American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

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Poetical.

GENTLENESS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted;
But on thy heart or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token!

If thou hast loosed a bird,
Whose voice of song could cheer thee;
Still, still, he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee;
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that the wind or wave shall bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its cluster yet may glow
Thro' the leaves their bloom revealing,
But if thou hast cup o'erthrown
With a bright draught filled—oh, never
Shall the earth give back that lavished wealth
To cool thy parched lip's fever!

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee,
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee;
And like that string of harp or lute
Whence the sweet sound is scattered—
Gently, oh, gently touch the chords,
So soon forever shattered.

Miscellaneous.

WINTERING IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

The deep interest excited respecting the sufferings of Sir John Franklin and his gallant companions amidst the horrors of the polar regions, induces us to present an account of the wintering of a Dutch crew in circumstances of a similar nature.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, the spirit for commercial adventure made rapid progress in Holland, and various companies were formed to promote the interests of traffic. Sensible of the great advantages that would result from shortening the voyage from Europe to the distant climes of the East, the Dutch were at an early period occupied in searching for a passage by the north which, according to the geographical opinions prevailing in that age, would conduct their fleets to China, Japan, and other places, in half the usual time.—Not daunted by the failure of two expeditions fitted out for this object, a third attempt, on a greater scale was made. Two vessels were despatched at the charge of the city of Amsterdam. One of them was commanded by Jacob Hemskirk, an experienced seaman, with whom was conjoined William Barentz as pilot—a navigator enjoying equal reputation, and who had, besides, been out in both the preceding voyages. In the same vessel also was Gerard de Veer, the author of the only history of all the calamities and adventures which ensued in the prosecution of the enterprise. John Cornelius Ryp was the master or the supercargo of the other. On the 22d of May, 1596, the two ships left Holland, and proceeding on their voyage, all for a time went well with them. On the 16th of July, Barentz saw the coast of Nova Zembla, near Lom's Ray, and three days afterwards, being obstructed by ice, anchored at Cross Isle. Here eight men, having gone ashore unarmed, had a narrow escape from the pursuit of two bears.

The vessel was now amidst extensive fields of ice, and huge masses, to which she was occasionally secured in her progress, appeared floating, or had run aground. One of these was calculated to be sixteen fathoms above the water, and thirty six under it; that is, more than 300 feet from the summit to the base. The great fields of ice began to break up, with a noise like thunder, on the 10th of August, and the ship being fast to a huge piece aground, not less than 400, of smaller size, were driven past by a current. Lest she should be carried away by the ice, she was brought nearer the coast, into a more sheltered station; but it was soon necessary to shift her anchorage, according, as circumstances required.

Climing to the top of a lofty mountain in Nova Zembla, the mariners were encouraged with the prospect of an open sea towards the south-east, and concluded that they should thence be able to accomplish the voyage. But after repeated difficulties, losing a boat, and also the ship's rudder, they were completely surrounded by ice, on the 17th of August. Temporary intervals, wherein the ice separated, succeeded; but at last the ship was enclosed, and frozen on all sides, so that the people were obliged to go ashore.

There they found a fresh water river, about two miles inland, and saw the traces of animals, which they conceived to be deer: great store of wood likewise lay near the river, consisting of entire trees with the roots, drifted from other countries. Thus having no alternative, the Dutch resolved to winter in this desolate region.

Meantime the ice accumulated greatly around the vessel; her prow was raised far above her surface, while the stern, sunk behind, was crushed together in such a manner, that the cracking of the timbers rendered the mariners apprehensive she would be utterly destroyed. They had dragged their boat over the ice to the land, and in the next place got a quantity of arms, ammunition and provisions, wherewith to fortify themselves against wild beasts and hunger.

On the 14th of September they began to collect the drift-wood for building a hut, and prepared sledges, with which it was with great labor drawn over the ice and snow, near to the place where the vessel lay. Thirteen men were employed in dragging the sledges, and three in preparing each ladening of wood; but they could make no more than two trips a day from great fatigue and the rapidly approaching darkness.

While thus industriously occupied, the carpenter unfortunately died on the 23d of September, and was next day interred by his surviving companions, in the cleft of a hill, as the ground was too hard for them to dig a grave. There were now sixteen persons in all, but some of the number were frequently too indisposed to work.

The rafters of the hut were laid, though, on account of excessive cold, the people were scarce able to work; and if any of them chanced to put a nail in their mouths, as workmen are wont to do, it stuck to the skin, and blood followed its removal. Nothing but urgent necessity could have induced them to continue their operations.

