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TERMS:

insertion. Those of a greater length in OB-PRINTING-Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills

phlots, Blanks, Labels, &c. &c., executed with acy and at the shortest notice.

# Poetical.

nd there they sat, a popping corn, John Stiles and Susan Cutter; ohn Stiles as fat as any ox,

and there they sat and shelled the corn, And raked and stirred the fire and talked of different kinds of care. And hitched their chairs the nigher. hen Susan she the popper shook,

Then John he shock the popper, ill both their faces grew as red As saucepans made of copper.

nd then they shelled and popped and ate, All kinds of fun a poking Vhile he haw-haw'd at her remarks. And she laughed at his joking.

and still they popped and still they ate-John's mouth was like a hopperand starred the fire, and sprinkled salt. And shook and shook the popper.

he clock struck nine, the clock struck ten, And still the corn kept popping struck eleven, and then struck twelve. And still no signs of stopping !.

nd John he nie, and Sue she thought, The corn did pop and patter, ill John cried out, "The corn's a fire! Why, Susan, what's the matter?"

id she, "John Stiles, it's one o'clock, You'll die of indigestion! n sick of all this popping corn-Why don't you pop the question?"

## Migrellaneons

[From the London Gem for 1842.] THE RETURN.

## INTERESTING PRENCH TALE.

e golden west, nor the delicious fragrence our humble supper for a stranger, may do it breathed around me, could wholly dissoldier's habiliaments; with a knapsack in-an: He started up-rapped at his back—who doffed his cap on . You will not leave us to ving me, saluting me at the same time | widow. h the frank and free air of his nation. I. eply to my inquiries, he informed mo that mother—farewell, dear Justine l was bound to the village of which I was

s on the time of one who is probably rening nome atter a long absence. Nearly three years' said he, but my ipaigns are now ended; and it is my preshope to find happiness in the bosom of

used your proper way? Fif on my account

No,' he returned, laughing and hesitating

ain the shelter of an auberge, sorry enough,

rance to produce so delightful an abborge s that to which I am conducting you;—the dwoman is the best and kindest of creatand, for Justine"-he paused and wip-

Well, for Justine, said I. She is just the loveliest and dearest girl

that one person whom I long to see.

A betrothed mistress, I suppose? offer but an honest heart; and though I ved her better than life, as I might never

Let us at least proceed, said I, seeing him stand mute and motionless.
'Monsieur is right—it were well to know the worst a once. Oh, that we had been an

hour sooner !

A few minutes now brought us to the hamlet, beautifully and pastorally situated by the side of a rapid stream, whose murmur ing harmonized sweetly with the stillness and serenity of the hour. A few minutes nore, and we were at the door of the au-

'Excuse me, Monsieur,' said Henri, presng on my arm with a hand that trembled with emotion, who knows what may have happened? I have a strange fancy to look in at the window. Ha! there sits Justine herself—her dark hair braided with flowers she cannot"—he paused for breath—'she cannot be a bride; yet that wreath looke like a bridal coronal! No, no—it is not so—she weeps—oh! that I might kiss away those

weeps—oh! that I might kies away those tears!—and besides, there is no man in the cottage, after all;—only the good old woman hung over her. Moncieur had better proceed?

We outered the cottage, where our arrival seemed to work an immediate change. If Justing had been weeping, her tears were fled. Henri was welcomed with enthusiasm as an old and valued friend; and both mother and daughter work instantly sortive and as an old and valued friend; and both mother and daughter were instantly active and solicitous in the service of a stranger and a traveller. Justine in particular, in spite of her holiday array, bestirred herself to spread forth a supper, from which, however, she fled with precipitation in the hinted fears of Henri as to her marriage; and I even thought perceived a convulsive shudder run through

Do not say that again, cried the old woman, pressing his hand, "it outs my poor Justine to the heart!" Plague on my tongue, exclaimed Henri,
"I would not wound her feelings for the

world r. 'I know it, my dear boy, and therefore I will tell you all; and why should I mind Monsieur—we who are innocent of wrong have nothing to conceal;—the truth then that Arnaud—you remember Arnaud, Hen

Ay, ay,' returned the soldier, impatiently; 'for no good though!'
'Well, it was about last fall that he began

to notice Justine, and from that he grew more particular, till at last—
Mother, say not that Justine loves him for he—he never loved any but himself, and

although he be wealthy—
Alack I wealthy he is not, for his vineyards were all blighted, said the old woman
but Justine looked not for wealth.'
'And if she looked for worth, she found it

not, oried Henri, indignantly.

