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A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor. TERMS:--$1,50 in Advance, or $2 within the year.

Selected Poetry.

NEVER! NEVER! NEVER!

["I may be asked, as I have been asked, when I am for the dissolution of the Union? I answer, Never—NEVER—NEVER!" HENRY CLAY.

You ask me when I'd rend the scroll
Our fathers' names are written o'er—
When I would see our flag unroll
Its mingled stars and stripes no more—
When, with a worse than felon's hand
Or felon's counsels, I would sever
The Union of this glorious land?
I answer: Never! never! never!

When ye can find the lawless might
Where carnage treads its crimson way,
Where burning cities gild the night,
And cannon smoke obscures the day—
In towns deserted, fields of ground
Abandoned by the faithful plow,
Security, hope, peace profound—
The blessings Heaven vouchsafes you now.

Think ye that I could brook to see
The emblem I have loved so long—
Borne peaceful o'er the distant sea—
Torn, trampled, by a frenzied throng?
Divided, measured, parceled out,
Tamely surrender it up forever,
To gratify a lawless rout
Of traitors? Never never! never!

On yonder lone and lovely steep
The sculptor's art, the builder's power,
The landmark o'er the soldier's sleep,
Have rear'd—a lofty funeral tower,
There it shall stand until the river
That rolls beneath shall cease to flow:
Aye, till the hill itself shall quiver
With Nature's last convulsive throe.

Upon the column's marble base,
Its shafts that soar into the sky,
There still is room enough to trace
The list of millions yet to die:
And I would cover all its height,
And breadth before the hour of shame,
Till space should even fail to write
Even the initials of a name.

Nay, I would haste to swell the ranks,
Direct the fire or lead the way,
While battle swept the rifled ranks
And bore the serried lines away—
Fall, bleeding in the doubtful strife,
Beneath the motto of my sires,
And draw the latest breath of life,
Before that Union dies expires.

Dissolve the Union? Nay, remove
The last asylum that is known,
Where patriots find a brother's love,
And truth may shelter from a throne!—
Give up the hopes of high renown,
The legacy our fathers willed—
Tear our victorious eagles down
Before their mission is fulfill'd!

Miscellaneous.

LETTER FROM THE ARMY.

18TH CORPS D' ARMEE,
QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE,
Newbern, N. C., March 3, 1863.

A. K. RHEEM, Esq.,

Editor of the Carlisle Herald:

DEAR SIR—As I promised you a letter after the 16th of January, I will endeavor to keep my word to the best of my ability; and, although I cannot give you the promised report about the expedition to *Wilmington*, I will try and furnish you with all the current news of the day. Surmises, you know, as to the movements and destination of a grand army are all useless. I told you that every indication pointed to Wilmington, N. C., as the next scene of operations, but I guess ere this you have learned to the contrary, and that now our grand expedition is contemplating a decisive attack upon either Charleston, S. C., or Savannah, Ga., under the command of the veteran Hunter. Being so remote from that portion of Secessia, of course you can not expect me to give any idea, at all, of what may be taking place in the region where first rocked the cradle of treason.

Owing to the change in the programme, Capt. Henry Porter did *not* accompany them on their passage South, as he was placed in command of the Department here by Gen. Foster, and as my destiny is, at present, linked with his, I remained. In commemoration of the birth of our noble, immortal Washington, on the 22d day of February last, a national salute was fired. Our glorious Washington! Would to God the *professed* fathers of our country, of the present day, had heeded his teachings and advice! How much suffering and desolation might have been spared our once happy people!

