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BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

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A Story for Alice.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

I recollect a little girl,
Whom in the way I met;
To shut my eyes, and look within,
I plainly see her yet.
Her eyes then had an azure hue—
Our wildling violets not more blue—
And from her gipsy hat's duress
A single brown and waving tress
Escaped, and on her shoulder flung
A shadow, where it careless hung.
An artless happy dear was she,
As eyes of man would like to see.
I stopped the tripping, pretty maid,
And in a jesting humor said—
'Sweet, will you be my wife,
'To bless and beautify my life?'
'I am too little, now,' said she;
'Wait, Sir, until I older be.'
No further would the darling say;
But, archly smiling, ran away.

Ten years had passed, when I sat down
Beside a lady dear;
We spoke more love by eye than tongue,
Heard more by eye than ear.
Upon her cheeks a modest glow
Kept moving faintly to and fro;
Each dear blue eye-lay shyly hid
Beneath its white and quivering lid;
And by its rise and fall, her breast,
Betrayed its ocean-like unrest.
A wealth of love was in her eyes;
Her bosom was a mine of sighs;
Her heart was in my heart; her hand
Trembled in mine at his demand—
Sweet, will you be my darling wife,
'To bless and beautify my life?'
'Oh, I am older now,' said she.
'Than that first time you spoke to me;
'And now I may not run away'—
It was not needed more to say.

There is a little girl, just now,
Who sits upon my knee;
Her eyes are of a hazel hue—
They say she looks like me.
The bee-like humming of her voice
Which makes my spirit so rejoice,
The dark-brown tresses floating wild
Over the shoulders of the child,
The deep glow of her chubby cheeks
Which health and happy feelings speaks,
The fondness of her up-turned gaze,
Recall to me my earlier days;
And in my spirit's ear I hear
The accents of the prattling dear
I asked to be my little wife,
To bless and beautify my life—
'I am too little now,' said she,
'Wait, Sir, until I older be.'
Is that what you, my child, will say
To some one at a future day?

The Unknown Guest.

One pleasant evening, in the month of June, in the year 17—, a man was observed entering the borders of a wood, near the Hudson river, his appearance that of a person above the common rank. The inhabitants of a country village would have dignified him with the title of "squire," and from his manners pronounced him proud; but those more accustomed to society, would inform you that there was something like a military air about him.

His horse panted as if it had been hard pushed for some miles; yet from the owner's frequent stops to caress the patient animal, he could not be charged with the want of humanity, but seemed to be actuated by some urgent necessity.—The rider forsaking a good road for a path leading through the woods indicated a desire to avoid the gaze of other travelers.

He had not left the house where he inquired the the direction of the above mentioned path more than two hours, before the quietude of the place was broken by the noise of distant thunder. He was soon after obliged to dismount, traveling becoming dangerous, as darkness concealed surrounding objects, except when the lightning flashes afforded him a momentary view of his situation. A peal louder and of longer duration than any of the preceding, which now burst over his head, seemed as if it would rend the woods asunder, and was quickly followed by a heavy fall of rain, that penetrated the clothes of the stranger, ere he could obtain the shelter of a large oak which stood at a little distance.

Almost exhausted with the labors of the day, he was about making such disposition of the saddle and his overcoat as would enable him to pass the night with what comfort circumstances would admit, when he spied a light glimmering through the trees. Animated with the hope of better lodgings, he determined to proceed.

The way, which was steep, became attended with more obstacles the farther he advanced; the soil being composed of clay, which the rain had rendered so soft that his feet slipped at every step. By the utmost perseverance, this difficulty was finally overcome without any accident, and he had the pleasure of finding himself in front of a decent looking farmhouse. The watch dog commenced barking, which brought the owner to the door.

"Who is there?"

"A friend who has lost his way, and in search of a place of shelter," was the answer.

"Come in, sir," added the speaker, "and whatsoever my house will afford you shall have with welcome."

"I must provide for the weary companion of my journey," remarked the stranger.

