American Volunteer.

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

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Poetical.

NEW ENGLAND RULES THE NATION.

Ah! the good time has come at last,
New England rules the nation;
And now we've got you Hoosiers fast
In spite of all creation.

For thirty years we've labored hard
For tariff and protection,
And now we dare you to retort
A[illegible] setting up objection.

[illegible]ion is the very thing
Protect[illegible] our wishes,
To gra[illegible] riches like a king,
It brings us [illegible] silver dishes.
And gold a[illegible] western folks
It makes us love [illegible] card,
With very kind re[illegible]
For now we sell you on
At fifty cents a yard.

Once you had gold and silver
Flinging around like rockets—
But soon we made you spend it th[illegible]ugh
To gingle in our pockets.

While we've got plenty of the chink,
It surely looks quite funny,
To see you western folks,
Use pasteboards for your money.

For Union, Constitution, Laws,
We did most loud insist,
Until we got you Hoosier boys
To go in and enlist.

And now we've got you in the ranks,
We cannot help but snigger
To think that we have got you fast,
To fight and free the nigger.

And now we've got the offices
And contractors, it is true,
It is a glorious time for us,
But rather hard for you.

For we've got enough of yankees
Scattered through the West
To fill the Federal offices,
And feather well their nest.

In four years more we'll make enough
To satisfy our pride,
And then we'll say to one and all,
Just let the Union slide.

Miscellaneous

GOING DOWN HILL.

BY MRS. S. F. DOUGHTY.

'That looks bad,' exclaimed farmer White with an expressive shake of the head, as he passed a neglected garden and broken down fences, in one of his daily walks.

'Bad enough,' was the reply of the companion to whom the remark was addressed.

'Neighbor Thompson appears to be running down hill pretty fast. I can remember the time when everything around his little place was trim and tidy.'

'It is quite the contrary now,' returned the farmer. 'House, outbuildings, and grounds all show the want of the master's care. I am afraid Thompson is in the downward path.'

'He always appeared to be a steady, industrious man,' rejoined the second speaker. 'I have a pair of boots on my feet at this moment, of his make, and they have done me good service.'

'I have generally employed him for myself and family,' was the reply, 'and I must confess that he is a good workman, but, nevertheless, I believe I shall step into Jack Smith's this morning and order a pair of boots, of which I stand in need. I always make it a rule never to patronize those who appear to be running behind-hand. There is generally some risk in helping those who do not try to help themselves.'

'Very true, and as my wife desired me to see about a pair of shoes for her this morning, I will follow your example and call upon Smith. He is no great favorite of mine, however—an idle, quarrelsome fellow.'

'And yet he seems to be getting ahead in the world,' answered the farmer, 'and I am willing to give him a lift. But I have an errand at the butcher's. Step in with me for a moment. I will not detain you.'

At the butcher's they met the neighbor who had been the subject of their previous conversation. He certainly presented a rather shabby appearance, and in his choice of meat there was a regard to economy which did not escape the observation of farmer White.

After a few passing remarks, the poor shoemaker took his departure, and the butcher opened his account-book with a somewhat anxious air, saying as he charged the bit of meat:

'I believe it is time that neighbor Thompson and I come to a settlement. Short accounts make long friends.'

'No time to lose, I should say,' remarked the farmer.

'Indeed! Have you heard of any trouble neighbor White?'

'No I have heard nothing; but a man has the use of his own eyes, you know; and I never trust any one with my money who is evidently going down hill.'

'Quite right, and I will send in my bill this evening. I have only delayed on account of the sickness which the poor man has had in his family all winter. I suppose he must have run behind hand a little, but still I must take care of number one.'

'Speaking of Thompson, are you?' observed a bystander, who appeared to take an interest in the conversation. 'Going down hill, is he? I must look out for myself, then. He owes me quite a snug sum for leather.—I did intend to give him another month's credit; but, on the whole, I guess the money would be safer in my own pocket.'

Here the four worthies separated, each with his mind filled with the affairs of neighbor Thompson, the probability that he was going down hill, and the best way of giving him a push.

In another part of the little village, similar scenes were passing.

'I declare!' exclaimed Mrs. Bennett, the dressmaker, to a favorite assistant, as she hastily withdrew her head from the window whence she had been gazing on the passers by. 'If there is not Mrs. Thompson, the shoemaker's wife, coming up the steps with a parcel in her hand. She wants to engage me to do her spring work, I suppose, but I think it would be a venture. Every one says they are running down hill, and it is a chance if I ever get my pay.'

