American Volunteer.

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

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Poetical.

NOW AND THEN.

Air— "THE KINGDOM COMING."

Time was when we had a happy nation,
And a staunch Democracy;
Our fame was wide throughout creation,
And a proud young people, we;
But things have chang'd—the comet's risen
With a different tale to tell,
And no man now is safe from prison
At a touch of Seward's bell!
Alas! for liberty;
Alas! for Uncle Sam;
We've lived to see the kingdom coming,
In the days of Abraham!

Time was when we had our free discussion
With the press, the tongue, the pen;
Nor had we learned to ape the Russian,
With his spies and dungeons, then.
But now, unless one sings the praises
Of the Lincoln-Stanton crew,
Some bastile yawns as quick as blazes,
And the poor soul's lost to view!
There's no more liberty—
Our rights are all a sham—
And this must be the kingdom coming,
In the days of Abraham!

In days gone past—these days more paltry
Than another land e'er saw—
Our statesmen needed not an army
In the place of civil law;
Each man his ballot cast unfearing,
And had thought it strange to find
A blue-coat conscript guard appearing
With a loaded gun behind!
Is this your liberty?
Poor sacrificial lamb!
Bow down and bless the kingdom coming,
In the days of Abraham!

We love the War, and all are burning
For the cause we hold so dear,
The conscript wheels are kept a running
In the country, far and near,
Our taxes and our debt are bigger
Than we are likely soon to pay;
But Abra'm wants to free the nigger
And we let him have his way.
Our chance for liberty
Is hardly worth a d——n,
But there's a nigger kingdom coming,
And the king is Abraham!

Miscellaneous.

THE TABLES TURNED;

OR,

HOW A DRY JOKER WAS JOKED.

At the name of Cale Meeks, what reminiscences pass before our mental vision! Old recollections come crowding upon us and we see an array of the "solid" pass before our mind's eye, in the shape of seekers after the mythical Frank McLaughlin, the victims of croton oil and jalap, for the administration of which no medical reason existed, and a long line of those who have been humbugged generally without any specific species of sell.—Cale was the prince of dry jokers; he lived, moved and had his being through a diurnal succession of sells; indeed his life was one great sell composed of a conglomeration of the infinitessimal sells of fifty years' duration. Now Bixby, Nathan Bixby, was one of Cale's truest and staunchest business acquaintances, although he had never been introduced into the domestic circle made glad by the portly presence of Mrs. Cale who was somewhat addicted to jealousy. The reason for this lack of acquaintance was that she lived a secluded life in one of the little villages on Long Island, and Nat Bixby lived in the babel of New York. Well, one day Cale was hard pushed for an object upon which to inflict a practical joke, and in his dilemma selected his friend Nat as his victim. The manner in which Nat was sold I do not choose to particularly describe. Suffice it to say that under the play of Cale's exuberant fancy, Nat made a journey to Albany, insisted that a lady there had sent him an amatory epistle, which he produced. The lady became indignant, called in the aid of her husband who literally skinned Mr. Bixby, who thereafter returned to Gotham with a very adult flea in his auricular apparatus. This event happened in the early spring time, and on a beautiful day. About a week after Nat's return from Albany he met Cale at Sherwood's. The sell was disclosed by Cale and a hearty laugh was had over Nat's mislay, and at his still bruised features, in which he joined; but those present noticed the fact that he didn't laugh an inch below his chin; in truth it was generally believed that Nat's mirth was entirely stimulated.

"Now, old fellow," said Cale, "you don't hold any malice, do you?"

"Not a bit," answered Nat, "and in token of amity, let us take smiles all around."

Which they did in the usual manner.

"How did you come to town?" asked Nat.

"I drove up in a light wagon," replied Cale.

"And when will you return home?"

"About six o'clock this evening," responded Caleb.

Nat thereupon pleaded an engagement and left; but as soon as he was out of eye-shot of his joker friend, repaired to Gray's stable in Warren street, where he hired a fast horse and a light vehicle, and with which he started, through a bye street, for the residence of his friend Cale, on Long Island. On arriving, he left his horse and wagon at a public house, and proceeded on foot to the aforesaid residence, where he inquired of the servant if Mr. Meeks was at home. On being answered, as he knew he would be, in the negative, he said:

"This is unfortunate. I wanted to pay him some money. If I could see Mrs. Meeks it would do as well; she could give me a receipt in the name of her husband."

Mrs. M. was frugal and industrious, and always attentive to her husband's interests. As the last remark fell from the lips of Nat, a fine looking matron called from up the stairs to the servant, to "show the gentleman in the parlor,"—where she followed in a few moments. Nat bowed and said:

"I desire to see Mrs. Meeks, madam."