'It is but too true, replied the dame, Justine read not in his beaming eyes a mean and selfish heart! She listened and believed-and this should have been her wedding day;—hush, hush, Henri, let her not hear you!—Justine, my love, you will find the fresheat grapes at the end of the garden. But men's yow's, continued the old woman, are like the wind; and Arnaud was wed ded this morning to a richer girl—yet oh, for worth, there is none like my poor child! 'The villain l' exclaimed Henri, involunta-

rily assuming a menasing gesture.

Alas! cried the mother, on whom this action was not lost—the one who sees all, punishes and rewards; and on that he had looked on my darling this day, never complaining even by a look, but with her own sweet hands decking the hair of the bride, uther provinces of France, that I was one on surprised by the approach of darks, while yet uncertain as to the distance the village where I was controlled to the village where I was co the village where I purposed to sleep, or the light of the moon, with the alders trembdeed, whether I might not have strayed ling round it—then, then ter heart sunk!—
but the path I had been directed to pursue.

But the sight of an old friend, turning to om the path I had been directed to pursue. But the sight of an old friend? turning to the beautiful tints that yet lingered in Henri, and even the pleasure of preparing

that vague feeling of uneasiness which The old woman's tears fell fast as the vades the mind on being overtaken by spoke; but Henri, overpowered by the sadght in a strange and tonely spot. It was denness and variety of his emotions, was relief, therefore, to hear at no great disseemed to spring from a light and jocund for what I had beard, I should have imputed the seminated the specific of the specific or what I had beard, I should have imputed here, and I glidly awaited the approach of here sweet gravity to a natural sedateness in traveller—a fine martial-looking youth alone. But for Henri the board was spread You will not leave us to night?' said the

'I have not seen my parents! Farewell, und to the village of which I was She turned not away from his offered sa-but had to been otherwise, con- lute; she even pressed his hand; but it was ued be, "I should have felt it as much a sisterly pressure only, in which no warmer y as a pleasure to have guided a gentle-feeling had place. It saw by his countenance an and a stranger.

Yet I had been loath. I replied to tree wings to the speed with which he left the

My repast ended, I retired to a small but exquisitely neat chamber on the ground floor of the cottage, the window of which looked towards; the river. But sleen. like a false native village. Make which we are excited by the unmerited misfortune of one whom I had seen but to admire held me as approaching?

whom 4 had seen but to admire, held me as
No, he answered, not exactly—my homo though spell-bond to the lattice, the view though spent point to the right. Monsiour would from whence of the beautiful valley elseping to the right. Monsiour would from whence of the beautiful valley elseping in the pale mood, time stole away unnoted, ar going away at that very point, the road ar going away at that very point, the road ar going away at that very point, the road ar going away at the beautiful valley elseping from whence of the beautiful valley elseping from the beautiful valley elseping from regoine away at that very point, the road when I was startled by hearing the door o ked so inviting; but how is it you have sue forth. I looked anxiously from the case ment; it was Justine herself gliding like a spirit towards that stream on which L had little—thome was dear, and parents were been gazing. Good Heaven! what could be her purpose? Was it possible that the story of her undesgreed abandonment had wrought One dearer yet! You are an enviable fel- in her fevered brain a vision of self destruc w. I exclaimed, 'whom so much happi-lion? The thought was horrible! Without a moment's hesitation, I sprang through the window, and holding my course in shadow tracked her steps towards the cottage of Ar

Sorry ! no, no—I would challenge all naud.

It stood on the very margin of the river.

It stood on the very margin of the river. The situation, the hour, her look of deep ab-straction, as meditating, perhaps, on the fatal plunge-appeared to atrengthen my fearful onjecture, and I advanced unperceived so ienr as to stretch forth my arm, in the intensity of my feelings, to arrest her seeming purpose. But how had my suspicions wronged ever beamed goodness from a bright In short, Monsieur, for why should I this noble-minded, this incomparable girl.—
At the moment when my heart fluttered at every motion. I belief her sink on her kneet, at one person whom I long to see. and, clasping her white hands in an attitude No, she was too young when I joined the of supplication, lift her sweet eyes to Heaven by —scarcely fifteen I and I—what had I as if to invoke a blessing on that union which had marred her fairest hopes. I saw herlips move, and though the accents reached me not, ver returned, you know, it had been un-the intelligence, the expression of that angel-derous to betray her into a promise that

Hark, Monsieur! he exclaimed, they are a loud shrick from the auberge dispersed the against us.