'She has always paid us promptly,' was the reply.

'True, but that was in the days of her prosperity. I cannot afford to run any risks.'

The entrance of Mrs. Thompson prevented further conversation.

She was evidently surprised at the refusal of Mrs. Bennett to do any work for her, but as a great pressure of business was pleaded as an excuse, there was nothing to be said, and she soon took leave. Another application proved equally unsuccessful. It was strange how busy the village dressmakers had suddenly become.

On her way home, the poor shoemaker's wife met the teacher of a small school in the neighborhood, where two of her small children attended.

'Ah! Mrs. Thompson, I am glad to see you,' was the salutation. 'I was about calling at your house. Would it be convenient to settle our little account this afternoon?'

'Our account!'—was the surprised reply.—'Surely, the term has not yet expired?'

'Only half of it, but my present rule is, to collect my money at that time. It is a plan which many teachers have adopted of late.'

'I was not aware that there had been any change in your rules, and I have made arrangements to meet the bill at the usual time. I fear it will not be in my power to do so sooner.'

The countenance of the teacher showed great disappointment, and as soon as she passed on in a different direction, she muttered to herself:

'Just as I expected. I shall never get a cent. Everybody says that they are going down hill. I must get rid of the children in some way. Perhaps I may get a pair of shoes or two for payment for the half quarter, if I manage right, but it will never do to go on in this way.'

A little discomposed by her interview with the teacher, Mrs. Thompson stopped in to a neighboring grocery to purchase some trifling article of family stores.

'I have a light account against you. Will it be convenient for Mr. Thompson to settle it this evening?' asked the civil shop-keeper, as he produced the desired article.

'Is it the usual time for settling?' was again the surprised inquiry.

'Well, not exactly, but money is very tight just now, and I am anxious to get all that is due me. In future I intend keeping short accounts. There is your little bill, if you would like to look at it. I will call around this evening. It is but a small affair.'

'Thirty dollars is no small sum to us just now,' thought Mrs. Thompson, as she thoughtfully pressed her way toward home. 'It seems strange that all these payments must be met just now, while we are struggling to recover from the heavy expenses of the winter. I cannot understand it.'

Her perplexity was increased upon finding her husband with two bills in his hand, and a countenance expressive of anxiety and concern.

'Look, Mary,' he said, as she entered, 'here are two unexpected calls for money; one from the doctor and the other from the dealer in leather from whom I purchased my last stock. They are both very urgent for immediate payment; although they have always been willing to wait a few months until I could make arrangements to meet their claims. But misfortunes never come singly, and if a man once gets a little behind hand, trouble seems to pour in upon him.'

'Just so,' replied the wife. 'The neighbors think we are going down hill, and every one is ready to give us a push. Here are two more bills for you—one from the grocer and the other from the teacher.'

Reply was prevented by a knock at the door, and the appearance of a lad who presented a neatly folded paper and then disappeared.

'The butcher's account, as I live!' exclaimed the astonished shoemaker. 'What is to be done, Mary? So much money to be paid out, and very little coming in; for some of my customers have left me, although my work has always given satisfaction. If I could only have as much employment as usual, and the usual credit allowed me, I could soon satisfy all these claims; but to meet them now is impossible, and the acknowledgment of my inability will send us still further on the downward path.'

'We must do our best and trust in Providence,' was the consolatary remark of his wife, as a second knock at the door aroused the fear that another claimant was about to appear.

But the benevolent countenance of Uncle Joshua, a rare, but ever welcome visitor, presented itself.

Seating himself in the comfortable chair which Mary hastened to hand him, he said, in his somewhat eccentric, but friendly manner:

'Well, good folks, I understand that the world does not go quite as well with you as formerly. What is the trouble?'

'There need be no trouble, sir,' was the reply, 'if men would not try to add to the afflictions which the Almighty sees to be necessary for us. The winter was a trying one. We met with sickness and misfortunes, which we endeavored to bear with patience. All would now go well, if those around me were not determined to push me in the downward path.'

