# American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY" AT $2 00 PER ANNUM.

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## Poetical.

From the Waverly Magazine.

### THE DYING BRIDE.

BY EMMA M. THEALL.

"Her face is calm and peaceful now,
But sorrow has been there."

They told him she was dying—that he never more would hear
The voice whose timid greeting was wont his heart to cheer,
And they bade him not to linger, but to speed unto her side,
There to claim the gentle blessing of his broken-hearted bride.

'Tis true she seemed the lightest 'mid her friends so wild and gay,
Yet few e'er knew her anguish when their bright forms fled away.
Perchance a tear would steal to belie her mirthful glee;
Her laugh would echo through the hall more thrilling, wildly free.

They told him she was dying—they had marked her failing health,
And heard her plaintive murmurs when of reason she was bereft,
As with low and tearful pleading she would call upon his name,
And chide her friends for thinking he would never come again.

He had vowed to come and claim her, whatever fate betide!
While her brow grew daily paler—too well they read her doom,
For the hectic flush of scarlet filled their loving hearts with gloom.

They told him she was dying—they had watched the wilder-ing light
Of the blue eye once so softened gleaming now so strangely bright.
She would rave of their last meeting, of the vows breathed o'er and o'er,
When with hopes their hearts were beating, and they would part no more!

Then moaning on her pillow she would twine her silken hair,
And in murmuring, broken tones, breathe a simple, earnest prayer,
Or warbling some low melody with plaintive, gushing sadness,
So like an angel's whisperings telling of hope and gladness.

They told him she was dying—his idolized—his pride,
In voiceless agony of woe he hastened to her side.
Alas for fate! he came too late—the spirit long had flown,
For there she lay in bridal array, his beautiful, his own.

Yes, beautiful though now so cold is the silent, youthful face,
Grief has passed softly o'er her brow and Death has left no trace.
One pale, white hand has gently clasped a rose bud, wither-ing, dead,
An emblem of the weary heart when love and sorrow fled.

## Beautiful French Tale.

### THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

In 1809, there was, in the 12th regiment of the line, then garrisoned in Strasburg, a sergeant called Pierre Pitois, who came from that half-wild, half-civilized portion of Burgundy known by the name of Morvan, and who was nicknamed by his comrades, "Pierre *avale-tout-cru*. He was brave in every sense of the word, and, as they said in the regiment, a rough customer." Ever the first and the last exposed to the enemy's fire, it was believed that he only feared two things in the world—the smell of gunpowder and the whizzing of cannon-balls. Those who had seen him in the battle-field, as with eager eye, fierce mustache, and distended nostrils, he rushed to the thickest of the fight, were wont to say that slaughter was Pierre's favorite pastime.

One day, our friend Pierre addressed a letter to his colonel, in which he asked for leave to go and nurse his old mother, who was dangerously ill. He added that his father, who was seventy-eight years old, and infirm to boot, was unable to attend in the least to the wants of his poor wife. He promised to return as soon as the old woman's health was re-established.

The colonel, in reply, sent word to Pierre Pitois, that as the regiment might receive orders to enter the field at any moment, leave of absence was not to be hoped for.

Pierre Pitois made no complaint.

That night elapsed; the colonel received a second letter.

Pierre informed him that his mother had died of grief, in consequence of not having had her son at her side; as a good and tender parent she would have wished to bestow her last blessing upon him. Pierre Pitois solicited a month's leave of absence. He added that he could not make known the motive of his request—it was a family secret. He earnestly implored his colonel not to refuse him this favor.

Pierre's second letter had no more success than the first; only the poor fellow's captain said to him—

"Pierre, the colonel has received thy epistle. He is sorry that thy aged mother is dead, but he cannot grant thee the permission thou hast asked, for to-morrow the regiment quits Strasburg."

"What! the regiment leaves Strasburg? and pray, captain, whither is it going?"

"Into Austria; we are going to Vienna, my brave fellow. We are going to fight the Austrians. Art not glad of this? I know thou art; there thou wilt be in thy element, my fine fellow."

Pierre Pitois made no answer; he seemed absorbed in deep meditation. The captain, taking his hand and shaking it vigorously, said—

"Art deaf to-day? I tell thee that within a week thou wilt have the good fortune to fight the Austrians, and thou dost not even thank me for the good news! And thou even pretendest not to hear me?"

"Oh, yes, captain, I have heard you perfectly, and I thank you heartily for these tidings, which I think excellent."

"That's right."

"And so, captain, there is no means of obtaining this leave of absence?"

"Art mad? Leave on the eve of battle?"

"I forgot that. We are on the eve of battle. At such a time no leave is granted."

"Not nor even asked for."