But the farmer undertook the task, and after conducting the new comer into a room where his wife was seated, he led the horse to a well stored barn, and there provided for him most bountifully.

On rejoining the traveler, he observed:

"That's a noble animal of yours, sir."

"Yes," was the reply, "and I am sorry that I was obliged to misuse him so as to make it necessary to give you so much trouble with the care of him; but I have to thank you for your kindness to both of us."

"I did no more than my duty, sir," said the entertainer, "and therefore am entitled to no thanks. But Susan," added he, turning to the hostess, with a half reproachful look, "why have you not given the gentleman something to eat?"

Fear had prevented the good woman from exercising a well-known benevolence, for a robbery had been committed by a lawless band of depredators but a few weeks before in that neighborhood, and as report stated that the ruffians were all well dressed, her imagination suggested that this man might be one of them.

At her husband's remonstrance, she now readily engaged in repairing her error, by preparing a splendid repast.—During the meal there was much interesting coversation among the three.

As soon as the worthy countryman perceived that his guest had satisfied his appetite, he informed him that it was now the hour at which the family usually performed their devotions, inviting him at the same time to be present.

The invitation was accepted in these words:

"It will afford me the greatest pleasure to commune with my Heavenly Preserver, after the events of the day; such exercises prepare us for the repose which we seek in sleep."

The host now reached the Bible from the shelf, and after reading a chapter, and singing, concluded the whole with a fervent prayer; then lighting a pine knot, conducted the person he had entertained to his chamber, wishing him a good night's rest, and retired to an adjoining apartment.

"John," whispered the woman, "that is a good gentleman, and not one of the highwaymen as I supposed."

"Yes, Susan," said he, "I like him better for thinking of his God, than all his kind inquiries about our welfare.—I wish our Peter had been home from the army, if it was only to hear this good man talk; I am sure Washington himself could not say more for his country, nor give a better history of the hardships endured by our brave soldiers."

"Who knows now," inquired the wife, "but it may be himself, after all, my dear? For they say he does travel just so, all alone, sometimes"

"Hark! what's that!"

The sound of a voice came from the chamber of their guest, who was now engaged in his private religious worship.—After thanking the Creator for his many mercies, and asking a blessing on the inhabitants of the house, he continued:

"And now, Almighty Father, if it be thy holy will that we shall obtain a place and name among the nations of the earth, grant that we may be enabled to show our gratitude for thy goodness, by our endeavors to fear and obey thee. Bless us with wisdom in our council, success in battle, and let our victories be tempered with humanity. Endow, also, our enemies with enlightened minds, that they may become sensible of their injustice, and willing to restore peace and liberty.—Grant the petition of thy servant, for the sake of Him whom thou hast called thy beloved Son: nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done. Amen.

The next morning the traveler declined the pressing invitation to breakfast with his host, declaring it was necessary for him to cross the river immediately; at the same time offering part of his purse as a compensation for what he had received, which was refused.

"Well, sir," continued he, "since you will not permit me to recompense you for your trouble, it is just that I should inform you on whom you have conferred so many obligations and also add to them, by requesting your assistance in crossing the river. I had been out yesterday, endeavoring to obtain some information of our enemy, and being alone ventured too far from the camp. On my return, I was surprised by a foraging party, and only escaped by my knowledge of the roads and the fleetness of my horse. My name is George Washington."

Surprise kept the listener still for a moment; then after unsuccessfully repeating the invitation to take some refreshment he hastened to call the negroes, with whose assistance he placed the horse on a small raft of timber that was lying in the river near the door, and soon conveyed the General to the opposite side of the river, where he left him to pursue his way to the camp, wishing him a safe and prosperous journey.

On his return to the house, he found that while he was engaged in making preparation for conveying the horse across the river, his illustrious visitor had persuaded his wife to accept a token of remembrance, which the family are proud of exhibiting to this day.

The above is one of the hazzards encountered by this great patriot, for the purpose of transmitting to posterity the treasures we now enjoy. Let us acknowledge the benefits received, by our endeavors to preserve them in their purity; and keeping in remembrance the great source whence these blessings flow, we may be enabled to render our names worthy of being enrolled with that of the father of his country.

