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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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From Arthur's Home Magazine.

Come Home!

BY E. A. KINGSBURY.

Come to thy home again, beloved friend,
Too long thy feet have strayed,
Far from its gentle influence, in lands
Beneath the palm-tree's shade.

The light has gone with thee;—the joy and peace,
And sorrow sits alone
In the deserted room and dear old chair,
That were so long thy own.

The wind sighs sadly through the old elm-tree,
The bright flowers droop and die,
The thrush and robin sing in mournful strains;—
Thou, brother, art not by.

Thou art not happy in that distant clime,
Ah! no, we wot full well;
Thy spirit yearns once more to cross the sea,
Once more at home to dwell.

Then hasten, dear one. Home will glow again
In former beauty bright;
It only needs thy sunny spirit here,
To change the gloom to light.

Table Manners.

Little folks, are you polite at your meals?

The following beautiful lines are so simple, practical and comprehensive, and directly to the point; we re-insert them:

In silence I must take my seat
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait
Till I am asked to hand my plate,
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about;
With knife, or fork, or napkin ring,
I must not play,—nor must I sing;
I must not speak a useless word,
For children must be seen—not heard;
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good;
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say, "If you please;"
The table-cloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run;
When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away, with noiseless foot,
And lift my heart to God above
In praise for all his wondrous love.

GOLDEN RULE.

From Arthur's Home Magazine.

A Word to Husbands.

BY ELIZABETH.

"Isn't this a beautiful little picture, dear, and just the thing to fill up that corner? Cousin Lottie gave it to me; it is her own painting, and I had it framed yesterday."

"I don't know," replied the tender spouse, "I can't see any use in any such things, for my part, everything costs so much money. I think, if the dollar you gave for that, had been spent for a bushel of wheat, or something really useful, it might amount to something."

"Oh, James, how can you talk so?" and the sensitive wife choked down the happy feelings she was trying to share with him.

Mary Gray! it was a sweet name, and one that James Brown had often admired, when it belonged to the young girl, beautiful and glad in her sunny youth, whom he had wooed and won; but now, time had faded the full round cheek, and scattered the furrows on the open brow, and the silver threads twined with the still glossy waves of her hair told plainer than words, that the cares and conflicts of life had left waymarks which could never be effaced. But, were these the reasons why James Brown did not appreciate the feelings of his wife? Oh no! that could not be; but sometimes she used to think, (how could she help it?) of the tender look and manner he always used towards her before her marriage, and while she was a young wife. As to "err is human," she was doubtless sometimes in error. She might have mistaken his perplexities in business and absorbing cares for coldness and neglect; he might not have dreamed, as she charitably believed he did not, (while she failed to draw out his better heart,) that he was crushing a heart full of desires for sympathy and love. When she found that what she craved was denied her here, she went to her Father on high, and there poured out the wailings of her soul, and He gave her the "peace that passeth human understanding;" but our faith is sometimes dim, and we still cling to outward objects, for the comfort they alone can never give—then it was, perhaps, that she more than ever desired her husband's sympathy.

Do not let me give a wrong impression of James Brown, for in all truthfulness I would say he was at heart a kind man, but he had not been educated to depend upon the little manifestations of love which a sensitive, affectionate heart, always craves. He loved his wife and children, and the pleasant home she made for him, where he always, excepting occasionally, when absent on business, spent his evenings; and he could not see why it was, Mary was always desiring so many tender words—so great an amount, as he thought, of extra appreciation. "Wasn't he always at home? didn't he provide liberally for his family? and did he ever grudge the spending money that was usually ready for her?" No—he did none of these things—yet there were times when a little cloud overspread their fireside, and everything wore a dim and sorry look.