"True. No one even asks for it; it would look like cowardice; therefore I shall forbear asking for it again; I shall do without it."

"That will be well."

The next day the 12th regiment entered Germany. The following day Pierre Pitois deserted.

Three months after, whilst the 12th regiment, having reaped in the plains of Wagram a rich harvest of glory, made its triumphal entry into Strasburg, Pierre Pitois was ignominiously brought back to his corps by a brigade of gendarmes.

Shortly after, a court-martial was held. Pierre Pitois was accused of having deserted at the very time that his regiment was going to face the enemy. The court presented an extraordinary aspect. On one side was the accuser, who said—

"Pierre Pitois, you, one of the bravest soldiers of the army, on whose breast glitters the star of honor; you, who have never incurred either a punishment or merited a reproach from your officers, it is impossible that you should have deserted your regiment—planted on the eve of battle—without having been impelled by some powerful motive. This motive the court desires to know; for it would rejoice to be enabled, if not to acquit you—for that it cannot, it may not—but at least to recommend you to the clemency of the Emperor."

On the other hand, the accused answered—

"I have deserted without a reason, without a motive. No, I do not repent; were it to do again, I would do it. I have deserved to die; condemn me."

Three witnesses, who said—"Pierre Pitois has deserted; we know it, but cannot believe it."

Others said—"Pierre Pitois is mad; the court cannot condemn a madman." He should not be sentenced to death, but to confinement in a lunatic asylum."

The latter opinion nearly prevailed; for there was no member of the court who did not look upon the desertion of Pierre Pitois as one of those singularities beyond the reach of human probability, which no one understands, but which every one admits.—Nevertheless, the accused appeared so simple, so logical in demanding a conviction; avowing his guilt with such audacious frankness; incessantly repeating that he did not regret it; and the firmness which he exhibited had so much the appearance of bravado, that no loophole was left for clemency. The sentence of death was pronounced.

When the judgment of the court was read to him, Pierre Pitois did not wince. He was strongly urged *to sue for mercy, but he refused.*

As everybody conjectured that there was some mystery at the bottom of this affair, it was decided *that the execution of Pierre Pitois should be delayed.* The prisoner was reconducted to his cell: he was informed that, as an especial favor, he was allowed three days to present his petition for pardon; he shrugged his shoulders and made no answer.

In the middle of the night preceding the day fixed for his execution, the door of Pierre's prison was gently opened, and a lieutenant of the young guard advanced to the side of the pallet on which the prisoner slept, and after having contemplated him for some time, awoke him. Pierre Pitois stared wildly around, and said—"Ah! the hour is come at last!"

"No, Pierre," answered the other, "the hour is not yet come, but it will soon strike."

"Well, and what do you want?"

"Pierre, thou knowest me not, but I know thee. I have seen thee at Austerlitz, where thou didst behave like a brave man. Since that day, Pierre, I have entertained for thee a sincere and lively esteem. On my arrival yesterday at Strasburg, I heard of thy crime and of thy condemnation. The gaoler being a relative of mine, I have gained access to thy cell to say to thee,—Pierre, those who are about to die often regret not having by their side a friend to whom they can open their hearts, and intrust the fulfilment of some holy duty. If thou wilt, let me be that friend."

"Thanks, comrade," answered Pierre.

"Hast thou nothing to confide to me?"

"Nothing."

"What! not an adieu for thy betrothed—for thy *sister?*"

"A betrothed? A sister? I never had either."

"For thy father?"

"He is no more. He died two months ago in my arms."

"For thy mother?"

"For my mother?" said Pierre, whose voice suddenly trembled with emotion—"for my mother? Ah! comrade, pronounce not her name, for that word I have never heard, I have never even whispered it to my heart, without being moved like a child. And at this moment, it seems to me that if I spoke of her—"

"Well?"

"I should weep. And to weep becomes not a man. To weep," he continued in an excited tone—"to weep when I have only a few hours more to live; *ah! that would be weakness.*"

"Thou art too severe, comrade. I am possessed of as much firmness as any man, and, nevertheless, I should not be ashamed to shed tears whilst speaking of my mother."

"Indeed," said Pierre, warmly grasping the hand of the Lieutenant; "you are a man and a soldier, and would you not blush to weep?"

"While thinking of my mother? Assuredly not. She is so good, and loves me so much, and I love her so dearly in return."

"She loves you? You love her? Oh! then I will tell you all; my heart is full, and must be unburthened; and however strange the sentiments which animate me may appear to you, you will not ridicule them, I am sure. Listen, then, for what you said just now is very true; happy is he who, dying, finds a heart in which he can confide. Will you not listen to me? You will not laugh at me?"

"I hear thee, Pierre. The man who is about to die can only excite commiseration and sympathy."