MORAL FRAGRANCE.—"What a pity," said a boy to his father, as they walked through the garden, "that the rose, after blooming, does not produce fruit, and thus return a thank offering in summer, for the lovely season of spring life. Now, it is called the flower of innocence and joy; then it would also be the emblem of gratitude."

The father answered, "Does it not offer all its loveliness to beautify the spring; and, for the dew and light which it receives from above, does it not fill the air with its delicate fragrance? Thus like gratitude, bestowing a charm unseen, which enhances every other good. Created for the spring, it dies with the spring; but its withered leaves retain a portion of its sweet fragrance—so in the heart of innocence, does gratitude abide, after the kind deed which called it forth is forgotten."

VULTURES.—A letter from the Crimea tells the following tale: "Vultures are very numerous in the Crimea. They smell the powder and await the coming of the fight, to throw themselves upon their victims. After one of the recent combats an English officer was found on the battle field, who had just expired, pressing in both his arms one of these birds of prey, dead like himself, and which he had crushed in a last effort of agony!"

A bad Habit.

"Oh, mother, I am tired to death!" said Jane Millis, as she threw herself into a chair, on her return from school.

"Tired to death!" repeated her mother slowly.

"Yes, mother, I am; almost, I mean," she added.

"No, my daughter, not even almost," said Mrs. Millis.

"Well, at any rate," continued Jane, "I would not walk from here to school again to-day for anything in the world!"

"O, yes you would, my dear," said her mother gently.

"No, mother, I am sure I would not; I am sure nothing would tempt me."

"But I am pearly certain you could be induced to go without any urging," answered her mother.

"Well, mother, try me, and see if anything could make me willing to go."

"Suppose," said Mrs. Millis, "I should offer to take you to the panorama this afternoon? I expect to visit it."

"Do you, mother?" said Jane, with great animation.

"May I go? You promised to take me when you went."

"I intended to have done so," continued her mother; "but the place where it is exhibited is a very long way beyond your school."

"I am quite rested now, dear mother!" said Jane, "I would not fail of going for all the world! Why do you smile, mother?"

"To think what an inconsistent little daughter I have."

"What do you mean by inconsistent, mother?"

"Why, when a little girl says one minute that she would not walk a particular distance for anything in the world, and in the next minute says she would not fail of walking still further for all the world, she not only talks inconsistently but foolishly. It is a very bad habit to use such expressions.

"Yesterday, when you came home from school, you said you were almost frightened out of your life, and when I enquired as to the cause of your alarm, you replied that you had met as many as a thousand cross dogs on your way from school. Now, my daughter, I wish you to break yourself of this bad habit. When you are tired, or hungry, or frightened, use the simple words to express your meaning. For instance, you may be tired, or exceedingly tired, or hungry, or frightened, or terrified.

"From this time let your lips speak what you mean. The Bible says, "Let your yea be yea, and your nay be nay;" and adds, that "whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil." Will you try and remember what I have been saying, and strive to correct this fault, my dear child?" said Mrs. Millis.

"Yes, dear mother," replied Jane; "for I know it is wrong, and I feel ashamed and sorry for it."

"Well, my dear," added her mother, "improve, and now you may get ready to go with me and see the panorama."—*Teacher's Offering.*

How to be Happy.

I will give you two or three good rules which may help you to become happier than you would be without knowing them; but as to being completely happy, that you can never be until you get to Heaven.

The first is, "try your best to make others happy." "I never was happy," said a certain king, "till I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people; but ever since then, in the darkest day, I have had sunshine in my heart."

My second rule is, "be content with little." There are many good reasons for this rule. We deserve but little, we require but little, and "better is little with the fear of God, than great treasures and trouble therewith." Two men were determined to be rich, but they set about it in different ways: for the one strove to raise up his means to his desires; while the other did his best to bring down his desires to his means. The result was, the one who coveted much was always repining, while he who desired but little was always contented.

