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A Dark Picture of the Swies.

Selected Poetry.

THE DREAM OF HOME. Who has not felt how eadly aweet The dream of home, the dream of home Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet, When far o'er sea or land we roam? Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall, To greener shores our bark may come; But far more bright more dear than all, That dream of home, that dream of home.

Ask of the sailor youth when fan His light bark bounds o'er ocean's foam, What charms him most, when evining's star-Smiles o'er the wave? to dream of home. Fond thoughts of absent friends and loves At that sweet hour around him come; His heart's best joy where'er he roves, That dream of home, that dream of home.

TRUTH.

Marble and recording brass decay, And like the 'graver's memory, pass away; The works of man inherit, as is just, Their author's frailty, and return to dust; But Truth divine forever stands secure, Its head is guarded, and its base is sure; Fixed in the rolling flood of endless years. The pillar of the eternal plan appears; The raving storm and dashing wave defies. Built by that architect who built the skies.

Misrellaneaus.

An American Artist in Rome.

We have been accused of partiality, and extravagant laudation for the honest opinions which we have occasionally published on the merits of our countryman, William Page, the portrait painter, but nothing that we have ever suid of him was so landatory or extravagant as the following remarks which we find in the December number of the London Art Journal, a publication which is not often guilty of noticing an American artist at all. Mr. Page is now at Rome:

'At the risk of being thought guilty of exaggeration, I declare, after visiting the studio of Mr. Page, that he is undoubtedly the best portrait painter of modern times. I say this emphatically, and let those who doubt it go there and judge for themselves. I am aware that the low tone of color pervading his pie tures is disapproved by some artists, who qualify it by the term "blackness, but this is unjust; his touch is always transparent and har monious, and his system of coloring borne out by the greatest masters. Of his flesh tints it might be said, as of the Venitian masters of old-prick it and it will bleed.

Not least among his extraordinary and ma-ny perfections as the treatment, the attitude of his enhiects: he invariably selecting such tions as Titian or Paolo Veronese would have chosen. Yet this similarity is spontaneous, and and wholly free from servile mannerism; but his brush and his eye are so modulated with the conceptions of the great masters he follows, that the resemblance comes naturally. -I have visited the best studios of Rome, but in point of color and treatment Mr. Page may challenge them all. He is truly a 'second Daniel come to judgment."

I cannot describe the gratification I felt while looking at his works, for of all schools in the world, I prefer the Venitian; and I frankly own I would rather possess Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin" than Raphæl's 'Transfiguration." Mr. Page is still a young man, and looks himself, like a Venitian painter. He has just finished a head of Miss Cushman, one of the most skilful likenesses of a plain woman l ever beheld: for he has toned and softened down her defects, and heightened the pleasing expression of her countenance, without in the least sacrificing the vitality of the resemblance. But the picture I especially noted, and which actually caused me a thrill of delight, as my eyes rested on it, is a portrait of Mrs. Crawford, wife of the celebrated American sculptor. Talk of Michael Angelo burying his Bacchus after he had broken the arm, to deceive the ignorant, make believe very much it was an antique; why this picture, after a few years' and that Paolo Veronese or Titian were alive and at work.

He has been particularly happy in the subject, which is an extremely handsome woman; largely possessing the rich, ripe, Venitian type of beauty. The figure is partly turned away—the face looking round at the spectators, over the shoulder, giving charming lines in the fine, full neck and shoulders. The hair is simply

"Yet locks upon the open, brow, Madonna-wise, divided there."

The whole execution of the head is a model of color. The languid, sleepy eyes turned to ward one with just that dreamy, indulent ex to do your duty if it takes you to the Almshouse. pression Titian gives to his Venuses. I he back- Try and see. ground is very singular; diamonded tapestry, in a stiff tesselated pattern, absolutely Byzantine in its severe rigidity. Such a background is a triumphant test of the artist's power, for the truth of the drawing is undeniably proved by the fact that it admits of detached objects in the immediate vicinity of the figure being accurately made out without deteriorating or confusing the principal object. This was the case with Holbein and all the severe Dutch

case with Holdein and all the severe Dutch masters.