"Very well," said she, "I am Mrs. Meeks."

"Pardon me, madam," said Nat, with a doubting shake of the head; "but this is a matter of some importance—the payment of money—and you are not the lady Mr. Meeks introduced me to last winter."

"Not the lady? what!" shrieked she; "do you mean to tell me that——"

"I simply tell you, madam," replied Nat, with icy imperturbability, "that Mr. Meeks last winter, in Broadway, near Leonard street introduced me to a lady whom he called Mrs. Meeks, and you are not the lady."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Meeks, her eyes flashing fire; "how old was she?"

"Well, about twenty-five."

"Twenty-five! And how was she dressed?"

"She wore her hair in ringlets, had diamond ear-rings!"

"Diamond ear-rings!"

"A heavy silk velvet dress, very large gold bracelets, a magnificent watch and chain."

"Well, go on," she said spitefully.

"Silk velvet hat trimmed with magnificent lace, and a muff and boa."

"Boa," wrenched out the now thoroughly irate dame; "you'd better bore your way out of this house mighty quick, or else somebody will have a headache! No, sir, I am not Mrs. Meeks, and I want you to leave."

"Oh, certainly," said Nat, who saw the tallest kind of a squall brewing, and who had good reason to fear that the sturdy dame might launch at his head a conk-shell or some other of the heavy ornaments which adorned the mantle. Nat therefore beat a retreat from off the premises, and placed himself behind a stone fence, from which he could command a view of the Brooklyn turnpike. He did not wait long before he saw the amiable Caleb driving down the road all unconscious of the ambush of Nat. The expression upon Caleb's face was one of great amiability, and exemplified that he was at peace with "all the world and the rest of mankind."

In a brief space of time Caleb's steed was given into the charge of a stable, and unconscious and happy, he entered his domicil and shut the door. The moment he entered an attentive ear might have detected the sounds of a voice in no way mellow or expressive of endearment; and an instant after Caleb hurriedly came through the door, with amazement on his front and a mop in his rear, the wrong end of which was under the direct and personal superintendence of a lady who was very red in the face and very sturdy in the arms, and who strongly resembled Mrs. Meeks. The battle had commenced in the passage way. Caleb's castor, which shone in the rays of the setting sun as he drove down the road, was now very much bruised and out of shape, indeed it was driven far down over Caleb's amiable physiognomy.

"What in thunder's out?" yelled Caleb.

"Twenty-five years old!" shrieked the infuriated dame, and bang Caleb caught the mop over his shoulders. "Corkscrew ringlets!" and punk he got it in the back, with all the strength which nature and anger had given the enraged lady.

"Confound it, don't do that."

But it was no use, he had to take it.

"Diamond ear-rings!" punk! "Silk velvet dress!" bang! "Gold bracelets!" slump.

"Murder!" roared Caleb.

"Watch and chain!" she shrieked, and biff! he took it over the head.

"Muff!" bang! slump! "Boa!" bang! bang! and down went caleb with a yell of "murder!"

Now fell the blows thick and fast upon the bruised head, back and face of the prostrate joker; while the lady again rehearsed the catalogue of the wearing apparel and jewels of the other Mrs. Meeks, timing the utterance of the name of each article with a blow upon her prostrate, writhing and bleeding lord.

But all things must have an end. The violent exercise of the arms and lungs, in which Mrs. Meeks had indulged, had somewhat exhausted her. She rapidly run through Nat's imaginary catalogue and feeling her strength departing, gathering herself up for one grand and final effort, Cale looked with horror upon the upraised mop; he heard the words: "Oh! the huzzy!" shouted in a vigorous tone; he heard a hurtling, whizzing sound in the air, and the next instant Caleb's nose was as flat as the other parts of Caleb's face. His two tormentors retreated into the mansion, and left him alone with his gore. Slowly, and with the most keen sensations of pain, he raised himself in a sitting posture, and, with many a groan of agony, proceeded to inspect his personal condition.

"I'm blessed if this arm ain't broken! Oh! And this left shoulder must be dislocated! Oh! Oh! And, good gracious, what a nose! That woman must be crazy! I shan't be able to go about in a month! Oh, how sore I am!"

Now, Nat, with the most pleasurable emotions, had, through the crevice of the fence, observed the whole of the little family jar which I have so feebly described; and he now stood looking over the fence, at the back of his dear friend.

"I say, Uncle Cale?" shouted Nat.

"Hey!" said Caleb, as he turned, in some little astonishment, a look upon his former victim.

"I say, Cale," continued Nat, "how do you feel about now?"

"Oh! you ——— ———!" I shall leave it blank—yelled out the enraged Caleb, as he sprang to his feet and made for the house—"I'll fix your flint!"