Quite an amusing incident occurred just opposite Capt. Porter's quarters when the salute greeted our ears. One old lady (native,) was considerably frightened. She asked a soldier the cause of the firing. The mischievous rogue answered: "40,000 Rebs., under Stonewall Jackson, are attacking the town!" "O dear! O my! what *shall* I do?" she ejaculated, in unmistakable tones of fear. Her consternation was amusing to witness, I assure you. After giving utterance to many exclamations of mental and bodily fear, and going through any amount of ludicrous contortions, she again asked if we "was gettin' licked?" "How?" said a passing soldier. "Why, ain't them rebels firing?" "No," he returned, "this is Washington's birthday." "O is it?" said she, "I feel better;" and being much relieved she resumed her wonted cheerfulness fully assured. On the 24th ultimo, the Stars and Stripes, furnished by Capt. Henry Porter, were raised over the head-quarters of Major General Foster. One brigade and Belger's battery were present, and as the wind gently threw the folds of the dear old flag to the passing breeze, the battery opened with a national salute, which made the very earth to tremble. Let us pray that the day is not far distant when that symbol of our unity and greatness shall wave triumphantly over every town and hamlet of its original possessions. On the 25th ult., in the morning, I proceeded across the river Trent to witness the first grand review of the 10th army corps by the gallant Foster. It was the grandest affair *I* have ever seen. Nine brigades, six batteries and one regiment of cavalry, numbering in all 31,000 troops, in good fighting order, marched and countermarched over a spacious field, under the eye of the warrior, Foster,—while the bands discoursed fine music. It was a glorious sight, indeed. The troops presented a very fine appearance, were under good discipline and well drilled. Nature here begins to assume her Spring garb. The weather is really splendid, and the air is filled with the sweet chirpings of the little cedar birds.—The grass begins to look fresh and green, and the bulbs are already in bloom. I would appreciate a visit from my friend, Col. John Gutshall, Capt. John Campbell, and Tom Baird very highly just now, for they could give me the botanical name of each coming flower, which would be very interesting, you know.

"Honor to whom honor is due:"—a certain Captain, I. C. Slaght, is reaping great praise for his exertions in fitting out the last expedition, as I learn from Northern papers. Now, if I mistake not, Capt. J. J. Bowen, A. Q. M., at Morehead City, and Captain E. Lonan, Harbor Master at this post, were chiefly instrumental in managing the fleet, and great credit should be awarded them.

It would have been extremely gratifying to us, could Gen. Foster have superintended the bombardment of "Sumter," for he fought side by side with the brave soldiers, Anderson and Doubleday, when that garrison was compelled to surrender; but military rule obliged him to give way to his senior officer.

This being now an Army Corps, Lt. Col. Biggs has assumed command of the Quartermaster's Department, and I think there will be a decided improvement apparent in a very short time. Capt. Slaght, late Acting Chief Quartermaster, leaves the Department soon for the North. I have seen many old friends lately of the 101st Pennsylvania.—Lieut. Col. Armor, commanding, is a son of our old friend, Capt. George Armor, formerly of Carlisle, and is a fine soldier. Lieut. Edgar Lee, of Dickinson township, a brother of Lieutenant Colonel John Lee, of the 130th regiment, is 1st Lieutenant in company "A," under Captain James Shaffer, and is very popular with his men. I learn from him that they have shipped me a box by express, containing some Cumberland butter, and some Lynchburg and Navy tobacco from the store of my old friend J. W. Eby. I anxiously await its coming. Also, the 158th regiment (drafted men,) Col. D. B. McKibben, is here. In this regiment I have very many visitors from old Cumberland. Among them are Major Hale, Capt. Longsdorf, and Capt. Linn, who is at present home on sick leave, having been injured; also Capt. W. F. Barnitz, and our OLD FRIEND the war horse, the Rev. Daniel Hartman (Chaplain.) He is quite a favorite among the boys. They like him exceedingly. Sergt. R. B. Hays calls to see me when in the city. I paid a flying visit to their camp last week, and found it in fine order. The army here is at a stand at present, but we hope soon to hear of a forward movement. Dr. George Z. Bretz calls often to see me. He appears in very good health, and has plenty to do. Capt. James Shaffer, our mutual friend, was the recipient of a very fine sash, at a cost of $35, presented him by the members of his company. The 101st, I am told, is the pet regiment of Gen. Wessels' brigade. Gen. Wessels is a fine soldier, universally esteemed, and is now acting as Major General.

I have received but three copies of your paper, and two of the "American," since my arrival here. They are eagerly sought after by the Pennsylvania troops on the other side of the river. I would suggest to our friends in Carlisle that they send the dailies to some one friend here instead of destroying them. You know not what value is attached to a newspaper in these parts.