The "honey-moon" lasted as long with them as it does with most married pairs—then all the energies of the husband were turned toward securing a livelihood. Faithfully they labored—he and his wife—and all their efforts were blessed, till they had abundance. To meet all the expenses of a "rainy day," James Brown, as is common with other men, became gradually so absorbed in business, that his desire for "laying by," came home with him to his meals—sat by him, as he read his paper—stared him in his face, when he wanted to frolic with his children—and, finally, sometimes stepped between him and the loving words he owed his wife. He didn't always think, as business pressed and hurried him—how much the happiness of loved ones depended upon little thoughts, *looked* when not *spoken*—tender acts that amount to nothing, excepting to those who crave them, and whose happy home they help to make up. James Brown, with his manly, striving heart, forgot this; but there came a time when sickness and misfortune laid him upon a bed of suffering, and he then desired the little attentions he had not thought to give—and they were ready for him, too—for the wife who had longed for, and craved them in vain all her life, was by his bedside, always ready to minister to the wants of his heart, as to those of his body; he saw her then in the true light, and he blessed God, with a soul full of gratitude, for the true friend who had been with him alike in prosperity and adversity—so that they both had cause to acknowledge that their last days were their best days, and their evening of life was gilded by the rays of a bright and cloudless sunset.

From the Philadelphia Album, 1831.

Dyspepsia.

A wealthy manufacturer from the west of Scotland, while at Edinburgh on business, called upon Dr. Gregory for his advice. He was a man of middle stature, rather corpulent, with a rosy complexion, and whose exterior altogether bespoke the comfortable liver. After seating himself the following dialogue ensued:—

Gentleman. Well, Dr. Gregory, I ha' come up to Edinbro' in the way o' business, and I just thought I would take your advice about my health.

Dr. Your health sir? What's the matter with you?

Gent. I'm no just sae weel i' the stomach as I'd like to be.

Dr. The stomach! I suppose you are a drunkard or a glutton then sir.

Gent. No, na, Dr. Gregory, ye canna say that—ye canna say that; ye maun ken that I'm a sober man, and a deacon of the kirk; as my worthy father was afore me.

Dr. Well, let us see; what do you eat and drink? what do you take for breakfast?

Gent. I take coffee or tea w' toast, a fresh egg or a bit o'salmon, though I have no much appetite for breakfast.

Dr. Yes; and then you take something by way of lunch between breakfast and dinner.

Gent. I canna say I care ower much about the lunch; but I can take a bit o' bread and cheese and a glass o' ale, if it be there, but I canna say I care ower much about it.

Dr. Well, what do you eat for dinner?

Gent. Oh! I'm no very particular, though I maun say I like my dinner.

Dr. I suppose you take soup first?

Gent. Yes, I can say I like my soup.

Dr. And a glass of porter or brandy and water with it?

Gent. Yes, I like a glass of something wi' my soup.

Dr. And then you have fish or beef, and then mutton with vegetables?

Gent. Yes.

Dr. And a glass of ale or porter with them?

Gent. Yes, I take a glass of ale now and then wi' my meat.

Dr. And then you have boiled fowl and bacon, or something of that sort, I suppose?

Gent. Yes, I maun say I like a bit o' fowl and bacon now and then.

Dr. And a glass of something with them?

Gent. Yes.

Dr. And after the fowl you have a pudding?

Gent. I'm naye fond o' the pudding, but I can take a bit, if it be there.

Dr. And you must drink wine with your pudding?

Gent. I canna take ower much o' the wine, but if I ha' a friend wi' me, I take a glass or so.

Dr. And then you have cheese or nuts.

Gent. Yes, the gude wife is ower fond o' them, but I canna say I care much about them.

Dr. But you take a glass of wine or two with your nuts?

Gent. Yes, a glass or two.

Dr. Well, do you finish your dinner without whiskey punch?

Gent. I find my dinner sets better on my stomach with a little punch, so I take a glass or so.

Dr. And you have tea, I suppose?

Gent. Yes, I maun take my tea wi' the gude wife.

Dr. And a bit of something with it?

Gent. Yes, I can take a bite o' something, if it be there.

Dr. But you do not go to bed without supper?

Gent. Na, na, Dr. Gregory, I canna say I like to gang to bed without my wee bit supper.

Dr. And what do you eat for supper?

Gent. O! a bit o' ony little thing—a bit o' salmon, or boiled tongue, or cold fowl.

Dr. And a glass of something with it?

Gent. Yes.

Dr. And can you go to bed without a night cap of hot punch?

Gent. I maun say I sleep the better for a glass o' hot punch, though I canna say I'm ower fond o' the habit.

Dr. Well, sir, you are a fine fellow; you are indeed a fine fellow. You come to me with a lie in your mouth, and tell me you are a temperate man, and a deacon of the kirk, as your worthy father was before you; and you make yourself out, by your own statement, to be a *glutton*, and a *wine-bibber*, and a *whiskey-tippler*, and a drinker of that most abominable of all compositions, called *punch*. Go home, sir, and reform yourself, and become temperate in you eating and drinking, and you will have no need of my advice

The Romance of the Chinese Kitchen.