But Nat didn't want his flint fixed, and therefore made his way, with all possible celerity, up the road.

Soon after there appeared upon the green sward rendered sanguinary and sacred by conjugal endearments, a lame man, who wore a shocking bad hat, and who had taken possession of a fowling piece loaded with buck shot. If the lame man meant to shoot Nat, he reckoned without his host. That worthy, thanks to a long thin pair of legs, was out of gun-shot range.

Cale from that time forth, and until he filled the grave which he now occupies so well, eschewed dry joking, and was always sensitive on the subject of mops.

☞ The Parisian ladies this winter are going to adopt very short skirts, very high boots, and very plaid stockings. The ladies here have no choice but to follow their example. Boots, skirts and everything else are so confoundedly high.

☞ Ladies who have won husbands by gay plumes in their hats, are said to have feathered their nests.

A Discourse on Vagabonds.

The fresh, rough, heathery parts of human nature, where the air is freshest, and where the linnets sing, is getting encroached upon by cultivated fields. Every one is making himself useful. Every one is producing something. Everybody is clever. Everybody is a philanthropist. I don't like it. I love a little eccentricity. I respect honest prejudices. I admire foolish enthusiasm in a young head better than a wise skepticism. It is high time, it seems to me, that a moral game law were passed, for the preservation of the wild and vagrant feelings of human nature.

Ah, me! what a world this was to live in two or three centuries ago, when it was getting itself discovered—when the sunset gave up America. Then were the Arabian Nights commonplace, enchantments a matter of course, and romance then was courting Nature—now he has married her! most extraordinary thing in the world. Then man.—Yet for all that time has brought and taken away, I am glad to know that the vagabond sleeps in our blood and awakens now and then.

Overlay nature as you please, here and there, some bit of rock or mound or aboriginal soil will crop out, with the wild flowers growing upon it sweetening the air. Genius is a vagabond. Art is a vagabond. Enterprise is a vagabond. The first fine day in spring awakes the gipsy in the blood of the English workman, and incontinently he "babbles of green fields." On the English gentleman, lapped in the most luxurious civilization, and with the thousand powers and resources of wealth at his command, descends often times a fierce unrest, a Bedouin-like horror of cities, and the cry of the money changer, and in a month the fiery dust rises in the track of the desert steed, or in the six months' polar midnight he hears the big wave dashing on the icy shore.

Vagabonds have moulded the world into its present shape. Respectable people swarm in the track of the vagabond, as rocks in the track of the plowshare. Respectable people do little in the world, except storing wine cellars and massing fortunes for spendthrift heirs. Respectable well-to do Grecians shook their heads over Leonidas and his three hundred when they went down to Thermopylæ. Respectable Spanish churchmen, with shaven crowns, scouted the dream of Columbus. Respectable German folks attempted to persuade Luther from appearing before Charles and the Princes and electors of the empire. Nature makes us vagabonds—the world makes us respectable.

Commend me to Shakspeare's vagabonds—the most delightful in the world. His sweet blooded and liberal nature blossomed into all fine generosities as naturally as an apple bough into pink blossoms and odors.—It would be better if we could have, along with our modern enlightenment, our higher tastes and purer hands, a greater individuality of thought and manner; better that every man should be allowed to grow in his own way, so long as he does not infringe on the rights of his neighbor, or insolently thrust himself between him and the sun.

A little more air and light should be let in upon life. I should think the world has stood long enough under the drill of Adjutant Fashion. It is hard work; the posture is wearisome, and Fashion is an awful martinet, has a quick eye, and comes down mercilessly on the unfortunate wight, who cannot square his toes to the most approved pattern, or who appears upon a parade with a darn in his coat or a shoulder belt insufficiently pipe clayed. It is killing work. Suppose we try "standing at ease" a little?—*Essays by Alexander Smith.*

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.—*Murder and Suicide in Boston.*—A young man named George S. Freemantle shot his wife last evening and then attempted to kill himself. The parties board at No. 947 Washington street. Yesterday afternoon the wife went to her mother's house, No. 9 Medford Court, where she was followed by her husband about 6 o'clock in the evening. He at once drew a revolver and fired twice at her, one of the balls taking effect in her collar bone, and the other just above her hip on the left side. After shooting his wife, he fired the contents of two barrels of the revolver at himself, both shots taking effect below his heart, two inches from each other. He aimed, doubtless, at his heart, and intended to kill himself instantly. Drs. Hobbs and Buckingham were called to the wife, and upon examination were of opinion that her wounds would prove fatal. Neither of the balls passed through her body. She remained at her mother's house. The husband was carried to the City Hospital.—His wounds are not believed to be serious.—He is about 27 years of age, and his wife, who is a native of Nashua (N. H.,) is 23 years of age. They have but two children. There had been some difficulty between the parties, the husband being of a jealous disposition, and from letters which he had written it seems that he had thought her untrue to him, and had contemplated the desperate act for some time. Those who know the couple do not believe that he had just grounds for suspecting his wife. Both were alive this morning. It was thought that the wife could not possibly survive her injuries more than a few hours. The affair created intense excitement in that usually quiet portion of the South End. Freemantle, it is stated, was born in London, and is a son of a musician of this city.—*Boston Traveller.*