'But there lies the difficulty, friend Tompson. This is a selfish world. Everybody, or at least a great majority, care only for number one. If they see a poor neighbor going down hill, their first thought is whether it will affect their own interests, and provided they can secure themselves, they care not how soon he goes to the bottom. The only way is to keep up appearances. Show no signs of going behind hand, and all will be well with you.'

'Very true, uncle Joshua, but how is this to be done? Bills which I did not expect to be called to meet for the next three months are pouring in upon me. My best customers are leaving me for a more fortunate rival.—In short, I am on the brink of ruin and naught save a miracle can save me.'

'A miracle which is very easily wrought then, I'imagine, my good friend. What is the amount of these debts which press so heavily upon you, and how soon, in the common course of events, could you discharge them?'

'They do not exceed one hundred dollars,' replied the shoemaker; 'and with my usual run of work I could make all right in three or four months.'

'We will say six,' was the answer. 'I will advance you $150 for six months. Pay every cent that you owe, with the remainder of the money make some slight addition or improvement in your house, and put everything about the grounds in its usual neat order. Try this plan for a few weeks, and we will see what effect it has upon our worthy neighbors. No, no, never mind thanking me. I am only trying an experiment on human nature. I know you of old, and have no doubt that my money is safe in your hands.'

Weeks passed by. The advice of Uncle Joshua had been strictly followed, and the change in the shoemaker's prospects was indeed wonderful. He was now spoken off as one of the most thriving men in the village, and many marvellous stories were told to account for the sudden alterations in his affairs. It was generally agreed that a distant relative had bequeathed to him a legacy, which had entirely relieved him of his pecuniary difficulties. Old customers and new ones crowded in upon him. They had never before realized the beauty and durability of his work. The polite butcher selected the best pieces of meat for his inspection, as he entered, and was totally indifferent as to the time of payment. The dealer in leather called to inform him that his best hides awaited his orders. The teacher accompanied the children home to tea, and spoke in high terms of their improvement, pronouncing them among her best scholars. The dressmaker suddenly found herself free from the great press of work, and in a friendly note expressed her desire to oblige Mrs. Thompson in any way in her power.

'Just as I expected,' exclaimed Uncle Joshua, rubbing his hands exultingly, as the grateful shoemaker called upon him at the expiration of six months, with the money that had been loaned him in the hour of need.—'Just as I expected. A strange world!—They are ready to push a man up hill if he seems to be ascending, and just as ready to push him down, if they fancy that his face is turned that way. In future, neighbor Thompson, let everything around you wear an air of prosperity, and you will be sure to prosper. And with a satisfied air Uncle Joshua placed his money in his pocket-book, ready to meet some other claim upon his benevolence, whilst he whom he had thus befriended, with light steps and cheerful countenance, returned to his happy home.

HINTS FOR HARD TIMES.—Credit never permits a man to know the real value of money, nor to have full control over his affairs. It presents all his expenses in the aggregate, and not in detail. Every one has more or less of the miser's love of money—of the actual gold pieces and the crisp bank notes.—Now, if you have these things in your pocket you see them, as you make your purchases, visibly diminishing under your eye. The lessening heap cries to you to stop. You would like to buy this, that, and the other; but you know exactly how much money you have left, and if you go on buying more things your purse will soon be empty. You do not see this when you take credit. You give your orders freely, without thought or calculation; and when the day of payment comes, you find you have overrun the constable. On every hand we see people living on credit, putting off pay-day to the last, making in the end some desperate effort, either by begging or borrowing, to scrape the money together, and then struggle on again, with the ever wearing care eating at their heart, to the inevitable goal of bankruptcy. If people would only make a push at the beginning, instead of at the end, they would save themselves all the misery. The great secret of being solvent, and well to do and comfortable, is to get ahead of your expenses. Eat and drink this month what you are going to earn next month—not what you earned last month. There are, no doubt, many persons so unfortunately situated that they never can accomplish this. No man can guard against ill-health; no man can insure himself a well-conducted, helpful family, or a permanent income. There will always be people who cannot help their misfortunes.—But, as a rule, these unfortunates are far less trouble to society, than those in a better position, who bring their misfortunes upon themselves by deliberate reckless and extravagence. You may help a poor honest struggling man to some purpose. But the utmost you can do for an unthrift is thrown away. You give him money you have earned by hard labor—he spends it in pleasure which you have never permitted yourself to enjoy. The best pleasures—those which sweeten life most, and leave no bitterness behind—are cheap pleasures. What greater pleasure can man enjoy than the sense of being free and independent? The man with his fine house, his glittering carriage, and his rich banquets, for which he is in debt, is a slave, a prisoner, forever dragging his chains behind him through all the grandeur of the false world through which he moves.—*All the Year Round.*