"You must know, then, that since I can remember, there is only one person whom I ever loved—my mother. But her I have loved as man never loved—with all my energy, with all my soul. When a child, I read in her eyes the affection which mine fondly reflected: I divined her thoughts, she knew mine. We were all in all to one another. I have never had either sweetheart or mistress; I have never had any friends. Therefore, when I was called upon to serve my country, when I was told that I must leave my mother, I was seized with frantic despair, and declared that even were violence resorted to, they should not tare me alive from her side. With one word, the holy and courageous woman changed all my resolves. 'Pierre,' said she, 'you must depart; I command you.' I knelt down and said to her, 'Mother, I will go.' 'Pierre,' she continued, 'thou hast been a good son, and I thank God for it; but there are other duties than those of a son, which a man has to fulfill. Every citizen owes himself to his country; she calls upon thee,—obey!—thou art going to be a soldier; from that moment thy life is no longer thine own, it is thy country's. If her interests demand it, do not hesitate to expose it. If it should be God's will thou shouldst die before me, I should mourn thee with the bitterest anguish of my soul; but I should say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!" Go then, and if thou lovest me, do thy duty!' Oh! I have treasured up the words of this holy woman.—'Do thy duty,' she said; 'a soldier's duty is to obey always and everywhere:' always and everywhere I have obeyed. Furthermore, it consists in encountering peril, without hesitation, without reflection; this also have I done. Those who saw me thus heedless of the enemy's fire, said, 'There is a brave fellow.' With more reason might they have said, 'There is a man who loves his mother!'

"One day a letter reached me, informing me that the poor dear woman was ill. I wished to go to see her; I asked for leave—it was refused. I remembered her last words—'If thou lovest me do thy duty!' I did not murmur. Shortly after, I heard that she was dead. Oh! then I lost all command over myself. At all hazards, regardless of all consequences, I wished to return home. Whence came this lively and irresistible desire once again to behold the spot where my mother had just breathed her last! I will confess it to you; and as you have a mother, as you love her, as she loves you, you will understand me.

"We peasants of Morvan are a simple and credulous people; we have neither the instruction nor the enlightenment which they have in towns, but we have our beliefs, which the townspeople call our superstitions. What signifies the term? Be they superstitions or beliefs, we have them; and able, indeed, would he be who could eradicate them from our minds. You must know that one of the beliefs which has the greatest hold on us, is that which attributes to the first flower which blows on a grave, a virtue which bestows on him who plucks it the certainty of never forgetting the dead, and of never being forgotten by them. With such a dear and delightful belief, death is bereft of its terrors; for death without oblivion is but a calm sleep; it is the only repose after long fatigues.

"I longed to see this flower spring up! I longed to pluck it. I started off. After ten days' long and painful march, I arrived at my mother's grave. The earth seemed to have been recently turned—no flower had sprung up. I waited six weeks, when, at the dawn of a beautiful day, a little flower of an azure blue expanded to my longing eyes. It was one of those flowers to which *townspeople give the name of* the myosotica; and which we, in the country, call Forget-Me-Not. In plucking it, I shed tears of joy, for I believed it to be *the soul of my mother, who,* feeling that I was beside her grave, returned to me in the form of this floweret.

"No ties retained me at home, for my father had soon followed my mother to the grave; and, having plucked my precious flower, what could I want? I remembered my mother's counsel—'Do thy duty!' I sought out the gendarmes, and said—'I am a deserter, arrest me!'

"Now, I am going to die; and if, as you have assured me, I have in you a friend, I shall die without regret, for you will render me the service which I expected at your hands. This floweret, which I went to pluck on her grave at the peril of my life, is here in this locket, which I wear next my heart. Promise me to see that it is there, in my grave. It is the bond which unites me to my mother; and did I fear it would be broken, I should die without courage. Say, will you promise to do what I ask?"

"I promise."

"Oh, give me your hand, that I may press it on my heart! You are so kind to me, I love you; and if God in his omnipotence were to restore me my life, I would devote it to you alone."

They parted. The next morning Pierre Pitois was led to the place of execution; and just as the fatal sentence had been read, suppressed murmurs, then loud cries, ran through the crowd—"The Emperor! It is the Emperor! Long live the Emperor!"

He appeared, dismounted from his horse; and with his short, quick step, walked straight up to the prisoner: "Pierre?" he said.

Pierre looked at him; he seemed as though he was going to speak; but he was struck with an indescribable *stupor.*

"Pierre," continued the Emperor, "recollect the words thou didst speak last night; God does restore thee thy life; devote it not to me, but to France! She also is a good and worthy mother! Love her as thou hast loved the other."