If you would borrow anything a second the first and return it speeding with the first and return it speeding. The paused and attempted to laugh, and a few years after on the ground of time, use well the first and return it speeding. The paused and attempted to laugh, and forwarded it to Mr. S. That he might believe them forever lost to him,— what I say in Justine fled back to the house, while I we will not find a deep for in a shallow love all over! What am I saying? It may was the poor widow, who, awaking and miss-

ing her daughter, had raised the wild cry of dread, almost of despair. A few words from Justine seemed to tranquilize the feelings of the agonized mother. They mingled their tears awhile, and then, I will hope, slept; it

not, their grief at least was silent. I rose early in the morning, but Justine had been long up and busied in her domestic affairs, serene and tranquil as though not breeze had ruffled the calm current of her peaceful mind. To have attempted counsel consolation, would have been to insult the feelings of one whose own heart was her best and surest monitor. After partaking, therefore, of a breakfast, the grapes for which I found had cost Justine a long ramble, I departed on my way, well contented to leave her to the guidance of her own purity, and the protecting love of one of the most affect

Circumstances led me at the close of the autumn to retrace part of my former route; and an unabated interest in the fortunes of Justine, attracted my steps once more to the little auborge, which, through every after scene, had still been present to my memory. I was received with the grateful smiles that seldom fail, among these simple-minded peo-ple, to repay any expression of attachment on the part of a stranger. Justine was still pale, but the recovered cheerfulness and animation of the old woman seemed to indicate reviving hope and expectation. Had I doubtd this, it had soon been confirmed.

It was evening when I arrived, and I was yet conversing with Justine, when my old friend Henri entered the cottage. His fine, manly features were bright with health and good humor, and whether it was that Justine was gratified by his delighted recognition of the traveller whom he had guided, a smile stole over her beautiful countenance. But it was something more. The worth of the young soldier was slowly but secretly effacing the impression of a misplaced attachment Poor Arnaud! exclaimed Henri.

'Oh, nothing new, save that his grapes are

'He ever was,' said the dame, 'a slave to his own greedy desire of gain; for that he has sold what nothing can replace—the peace of his own heart! 'Oh, my son, learn from this to be content with.'—

but that were impossible ! Content is too old a word for such surpassing bliss!'

Justine blushed, and looked as if she would nave frowned, but knew not how I and a stray sell and the wife now dependent upon his lance of her eye seemed to auger well not exertions. His efforts were not crowned with glance of her eye seemed to auger well not only for the happiness of my friend Henri, but, I will hope also, for the peace of her own pure heart.

cheerless at that. One son was the result of the marriage and with his wife and ohild. Mr. S. struggled on, met on almost every united; the vices of Arnaud becoming thus the unconscious means of rewarding the virhand by the persecutions of the father. tues of Henri and Justine. able longer to reconcile himself to such a life, years since I fell in love with Jane Jerusha Skeggs, the handsomest country girl, by far, and the moonlight smiled on her meltinglips, and the night-winds learned our talk. Jane

Jane Jerusha was all to me, for my heart was young and true, and I loved with a double and twisted love, and a love that was honest, too. I roamed all over the neighbor's forms, and I robbed the wildwood bowers. and I tore my trousers and soratebed my hands, in search of the choicest flowers. In my joyous love I brought all these to my larling Jerusha Jane: but I would not be so foolish now, it I were a boy again. A city chap then came along all dressed up in store clothes, with a shiny hat and shiny best, and a moustache under his nose. He talked to er of singing schools, (for her father ewned farm) and she left me; the country love and took the new chap's arm. All that night I never slept, nor could I eat next day, for I loved that girl with a fervent love that naught could drive away. I strove to win her back to me, but it was all in vain; the city chap, with the hairy lip, married Jerusha Jane. And my poor heart was sick and sore until the thought struck me, that just as good fish remained as ever was caught in the sea. So I went to the Methodist Church one night, and saw a dark brown ourl, peeping from under a gypsy hat, and I married that very girl. And many years have passed since, then, and I think my loss my

