# American Volunteer.

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

VOL. 39. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1853. NO. 46.


## Poetical.

From Dickens' Household Words.

### THE BUSH WITH THE BLEEDING BREAST.

In Cornwall, as in the East, the names "Uncle" and "Aunt" are not titles of kindred, but words of endearment and respect. So it was with an impulse of love and honor, that the ancient Cornish were wont to call the Virgin Mother, "Aunt Mary."

Now if all the trees by the King's highway,
Which do you love the best?
O! the one that is green upon *Christmas Day*,
The bush with the bleeding breast!
The holly, with her drops of blood for me,
For that is our dear Aunt Mary's Tree.

Its leaves are sweet with our Savior's name,
'Tis a plant that loves the poor;
Summer and Winter it shines the same
Beside the cottage door.
O! the holly, with her drops of blood for me,
*For that is our kind* Aunt Mary's Tree.

'Tis a bush that the birds are loth to leave;
They sing in it all day long;
But sweetest of all, upon Christmas Eve,
*Is to hear the robin's song.*
'Tis the merriest sound upon earth and sea,
For it comes from our own Aunt Mary's Tree.

So, of all the growth by the King's highway,
I love that plant the best;
'Tis a bower for the birds upon Christmas day,
That bush with the bleeding breast.
O! the holly with her drops of blood for me,
For that is our sweet Aunt Mary's Tree.

## Miscellaneous.

### STORY OF THE YOUNG ROBBER.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I was born at the little town of Frosinone, which lies at the skirts of the Abruzzi. My father had made a little property in trade, and gave me some education, as he intended me for the church; but I had kept a gay company too much to relish the cowl, so I grew up a loiterer about the place. I was a heedless fellow, a little quarrelsome on occasion, but good humored in the main; so I made my way very well for a time, until I fell in love. *There lived in our* town a surveyor or land bailiff of the prince's, who had a young daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen; she was looked upon as something better than the common run of our towns folks, and was kept almost entirely at home. I saw her occasionally, and became madly in love with her—she looked so fresh and tender, and so different from the sun burned females to whom I had been accustomed.

As my father kept me in money, I always dressed well, and took all opportunities of showing myself off to advantage in the eyes of the little beauty. I used to see her at church, and as I could play a little upon the guitar, I gave a tune sometimes under her window of an evening; and I tried to have interviews with her in her father's vineyard, not far from the town, where she sometimes walked. She was evidently pleased with me, but she was young and shy; and her father kept a strict eye upon her, and took alarm at my attentions, for he had a bad opinion of me, and looked for a better match for his daughter. I became furious at the difficulties thrown in my way, having been accustomed always to easy success among the women, being considered one of the smartest young fellows of the place.

Her father brought home a suitor for her, a rich farmer from a neighboring town. The wedding day was appointed, and preparations were making. I got sight of her at her window, and I thought she looked sadly at me. I determined the match should not take place, cost what it might. I met her intended bridegroom in the market place, and could not restrain the expression of my rage. A few hot words passed between us, when I drew my stiletto and stabbed him to the heart. I fled to a neighboring church for refuge, and with a little money I obtained absolution, but I did not dare to venture from my asylum.

At that time our captain was forming his troop. He had known me from boyhood; and hearing of my situation, came to me in secret, and made such offers, that I agreed to enrol myself among his followers. Indeed, I had more than once thought of *taking to this mode of life*, having known several brave fellows of the mountains, who used to spend their money freely amongst us youngsters of the town. I accordingly left my asylum late one night, repaired to the appointed place of meeting, took the oaths prescribed, and became one of the troop.

We were for some time in the distant part of the mountains, and our wild adventurous kind of life hit my fancy wonderfully, and diverted my thoughts.—At length they returned, with all their violence, to the recollection of Rosetta; the solitude in which I often found myself, gave me time to brood over her image; and, as I have kept watch at night over our sleeping camp in the mountains, my feelings have been roused almost to a fever.

At length we shifted our ground, and determined to make a descent upon the road between Terracina and Naples. In the course of our expedition we passed a day or two in the woody *mountains which* rise above Frosinone. I cannot tell you how I felt *when I looked down upon* the place, and distinguished the residence of Rosetta. I determined to have *an interview with her*—but to what purpose? I could not expect that she would quit her home, and accompany me in my hazardous life among the mountains. She had been brought up too tenderly for that; and when I looked upon the women who *were associated with some of the troop*, I could not have borne the thought of her being their companion. All return to my former life was likewise hopeless, for a price was set upon my head. Still I determined to see her; the very hazard and fruitlessness of the thing made me furious to accomplish it.