He was gone; and enthusiastic acclamations of *affection rent the air.*

A few years afterwards, Pierre, then a captain in the Old Guard, fell in the battle of Waterloo: and, though mortally wounded, still found strength enough to cry out in a firm voice,—"VIVE L'EMPEREUR: VIVE LA FRANCE! VIVE MA MERE!"

*From the New York Day Book.*

### THE BEST OF TIMES IS NOW.

"There is a good time coming boys,"
*Is the burden of the song;*
Such is the poetry of youth,
When life and hope are strong;
But when the sun of life declines,
Age cries "How changed are men!
Things were not so when I was young—
The best of times was then."

"There is a good time coming, boys,"
Is true enough I know—
And says the plain, unclouded truth,
There is a good time now.
Why not improve the present, then,
Where'er the future lead,
And let each passing moment's page
Bear proof of thought and deed?

"There is a good time coming, boys,"
Makes many a heedless youth,
Who all forgets the present hour;
The first and greatest truth,
That of all time since earth began,
The present is for him;
That age will soon his powers waste,
And palsy mind and limb.

"There is a good time coming, boys,"
And many a one has played;
For each has had his own good time,
And will have to the last.
Then tarry not, oh! eager youth,
For fairer gales to blow,
But bear in mind the first of truths,
*The best of times is now.*

**A Touching Tale.**

### THE FACTORY BOY.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

In the middle of a dark night, Joel, a boy of nine years old, heard his name called by a voice which, through his sleep, seemed miles away. Joel had been tired enough when he went to bed, and yet he had not gone to sleep for some time; his heart beat so at the idea of his mother being very ill. He well remembered his father's death, and his mother's illness now revived some feelings which he had almost forgotten. His bed was merely some clothes spread on the floor, and covered with a rug; but he did not mind that, and he could have gone to sleep at once, but for the fear that had come over him. When he did sleep his sleep was sound, so that his mother's feeble voice calling him seemed like a call from miles away.

In a minute Joel was up and wide awake.

"Light the candle," he could just hear the voice say.

He lighted the candle, and his beating heart seemed to stop when he saw his mother's face. He seemed hardly to know whether it was his mother or no.

"Shall I call—?"

"Call nobody, my dear. Come here."

He laid his cheek to hers.

"Mother, you are dying," he murmured.

"Yes, love, I am dying. It is no use calling any one. These little ones, Joel."

"I will take care of them, mother."

"You my child! How should that be?"

"Why not?" said the boy, raising himself and standing at his best height. "Look at me, mother. I can work. I promise you—"

His mother could not lift her hand, but she moved a finger in a way which checked him.

"Promise nothing that may be too hard afterward," she said.

"I promise to try, then," he said; "that little sister shall live at home, and never go to the workhouse." He spoke cheerfully, though the candle-light glittered in the two streams of tears on his cheeks. "We can go on living here, and we shall be so—"

It would not do. The sense of their desolation rushed over him in a way too terrible to be borne. He hid his face beside her, murmuring, "O, mother! mother!"

His mother found strength to move her hand now. She stroked his head with a trembling touch, which he seemed to feel as long as he lived. She could not say much more. She told him she had no fear for any of them. They would be taken care of. She advised him not to waken the little ones, who were sound asleep on the other side of her, and begged him to lie down himself till daylight, and try to sleep, when she should be gone.

This was the last thing she said. The candle was very low, but before it went out, she was gone. Joel had always done what his mother wished; but he could not obey her in the last thing she had said. He lighted another candle when the first went out, and sat thinking till the gray dawn began to show through the window.

When he called the neighbors they were astonished at his quietness. He had taken up the children and dressed them, and made the room tidy, and lighted the fire, before he told any body what had happened. And when he opened the door his little sister was in his arms. She was two years old, and could walk, of course, but she liked being in Joel's arms. Poor Willy was the most confounded. He stood with his pinafore at his mouth, staring at the bed, and wondering that his mother lay so still. If the neighbors were astonished at Joel that morning, they might be more so at some things they saw afterward; but they were not. Every thing seemed done so naturally, and the boy evidently considered what he had to do so much a matter of course, that less sensation was excited than about many *smaller things.*

After the funeral was over, Joel tied up all his mother's clothes. He carried the bundle on one arm and his sister on the other. He would not have liked to take money for what he had seen his mother wear, but he changed them away for new and strong clothes for the child. He did not seem to want any help. He went to the factory the next morning, as usual, after washing and dressing the children, and getting a breakfast of bread and milk with them. There was no fire, and he put every knife and other dangerous things *on the shelf,* and gave them *some* trifles to play with, and promised to come and play with them at dinner time. And he did play. He played heartily with the little ones, and as if he enjoyed it, every day at the noon hour. Many a merry laugh the neighbors heard from that room when the three children were together, and the laugh was *often* Joel's.

