American Volunteer.

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

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Poetical.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

Let others seek for empty joys
At ball or concert, rout or play;
Whilst, far from Fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay;
I while the wintry eve away,
Twixt book and lute the hours divide
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee—my own fireside!
My own fireside! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise,
Awaken feelings tenderest cords,
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.

What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide;
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own fireside!
A gentle form is near me now;
A small white hand is clasped in mine,
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask, what joys can equal thine?
A babe, whose beauties half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide,
Where may love seek a fitter shrine
Than thou—my own fireside!

My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion, strife and care,
Though thunder-clouds the skies deform,
Their fury cannot reach me there.
There all is cheerful, calm and fair;
Wrath, Envy, Malice, Strife or Pride
Hath never made its hated lair
By thee—my own fireside!
Shrine of my household deities!
Bright scene of home's unsullied joys;
To thee my burdened spirit flies
When fortune frowns or Care annoys!

Thine is the bliss that never cloys;
The smile whose truth has oft been tried—
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys
To thee—my own fireside?
Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be
Let joy or grief my fate betide,
Be still an Eden bright to me
My own—my own fireside!

Miscellaneous.

THE DIAMOND BRACELETS.

The evening of the 15th of February, 183–, was a gala night in Paris. 'Don Giovanni' was to be performed at the opera by an assemblage of talent rarely announced for one night, even at the opera house of Paris or in the great opera of 'Don Giovanni.' Yet it was not the names of the artistes that most attracted the attention as one read the bills—nobler and more celebrated names caught the eye. They were those of the reigning king and queen—Louis Philippe and Marie Amelie. The affiches announced that they would honor the opera with their presence on that evening. They had been but a short time restored to their native land, and this was their first appearance at the opera since the 'three days' of July had placed them on the throne; for this reason, as many Orleanists as could obtain tickets had secured them for the opera of the 15th of February, to hear 'Don Giovanni' and to see their king and queen. About six o'clock (for, be it remembered, the Paris opera did not begin at the present London hours) carriages were to be seen conveying their gala-dressed occupants to the classic building. An unusually handsome equipage stood at the door of a large house in the Rue des Champs Elysees, evidently also for the purpose of taking some fashionables to the opera. This carriage and horses belonged to the Baron de V——, who was just then standing at the bottom of the noble staircase inside the mansion, calling playfully to his wife, telling her that the carriage was waiting.

'I'm coming, I'm coming,' was the answer to this appeal; 'don't be in such a hurry.'

As the last piece of advice was proffered, the speaker appeared at the top of the stairs. She was a dark beauty of about one and twenty, and was dressed purely in white.—She came fluttering down stairs, chattering meanwhile to her handsome husband, who stood looking admiringly at her.

'Now I'm quite ready so please don't scold. I've only got my bracelets to put on, and those I want you to clasp for me. Here's a case; if you'd take them out, and here's my wrist. Now, suppose I were to lose them in the crowd, what would our good mother say?'

A smile was the only answer the baron vouchsafed, as he took the bracelets out of their case and clasped them on the fair white arm of his bride.

They were very costly, being each composed of three rows of valuable table diamonds, whilst in the centre of either glittered a spray of heart's ease, artistically formed of smaller diamonds. The bracelets were rendered more precious to their possessors by the fact of their having been in the De V—— family for three generations. They now by right belonged to the dowager baronne, but she had insisted on giving them to her son for his bride, who, therefore, wore them on such occasions as the one we were describing.

The Baron and Baronne de V—— stepped into their carriage, and in a few minutes were entering their box at the opera. The house was already full, although it still wanted fifteen minutes to the time announced for the overture to begin. At length the members of the orchestra took their places, and the peculiar, subdued sound of turning stringed instruments was heard. Still the royal box was empty, and all eyes were turned towards it in eager expectation. In another moment applause burst from the pit and gallery, and the entire house rose, as Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amelie, attended by a large suite of ladies and gentlemen of the court appeared. The king and queen bowed graciously in return for the homage paid them; and then took their seats, at which the rest of the company did the same, and the overture commenced.

The queen looked unusually happy, and seemed to take a lively interest in all around her. She not only gazed at the stage, but the boxes also came in for a share of her penetrating observation.

Suddenly she bent slightly forward and looked in the direction of the box that contained the lovely young Baronne de V——. The latter was leaning forward, her right hand raised, a finger of which touched one of her dimpled cheeks, deeply interested in the fate of 'Don Giovanni,' and quite absorbed in the beautiful music.