☞ A lawyer of Milwaukee was defending a handsome young woman, accused of stealing from a large unoccupied dwelling in the night time; and he thus spoke in conclusion:

'Gentlemen of the jury, I am done. When I gaze with enraptured eyes on the matchless beauty of this peerless virgin, on whose resplendent charms suspicion never dared to breathe—when I behold her radiant in this glorious bloom of luscious loveliness, which angelic sweetness might envy, but not eclipse—before which the star on the brow of night grows pale, and the diamonds of Brazil are dim, and then reflect upon the utter madness and folly of supposing that so much beauty would expose itself to the terrors of an empty building, in the cold damp, and dead of night, when innocence like hers is hiding itself amid the snowy pillows of repose; gentlemen of the jury, my feelings are too overpowering for expression, and I throw her into your arms for protection against this foul charge which the outrageous malice of a disappointed scoundrel has invented to blast the fair name of this lovely maiden, whose smiles shall be the reward of the verdict which I know you will give.'

The jury acquitted her without leaving their seats. They couldn't help it!

☞ "I hope you will be able to support me," said a young lady to her intended, while walking out one evening, during a slippery state of the sidewalk.

"Why, ye-yes," said the hesitating swain "with some little assistance from your father."

TALKS ABOUT HEALTH.—During the damp and cold season deficient dress of the feet and legs is a fruitful source of disease. The head, throat, and liver are perhaps the most frequent sufferers.

The legs and feet are far from the central part of the body. They are not in great mass, like the trunk, but extended, and enveloped by the atmosphere. Besides, they are near the damp, cold earth.

For these and other reasons they require extra covering. If we would secure the highest physiological conditions, we must give our extremeties more dress than the body. We men wear upon our legs, in the coldest season, but two thicknesses of cloth. The body has at least six. Women put on them four thicknesses under the shawl, which, with the various doublings, furnishes several more—then over all, thick, padded furs; while their *legs* have one thickness of cotton under a balloon. They constantly come to me about their headache, palpitation of the heart, and congestion of the liver.—Yesterday, one said to me, 'All my blood is in my head and chest. My head goes bumpety bump, my heart goes bumpety-bump.' I asked, 'How are your feet?' 'Chunks of ice,' she replied. I said to her, 'If you so dress your legs and feet that the blood can't get down into them, where can it go? It can't go out visiting. It must stay in the system somewhere. Of course the chest and head must have an excessive quantity. So they go 'bumpety-bump,' and so they must go, until you dress your legs and feet in such away that they shall get their share of blood. In the coldest season of the year I leave Boston for a bit of a tour before Lyceums—going as far as Philadelphia, and riding much in the night without an overcoat; but I give my legs two or three times their usual dress.—During the coldest weather men may wear in addition to their usual drawers, a pair of chamois-skin drawers with great advantage.—When we ride in a sleigh, or in the cars, where do we suffer? In our legs of course. Give me warm legs and feet, and I'll hardly thank you for an overcoat.

'My dear Madame, have you a head-ache, a sore throat, palpitation of the heart, congestion of the liver, or indigestion? Wear one, two or three pairs of warm woolen drawers, two pairs of warm woolen stockings, and thick warm shoes, with more or less reduction in the amount of dress about your body, and you will obtain the same relief permanently that you derive temporarily from a warm foot bath.'

I must not forget to say that a thin layer of India rubber cemented upon the boot-sole will do much to keep the bottom of our feet dry and warm.—*Dr. Dio Lewis.*

☞ A good story is told of a Washington countryman, who on his way to Cincinnati became somewhat elevated by sundry drinks, but, as good luck would have it, found a boat at the wharf, and was quickly on his way.

Soon after leaving the wharf, a man came around for his fare. Horrall handed out a five dollar bill, and received four dollars and ninety-five cents in change. He rammed it into his pocket-book with great eagerness, supposing the clerk had made a mistake.—That done he leaned back into his chair and fell asleep. A little while and he was plucked awake by the same man, who again demanded fare. "Discovered the mistake," holding out a handful of change. The man, as before, took only five cents, and Horrall again went into a doze. Ere he had got fairly into dreaming of home and friends far away, around came the collector again, and thus it went on for a long time.

