American Volunteer.

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

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Poetical.

SONG.

We have been lovers now, my dear,
It matters nothing to say how long,
But still at the coming round o' th' year
I make for my pleasure a little song,
And thus of my love I sing, my dear—
So much the more by a year, by a year.

And still as I see the day depart,
And hear the bat at my window flit,
I sing the little song to my heart,
With just a change at the close of it;
And thus of my love I sing alway—
So much the more by a day, by a day.

When in the morning I see the skies,
Breaking into a gracious glow,
I say you are not my sweetheart's eyes,
Your brightness cannot mislead me so;
And I sang of my love in the rising light—
So much the more by a night, by a night.

Both at the year's sweet dawn and close,
When the moon is filling, or fading away,
Every day, as it comes and goes,
And every hour of every day,
My little song I repeat, and repeat—
So much the more by an hour, my sweet!

Miscellaneous.

THE ECONOMICAL SOIREE.

Lately in household expenses has come to be the leading idea of conscious existence in the minds of Mrs. Dobb and myself. We calculate closely. We never did before since we were married that I can remember. But when butter cost at the rate of five cents a dish, and everything else in proportion, housekeeping expenses become a serious matter.

I was musing upon the tremendous fact that there was a rise of three cents this pound on veal since the day before—musing and eating veal, at the breakfast table when Mrs. Dobb spoke:

'James, did you know to-day was Sallie's birth day?'

'Is it?' said I. 'How old is she now?'

'She is six years old and I have promised to hold a little party for her this evening.'

'Susan, will it cost anything?'

'Why, but a trifle, James. Besides, Sallie has never had a birthday party, you know.'

'Sallie should not have her birthdays while so often wife, in such times as these. How long is it since I bought her a self-operating locomotive for a birthday present?'

'That was Sosie, my dear. It's perfectly distressing to me the way you do mix those children up.'

'But what will this soiree cost us, Susan? You are forever preaching economy to me, and I'd like you to practice it a little, and let me preach. It's more fun to preach, first rate.'

'Oh! there will have to be some nuts and apples bought.'

'And some candy of course?'

'No—'

'What! A baby-party, and no candy?'

'If you won't interrupt me at every word, James, I'll tell you. I have bought two quarts of molasses, and am going to make the candy myself. Now there's one of my economical shifts. I never get any credit for it.'

'But what a bauby job, Susan. Stretching candy sticks a body's fingers up so.'

'You didn't mind it when you were a little man, Mr. Dobb. Have you forgotten the candy parties we used to have at our house when I was a girl, James? Such glorious times as we used to have in that old kitchen? Why, it was at one of those candy parties that you paid me the first compliment ever received from you.'

'Ah! what was that?'

'You said I was the sweetest girl in the room.'

'That was because you was daubed all over with molasses, my dear—as you'll be to-night again.'

'I should think, James, that it would be a pleasure to revive, here in the city, the recollection of those old days at the farm house. Do you remember those big hooks in the ceiling of the kitchen that you threw a great twist of candy over to stretch it easier, when Mary Howard helped you?'

'Ah, those were happy days!' I said, musingly, sipping my coffee?

'You enjoyed candy-making then, James?'

'Yes,' said I, coming back to the present and economy. 'I enjoyed a great many foolish things when I was young and innocent—courting for instance.'

'Well, I havn't lost my relish for simple pleasures,' said Mrs. D. with enthusiasm. I think it will be splendid to make the candy. I would in thousand times rather make it than buy it.'

'Which accounts for one of your economical shifts that you never got any credit for.' Oh, my dear.

Mrs. Dobb looked daggers at me.

'Well, Susan, let's see what it will cost.—What's molasses the quart now?'

'I paid sixty cents for two quarts.'

'And Apples?'

'A peck will supply the party; that will be sixty cents more.'

'And say a dollar and a half for nuts.—That will be three dollars and seventy cents. It will be a very economical soiree.'

'I should say it would, Mr. Dobb.'

'Can I, papa?' said Sallie, looking up at us, with her spoon between her lips.

'Can you what, darling? Have the party? Why, of course you can, you little blessing!' And I helped her to another spoonful of gravy, out of the full fondness of a father's heart.

'Won't it be bully, sir?' cried Fred from his side of the table.

'How that boy does' pick up the slang of this vicious age is astonishing! It's no use reproving it. 'Boys will be Boys,' as a friend of mine once remarked when he sat down on a bent pin placed in his chair by his oldest son in a frolicsome moment.

'What a cool papa he is!' whispered Sallie to her sister, next plate east.

'Oh, he's gay!' shouted Fred.