An Invitation to Dinner .- It was observed that a cortain covetous rich man ney-er invited any one to dine with him. "I'll lay a wager," said a wag, that I will get an invitation from him. The wager was accepted. He goes the next day to the rich man's house about the

gain; and I often bless that hairy chap that

stole Terusha Jane.

time he was to dine, and tells the servant he must speak with his master immediately, for e can save him a thousand pounds.
Sir, said the servant to his master, there s a man in a great hurry to speak with you

he says he can save you a thousand pounds. Out came the master. You can save me thousand pounds?' ousand pounds?' 'Yes, sir, Lean; but I see you are at din ner-I will go away, and call again.'
Oh pray, sir, come in and take dinner

I shall be troublesome.

Not at all. The invitation was accepted. As soon as liner was over the family retired.
'Well, sir,' said the man of the house, now to your business: Pray let me know now I am to save a thousand pounds?

Well, sir, I hear, you have a daughter to lispose of in marriage." And you intend to portion her with ten ousand pounds. 'I do sir.' Why, then, sir, let me have her, and I will take her with nine thousand.

The master of the house arose in a passion and kicked him out of doors. At Kingston, N. Y., a few days since yönng lady, engaged as a missionary col-otor, entered a store and made the usual ap-eal. She was informed by a gentleman that he would contribute a twenty-five stamp for every kies she would give him. The pro-

The Dutch have a good proverbthefts never enrich, alms never impoverish, prayers hinder no work.

To make known our failings is to furnish others with weapons that they may be used ohild, and forwarded it to Mr. S., that he countenance could not be missassed.

would have repented, perhaps, after I sound depict the traits of Henven.

some !!

Very just and honorable, I observed.

I was lost in admiration, in wonder, when I was lost in admiration, in wonder, when a loud shriek from the auberge dispersed the largely vision. With the swiftness of a lap.

If you would borrow anything a second largely vision. With the swiftness of a lap.

A STRANGE TALE. LEAP FROM THE LIFE OF A BUSINESS, WAN IN CHICAGO.

[From the Chicago Post.] There now resides in the city of Chicago, a gentleman well known in business circles, and whose paper is good on change for a very ortion of his career to reside in the city of New Orleans. This was many years ago-away back in the half decade of 1830 to '35. He had gone thither from the North, penniless, to earn a livelihood for himself, and in pursuit of that fortune which all young men hope to reach, but which few ever attain. Shortly after his arrival in the Orescent city he fortunately succeeded in securing a posi-tion in an old and well established mercan-

tile house, where by his uniform trustworthy conduct, he secured the confidence of his employers, and rapid promotion up through the For the purpose of this narrative teman before proceeding further. And since this sketch is published without consultation with him, we feel obliged to give him a name other than that by which he is known in the commercial walks of life, and with the title of Mr. S——our readers must be satisfied.
Mr. S——had been scarcely two years
engaged in discharging the duties of his po-

sition in New Orleans when he became en amored of a daughter of one of the members of the firm. Deeply engrossed as he was in the affairs of every day business life, the tread of all-absorbing trade failed to crush out the gentler sentiments of his heart, and the jingle of the dollars could not drown the sweet inusic of interchanging yours of constancy and of plighted faith. His affections were reciprocated, but though "Barkis was willin," the parents were not. With all the pride of aristocracy, and contempt of honest labor, which formerly and does still characterize the

sour, and his shrew of a wife sourer still.— He is the veriest slave that lives."

Justine and love!" exclaimed the youth ;

I was not deceived; they were soon after

a separation was mutually agreed upon, the lady returned with her child to her father's roof, and Mr. S. to his home in New Eng-, Six months after his arrival at the North, Mr. S. received a New Orleans paper containing the announcement of the death, of his wife and infant child. Attached to them as he was, though compelled by adverse circumstances to leave them, he mourned for them sincerely, and believed them dead. A few years afterwards he met with a lady whose good qualities of mind attracted him and whom he subrequently married, and with whom he lived happy for many years, raising a family of sons, two of whom are to day In the intural course of events, Mr. S. re-moved to the west many years ago, and be-