Her husband had noticed the queen's gesture, and was aware that she had observed his wife, and when the queen turned away he laughingly told her of it.

'Nonsense,' cried the bride, 'don't fancy such absurdities.'

The truth of what her husband had said however, soon forced itself on her mind, for at that moment an officer, dressed in the same uniform as those attending the royal party, drew back the curtain behind their box, and, stepping forward, said, 'Pardon, madame, but her Majesty's admiration and curiosity has been so roused by the sight of the beautiful bracelets you wear, that she has commissioned me to come and request you to spare me one for a few moments for her closer inspection.' The pretty baronne blushed, looked up to her husband for his approval, then unclasped one of the bracelets and handed it to the officer, feeling not a little flattered at the attention and distinction the queen had conferred on her.

The last act of the opera began, and at length the last scene ended, yet the bracelet was not returned. Its owners thought the officer had doubtless forgotten it, and the baron said he would go and make inquiries concerning it. He did so, and in a few moments returned, though without the bracelet.

"Adale,' said he, to his wife, 'it is very strange, but not seeing the officer who took your bracelet, I asked one of the others, who has been in the royal box the whole evening, and he says your bracelet was neither sent for nor fetched.'

The baronne looked aghast. 'Francois,' she said, 'that man must have been an impostor. He was no officer, but an *affreux* thief.'

The baron smiled as his little wife jumped so speedily at such a conclusion, and persisted that the bracelet was safe, and had really been sent for by the queen, and that the officer whom he had consulted was misinformed.

As the bracelet was not forthcoming the next morning, M. de V—— spoke to the chief inspector of the police on the subject, who quite coincided with madam's opinion as to the valuable ornament having been artfully stolen. The baron was greatly annoyed, and ordered the inspector to advertise for it in every direction, offering a reward of 3,000 francs to the person who should restore it.—The inspector promised to do all in his power towards the recovery of the bracelet, as well for the sake of society at large as the satisfaction of his employers.

But three months passed away—350 francs had been spent in advertising—and still the missing bracelet was not found.

It was growing dusk one evening in May, when a servant informed Madame de V—— that monsieur the inspector wished to speak to her or monsieur the baron. As the latter was out, Madame de V—— went down stairs to speak to the inspector, with whom she had had many previous interviews on the subject of the diamond bracelet. As she entered the room he bowed in the respectful manner peculiar to him. 'I believe I have some good news for madame, this evening,' he said.—His voice was rather singular, somewhat resembling a boy's when changing. Madame de V—— had often remarked this peculiarity before, so it did not strike her that evening. 'The detectives,' he continued, 'engaged in the business have met with a bracelet in a Jew's secondhand shop at Lyons, so exactly the same as madame's that it only remains for it to be indentified before we can claim it as madame's property. My object in coming this evening is to ask madame to allow me to look at the other, that I may be able to swear to the one at Lyons being its fellow.'

The baronne, overjoyed at the idea of recovering he lost property, tripped out of the room, and soon returned with the remaining bracelet. The inspector took it carefully in his hand and proceeded to examine it minutely. 'The bracelets are exactly alike?' he inquired of Madame de V——.

'Exactly,' repeated the baronne.

'I believe I have learnt the pattern thoroughly,' said the inspector, musingly, 'yet there may be some difficulty in not having both bracelets together, to compare them one with another.'

'Why not take this to Lyons, then?' suggested the baronne.

'Ah, madame, it would scarcely do to trust even a police inspector, after having been deceived by an officer in disguise.'

'Oh!' laughed Madame de V——, 'do you not think I would trust you, Monsieur Inspector? after all the interest and trouble you have taken in the matter? Take the bracelet, and I hope you will bring me both back ere many days have passed.'

The inspector still hesitated, but at length consented to do as the barronne wished him and went away bearing the sparkling ornament with him. On her husband's return the baronne of course told him of the joyful discovery.

A week, however, passed away without the inspector's arriving with the stolen property. One morning, therefore, the baron called on the inspector to make inquiries respecting it. The latter seemed very much surprised on being asked if the bracelet had been brought from Lyons. 'What does monsieur mean?—I never heard anything about the bracelet having been found at Lyons—it is surely a mistake, Monsieur has misunderstood la baronne.'

'You had better come yourself and have this strange mystery cleared up, Madame Inspecteur,' answered the baron, sternly.—'Madame is at home, and will be happy to assure you herself that it is no mistake, that you called and informed her of the diamonds having been traced to Lyons.'