Let me close with a story or two which I don't believe, though a grave, traveled Chinaman is my authority. He declares that the following cruel receipt makes a favorite dish with the mandarins in some of the northern provinces. (When a Chinaman invents a marvel he invariably places his scene of action in the north.) Set butter in a frying-pan over a fire, having near at hand plenty of cayenne pepper, salt, soy, &c. Then take a fowl, duck, or goose, and hold it alive over the frying-pan, with its feet just touching it. The excessive heat will cause the bird's feet to swell, and will at the same time draw the blood into them. After a minute or two dip the feet alternately into all the condiments, and return them to the frying-pan. By repeating this process several times, nearly all the blood of the body will run to the feet, which will swell to the thickness of a couple of inches, and be finely spiced. The feet are the only part to be eaten. Another story of cooks in the north:—They build a low mud wall, inclosing a space two or three feet across, and another wall outside, forming a circus of about two feet wide, in which they set pots containing wine, vinegar, soy, &c. In the inner space they light a good fire, and in a circus thus prepared put a live lamb. The lamb naturally becomes thirsty from the great heat of the fire, and drinks what he finds as he runs backward and forward in search of means of escape. When the drinks are all swallowed and dried into the animal's flesh, the lamb becomes exhausted, falls down dead, and in a very short time is completely roasted. Turtle may be prepared, according to the same northern authority, by placing it over the fire in a pot of water, in the lid of which there is a hole large enough to allow the turtle to put out his head. As the water becomes hot, the turtle naturally thrusts his head out to get at the cooler air, when he is fed with spiced wine and soy, which he drinks readily as a relief from the heat. This goes on as long as he has strength to keep his head up, and, as the turtle does not part with life easily, he seldom fails to go on stuffing himself till he is cooked. The first man who used this method was a priest, who, as it happened, lived next to a soy manufactory. His house one night caught fire, and he, being unable to escape, was discovered at the point of death, drinking greedily of the soy which was running from his neighbor's house.—*Dickens' 'All the Year Round.'*

"Speaking of shaving," said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by." "Yes, many a poor fellow has been *shaved* by them," the wretch replied.

Another Royal Romance.

MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE OF A BROTHER OF GEORGE III.—A ROYAL PRINCESS IGNORANT OF HER BIRTH—THE CLAIMS OF HER HEIRS.

At a time when the American Bonapartes are urging, in the French courts, their claims to imperial recognition, a case not wholly dissimilar is occupying the attention of English lawyers and gossips. The facts of the case, as alleged by the parties seeking to establish their claims to royal relationship, are these:

On the 4th of March, 1767—there being then no restriction on the matrimonial alliances of the members of the royal family—one Olive Wilmot, the daughter of an English clergyman high in favor at the court of George II., was married by her father to the Duke of Cumberland, brother of King George III., and the certificates still exist, attested by the signatures of the Earl of Chatham, the Earl of Warwick and King George III. It further appears that on the third of April, 1772, there was born of this marriage a daughter, who was baptised by the name of Olive, in the presence of the Earl of Chatham and Lord Ashburton.

In the same year in which this infant first appeared her father, the Duke of Cumberland, married again with Lady Annie Horton. This action incensed the King very much; he refused to recognize this second wife, and, under the excitement of the moment, enacted the Royal Marriage act, which forbids a member of the royal family from marrying a subject. He, however, anxious to protect his brother from the punishment his bigamy incurred, directed that the child should be re-baptised under the name of Wilmot, but at the same time created her the Duchess of Lancaster, made provision for an annual income for her, and had the following document drawn up:

"George R.—We declare the birth of Olive, the infant of the Duke of Cumberland by Olive his dutchess, to be legitimate, who is condemned to privacy by the act of bigamy committed by her royal father.

"(Signed,) WARWICK. (Signed,) CHATHAM.
"J. WILMOT, DUNNING."