I could not but institute a passing comparison between the peculiar and almost symmetrical accuracy of this treatment, with the practice of modern painters, such as Reynolds, Lawrence, Hoppuss and Romney, who all, more or less, indulged in the dash style. Classics as they often were, they dared not introduce any severity in their backgrounds. Failing, as they often did, in close limitation and truth is the principal objects, they rather chose a general vacuity, often indeed, an almost chaotic mystery, as necessary to give importance to the subject. In Lawrence, especially, there is evidence of artistic track. Masses of shadow and half tint constantly occur, rolled up, so to and half tint constantly occur, rolled up, so to

say, in gleams and electric touches of light placed in juxta position with the principal mass of dark. In the treatment of Page, as in Titian, and all the masters of that elevated school, there is both simplicity and breadth, dignity and earnestness, in the execution:

FAT MEN.—There is something cordial about a fat man. Everybody likes him, and he likes everybody- Your Ishmaelites are, in truth, a bareboned race; a lank tribe they are, skeleton and bile. Food does a fat man good; it clings to him; it fructifies on him; he swells nobly out and fills a generous space in life. He is a living, walking minister of gratitude to the earth, and the fulness thereof, an incarnate testimony against the vanities of care; a radiant manifestation of the wisdom of good humor. A fat man, therefore, almost in virtue of being a fat man, is fatter man will ever be the most ready to make room. Indeed he seems to be half sorry for his size, lest it be in the way of others; but others would not have him less than he is, for his humanity is usually commensurate with his bulk-A fat man has abundance of rich juices. The hinges of his system are well oiled, the springs of his being are noiseless, and so he goes on his way rejoicing, in full contentment and placidity.

A fat man feels his position bold in the world; he knows that his being is is cognizable; he knows that he has a marked place in the universe, and that he need take no extra pains to advertise mankind that he is among them; he knows that he is in no danger of being overlooked. It does realy take a deal of wrong to make one really hate a fat man; and if we are not always as cordial to a thin man as we should be, Christian charity should take into account the force of prejudice which we have to overcome against his thinness. A fat man is nearest to that most perfect, of figures, a mathamatical sphere; a thin man to that most limited of conceivable dimensions, a simple line. A fat man is a being of harmonious volume, and holds relations to the material universe in every direction, a thin man has nothing but length; a thin man, in fact is but the continuation of a point.—Lectures of

CHARITY AT HOME.—Don't go to China to prove your benevolence. That is like going to the mouth of a river to float up. It you don't ove your wife you should not possess too much love for the antipodes, If it is your nature to allow some family folly to sever your nature towards your friends around the hearthstone, we beg you to dispose of your stock in the whole-sale beneficence business and go into the retail market, You are not the man to send flannel to the little heathens in the land of palms beyond the sea. Begin at home-with those whom God has given you for your nearest and dearest friends. Believe that those with whom you associate are those you should bless and make happy. Study how you can make those around you happy. If it be a dollar, advice, a smile, a favor, a kind word, a pressure of the hand or chastisement, give it and give it freely. Remember, that the happiness of this world is like a mountain of golden sand made up by the contribated particles of those who dwell on the earth, and that it is your duty to cast a golden atom on the glittering mountain each moment of your life. In this way the mountain grows and feasts the eyes of the millions who gaze upon it with rapture and deligh.t

. Spirit of the Age

A boy once went to a ragged school and had his face washed; and when he went home, his neighbours looked at him with astonishment. They said, "that looks like Tom Rogers, and yet it can't be, for he's so clean." Presently his mother looked at him; finding his face so clean, she fancied her face dirty, and forthwith washed t. The father soon come home, and seeing his wife so clean, thought his face dirty and soon followed their example. Father, mother and son all being clean, the mother began to think the room looked dirty, and down she went on her knees, and scrubbed that clean, There was a female lodger, in the house who, seeing such a change in her neighbours, thought her face and room very dirty and the spedily betook to the cleansing operation likewise. And very soon the whole house was, as it were, transformed, and made tidy and comfortable, simply by the cleaning of one ragged schoolboy.