The baron and the inspector repaired to the Rue des Champs Elysees, where they found Madame de V——at home, as her husband had said. She confirmed what he had already said about the inspector having called one night at dusk, and having informed her that the bracelet was supposed to be at a Jew's second hand shop at Lyons.

The inspector smiled incredulously as he said, 'Does madame really think that I called at dusk, after business hours, when all the world is out, or enjoying itself with company at home? Bah! I do my business in business hours. The disguised officer most probably thought he could do another little stroke of business in an official uniform of another cut—the villian! Mais—I am afraid madame will never see either of her bracelets again after this.'

The inspector's words came but too true. From that day to this Madam la Baronne de V——'s diamond bracelets have never been heard of.

SEBASTAPOL AS IT IS.—The London *Times* of a recent date, in the course of a view of Todleben's work on "The Crimean War," contains the following sketch of Sebastapol as it is to-day:

The Scientific New Zealander who may have completed his sketches of St. Paul's and have wandered over the ruins of that modern Babylon which sent out Gen. Cameron to conquer his Maori forefathers, will probably be driven by his thirst for knowledge to extend his explorations, and to visit scenes made famous by the people who civilized his race. The Romans were almost as much interested about the site of Troy and the history of the great seige as were the German and English professors of the last century. In his rambles the Maori savans may be shot out of a pneumatic tube, or descend by his private parachute on a little angel of the world whereupon just ten years was turned in breathless expectancy the gaze of the great English people. What he will see, we cannot prevent even to conjecture.—The traveller would now behold widespread ruin, add the solitude and calm which succeed the tempest of battle. Great ruins never die. The Tartar araba and the official's drosky roll over the plateau where the fresh springing vines rise up amid a rude necropolis. Stately forts still frown over the deep, calm fiord in which lie the bones of a navy as if waiting for its resurrection, and crumbling quays, shattered towers, and broken shells of houses mark the margin of waters on which once floated the armaments of giant aggressive power. A few gray-coated soldiers clamber over the heaps of broken masonry, and creep in and out of the dilapidated barracks and shot-riven dwellings. Listless flatcapped and booted citizens saunter slowly through the city of the past. A group of boats in the centre of the harbor is engaged in endeavors to raise to the surface the hull of some rotted ship. All semblance of power is departed. Encircling this scene of desolation and violent decay, rounded knoll, and deep ravine, and undulating plain all seamed and dented with grass-grown earth-works, spread from the sea to the great cleft in the plateau through which rolls the stream of the Techhernaya. Within that narrow front once white with the tents of the Western powers, where the thunder of cannon never ceased day after day, and the lightning of battle flashed from cloud to cloud and left from hill to hill for long, long months, the herdsman now peacefully tends the flocks which browse fatly in the enriched ravines, and all that strikes the ear is the plover's whistle mingled with the lowing of the knife.

KILKENNY CATS.—During the rebellion which occurred in Ireland in 1798 (or it may be in 1803) Kilkenny was garrisoned by a regiment of Hessian soldiers, whose custom it was to tie together in one of their barrack rooms two cats by their respective tails, and then to throw them face to face across a line generally used for drying clothes. The cats naturally became infuriated, and scratched each other in the abdomen until death ensued to one or both of them, and terminated their sufferings. The officers of the corps were ultimately made acquainted with these barbarous acts of cruelty and they resolved to put an end to them, and to punish the offenders. In order to effect this purpose, an officer was ordered to inspect each barrack room daily and report to the commanding officer in what state he found the room. The cruel soldiers, determined not to lose their daily torture of the wretched cats, generally employed one of their comrades to watch the approach of the officer, in order that the cats might be liberated, and take refuge in flight before the visit of the officer to the scene of the torture. On one occasion the "look-out-man" neglected his duty, and the officer of the day was heard ascending the barrack-stairs while the cats were undergoing their customary torture. One of the troopers immediately siezed a sword from the arm-rack, and with a single blow divided the tails of the two cats. The cats, of conrse, escaped through the open windows of the room, which was entered almost immediately afterwards by the officer, who inquired what was the cause of the two bleeding cats' tails being suspended on the clothes line, and was told in reply that "two cats had been fighting in the room; that it was found impossible to separate them; and that they fought so desperately that they had devoured each other up, with the exception of their two tails," which may have satisfied Captain Schummelkettle, but would not have deluded any person but a beery Prussian.—*Notes and Queries.*