So the child grew up under the name of Wilmot, residing principally with her grandfather, Dr. Wilmot, at Barton-on-the-Heath. In 1792, she married a Mr. John Serres. Seventeen years after her marriage—that is, in 1815—the late Earl of Warwick revealed to her the secret of her birth, and informed her of the will of George III., in which he gives and bequeaths to "Olive, our brother of Cumberland's daughter, the sum of £15,000, commanding our heir and successor to pay the same privately to our said niece for her use, as a recompense for the misfortunes she may have known through her father."

The Duke of Kent, satisfied of the authenticity of this and other documents, befriended Mrs. Serres up to the day of his death, and on his death-bed wrote:

"Should I not recover, I recommend my dear cousin Olive to my wife, who will, for my sake, love and serve her until she recovers her royal rights. I solemnly recommend my daughter to revere the Princess Olive of Cumberland for my sake. "EDWARD."

And again:—

"If this paper meets my dear Alexander's eye, my dear cousin Olive will present it, whom my daughter will, for my sake, I hope, love and serve, should I depart this life. EDWARD."

Such are the alleged facts of the case. And now Mrs. Lavinia Janetta Horton Ryves, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Serres, claims the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster, amounting to 1,004,644 pounds sterling, and also 105,520 pounds as bequests from the royal family.—The petitioner claims to be "Princess of Cumberland and Duchess of Lancaster, as the granddaughter and lineal representative, in the female line, of his late Royal Highness Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, who died intestate in the year 1790."

This remarkable case is attracting the earnest attention of the English press. It involves a property question to the amount of five and a half millions of dollars. The trial will excite interest both at home and on this continent. Like the Gaines and Bonaparte cases, it hinges on a question of legitimacy, which will require all the skill of the highest legal acumen to decide. It has already attracted some attention, for in 1822 Mrs. Serres demanded probate of the will of George III., but was refused, because it was held that the court had not jurisdiction and could not grant probate of the will of an English sovereign. In 1841 she sought to bring it to an issue by claiming privilege from arrest as a member of the royal family, but again failed through legal technicalities. In 1846 she filed a bill in Chancery against the Duke of Wellington, as executor of George IV., who had succeeded to his father's personal estate, but the matter was kept quiet by influential politicians. But now the case is different, and some, at least, of the English papers clamor for an honest investigation of this long-standing wrong or bold imposition. "Here," says the London Star, "either a monstrous or artful fraud to be punished, or a cruel wrong to be atoned for; and no personal influence no matter from how high a quarter it may emanate, must render the arm of English law impotent to chastise imposture or to redress injustice."

Origin of Oddfellows.

The origin of the order of Oddfellows is of ancient date; it was established by the Roman soldiers in camp after the Order of the Israelites, during the reign of Nero, the Roman Emperor, who commenced his reign A. D. 55, at which time they were called Fellow Citizens. The name of Oddfellows was given to this order of men (A. D. 79) by Titus Cæsar, Emperor of Rome, from their singularity of notions, and from their knowing each other by night as well as by day, and for their fidelity to him and their country. He not only gave them the name of Oddfellows, but at the same time, as a pledge of friendship, presented them with a dispensation, engraved on the Arch of Titus Cæsar, the Ark of the Covenant, the Golden Candlestuck, the Golden Table, (weighing one great talent,) the Sun for N. G., the Moon and Stars for V. G., a Lamp for Secretary, the Lion for Guardian, the Dove for Warden, and the Emblems of Mortality for the G. M. It is very probable that the first Oddfellows made their appearance in North Wales about the time, as an invasion was made by one of Titus Cæsars Generals (Agricola) on North Wales, and shortly afterwards on the Island of Mona, now called Anglesea. The first account we have of the order spreading into other countries is in the 5th century, when it was established in the Spanish dominions, under the Romish dispensation; and in the 6th century by King Henry in Portugal; and in the 12th century it was established in France, and afterwards in England by John de Nevill, attended by five knights from France, who formed a Loyal Grand Lodge of Honor in London, which order remained until the reign of George III, when a part of them began to form themselves into a union, and a portion of them remain until this day; on this account, the lodges which remain, and are very numerous throughout the world, call themselves "Loyal Ancient Independent Oddfellows," being a portion of the original body.

There is a Bible in the library of the University of Gottengen, written on 5,476 palm leaves.

How People Take Cold.

The time for taking cold is after your exercise; the place is your own house, or office, or counting room.