Since writing the above, I learn that Col. Biggs has placed the entire shipping—both steam and sail—in charge of Capt. Henry Porter, who is now the next ranking officer to Col. Biggs, of the Quartermaster Department, here. The management of the shipping is the most difficult and complicated in the whole Department. So you see we will have plenty of work to do.

I am yours truly, J. M. ALLEN.

From the "Home Journal."

THE GARRISON.

It happened in the thirty years war, that Gonsalve do Gordevo, who commanded the Spanish troop, then overrunning the Palatinate, found it necessary to possess himself of a little walled village, called Ogersheim that lay in his way. On the first intelligence of his approach all the inhabitants fled to Mannheim; and when Gonsalvo at length drew near, and summoned the place to surrender, there remained within the walls only a poor shepherd and his wife, the latter of whom, having that morning brought a little infant into this world of misery, and unable to leave her bed, and her husband of course staid with her.

The anxiety and distress of the poor man may be easily imagined. Fortunately, however, he possessed both courage and shrewdness; and on the spur of the moment bethought himself of a scheme for escape, which, after embracing them both, he hastened to put into execution.

The inhabitants having run off in a tremendous hurry, had left almost all their property at his disposal; so he had no difficulty in finding what was requisite for his purpose, viz., a complete change of dress. Having first arranged his lower man in military guise, he tossed away his shepherd's hat, which he replaced with a huge helmet, "a world too wide," he buckled a long sword to his side, threw a goodly cloak over his shoulders, stuck two enormous pistols in his belt, and putting on boots, so thick in the soles and high in the heels that they lifted him about half a foot from the ground, he fastened to them a prodigious pair of jingling spurs which were the fashion of the time. Thus accoutred, he forthwith betook himself to the walls, and leaning with a pompous air on his sword he listened coolly to the herald who advanced to summon the village to surreder.

"Friend," said our hero, as soon as the herald had concluded his speech, "tell your commander that though I have not yet made up my mind to surrender at all, I may possibly be induced to do so, provided he agrees to the three following conditions, in which I shall make no abatement whatever:—first, the garrison must be allowed to march out with military honors; second, the lives and property of the inhabitants must be spared, and they allowed the free exercise of the Protestant religion.

The herald immediately replied, that such preposterous conditions could not for a moment be listened to; and added, that the garrison was known to be weak, and concluded by again demanding the instant surrender of the place.

"My good friend, do not be too rash. I advise you to inform your general from me, that nothing but my desire to avoid bloodshed could make me think of surrendering on any terms whatever; and please to add, that if he does not choose to agree to those I have stated he will gain possession of the town only at the point of the sword; for I swear to you by the faith of an honest man and of a Christain, as well by honor of a gentleman, that the garrison has lately received a reinforcement that he little dreams of."

So saying the shepherd lighted his pipe, and puffed away with an air of the most consummate *nonchalence*. Confounded by this appearance of boldness and security, the herald thought it prudent to return, and state to Gonsalvo the demands which had been made. The Spanish general, deceived by this show of resistance, and being unwilling to waste either men or time in reducing this paltry town, resolved to agree to the conditions offered, and followed by his troops approached the gates. This lenient determination was announced by the herald to the shepherd, who only vouchsafed to say in reply, "I find your commander is a man of some sense." He then left the walls, let down the drawbridge, liberately opened the gates and allowed the Spanish troops to pour into the town.—Surprised at seeing no one in the streets but a strange looking fellow, whose caricature of a military costume hung upon him like patchwork, Gonsalvo began to suspec treachery, and seizing the shepherd, demanded to know where the garrison was.

"If your highness will follow me I will show you," answered the rustic.

"Keep by my stirrup, then," exclaimed Gonsalvo, "and on the least sympton that you mean to betray me, I shall send a bullet through your heart."

"Agreed," said our friend. "Follow me, Spaniards! for I swear by the word of an honest man and a Christian, as well as by the honor of a gentleman; that the garrison will offer you no injury."

He then placed himself by Gonsalvo's stirrup, and followed by the troops, passed thro' several silent and deserted streets, till at length, turning into a narrow lane, he stopped before a mean looking house, and having prevailed on Gonsalvo to enter he led him into a small room, where lay his wife, and her little boy beside her.