How he learned to manage, and especially to cook, nobody knew; and he could himself have told little more than that he wanted to see how people did it, and looked accordingly at every opportunity. He certainly fed the children well and himself too. He knew that everything depended on his strength being kept up. His sister sat on his knee to be fed till she could feed herself. He was sorry to give it up, but he said she must learn to behave. So he smoothed her hair, and showed her how to fold her hands while he said grace. He took as much pains to train her to good manners at the table as if he had been a governess, teaching a little lady.

While she remained a "baby," he slept in the middle of the bed, between the two, that she might have room, and not be disturbed; and when she ceased to be a baby, he silently made new arrangements. He denied himself a hat, which he much wanted, in order to buy a considerable quantity of coarse dark calico, which, with his own hands, he *made into* a curtain, and slung it up across a part of the room; thus shutting off about a third of it. Here he contrived to make up a little bed for his sister, and he was not satisfied till she had a basin and jug, and a piece of soap of her own. Here nobody but himself was to intrude upon her without leave; and, indeed, he always made her understand that he came to take care of her. It was not only that Willy was not to see her undressed. A neighbor or two now and then lifted the latch without knocking. One of these one day heard something from behind the curtain, which made her call her husband silently to listen; and they always afterwards treated Joel as if he were a man, and one whom they looked up to. He was teaching the child her little prayers. The earnest, sweet, devout tones by the boy, and the innocent, cheerful imitation of the little one, were beautiful to hear, the listener said.

Though so well taken care of, she was not to be pampered; more would have been no kindness in that. Very early, indeed, she was taught, in a merry sort of way, to put things in their places, and to sweep the floor, and to wash up the crockery. One reward that Joel had for his management was that she was early fit to go to school. This was a great point, as he choosing to send Willy regularly, could not till he could send the little girl with him. She was never known to be restless, and Joel was quite proud of her.

Willy was not neglected for the little girl's sake. In those days children went earlier to the factory, and worked longer than they do now, and by the time the sister was five years old, Willy became a factory boy, and his pay put the little girl to school. When she, at seven, went to the factory too, Joel's life was altogether an easier one. He always had maintained them all, from the day of his mother's death. The times must have been good—work constant, and wages steady—or he could not have done it. Now, when all three were earning, he put his sister to a sewing school for two evenings in the week, and the Saturday afternoons; and he and Willy attended an evening school, as they found they could afford it. He always escorted the little girl wherever she had to go; into the factory and home again—to the school door and home again—and to the Sunday school; yet he was himself remarkably punctual at work and at worship. He was an humble, earnest, docile pupil himself at the Sunday school—quite unconscious that he was more advanced than other boys in the sublime science and practice of duty. He felt that every body was kind to him, but he was unaware that others felt it an honor to be kind to him.

I linger on these years when he was a fine growing lad, in a state of high content. I linger, unwilling to proceed. But the end must come, and it is soon told. He was sixteen, I think, when he was asked to become a teacher in the Sunday school, while not entirely ceasing to be a scholar. He tried, and made a very good teacher; he won the hearts of the children while trying to open their minds. By this he became *more widely* known than before.

One day, in the following year a tremendous clatter and crash was heard in the factory where Joel worked. A dead silence succeeded, and several cried out that it was only an iron bar that had fallen down. This was true, but the iron bar had fallen on Joel's head, and he was taken up dead!

Such a funeral as his is rarely seen. There is something that strikes on all hearts in the spectacle of a soldier's funeral—the drum, the march of comrades, and the belt and cap laid on the coffin. But there was something more solemn and more moving than such observances in the funeral of this young soldier who had so bravely *filled* his place in the conflict of life. There was the tread of comrades here, for the longest street was filled from end to end. For relics there were his brother and sister, and for a solemn dirge the uncontrolable groans of a heart-stricken multitude.

**"Stick to Him, Jimmy."**

Two brothers from the Emerald Isle, a few years since, purchased a piece of land not far from the Kenebec and went to work to clear it up. After cutting down the large growth and burning over the underbrush, they proceeded to contrive a plan to get the fallen trunks together in a pile for the purpose of burning also. The land lay upon the side of a hill, and they concluded that if they could roll a large log which lay near the summit and place it about half way down, they might pile the rest against it, and thus secure the object. But how were they to prevent it, when once under way, from rolling to the bottom, and thus defeating their plan? To accomplish this they obtained a rope, and making one end fast to the log, one of them was to hold on to the other end to prevent its going too far, while the other was to start it.—Fearing that he might not be able to prevent the rope from slipping through his fingers, Jimmy, who was the stoutsman, tied it to his body.