WHAT REAL COURAGE IS .- It is real courage to wear old garments till you can afford to pay for new; to say no when asked to lend "half a dollar" to even a suffering loafer; to refuse to drink toddy when you are up to your head and ears in it: to be honest when it is more profitable to be knave; to do right against the current; to be indifferent to groundless slander, to remain unchanged by rosy compliments and gilt-edged solicitations of female beauty: to walk in the pathes of godliness," when both feet are pitched another way; to go near a brilliant oyster saloon at two in the morning hungry as a bear, and not go in;" to keep your patience with a chambermaid just from Ireland; to be a man among fools

BOOKS AND BUSINESS:—One half of the world believes a business man has no right to dabble in literature. He may gamble in stocks, drive opers, dip in politics and indulge in various ex-beyond the blue hill, yonder. So we travel; pensive fancies of dress furniture, and equipage, but he must neither venture in his domestic privacy, by his own fireside, to read, write, nor think, or else he will go to Texas. The other half of the world, the upper half, entertain

Edgefield Advertiser.

A Mounment Worth While Erect.

Hassler, the mathematician, conceived in his home in Germany; the ambitious project of converting the Atlantic seacoast of the United States of America into an imperishable monument of his fame and his labors. The communication of his desire to plan and execute for our government a complete survey of its eastern coast, led finally to his engagement to

do the work.

How he performed it is well known to that portion of the public that take an interest in navigation, and in the federal legislation connected with the hydrographical bureau at Washington. To but few, however, is known the absorbing passion with which this distin-guished mathematician pursued his lofty purpose of erecting a durable monument to his memory per se, a popular man and commonly he de in the American coast survery. In heat and in serves his popularity. In a crowded vehicle, the cold—in rain and in sunshine—by night and by day-did he, bred to the best society, and familiar with distinguished men in his own and in this country labor at his task upon the seaside, on exposed headlands, in wet swamps, in marshes in the broiling sun-exposed to swarms of insects, and the miasm of damp and

He was in the habit of correcting the work of his subordinates, and revising and generalizing their results, at his lodgings in Washington. Once while thus engaged, the carriage of the Russian Minister, M. Bodisco, came to his door The footman rang, and was by and by opened to by a small, stooping man, with spectacles and clad somewhat remarkably in a green baize loose coat. 'Is Mr-Hassler in? He is. 'The Russian Minister would like to see him' 'Let him enter'-and the door was left open, and the green baize and the spectacles and the stoop ing form receded into a large room

M. Bodisco entering there alone, found the Surveyor surrounded with maps charts, and written and figured memoranda, that covered all the floor. He introduced himself to Mr. Hassler, and said that he had been commissioned by the Russian Emperor to offer him employment in his Empire at any salary he might see fit to name-that if he had pecuniary enragements here they would be paid for him, hat time sufficient to close his affairs would be allowed him-but that his early departure for St. Petersburgh would be desirable.

The German listened till he closed, and in simple language told the diplomatist that he was not working for money, that he was building his monument upon the American coast, and could not rest till it was done. To the suggestion that he was receiving an inadequate comensation for his labor, the mathematician replied: In money, sir, I no get paid - but I shall accom-plish one invaluable labor for this American Republic that shall never perish, That, Count,

is much better than money.

How wise was his ambition—if ambition of posthumous fame is ever wise! The reputation conferred by wealth is as evanescent as it is vulgar. Only works of genius and of benevolent utility endure the corrosions of time, and retain a place in man's memory. Long after the names of the Rothschilds shall have been utterly forheld in general honor for his Robinson Crusoe.

On the Atlantic coast the now dead Hassler is in affectionate mention among all seafaring men and dwellers near the beach. They speak admiringly of his passionate, self-denying devotion to his great work. His veneration for land. marks, too, which sailors can so well appreciate, is often talked of. The navigators of the dangerous Delaware Bay will remember Liston's poplar below Reedy Island, and the Bomb hickory famous landmarks in those waters. These great and much-cherished trees intervened in the survey frequently, and interrupted the observations. t never entered Hassler's head to cut them down; but at great trouble he made a station thirty miles off, upon the beight of bleak Iron Hill, and there got his observations by firing tar-barrels at night at the base of the trees so dear to the Delaware Bay navigators. Buffalo Democracy.