"Noble General," said he, pointing to the former, "this is our garrison and this," he added, taking his son in his arms, "is the reinforcement of which I told you."

Aware now of the real state of matters, the absurdity and cleverness of the trick moved even Spanish gravity, and Gonsalvo gave free course to his mirth. Then taking off a rich gold chain, which decorated his own person, he passed it around the neck of the infant.

"Permit me to offer this mark of my esteem," he said good naturedly, "for the valiant garrison of Ogersheim. By the hand of a soldier, I envy you the possession of such a reinforcement; and you must let me present you with a purse of gold, for the use of the young recruit.

He then stooped down and kissed the mother and her boy, and quitted the house."

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

For a short distance either side of the Lowan Passe, the wall is constructed of brick with rubble in the centre; but further away it is composed almost wholly of stone; in fact whatever materials were closest at hand would appear to have been made use of; thus, as at the spots we visited, granite abounded in greatest profusion, so in the construction of the wall was it made the principal ingredient, and for miles the wall consists of large shapeless masses of granite, smoothed only on the outside. We observed but one tower built entirely of stone—they being, with this exception, composed of brick, with foundations of hewn stone. The height of the wall from the top the parapet is about seventeen feet ten inches at most parts, though occasionally, where the parapet is highest, it measures eighteen feet six inches; its breadth is thirteen feet, and the height of the parapet is five feet four inches. The towers are thirty-one feet three inches high, and twenty eight feet one inch broad. The parapet is both crenelated and loop-holed, and the towers are pierced for the discharge of some projectile. From any elevated site the scenery well repays one for the trouble of ascent; clear streams are seen meandering down the passes, whilst on every side, and looming far in the distance, are a succession of brown hilltops, with small patches only in cultivation. Droves of pack asses are seen going and returning, the former unladen, and the latter bringing a small kind of brush wood, which the borderers burn instead of the millet stalk in use on the plains, whilst in wild abundance are scattered innumerable ash poplar and fir trees.

Offshoots branch out from the wall in occasional places. For their construction it is difficult in every case to assign a reason; the little town of Lo-wan Eu is completely encircled by one, and on the opposite side a double wall winds upwards with the portions in nearly parallel lines.

MARRIED FLIRTS.—One of the worst features of modern fashionable society is a disposition to flirt existing among married people of both sexes. The wife arrays herself in silks and satins, loads her fingers and ears with jewelry, and, rigged in flounces and laces, lays siege to some poor puppet arrayed in broadcloth, who has more money than brains, and very little of either. On the other hand, the husband plays off his tricks in turn, and flirts with the reigning belles until the smell if fresh paint and the exhibitions of maudlin and puerile nonsense sicken him off the track. In some respects this is quite harmless and beneath notice. In others it becomes highly important, and demands radical and immediate reform. Social life has much to do with our national character and movements. As are the people so will be the nation, as a matter of course: and if there is rottenness in so-called "high society;" it will taint the whole mass. It is a self evident truth that married people have no business to "flirt." This disposition once indulged, the green-eyed monster takes advantage of open doors, and finds an easy access. The husband and the wife have, by the most solemn vows, devoted their lives and their all to each other's happiness: and those who array themselves for the popular eye more than for those who are theirs, and theirs only, by the marriage relation, are traitors. Another thing;—flirtation carried on by married people not only destroys the sanctity of wedded life to a great degree, but is vastly destructive of common virtue.—What man that beholds such exhibitions can have the least faith in that love which is fabled to exist around the family hearthstone? This is no trivial matter. It is one of the radical evils of society. It is a fester at the foundation of the social system, which, unless destroyed in its incipiency, will rot down the whole structure. The distinguishing difference between heathendom and civilization is the marriage relation. Let people beware how the relation is affected by a false morality and a false system of living.

☞ 'Elder, will you have a drink of cider?' inquired a farmer of an old temperance man who was spending an evening at his house. 'Ah—hum—no, thank ye,' said the old man, 'I never drink liquor of any kind—'specially cider; but if you'll call it apple juice, I'll take a drop!'