"Start him asy, Phelim," said he, after convincing himself that all was right and tight.

Phelim did start him and as the log commenced its progress, the rope caught in a projecting knot, and began rapidly to wind up. It soon drew poor Jimmy chock up. First he went over the log, and then the log went over him, and so they continued their circumgyration and somersets. Phelim stood still and watched their progress for a moment, and then sung out:

"Stick to him, Jimmy—faith you're a match for him any way—you're on top half the time!"

Eloquence appears to be at a discount in Virginia, once its favorite home. A postmaster residing in one of the tidewater counties, writes to one of the Richmond papers to the effect that gentlemen in that vicinity do not wish to receive any more of the supplements containing the debates *in the convention, not considering them worth the* postage, and the postmaster, who appears to be a *dry wag,* adds, "*there is but little game to shoot* in this county, and therefore the said supplements cannot be *used for wadding.*"

Learn to Sing.—To sweeten toil, learn to sing. A cobbler of our acquaintance attributes not only his success, but his longevity, to an early acquaintance with the "Bay of Biscay." If he meets with a loss, he eradicates *its remembrance with 'Roslyn Castle,'* while he forgets his wife's improprieties, by refreshing his forgiveness with "Auld Lang Syne." How much better is this than flying to the bottle, or letting fly the smoothing irons.

Parker H. French, the notorious swindler and desperado it is reported is not yet dead. It is said he and others of his party are prisoners in Durango, *Mexico.*

The Boston papers chronicle the death of Horace Scudder, Esq., one of the most honorable and successful of the Boston merchants, which took place at his residence in Dorchester, on Sunday morning last, at the age of 48.

### THE IDOL CAR OF THE HINDOOS.

The Missionary Herald of February gives the following interesting intelligence. Dr. Scudder, in company with his son, visited Conjeveram, 47 miles from Madras. This spot is considered by the Hindoos a holy place, and an annual festival is held there in honor of Vishnu, which brings together a large number of idolatrous worshippers. Dr. Scudder and his son determined to proceed thither and bear testi*mony against the follies of the people.* From the journal of the son of Dr. Scudder, we give the following account of the drawing of the Idol Car:

"This is one of the great days of the feast, and is signalized by the drawing of the car. Early in the day we went out to witness the imposing spectacle. The bright sun that Jehovah made, flooded sky and earth with effulgence. Were it not an inanimate *luminary, surely it would have veiled its face with* midnight sorrow, as it gazed upon the scene that passed before *my eyes.* How shall we describe it? A vast multitude, whose heads were like the waving ears of wheat upon an illimitable grain field, filled up the broad avenue along which the huge car was drawn. It was indeed a mighty structure, towering above the tops of the palm trees. It was gaudily decked with crimson trappings; and a glittering umbrella adorned its pinnacle. Its massive wheels moved slowly and majestically through the sand.—Monstrous, misshapen forms, like dragons of a giant size, grinned and leered hideously on its four sides; and images of horses, in leaping attitude, were projected from its front. On the fore part of the car, about *half way up the edifice, Brahmins stood and* waving long and graceful deer hair brushes to the crowd below, while men, packed on the sides of the car, busied themselves in letting down ropes with bags attached, and drawing up the spoils which the people deposited in them.

"Four cables of enormous size, such as no ship on the ocean carries, stretched far away in front of the car, lying like anacondas on the necks and heads of the half maddened throng, who grasping them, and bearing upon them with their full strength, moved the towering vehicle slowly along. Between the rope were Brahmins, old and young, waving cloths and sticks hung with small white banners, cheering the multitude forward in their task. Now the throng would stop, weary with their labor; and now the shout would rise up with a great rush of voices along the cables, and once more they would give their shoulders to the toilsome work. I never saw such a sight. The ocean-like crowd parted and met around the car, like waters around an island. The old, the middle aged, the young were there. Aged Brahmins with white hairs, were there; and there, too, were infants, lying on the necks of delicate women.

"Among the deluded worshippers, I saw some who bore votive cocoa nuts in their hands. These they cracked, and then held the dissevered portions, with uplifted arm, before their idol god. Others stood at some distance in advance of the car, throwing themselves flat upon their faces in the hot sun, to do homage to the senseless image.

"*My soul was fired with horror at this sight.*—Having been occupied several days, together with *my father,* in preaching against idol worship, and proclaiming the true God, I felt a little apprehensive before going out, lest I might meet with some insult or violence; but when I beheld this scene, indignation took the place of apprehension. I felt that I was not afraid of them, and if there was aught for which I could lay down my life, it would be possible for me to do it in testimony against this abominable idolatry.