It is not the act of exercise which gives the cold, but it is the getting cool too quick after exercising. For example: you walk very fast to go to the railroad station, or to the ferry, or to catch an omnibus, or to keep an appointment; your mind being ahead of you, the body makes an over 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 the temperature, you begin to talk with a friend, or to read a newspaper; and, before you are aware of it, you experience a sensation of chilliness, and the thing is done.

You look around to see where the cold comes from, 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, as it is moving against the wind, a strong draft is made through the crevices. Or, it may be, you meet a friend at a street corner, who wanted a loan and was quite complimentary, almost loving: you do not like to be rude in the delivery of a two lettered monosyllable, and while you were trying to be truthful polite and safe, all at the same time, on comes the chilly feeling from a raw wind at the street corner, or the slush of mud, and water in which, for the first time, you noticed yourself standing.

After any kind of exercise, do not stand a moment at the street corner for any body or any thing; nor at an open door or window. When you have been exercising in any way whatever, winter or summer, go home at once or to some sheltered place; and, however warm the room may seem to be, do not at once pull off your hat and cloak, but wait some five minutes or more, and lay aside one at a time; thus acting, a cold is impossible. Notice a moment; when you return from a brisk walk and enter a warm room, raise your hat, and the forehead will be moist; let the hat remain a few moments and feel the forehead again, and it will be dry, showing that the room is actually cooler than your body, and that, with your out door clothing on, you have cooled off full soon.

Among the severest colds I have known men to take, were those resulting from sitting down to a meal in a cold room after a walk; or being engaged in writing, and having let the fire go out, there first admonition of it was that creeping chilliness which is the forerunner of a severe cold. Persons have often lost their lives by writing or remaining in a room where there was no fire, although the weather out side was rather comfortable. Sleeping in rooms long unused, has destroyed the life of many a visitor and friend; our splendid parlors, and our nice "spare rooms," help to enrich many a doctor. The cold sepulchral parlors of New York, from May till November, bring diseases, not only to visitors but to the visited; for, coming from domestic occupations, or from the hurry of dressing, the heat of the body is higher than natural, and having no cloak or hat on in going to meet a visitor, and having in addition but little vitality, in consequence of the very sedentary nature of the town life, there is very little capability resistance, and a chill and cold is the result.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Affairs at Fort Sumter.

The Whig Press, of Middletown, Organ county, N. Y., publishes an interesting letter written by an officer in Major Anderson's command to a relative in that county. It is dated at Fort Sumter, on February 7th, and says that the soldiers are standing at their guns, port fires lighted, daily expecting an attack. From the batteries at Cummings Point six mortars bear directly upon Fort Sumter, and these are behind fortifications which will stand severe fire before they can be made untenable. It probably will be Major Anderson's policy, in case of an attack, first to batter down Fort Moultrie and all the houses on Sullivan's Island, and then to take the other batteries *seriatim*. The officer seems to have no fear of the floating batteries which are said to be in course of construction. They will be under Sumter's guns for the distance of a mile at least, before they can be made available, and if they get under the walls, "infernal machines" will be hurled into them. The writer also details certain other defensive preparations, and says that they have abandoned all hope of receiving aid from the Government, but gives his word that a manly and vigorous defense will be made.

MAJOR ANDERSON AND HIS COMMAND.

In the meantime, how is it with brave Major Anderson and his devoted little band? Accident has enabled me to inform you. Every word that I write is, as near as I can recollect, from the lips of a recent eye-witness.

The garrison, mostly Irishmen, have been working night and day completing the fortifications, at the period of their occupation in such an imperfect state that they could not have resisted an attack, had one been made by the Charlestonians. The main doorway is built up so that two men cannot walk abreast through it; one armed with a revolver or bowie might defend it against a hundred assailants, supposing he were not shot himself. Just within, opposite the door, is a huge mortar. The stones on the wharf have been removed to strengthen the weak side of the fort. There are piles of hand grenades ready for use. The lower casemates have been closed fast, the guns shotted, piles of grape and canister plased beside them. The Major looks harassed and wan, but perfectly resolute; he can talk of nothing but the fort and his position; he admits that he dreams of it by night—when he sleeps. He deplores the responsibility forced upon him, admits that his sympathies are with the South, but declares that, first of all, he is a United States officer. He objects to his endorsement by Abolition journals, declares that they publish forged letters attributed to himself and his officers. His men are all faithful and resolute, in perfect military discipline; they never grumbled or mutinied—all stories to that effect being unmitigated lies. They look haggard and worn, and preserve a strict silence when questioned. They do not *now* expect to be reinforced. Major Anderson still hopes the business may be settled without bloodshed. But he will defend himself to the last, if attacked. Such, three nights ago, was the internal aspect of Fort Sumter.