It is about three weeks since I pursuaded our captain to draw down to the vicinity of *Frosinone*, in hopes of entrapping some of its principal inhabitants, and compelling them to ransome. We were lying in ambush towards evening, not far from the vineyard of Rosetta's father. I stole quickly from my companions, and drew near to reconnoiter the place of her frequent walks. How my heart beat when among the vines I beheld the gleaming of a white dress! I knew it must be Rosetta's; it being rare for any female of the place to dress in white.—I advanced secretly and without noise, until putting aside the vines, I stood suddenly before her. She uttered a piercing shriek, but I seized her in my arms, put my hand upon her mouth, and conjured her to be silent. I poured out all the phrensy of my passion; offered to renounce my mode of life; to put my fate in her hands; to fly with her where we might live in safety together. All that I could say or do would not pacify her. Instead of love, horror and affright seemed to have taken possession of her breast. She struggled partly from my grasp, and filled the air with her cries.

In an instant the captain and the rest of my companions were around us. I would have given anything at that moment had she been safe out of our hands, and in her father's house. It was too late. The captain had pronounced her a prize, and ordered that she should be borne to the mountains. I represented to him that she was my prize; that I had a previous claim to her—and I mentioned my former attachment. He sneered bitterly in reply; observed that brigands had no business with village intrigues, and that, according to the law of the troop, all spoils of the kind were determined by lot. Love and jealousy were raging in my heart, but I had to choose between obedience and death. I *surrendered* her to the captain, and we made for the mountains.

She was *overcome by affright*, and her steps were so *feeble and faltering* that it was necessary to support her. I could not endure the idea that my comrades should touch her, and assuming a forced tranquility, begged that she might be confided to me, as one to whom she was most accustomed. The captain regarded me for a moment, with a *searching* look, but I bore it without flinching, and he consented. I took her in my arms; she was almost senseless; her head rested on my shoulder; I felt her breath on my face; and it seemed to fan the flame which devoured me. Oh God! to have this glowing treasure in my arms, and yet to think it was not mine!

We arrived at the foot of the mountains. I ascended it with difficulty, particularly where the woods were thick, but I would not relinquish my delicious burthen. I reflected with rage, however, that I must soon do so. The thought that so delicate a creature must be abandoned to my rude companions, maddened me. I felt tempted, the stiletto in my hand, to cut my way through them all, and bear her off in triumph. I scarcely conceived the idea before I saw its rashness; but my brain was fevered with the thought that any but myself should enjoy her charms. I endeavored to outstrip my companions by the quickness of my movements, and to get a *little distance ahead*, in case any favorable opportunity of escape should present. Vain effort! The voice of the captain suddenly ordered a halt.—I trembled, but had to obey. The poor girl partly opened a languid eye, but was without strength or motion. I laid her upon the grass. The captain darted on *me a terrible look of suspicion*, and ordered me to *scour the woods with my companions* in search of some *shepherd*, who might be sent to her father's to *demand a ransom*.

I saw at once the peril. To resist with violence was a certain death, but to leave her alone in the power of the captain! I spoke out then with a fervor, *inspired by my passion* and my despair. I reminded the captain that I was the first to seize her, *that she was my prize*, and that my previous attachment for her ought to make her sacred among my companions. I insisted, therefore, that he should pledge me his word to respect her, otherwise I should refuse obedience to his orders. His only reply was to cock his carbine, and at the signal my comrades *did the same. They* laughed with cruelty at my impotent rage. What could I do? I felt the madness of *resistance*. I was menanced on all hands, and my comrades obliged me to follow them. She remained alone with the chief—*yes, alone*—and almost lifeless!—

Here the robber paused in his recital, *overpowered* by his emotion. Great drops of sweat stood on *his forehead*; he panted rather than breathed; his brawny bosom rose and fell like the waves of a troubled sea. When he became a little calm he continued

I was not long in finding a shepherd. I ran with the rapidity of a deer, eager, if possible, to get back before what I dreaded might take place. I had left my companions far behind, and I rejoined them before they had reached one half the distance I had made. I hurried them back to the place where we had left the captain. As we approached I beheld him seated by the side of Rosetta. His triumphant look & the desolate condition of the unfortunate girl, left me no doubt of her fate. I know not how I restrained my fury.