I gave Sallie some more gravy.

'Do you like kisses, papa?' put in Nellie.

'I like everything good, dear. Why do you ask?'

'Because we'er going to have all the girls kiss you to-night.'

'They won't be big enough, Nell—not half. I prefer big girls to little ones.'

'James!' said Mrs. Dobb, reprovingly.

'Oh, Mary Ann Smith is a great big girl!' said Nell. Her dresses almost come down to the ground.'

'Do they? That's encouraging. Is Mary Ann coming?'

'Yes; and two other big girls. They write compositions?'

'Compositions! They must be getting very old?'

'Compositions are such a proof of maturity among these little bodies!

'Did you ever notice it?'

'Bring the nuts when you come to dinner, James,' was my wife's parting injunction.

'All right, my dear.'

I was detained down-town that afternoon, later than usual and when I came home in the evening, I found the four little Dobbs sitting in solemn state in the parlor, awaiting the coming of the guests.

Shortly after the door-bell rang, and the children were in a high state of commotion. Sallie jumped down from the sofa and made a dash for the door, but suddenly recollecting herself, returned to her perch and smoothed her hands over her apron.

Bridget ushered into the parlor a string of seven boys of assorted sizes, who ranged themselves along the wall without saying a word. But there was any amount of subdued giggling among them.

The next arrival was a cluster of little girls, looking as sweet as June roses.

I went out to tea, and when I looked in again the room was filled with the neighbors' progeny, including Mary Ann Smith and two other big girls.

Such a staid conclave I never saw before in my life. There they all sat, as bashful as mice, never uttering a loud word, and scarcely caring to look each other in the face. It was vastly amusing to me to observe the conventional awe under which those boys, especially, labored; the very boys that had been saluting each other roughly in the street an hour before, perhaps pulling each other's hair. As sedate as deacons now.

The ice was broken in this way.

One of the big girls by the way of opening the ball, said to a youngster of some eight summers, named Joey Perry.

'It's a pleasant evening, Mr. Perry.'

'Oh, how are you, Mr. Perry!' burst forth our Fred, derisively, at the top of his voice.

And then such a broadside of laughter!—In less time than it takes me to write it the youngsters were in a hubbub as noisy as the meeting had before been secate.

They played the 'Post-office.' and 'Cedar Swamp,' and 'Forfeits,' and all that sort of games, whose principal feature is an abundance of kissing. I went into my study and began writing. The merry bursts of laughter came echoing to my ears, but they did not disturb me. I am a fond father.

One of the big girls came into my august presence and threw a cushion at my feet, on which she kneeled, pouting up at me a pair of ripe red lips.

'Who's this?' said I, laying down my pen.

'That's Mary Ann!' cried Fred from the door way, which was thronged with giggling little spectators. She wants you to kiss her.

'Ah!' said I, as memory suddenly recalled the old game. 'How many can I have?'

'Twenty!' 'Thirty!' 'A hundred!' cried a dozen voices.

'Well, I'll take three,' said I, 'and you may have the rest, Fred.'

'Can't do it,' shouted the young hopeful, backing off.

The young lady struggled after the orthodox manner, handed down from generation to generation of young ladies, and the children screamed with delight.

'Hold her, Mr. Dobb!'

'Kiss her, Mr. Dobb!'

'Rub her nose with your whiskers, papa!'

That last was from Fred, who had memories.

We left them alone at last, I don't believe in old folks intruding too much on the enjoyment of the little ones. They get along a great deal merrier by themselves. So Mrs. Dobb shut the parlor door and left them alone, while I shut myself up in my study.

About half-past nine I went and found the little guests had gone.

Sallie was missing, but we presently found her on the stairs in the hall crying bitterly.

'Why, what's the matter with my little bird?' said I, taking her in my arms.

She was loth to tell, but at last she sobbed out that she had been kissed too much, and had her six years pounded on her little back in honor of birthday usage, till she was sore all over. Added to which one of the boys had caught hold of her dress and torn it in a shocking manner.

She was soothed and put to bed, and then I went into the parlor.

Oh! spectacle for an economical parent! My statuette of Senator Douglas—only a cast, but a gift from the sculptor—had been knocked over as it stood in a corner, and its head broken off short. There was a deep scratch a foot long on the piano, and the music was one hideous dab of molasses candy from first to last. A lamp had been tipped over on the Brussels carpet and left spot of its in the middle room. And worst of all, some ambitious youngster had been at my paintings, and had broken a hole through the canvass of a beautiful landscape—an original Sontag, which I valued highly!

'Oh, Susan! Susan! cried I, 'behold the havoc of this economical soiree!'