My third rule is, "Look on the sunny side of things."

Look up with hopeful eyes,
Though all things seem forlorn;
The sun that sets to-night will rise
Again to-morrow morn.

The skipping lamb, the singing lark and the leaping fish tell us that happiness is not confined to one place. God in his goodness has spread it abroad on the earth, in the air, and in the waters. Two aged women lived in the same cottage; one was always fearing a storm, and the other was always looking for sunshine. Hardly need I say which it was wore the forbidden frown, or which it was whose face was lightened up with joy.

PROOF THAT THE MOON IS NOT INHABITED.—Dr. Scoresby, in an account that he has given of some recent observations made with the aid of Rosse's telescope, says:—"With respect to the moon, every object on its surface of 100 feet was now distinctly to be seen; and he had no doubt, that, under very favorable circumstances, it would be so with objects 60 feet in height. On its surface were craters of extinct volcanoes, rocks and masses of stones almost innumerable. He had no doubt that if such a building as he was then in were upon the surface of the moon, it would be rendered distinctly visible by these instruments. But there were no signs of habitations such as ours—no vestiges of architecture remain to show that the moon is or ever was inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. It presented no appearance which could lead to the supposition that it contained anything like the green fields and lovely verdure of this beautiful world of ours.—There was no water visible—not a sea or a river, or even the measure of a reservoir for supplying town or factory—all seemed desolate."

On Friday last 23 choice breeves sold at Louisville at 18 cents a pound.

A Lion in the Path.

From a record of sporting adventures in South Africa, recently published in an English magazine, we make the following extract. It is as thrillingly graphic as anything we have seen for some time:

Whilst breakfast was preparing, I proceeded to take a saunter down to the pool, not without some faint hopes of a bath, though I feared our horses, to say nothing of the other animals who had visited it during the night, might have muddled it too much for that. However, I resolved to try, and throwing my Minie into the hollow of my arm, and sucking my wide-awake over my eyes, lounged down a path among the bushes, now well beaten by the feet of men and horses. The latter I found up to their bellies in the pool, enjoying themselves as completely as the flies would let them; but as the water looked uncommonly turbid, I thought I would skirt along a little to the left and look for a cleaner spot; and so, climbing a short steep, covered with long grass and underwood, I pushed aside some branches which intervened between me and a small clear space of shorter turf, and—to my very intense astonishment, though I must say not at that moment to my dismay, I was so used to the sight of them—I found myself within a few yards of one of the finest male lions I ever saw, and who was engaged with a look of grave patriarchal interest in watching the movements of the horses below—doubtless selecting one for his breakfast. Have you not seen Landseer's etching of the lion in the old Tower Menagerie? In exactly the same attitude, still and unmoving, like a noble statue, stood this neighbor of mine; and, for a few seconds, I remained equally lost in admiration of the grand beauty of the tableau" he presented.

It was, however, necessary to decide on some line of action immediately. I could not help hitting him if I close to fire, but if I did not kill him outright with one shot, he was so close to me that I could hardly hope to escape without a ugly brush.—Surely this was a case in which discretion would be the better part of valor; and as he was so absorbed in the contemplation of the horses below that he had not yet noticed me, I "concluded" (as Jonathan would say) to steal off as I came. Ah! that dry twig that would place itself in the way of my very first retrograde footstep! The sharp crackle effected what the more subdued noise of previous moments had not done, and with a short startled growl, the beast swung himself round, and in a second was staring at me with a look which said, "Hollo! who are you?" as plainly as look could speak. Instinctively I threw my rifle forward, cocking it at the same moment, and some seconds of perfect immoveableness on each side ensued, during which I was trying to make out whether he would charge or not.—The study of physiognomy is doubtless pleasant enough on the whole; but when your subject is a big male lion, and the question depending on the study whether you shall be summarily "smashed" or let alone, why, I confess it becomes (as Mr. Weller says) too exciting to be pleasant.