WHO'LL HAVE THE MONEY?—The following reminds me of a scene I once witnessed on a Mississippi river steamer. There was, as is usual, a large party engaged at play in the cabin—very high play—stimulated by strong passion and strong drink; and a dispute arose as to the rightful winner of the pool. The discussion was very violent, and the language used of the strongest, and intimations were exchanged that when once on shore the matter should be determined by an appeal to something besides words—when suddenly an immensely large man—so tall that he towered by a head above his fellows—arose and drawing himself up to his full height, cried out—"I'll have none of this! Here's how it's to be"—and he struck the table with his fist a blow that made it resound. "Every gentleman in his cabin has his revolver and his bowie-knife; let us put out the lights and see who'll have the money!" It is needless to say how quick the proposal scattered the company.

☞ A movement is on foot in New York to send fifty thousand turkeys to Gen. Grant for a thanksgiving dinner for the Army of the Potomac. Fifty thousand barrels of apples are to constitute the desert.

☞ "I say John, where did you get that loafer's hat?" "Please your honor," said John, "it's an old one of yours that misses gave me yesterday morning, when you were to town."

☞ During the past year 1,247 new buildings were commenced in New York city, of which 976 were completed.

☞ Two-thirds of the product of the oil wells of America is shipped abroad

AUTUMN SIGNS.

Is there no lesson in the year
Running her latter seasons out,
No type or shadow in our thoughts,
Whilst fading leaves are strewn about?

Surely we have a sympathy—
Made true by all our hearts have known,
Of faded hopes and ended joys—
With dying leaves and flowers blown.

Are these not things that touch a spring—
Where scenes, both sad and dear, are lain—
In memory's immortal bower,
That makes the past come back again?

Do they not mind us of the time
When we must also leave the light—
When the last bloom upon our cheek
Shall turn into a deathly white?

When, from its watch-tower called, the soul,
Like a leaf falling from its bough,
Shaking and twining to its goal,
Must draw its gaze, and trembling, go?

Where They Rest.

Once more I am among the graves.—There is a sad satisfaction in being here.—Here, while I muse, my soul rises to a welcome consciousness of the purity and holiness of affection which may be found in this dark world. There is woe and sin but there is also love, worthy of heaven and the undying! Death sanctions affection, and teaches what depths there are in the human soul, and how God-like are its ties—too weighty for death to sever. Notice this grave. The sod has been carefully displaced, and it is covered with blossoming plants. Here, imparting their fragrance to my breath, are its snowy blossoms of the white rose. Here are also violets, beautiful pinks and a 'monthly rose,' throwing out its crimson bloom. But you could not fail to notice, before any or all of them, the large bouquet, the flowers of which are yet unwithered. How the stricken heart yearns over its lost one! I do not ask you to pardon the gush of my tears. He who cannot pity and weep may pass on to mingle with the heartless world, and humble his immortal being to be satisfied with its common and selfish schemes.

Musing here, in one view, how dark life seems. There is a pain that not unfortunately almost causes the life to die out. But the spirit of these words seems breathed, upon me now, and whenever my pen moves in the tracery of thought,

"Darkness is the pathway of man's life
Is but the shadow of God's Providence,
By the great sun of wisdom cast thereon,
And what is dark below is bright above."

It is well to speak and write of shadows cast upon the life below, and of eternal brightness given to the life above, and of faith and hope struggling amid the mysteries of the present toward the realization of a better state. There are some lessons which most hearts learn sooner or later; life is serious and earnest—it would be sad and dark but for the hope reaching up to the light and blessedness of Heaven. Oh! that all would forsake the vanities of earth, bid adieu to the false hopes of the human heart, and rise to know the substantial joys of aspiring to the Eternal Abode.

CHRIST'S dead are not dead. Many may point to their resting places in this City of the Silent, but the invisible world is brightened by their spiritual presence—they are with God and His angels, awaiting in bliss the power of that resurrection which shall touch and crown with immortality the mouldering forms of the just.

I have been musing in the twilight till I realize the power of reflection to free from fetters which the world casts about the soul to itself. Every Christian should have such reasons. They lead to a higher faith. From them we may go with calmness to do and patience to bear. There is no more appropriate place or hour.

"When the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer twilight weeps itself away,
Who has not felt the softness of the hour
Steal o'er the heart like dew along the flowers."