Mrs. Dobb stood aghast at the spectacle.

'Can you compute this damage calmly?'—I asked.

But Mrs. Dobb had no answer for me.

I got out a pencil and a piece of paper, and made a reckoning:

Beheaded Douglas,	$25
Mutilated Sontag,	50
Molasses candy and other damages to piano and music,	10
Ruined Carpet,	100

'A total, my dear, of $185.'

'I think you are extravagant, James,' said my wife. 'A little Spaulding's glue will put the statue's head in place.'

'And you could tie a red ribbon around his neck to hide the crack, couldn't you, dear?' I said, in a tone of intense irony.

'As for the painting, seems to me you might mend it in some way, James, since you make those things yourself.'

'Those things! That's a wife for an artist!'

'The piano and music I will see what I can do with; and as for the carpet, we can get a rug for the centre of the room, and the spot will never show.'

'Another expense, my dear.'

'James, I have wanted a rug for that room this long time. For my part, I don't know as I'm very sorry. At least, it can't be helped now; and there are no more birthdays in the family this year.'

'Let us be thankful for that, then,' said I.

MONKEY IN CHURCH.—There was once an eminent clergyman by the name of Cassauben, who kept in his family a tame monkey, of which he was very fond. This animal, which was allowed its liberty, liked to follow the minister when he went out, but on the Sabbath was usually shut up till his owner was out of sight, on his way to church. But one Sabbath morning, when the clergyman, taking his sermon under his arm, went out, the monkey following him, unobserved, and watching the opportunity while his master was speaking to a gentleman on the steps, ran up at the back of the pulpit, and gravely seated himself, looking round in a knowing manner on the congregation, who were greatly amused at so strange a spectacle.—The services proceeded, as usual, while the monkey, who evidently much enjoyed the sight of so many people, occasionally peeped over the sounding board, to observe the movements of his master, who was unconscious of his presence. When the sermon commenced, many little forms were convulsed with laughter, which conduct so shocked the good pastor that he thought it his duty to administer a reproof, which he did with considerable action of his hands and arms. The monkey, who has now become familiar with the scene, imitated every motion, till at last a scarcely suppressed smile appeared upon the countenance of most of the audience.—This occurred, too, in one of the most solemn passages in the discourse; and so horrible did the levity appear to the good minister, that he launched forth into violent rebuke, every word being enforced by great energy of action. All this time the little fellow overhead mimicked every movement with ardor and exactness. The audience, witnessing this apparent competition between the good man and his monkey, could no longer retain the least appearance, and burst into roars of laughter, in the midst of which one of the congregation kindly relieved the horror of the pastor at the irreverence and impiety of his flock, by pointing out the cause of the merriment. Casting his eyes upward, the minister could just discern the animal standing on the end of the sounding-board, and gesturing with all his might, which he found it difficult to control himself, though highly exasperated at the occurrence. He gave directions to have the monkey removed, and sat down to compose himself, and allow his congregation to recover their equanimity while the order was being obeyed.

TENDENCIES OF CARD PLAYING.—"It keeps them from dissipation." It may be; but it also narrows down their capacity to one round of thought, and diverts them fearfully from elevating reflections and tendencies. I put no stress upon the inducements of gambling, from indulgence in this game. To me its crying evil is its greedy eating up of the precious hours which were given for worthier usage. My observation, largely taught, tells me that it is a deadly foe, amongst young men, to all spiritual tendencies. It is singularly absorbing in its nature; and there is no form of amusement to which they become so easily and so generally attached. To almost every recreation nature has set reasonable limits, through weariness of the flesh. Not so with card-playing. Its devotees never seem to grow tired, never cry hold—enough. I see young men here whose brows are broad enough to work out for themselves a noble destiny, playing whist every night with unwearied assiduity; and when the Sabbath comes, I see them lounging about the hall and piazza, yawning and listless as a child without its playthings. I do not see that their "observation," or their "memory" or their "reasoning" is strengthened by the process. On the contrary, I see in their vapid conversation, in their utter lack of reading, their indifference to passing events, their thorough ignoring of responsibility to God, the dissipating and belittling effect of their constant and unvaried pastime.

I have all my days had a card-playing community open to my observation, and I am yet to be made to believe that a game which is the universal resort of the starved in soul and intellect, which has never in any way linked with itself candor, elevating or beautiful associations, the tendency of which is unduly to absorb the attention from more weighty matters, can recommend itself to the favor of Christ's disciples. The use of culture and genius may embellish, but can never dignify it. I have this moment ringing in my ears the dying injunction of my father's early friend: "Keep your sons from cards; over them I've murdered time and lost heaven."