How I studied every feature, trying to detect a change of some sort which might give me a clue! It came at last: he gradually lowered his head, and by the "whigling" motion of his hind quarters, which I could just spy over his shoulder, I saw he was gathering his hind legs under him—a sure indication. What odd things come into people's minds in moments of peril! That movement brought to my recollection most vividly a bitterly parallel scene in my aunt's garden at Harrow, where I watched her cat gathering herself up in an exactly similar way to pounce on a wretched sparrow.

The next moment he dashed at me with a hoarse snarl, which sounded as though a giant had drawn a bow suddenly across the strings of a stupendous violoncello. I fired as he rushed in, aiming as well as I could at the middle of his forehead. As I did so, I was swept down with the force of an express train, and for a few seconds lost all consciousness.

The first thing I was sensible of, as soon as I began to get my senses together, was the clear, strong voice of N——, calling to me in the most placid, though earnest manner:

"Lie perfectly still, Walter: it's your only chance."

How my heart leaped at the voice! Help was at hand, but the very words that announced it at the same time pointed out my extreme danger: it needed only the most moderate exercise of my returning faculties to understand why.

I was lying on my face among the long grass at the top of the little steep I have mentioned, I could see nothing, but I could feel the lion close to me. I could hear his deep, short, angry breath, like *staccato* purrs of an enormous cat—could detect a smacking noise, which I afterwards found arose from his licking at a stream of blood which flowed down the side of his nose, from a deep sore on his forehead given him by my ball—nay, I could feel his hugh tail, as he angrily rolled it across from side to side, rest for a moment on my back now and then.

The bitter anguish of those few years of moments—well you can guess all that. Presently I heard the crack of a rifle on my left, a sharp whistle close to my head, and a "thud" on my right, as the shot told among the fur, succeeded by another short, sharp snarl louder than the first—another crack, a sensation like a red-hot wire across my neck, (being at the bottom of the slope they could but just sight the lion over my head, and N——— had fired a quarter of an inch too low,) another furious snarl, and then a roar—such a roar—within a yard of my tympanum. I never heard such a sound out of anything living or dead; then three or more shots close together, and a bustle at my side, which sounded like my neighbor settling down among the grass and bushes.

"Now roll! roll for your life!" shouted N——'s clear voice again. I was saved the trouble—the dying brute in his convulsions, giving me a kick with his hind legs which sent me flying down the steep out of reach of further danger.

They shall not blush for their Father.

Two men had entered into agreement to rob one of their neighbors. Everything was planned. They were to enter his house at midnight, break open his chests and drawers, and carry off all the silver and gold they could find.

"He is rich and we are poor," said they to each other, by the way of encouragement in the evil they were about to perform. "He will never miss a little gold, while its possession will make us happy. Besides, what right has one man to all this world's good?"

Thus they talked together. One of these men had a wife and children, but the other had none in the world to care for but himself. The man who had children went home and joined his father, after agreeing upon a place of meeting with the other at the darkest hour of the coming night.

"Dear father," said one of the children, climbing upon his knee, "I am so glad you have come home."

The presence of the child troubled the man, and he tried to push him away; but his arms clung tightly about his neck, and laid his face against his cheek, and he said, in a sweet and gentle voice.

"I love you father!"

Involuntarily the man drew the innocent and loving one to his bosom and kissed him.

There were two older children in the man's dwelling, a boy and a girl. They were poor, and these children worked daily to keep up the supply of bread, made deficient more through idleness in the father than from lack of employment. These children came home soon after their father's return, and brought him their earnings for the day.

"O, father," said the boy "such a dreadful thing has happened! Henry Lee's father was arrested to-day for robbing; they took him out of our shop when Henry was there, and carried him off to prison. I was so sad when I saw Henry weeping. And he hung his head for shame of his own father! Only think of that."

"Ashamed of his father," thought he. "And will my children hang their heads, also, in shame? No, no: that shall never be!"

At the hour of midnight, the man who had no children to throw around him a sphere of better influence, was sitting at the place of rendezvous for him whose children had saved him. But he waited long, in vain. Then he said:

"I will do the deed myself, and take the entire reward."