The Illusions of Life. How little men are disposed to be content with the real and practical pleasures, pursuits and purposes of life. The permanent and substantial enjoyments derived from honest industry, are really cast aside for the dubious and unsubstantial anticipations of some chimerical dreamer. The quiet comforts and pleasures of home, family and friends are all abandoned for the uncertain, doubtful and hazardous adven ture after gold and the imagined pleasurable realities it will purchase. Peace and plenty smile upon us on the soil bequeathed to us by our fathers and hallowed by every association that softens and refines the heart, but they are abandoned for strange lands and stranger faces who have none of the strong heart yearnings and tender affections from which we have ruth essly torn ourselves away. But when we wake from our gilded dreams of unrealities, how bitter are our regrets-how disappointed those brilliant hopes and prospects that lured us astray by their dazzling deceitfulness.

Some one has remarked that realities never content us. The present is probably as fine a valley as there is in the whole region of life. But the woods are nothing but woods, shady it is true, and green, but quite ordinary. streams are excellent, but we would have beds of pearl in place of those deceitful pebbles. -Ah! there must be woods and sweeter dreams rocks we tread once looked lovely under the warm haze of hope; so shall the charm of the goodly heights before us melt away, and show us, as we climb, just such ledges, gnarled oaks, chasms, morasses, wild pines and barren slopes as we have passed.—Spirit of the Age.

THE WAR ON THE SOUTH .- The New York Courier and Enquirer which takes strong ground for the restoration of the Missouri Compromise,

"Not only must the Missouri Compromise be restored, but until restored, Kansas should never be admitted into the Union, either as a free or slave State. Her very existence is a libel on A Pretty Story.

"Well, I think its likely; but don't tease me any more. Your brother has married a poor girl, one whom I forbade him to marry, and won't forgive him if they starve together."

This speech was addressed to a lovely girl carcely eighteen, beautiful as the lily that hides itself beneath the dark waters. She was parting the silvery locks on her father's high, handsome forehead, of which her own was a miniature, and pleading the cause of her delinquent brother, who had married in opposition to her father's will, and consequently been disinherited. Mr. Wheatly was a rich old gentleman, a resident of Boston. He was a fat, good natured old fellow, somewhat given to mirth and wine, and sat in his arm-chair from morning until right smoking colds are very prevalent now a-days." his pipe and reading the newspapers. Sometimes a story of his own exploits in our revolutionary battles filled up a passing hour. He had two children, the disobedient son, and the beautiful girl before spoken of. The fond girl went

on pleading:
"Dear father, do forgive him; you don't know what a beautiful girl he has married and—" "I think its likely," said the old man, "but don't tease me, and open the door a little, this

plaguy room smokes so." "Well" continued Ellen, "Won't you just see her now-she is so go od, and the little boy, he looks so innocent."

"What did you say ?" interrupted the father "a boy! have I a grandchild? Why Ellen, I never knew that before! but I think it's very likely. Well, now give me my chocolate, and then go to your music lesson.'

Ellen left him. The old man's heart began to

'Well," he went on, "Charles was always good boy a little wild or so at College, but I infulged him; and he was always good to his old father for all, but he disobeyed me by marrying this poor girl; yet as my old friend and fellowsoldier, Tom Bonner used to say, we must forgive. Poor Tom! I would give all the old shoes have got, to know whatever become of him. If I could but find him or one of his children! Heaven grant they are not suffering! This plaguey smoky room, how my eyes water? If I did but know who this girl was my Charles has married; but I have never heard her name. I'll

"I think it's likely," said the old man. Ellen led into the room a beautiful boy, about two years old. His curly hair and rosy cheeks could not but make one love him.

"Who is that?" said the old man, wiping his

"That—that is Charles' boy," said Ellen, throwing one of her arms around her father's neck, while with the other she placed the child on his knee. The child looked tenderly up in his face and lisped out:-"Grandpa what makes you cry so?"

The old man clasped the child to his bosom. sissed him again and again. After this emotion had a little subsided, he bade the child tell his

"Thomas Bonner Wheatly," said the boy, "I'm named after grandpa."