BASHFULNESS IN YOUTH.—Young people, on their first admission to this outer world, are especially afflicted with false shame; so that it may be regarded as one of the moral diseases of the mind's infancy It is at the bottom of a great deal of their shyness. They cannot feel at ease, because they mistrust something about themselves or their belongings, and have that feeling of bareness and exposure in the presence of unfamiliar eyes which attaches to sensitiveness under untried circumstances. Everything then assumes a magnified, exaggerated character, the place they occupy on the one hand, and the importance. The present company is the world, the universe, a convention of men and gods, all forming a deliberate and irreversible judgement upon them, and deciding to their disadvantage on account of some oddness, or awkwardness, or passing slip in themselves or in the accessories about them. But, in most persons, time and experience bring so much humility as teaches them their insignificance. It is not, we soon learn, very likely that at any given time a mixed assemblage is thinking very much about us; and then the horror of a conspicuous position loses its main sting. This on the one hand; on the award of society as we we. Even a roomful comprises, to our enlarged imagination, by no means the whole creation. There is something worth caring for outside those walls. And also we have come to form a sort of estimate of ourselves. There is now a third party in the question, in the shape of self-respect. We realize that we are to ourselves of immeasurably more consequence than any one else can be to us. Thus either by reason of the natural hardening and strengthening process of the outer air, most people overcome any conspicuous display of the weakness.—By the time youth is over, they have either accepted their position or set about in a business-like way to mend it.

Three may keep counsel if two be away

A STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

LITTLE MIKEY.

There was a little new scholar at the district school that winter. His life had come up to its eighth year, though he did not look so old; his face was so pinched and thin, and his carefully patched garments hung loosely upon his small limbs. He kept aloof from all the scholars, and they seemed also to shun him. He took his place quietly in the morning, and did not once leave it, except for recitation, till school was over. All through the long nooning he sat watching the sports of his school-fellows, and Charlie Harper had often noticed that he never replied, only by a little quiver of his small mouth, when the boys would taunt him with being a drunkard's child, and a little Paddy. Charlie's mother told him one morning, as he was starting for school, to keep his eyes open that day, and see if he could not do some good, kind act, that would leave an influence upon some of his mates as well as himself; and Charles kept it in mind as he walked on, with his satchel on his arm, and along with the thought flashed the remembrance of the child, Mikey O'Connel. He looked off at the end of the long lane, where there were few footprints, except the little ones that Mikey's feet had made, to the small, low house, that had stood tenantless for a long time. It was so old and ruinous, and he knew the people who lived there must be very poor, and he felt grieved in his childish heart that he had neglected the forlorn little scholar so long. He was already in his place when Charles entered the school room, sitting by himself, as he always did, and Charles went up to him a little timidly, hardly knowing what to say to open an acquaintance.

'Wont you come out at noon upon the ice? I have a pair of new skates, and a sled all painted green; you may use them both, if you like.'

A pleased, happy look, came into those great, sad eyes, and the thin face lighted up all over.

'Thank you!' he whispered softly, but very heartily. 'I would love to ride on your sled. I never learned to skate. But may be if I come out, the boys will plague me.' The old look getting back into his face.

'No, they shall not!' exclaimed Charles, manfully—'I wont let them. And say, Mikey, don't you want me to come over and set with you?'

'Oh, if you only would!' with an eager, wishful look in his face. 'The other boys just take their books, and set away over, and it makes me feel as if I couldn't come any more. But mother wants me to learn so bad, and cheers me up; so I tried to forget it.'

Just then the teacher came, and Charles went to his seat. It was at the other end of the long row. He picked up his books, and went up to the teacher's desk a little reluctantly, and as the tall man bent to hear what his pupil had to say, Charles whispered—

'Please sir, may I sit in the end of the seat near Mikey O'Connel? I will be very quiet. The other boys do not like to sit near him, and it makes him feel bad.'

The teacher glanced towards Mikey. He was looking at him with wishful eyes, that told how much interested he was in the answer to Charlie's request. He was a kind hearted man; so he patted Charlie's head, called him a thoughtful boy, and granted his desire. Charles felt the eyes of the whole school were upon him, and he saw the scornful smile upon the lips of many of his mates; but Mikey's happy face repaid him for all he had lost in their friendship. When school was over for the morning, he drew the satchel from underneath his bench, and taking from it the nice cold biscuit and ham, the piece of cake and pie that his mother had placed there for him, he moved a little nearer Mikey, and said—

'Let's eat our dinner in a hurry, and then go out and slide. Where is your satchel?'