It was with extreme difficulty, and by guiding her hand, that she was made to trace a few characters, requesting her father to send three hundred dollars as her ransom. The letter was dispatched by the shepherd. When he was gone, the chief turned sternly to me.

'You have set an example,' said he, 'of mutiny and self will which, if indulged, would be ruinous to the troop. Had I treated you as our laws require, this bullet would have been driven through your brain.—But you are an old friend; I have borne patiently with your fury and your folly. I have even protected you from a passion that would have unmanned you. As to this girl, the laws of our association must have their course.'

So saying, he gave his commands; lots were drawn, and the unlucky girl was abandoned to the troop.

Here the robber paused again, panting with fury, and it was some moments before he could resume *his story*.

Hell (said he) was raging in my heart. I beheld the impossibility of avenging myself, and I felt that, according to the articles in which we stood bound to one another, the captain was in the right. I rushed with frenzy from the place; I threw myself upon *the earth, tore up the grass with my hands, and beat* my head and gnashed my teeth in agony and rage. When at length I returned, I beheld the wretched victim, pale, dishevelled, her dress torn and disordered. An emotion of pity, for a moment, subdued my fierce feelings. I bore her to the foot of a tree, and leaned her gently against it. I took my gourd, which was filled with wine, and applying it to her lips, endeavored to make her swallow a little. To what a condition was she reduced! she, whom I had once seen the pride of Frosinone! whom but a short time before I had beheld sporting in her father's vineyard, *so fresh*, and beautiful, and happy! Her teeth were clenched; her eyes fixed on the ground; and her form without a motion, and in a state of absolute infeasibility. I hung over her in an agony of recollection at all that she had been, and of anguish of what I now beheld her. I darted round a look of horror at my companions, who seemed like *so many fiends exulting in the downfall of an angel!* and I felt a horror at myself for being their accomplice.

The captain, always suspicious, saw, with his usual penetration, what was passing within me, and ordered me to go upon the ridge of the woods, to keep a look out over the neighborhood, and await the return of the shepherd. I obeyed, of course, stifling the fury that raged within me, though I felt for the moment that he was my most dreadly foe.

On my way, however, a ray of reflection came across my mind. *I perceived that the captain was* but following, with strictness, the terrible laws to which we had sworn fidelity. That the passion by which I had been blinded might, with justice, have *been fatal to me*, but for his forbearance: that he had penetrated my soul, and had taken precaution, by sending me out of the way, to prevent my committing any excess in my anger. From that instant I felt that I was capable of pardoning him.

Occupied with these thoughts, I arrived at the foot of the mountain. The country was solitary and secure, and in a short time I beheld the shepherd at *a short distance crossing the plain. I hastened to* meet him. He had obtained nothing. He had found the father plunged in the deepest distress. He had read the letter with violent emotion, and then calming himself with a sudden exertion, he had replied coldly,

"My daughter has been dishonored by those wretches; let her return without ransom, or let her die!"

*I shuddered* at this reply. I know, according to the laws of our troop, her death was inevitable.—Our oaths required it. I felt, nevertheless, that not having been able to have her to myself, I could become her executioner!

The robber again paused with agitation. I saw *musing upon his last frightful words*, which prove to what excess the passions may be carried when escaped from all moral restraint. There was a horrible verity in this old story, that reminded me of *some of the tragic fictions of Dante.*

We now come to a fatal moment (resumed the bandit.) After the report of the shepherd, I returned with him, and the chieftain received from his lips the refusal of the father

At a signal, which we all understood, we followed him to some distance from the victim. He there pronounced her sentence of death. Every one stood ready to execute his order; but I *interfered*. I observed that there was something *due to pity as well* as to justice. That I was as ready as any one to *approve the implacable* law, which was to serve as a warning to all those who hesitated to pay the ransom demanded for our prisoners; but that though the sacrifice was proper, it ought to be made without cruelty. The night is approaching, continued I, she will soon be wrapped in sleep; let her then be dispatched. All I now claim on the score of former fondness for her is, let me strike the blow. I will do it as surely, but *more tenderly than another.*—Several raised their voices against my proposition, but the captain imposed silence on them. He told me I might conduct her into the thicket at some distance, and he relied upon my promise.