And he did according to his word.—When the other man went forth to his labor on the next day, he learned that his accomplice had been taken in a act of robbery, and was already in prison.

"Thank Heaven for virtuous children!" said he with fervor. "They have saved me. Never will I do an act that will cause them to blush for their father!"

THE PEN MIGHTIER THAN THE PISTOL.—Mr. G. W. Brown, editor of the Kansas "Herald of Freedom," gave moral offence in the discharge of his editorial duties, to one Dr. Scherff, editor of the "Banner." Dr. Scherff challenged. Mr. Brown accepted the challenge, and, as the challenged party, had the choice of weapons.

"For several years," writes the challenged to the challenger, "it has been my practice to settle difficulties with the Pen; and having been educated to believe it to be more potent than the sword, I have selected it as the weapon of defence in this instance. It shall be the Grey Goose Quill; and as your "Banner" denotes that you are "Right on the Goose," I have no doubt that you will cheerfully accept of this instrument. Nothing else will be allowed, unless it is ink and paper, by agreement of our mutual friends; and whoever varies the condition of this acceptance shall rest under the imputation of coward!

"The time shall be to-day, at 4 o'clock, P. M., and our places of meeting our respective offices—you in yours—I in mine.

"The bearer of this note will serve as my second, who will meet your friend immediately to arrange further preliminaries. With proper consideration, I am, etc.

Sensible Mr. Brown! Ridiculous Dr. Scherff.

PUNCTUATION PUZZLE.—The following paragraph, extracted from the Portland *Transcript*, is a capital illustration of the importance of punctuation. There are two ways of pointing it, one of which makes the individual in question a monster of wickedness, while the other converts him into a model Christian. Let our readers exercise their ingenuity on the problem and see whether they can discover its two-fold solution:

'He is an old experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of the neighborhood he never rejoices in the prosperity of his fellow creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly dilligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he makes no exertions to subdue his passions he strives hard to build up Satan's kingdom he lends no aid to support the gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the evil adversary he pays no attention to good advice he gives great heed to the devil he will never go to *Heaven* he must go where he will recieve the just recompense of *Reward*.'

A little boy and girl were dividing an apple between them, and the boy had cut it into unequal parts, and of, course, kept the largest part for himself. But the little girl remonstrated, and said; "Johnny, you ought to give me the largest half, for you know I have got the diarrhœa, and you haven't."

The Old Story.

Once upon a time, a maiden
Sat beneath a hawthorn tree,
And her lover close beside her,
Murmured vows of constancy.
Fairer, sweeter than the blossom
Hanging over her, was she;
And her heart within her bosom
Throbbed and glowed tumultuously.

Both were young, and fond, and foolish,
Neither rich, the story goes,
Ma was proud and Pa was mulish,
Great their love and great their woes.
So they kissed, and wept, and parted,
Swearing ever to be true,
Died the maiden broken hearted?
Was the lover faithful too?

Pshaw! she wed a wealthy banker,
(Rumor whispered she was sold,)
And no city dames outrank her,
With a pocket full of gold;
Queen at every ball and party,
Decked with lace and jewels rare,
Looking fresh and very hearty
Reigns the victim of dispair.

Ho—confound the little fellow—
Took a widow, twice his years,
Fat and forty, ripe and mellow,
With a brace of little dears;
Big plantation, servants plenty,
Splendid mansion, pomp and ease;
Cured the boyish love of twenty—
That incurable disease!

Learn from this—ye doting lovers—
In your anguish, not to break
Anything of greater value
Than the promises you make.
Breasts were made to put in motion
Blood that otherwise would cool;
Pleasure, profit and promotion,
Graduate at Cupid's school.