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY.—Not long ago was found at Toledo, in Spain, in a monastary, a paper containing the following prophecy:—In the far West, beyond the ocean, will rise a nation which will be great in power and wealth, and Satan, in one of his walks to and fro in the earth will observe this nation, and determine to destroy this happiness, will there send two monsters, one to the North and the other to the South, and he will give them strawberries, and they will eat them and, after they have eaten, they will feel a great thirst not to be quenched with anything else but blood.

They will, therefore, cause the brother to slay the brother, the father to slay the son, and the son the father, and they will drink the blood of the slain, and it will bring lamentation and wailing throughout the land. And, when the time is fulfilled, there will rise a strong man in the North who will take the monsters and bind them and draw them into the sea, where it is the deepest, and peace and happiness will again prevail throughout, and the people will praise the Lord.

It is said the monks in said monastary maintain that said prophecy was written before the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus; that Ferdinand and Isabella were in the main, induced by it to fit out the ship for Columbus, and that the first part will soon come to pass.

A PHILOSOPHICAL DARKEY.

I noticed upon the hurricane deck an elderly darkey with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, squatted upon his bundle, toasting his shins against the chimney and apparently plunged into a state of profound meditation. Finding upon inquiry, that he belonged to the 9th Illinois, one of the most gallantly behaved and heavily losing regiments in the Fort Donelson battle, and part of which was aboard. I began to interrogate him upon the subject. His philosophy was so much in the Falstaffian vein, that I will give his views in his own words as near as my memory will serve me.:

'Where you in the fight?'

'Had a little taste of it, sa.'

'Stood your ground, did you?'

'No, sa, I runs.'

'Run at the first fire, did you?'

'Yes, sa, and would hab run soona, hab I knowed it was cumin.'

'Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage.'

'Dat isn't in my line, sa—cookin's my perfeshun.'

'Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?'

'Reputation's nuffin to me de side of life.'

'Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?'

'It's worth more to me, sa.'

'Then you must value it very highly?'

'Yes, sa, I does—more than all dis world—more than a million ob dollars, sa; for what would dat be wuth to a man wid de bref out ob him? Self perservushun am de fust law wid me?'

'But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?'

'Becuse different men sets different value on dar lives—mine is not in de market.'

'But if you lost it you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for the country.'

'What satisfaction would dat be to me when de power ob feelin' was gone?'

'If our soldiers where all like you, traitoss might have broken up the government without resistance.'

'Yes, sa, dar would hab been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life in the scale 'gainst any Guberment dat ever existed, for no Guberment could replace de loss to me.'

'Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?'

'May be not, sa—a dead white man ain't much to dese sojers, let alone a dead nigga, but I'd missed myself and dat was de pint wid me.'

It is safe to say that the dusky corpse of that African will never darken the field of carnage.—*Cor. Cin. Gazette.*

CORRECT TRANSCRIPT OF THE SENTENCE OF DEATH PRONOUNCED AGAINST JESUS CHRIST.—The following is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world—namely, that of death against the Savior, with the remarks which the journal *Le Droit* has collected, and the knowledge of what must be interesting in the highest degree to every Christian. It is word for word as follows:

Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross.

In the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberias, and on the 25th day of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas.

Pontius Pilate, intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, sitting in judgment in the presidential seat of the proctor, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross between two robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonies of the people prove:

1. Jesus is a misleader.
2. He has excited the people to sedition.
3. He is an enemy to the laws.
4. He calls himself the Son of God.
5. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel.
6. He went into the temple, followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands.

Orders the first centurion, Quirillus Cornelius, to bring him to the place of execution.

Forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus.

The witnesses who have signed the execution against Jesus are—

1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee.
2. John Zorababel.
3. Raphes Robani.
4. Capet.

Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gate of Tournes.