I hastened to seize upon my prey. There was a forlorn kind of triumph at having at length become her exclusive possessor. I bore her off into the thickness of the forest. She remained in the same state of insensibility and stupor. I was thankful that she did not recollect me, for had she once *murmured my name*, I should have been overcome.—She slept at length in the arms of *him who was to* poniard her. Many were the conflicts I underwent before I could bring myself to strike the blow. But my heart had become sore by the recent conflicts it had undergone, and I dreaded lest, procrastination, some other should become her executioner. When *her repose had continued* for some time, I separated myself gently from her, that I might not disturb her sleep, and seizing suddenly my poniard, plunged it into her bosom. A painful and concentrated *murmur, but without any convulsive* movement, accompanied her last sigh. So perished the unfortunate!

### OLD VIRGINIA.

An Illinois sucker took a great dislike to a foppish young Virginian, who, a few weeks since, was fellow passenger with him in one of our steamboats.

The Virginian was cautiously combing his hair, brushing his boots—to all which movements the Sucker took exceptions, as being what he termed "a leetle too nice by half." He finally took up his chair beside the Virginian, and began:

"What might you be from, stranger?" he asked.

"I am from Virginia, sir," politely answered the gent.

"From 'old Virginia,' I suppose," said the Sucker.

"Yes, sir, from OLD Virginia," was the gent's reply.

"You are pooty high up thar in the picters, I suppose," continued Sucker.

"I don't know what you mean," said the Virginian.

"O, nothin'," said the Sucker, "but that you are desp'rate rich, and have been brought up right *nice*."

"If the information will gratify you in any way," said the gent, patronisingly, smoothing down his hair, "I *belong to one of the first families*."

"Oh, of course," answered Sucker.

"Wall," he continued, "bein' as you belong to the fust, I'll jist *give you two of the fattest shoats* in all Illinois, ef you'll only find me a feller that belongs to one of the *second Virginny families*."

"You want to quarrel with me, sir," said the Virginian.

"No, stranger, not an atom," answered the Sucker, "but *I never seed* one of the second families, and I'd gin somethin' to git a sight at one of 'em. *I know that you are* one of the first, because you jist look like John Randolph."

This modified the Virginian—the hint of a resemblance to the statesman was flattering to his feelings, and he acknowledged relationship to the orator.

"He, you know," continued the Sucker, "was a descendant of the Ingin gal, Pocahontas, wasn't he?"

"You are quite right, sir," answered the other.

"Wall, *stranger*," *said the Sucker*, "*so you* know there's another thing puzzles me, and it's this: *I never seed* a Virginnyan that didn't claim descendance from an Ingin, John Randolph, or a *nigger*."

What could the Sucker allude to? This question puzzled the Virginian not a little, and he kept a part until the Sucker landed at his home.

As he stepped ashore, he caught sight of the Virginian on the upper deck, and hailed him with, "I say, *old* Virginny, remember—two fat shoats for the first feller you find that belongs to the *second Virginny family*."

### BRIDAL CHAMBERS.

A writer in the Literary World hits off this immodest exhibition of our fashionable "brides" and "grooms" after the following manner. It is a description of a scene on board the steamer Oregon with its bridal state-room:

"It is night on the steamer Oregon. Swiftly the beautiful boat slips on—so swiftly and so stilly that it is a bore to know what to do. The supper is over, but it is too early for sleep. The cabins are sumptuous, but once seen, you have only to sit still. The handsome clerk, with his tasteful office hung round with pictures of lovely ladies, has drawn his stained glass window, and there is no more "fight or die" to be the first to settle. The idea of twenty-two miles in an hour won't amuse a man! What have you got for the people *should be taught to cover up their melancholy* thoughts as they would bury out of sight their dead canaries. Girls should be educated to the to be end when their is no good grounds for it is notion that 'the demps' are not genteel, and that vulgar. Just as the tree bent, &c. A generation we hope for, who will hold it a religious duty to *reflect* the happy face of nature from their happy faces. Everything so universally wheels into the right line at last and proves that 'it is all for the best,' that we verily believe a very long face ought to be put down as a nuisance in the street, and a bore within doors; and if that were not sufficient to abate it let it be authoratively announced that it will be considered the black flag thrown out as a taken of an evil conscience. Sorrow is sacred, and is not always to be avoided. But melancholy is a humbug, a sham, and a—, a—, an improper thing generally, and,—we speak *with a reservation to avoid the anathemas of* young ladies and poets,—in our opinion a very unpleasant mental habit.—*N. Y. Times.*