A crimson flush shot up into Mikey's forehead, but he did not speak. Charles looked at him wonderingly a moment, and then with childish eagerness, reminded him of his dinner. Mikey turned his head away, and drew from his pocket a small crust of corn bread, which he tried to conceal from Charles.

'Is that all the dinner you've got?' almost escaped Charlie's lips; but he saw how hard he was tring to hide the meagre lunch from him; so he leaned back in his seat, and said nothing; only his little brain was planning—planning how he could give Mikey a part of his dinner, without making him feel humbled.

'Oh, mother gives me so much dinner!'—he said, at length, taking a long breath—'I cannot begin to eat it. Here, Mikey, see it this isn't good,' and he placed a liberal supply upon the child's end of the bench.

'Don't you want it?' asked Mikey, looking pleased.

'No, indeed; you eat it, if you can.'

Oh, isn't it good?' he said, devouring it eagerly. Are you willing I should carry this little piece to mother.

'Yes, if you wish to; but doesn't she have cake?' asked Charles, bluntly.

'No, not now,' sighed the boy. 'But I am all ready to go and slide,' changing the subject hastily.

Charles put his satchel back in its place and drawing on his warm mittens, and tying his cap over his ears, stood waiting for Mikey.

'Haven't you got any mittens?' he asked, looking at the little bare hands, that were placing the odd cap upon the top of his head.

'No, I havent,' he answered, quickly: 'but I do not need them; I'm tough.'

'Why! I should think your hands would ache dreadfully these cold mornings.'

'They do, sometimes,' was the quiet reply.

'Well, you take mine, and I'll go get my sister Susan's. She is two years older than I, and her hand is just as big;' and before Mikey could say a word, Charles was gone. He talked to his sister in a whisper, telling her about poor little Mikey's crust of bread, his bare hands and ears, and Susan's kind heart was touched.

'I was going out with the girls to slide, she said, without a shadow of disappointment in her tones, 'but I had rather you should take Mikey, and have my mittens.' She plunged her hand into her pocket, and took out a pair of nice white mittens, which she put in Charles's hand.

'And stop, Charlie; Mikey's ears must be almost froze. There's my little woollen scarf hanging on the peg under the shelf; you go and get it, and tie it over his ears. He might have it to keep, for I do not need it, and mother wouldn't care, I am quite sure.'

Charles was delighted with his sister's generosity, and it was amusing to watch the kindness with which he tied the short, warm scarf beneath Mikey's peaked chin, and pulled his cap down hard to keep it on.

'There, isn't that nice, Mikey?' he asked, viewing his companion quite proudly.

'Why, I should think it was summer!' was the pleased reply, and Mikey rubbed his hands over his bandaged ears with great satisfaction.

Charles was very attentive to his new friend that day, and tried to shield him from the thoughtless remarks of his companions, who, in a mischief-loving spirit, would call after him as he dashed down the hill upon the pretty green sled—

'Go it, Paddy! See Pat, now, how he goes! Look out, little O'Connel, or you'll lose your breath!'

But Mikey did not mind it much. He was enjoying his nooning vastly, and it seemed as if he had never learned his lessons so easily as he did that afternoon. His step was light and his face bright, as he bade Charles good night, and started to run down the lane as fast as he could make his way through the deep, untrodden snow, and in a few minutes he was lifting the worn latch of the old tumble-down house.

The room was dark and dingy, just a glimmer of fire upon the broken hearth, and by its side his mother was sewing busily, while upon a low bed in the corner his father was lying in a deep sleep. Mikey's face clouded as he glanced at the sleeper, and he crept softly to his mother's side.

'Has he been off again? Did he find the money?'

Mrs. O'Connel replied by a sad nod of assent.

'Oh, isn't that too bad! Did he take the whole?'

Another mournful nod was the mother's answer.

Mikey had brought home fifty cents the evening before; the pay for some work his mother had been doing, and they had carefully hidden it away, lest the intemperate father should spend it for drink. He had searched diligently for it after Mikey had gone to school, and by fierce threats had forced his wife to make known the hiding-place.

She tried to retain a part of it, for they had little fuel or food, but he had taken the whole, gone off to the village tavern, and an hour before Mikey, had come staggering home.

'I have had a good time to-day, mother,' he whispered. 'See here,' and he pulled the scarf from his neck, 'Charlie Harper gave me this, and I've got a piece of cake for you. He gave me lots of good dinner, and came over and sat with me; and then he let me slide on his sled all between schools. Oh, I did have such nice rides. He is the best boy I ever did see! Why, mother, you're crying! Aren't you glad?'