A dandy negro stepped into a store to buy some potatoes; but before purchasing he delivered the following on the nature of the root: "De tater he am inevwitably good or inevwitably bad; dar am no medicumocrity in de combinatton of tater. De exterior may appear remarkably exemplary, while de interior am totally negative; but sein' as dat you wends de article on your own responsibly, why, without suckumlocution, dis culled pusson takes a peck."

"Well, Dinah," said a would-be belle to a black girl, "they say beauty soon fades, but do you see any of my bloom fading? Now, tell me plainly, without any compliments." "Oh, no missa; but den me kinder tink." "Think what, Dinah; you're bashful?" "Oh, no me no bashful; but den, but den me kinder tinks as how missa don't retain her color quite so well as colored lady."

For the Easton Gazette.

Memory's of the 22d in Easton.

The 22d in Easton was, as our friend of the "Gazette" truly says, a grand day. It opened upon us as beautiful as could well be desired.—The booming of cannon aroused the multitudes at sunrise and foretold the commencement of the programme as arranged for the celebration of the birth of the great Father of our common country. All surrounding nature certainly appeared to favor the occasion.

For some time previous, the military spirit of our town, judging from the small number in attendance at their public parades, seemed to be on the decrease. Something had to be done speedily; or the company must certainly disband—accordingly several of the most energetic officers and members of the company consulted together and determined to call a special meeting, and if possible devise some means for its safety, and to ensure a better attendance of its members in the future. They accordingly held a large meeting at the Town Hall, and there determined to procure a suitable room for an Armory in which to drill; and at the suggestion of one of its most energetic officers, also determined to celebrate the 22d, by an all day parade, and close the day's labor with a genuine military supper at nine o'clock in the evening, which it was thought would tend to strengthen the weak and slender ties then existing throughout the company. Each member present manfully stood up and pledged himself to stand firm to his duty, and the Home Guards in the future. The meeting closed with bright countenances and cheering prospects, which we sincerely hope may continue to increase until the Guards shall have won for themselves laurels of fame.

On the morning of the 22d, at 9 o'clock the Home Guards formed at their Armory in full dress uniform, numbering some thirty odd men; they were soon joined by the Easton Cornet Band, also in full uniform; who it may be said to their credit have always proved themselves faithful to their post of duty. At 10 o'clock the company headed by the Band paraded through the town until 12 M., when they were dismissed until 2 o'clock—then with good strong *organs of digestion* sought their homes to partake of a good hearty dinner notwithstanding the *magnificent supper prospect* at night, as they felt sure of being all right again for an attack by that time.—A number of others composed of *weak digestive organs* and *sensitive nerves*, who to enjoy the eating of delicacies—especially such as the prospect held out—as only *dispeptics* can enjoy, have like hounds for a chase, to be starved for a short time, especially previous to partaking of such a great variety of edibles as the extensive tables promised to be loaded with. We of that ancient and highly respected body sauntered each to our homes simply to pass away time and let our families know that the *country* was still safe and that we were not as yet subject to the order of South Carolina; we felt delighted with the grand idea that we certainly should be able to return to our homes and families before the close of the night watch and report the valorous deeds done in the body as also be able to display some signs—the tightness of our waistbands—of an attack having been made upon the *big brick fort*—not Sumpter—in which we performed an active part in cutting off their supplies. Although we felt considerably fatigued from the march and *bloeing* exercise of the morning parade, our spirits were buoyed up at the prospect of *crawling Terrapins, Biralees, smoking dishes in great variety, &c.*, interspersed here and there with a good toast or hearty joke to aid digestion. My eyes what a treat.

At the ringing of the afternoon bell precisely—as we are always punctual on duty—we shouldered our *brass ornament*, and *only implement of war*, and wended our way to the Court House, determined to use if necessary to the utmost, the remaining energy and strength left within us from the mornings exercises in the cause of the Home Guards; as we felt cheered that the *vacuum* would be amply filled about 9 o'clock, during the proposed night engagement.