### Revenging Tragedy--Murder and Suicide.

One of the most shocking instances of murder and suicide, we have ever been called upon to record, occurred in the town of Leon, in Cattaraugus county, New York, on the 25th of February. Mr. Franklin, a worthy farmer, left home on the morning of that day for the purpose of chopping in the woods, some distance from his dwelling. The family consisted of himself, his wife and three young children, two of whom were twins. On his return at night he was somewhat surprised, on nearing the house, at seeing no light. He opened the door, against which something pressed heavily, and by the light of the moon discovered that it was the body of one of his children lying on the floor, weltering in its blood. In his phrensy, he rushed out and alarmed the school teacher of the district, who chanced to be passing by when the two entered the house, and on looking further they found the two children in the same horrible condition as the first. One was badly frozen, but all were alive, though insensible, when found by the distracted and broken hearted father.

Two of the children have since died; it is hoped the other may recover. On searching for the mother, she was found in the woodhouse suspended by the neck with a skein of yarn cold and lifeless.—The skulls of the two children were fractured in a most revolting manner, which had evidently been accomplished by the mother, with an iron used about the stove, that was litterally bathed in blood. What motive could have led this miserable woman to so atrocious an act, we have not heard conjectured.

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### A GAME AT CARDS.

BY CHAS. RAND.

The following *narrative*—a true one—describes a scene that actually took place not many years since, *in a county town* in the State of Maine:

One evening in the month of December, 1834, a *number of townsmen* had assembled in the store of a Mr. Thomas Putnam, to talk over 'matters and *things*' —smoke—drink—and in short to do anything to 'kill time.'

Three hours had thus passed away. They had laughed, and talked, and drank, and chatted, and had a good time, generally, so that about the usual hour of shutting up shop, each of the party felt particularly first-rate.

'Come,' said Charles Hatch—one of the company—'let's all liquor, and then have a game of high, low, Jack!'

'So I say,' exclaimed another, 'who's got the cards?'

'Fetch on your keards,' drawled out a third, his eyes half closed through the effects of the liquor he had drank.

After drinking all around, an old pine table was drawn up before the fire place, where burned brightly a large fire of hemlock logs, which would snap and crackle—throwing large live coals out upon the hearth.

All crew up round the table, seating themselves on whatever came handiest. Four of them had rolled up to the table some kegs, which from their weight were supposed to contain nails.

'Now,' said Hatch, 'how shall we play—every one for himself?'

'No—have partners,' growled one man.

'I say every one for himself,' exclaimed another.

'No, hang'd if I'll play so,' shouted the former, bringing his fist down upon the table, knocking one candle out of the stick, and another upon the floor.

'Come, come,' said Hatch, 'no quarreling—all who say for having partners, stand up.'

Three arose.

'Now, all who say each one for himself—stand up.'

The remaining four immediately got up.

'You see, Barclay,' said Hatch, 'the majority are against you. Come, will you play?'

'Well, as I don't want to be on the opposite side, I'll play,' answered Barclay, somewhat cooled down.

Mr. Putnam was not in the store that evening, and the clerk, who was busy behind the counter, had taken very little notice of the proceedings.—About half-past ten, Mr. Putnam thought he would step over to his store and see that everything was safe. As he went in he walked up towards the fire.

When within a few steps of where the men were sitting, he started back in horror.

Before him sat seven men, half crazy with drink and the excitement of playing cards. There they were, within a few feet of the fire just described—and four of them *seated on kegs of powder!*

Barclay—who was a very heavy man—had pressed in the head of the keg on which he sat, bursting the top hoop, and pressing the powder out through the chinks. By the continued motion of their feet the powder had became spread about the floor, and now covered a space of two feet all around them.

Mr. Putnam's first movement was towards the door, but recovering himself, he walked up towards the fire. Should either of them attempt to rise—he thought—and scatter a few grains a little further into the fire place, where lay a large quantity of live coals!

At that moment Hatch looked up, and seeing Mr. Putnam with his face deadly pale, gazing into the fire, exclaimed:

'Good God Putnam, what ails you? and at the same time attempt to rise, when Sucker called off his kept a part until the Sucker landed at his home.