The poor mother only put her arm about her little boy, and drew him close to her and kissed him very tenderly, while the tears dropped upon his curly head.

'Yes, mother is very glad for her little boy. It is nice cake, but you eat it.'

'No, mother I brought it for you,' and the mother saw how much it would please her generous son, so she ate it all.

'Did the boys call you names to-day?' she asked, sadly, though she was very glad to see her boy happy.

'Not much, and I did not mind it if they did, cause Charlie took my part.'

Charles went home and told his good kind mother all about little Mikey, and what he had done for him, and she kissed him and called him her darling boy, and Charles felt very happy that night, and as if he had not kept his eyes open in vain. He went to sleep in his nice warm bed after eating his good supper, but Mikey only had a little Indian porridge, his mother stirred upon the coals, and he crept off to his hard pallet, hungry and cold. But he did not complain. Visions of smooth, slippery hills, and sleds all painted green, and merry, laughing school boys, went dancing through his dreams, and the great round moon came up and looked into the windows of the old brown house and fell directly across Mikey's face, and his mother saw, as she stood looking at him, he was smiling in his sleep.

Charles proved a true friend to Mikey, and gradually his mates came to take an interest in the forlorn little scholar, and through his influence Mikey was made a happy boy.—Charlie did not realize the amount of good he had accomplished, something to outlast his life even, and go on widening in influence through successive generations. He had helped and encouraged Mikey. Perhaps if he had not, the child might have become weary of trying and sunk down, making just such a man as his father had been, and caused more evil than good to spring from his influence.

So, little children, do not be discouraged because you do not seem to be doing much good, and earning a great name; perhaps, after all, you are like Charlie, casting an influence in the right that will last long after you are dead.

A NAIL IN THE STOMACH.—A correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* writes: Upon reading the account in the morning papers of the fatal result which occurred to a gentleman from swallowing a nail, I felt much regret that I had not, for the benefit of the public generally, made the following case known. A few years since the landlady of the house in which I was residing informed me, in a state of great alarm, that one of her children, about four years of age, had swallowed a nail. She said that she was sure of the fact, and that it was an iron nail about two inches long. She requested my advice as how to act, and as to whether she should give the child a dose of castor. I told her not to give the child anything to relax the bowels, and upon reflection I advised her to make the child a hard dumpling for its dinner. As I was quite aware that the case was dangerous, I also advised her to consult a medicant man. This she did, and informed me that he quite agreed with my opinion; and I was pleased to find that she had not brought back any "mixture."

In the evening she again consulted me as to the child's supper, and I advised another dumpling, with as little drink as possible.—The next morning she informed me that the child had slept well, and had not exhibited any symptoms of hysterics. Upon asking me what she would give the child for breakfast, she could not refrain from smiling when I advised another hard dumpling. In the course of the forenoon, however, she smiled most satisfactorily upon entering my room, at the same time placing before me an iron spiked nail, about an inch and a half long, which the child had passed without having shown any consciousness of its presence. I had much difficulty in persuading the mother that I was not connected with the medical profession, but was merely guided by a general knowledge of the intestinal organs and by common sense.

☞ Why do young ladies lace themselves so tight that they can neither swallow easily nor digest properly? Because they hear so much stress laid upon "Grace before meat."

☞ What is the difference between a butterfly and a matron? One is a moth and the other is a mother.

A MOTHER'S HAND.—In one of the fierce engagements with the rebels near Mechanicsville, in May, a young Lieutenant of a Rhode Island Battery had his right foot so shattered by a fragment of a shell, that on reaching Washington after one of those horrible ambulance rides, and a journey of a week's duration, he was obliged to undergo amputation of the leg. He telegraphed home hundreds of miles away, that all was going well, and with a soldier's fortitude composed himself to bear his sufferings alone. Unknown to him, however, his mother, who had become anxious for the welfare of her son, had come to Washington. She reached the city at midnight, and the nurses would have kept her from him until morning. One sat by his side fanning him as he slept, her hand on the feeble fluctuating pulsations which forboded sad results. But what woman's heart could resist the pleadings of a mother then? In the darkness, she was finally allowed to glide in and take the place at his side. She touched his pulse as the nurse had done. Not a word had been spoken; but the sleeping boy opened his eyes and said:—"That feels like my mother's hand. Who is this beside me? It is my mother; turn up the gas, and let me see mother!" The two faces meeting in one, long, joyful, sobbing embrace, and the fondness pent up in each heart sobbed and panted and wept forth its expressions. The gallant fellow, just twenty one, his leg amputated on the last day of his three years' service, underwent operation after operation, and at last, when death drew nigh, and he was told by tearful friends that it only remained to make him comfortable, said "he had looked death in the face too many times to be afraid now," and died as gallantly as though falling under the enemy's fire, on the field of battle.