THE CRIMEA A GOLD COUNTRY.—Dr. F. Maynard a "From Paris to Sebastopol" has the following:—"If England and France were to take possession of the whole of the Crimea, and wished, without keeping up an army of occupation at a vast expense, to prevent Russia from ever re-establishing her power, they have only to decree that henceforth the Crimea should be an independant state, self-governed: and to attract thither in less than a year, as many millions of inhabitants as could be lodged on the soil, it would be sufficient for them to declare the ports free, and to plant on the Tchatir Dagh a banner inviting the gold-seekers of every nation to come and search its sides. In the rocks of the Tchatir, the Dirmirgi, Sinali, and Aluchta, there is enough to pay the expenses of a war if it lasted a century. Perhaps my readers may feel astonished at my making such a statement.—They would be less astonished if they knew the authorities on which I rely. I do not merely appeal to geographical documents and the history of past times to prove infallibly that the gold mines of the Tchatir Dagh exist, and have been worked; I also invoke the testimony of those who, *de visu de manu*, have seen and touched veins of gold more abundant, a thousand fold richer than those of the Ural and all the known mines. It suited the policy of the Czars to leave these mines unworked, and to efface the recollection of them as far as possible. If they are worked by free men, that would have attracted from every corner of Europe a multitude of adventurers, men of enterprising character on a single point of the empire, it would have been kindling a conflagration which they could not have mastered: If on the other hand, serfs and prisoners were employed as miners, the Crimea was not, like the Ural, so remote from Europe that the groans of the slave martyrs could be smothered and they might have escaped the fangs of the despot. The Russian Government, consequently, proclaims the auriferous strata of these mountains, which evidently attach the Alps to the Caucasus, to be fabulous. The Crimea, within ten years, will become the Eldorado of the Old World.

Serpents are said to obey the voice of their masters; the trumpet-bird of America follows its owner like a spaniel; and the *yacana* acts as a guard to poultry, preserving them in the fields all the day from birds of prey, and escorting them home regularly at night. In the Shetland Isles there is a gull which defends the flocks from eagles; it is therefore regarded as a privileged bird. The chamois bounding among the snowy mountains of the Caucasus, are indebted for their safety, in no small degree, to a peculiar species of pheasant. This bird acts as their sentinel; for as soon as it gets sight of a man it whistles, upon hearing which, the chamois, knowing the the hunter not to be far distant, sets off with the greatest speed, and seeks the highest peak of the mountains. The artifices which partridges and plovers employ to delude the enemies from the nest of their young, may referred to as a case in point, as well as the adroit contrivance of the hind for the preservation of her young; for when she hears the sound of dogs, she throw herself in the way of the hunters and starts in a direction to draw them away from her fawns. Instances of effect of grief upon animals are no less remarkable. The writer already cited says; "I knew a dog that died for the loss of its master, and a bullfinch that abstained from singing ten entire months on account of the absence of its mistress. On her return it immediatly resumed its song."—Lord Kaimes relates an instance of a canary, which, while singing to its male hatching her eggs in a cage, fell dead; the female quitted her nest, and finding him dead rejected all food, and died by his side.—*New York Review.*

"DON'T you want a ra'al prime lot of butter?" asked a pedler, who had picked it up at fifty different places.

"What sort of butter is that?" asked the merchant.

"The clear quill—made by my wife from a dairy of forty cows—only two churnings."

"What makes it of so many colors?"

"I guess," replied the Yankee, "you never would have asked that question if you had seen my cows, for they are a darned sight speckleder than the butter is."

It is stated in a Boston paper that there are at present three thousand seven hundred Americans in Paris.

THE POTATO ROT—EARLY DIGGING.—The potato rot is making fearful ravages in this locality. At least one-fourth of the crop is already destroyed. As a preventive, I am decidedly of the opinion that your correspondent, Amery Wilson, of Marcellus is correct in recomending early digging and thorough drying in the sun.—The first experience I had with the disease was in the fall of 1844. It commenced in about the same manner as this year. They were about one-fourth rotten in the hill. I let them dry in the sun, and drew them to the barn and spread them on the floor 48 to 20 inches deep; opened the large doors every morning and closed them every evening, and every day or two gave them a through stirring.