At last Horrall thought it very inconvenient, and concluded to vote the collector a nuisance and give him a bit of advice besides; so he said:

"Is (hic) this a da-n-ger (hic) ous (hic) bo-boat?"

"By no means," said the man. "Bran new."

"Then, by gummy, (hic) why do (hic) don't you collect all the fa (hic) hair at once—not bo-bother a fel (hic) heller for it every mile as it comes due?"

"Really," said the man, "where do you think you are going?"

"Cincin (hic) cinnati," said Horrall.

"Cincinnati," said the polite conductor, "why you must be sadly out of your reckoning. This is the ferryboat, and all this afternoon you have been riding to and fro between New Albany and Portland."—*Louisville Democrat.*

A MALE TOPSY.—Here is a very good accedote, reminding one somewhat of Mrs. Stowe's "Topsy:"

During the last winter a "contraband" came into the Federal lines in North Carolina, and was marched up to the officer of the day to give an account of himself, whereupon the following colloquy ensued:

'What's your name?'

'My name's Sam.'

'Sam what?'

'No, sah; not Sam Watt. I'se jist *Sam.*'

'What's your other name?'

'I hasn't got no oder name, sah. I'se Sam—dat's all.'

'What's your master's name;'

'I'se got no massa now; massa runed away—yah! yah! I'se a free nigger now.'

'Well what's your father and mother's name?'

'I'se got none, sah—neber had none. I'se jist Sam—nin't nobody else.'

'Haven't you any brothers and sisters?'

'No, sah; neber had none. No brudder, no sister, no fader, no mudder, no massa—nothin' but Sam. *When you see Sam you see all dare is of us.*'

ALWAYS ROOM UP-STAIRS.—A young man who was thinking of studying law, said to Daniel Webster:

"Mr. Webster, I understand that the profession of law is quite full, and that there are more lawyers than are needed; do you think there is any chance for me?"

"There is always room up stairs," was the reply—and as true as it was ingenious. Only a few persons can reach the high places, and these are always in great demand—"there is always room enough up stairs."—First-class farmers and mechanics, as well as physicians, lawyers, &c., always find plenty of work and good pay. Whatever calling you choose, and it matters little if it be an honest one, resolve to go into an upper story, but don't try to jump there by a single leap, or you may fall disabled. Rather begin at the bottom of the ladder and patiently step upon each round.

☞ HOW MUCH.—'If a man sells his watch for $50; buys it back for $40; then sells it for $45, now much does he make in the transaction?' It looks as if he made $15, but he didn't. Boy, can you tell how much?

☞ Some men keep savage dogs around the houses, so that the hungry who stop to "get a bite" may get it outside the door.

CROCODILES AND MONKEYS.—From Henri Mershot's travels in Indo China, we select the following paragraphs:

"Crocodiles are more numerous in the river at Paknam Vem than in that of Chantaboun. I continually saw them throw themselves from the banks into the water; and it has frequently happened that careless fishers, or persons who have imprudently fallen asleep on the shore, have become their prey, or have afterwards died of wounds inflicted by them This latter has happened twice during my stay here. It is amusing, however—for one is interested in observing the habits of animals all over the world—to see the manner in which these creatures catch the apes, which sometimes take a fancy to play with them. Close to the bank lies the crocodile, his body in water, and only his capacious mouth above the surface ready to seize anything that may come within reach.

"A troop of apes catch sight of him, seem to consult together, approaching little by little, and commence their frolics, by turns actors and spectators, One of the most active or most imprudent jumps from branch to branch, till within a respectable distance from the crocodile, when, hanging by one claw, and with the dexterity peculiar to these animals, he advances and retires, now giving his enemy a blow with his paw, at another time only pretending to do so. The other apes, enjoying the fun, evidently wish to take part in it; but the other branches being too high, they form a sort of chain by laying hold of each other's paws, and thus swing backwards and forwards, while any of them who comes within reach of the crocodile, torments him to the best of his ability.

"Sometimes the terrible jaws suddenly close, but not upon the audacious ape, who just escapes; then there are cries of exultation from the tormentors, who gambol about joyfully. Occasionly, however the claw is entrapped, and the victim dragged with the rapidity of lightening beneath the water, when the whole troop disperse, groaning and shrieking. The misadventure does not, however, prevent their recommencing the game a few days afterwards."