"What do I hear?" said the old man, "Thomas Bonner your grandfather! "Yes," lisped the boy, "and he lives with me

"Get my cane," said the old man, "and come Ellen; be quick child."

They started off at a quick pace, which soon brought them to the poor, though neat lodgings of his son. There he beheld his old friend, Thomas Bonner, seated in one corner, weaving baskets while his swathed limbs showed how unable he was to perform his necessary task. His lovely daughter, the wife of Charles was out seeking employment to support his needy

"It's all my fault," sobbed the old man as he embraced his friend, who was petrified with

"Come," said Mr. Wheatly, "come all of you with me, we will live together, there is plenty of a skull. This skull the doctor took into his room in my house for us all."

"Oh, how happy we shall be!" she exclaimed. Ellen and her father will love our little Thomas so, and he'll be your pet won't he father?". "Ay," said the old man, "I think its very

Wife.-There is no combination of letters in the English language which excites more pleasag and interesting associations in the mind of

man than the word wife. There is magic in this little word. It sends to the mind's eye a cheerful companion, a disinterested adviser, a nurse in sickness, a comforter in misfortune, and a faithful and ever affectionate friend. It conjures up the image of a lovely and confiding woman, who cheerfully undertakes to contribute to your happiness-to partake with you the cup, whether of weal or woe.

which destiny may offer. The word wife is synonymous with the greatest earthly blessing; and we pity the unfortunate wight, who is condemned by fate's severe desree to trudge along thingh life's dull pilgrimage without one.

LOVE AND MATHEMATIOS .- Mdlle d'Launy; French authoress of the eighteenth century, whose writings were distinguished by their piquant delicacy and correctness of judgment, thus writes concerning one who had formed an early attachment for her:—Monsieur de Rey always showed me great attachment. I discovered by slight indication, some dimunition in his passion. I often went to see Mademoiselle d'Epinar, at whose house he almost always was. As she lived very near my convent, I generally returned on foot and he never failed to offer me his arm to conduct me home. We had to pass through a large square. Then I saw that he crossed it in the middle, whence that I concluded that his love had at least diminished by the difference between the diagonal and the

PASTE THAT IS PASTE.-Dissolve an ounce of alum in a quart of warm water: when cold, add as much flour as will make it the consistence of cream; then strew into it as much powdered rosin as will stand on a shilling, and two or three cloves; boil it to a consistence, stirring all the honest legislation, and as far as practicable, it time. It will keep for twelve months, and when mow!" "Alas! yes, father," replied the dying is actually greater than the cost of our escellent must be ignored."

"How do you do?" Pretty well, thank "How do you do?" Pretty well, thankyou, only I have got a dreadful cold."

We have heard that question and answer so frequently of late, that we begin to suspect it is the pass word to some new order. Every body has a cold now a days; for ourselves, we have one that would do credit to a native Mexican dropped suddenly into Greenfand, and—

A correspondent of the new York Observe thus dayner received the Swiss of the present day. "My estimate of the Swiss of the present woully depreciated since. I have travelled among these mountains. With a history such as Greece might be proud of, and a cace of he would be mothers only to have sons. a bit of sympathy does one get in his affliction. If you have a tooth-ache or a head-ache, or the gout, or an ague, every man you meet is ready to give you forty remedies, every-one of which

The subject is one of such universal interest that the following passages from the Journal of Health cannot fail to prove interesting: HOW DO PEOPLE TAKE COLD.

Not by tumbling into the river and draggling home wet as a drowned rat; not by being pitched into the mud, or spilled out in the snow in sleighing time; not by walking for hours is consumed without those domestic arrange over the shoe top in mud; not by soaking in ments which make life at home a luxury. the rain without an umbrella; not by scrubbing the floor until the unnameable sticks to you like a wet rag; not by hoeing potatoes until you are in a lather of sweat; not by trying to head a pig in mid-winter, and induce him to run the other way, for he won't de any such thing; not by steaming over the wash-tub; not by essaying to teach Biddy to make mince pies for Christmas, when you don't know yourself, and then worrying yourself into a perspiration because the pies stuck to the pan, and came out in a muss, forgetting that pie-pans, like people, are rather the better for a little greasing, alias soft soap; these are not the things which give people colds; and yet peo-ple are all the time telling us how they "caught their death by exposure."