The soul, musing by the grave of 'buried love' at the twilight hour, may reach glorious spiritual conceptions, akin to companionship with God and the saved! This is an hour beyond the power of pen or pencil—an hour to teach how weak human speech may be for the purposes of the soul. The long, bright summer day is bidding adieu to earth in the gloriousness of twilight. All must soon bid adieu to the earth, and the grave become the place of long repose. It would seem sweet to me to breathe out my life to God, here, now—to have earth take me as a weary child to her arms, Tried heart, be patient!—in a little while—the longest life is short. By-and-by the angels will softly, sweetly whisper, 'Ellath'—a holy calm of gladness will come over thy soul, and thou wilt answer thy name in Heaven.

LIFE'S AUTUMN.—Like the leaf, life has its fading. We speak and think of it with sadness, just as we think of the autum season.—But there should be no sadness at the fading of a life that has done its work well. If we rejoice at the advent of a new pilgrim to the uncertainties of this world's way, why should there be so much gloom when all these uncertainties are past, and life at its waning wears the glory of a completed task?

Beautiful as is childhood in its freshness as innocence, its beauty is that of untried life.—It is the beauty of promise, of spring, of the bud. A holier and rarer beauty is the beauty which the waning life of faith and duty wears.

It is the beauty of a thing completed; and as men come together to congratulate each other when some great work has been achieved, and see in its concluding nothing but gladness, so ought we to feel when the setting sun flings back its beams upon a life's purpose. When the bud-drops are blighted and the mildew blasts the early grain, and there goes all hope of the harvest, one may well be sad, but when the ri ened year sinks amid garniture of autumn flowers and leaves, why should we regret or murmer?

And so a life that is ready and waiting for the 'well done" of God, whose latest virtues and charities are its noblest, should be given back to God in uncomplaining reverence, we rejoicing that earth is capable of so much sadness, and is permitted such virtues.

☞ Well, friend, what do you think of your friend Everett now? S'pose you've read his speech?

Friend—Yes, I've read it, and think he is an *accomplished* rhetorician and "*finished*" politician.—*Boston Post.*

☞ W. W. Wade, of the Amoskeag, N. H. gun works, Manchester, has perfected a breech-loading rifle which throws fourteen bullets without reloading.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE ALPS.

Professor Tyndall sends to the London *Times* a narrative of a rather exciting adventure in the Alps. On the 3d of July he and two friends, with a couple of guides, Jenni and Walter, ascended the Piz Morteratch.—The ascent was accomplished safely, but not the descent, which was made along the Mortoratch glacier:

We at length reached the point at which it was necessary to quit our morning's track, and immediately afterwards get upon some steep rocks, which were rendered slippery here and there by the water which trickled over them. To our right was a broad couloir which was once filled with snow, but this had been melted and re-frozen, so as to expose a sloping wall of ice. We were all tied together at this time in the following manner: Jenni led, I came next, then my friend H, an intrepid mountaineer, then his friend L, and, last of all, the guide Walter. After descending the rocks for a time, Jenni turned and asked me whether I thought it better to adhere to them or to try the ice slope to our right. I pronounced in favor of the rocks, but he seemed to misunderstand me, and turned toward the couloir. He cut steps, reached the snow, and descended carefully along it, all following him, apparently in good order.

After a little time he stepped, turned and looked upwards at the last three men. He said something about keeping carefully in the tracks, adding that a false step might detach an avalanche. The word was scarcely uttered when I heard the sound of a fall behind me, then a rush, and in the twinkling of an eye my two friends and their guide, all apparently entangled together, whirled past me. I suddenly planted myself to resist their shock; but in an instant I was in their wake, for their impetus was irresistible. A moment afterwards Jenni was whirled away, and thus all five of us found ourselves riding downwards with uncontrolable speed on the back of an avalanche which a single slip had originated. When thrown down by the jerk of the rope, I turned promptly on my face and drove my baton through the moving snow, seeking to anchor it in the ice underneath. I had held it firmly thus for a few seconds, when I came into collision with some obstacle, and was rudely tossed through the air. Jenni at the same time being shot down upon me. Both of us here lost our batons. We had, in fact, been carried over a crevasse, had hit its lower edge, our great velocity causing us to be pitched beyond it.