'For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, do not rise,' said Mr. Putnam. 'Four of you sit on kegs of powder—it is scattered all around you—one movement might send you all to eternity. There are two buckets of water behind the bar. But keep your seats for one minute, and you are saved—move, and you are dead men!'

In an instant every man was perfectly sobered—not a limb moved—each seemed paralyzed.

In less time than we have taken to describe this thrilling scene, Mr. Putnam had poured the water, and completely saturated the powder on the floor, and extinguished the fire, so that an explosion was impossible. Then, and not till then, was there a word spoken.—*True Flag.*

### Don't Be Melancholy.

If we would habituate ourselves to look upon the pleasant side of things, to rejoice over what we have, and grieve not for what is not, we should find ourselves much more pleasantly handled than we usualy are. We conceive it to be shame, and when regarded in its connections, a sin, to be moping about under such bright skies and over such pleasant fields with the 'blues' on. Boy's *should be taught to cover up their melancholy* thoughts as they would bury out of sight their dead canaries. Girls should be educated to the to be end when their is no good grounds for it is notion that 'the demps' are not genteel, and that vulgar. Just as the tree bent, &c. A generation we hope for, who will hold it a religious duty to *reflect* the happy face of nature from their happy faces. Everything so universally wheels into the right line at last and proves that 'it is all for the best,' that we verily believe a very long face ought to be put down as a nuisance in the street, and a bore within doors; and if that were not sufficient to abate it let it be authoratively announced that it will be considered the black flag thrown out as a taken of an evil conscience. Sorrow is sacred, and is not always to be avoided. But melancholy is a humbug, a sham, and a—, a—, an improper thing generally, and,—we speak *with a reservation to avoid the anathemas of* young ladies and poets,—in our opinion a very unpleasant mental habit.—*N. Y. Times.*

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FIDELITY.—Women at all times—when they are young, because they fear they will be old maids, and when they are old maids, because the men stare no.

### Early Reminiscences.

"Oh bright where the days of my youth,
As they rapidly glided away."

There is a peculiar pleasure in recalling the scenes of our childhood, when, in all the innocence of our *young hearts*, we bounded over our native hills, or strolled by favorite brooks, to collect shells from their banks or gather the flower from the craggy *rocks, whose fearful* precipes we would often venture to ascend. And how delightful is the recollection of the times known as our school days. Who does not refer with pleasure to the hours spent in the 'old academy,' pouring *over the lessons which we sometimes* thought and uninteresting, but which in after life we have been able to appreciate? With what ecstacy did we hail the recess, and how reluctantly quit the *play-ground at the ringing of the bell.*

The skating pond, the hillside covered with snow, *the jumping rope* and grace hoops, are among the thousand sports that fill up the spring time of life.—And, above all, the old homestead, how many pleasing and painful associations cluster about the hallowed spot; that place of all on earth most dear, when we were 'all, all there—father, mother, brother, sister,'—and were mutually happy. before death, with relentless hand broke "the silken cords of love' *that bound that family groups together.*

Who does not remember scenes like these, and feel like saying of 'joys departed never to return how painful the remembrance.' And now in after years, when the sports of childhood have given place to the more rational enjoyment of youth and manhood, and it has become our duty *to enter the stage* of active life, how many and sad are the changes.—Who can visit *the home of her childhood without* being impressed with the truth, that everything of an earthly nature is subject to change and decay?—The friends of our youth, where are they—those with whom we met and whose voices were sweeter than music to our ears? Alas! we are pointed to *the narrow house* which awaits us all. They lived and acted their part on the theatre of life; they died *and we ask in vain where are they. The return of* the holidays is particularly *appropriate* for reflections like these; and it becomes us, in all sincerity, to avail ourselves of such occasions to reflect what we are, and whither we are bound. The fact that those with whom we once spent the holidays are no more, should serve as another demonstration of the truth, that we in our turn shall be *missed from the* living, and should inspire us with the desire that when the messenger of death shall come, we may 'be sustained by an unfaltering trust, and approach the grave and like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

### ONE OF THE MEAN MEN.

Many instances have been cited of meanness, and several persons have been held up as examples, possessing that quality in the superlative degree. One of the most 'eminent men' of this class that we ever knew was a 'boss carpenter,' who lived not far away from Massachusetts. He had, of course, a *young apprentice*, on whom his meanness was concentrated, like the rays of the sun converged by a burning glass.