The result was, not a potato commenced rotting after digging. They were kept in the barn until cold weather compelled me to remove them to the cellar. I then put them in bins, elevated about six inches from the bottom of the cellar, and I never had finer potatoes, or had them keep better. My barn faced the south, and the sun shone in upon them for four or five hours every clear day. A great many of them became green, and consequently I supposed they were strong, unfit for eating; but to my supprise, after they had been in the cellar a few days, the green ones were as sweet and palatable as the others.—And some who used them thought them more so.

My neighbor, whose field of potatoes was only seperated from mine by the road, allowed his to remain in the ground for nearly four weeks after mine were dug. He then dug his and put them immediately in the cellar, and buried them. The result was, that by the first of January, his potatoes were all rotten, and he tried to depend upon me for potatoes for table use and for seed in the spring.

I have pursed a similar course to that above described whenever I have observed the rot among my potatoes, and with the like result. I called on a friend yesterday in the town of Orange, the next town east of this, Schuyler county, and found him digging his potatoes. His common or mixed variety were about one fourth rotten. He had two rows of a new variety called the Bermudia potato introduced in this region by the Hon. A. B. Dickson. There were about one in twenty rotten. He had two rows of a variety that were propagated from the ball or seed six years ago by Rufus Dow, of the same town. They yielded about one-third more than either of the others, and were very fine looking potatoes—not a rotten one among them. W. S. Purdy, Bradford, Steuben county, N. Y., Sept., 1855.

[*Rural New Yorker, Sept. 22.*

A FINE STREAM.—A good story is told of a Philadelphia judge, well known for his love jokes. He had advertised a farm for sale, with a fine stream of water running through it. A few days afterwards a gentleman called on him to speak about it.

'Well, Judge,' said he, 'I have been over that farm you advertised for sale the other day, and find all right, except the 'fine stream of water you mentioned.'

'It runs through the piece of woods in the lower part of the meadow,' said the Judge.

'What, that little brook! Why it does not hold much more than a spoonful. I am sure if you empty a bowl of water in to it, it would overflow. You don't call that a fine stream, do you?'

'Why, if it were much finer you couldn' see it at all,' said the Judge blandly.

We never heard whether the gentleman bought the farm, but we rather suspect he didn't

JOHN M. BERRIEN.—The Savannah Republican of the 16th contains a long and powerful letter from the Hon. John M. Berrien, in favor of the American party. It is, says the Republican, "a powerful vindication of the principles and objects of the American Party, and sweeps away, as with the hand of a giant, the shallow sophistries and windy objections of pettifogging lawyers and peripatetic stump speakers. The present position of Judge Berrien, his eminent ability and long services, cannot but impart great weight to his counsels, and commend them to the respectful consideration of the reader. He does not appear as a partizan, nor as an aspirant to office, interested in the result of the election; he addresses himself to the *people* of the State, and discusses the great question involved with the ability of the statesman and the spirit of the patriot."

HEROISM OF A DOG IN THE CRIMEA.—The following account of the exploits of a dog in the Crimea, which we translate from the Gazette of Trieste, surpasses everything heretofore recorded of the devotion and bravery of this noble animal:

"A great sensation has been caused in the camp of the Allies by the heroic deeds of a dog belonging to Colonel Mellmann, of the 73d regiment of the line. On the 19th of August, during the battle of the Tchernaya, his master, the quadruped broke his chain, fought in the ranks of the army, saved the life of a sergeant and a soldier, and took three Russian officer, flung him to the ground, and dragged him prisoner by his coat collar to the French. A physician has bound up the wound, and the four-footed hero is convalescing. He will probably receive some mark of honor, as another dog in the English army has been rewarded with a medal for his devotion to his master."

MR. BUCHANAN DETAINED AT LONDON.—The last report concerning Mr. Buchanan is that Marcy has fixed up certain important negotiations for him, which will detain him at London till the spring.—Now, if Henry A. Wise and Horatio Seymour could be disposed of in a similar way at some foreign court, there might be a chance for our Premier. A point has been gained however, in securing the absence of Mr. Buchanan, for Marcy alone, if you please.

Good council is cast away upon the self-conceited.

Friendship is better than kindred.