FROM ARTEMUS WARD, JR.

WASHINGTON, January 21, '63.

Its putty plane to my mind that we carnt hav Peas as long as the fite goes on. Not much. The sympathizin Demos promist that these Rebellion shood be over as soon as they was 'lected, and their doin all in thar power to get it over—all over the North. You cood stick more loyalty in a chicken's ear than sich men possess.

The other day I 'pinted meself a committee ov the Whole to go to Richmon an see ef I coodent convins J. Davis ov the error ov his ways, an persuade him to jine the Young Men's Christian Association. Somthin must soon be did to hav the War stopt, or by the time its ended the Northern Sympathizers will hav no Southren brethren, or no Constitootion, or no Declaration of Injypendence, or nothing, or anything else.—None. Whar cood we procoor G. Washingtons, J. Quincy Jeffersons, Thomas Adamses, an etsettery, to make another Constitootion, an so 4th—the larst espeshilly? Ecko answers—Whar? That's why the Brecks air taken sich good care ov that instrooment—which remins me ov a little insident, as A. L. observes.

A chap sez to me, sez he, 'I know but one way to get rid ov the sympathizers.'

'Which is how?' I arkst.

'Why,' sez he, 'rip the Constitootion into splint reens—rent in twain, an scatter the pieces to the end ov the yearth.'

'How would them do it?' I coodn't see it much.

'Why you know thar love for it is so grate that ef it was distroyed, it wood brake thar hearts an sill 'em ded, wich wood be the end ov them.'

'Peas be to thar end,' sez I. 'Long may it waver.'

But I wys goin to tell you about me trip to the Capitol ov the Southern Confederacy. It was a bootiful mornin that I started; nary a cloud obskewered the Orb ov Day, an everything was gay an bully. When I arrove at the Secesh lines, a dirty lookin confed called me 'Halt,' an punted a bagnet at me. He arskt me who I was, an whar I was goin.

'My friendly ruff,' sez I, 'I've jist bin up North st nin things an sich for Jeff. Me an him air old pals.'

He let me pass.

After travelin a spell, I obsarved a ole house by the roadside, & feelin faint and thirsty, I entered. The only family I found home was a likely lookin young femail gal, whose 'Johnny had gone for a solger.' She was weepin bitterly.

'Me putty rose-bud,' sez I, 'why dost thou weep?'

She made nary answer, but weepested on. I placed me hand onto her hed, brusht back the snow ringlets from her pail brow, an kis—& pasyfied her.

'What cawsed them tears, fare maid?' I arkst agin.

'Why,' sez she, 'brother John promist 2 bring me home some Yankee boans to make jewelry, but he had to go an git killed, & now I won't git ary a Boan, an—O, its 2 bad—boo loo-oo-o!'

Yis, it was muchly 2 bad—an more 2. A woman's tears brings the undersind, an fer the time bein I was a rebel sympathiser.

'Enny Fathers?' I arkst.

'Only one. But he's ded. Mother went over to see Unkle Reub.'

'Was John a putty good brother?'

'Yes, John was, O so kind. His was the only buzom I had to repos these weary hed onto.'

I pitied the maid, an hinted that she might repose her weary hed on my Shirt front—an she *reposed*. An I was her brother John for awhile, as it were.

Ere we parted, I arkst for a draght ov water to squench me thirst, an the damsel tript gayly out ov the door to procur it. As she was gone a konsiderable period, I lookt out the winder an saw her hoppin briskly 4th accompanyed by 2 secesh cusses, who war armed to the teeth. I begin 2 smell as many as 2 mouses. The 'putty dear' had discovered I was a Yankee, an was goin to hev me tooken prisoner. I frusterated her plans a few—I leapt out the back winder as quick as a Prestidigretateraudisch, an when she entered the domisil she found 'brother' *none ester*, (which is Latin or sumthin) and bo4 I had proceeded much, I found me Timerepeter *none ester*, 2. The fare maid, who was Floyd's Neece, had hookt it while reposin on me weskit. It was a hanky watch—a famili hairloom, an I woodn't have parted with it fer a dollar & sixty-nine sents ($1 69.)

