heed to foot, 'We've got better lookin' horse hibres ner him in Hoosier, an' less said about 'em too.'

When Gen. Lafayette was in the United States, two young mon were introduced to him. He said to one: 'Are you married?'
'Yes sir,' was the reply. 'Happy man,' quoth the General. He put the same question to the other,

ho replied: 'I'am'a bachelor.' 'Unlucky dog,' said the General.
This is the best essay on matrimony, ex-

Avoid Decertion .- Persons who practice deceit and artifice always deceive themselves more than they deceive others. They may feel great complacency in view of the success The old gentleman told the story in the vi-of their doings; but they are in reality casting a midst before their own eyes. Such persons not only make a false estimate of their own character, but they estimate falsely the opinion and conduct of others. No person is obliged to tell all he thinks; but both duty and self interest forbid him ever

to make false pretences.