This sentence is engraved on a plate of brass, in the Hebrew language, and its sides are the following words:

"A similar plate has been sent to each tribe." It was discovered in the year 1280, in the city of Aquila, in the kingdom of Naples, by a search made for the discovery of the Roman Antiquities, and remained there until it was found by the commissaries of art in the French army of Italy. Up to the time of the campaign in Southern Italy, it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been kept in the Chapel of Casterta. The Carthusians obtained by their petitions that the plate might be kept by them, which was an acknowledgement of the sacrifices which they made for the French army. The French translation was made literally by members of the commission of arts. Denon had a *fac simile* of the plate engraved, which was bought by Lord Howard, on the sale of his cabinet for 2,890 francs. There seem to be no historical doubts as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those of the Gospel.—*Translated from the Kolnische Zeitung.*

WHERE THE COLD COMES FROM.—Observations of the cold terms for several years, show that the icy wave comes down over the central portion of this continent, striking our Western States and passes over the ocean in a southerly direction. The cold wave does not affect the Pacific shore; it comes down from the Artic regions upon the Rocky mountains, and then turns eastward so that the first news we have of it, days before it reaches here, is from Minnesota, Nebraska and Utah. It follows the valleys and the course of the waters, and spends itself over the Gulf streams, where it warms again, and rising as it expands, is wafted back in the upper atmosphere. This cold air current is just the opposite to the warm water current which we call the Gulf stream. That comes from the torrid zone westerly, and is turned northwardly by the configuration of the lands as the cold air wave is eastward when it strikes the mountains, and thence runs along our coast affecting the climate of the lands near it, till it loses itself in the Northern ocean and ice. So God has provided in nature for heat and cold mutually to effect each other.

How He Had Him.

A man named Wells kept a tavern in one of our western villages; but though his house had a very good name, it was more than he had himself; for it was surmised by his neighbors that he used a great deal of fodder, corn, etc., for which he never gave an equivalent, though it never had been clearly proved upon him.

Early one morning, he was met by an acquaintance named Wilkes, as he was driving before him a heifer, which he had most probably borrowed from some farmer.

'Hallo Wells! where did you get the heifer?' cried Wilkes.

'Bought her of Col. Stevens,' was the unhesitating reply.

'What did you pay for her?'

'Twenty dollars,' said Wells, as he hurried on.

About an hour afterwards, as Wilkes was sitting in Wells' bar-room, Col. Steven's entered. After a few minutes' conversation, Wilkes said:

'A fine animal that you sold Wells!'

'I don't understand you; I never sold Wells any animal.'

'Didn't you? Why, I met him this morning with a heifer, which he said he bought of you for twenty dollars.'

'He did, eh? Well since he said so, he has got to pay me for her,' said Colonel Stevens.

Wells entered soon after, and Stevens stepping up to him, said:

'Come, Wells, I'll trouble you for the money for that heifer; it was a cash bargain, you know?'

'I never bought any heifer from you.'

'Don't you remember you bought one of me for twenty dollars? Here's Wilkes can prove it.'

'No he can't,' said Wells.

'You told me so this morning,' said Wilkes.

A curious expression passed over Wells' face; he felt himself cornered; he had either to tell where he got the animal, or lose twenty dollars; and thinking it not safe for him to do the first, he pulled out his wallet, counted out the money, and handed it to Stevens, saying—

'So I did—so I did. I had forgotten all about it you must excuse me.'

WOMEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—A lady, writing from Honolulu, thus discourses upon the native women and their free and easy manner: The women are erect, wide in the shoulders, and carry their heads like queens; many of them are truly handsome, wearing their hair falling over their shoulders in curls, and surmounted with little straw hats garlanded with wreaths of lovely native flowers. They clothe themselves modestly, and prettily, wearing their dress to cover the neck and arms, and falling loosely from the shoulders to the top of the feet, which are often bare. Not being civilized like us, they have not been enlightened into compressing their ribs with iron and whalebone corsets, nor to disturb and torture their feet with overtight shoes, nor to put bonnets on their heads that run up into turrets of silk and artificial flowers, and leaving the ears at the mercy of the bitter winds, nor to make up forty-five yards of steel wire into cages and fasten themselves within them, nor to carry an extra half-yard of dress-stuff bravely after them on the pavement, through thick and thin. Yet these women have the advantage of us, for are we not forced by the exigencies of custom, when we come with our long garments upon any impurities of the pathway, to shut our eyes and clench our teeth, and rush blindly over them; whereas these Kanaka women, at the sight of even a spot of water, lift their light garments gingerly, and pass over, clean and unsullied from its contact? Can this be barbarous?