In doo corse ov male I arrov in Richmon. I unfoulded me mission, an was ushered into J. Davis's orgust presents. He'd jist returned from his speechifin tower.

'Tap us your flipper, ole Covy,' sez I, addressin him in the F. F. V.'s approved dialect.

'Make known yer bizness,' sez he. 'I'm gittin up a proclamation for the extirmination ov the whul Yankee nashon, an ain't got much leisure for enny other ockupation.'

'I cum,' sez I, 'on a mission ov peas.—Your Copperheded friends in the North will soon cease to exist, ef things carnt be arranged to prohibit the Unionisters from tearin the Constitoosion.'

'What terms doo yer offer?' queried Jeff.

'Wall,' sez I, 'I air instructed by the Copperheds (Wood, Hughes & Co., you know) 2 propos enuything which will most disgras the North. You kin take your niggers all over creashun, incloodin Jarsey.'

'Wood that be Constitootional?' arkst J. D., with a sly twinkle ov his eye.

'O,' sez I, 'its a matter ov no difference how much you chaps brake that artikil to sever the Union, so the Republikans air stopt from doin the same to keep sed Union together. That's what your nuth'ren chums want to see dun.'

'Wal,' sez the Confed Pres., 'ef your government will let us secesh, an will pay all our debts, an give us Brute Butler to hang, we might cum to terms.'

'Is thar nothin else you cood wish?'

'Wal, yis—giv us all the territories.'

'Nothin else?'

'Throw in 2 or 3 free States—New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, furinstuns.'

'Nothin else?'

'You mite inclood ole Linken's hed.'

'Carn't you think ov nothin else?'

'Yes—in footer we must hev all we arsk.'

'J. Davis,' sez I, 'I hev no doubt your friends in the North wood make all these conceshuns, an more, 2; but it has jist occurrd to me that thar was nuthin sed to Ole Abe about it be4 I left Washington. Shoodn't wonder ef he'd object to the plan some. But yer demokrat friends air doin all they kin fer you.'

'I know it,' sez J. D.; 'an thats what keeps our spirits up. We air waitin fer 'em to git in power, & then we expeck to git all we arsk. An yet us Shivilry consider them the contemptiblest set of dirt-eaten cowards in the North. We cood buy 'em all fer a confed shinplaster.'

Those was my opinion, 2.

Jeff arkst me to stop an tak T with him, an I kindly stopt. Ef a Secesh President dont git enuything better fer the stummick's sake, as Saint Somebody sez, than was on that table, then may A. W., J., be presarved from sich a fate. The meat was a *morin* site.

'P'raps you hev eaten better Pork than this, but its the best I've got,' sez Jeff.

'Yes,' sez I, 'thats putty mean Ham, but I've seen a thunderin site meaner in Washington.'

'What kind's that?' he demanded.

'Vallandig-Ham!'

After supper a sottish lookin chap enterd, who staggered up to Jeff, throwd up his hat an shouted:

'Nother vic-hic-tory! Wash'nton tooken pris'ner—hic! Ole Abe Greely captured—hic! Horace Linken badly killd, an George B. McBurnside s'r'n i'rd!—hic!'

The cuss was ole John Letcher, in his famus *roll* ov the *Drunkard*. John only gits tight once a year, which is on New Years.

N. B.—He stays drunk till the next New Years.

But I returnd to Washingtun disgusted with all peas measures. The sympathisers may do thar own dirtootin in the footur, as they hav done in the parst. An perchance—

Ever ov you, A. WARD, JR.

A CURIOUS MIRROR.