their death by exposure." * * * * *

The time for taking cold is after taking exercise; the place is in your own house, or office, or counting room. It is the getting cool too quick after exercising. For example you walk very fast, to get to the railroad station; or to the ferry; or to catch an omnibus; or to make time for an appointment; your mind being ahead of you, the body makes an extra effort to keep up with it; and when you get to the desired spot, you raise your hat and find yourself in a perspiration; you take a seat, and feeling quite comfortable as to temperature, you begin to talk with a friend; or, if a New Yorker, to read a newspaper; and before you are aware of it, you experience a sensation of chil-liness, and the thing is done! You look around to see where the cold comes, and find a window, open near you, or a door, or that you have taken a seat at the forward part of the car, and it moving against the wind, a strong draft is

made through the crevices. Young ladies take their colds in grandly dark parlors unused and unfired for a week; warm enough were they, almost too warm in the gay, sun-shiny street without; and that parlor felt the fire, he found the windows and doors all comfortably cool at first, but the last curl of open, and all the knives, forks, chairs &c., &c., the visited would not dangle satisfactorily, and lying around the dining room.

While compelling it (young ladies now-a-days He immediately called his wife, who, as soon while compelling it, (young ladies now-a-days make it a point of principle not to be thwarted in anything, not even in wedding rich Tom to please the old folks, when they love poor Dick and intend to please themselves,) while conquering that beautiful but unruly curl, the visitor makes an unexpected meeting with a chill, which calls her to the-grave.

I cannot give further space to illustrations to arrest the attention of the careless, but will reiterate the principle for the thoughtful and observant: get cool slowly.

A SKULL WITH A TONGUE .- When Dr. John Donne, the famous English poet and divine of the reign of James I., attained possession of his first living, he took a walk into the churchyard, where the sexton was at the time digging a grave, and in the course of his labor threw up hands and found a rusty headless nail sticking in the temple of it, which he drew out secretly and wrapped in the corner of his handkerchief. He then demanded of the grave-digger whether be knew whose skull that was. He said it was a man's who kept a Grandy shop-an honest, drunken fellow who one night having taken two quarts, was found dead in his bed next character does she bear ?" "A very good one: only the neighbors reflect on her because she married the day after her husband was buried." This was enough for the doctor who under the pretence of visiting his parishioners, called on and among others what sickness her husband died of. She giving him the same account he had before received, he suddenly opened the handkerchief, and cried in an authoritative voice -"Woman, do you know this nail?" She was struck with horror at the unexpected demand, instantly owned the fact, and was brought to trial and executed. Truly might one say, with even more point than Hamlet, that that skull had a tongue in it.

HOMICIDE IN LEXINGTON:-We learn that Mr. Daniel Jacobs was killed, on Friday evening 28th ult., on his farm near Spring Hill, Lexington, District, by Mr. Nathan Richardson, a near neighbor. Both these men were highly respectable citizens, and the difficulty, one of long standing originated about a disputed line between their lands. They met at the point of dispute, each armed with guns, when Richardson shot him-thirteen buck shot penetrating his heart. Joseph Counts, esquacting as coroner, held an inquest, on Saturday morning, on the body, when Mr. Richardson promptly surrendered himself to the officers of the law and was committed to jail. His counsel, Henry Summer esq., of Newberry we understand, will make an early application for bail in his behalf.

South Curolinian

THE AUTHOR AND HIS WORK .- A Portu guese sculptor, who was suspected of freethinking, was at the point of death. A Jesuit who came to confess him, holding a crucifix before his eyes, said, "Behold that God whom you have so much offended. Do you recollect him

for warriors, the Swiss people now are at a point of national and social depression painful to contemplate. They are indebted largely to the defences of nature for the comparative liberty they enjoy, and perhaps to the same arclusion is to be referred the want of a thonsand comforts of life which an improved state of society brings. All the romance of a Swiss cottage is taken out of the traveller's mind the moment he enters one of these cabins and seeks refreshment or rest. The saddest marks of poverty meet him at the door. The same roof is the shelter of man, woman and beast, The same room is often the bed chamber of all. Scanty food, and that miserably prepared, ments which make life at home a luxury.— There is no future to the mind of a Swiss youth. He loves to live as his father lived; and that is the end of life with him. Perhaps he may have a gun, and in that case, to be the best shot in the valley may fill his ambition; or if he is strong in the arms and legs, he may aim at distinction in the games which once a year