The boy whom we shall call Joe, and who was very shrewd and cunning withal, was obliged to submit to much rigor as regarded the severity of his labors and the scantiness of his clothing and food. One evening Joe was supping the fragments of a repast that had been set before some guests—'the good wife had company" that afternoon—and he committed the enormity of applying a lump of butter that was left on his plate to a chunk of gingerbread he was about to swallow. Alas, for Joe!—swallow the delibious morsel his crime was detected.

The indignant master was struck aghast, at first by this specimen of juvenile turpitude, but he seized the young epicure by the hair of head and gave him an unmerciful beating.

Joe went to bed sorrowing, but comforted himself with the reflection that he was fourteen years old, and had but seven years more to be flogged for eating buttered ginger-bread.

Joe was ingenious, and before he had composed himself to sleep that night he had formed a plan of revenge upon his master.

According to this plan he arose early the next morning, and, as he was hurrying on his clothes, he muttered—

'I'll fix a story on the old feller—I'll raise the laugh agin him—I'll larn him to lick me so like blazes.'

As soon as Joe was dressed, he rushed into the street, and ran towards the principal hotel, howling lusily, and stimulating the most clamorous grief.—As he tore along the street, bellowing like a yearling bull, and rubbing his eyes with a dingy pocket handkerchief, he naturally attracted the attention of every person within sight or hearing. By the time he had reached the front of the hotel quite a crowd was ready to intercept him, as he made a feint rush by.

'What's the matter?' cried a dozen voices.

'O, dear! O, dear! its so dreadful!' bellowed Joe, twisting his countenance into the similitude of a baked apple.

'What's so dreadful?'

'O, my master's dead—died sich an awful death, too—O, dear, dear!'

'Your master dead! awful death? How did it happen? Stop your confounded bellowing and tell us about it'

'O, dear!' said Joe, his voice broken with counterfeit sobs, 'you know what a small soul my master had—wot a old fellow (sob) he was for money (sob). Wall it 'pears somebody (sob) had somethin' agin him (sob) and went last night—O, dear, dear—its so orful!'

'Look here, young man, stop that crying and tell the story."

'Wa'l, my master, he used to sleep (sob) with his mouth wide open, a snoring (sob) when somebody went last night and bated a steel trap with a fo'pence and set it on his piller, and *ketched his soul afore morning*, and left his body in bed. Boo hoo hoo!—O, dear, dear!'

And with this, Joe made a break through the astonished crowd and disappeared around a corner, while the welkin was ringing with shouts of laughter.

Joe's master did not hear the last of this awful decease for a long time, and those who know him best declare that Joe's story was no myths, and that the longer his body walks about, clutching greedily every thing that 'the law allows him,' the stronger evidence he gives that he is troubled with no such incumbrance as a soul.—*Literary Museum.*

A LESSON TO TRADESMEN.—When old Zachariah Fox, the great merchant of Liverpool, was asked by what means he contrived to realize so large a fortune as he possessed, his reply was—

"Friend, by one article alone, and in which thou mayest deal, too, if thou pleasest; it is civility."

Every young man should remember that the world will always honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler, whose energies of body and mind are rusting for want of occupation, may look with *scorn upon the laborer* engaged at his toil; but his scorn is praise, his contempt honor.

There is a girl in Troy who wears such a sunshiny face, that when she goes out doors, the snow birds take her for summer, and follow her about as if she had apple blossoms in her apron. With such a power in cheerfulness, isn't it singular that woman ever allow themselves to have the sulks?

Hobbs, the celebrated locksmith who took the prize at the World's Fair, is a great philanthropist. He has succeeded in inventing a key which will prevent people from being carried off by the *lock jaw.*

## Odds and Ends.

With us—gentle breezes.

Around us—singing birds.

Peeping out—lovely violets.

Busy as bees—our merchants.

A scarce article—*good butter.*

*Prefer* a good name to *riches.*

Prudence protects and guides us.

SICKENING.—Affected girls and grunting maids.

The penalty of a pretty cook is an empty larder.

"An hour with the beautiful"—*sitting up with* a snug piece of calico.

John P. Hale intends practicing law in New York city.

☞ Spring fever is prevailing in this neighborhood.

The wheat *crop in Western New York, is said* to be very promising for a good yield.

*Every branch* of mechanics in Dayton, Ohio, are *preparing* for a strike.

The bars of the large hotels in Boston have been closed to the public.

A dog that will fetch a bone will take one. No allusion to tattlers.