Among the curiosities exhibited at the last Paris exhibition was a large concave mirror, the instrument of a startling species of optical magic. On standing close to the mirror, and looking into it, it presents nothing but a magnificently monstrous dissection of your own physiognomy. On retiring a little, say a couple of feet, it gives your own face and figure in true proportion, but reversed, the head downwards. Most of the spectators, ignorant of any thing else, observe these two effects, and pass, on. But retire still further. Standing at the distance of five or six feet from the mirror, and behold, you see yourself, not reflection—it does not strike you as a reflection—but your veritable self, standing in the middle part between you and the mirror. The effect is appalling, from the idea it suggests of something supernatural; so startling in fact that men of the strongest nerves will shrink involuntarily at the first view. If you raise your cane to thrust at your other self, you will see it pass clean through the body and appear on the other side, the figure thrusting at you the same instant.—The artist who first succeeded in fashioning a mirror of this description, brought, it is one of the French kings—if we recollect aright it was Louis XV.—placed his Majesty on the right spot, and bade him draw his sword and thrust at the figure he saw. The king did so; but seeing the point of a sword directed at his own breast, threw down his weapon and ran away. The practical joke cost the inventor the king's patronage and favor: his Majesty being afterwards so ashamed of his own cowardice that he could never again look at the mirror or its owner.—*London Engineer.*

HOW TO TREAT AN IDLE HUSBAND.—The people (the inhabitants of New Zealand) are much attached to their chiefs. If they require an additional patch of land, or liberty to build a house anywhere, it is granted. If they quarrel among themselves, or have any complaints to make, the head chief's ear is kindly open to all—to the poorest man as well as to the petty chief. If invasion threatens their district, he is in the front ranks to repel it; and let the war cause a sharp skirmish or a great battle, he is always in the front, and where danger presses most, so that he has their love and respect. The head chief often interferes in minor matters of a domestic nature. For instance, if a lazy fellow has a wife or two and a few children, and, through his love for fishing, dancing, or loitering idly about, he neglects to bring in the necessary supplies for his family, a complaint is made. The chief visits the house in person, and if he sees just ground for punishment, he orders out the whole population of the village. Men, women and children arm themselves with a stiff cane made of birch, and then form a double line, about six feet apart, and wait, with anxious glee, the approach of the delinquent. At last he is placed at one end of the lines, amidst a shower of yells, screams, jibes, etc. The word is given by the chief, and away he darts at his utmost speed. According to his deserts, he may get off with running the line once, or may have to do so twice or thrice; but he is skillful in cunning and fleetness that can run the lines even once without having his skin tickled for him by the hearty application of the birch wielded by some strong woman. As the punishment is not of a fatal kind, the whole affair creates un restricted merriment. For one month afterwards his family are provided for by the public at large, under the fatherly superintendence of the chief. At the expiration of that time, if he has all his domestic matters in perfect order, as a good father and provident husband should have, he again resumes his place in society, and shortly afterwards helps, with an experienced hand, to flagellate some one else.—[*Goulton's South America.*

GOOD LUCK.—Some young men talk about luck. Good luck is to get up at six o'clock in the morning: good luck, if you have only a shilling a week, is to live upon eleven pence, and save a penny: good luck is to trouble your head with your own business, and let your neighbor's alone: good luck is to fulfil the commandments, and do unto other people as we wish them to do unto us. They must not only work, but wait. They must plod and persevere. Pence must be taken care of, because they are the seeds of guineas. To get on in the world, they must take care of home, sweep their own doorways clean, try and help other people, avoid temptations, and have an abiding faith in truth and God.

How to Tell a Tory.

The Washington *Examiner* has a true standard by which to tell a Tory. He curses the Abolitionists, damns the Black Republicans, and is dreadfully savage on the "free niggers." He is terribly distressed about the suspension of the habeas corpus, and rages about Fort Lafayette, "the Bastile." He is very much afraid there will be an insurrection among the slaves, but is perfectly easy about the insurrection of the masters. He villifies the President and wishes he was sunk to the bottom of the ocean. He is wonderfully exercised on the subject of political preaching, but believes in Vandyke and the divinity of slavery. He talks a great deal about the enormous war debt, and is alarmed at the bankrupting flood of greenbacks. He calls the Southerners gentlemen and the New Englanders penurious and fanatical. He thinks the soldiers have no right to vote. He doubts whether Rosecrans was victorious at Murfreesboro', and don't care whether he was or not. You can tell him at a glance in a crowd around the bulletin board, for the flash of patriotic joy is absent from his eye, as the news of a brilliant victory is heralded from the Army of the Republic, while the intelligence of defeat draws from him the exclamation, "you can *never* subjugate the South."