"I saw other things of painful interest. Hordes of mendicants, some dressed in fantastic and some in hideous habiliments, passed here and there among the people, tinkling their cymbals and collecting alms. In one group I saw an aged man beating time on the cymbal, while two boys performed a most grotesque dance to the delight of the older, and the affright of the younger persons of the crowd. One of the boys had on a great red flaming mask, made like a boar's head; and the other was dressed like an old man, with flowing beard. The maimed and the deformed crept along, asking alms. One mendicant passed me, through whose cheeks and mouth I noticed that an iron rod was passed. Elephants moved hither and thither to beg. One came up to me, and putting out his trunk, uttered a low noise at the command of the driver."

On the evening of the following day, the brethren sat out upon their return to Madras. During the eight days which they spent at Conjeveram, they preached the gospel to more than two thousand persons, in about 150 companies. These were all good readers, selected from the crowd by a test applied by a native Christian.

### THE LATE PARKER H. FRENCH.

The Louisville *Courier* gives the following sketch of Capt. Parker H. French, whose criminal career has been lately cut short at the hands of lynchers in Mexico:

"But a short time since we knew French as a lad, whose reputation was without blemish or reproach, and whose daily walk was such as not only to win the confidence and esteem of his employer, but of the entire community in which he then resided. Of a mild and amiable disposition, with business habits *rarely met with in one of his tender age, enjoying* the confidence of those able and willing to assist him in mercantile pursuits, which but few with limited means could command; he commenced his commercial career in St. Louis some three years since, under prospects regarded the most flattering and promising. For a season he apparently was basking in the sunshine of prosperity, during which period he wooed and won the accomplished daughter of one of the most estimable and distinguished citizens of a neighboring State. A revulsion in his affairs, however, speedily following his marriage, we next hear of him in New York, where he sought to regain his shattered fortunes as the originator of an expedition across the country for the transportation of emigrants to California. He left with upwards of two hundred passengers, and in Texas commenced those depredations upon society which has resulted in his paying the penalty of the violated laws, by a death as ignominious as it was tragical. He seems from the beginning to have thrown off all moral restraint, and to have given up to a spirit of desperation that is seldom met with in the most hardened criminal, much less in one who may be said to have been a novice in crime. To the crime of forgery, he soon added that of robbery, and finally ended the catalogue of his transgressions by becoming a murderer. There survives him a wife, whose hopes on earth are crushed forever, and a lovely infant daughter, upon whom, should she live, a cold and heartless world will cast its frowns on account of the sins of the father"

As Mrs. M'Gibbon, a popular actress at Liverpool, was about to dress for Jane Shore, her attendant came to inform her that a woman had called to ask for two box-orders, as "she and her daughter had walked four miles to see the play." "Does she know me?" said the actress. "Not a bit," was the reply. "Very odd; has the woman got her faculties about her?" said Mrs. M'Gibbon. "I think she has, ma'am," said the dresser, "for I see she has got something tied up in a red handkerchief."

Ridiculous.—A little man grown jealous. We know of nothing to compare him to unless it's a bottle of ginger-pop in a high state of rebellion.

Let integrity be the ballast of your soul, and virtue lading. You may be deprived of honours and riches against your will, but not of your virtues, except you consent.

There are two sorts of persons scarce to be comforted, viz—a rich man when he finds himself dying; and a beauty when she sees her charms fading.

True greatness of life is to be master of ourselves

Truth and honesty have no need of loud protestations.

A little indigo moistened and put on the sting of a wasp, hornet or bee, relieves the pain instantly.

## Odds and Ends.

Genius.—Genius will show itself even in vices. Some men, for instance, will actually squirt tobacco juice with a grace; while there are others who will so toss off a whiskey punch as to make it appear like an accomplishment. To excel, even in an impropriety, requires talent far beyond the average. We have seen blackguards whose profanity exhibited as much plot and genius, as Bulwer has displayed in the Lady of Lyons.

☞A down east editor advises his readers, if they wish to get *teeth inserted,* to go and steal fruit where a watch-dog *is* on his guard. There is nothing artificial about such teeth.

Let the young man remember, there is nothing derogatory in any employment which ministers to the well-being of the race. It is the spirit that is carried into an employment that elevates or degrades it.

Advice to Ladies.—Always dress as neatly and plainly as possible—let Flora be your jeweller, and the rose-bud the only gem about you. This covering yourself with gewgaws, like fat cattle, only indicates that you are intended, like them, for market.

Whether a man is courageous or not, depends altogether on circumstances. While the diarrhœa will make the bravo irresolute—the toothache will cause even the timid to "*go in*" and face the devil. With a relaxed state of the bowels, Scott could never have conquered at Chapultepec till this day.