I was quite bewildered for a moment, but immediately righted myself, and could see those in front of me half buried in the snow, and jolted from side to side by the ruts among which they were passing. Suddenly I saw them tumbled over by a larch of the avalanche, and immediately afterwards found myself imitating their motion. This was caused by a second crevasse. Jenni knew of its existence, and plunged right into it—a brave and manful act, but for the time unavailing. He is over thirteen stone in weight, and he thought that by jumping into the chasm a strain might be put upon the rope sufficient to check the motion. He was, however, violently jerked out of the fissure, and almost squeezed to death by the pressure of the rope. A long slope was before us which led directly downwards to a brow where the glacier suddenly fell in a declivity of ice. At the base of this declivity the glacier was cut by a series of profound chasms, and towards these we were now rapidly borne.—The three foremost men rode upon the forehead of the avalanche, and were at times almost wholly immersed in the snow; but the moving lava was thinner behind, and Jenni incessantly and, with desperate energy, drove his feet into the firmer substance underneath. His voice shouting, "Halt! Herr Jesus, halt!" was the only one heard during the decent.

A kind of condensed memory, such as that described by people who have narrowly escaped drowning, took possession of me; and I thought and reasoned with preternatural clearness as I rushed along. Our start, moreover, was too sudden and the excitement too great to permit of the development of terror. The slope at one place became less steep, the speed visibly slackened and we thought we were coming to rest; the avalanche, however, crossed the brow which terminated this gentler slope and regained its motion. Here H. threw his arms around his friend, all hope for the time being extinguished, while I grasped my belt and struggled for an instant to detach myself. Finding this difficult I resumed the pull upon the rope. My share in the work was, I fear, infinitesimal, but Jenni's powerful strain made itself felt at last.—Aided probably by a slight change of inclination, he brought the whole to rest within a short distance of the chasms over which, had we preserved our speed, a few seconds would have carried us. None of us suffered serious damage. He emerged from the snow with his forehead bleeding, but the wound was superficial. Jenni had a piece of flesh removed from his hand by collision against a stone. The pressure of the rope had left black welts on my arms, and we all experienced a tingling sensation over the hands, like that produced by incipient frost bite, which continued for several days. I found a portion of my watch chain hanging round my neck, another portion in my pocket—the watch itself was gone.

On the 16th of August Professor Tyndall made an expedition in quest of his watch, which was found after a rather perilous search. It had remained eighteen days in the avalanche, but the application of its key at once restored it to life, and it has gone with unvarying regularity ever since.

THE INDIANS AND THE TELEGRAPH.—It is a noticeable fact, that in all of the Indian troubles in the Northwest, the telegraph lines have not been disturbed. When the line between Forts Kearney and Lamarie, which are 500 miles apart, was completed, the superintendent of the line made arrangements for two influential chiefs of the Sioux and Arapahoe tribes to have a talk over the wires, the Sioux being at Fort Lamarie, and the Araprohoe at Fort Kearney. After their talk, which pleased them wonderfully, they started on horseback, and after riding two hundred and fifty miles each, met and compared notes, and found their talk of a week was all real and not illusion. Since then no telegraph wire or pole has been harmed by Indian hands.—The Indians know the great the great power of this discovery, and as they think it has something to do with the Holy Spirit, they dare not touch the lines. This is a fortunate fact for the permanency of elegraphic communication in the Northwest.

☞ The *Rural New Yorker* shows by figures that $100 per acre can be made by cultivating beets for sugar.

☞ In England this year there is a glut of the apple and pear crop.

Tale of Love, Abduction, Cowhiding, Marriage and a Make Up.

[From the St. Louis Republican.]

Saturday a remarkable case occurred in this city—one of the most interesting that has, perhaps, come before the public for a long while. We shall endeavor to detail the facts as nearly correct as possible. They show the grief of relatives and friends for the downward course of a beautiful young lady, who was lured from the paths of rectitude, but who was reclaimed, it is hoped, to a virtuous life by the prompt interposition of friends.

About three o'clock on Saturday afternoon a great crowd was collected on the corner of Fifth street and Washington avenue, not less than two hundred people being gathered around two women and a young man, one of the females being engaged in the lively exercise of administering sundry blows with a rawhide on the person of the young man aforesaid. The crowd, evidently sympathizing with the woman, cried, "Give it to him!" "Hit him again!" "That's it!" "Go in little one!" and other similar expressions of encouragement. The young man, thinking, doubtless, he had got into the wrong crowd, started to run, the woman after him. A policeman coming up at the moment, arrested the young man and the women all, and took them down to the Central police station, about half the crowd following, and blocking up the side-walk after the parties were in the police office. Here, then, the matter was to be explained, nobody, therefore, knowing what was the cause of grievance.