SHABBY GENTILITY.—Among all the pitiable and appealing sights which assail the eyes, and, through them, the heart, none can bear comparison with that which exhibits the peculiar circumstance which, in common parlance, is known as shabby gentility. There is a mute development of all the aggregate of human suffering in it—a development of intolerable yet uncomplaining torment, which excites the tenderest regard in the beholder, and the most unselfish sympathy. There is something gross in bodily suffering; but mental pain is delicate in its intrinsic nature. The dignified suffering of shabby gentility in the very realization of what poets call "exquisite agony," There is something in the battered hat, the thread-bare coat, and the disordered but highly lustrous boots, which the flinties of nature cannot deny. Poverty does not always address itself to the sympathies, and seldom, if ever, in the ratio of its degree. The poor homeless vagabond in tatter and filth, the slaving mendicant whose empty pocket cannot afford him more than a mouldy crust to guard against hunger, extorts charity more frequently than he is invited. But shaby gentility seduces the finer instincts of the charitable man and wins upon human nature insensibly. It is not the number of tatters, or the hideous minutiae of privations, but that which lies beneath the threadbare suit—the mental suffering of which this is the evidence and the symbol. In this lies the vital principle on which the pathetic quality of shabby gentility is based.

MISS SLIDELL'S MARRIAGE—The marriage of M. Erlanger, the banker, to Miss Slidell, is causing no small sensation. M. Erlanger being just divorced from M'lle Odelle Lafitte (Charles Lafitte's daughter), and the divorced lady being about to enter the bonds of matrimony with the cause of the divorce, makes the event of the highest order of picturesque interest. One of those curious circumstances which can never happen but in France is recorded of the incident which led to the divorce, the guilty party being pursued by the offended husband was, of course, struck with terror; but philosophy and contempt had done much to mitigate the pursuer's wrath, and so, instead of "chastising the insolence," according to the fashion observed in novels, he very quietly placed his pocket-book in the hands of the fugitive, exclaiming, "*Ah malheureux.* You have only taken ten thousand francs, and you are going to Rome! Knowing your fair companion well I can safely say that such a paltry sum as that will be devoured before you get to Marseilles. There is double the sum. This will enable you to go further off—to Naples, perhaps—and I shall be gainer, for you will be forced to remain there." And with this consolatory speech the injured party coolly turned upon his heel and walked off. So goes the legend, at least.—*Paris Cor. Liverpool Journal, Sep. 9th*

THE WOLF.—From the Rio Colorado we had been constantly followed by a large gray wolf. Every evening as soon as we got into camp he made his appearance, squatting quietly down at a little distance, and after we had turned in for the night, helping himself to anthing lying about. Our first acquaintance commenced on the prarie, where I killed the two antelopes, and the excellent dinner he then made on the carcass had evidently attached him to our society. In the morning as we left camp he took posession and quietly ate up the remains of our supper, as well as some extras I allways took care to leave him. Shortly after he would trot after us, and if we halted a short time to adjust the pack-mules or water the animals, he would sit down until we resumed our march, But when I killed an antelope, or was in the act of butchering it, he gravely looked on or loped around and around, licking his jaws in a state of evident self-gratulation. I had him twenty times a day within reach of my rifle, but he became such an old friend that I never dreamed of molesting him.—*Traveler.*

THE REASON WHY.—One day, recently a gentleman who holds a responsible and lucrative position in government, concluded to change his lodgings, and sent one of the waiters of the hotel where he had selected apartments after his baggage. Meeting the waiter an hour or two afterwards, he said:

'Well, John, did you bring my baggage down?'

'No sar,' blandly responded the sable gentleman.

'Why—what was the reason?'

'Case, sar, the gentleman in the office said you had not paid your bill.'

'Not paid my bill—why, that's singular, he knew me very well when he kept the Girard House in Philadelphia.'

'Wall, mebby,' rejoined John, thoughtfully scratching his head, 'mebby dat was de reason he wouldn't gib me de baggage.

EIGHT, TO SIXTEEN.—Lord Shaftsbury recently stated, in a public meeting in London that he had ascertained from personal observation that of adult male criminals in that city, nearly all had fallen into a course of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen years; and that if a boy lived an honest life up to twenty years of age, there were forty-nine chances in his favor and only one against him, as to an honorable life thereafter.

This is a fact of startling importance to fathers and mothers, and shows a fearful responsibility. Certainly a parent should secure and exercise absolute control over his child until sixteen—it cannot be a very difficult matter to do this, except in very rare cases; and if that control is not wisely and efficiently exercised, it must be the parents' fault—it is owing to parential neglect or remissness. Hence the real source of ninety eight per cent. of the crime in a country such as England or the United States lies at the door of the parents.