WEIGHT OF PEOPLE.—The average returns show that a citizen of the world, on the first day of appearance in public, weighs about six pounds and a half; a boy baby a little more, a girl baby a little less. Some very modest babies hardly turn the scale with two pounds and a half, while other pretentious youngsters boast of ten and eleven pounds.—When Shylock asked for his "pound of flesh," he asked for an equivalent to a little less than one sixth of a baby. How the tiny ones grow during childhood, we need not trace here; but it may be interesting to know that girls and boys of twelve years of age are nearly equal in weight; after which limit males are heavier than females of the same age. Young men of twenty average a hundred and forty-three pounds each, while the young women of twenty average a hundred and twenty pounds. Men reach their heaviest bulk at about thirty-five, when their average weight is about a hundred and fifty-two pounds; but the women slowly fatten until fifty, when their average is a hundred and twenty-nine pounds. Men and women together, their weight at full growth averages almost exactly ten stone, or a hundred and forty pounds. Full grown men and women average about twenty times as heavy as they were on the first day of their existence. Of course averages are here only meant. The averages were formed from men ranging from a hundred and eight to two hundred and twenty pounds, and women from eighty-eight to two hundred and seven pounds. The mutual weight of human nature, taking all ages and conditions, nobles, clergy, tinkers, tailors, wives, maidens, boys, girls and babies, all included—the average weight is almost exactly one hundred English pounds avoirdupois for each human being; a quantity easy to remember at any rate.

DIDN'T WANT A SUBSTITUTE.—Mr. Pilkinson, a small farmer in Pennsylvania, was some time ago drafted for the service of his country. His wife, though she possesses but a small stock of general information, is one of the best conjugal partners, and she was much troubled at the thought of parting with her husband. As she was engaged in scrubbing off her door-step, a rough-looking stranger came up and thus addressed her:

'I hear, madam, that your husband has been drafted.'

'Yes, sir, he has;' asked Mrs. Pilkinson, thoughtlessly knowing there's few couldn't better be spared from their families.

'Well, madam, I have come to offer myself as a substitute for him.'

'A what?' asked Mrs. Pilkinson, with some excitement.

'I am willing to take his place,' said the stranger.

'You take the place of *my* husband, you wretch. I'll teach you to insult a distressed woman that way, you vagabond!' cried Mrs. Pilkinson, as she discharged the dirty soap suds in the face of the discomfited and astonished substitute, who took to his heels just in time to escape having his head broken by the bucket.

☞ The young bridegroom and bride have nothing to do but to enjoy their moon and honey for two.

DEATH IN THE WALL.

The People's Journal of Health has an article with this fearful title, which is an attack on wall paper. The writer says:

'A good clean paper is certainly more pleasant to the eye than a fissured and smutty wall, whose scales of lime are continually peeling off and soiling every garment that comes in contact with it. And if a proper selection of paper is made, and there be no other lining of similar stuff beneath, it is not only more pleasant to the sense, but it is almost equal to the whitened wall. But here is the difficulty. As a general rule, one coat of paper is put on over another, as the last gets too much soiled to look well, until several layers cover the original surface, thus often producing an actual cause of disease.

'A few years since we occupied a house built some twenty years before, in the old English style, strong and solid, so that it seemed almost as good as, or better even than new. We were gravely told that one room in it had seemed to be fatal to its occupants; hence for several years it had stood vacant. One of the first things that received attention was this ill-reputed apartment. It was a north room so situated that a few rays of sunlight peered into a corner of it for a short time only a portion of the year, entirely avoiding it for months together. Well, here surely was one cause of its unhealthfulness, but not enough. After the cobwebs were duly brushed out we searched further. A good-sized fire-place and two large windows afforded entirely sufficient change for ventilation, so we could not look there for the evil. The walls next received attention. They were covered with a heavy velvety green paper, but not only this, for upon peeling off a small section with a knife another green layer was found beneath it, and beneath this another, and yet another. The mystery was solved. The cause of the evil was evident. Nothing would have induced us to sleep in that apartment. None could tell how much of the elements of disease that thickly-papered wall had retained. None knew how much of death there was in the wall! It seemed as if it gave out a positively sickinging odor now, and its entire removal speedily followed. Thereafter, though not so desirable as some others, it ceased to have any hidden dangers or terrors lurking to poison the fountain of life.