nime one of the seekers after fortune upon cago was then but a small and comparatively unknown town, though the tide of emigration was beginning to set rapidly in this direchis former experience had rendered him well' jualified to turn to advantage such opportu nities for the aggrandizement of whatever he ossessed as came in his way. He prospered in business, and year after year accountilated additions to the gains of the previous year.— Chicago and the great Northwest sprang from an insignificant village and sparsely settled country to a great city and presperous com-monwealths. His own pscuniary advance-ment was no less rapid and from that time no more important eras than is-the common history of business men in this community, and might be written of hundreds of others. Some years ago his second wife died, esteem-ed by her friends and loved by them to whom

wealthy of the South, they speered at the

loves of the young couple, interposed objec-

tions, and forbade intercourse between them.
As a natural consequence clandestine meet-

ings were held, and an elopement projected

receive no blessing or forgiveness from the parents of the lady. Mr. S. was dismissed from the service of the firm, and for more

than a month struggled hard to maintain him-

the most perfect success, and his life was

who was nearest and dearest. —
We will not say that during all this lapse of years the mind of Mr. S. did not frequently revert to the scenes of his earlier days, and the strange vicissitudes through which he had passed. It would have been wonderful indeed, if he had not poudered upon them, or often thought of the joys and sorrows attendant upon his residence in New orleans. He held no correspondence, however, with any one resident there, and accepted for truth the newspaper account of the death of his former wife and child. By it his life has been changed and turned from its original channel; he himself seeking new cenes, and different avenues of trade.

After the capture of the city of New Or-leans by the Union forces under Gen. Butler, and the opening of the Mississipi by the surrender of Vicksburg, a desire seized Mr. S. to revisit his old home, and look once more upon New Orleans. Thirty years had elapsd since his residence there and the occasion of nis second visit. On the second day after consoling information, that side nath to inter-est in common with him, and no desire to look upon or speak with him. The succeeding day she had left the hotel, and he lost all trace of her. Mr. S. was shortly afterward taken severely ill and having occasion to call in a physician judge of his surprise to learn from the conversation which passed between them that the gray haired medical attendant had been the adviser of the hamily of his former wife, and from him he learned the residence of the lady. Prompted by feelings of curiosity, even if the old love had wholly died out in his heart, he again sought an inposition was accepted, and the young lady immediately rap up a bill of \$7 50. terview, and was at last successful.

The story of the lady was a strange one. After the departure of Mr. S. for the North. she returned to her father's home, and to the circles in society she had frequented, Her S. and herself was then a colonel in the reb-el army. She had no desire to renew inter-course with him, and closed the interview as

An old gentleman died at the age of 105.

An old gentleman died at the age of 105.

It was thought advisable to attribute his long life to temperance principles, so a committee called on his grandson for particulars.

Of course he was temperate," suggested to the North with his newly found father.

A codini was not linux age unmonded to the A codicil was not long ago appended to the will of Mr. S. by which the son receives an equal share in that gentleman's property on the occasion of that gentleman's death. Mr. S. is again in the city of Chicago, and ugain he fills his accustomed place in business circles. Yet few would suspicion that in the life of this man, familiar to hun-dreds, novel events had mingled and circum stances had transpired, the like whereof w seldom find save in the pages of fiction and omance.

Mr. Wortley, a merchant from Naples, was traveling post with a swiss merchant; and bad nearly reached the city of Capua, which is about fourteen miles from Naples, when his carriage was suddenly stopped by a formidable band of robbers. It was night but beautiful moon—the moon of Naples is worth a London sun-illuminated the scene, panion to see that there were only three or four brigands near the coach, and that they had not yet knocked the postilion off his horses. Air. Wortley took his measures accordingly with great presence of mind and boldness. As the foremost brigand came to he side of the carriage, within reach, bawling and carsing for those within to come out and be robbed, he caught hold of the ruffian the postilion to gallop off to Capun, when he sliculd be well rewarded. The postilion, who had known him before on the road, took Mr. Wortley at his word, and, with a holdness rarely found in his class, whipped his horses, that wont off—as Neapolitan horses generally will do—"an end." As the postilious whip touched the withers of his steeds, a bulet whizzed past his head, but missed its aim. Away then went the curriage, and the mor-chants, and the robber, as swift as the old witches in Goethe's Faust; Mr. Wortley who New Orleans one day, man and wife, but to robber, who dangled, his head and shoulders in, and the rest of his body outside of the ve-hicle—something like a calf over a butcher's ed brigand, whose legs were braised against begged most piteously to be released: merchants, however, kept the prize they had made in so curious a manner, and soon arrivmost awkwardly for travellers, placed on the high road, they had to wait some time until permission obtained to admit them. When it, with the robber still dangling at the coach

side, and delivered him at the guard-house. The next morning, Mr. Wortely and his friend appeared before the justice of the peace, and after their dispositions had been received, the brigand was given over to the civil authorities, and cast into prison, where he lay for many months, without being What finally became brought to judgment. of him we never learned.