In the police office the women seemed to be full of venom, and indulged in such vituperative abuse of the young man—who was, apparently, a "nice" young man, with excellent good clothes on—that it was for some time impossible to arrive at the real merits of the case. Chief of Police Cozzins, however, after diligent inquiry, learned the following facts:

The young man's name is Charles W. Jones. He came here some two months since with Dan Rice's circus, and was engaged in an exhibition of stereoscopic views, but has since abandoned that business, and is now "on the town." The two ladies mentioned above are Mrs. Nancy Hickley and Jeanette Foster, half sisters of Miss Susan Freemen, seventeen years old, and quite pretty, whom, they allege Jones enticed away from her home, seduced into wickedness and abandonment, and wanted to leave to the cold mercies of the world. Jones was demanded of to tell where the girl was. He prevaricated for a while, and finally refused. The chief then said, "search him and send him down." The sum of $305 was discovered on him. Then, on suggestion, the whole party went in conference in the chief's private office. Jones was appealed to marry the girl. He refused. Then Jones gave the number of the house where she could be found, and detective Brownfield was despatched after her, returning in about half an hour. She was furious, and accused her sister Jeannette of more and worse than ever she was guilty of. The most animated discussions transpired, and feeble blows were at one time exchanged beetween the belligerent females. It seemed to be impossible to adjust matters, and the peace makers present were almost in despair for the success of their desires, when it was suggested to send for the father. Miss Foster volunteered to go for him, and with her cowhide still in hand, sallied out, returning in about fifteen minutes with the old gentleman. The old man was deeply grieved. He is a hard working, honest mechanic, and is entirely innocent of any responsibility in the failings of his daughter. He asked Jones to marry her, saying, "you have ruined her, and now marry her—if you never live with her I want you to marry her." Others appealed to Jones on the same plea; and, on being told the girl would be sent to the House of Good Shepherd and he to the calaboose, he finally concluded to do so. Justice Young was sent for, and in a very short time the twain were made one flesh in the indissoluble bonds of wedlock. Susan, however, was persistent in declaring that she would not "make up" with her younger sister, and Jeannette was equally bitter against Susan; but the time was propitious for an exchange of amicable compliments on the basis of the cartel of marriage, and by the interposition of bystanders, the sisters all kissed and made it up—each of the others wishing the bride and groom great joy, which was joined in by the company present. The venerable father wept tears both of grief and gratulation, and "all went merry" and departed in peace. So ended a fierce quarrel and a severe cowhiding. Strange, what a temperer of passion matrimony is.

THE LADY WITH THE WOODEN LEG.—On the Norfolk circuit, Lee was retained for the plaintiff in action for breach of promise of marriage. When the brief was brought him, he inquired whether the lady for whose injury he was to seek redress was good-looking.

"Very handsome indeed, sir!" was the answer of Helen's attorney.

"Then, sir," replied Lee, "I beg you will request her to be in court, and in a place where she can be seen.

The attorney promised compliance, and the lady, in accordance with Lee's wishes, took her seat in a conspicuous place. Lee, in addressing the jury, did not fail to insist with great warmth on the "abominable cruelty" which had been exercised toward the "lovely and confiding female" before them, and did not sit down until he had succeeded in working up their feelings to the desired point. The counsel on the other side, however, speedily broke the spell with which Lee had enchanted the jury, by observing that his learned friend, in describing the graces and beauty of the plaintiff, had not mentioned one fact, namely, that the lady had a wooden leg! The court was convulsed with laughter, while Lee who was ignorant of the circumstance, looked aghast? and the jury ashamed of the influence that mere eloquence had had upon them, returned a verdict for the defendant.

☞ From a tree that measures about a foot in diameter, belonging to Abraham Huggins, of Sheffield, was gathered, this year, 22,750 apples, averaging nearly 1200 apples per bushel.

☞ The colored laborers, in number 250, at Maltby's oyster packing house in Baltimore, have struck because the boss opened another store where he employed white women.

☞ Rev. Henry Bayles, of Fall River has a head of Franklin which was painted in 1788, by Robert Fulton, who was for a time a portrait painter. His works are very rare.

☞ A Woman, aged 30 years, having five children, died in Haverhill, last week of intemperance and starvation. The money that ought to have bought bread bought gin.

☞ Hens grow fat on green tomatoes boiled and mixed with corn meal.

ONE STEP MORE

Had I better get in and row across, I wonder? Nobody would ever know any thing about it; and there the new boat lies rocking on the river, and there are two oars in the bottom. It's only a mile down to the bridge, and I could row down there and back in a little while; it would be such a splendid sail!

Of course, nothing could happen to me, for grandpa said to mamma the other evening, when he went down to the mill.