At half past 2 o'clock the Guards again formed line and paraded through the principle streets; on their route, they made several unsuccessful attacks upon various fortifications, upon some of which they fired *several rollies* without effect, and abandoned the enterprise, deeming it to be a *waste of ammunition*. The gallant commander however after a little deliberation deeming it unsoldier-like to return without some conquest, held a consultation with his staff and determined to attack one of the *heaviest forts* in the town.—The spirited company eager for the fray, were immediately wheeled and started with measured tramp for *Fort Hambleton;* arriving abreast of the lofty structure, and after a few moments deliberation, they concluded to *pour a volley* into the *right wing* of the *Edifice*, it being deemed the weakest point, and where probably the most *valuable necessaries* were stored. The first volley, apparently made but little effect—the commander somewhat enraged at the result, determined to *fire a whole broadside*—regardless of cost of ammunition. At the word fire, the earth trembled with the stunning report; a *breach* was made about *ten feet square*, and after the *smoke* from the *batteries* had cleared away, the gallant Colonel of the fort was seen standing in the breach ready to surrender. At this moment, that portion of the *division* bearing *mounted brass field pieces* attempted to force an entrance into the fort but were *flanked* in *double quick time* by the *rear Infantry division*. The gallant *Colonel* after a little parley surrendered, and cordially invited both divisions into the fort where we proceeded with but little ceremony to stow away all the ammunition we could carry; and on our evacuating the fort the Colonel pledged himself ever after to fight under our wide spread *flag*. The Guards again formed line and marched off to the tune of Yankee-Doodle. After parading through several streets they again returned to the Court House; by which time *the dispeptics*, from the extra effort at *raising* the *wind* during the march, and the cautionary measures previously taken with our *internal arrangements*, some of our eyes were *popped* to such an extent that we positively fancied that we could see *Terrapen claws* and *tails* passing before our visionary organs. After arriving at the Court House square, the Guards proceeded to go through their various *Zouave movements*, which gave a little respite to our *wing* of the *division—mounted brass pieces*. After getting our *respiration* down something near its proper level, we—of the dispeptic class—let our minds soar into the *shades of night*, and had just fallen into a *partial state of ecstacy* when we were aroused from our slumbers by the heavy and regular tread of the *Guards* as they marched into the lower Court room, where we had taken up *quarters* for the time. They marched around until they worked themselves into a complete circle, when the deep tones of the *Captain* gave the word halt—we, of the *dispeptic class*—now thought our work was over, and nothing lay before us but a *long table* loaded down with every delicacy, including Terrapins, &c. All that intervened was time—how tardy she seemed to move. We believe that if our esteemed Captain had requested, the *Band* at that moment could have put Yankee-Doodle through on one breath. We know we could.

After the *Guards* had rested at ease a few moments the Captain proposed taking a vote as to what portion of uniform and equipments should be discarded in attendance at the supper. That being settled, our esteemed commander with his usual *foresight* and *pecuniary tactics* for fear that the *panic* and *impending crisis* might have operated to the *detriment* of some of our citizen soldiery,—took the occasion to state that each man was expected to pay his own fare, and neglected to make provision for those who might not have the *needful*, nor feel themselves able to respond to the call. The *mounted brass piece division* were with *due courtesy* included—those who could stand the *charge*. We of the *dispeptic class* were *horror struck;* our magnificient visions of *Terrapen claws* and *tails* vanished in an instant, like so many rats running down a hole. It was with the greatest difficulty we could muster courage sufficient to keep our *pompoons* in an *upright, soldier-like position*. After the *agitation* of our *internals* had somewhat subsided, we endeavored to rally sufficiently to give our more fortunate fellow soldiers a parting *quick step;* our *brass pieces* could only respond with a *feeble wail* for the want of *wind* and *muscle*. The worst was yet to come—at precisely 8½ o'clock the roll of the *Drum* was heard vibrating over the town, calling together that portion of our fellow soldiers who were fortunate enough to feel themselves prepared to meet the *charge;* together with a few of sufficiently *strong nerves* to stand the *charge* in *one sense* unprepared. *We dispeptics* have heard the *roll* of a *Drum* many times but we can assure you that it rolled out the awfulest noise that night we have ever heard. About that time we *dispeptics* felt actually as though we were being forced through a barrel of *Terrapen claws* and *Oyster shells*, and come out the worse for wear.