evident, I suppose, to every one who has had much intercourse with his soldiers, they they entertained no affection for the late Duke of ced discipline in the Peninsula, and the strict regard to justice and the public purse with which he awarded pensions at home, acting upon an ill-informed and not over sorupulous mind, created a feeling amongst them that he was not the soldier's friend. This unlarge was not the soldier's friend. The word was passed along the lines, and all the parties made their coffee, the Rebs drinking sham and the Yanks real "Ah !" said one to me, "he was not like Lord Hill. Lord Hill was a Christian, and had a feeling

for his soldiers; but nobody likes Welling we will go too." "Well," said another, 'he's got great went again, honors and great riches, but it's all through the bravery of his troops, and now he does not care if they starve. He tried to bring a bill into Parliment to lossen our pensions, but the Duke of Richmond said, "Let us begin at the top of the tree, if we begin at all to diminish pensions;"-but Wellington did not like to have his own ponsions lessened." "Why, bless your heart!" said another, "he would hang his men up like dogs, if they only took a penny loaf out of a baker's shop. when they were on a hard march and almost starving." Such remarks were common dur-Such remarks were common during his lifetime, but when the news got abroad that he was dead, they were more common to report them, though I by no means sympathize with them. They are interesting, as showing the perversity of human nature .-The man who fought for his country from motives of duty, died unlamented by his soldiery, while the man who fought from mere personal aggrandizement, from motives of wain glory, was almost deified by the army after death.

LICENTIOUSNESS OF POMPER.—The discov sermons as a vindication of the reforms worked by Christianity. Had it not been for the paintings which still survive on the walls of as his former wife. He immediately sought the ancients. All that Taoitus has written an interview with her, but was refused, she first the application by the no means consoling information, that she had no interview of the licentiful property of the policent of the standard of the second of the licentiful property of the second of the secon fails to make an impression equal to that produced by these indecent pictures. For that an idle, luxurious and despotic monarch should violate every law, human and divine, seems not impossible; but that private citizens should imitate their example, surpasses belief, which is proved by the walls of the walls of the common sitting com; the walls on which husband and wife, mother and daughter, maider and suitor, gazed in company, are seen paintings which would disgrace the vilest modern bagnio. The university of these opictures prove that it was not unfew dissolute young men, who thus not nifew dissolute young men, who thus covered the walls of their rooms, but that tathers of families; citizens of the h ghest rank, and even grave senators, were clually guilty. How gross and corrupt must that living with another woman. She attempted state of society have been, in which licenticus. to give her little child, a girl, the same fate, ness not only shook off all decorum, but sat but it was rescued. in the very domestic circle itself.

Mayflower, at Plymouth Rock, in the year

An old gentleman died at the age of 105.

ning, he took about half a glass of pure Ja-maica rum; my grandfather was a person of extremely regular habits; this was his uniform custom," replied the grandson.
"This, I suppose," said the inquirer, "was to give a sort of fillup to his system, after the thargy of lengthened repose, made requisite, as an exceptional case, by his very advanced period of life. Please tell us what

his practice was during the rest of the day."
"My grandfather, gentlemen, was a person of very regular habits, and took nothing else of this sort until II o'clock; and then only a glass of Jamaica rum."