The seamstresses of Cincinnati are on a strike for higher wages.

Undutiful children rarely make respectable and successful men.

Young man, avoid extravagance as you would a plague.

The small pox was raging frightfully among the Indians in Oregon.

Youth is the best season for improvement.

The heart that truly loves never forgets.

An infidel paper is about being established at Cincinnati, to be edited by L. A Hine, and a negro named Clark.

A New Orleans paper advertises a raffle for a splendid horse and a negro girl Sarah—the latter *valued at $900. A delightful picture of New Or*leans morality.

The affections are the chief source of thought and as these are directed the character is formed.

The happiest people in the world are those who do the most towards making other people happy.

How glorious—the weather. We are haunted with visions of green fields, speckled trout, green peas, new potatoes, pleasant drives, and moonlight *strolls with—a pleasant friend.*

A poor widow was asked how she became so much attached to a certain neighbor, and replied, that she was bound to him by several cords of wood, which he had sent to her during a hard winter.

*A band of professional Whistlers have commenced to give concerts in Cincinnati.*

In this country we have no soverigns but the ladies—God bless them!—and every man ought to have one of them.

Few know that in every seven minutes in the day a *child is born in London, and that every nine* minutes one of its inhabitants die.

Seven thousand men, in charge of one hundred and seventy five vessels, have recently sailed from

The Siamese Twins, accompanied by their families, announce a tour through the United States and Europe, under the auspices of Barnum.

Ninety six millions of letters passed through the various post offices in the United States during the year 1852.

When you have nothing to say, say nothing, for a weak defence strengthens your opponent, and *silence is better than a bad reply.*

Nearly all the mechanics in New York have, or are now preparing for a strike for higher wages.—Their demands are generally acceded to.

Queen Victoria has sent her portrait to Geo. F. Burnham, of Boston, in return for his present of grey Shango fowls. It is handsome.

The seamstresses of Rochester N. Y. held a meeting on *Wednesday afternoon*, to make *arrangements* for obtaining living wages.

The coal diggers in the neighborhood of Pittsburg are on a strike for higher wages. The coal haulers are also on a strike.

Any one in want of a first rate newspaper, our devil thinks, should subscribe for the *Volunteer, immediately. Sensible boy.*

*The Scotchman's Prayer.*—Keep my *purse* from the *lawyer*—my body from the *doctor*—and my soul from the *devil.*

A profession of religion, without practice of its precepts and principles, is a *crying evil of the times.*

Alexander nailed two thousand captives to as many crosses by the sea side, after the capture of Tyre.

An intemperate woman was burned to death in Philadelphia last week by her clothes taking fire.

The "upper tens" in New York are building a new opera house for their especial accommodations.

We once knew a lady who always dreaded to go to bed, because she could not talk while asleep.

A marriage took place in Williamsburg, last week, with the following peculiarities—the *groom measured* six feet four, and the bride four feet six. If this is not 'the long and short of matrimony,' we don't know what is, that's all.

Six full grown panthers were killed a few weeks ago in Elk county, Pa. The largest measured 12 feet from the nose to the end of the tail.

A man named Vanlew, bar keeper of the steamer Buckeye State, was shot dead at Cincinnati, on Saturday, by a man named Harrell.

Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont, Maine, Massachusetts, and Minnesota have all given popular *majorities against the sale of ardent spirits.*

*Mrs.* Partington thinks there will be such facilities for travelling bymeby, that you can go anywhere for nothing, and come back again.

The salaries of the various offices within the gift of the President of the United States amount to upwards of fifty millions of dollars a year.

Many of the editors are now debating whether a *wife is a lady.* When they arrive at a satisfactory conclusion on the point, we offer them, as a subject for their gigantic intellects, whether a husband is a *gentleman.*

You can't get along in the world with a homely wife, says somebody. She'll spend half her time *looking in the glass*, and *turn* and *twist* and brush, and fix, till she gets completely vexed at her own ugliness, and she'll go right off and spank the baby.

Theodore Hook remarks, in one of his sprightly romances, that if a man who had not seen his face for ten years where suddenly to behold it in a glass, he would have very considerable doubts as to his own identity.

A traveller, who has just returned, says there is a race of men, at the extremity of South America, of such enormous proportions that they mix their lather in a wash tub and shave with a scythe. We wonder what they cut their hair with? a *strode* pole, in all likelihood.