'Why, Helen, Harry's a natural-born sailor. He can manage the boat as well as I!'

'O dear! I wish he'd never seen boat!' said mamma. 'I expect it will be the death of him yet.'

'Well, he didn't inherit his natural taste from you, that's certain,' laughed grandpa; 'but women are always nervous about the water.'

And that's all. It's just mamma's nervousness; and I now nothing would happen to me, getting in there, and having a little sail; and it would be so nice this afternoon, and; the river looks away up by the bridge, like a ribbon among the oaks and poplars.

Nobody would know anything about it, either; for, of course, I should get back safe; and I don't believe there's any harm in it.

But, then, there's my promise to mother; there's no getting around that, as it was the last thing she said to me before she left home on Thursday.

She called me to the carriage, and bent over one side, and smoothed my hair as she always does when she talks to me.

'Now, Harry, my boy,' she said, 'I want you to promise that you won't get inside that boat until your father and I get home again.'

'No, mamma, I won't certainly,' I answered, though I hated to, bad enough—that's a fact.

And I think it's too bad that such a big boy as I am can't have his own way in such things. O dear! dear! the longer I look the more I want to go. It seems as if I must.

One more step and I shall be in the boat; but there—my promise to mamma!

And how shall I feel when she comes and looks in my face and calls me her darling boy, and puts her arms arround my neck and kisses me over and over again?

She won't ask me whether I've been in the boat, because I promised her I wouldn't, and I never told my mother a lie in my life. And I won't now.

Mamma came home last night. Such a hugging as I had?

'Has Harry been a good boy?' she said; 'and not done a single thing his mother would disapprove of?'

'No, I guess not mamma, I said; but I was thinking about the boat, and didn't speak very positively.

Mamma held me away, and looked in my eyes.

'You guess not; Are you quite certain, Harry?' she asked,

'Well, mamma, I haven't done anything, but I've thought about it.'

She threw her arms around me and held me close to her.'

'Tell me all about it, Harry,' she said.

And then I did. I told her about going to the river Saturday afternoon, and how near I came to getting into the boat, and rowing down to the bridge, and what a terrible temptation it was, and how it was, and how in one step I should have been in; but the memory of my promise to her, and the though that God saw me, held me back, when there was only one step betwixt me and the boat.

And when I had done, I found mamma's tears falling like rain-drops on my hair.

'Oh my child! I thank God! I thank God!' she said.

And I, too, thanked him, from my heart that I didn't take that one step.—*Church Monthly.*

THE SCHOOL HOUSE.—Teachers and parents should make it a duty to see that the circumstances under which children study are such as shall leave a happy impression upon their minds. Young scholars will gradually and unconsciously become like what they most look upon. Little children are wonderfully susceptible for good or evil.

2. Shabby school houses induce slovenly habits. Unswept floors indicate cobwebby brains. Ill-made benches not only warp and dwarf the body, but, by reflux influence, the mind as well. Why are children so often discouraged and disgusted at school? Because the school house seems to be a prison and the furniture as instruments of torture.

3. No matter how old or unfashionable your school house—keep it clean. Hide its sombre walls with pictures, embower its weather beaten exterior with flower vines, and decorate its yards with shrubbery. Then the birds will come singing welcome to your children. They will be enchanted as if by sweet magic, and their minds will be awakened to learning and virtuous instruction, with links of gold brightening, strengthening, for ever and ever.

☞ A wife in San Francisco lately put a petition for divorce in the Court on the ground that her husband was a "confounded fool." The court wouldn't admit the plea, because almost every married man would be liable to the same imputation. Did you ever!

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

☞ The people in Taunton are dissatisfied because the wells don't fill up notwithstanding the rains. A committee will go to Washington on the subject at once.

☞ Look out for your commas. The Chief Constable of a Canadian village certified that he had arrested a man "for attempting to marry his wife, being alive."

☞ An escaped telegraph operator from Richmond says Lee has been largely reinforced within a short time by the rebel conscription.

☞ The Portland papers comment with astonishment on the unsually great number of marriages which they are called upon to record about this time.

☞ The number of passengers carried over the Metropolitan Railroad, in Boston, exceed one million one hundred thousand per month.

☞ The Louisville *Journal* says that it is probably untrue that Lincoln draws his pay in gold, because he would be overpaid if he did.

☞ Sweet words fly like honey-bees from the flower lips of a lovely woman, penetrate the heart as with the shaft of love, and then fill the puncture with honey.