Mulloney says that the mysteries of card playing can only be learnt by losing at it. Novices will please remember this, as it will save them much unnecessary study. There are many modes of opening men's eyes, but we think tapping their pocket-books is the most speedy and effectual.

Lord Brougham, who, some time since, in his place, in the House of Lords, announced his intention of visiting the United States in the present spring, has altered that intention, and deferred his trans-Atlantic trip for the present.

Competition is a thing unheard of in most of the German States. If a man wishes to establish himself in business, he must wait until a vacancy is made for him, by the death or withdrawal of some predecessor in his trade—the law prohibiting more than a fixed number of persons of any trade from practising such trade.

Attempt not the Impossible.—Man *is born,* not to solve the problems of the Universe, but to find out where the problem *begins,* and then to *restrain himself* within the limits of the comprehensible.

Southey, who picked up and recorded in his Common Place Book, all manner of facts, mentions a dog that went every Sunday to Penbridge church during an entire year that the church was under repair, and passed the proper time in the family pew.

The Miser.—It is worthy of observation, that the Latin word for miserable has been applied to designate an individual who possesses, but cannot enjoy. And well may he be called a miser, for he is the meanest living creature.

When Hannah Moore asked of Dr. Johnson why he drank no wine, he honestly and wisely said—"Because if I drink any at all, I shall drink too much. *Abstinence is as easy as moderation is difficult.*" If all men would reason and act thus, what a world of misery they would escape!

Never be influenced by external appearances in forming your judgment of a person's worth. *This is an important rule, for many a noble spirit is covered by the habiliments of poverty, while,* not unfrequently, a showy exterior conceals a villain of the basest kind.

☞Riches do not often confer much happiness; heavy hearts frequently ride in splendid equipages; whilst the pious laborer can return with sweet peace of mind, and rest comfortably on his pillow—this is life's blessing.

☞Why do you not admire my daughter?" asked a proud mother of a gentleman. "Because," he replied, "I am no judge of *paintings.*"

☞He who knows the world, will not be too bashful; and he who knows himself will never be imprudent.

☞Girls are like kittens—gently smooth them the right way, and they will rub and purr most affectionately, but give them a contrary brush, and they get their backs up in a most disdainful manner. They *all like to be kissed,* but sham a delicacy about the operation.

In Iceland, if a minor commits a crime, the parents are immediately arrested, and unless they can prove, to the satisfaction of the magistrate, that they *have afforded to the child* all needed opportunities for instruction, the penalty of the crime is visited upon them, and the child is placed under instruction.

☞Some calumniator has declared that ladies are the very reverse of their mirrors; for the latter reflect without talking, and the former talk without reflecting.

☞An editor at the Eastward says, that the lumber business has greatly improved since it has become so fashionable for every public man to have a platform.

The greatest pleasure in this world consists in making other people envious. Who the deuce would care for riches, if he could not make other people talk about them? Miss Fantadling wears a $500 shawl, not because it adds to either her comfort or contentment, but solely because Mrs. Grundy will hate her for it. Were there but one woman in the world, she would dress in flannel spencers and wear thick boots.

It is dangerous to take liberties with great men unless we know them thoroughly; the keeper will hardly put his head into the lion's mouth upon a short acquaintance.

Governments connive at many things which they ought to correct, and correct many things at which they ought to connive. But there is one mode of correcting so as to endear, and of conniving so as to reprove.

☞Matches, wherein one party is all passion and the other all indifference, will assimilate about as well as ice and fire.

Youth appreciates beauty; it is the appropriate season for the action of the tender, the sublime, and the grand, upon the mental vision.

How apt men are to condemn in others what they practice themselves without scruple! Plutarch tells of a wolf, who, peeping into a hut where a company of shepherds were regaling themselves with a joint of mutton; said, "what a clamor they would have raised if they had caught me at such a banquet!" Reader, how is it with yourself in this respect?

A Nun's Wish.—Southey, in his "Omniz," relates the following:—"When I was last at Lisbon, a nun made her escape from a nunnery. The first thing for which she inquired when she reached the house in which she was to be secreted, was a looking glass. She had entered the convent when only 5 years old; and from that time had never seen her own face."

While some men seem born with fifty aires to their breeches, others appear to come into the world with scaling ladders in both hands. The former may own a gold mine and will still die poor; while the others will become distinguished though the first climb was over the fence of an almshouse.

Rowland Hill made a good remark upon *hearing* the power of the letter H discussed, *whether it were* a letter or not. If it were not, *he said, it would be* a very serious affair for *him; for it would make him ill* all the days of his life.

☞Muggins says that a widow who don't wish to get married, should be as much cherished as a thistle tree that bears figs. Where's the cistern pole?