"Indeed; did he drink anything with his

meals?"
"Not exactly with his meals; about half in hour before dinner he drank a mixture to which he was partial, consisting of about half and half of cider and rum. But after drinking that it was his custom to go out for a short walk and return to dinner. When dinner was about half through, he would then drink say a glass of rum or whiskey, as the case may be, and another when dinner was over. Dinner was always punctually on the four o'clock, and after that a small quantity in his tea. His practice was not to drink invihing else until near bed-time, which was always nine o'clock, when he had another glass or two of whiskey or rum; unless, indeed, some neighbor or friend came in to join him. He was very hospitable always, and, as I have remarked, extremely regular in his

The committee looked at one another, and hesitated about pursuing the inquiry any further. It occurred to them, however, that it would be well to save themselves, if possiole, in regard to the use of tobacco "Did Dr. -- ever smoke?" asked the

shairman. "That," said the host; " was one of his nost regular habits. He was not often with out a pipe in his mouth, when not engaged professionally. He did not smoke in bed." Surely, then, he used tobacco in no other suggested the interrogator.

"My grandfather, every Saturday after-noon, gentlemen, purchased a certain quan-tity of pigthil tobacco, say from twenty-one to twenty-three inches in length; this he cut up into seven different portions, one of which per day, and no more, he used for chewing in the course of the seven days of the week. My grandfather's habits, as I have observ

"O, confound your grandfather and his habite," broke in the questioner, out of all patience. I beg your paidon, sir, but it is not necessary for us to pursue tapy further." And so they left.

AN INCIDENT OF CAMP.—An army correscondent of the N. Y. Tribune relates the following: "It is a singular but significant fact that

there is no animosity of feeling between the privates of the two armies. They are ometimes caught enjoying their own little private truces and armistices on the pick et lines. On such occasious they exchange papers, talk politics, make coffee, trade manner. A most amusing occurrence happened on one portion of our line. The sharp-shooters on both sides had got miffed about Wellington. The unbending sternness of something, and had been shooting at each character, the severity with which he enforced discipline in the Peninsula, and the strict up from behind his spelter, making some kind soffee. When they they were through the Yank says, "Are you ready over that?"—
"Yes." "Well, then, the truce is up, and
we will go at it again." And at it they

The correspondent adds that " these incidents are cited simply to show how much ea-sier it is for soldiers to come to an understanding than it is for politicians." Exactly.

A certain General of the United States army supposing his favorite horse dead, or-dered an Irishman to go and skin him. "What, is silver tail dead?" asked Pat.

"What's that to you?" replied the officer.
'Do as I bid you and ask no questions." Pat went about his business and in an hour r two returned.
"Well, Pat, where have you been all this 'Skinning the horse, yer honor."

uch an operation?" "No. yer honor, but then you see, it took about half an hour to catch him." Catch him! fire and furies, was he alive!"

"Yes, yer honor, and you know I could not skin him alive." Skin him alive I did you kill him ?" "To be sure I did. You know L must obey orders without asking questions,'

Mrs. Partington has addressed to an nfluential gentleman the following appeal: DEAR SIR: Perhaps you don't know Isaac has gone to the contented field; he was graf-ted last fall in one of the wings of the army, "parrote" burst their breeches, and I think what an awful thing it would be if issae was a parrot, When Isaac used to sing, "I want to be an angel," I did not think he would so leaton. He says the war will be over soon, and he will come back a Victoria. I'm sure

I wish it was over now, or hadn't commenced

A woman, twenty-five years old, threw nerself into the falls of Niagara, because her nusbund, a discharged Federal soldier, was

in the state of

MULTUR' IN PARYO,—"Pa, can you tell Missouri Republican tells of seeing on extinute brought about this cruel war?"

When the Sanitary Fair, in San Francisco, "Yes, my darling; it was caused by the forty-eight Bartlett pears on a single stem, unfortunate landing of a vessel called the eight inches long. They were of average Bartlett size, and stood out at right angles to the stem, completely enveloping it.

### Hending off a Lawyer.

Rufus Choate in an important marine) assault and battery at sea case had Dick Barton chief mate of the clipper ship Olallenge on the stand, and badgered him so for about an hour, that at hast Dick got his salt water up, and hauled by the wind to bring the keen Boston lawyer under his batteries.

At the beginning of his testimony Dick had said that the night was dark as the devil, and raining like seven bells.

Suddenly Mr. Choate selves his.

Suddenly Mr. Choate asked him— Was there a moon that night?

Yes, sir.'
'Ah, yes! A moon'
'Yes, a full moon.'

'Did you see it?' Not a mite. 'Then how do you know there was

'Nautical almunae said so, and I'll beieve that sooner'n any lawyer in this world,'
What was the principal laminary that Binnacle lamp aboard the Challenge.