It is a fearful reflection; we throw it before the minds of the fathers and mothers of our land, and there to be thought of in wisdom, remarking only as to the early seeds of disease, that in nearly every case they are sown between sundown and bedtime, in absence from the family circle, in the supply of spending money never earned by the spenders, opening the doors of confectionaries and soda fountains, or beer and tobacco and wine shops, of the circus, the negro minstrel, the restaurant, and dance; then follows the Sunday excursion, the Sunday thieves, the easy transition to the company of those whose ways lead down to the gates of social, physical, and moral ruin.

From "eight to sixteen!" in these few years are the destinies of children fixed in forty-nine cases out of fifty—fixed by parent! Let every father and mother solemnly vow: "By God's help I'll fix my darling's destiny for good by making home more attractive than the streets."

A COCKTAIL STORY.—There are many novelties in a trip to the Lake Superior regions, to one who makes the jorney for the first time, among which the Indians are not the least interesting. During the heated term, not many years ago, a party of Cincinnatians made a pleasure trip to those regions. Among them was a gentleman who had no previous knowledge of the Indians save what he had gained from books, and having long been an ardent admirer of the race, at a distance, he cultivated their acquaintance very assiduously when he came where they were. Reaching Marquette the party remained several days, stopping at the Marquette House.—There are a number of Indians about the town, and the Indian fancier had abundant opportunities to study those sweet and artless children of nature. On the night of their arrival, the Indian fancier was missing for several hours. His friends at length went in search of him, and found him in the saloon of the Hotel treating a lot of dirty, greasy Indians and half-breeds to Champagne cocktails, a luxurious and expensive beverage, hitherto unkown to them, for their usual drink was rifle whiskey. One of the party asked a big Indian, who was taking in his sixth or eighth cocktail, what he was drinking.

"Umpth! dunno—him most good as cider!" Appreciative savage.

MARRIAGE IN LAPLAND.—It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents or friends. When a young man has formed an attachment for a female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of one-third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid outruns her suitor, the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being a penalty for a man to renew the motion of marriage. But if the virgin has an affection for him, though at first she runs fast to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atlanta's golden balls to retard her speed) pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she comes to the mark or end of the race.—Thus none are compelled to marry against their own wills; and this is the cause that in this poor country the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness.

☞ Bill Anderson, the notorious guerrilla, who was recently killed in Missouri, was accustomed to put those who wished to join his band to a severe test. On one occasion, a desperado went to him to join. Anderson told him that he 'didn't want to have anything to do with him—that he was a coward,' &c. The fellow replied, 'Try me, captain.' Anderson told him 'It was no use;' but the fellow kept on insisting until Anderson at last spit in his face, when the fellow knocked him down! Anderson arose, rubbed his temple, and said: 'swear him in, boys, any man that will knock Bill Anderson down, surrounded by his men, will do for a member of our band.'

☞ Two fast young men, just returning home after a night's carousel, saw the sun rising. One of them insisted it was the sun, the other that it was the moon—They agreed to leave it to the first man they met. He also had been out on a lark. "Excuse me, sir, but my friend and I have made a little bet whether that's the sun or moon that's now rising, and we've agreed to have you decide the matter." "Fact is, gentlemen, I should be very happy, but you see I'm a stranger in the city, and been out all night!"

☞ A man in Baltimore was arrested on Friday last, charged with "cursing the President." If that is to be the order of the day, increase your police and enlarge your prisons, gentlemen! The subject is so inviting for such indulgence that you already have that sort of cause for arresting hundreds of thousands of our people, male and female, old and young, from the prattling babe to the patriarch full of years at the verge of his grave.

☞ A veteran officer presented a memorial to Napoleon, soliciting a pension. 'We shall see,' was the Emperor's reply. 'Sire, you may see now, if you will deign to look,' said the soldier, uncovering a breast scarred all over. The pension was granted on the spot.

☞ Pittsburg has one foundry for about each thousand of its population, and a dozen drinking saloons for each found-dry.—*Prentice.*

☞ Laborers are scarce in Utah. The Saints are lazy and won't work, prefering to starve like gentlemen.

☞ A manufactory of forged notes has been discovered in one of the St. Petersburg prisons.

Political.

THE NEW LINCOLN LOAN.

One of the evil signs of the times is the apathy and profound indifference with which the Northern public receives any suggestion from authority, no matter how startling or nefarious. This is singularly the case with one hint in Mr. Lincoln's late message, on which scarcely a comment has been made outside of the strict limit of the opposition press. We have paused in the faint hope that such a paper as the New York *Evening Post*, generally sound enough on questions of ethics or finance, or the *National Intelligencer*, from its seat on the cross-benches, would say something about it. But thus far, not one word. From the loose morality and very feeble intelligence of the "loyal" newspapers in our own neighborhood, we, of course, expected nothing. The suggestion of Mr. Lincoln to which we now refer, is that upon which we offered some comments yesterday. The President, speaking of a probable increase of the funded debt, and of temptations to invest in it, says: "I suggest whether it might not be both competent and expedient for Congress to provide that a limited amount of some future issue of public securities might be held by any *bona fide* purchaser, exempt from taxation and *from seizure for debt*, under such restrictions and limitations as might be necessary to guard against abuse of so important a privilege."