A great fire was kindled all around the hut to thaw the earth, that they might bring it up, and make the under part a little closer; the ground, however, was frozen so very hard and deep, that it would not yield on that occasion, and there would have been too great a waste of wood in trying it again.

At length the hut was finished, and other preparations for wintering in Nova Zembla were completed while the sun was still visible. On the 30th of October a lamp was fitted to burn all night, and supplied with melted fat of bears, which had been killed for oil. On the 2d of November only part of the sun was seen in the horizon; and on the 4th he had sunk entirely under it.

At this time the surgeon contrived a bath for the people in a cask, which was found extremely salutary and beneficial, from their confinment. Setting traps in the neighborhood, they caught white foxes, which began to be quite common, whereas the bears had entirely left them as the sun disappeared; and their flesh resembling that of a rabbit, was much relished by the people. A device was soon adopted of placing the traps so that the captured animals could be immediately drawn into the hut, and despatched.

On distributing the bread, each man's allowance was restricted to four pounds, five ounces in eight days; and as the strength of the bear brought ashore had been destroyed by successive freezing and thawing, each had two small cups of wine daily. A large Dutch cheese was eaten by the whole company, and sixteen remaining delivered to the people, each being left to his own economy.

Repeated storms of snow at this period began to block up the hut without; and within, the cold was almost insupportable. While the people washed their linen, it froze immediately when taken out of the warm water; nay, one side froze while the other was next the fire. They were almost suffocated from the closeness of the hut not allowing proper vent to the smoke; but the fire falling rather lower than usual for some days, ice formed two inches thick on the floor, and the beds were even covered with it. Except when cooking their provisions, the people lay constantly in bed, and then they heard such explosions among the ice at sea, as could only be occasioned by huge mountains bursting asunder, and tumbling down into a confused mass of fragments.

Intense cold having stopped their clock, though additional weights were hung to it, they prepared a twelve hour sand glass, to enable them to ascertain how the time passed.

The cold was so intense on the 6th of December that they could scarce expect to be able to survive it. Nothing could keep them in heat; their wine froze, and they were obliged to melt it every two days, when half a pint was served out to each man. It was their only liquid except snow-water—a beverage not suitable to their condition.

Before this time, the day was so dark that the mariners could not distinguish it from night; so that on one occasion, when perplexed by the stopping of the clock, they continued in bed, believing it was still night: and on another occasion they only knew it was night by the moon shining bright, and remaining constantly above the horizon.

On the 7th of December they considered it necessary to repair to the vessel for some coal that had been left in her, and with this made a good fire in the evening, which revived them greatly. To enjoy its comforts as much as possible, they sat up late, and closed all the apertures of the hut, to keep the heat in. But a seaman, already indisposed, who could bear the heat of the fire less than the others, began to complain, and all soon found themselves attacked with giddiness, whence they could scarcely stand until opening the door. In fact, he who reached it swooning away, fell out into the snow.—Gerard de Veer, however, recovered him by sprinkling vinegar in his face, and the admission of the fresh air removed the sensations overcoming the others.

The leather of the seamen's shoes was now frozen to such a degree of hardness, that they could not use them: on which account they made a kind of slippers from skins, and put several pair, over one another to increase the heat. The ice stood an inch thick on the sides of the hut, and when they went out in clear weather, their clothes were whitened with frost and shining icicles. The fire was increased within, taking the precaution of leaving the chimney open, that the smoke might get vent.

Many stars being visible on a clear night, the party, by an observation on the 14th January, 1597, found themselves in 76° N. L. About that time the wood brought into the hut being all consumed, they began to shovel away the snow on the out side, so as to come to more, which on account of the water, was with difficulty accomplished. Seven of of their number repaired to the ship, and found that the ice had risen higher within, and that she was still fast frozen up. In the cabin they caught a fox, which was carried home and eaten.

Several successive days of stormy weather confined the mariners to their hut. There they heard the foxes running over it, and as their provisions were beginning to decline regretted that they could not catch them. But the intense cold almost absorbed all other sensations, and they had recourse to hot stones laid on the feet and body, to keep them warm. However, they comforted themselves that, as the sun was now at the lowest, he would not be long in returning to gladden them with his view. While sitting before the fire, their backs would be very white with frost, and on stretching their feet towards it for warmth, their stocking would be burned before they began to feel its influences. A cloth hoisted on a pole, thrust up through the chimney, to show the direction of the wind, immediately became stiff and inflexible.