It is a safe rule to choose patterns of wall paper without green colors, especially those heavy greens which so please the eye, for they contain an active poison, inimical to life, and it is always highly improper to place one layer of paper over another. Better submit to the dirt and annoyance of having the last and soiled paper entirely removed, than expose yourselves to the chances of disease and death through its retention.

THE STATE OF THE MARKET.—Dealers in hardware say they never found things as hard as now; that tin plates are flat, lead heavy, iron dull, spades not trumps, and more rakes in the market than are inquired after; brass is in demand for politicians; brads are also in request but holders cannot be got to fork them out; nails won't go by pushing and have to be driven.

The dry-goods merchants say that their cases are hard, and complain that people prefer the bank rags to theirs.

In paints everything looks black though many try to varnish the thing over.

Shippers of ashes have had to add sackcloth to them—as prices are by no means pearly, and are going to pot.

The timber trade is pining, and holders have to rest upon their oars to stave off the pressure.

There is no spirit in the rum trade, and holders of vinegar look sour; champagne, however, is brisk.

Rhubarb and Senna are quiet drugs, but there is a consumption of brimstone for matches, many having lately been made.

Holders of indigo look blue, but those deep read are not green enough to think that a symptom of the trade dying.

Starch is stiffening and paper is stationary. In the meal market things are flowery, but the millers say that the high prices of wheat goes against the grain—at which the bakers are also crusty.

The grocers have got along pretty gingerly, but some, having tasted a piece of the times, have become peppery.

There is no life in dead hogs, but some animation in old cheese.

A "MAKE-UP" BLUNDER.—A laughable mistake is shown in the following mixing of two articles—one concerning a preacher, the other about the freaks of a mad dog—which occurred in a hurried "make-up" in a printing office:

"Rev. James Thompson, Rector of St. Andrews church, preached to a large concourse of people on Sunday last. This was his last sermon. In a few weeks he will bid farewell to his congregation, as his physician advises him to cross the Atlantic. He exhorted his brethren and sisters, and after the conclusion of a short prayer, took a whim to cut up some frantic feats. He run up Trinity street to the college. At this stage of the proceedings a couple of boys seized him and tied a tin kettle to his tail, and he again started. A great crowd collected and for a time there was a grand scene of running and confusion. After a long race he was finally shot by a policeman."

PATIENCE OF BIRDS.—We have all heard and marvelled at the "patience of Job," but what can exceed the patience of birds when hatching? During a period which continues from three to eight weeks, neither the approach of danger nor the calls of hunger can drive them from the nest. Before incubation is completed, the female, however plump at the beginning, is generally emaciated to a skeleton. Among some tribes the male and female sit alternately, the more equally to divide the labor; among others the male provides food for its mate, while hatching, or alleviates her toils, by his melody from a neighboring bush; some join together in the operation, and by increasing the heat endeavor to accelerate its progress. At times, however, the eggs require a heat that seems hurtful to infant life; on these occasions they are left to cool; and the hen, after a longer or shorter space of time, according to the weather, again resumes her occupation with former perseverance and pleasure.

☞ A Young professor at one of the colleges married a lady twenty years his senior. This was said, by a witty friend, to be a proof of his ambition, as he appeared desirous of studying the "ancients."

☞ With four metalic qualifications a man may be pretty sure of earthly success.—These are, gold in his pocket, silver on his tongue, brass in his face, and iron in his heart.

Freedom of Elections—The Bill Passed by Congress.