Mr. Editor, we have had the *night mare* ever since that awful night, and we hereby solemnly pledge ourselves that if we ever pass through this attack in safety, we will hereafter on all like occasions be sure that we have the *veritable Terrapen* by the *tail* before we make preparations for an attack where the species abound. Yours, truly,

MOUTH PIECE.

HONEST TALK.—In the subjoined expressions of regret at the decree of the Georgia Convention in pronouncing a formal severance of the bond which unites that State with her sisters under the Federal Constitution, we have the evidence of a sentiment which, says the National Intelligencer, we are assured would be confessed by a majority of the Georgia people if only the question of Union or disunion could be distinctly and directly brought before them. We quote from the (Geo.) Reporter of the 25th ultimo:

"The deed is done! Our rights are—*not secured!* We have been *fifed* and *drumed*—and *voted* out of the Union. We still love the Union. We love our old Government, because it was established by the strong arms and the blood of as true men as the world ever saw. We never did have any war to make on the Government, but always regarded it as a priceless inheritance bequeathed to us by our Revolutionary fathers, and we have adored the Union of the States because the Union was formed and cemented by their blood. We have given them up and have now left the sacred chambers of our fathers.—The action of *Georgia may be right, and it may be wrong.*"

THE FIRST AMERICAN POETRY.—There are few girls or boys in this country who have not heard the nursery rhyme sung by their mothers while rocking the cradle:

"Lul-a-by baby upon the tree top;
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come cradle and baby and all."

But how many of you know the origin of the simple lines? We have the following account from the records of the Boston Historical Society. Shortly after our forefathers landed at Plymouth, Mass., a party were out in the field where the Indian women were picking strawberries. Several of these women or squaws, as they are called, had *papooses*, that is babies, and having no cradles, they had them tied up in Indian fashion, as shown on page 24, (January,) and hung from the limbs of the surrounding trees. Sure enough, "when the wind blew, these cradles would rock." A young man of the party observing this, peeled off a piece of bark, and wrote the above lines, which were, it is believed, the first poetry written in America.

Selling an Artist.

Mr.——— is one of our most popular artists and teachers of drawing, whose studio is but a short distance from the State House. Yesterday morning, while copying a head by Guido, Mr. A——— was interrupted by a rough-looking visitor.

"Are you Mr. A——— the painter?"

"I am, sir."

"You teach creeters to draw, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, fancying that his visitor might be some wealthy old Jersey farmer; "do you wish your daughter to take a few lessons?"

"No, not my darter."

"Your son, perhaps?"

"No, nor my son, neither."

"Who then, sir? not yourself I hope?"

"No, not myself, but somebody a darn sight more difficult."

"And who, pray, may that be?"

"A four year old mule I bought the other day from Captain Hambright. Learn him to draw, and darn me if I don't out pewter, and give you the best hundred dollars you ever seed."

From the Little Pilgrim.

A RIDDLE.

BY LIZZIE.

I am in the kitten, but not in the cat;
I am in the pig, but not in the fat;
I am in the hinge, but not in the door;
I am in the joist, but not in the floor;
I am in the oil, but not in the can;
I am in the child, but not in the man;
I am in the chair, but not in the table;
I am in the mink, but not in the sable;
I am in the gimblet, but not in the hole;
I am in the ermine, but not in the mole;
I am in the priest, but not in the monk;
I am in the valise, but not in the trunk;
I am in the dish, but not in the pan;
Now guess this riddle, if you possibly can.

A SHOCKING BAD MEMORY.—"Mary, my love, do you remember the text this morning?"

"No, papa. I never can remember the text. I've such a bad memory."

"Mary, said her mother, "did you notice Susan Brown?"

"Oh, yes! What a fright! She had on last year's bonnet done up, a pea green silk, black lace mantilla, brown gaiters, an imitation Honiton collar, a lava bracelet, her old ear drops, and such a fan! Forlorn!

GRACE AFTER MEAT.—One day, at the table of the late Dr. Pearce, (Dean Ely) just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality amongst the lawyers. "We have lost," said the gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months." The Dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace. "For this, and for every other mercy, the Lord's name be praised;"

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