In this way did the year 1569 terminate, and 1597 begin.

On the 24th of January, the day being clear with a west wind, Gerard de Veer, Jacob Hemskirk, and another, went to the seaside, towards the South of Nova Zembla, from whence they unexpectedly saw the sun above the horizon. They hastened to impart the welcome tidings to Barentz and their other companions: but their report was discredited: for Barentz affirmed that it was too early for his return by fourteen days. The two following days being dark and cloudy, doubts of the fact were still entertained and many of the people positively affirmed that it was impossible.

On the 26th, a man died who had been sick for some time, and next morning his comrades with great difficulty, owing to the excessive cold dug a grave for him in the snow, 7 feet deep. Having performed this last office for him, attended by such funeral service as circumstances would admit, they returned within the hut to breakfast. Then dis coursing concerning the prodigious quantities of snow which unremittingly fell in the place, they said among themselves, that if again blocked up by it they should find a way of climbing out through the chimney: accordingly the captain tried the experiment, while another going out of the hut to ascertain whether he succeeded, saw the complete orb of the sun above the horizon.

The weather still remained uncertain, though the people, relieved from the tedium of perpetual night, took exercise to strengthen themselves. But their hut was repeatedly blocked up with snow, and to avoid the labor of always clearing it away, from the door, they on those occasions, found an exit by the chimney.

Bears began to return along with the sun, and one which was killed, afforded at least one hundred pounds of meat, which the seamen melted for their lamp. But a number of foxes coming to devour the carcass, the apprehension of other bears being attracted hither, induced them to bury it under the snow. They considered it expedient to collect more wood for fuel, dragging it on a sledge as before: however, their strength being reduced, the task was accomplished with far greater labor. Though the cold moderated for a time towards the end of February, its rigor increased about the middle of March, and on the 24th of that month the hut was blocked up.

At last the sea began to open, though the mariners despaired of disengaging the ship, or of rendering her serviceable for a voyage. Still she was hemmed in by ice, sometimes around her, and their anxiety was increased by observing that, about the middle of March, the sea was so open that the vessel was within seventy-five paces of it, whereas a new frost increased the distance on the 4th of May to five hundred paces.

The only means of quitting Nova Zembla seemed to exist in the launch and boat, and after much difficulty, both were dug out of the snow and dragged to the ship on sledges, also several sledges laden with articles from the hut. On the 12th of June, nothing remained but to smooth the way for the launch and boat down to the water's edge, and drag them along on the 13th.

This being done, Barentz, the pilot, wrote a brief recital of what had happened, and put it in a musket barrel, hung up in the chimney of the hut, lest any mariners in future might experience a like adventure.

Eleven loads of goods, and Claces Andrisz, who had been sick, were then dragged on sledges to the boats. The company equally divided, set sail from Nova Zembla, on the 14th of June, 1597.

After undergoing innumerable hardships, the twelve surviving mariners reached Holland, and to the admiration of the citizens of Amsterdam, appeared in their Nova Zembla apparel. The fame of their adventures was soon disseminated, and they were carried from thence to entertain the foreign ambassadors at Hague.

Such was the most interesting polar expedition, until the recent revival of Northern discovery. Enterprise in this as in other directions, has been bequeathed by the Dutch to the English.

I LOVE THE FREE.

The wild streams leap with headlong sweep,
In their curbless course o'er the mountain steep;
All fresh and strong they foam along,
Waking the rocks with their cataract songs;
My eye hears a glance like the gleam on a lance,
As I watch the waters dash and dance;
And I burn with glee, for I love to see,
The path of anything that's free.

The skylark springs with dew on his wings,
And high in the arch of heaven he sings,
Trilla! trilla! O, sweeter far,
Then the notes that come ehro' a golden bar,
The joyous bay of a hound at play,
The caw of a rook on his homeward way:
Oh these shall be the music for me,
For I love, I love the path of the free.

The mariner bravo, in his bark on the wave,
May laugh at the walls round a kingly slave;
And he whose lot is the desert spot,
Has no fear of an envious foe in his cot.
The thrall and state at the palace gate,
Is what my spirit hath learned to hate;
And I burn with glee, for I love to see,
The path of anything that's free.

THE RETURN FROM ELBA.

BY LAMARTINE.