The point or the sting of this strange suggestion is in the words we have italicized, and, so long as they stand and constitute the essence of the thing, it is all nonsense to talk of restrictions and limitations to prevent abuse. The man who holds this security need not and cannot be made to pay his honest debts. He becomes a chartered rogue.—There can be no such thing as *bona fides* in such a proposition. It has always been clear to us that, from the moment the government interfered with private contracts by the issue of legal tender notes, the descent on the inclined plane of infamy was inevitable and would become easier every day. And so it has, and yet this last Executive dodge, this ultimate and most ingenious device of roguery takes us by surprise. The earliest step of the descent we speak of, was coincident with the first depreciation of the paper.—Mortgagors who had borrowed gold thought of the ease with which they could pay in paper, and found the temptation irresistable.—Mortgagees trembled in their shoes, the more so if they were "loyal," for then they dared not hesitate to take what was tendered them. Saving Funds and Trust Companies were horror stricken; and thus the game began. We know of cases where mortgage debts due to orphan children were paid off within three or four months of the time when, to avert ruin, the debtor on bended knee had supplicated the loan. In vain a feeble struggle was made in the courts to avert it. The Judges, no better after all than other folks, followed in the track pointed out to them, and with a faint bleat of dissent here and there, said it was all right, and government could in this respect do what it pleased with private rights. Then, through the chink thus made, marched with gigantic tread the great debtor corporations. Who, even in the act of crime dared question their integrity? Were they not carrying troops and munitions of war? Had they not always a State car ready for any itinerant Secretary who had occasion to go home? Did they not subscribe for negro recruits?—Did they not keep up the price of coal for poor men and carry it cheap for the government? In short, no one could dispute their loyalty, which, like another old fashioned virtue, covers a multitude of mercenary sins.—If their debts fell due, we mean their principal, they paid, or tried to pay, in depreciated paper, and even when the principal was not due, as in the case of the ground rents, they were not ashamed to experiment on the future, and discount the rascality of years to come. This attempt has been temporarily impeded, but it will work smoothly by and by. Then came the paying in paper of the three year National loan, promised in specie. Then the compulsory metamorphosis of the State Banks into National ones—a stupendous violation of private rights; and now Mr. Lincoln, whose cheek, like Hamlet's mother's has been "brazed" by custom, proposes that the government should go into partnership with the fraudulent insolvents of the land, and in consideration of their helping him, Mr. Lincoln will put them at ease for all time to come, and stuff with the softest down the pillows on which they can lay their loyal heads, careless of the creditor without. We are tempted to ask what engraved device shall these anti-creditor bonds bear? A Western advocate in the Supreme Court last winter—so says Mr. Wallace's report—talked of "the elegance of the engraver's art, and the strength and assurance of language being used to allure a purchaser" of certain fraudulent railroad bonds. But here is an allurement such as no one before Mr. Lincoln ever dreamed of. These bonds, which are to be bidden away, need no emblazonment. Ancient Pistol's apothegm, "base is the slave who pays," may be written round their edges, but nothing more is needed. And this in the 19th century—this, in an age of decorum and civilization—this, in the face of the great world of capital and credit to which, if the war lasts, this government must appeal—and this, too, with scarcely an audible word from the press or the public, in approbation of it, silence only to be excused in a way which loyalty precludes, by the suggestion that Mr. Lincoln's individual, or official suggestions, are really not worthy of comment or consideration.—*Phila. Age.*

☞ The itch runs seven years, and Abolitionism being twice as dirty and virulent a disease, runs fourteen. It commenced as an epidemic in this country in 1854, and will end in 1868. Of course it will from this time until its total extinction rapidly subside.

☞ As a gang of young Loyal Leaguers were issuing from the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the other night, vociferously singing—

"Rally round the flag, boys; rally once again," a worn-out soldier exclaimed, "Well, you noisy, cowardly rascals, why don't you do it?" The young Leaguers sloped.—*Day Book.*

☞ There are nearly twelve thousand tenement houses in New York city, and they average six families, or about thirty-five souls to each house.

☞ The minimum standard height for recruits for the volunteer service has been fixed by the Secretary of War, at five feet instead of five feet three inches as heretofore established.

☞ A cotemporary discovers that some of our military officers have four aids—promenades, serenade, gasconade and lemonade—the latter generally "qualified."