Bound to Carry Her Point.

A young woman the other night applied at the office of the Guardians of the Poor for a season ticket to the Almshouse. She gave her address Mary Law, New York.—The hour was late, the giving of the order impracticable. She bore evidences, besides, of approaching maternity, and her application was then denied point blank by Mr. Marks. The woman said, "So you won't take me?"

Mr. Marks said "No."

"You're sure you won't?"

"Positive," said Mr. Marks, "its's against my orders, except you come in the day-time and get a permit."

"All right," said the woman, who walked away. She returned a moment afterwards, with a paving-stone wrenched from the gutter edge. Without another word, she swung around her arm, and dashed the stone thro' sash and window, demolishing both. If she didn't get to the almshouse, she succeeded even better. She secured her arrest and transmission to the Moyamensing prison, a place that offers better board and lodging to trampers than any of the beggars' hotels in the Fourth Ward. She was taken away laughing, with her thumb to her not ill-shapen nose, and her fingers describing a semi-circular gyration. American women are seldom found in her situation. She claims to be a genuine Knickerbocker.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

A Large American Diamond.

The Art of cutting and polishing diamonds, says the Boston *Transcript*, though of remote antiquity in Asia, has only recently been introduced into this country. It is now practised here by one house, and only one, we believe, that namely of Messrs. Crosby, Hunnewell & Morse, of Boston, and we need no longer send as heretofore, to Amsterdam or London to have diamonds repaired or recut. These dealers have now on exhibition at their store, a native diamond which they have cut in the highest style of the art. It is the largest diamond ever found in the United States; perhaps the largest now in the country. The weight of the gem before cutting was nearly 24 carats; after cutting it was about one-half its original weight. It was found near New London, in Southern Virginia, in the vicinity of a quarry of elastic jointed sandstone. No exact value has been put upon the gem, but is estimated as being worth from $10,000 to $15,000.

EARLY INFLUENCE.—There can never be a greater blessing than to be born in the light of a cheerful, loving home. It not only insures a happy childhood—if there be health and a good constitution—but it also makes sure a virtuous and happy manhood, and a fresh, young heart in old age. I think it every parent's duty to try to make their children's childhood full of love and childhood's proper joyousness; and I never see children destitute of them through the poverty, faulty tempers, or wrong notions of their parents, without a heartache. Not that all the appliances which wealth can buy are necessary to the free and happy unfolding of childhood in body, mind and heart—quite otherwise. God be thanked! but children must at least have love inside of the house, and fresh air, and good play, and some good companionship outside—otherwise young life runs the greatest danger in the world of withering, or growing stunted, or at best prematurely old and turned inward on itself.—*Dr. Oldham.*

☞ A funny story is told by the Newburyport Herald, of a man in that place who was so much engaged in skating that he forgot to go and get married, keeping his affianced waiting a long while at the clergyman's, and it was not till he had been called again and again that he could be reached and reminded of his engagement.

'There,' says he, 'I had forgotten all about that business, but I'll be there in a moment;' and up he came to fulfil his promise.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.—The physical appearance of a man sometime changes the current of events. A case occurred a few days ago in Market street. The children of two neighboring families had their daily quarrels and fights, which resulted occasionally in bruised faces and torn garments. The father of one family believing his children to have been sadly maltreated, and being a passionate man, concluded that the surest way to settle the differences between their households permanently, would be to chastise the head of the other family, although, as yet, he had never seen him. He thereupon procured a raw-hide, and abruptly entering his neighbor's tenement, inquired in a threatening tone for "the man of the house."

"I am here, sir," said a personage of upwards of 6 feet, and weighing some 220 pounds, as he approached to learn the business of his neighbor.

"Did I understand you, that you were the gentleman of the house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I—I just dropped in, sir, to see *if this is your rawhide!*"

"WEALTH breeds cares," says the proverb, and it is said that during a recent fire at the East-end, when numbers of terrified people were hastily carrying away their furniture for safety, one poor woman calmly stopped out of one of the houses in danger, and in a satisfied tone of voice exclaimed: "Well, thank God, I've nothing to remove!"