USE OF HORSE-CHESNUT TREES.—At the meeting of the British Association. Sir John Davy called attention to the value of the horse-chestnut—a tree which he regarded as deserving of more attention than it had hitherto received, whether with respect to its bark its leaves, or its fruit. Some experiments which he had made had shown that, with the aid of alumn, the bark would make a brown dye, warranted to wash, for cotton, and that the leaves would give to cotton a good yellow dye, very similar to the yellow dye of Turkey carpet. The substance of the nut has many of the properties of starch. That they were useful as the food of such animals as can relish it, judging from its composition, could hardly be doubtful, indeed, there is certain proof already of the fact. In Switzerland it is regularly given to the sheep. The mutton of sheep thus fed is said to have an excellent flavor. Pigs readily eat the nuts, and some horses do not refuse them. Deprived of its shell, and crushed fine by grinding, the nuts afford, with water, an emulsion which is used in France in the manufacture of silk, woolen and linen fabrics. The starch of the nut, with its mucilage and alkali, are probably the ingredients, which are most servicable. The refuse, it is said, mixed with an equal portion of pollard, may be employed as food for poultry.

DON'T SQUEEZE.—While we are growing very sensible, indeed, in the matter of dress as far as boots, Balmoral skirts, warm stockings, and high necks we are degenerating in some other matters quite as important. The corset is now a necessary part of a woman's wardrobe, and, alas! when a woman does begin to wear corsets, she will wear them too small, and will tug at the laces until her breath became short, and she feels it necessary to refrain from anything like a comfortable meal. We say nothing against a well shaped corset worn loose, but there lies the difficulty. A loose corset injures the appearance of the figure instead of improving it, and people wear corsets that they may have small waists. All we can say is, don't squeeze, whatever you do; you may have small waists, but you are exposing yourself to a dozen misfortunes as bad as a large waist. First, you'll surely have dyspepsia, and grow yellow, crooks, and unhapy; secondly your hands will grow red; thirdly, your nose; fourthly, you will be unable to walk a mile at once; fifthly, dinner will be a misery; sixthly, your shoulder blades will increase in size and altitude; seventhly, your eyes will grow weak; eighthly you will break down at thirty or thereabouts, and be a sickly old woman from that time forth. If these truths do not frighten women from tight corsets, perhaps the information that gentlemen do not admire what dressmakers call a 'pretty figure' so much as a natural one, may have some influence.

JOSH BILLINGS INSURES HIS LIFE.—I kum to the conclusion lately that life was so onsertin, that the only way for me to stand a fair chance with other folks was to get my life insured, and so I called on the agent of the Garden Angel Life Insurance Company, and answered the following questions, which were put to me over the top of a pair of specs by a slick little fat old feller, with a round grey head on him as ever any man owned.

1. Are you a mail or a female? If so, state how long you have been so.

2. Had you a father or a mother? If so, which?

3. Are you subject to fits? and if so, du yu have more than one at a time?

4. What is your precise fitting wate?

5. Did you ever have any ancestors? and if so, how much?

6. What is your legal opinion of the constitushunality of the ten commandments?

7. Du yu have any nightmare?

8. Are you married or single, or are you a bachelor?

9. Du yu believe in a future stait? If yu, du stait it.

10. Have you ever committed suicide? and if so, how did it affect you?

After answering the above questions, the slick little fat old feller sed I was insured for life, and probably would remain so for some years. I thanked him and smiled one ov my most pensive smiles.

☞ An old widower, says. Always pop the question with a laugh: if you be accepted, well and good: if not; you can say you were only joking! Here's wickedness.

☞ When a person declares that his "brain is on fire," is it etiquette to blow it out?

☞ Why is a thief on a garret an honest man? Because he is above doing a bad action.

A Major General in the English army, Lord Stanhope, is on a visit to the Army of the Potomac.

☞ A London physician has been arrested for locking up his wife in a cell for two years.