The following are the provisions of the bill recently passed by Congress, to prevent officers of the Army and Navy, and other persons engaged in the military or naval service of the United States, from interfering in elections in the States:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That it shall not be lawful for any military or naval officer of the United States, or other persons engaged in the civil, military, or naval service of the United States, to order, bring, keep, or have under his authority or control, any troops or armed men at the place where any general or special elections are held in any State of the United States of America, unless it shall be necessary to repel the armed enemies of the United States, or to keep the peace at the polls. And that it shall not be lawful for any officer of the army or navy of the United States to prescribe or fix, by proclamation, order, or otherwise, the qualifications of voters in any State of the United States of America, or in any manner to interfere with the freedom of any election in any State, or with the exercise of the free right of suffrage in any State of the United States. An officer of the army or navy of the United States, who violates this section of this act, shall, for every such offense, be liable to indictment as for a misdemeanor, in any court of the United States having jurisdiction to hear, try, and determine cases of misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof, shall pay a fine not exceeding five thousand dollars, and suffer imprisonment in the Penitentiary not less than three months, nor more than five years, at the discretion of the Court trying the same; and any person convicted as aforesaid shall, moreover, be disqualified from holding any office of honor, profit, or trust, under the Government of the United States; *Provided,* That nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to prevent any officers, soldiers, sailors, or marine, from exercising the right of suffrage in any election district to which he may belong, if otherwise qualified, according to the laws of the State in which he shall offer to vote.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That any officer or person in the military or naval service of the United States, who shall order or advise, or who shall directly or indirectly, by force, threat or menace, intimidation or otherwise prevent, or attempt to prevent, any qualified voter of any State of the United States of America, from freely exercising the right of suffrage at any general or special election in any State of the United States, or who shall in like manner compel, or attempt to compl, any officer of any election in any such State to receive a vote from a person not legally qualified to vote or who shall impose, or attempt to impose, any rules or regulations for conducting such election different from those prescribed by law, or interfere in any manner with any officer of said election in the discharge of his duties, shall for any such offense, be liable to indictment as for a misdemeanor, or, in any Court of the United States having jurisdiction to hear, try and determine cases of misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof shall pay a fine of not exceeding $5,100, and suffer imprisonment in the penitentiary not exceeding five years at the discretion of the Court trying the same, and any person convicted as aforesaid shall, moreover, be disqualified from holding any office of honor, profit, or trust, under the Government of the United States.

Approved Feb. 25, 1865.

JAMES S. GREEN OF MISSOURI.—Most intelligent men recollect this singularly gifted man, and like the writer, have wondered what had become of him for the last four or five years. "*Mack,*" of the Cincinnati *Commercial,* tells the story:

Six years ago, one of the leading men in the United States Senate, was James Green, of Missouri. Every observer of passing events in the history of the country, will remember his signal triumph in a bad cause, during the debate on the Lecompton question. He was the only man who by common consent, got the upper hand of Douglas in that memorable discussion, and but for him the Southerners would have made a poor showing, just then. There seemed to be a bright future opening for him, but like too many others, similarly situated, he thought no man could rise in the world of politics, without passing a good deal of time in the bar-rooms of Washington. To day as I was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, I passed a wretched looking man, stupidly drunk, his face horribly disfigured, as if he had just emerged from a street fight; both his eyes blackened and swollen, his clothing covered with mud and dirt—the cynosure of all eyes, and the laughing stock of shoe-blacks. I I asked who it was, and was told it was "Jim Green, of Missouri." Alas, how the mighty have fallen!

REMARKABLE SKATING FEAT.—Prof. S. H. Quinn, of New York, who has been lecturing in the northwest, arrived at Quincy, Ill., on Monday, January 23d, on skates, all the way from St. Paul, Minn. He left St. Paul on the 9th of January, and reached Quincy on the 23d travelling the whole distance of 850 miles in fourteen days—an average of 60 57 miles a day, stopping on the way to deliver lectures. He found the ice smooth and beautiful, and clear of air holes. He had a clean stretch from St. Paul to Quincy, and he bowled down the globe over five degrees of latitude without meeting with an impediment. It is one of the most extraordinary feats on record.

A CONSCIENTIOUS GENTLEMAN.—An Irishman being recently on trial for some offence, pleaded "not guilty;" and, the jury, being in the box, the State's Solicitor proceeded to call Mr. Furkisson as a witness. With the utmost innocence, Patrick turned his face to the court, and said: "Do I understand yer honor that Mr. Furkisson is to be witness forenenst me agin?" The Judge said, dryly, it seemed so. "Well, thin, yer honor, I plade guilty, sure, an' yer honor plase, not because I *am* guilty, for I'm as innocent as yer honor's sucking babe at the brist, but just on the account of saving Misther Furkisson's *soul.*"

☞ Some poet says the wind kisses the waves. That, we suppose is the celebrated "kiss for a blow," of which we hear so much.

☞ The Illinois Legislature has purchased the burial ground of the late Stephen A. Douglas for $25,000.

☞ It is a bad habit to carry your pins of your religion in your mouth.