Ah you are growing sharp Mr. Barton. What in blazes have you been grinding me this hour for—to make me dull? Be civil, sir. And now tell me what latitude and longitude you crossed the Equator Sho! You are joking.

No, sir! I am in enruest, and I desire you

Ah, you refuse, do you?'
Yes—I can't.'
Indeed! You are chief mate of a clipperstip, and unable to answer so simple a ques-

Yes tis the simplest question I ever had asked me. Why, I thought every fool of a lawyer knew there ain t no latitude on That shot floored Rufus Choate.

FORTUNE TELLING .- Some young persons once applied to an old women, who, among the vulgar and ignorant, had gained much celebrity in the art; to each, of course, she had something to say; but to one she did a "tale unfold," so much to the purpose, that it caused her very soon to leave this world of trouble. After premising with a great deal of nonsense, she informed her that she would never be married but that she would live in great splendor for a period, but after all, she was "sorry to say," she would die poor and

miserable.

Misa B., whilst with her companions, showed very little signs of anxiety; but the moment she was left to her own reflections, one may guess the effect of such a harangue on a virtuous but weak mind. Mark the consequence: She was at the time on a point of marriage with a very worthy and respectable marriage with a very worthy and respectable young gentleman; but such was the hold which the prediction of the fortune teller had taken on her imagination, that she could never from that, time receive him with her usual affectionate attention. Her lover quickly perceiving this change, endeavored to learn the cause of it; but finding his inquiries ineffectual, as also any efforts of his to rouse her to an explanation of her behavior, which became more and more distant; and doubt. became more and more distant; and doubt-ing the sincerity of her affection, he, in the course of a little time, discontinued his visits altogether. The young lady, perceiving her-self deserted by the only man she could ever love, and dreading that as she had fulfilled the prophecy so far, the rest might also be ber future lot, continued to dan on a now veary existence, and at length resolved to put an effectual step to this progressive dis-bonor to her name, by committing a crime that could never be repented of. One morn-ing, at the usual hour, her family finding that she did not appear, sent to inquire the cause, when she was found lying dead in her bed. liaving the night before taken two cunces of laudanum to effect her purpose. On the toi-let was found a note, detailing the particular reasons for committing so shocking an act, of which the preceding account is the outline. Thus perished an innocent and lovely girl, n the flower of her youth, through the bane ful influence of fortune telling; but giving; at the same time, the flattest contradiction to the prophecy against her.

The Taue Life.—The mere lapse of years not life. To eat and drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace wheel of wealth; to make reason our bookkeeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of human-ty is awakened, and the sanctities still slumher which make it most worth while to live. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechan-ism of existence; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart; the tears that freshen the dry waste within; the most that brings childhood back; the prayer that calls the future near; the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which startles us with mystery; the hardship that forces us to strug-gle; the anxiety that ends in trust, are the true nourishment of our national being.

THE WILLOW .- Few of our farmers have any idea of the enormous quantity of basket willow annually imported from Europe, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars. The imported basket willow costs \$150 lars. The imported basket willow costs \$150 the ton. It can be procured in the United States for \$70, and pay well. It can be grown on clay soil. There are thousands of acres in Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, now waste land, that could be made productive, if planted with willow. A well informed agriculturist informs me that land planted with willow, will repay the labor more liberally than any other tree he can set out. The many uses to which willow is applied has created a great demand for it. a great demand for it. <u>reproduction to</u>

A good wife is the greatest of blessings. She always attends to things general lugs. One diways attends to things generally, and gets up in the mornibg, and makes the fire in particular; besides slipping down to the market, over to the grocer's up to the baker's and seeing to the breakfast all round. The husband of such an invention has little to do pur to 'tolok pie intrinse of life; went to do pur to 'tolok pie intrinse of life; went to do pur to 'tolok pie intrinse of life; went winks with the girls opposite, and go down town about 11 A. M.

The savage maiden paints her body the bright-eyed beauty of civilization paints, her cheek. The one wears a ring in ber nose; the other rings in her cars. The our girdles herself with the gaudiest sone she can command; the other arrays herself in stuffs of the costlest quality and richest dyes.— They are the same by nature; they have been changed by circumstances.

The Employ of Austria is trying to raise 40,000,000, floring by a lottery. The tickets are offered for sale in this country.