☞ Why is a dog's tail like a turnpike?—Because it's stopped a waggin

UNPLEASANT APPLICATION.—He (Dr. Burnaby, visiting Boston in 1770,) records some singular, absolute, and scarcely credible customs, which, with other of his observations, are confirmed by Aubury and other writers, who visited New England a few years afterward. The strict if not superstitious observance of Sabbath in New England has been often made the theme of foreign visitors; but Burnaby gives us a curious illustration both of the custom and its results. He says that a captain of a merchant vessel, having reached the wharf at Boston on Sunday, was there met and affectionately greeted by his wife; which bad behavior, on Sunday, so outraged the "moral sense of the community," that the captain was arrested, tried, and publicly whipped for the offense. Apparently acquiescing in the justice of his punishment, he continued on pleasant terms with his numerous acquaintances after its infliction, and when quite prepared to sail, invited them on board; and, when they were cheerfully taking leave, had the whole party seized, stripped to the waist, and forty lashes bestowed on each by the boat swain's cat-o-nine-tails, amid the acclamations of the crew; after which summary act of retaliation he dismissed his smarting guests, and instantly set sail.—*Tuckerman's "America and Her Commentators."*

THE HARDSHIPS OF THE DRAFT.—An instance occurred yesterday illustrating the terrible severity with which the present enforced conscription of poor men for the military service occasionally strikes its victims. A poor German residing in this city, who was among the number drafted from his ward, reported himself for examination on Wednesday last, and was pronounced fit for duty.—For some cause, which we were unable to ascertain he was detained at the Provost Marshal's office and not allowed to go home. In the course of the ensuing night one of his children died, and yesterday, word also came to him of the death of his wife during the morning. He was of course immediately allowed to visit his afflicted home, and attend to the last sad preparations for the burial of his wife and child, and to make the best provision possible for the remaining three children, who by the alike remorseless operation of death and the draft, had been so terribly orphaned and deprived of their natural support and protection.—*Quincy Herald.*

MORAL COURAGE.—Young man, would you become morrally strong? Would you grow up perfectly competent to resist every foe to your happiness, every enemy which may dispute your progress in the way of noble manhood? Would you fit yourself for usefulness in this world, and for happiness in the next? Then listen to the feeblest voice of conscience calling you to duty and to right. There is no more certain method of cultivating and promoting moral strength than by heeding continually that light which "lighteth every man which cometh into the world." When some specious temptation is presented before you, when there is thrown over it the witching gaze of fashion and show, do you not hear that gentle and precious voice bidding you look a way and shun the specious temptation? That voice is soft as the whispers of angels, and as kind as the melting tenderness of a mother's pure love. You cannot disregard it but at your imminent peril. Every time you listen with attention, your ear becomes keener to hear, and your strength more competent to resist temptation. It will soon become easy to do right. The charm of temptation would lose its power over you.—*Morning Star.*

LIVE NOT FOR THYSELF.—No wonder men are unhappy in the world. There is always clashing when the machinery is out of gear. There is always trouble when the wheels are "off the track." Man seeks to live for himself—God made him to live for others. How swells that mother's heart with joy when she can make her children happy! What a thrill of delight comes with that look of gratitude, that tear of joy, and that one of love, which are all the widow and the orphan can render to their benefactor! The cup of happiness is an overflowing cup. It is like a bubbling fountain, ever pouring forth its blessings to refresh the weary and fainting, and made pure only by its own overflow. It is like the quiet meadow rill, fringed all along with flowers, yet concealed by the very exuberance of beauty and verdure itself doth nourish.

SENSIBLE MAXIMS.—Never test an atom when you are not hungry; it is suicidal.

Never hire servants who go in pairs, as sisters, cousins, or anything else.

Never speak of your father as "the old man."

Never reply to the epithets of a drunkard or a fool.

Never speak contemptuously of womankind.

Never abuse another who was once your bosom friend, however bitter now.

Never smile at the expense of your religion or your Bible.

A good word is as soon said as a bad one. That great is ill saved that shames its master.

No one is a fool always; every one sometimes.

Peace with heaven is the best friendship.

STOP THE LEAKS.—A thousand worm holes, that will each admit scarcely a gallon of water in ten hours, will much sooner waterlog a ship than a large hole through which is poured a gallon of water a minute. In the financial affairs of a family, though the large outgoes may be canvassed and avoided, the whole income may be dribbled away, and no advance may be made toward competency, wealth or position.

Do you endorse a scoundrel when you make your mark upon his back?

What Russia State document is like a newly bought portmanteau? An ukase.

HALF A SOVEREIGN.—H. R. H, the Prince of Wales.

☞ Thirteen potatoes to the half bushel is the measure down Maine this year.

Play or gaming hath the devil at the bottom.

He who throws a stone against God, in coming down falls upon his own head.

A Courtier is a slave in a golden chain.

Love thy neighbor; yet pull not down thy hedge.

☞ In Columbia, this year, one man raised 1,900 pounds of grapes on his farm.

☞ The Potato crop in New Hampshire and Vermont this season are good.