ire held at some hamlet in the Canton, where

the wrestlers and runners contend for victory

and others throw weights and leap bars, as of

old in Greece, when kings were not ashamed to enter the list. Many of the youth of Switzerland are willing to sell themselves—Swissesoldiers—hired to be shot at, and shoot any

body a foreign despot may send them to slay; a service so degrading and at the same time at

decidedly hazardous to life and limb, with so poor a chance for pay, that none but a people far gone in social degradation would be willing thus to make merchandise of their blood. Yet

they have fought battles bravely with none of the stimulus of patriotism, and their blood has been as freely poured out for tyrants who hired then, as if they were bleeding for their own and the land of William Tell. A BRAVE WOMAN. -- A PAIR OF GREEKS DONE FOR .- A family named Lomont, residing in the vicinity of Rhinebeck during the past winter employed an Irishman, who came to their house one day for assistance to attend to the general out-door business of the house. The family thought he was an honest and industrious man, until a few days ago, when he went to Mrs.
Lamont and desired some money, saying he was
going away. Mrs. Lamont, not having the change with her, told him to go to the village and see her husband, who was there on business and he would give it to him. He accordingly did so and obtained the money he wanted. The next morning, when Mr. Lamont got up to make

as possible, came down and on going into the room where the man slept, she found him in bed. She then began to look about for her things, and found almost all of her silk dresses missing, together with her gold rings and a chain and a number of other very valuable articles. Suspicion immediately rested upon the Irishman, who was arrested, and, on his being brought before a justice confessed his guilt, and was sent to prison for twenty days. In his room were found the chain and in a place called the Hollow, near the house, were found all the silk dresses, which he had taken to the village to sell, but finding no one to buy them, hid them, in that place.

Two or three days after the occurrence, while Mrs. Lamont was in the house all alone, she thought she heard footsteps in the parlor, and on going up into the room, she perceived a tall, raw-boned Irshman in the room, and just about to enter into her bedroom, with a big stick, about three feet long. She demanded what business he had in her house, when he informed her that it was his house, and that if she did not go out of it he would soon make her, that they had sent one of his countryman to jail, and he was going to have revenge.

Finding she could not get him out, she went.

into an adjoining room, where her husband had morning. "Had he a wife?" "Yes" "What a loaded musket and cocking it, went back to the parlor, and bringing the musket up level with his head, told him to depart, that if he did not she would blow his brains out. The fellow. not liking the looks of the instrument, began to move off; and as he went she followed with the the woman. He asked her several questions, musket up to his head for a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, when she was met by some men, who took him into custody.

> To MAKE HOME INTERESTING,-Every time your husband comes in up and tell him that Bridget has broken another one of them yaller platters, and then branch off-on those distressed people up stairs, who will persist in throwing potatoe parings into the front area. Having disposed of this, tell him that the butter he sent home is strong enough to pull a tow-boat while the beefsteak which came from Mutton's, the butcher, arrived just in time to get up a sight between the maltese cat and old brindle dog—a fight that terminated with the loss of the steak and the gain of two quarts of assorted hair. As soon as this strikes in, tell him the wood is out and that Mr, Anthracite has sent around again for the amount of that coal bill. If you could throw in here a few hints about your wanting a new dress, and that little Bobby looks as if he was getting the small pox, the effect will be

Wives who like to have their husband's smell of hot toddy and cigar smoke, should ent the above out and practice on it. .

UNNECESARY EXPENSE.—It has been calculated that the cost of washing linen that miles just as well be worn two days longer, amounts to enough in this country to more than defray the expenses of the American Board of Foreign Missions! The expense of buttons worn on the back of our costs, where they are of no earthly use, is equal to the support of all our explanasylumid. The sine of talls to dress costs, (of no value in reality, for warmth or convenience.)