On quitting La Mure, the Emperor composed his vanguard of one hundred picked men, from that chosen body always under the orders of Cambronne.—This general, on advancing towards a bridge at some distance from La Mure, found himself in front of a new battallion. The envoy he sent to them, with sighs of peace, was driven back. The Emperor being informed of this, again despatched one of his officers, Major Raoul, to attack the battallion which refused to open his route; but Raoul, threatened with their fire, returned without being heard. Napoleon felt that the moment had arrived to put to the test his own ascendency over his old soldiers. He passed through his column, ordering it to halt, and rode forward at a gentle pace, almost alone, at the head of his army. Whether he had been assured by his accomplices at Grenoble that the hearts of the battalion beat in his favor;—whether the habits of a soldier on the battle field had inured him to look on death with less repugnance by the fire than by the sword; or that his soul, since his departure from Elba, had concentrated all its powers in anticipation of this supreme moment, and he had deemed that this enterprise was well worth the risk of life, certain it is that he did not hesitate a moment. He neither hastened nor slackened his steps, but approached within a hundred paces of the bayonets, which formed a wall before him on the road. There he dismounted, gave the reins to one of his Poles, crossed his arms on his breast, and advanced with measured steps, like a man who marches to his death. It was the spectre of the imagination of both army and people appearing suddenly, and as if rising from the tomb, the France of the present and the past.—He wore the costume in which recollection, legend and picture had alike engraved him on the memory of all; the military hat, the green uniform of the light infantry of the guard, the over coat of dust colored cloth, open and displaying his under dress, the high military boots, and spurs ringing on the ground; his attitude was that of reflection, which nothing can distract, or of peaceful command, which doubts not of obedience. He descended a slope of the road inclining towards the regiment he was about to accost. No groups of persons before him, beside him, or behind him, prevented him from being seen in all the illusion of his personal prestige; his figure standing out boldly and alone against the back ground of the high road, and the blue firmament beyond. To strike such a man, whom the soldiers recognised as their former idol, would have been in their eyes, not to fight, but to assassinate.—Napoleon had calculated from afar this challenge of glory to humanity, and to the heart of the French soldier, and he was not mistaken; but it required a profound genius to attempt, and a Napoleon to accomplish it. His grenadiers, a great distance behind him, stood with their arms reversed, as a token of peace. The officer commanding the fifth regiment, doing violence perhaps to his feelings in the execution of his duty, or knowing beforehand the resolution of his soldiers not to strike the Emperor, and only wishing to intimidate the army of Napoleon by an appearance of discipline, ordered his battallion to fire. The soldiers appeared to obey, and took aim at Napoleon, who, without stopping to interrupt any emotion, advanced within ten steps of the muskets leveled at his breast, and elevating that spell-like and resounding voice, which had so often directed the maneuvers of the review, or of the field of battle, "Soldiers of the fifth regiment!" he exclaimed, deliberately uncovering his breast, and presenting his naked bust to receive their fire, "if there is one among you that would kill his Emperor, let him do it. Here I am!" There was no reply; all remained silent and motionless. The soldiers had not even loaded their muskets, as if they distrusted themselves. Having gone through the semblance of obedience and fidelity to discipline, they thought they had done their duty, and that the heart might now be left to its own course. And the hearts of all spoke with one voice. At first a thrill of feeling ran thro' the battalion, then a few muskets were lowered, then a greater number, and finally the whole, while a cry of 'Vive l'Empereur' issued from every mouth, which was replied to by a shout from the grenadiers of the guard, in the distance, of 'Vive the fifth regiment of the line.' Some of the officers quitted the ranks and took the road to Grenoble, that they might not be carried away by the emotion of their companies; while others wiped their eyes sheathed their swords, and yielded to the general contagion. The soldiers, quitting the ranks, rushed along with the people to surround the Emperor, who opened his arms to receive them; while his own faithful soldiers, following the example, hastened to the spot and mingled in one group and one acclamation with those of the fifth. It was the junction of Franco, past and present, embracing each other at the call of glory; the involuntary addition of hearts Napoleon had conquered by disarming himself, his name alone had done battle. From this moment France was reconquered; the trial had been made, the example given. At a distance people might be faithful to duty, but when near, enthusiasm would seize on all. The example of the fifth regiment was worth more to the Emperor than the defection of ten armies.

A Fair Hit.

About the time the temperance reformation began a well-disposed farmer told his hired man that he thought of trying to do his work without rum, and asked him how much he should give him to do without it. The man told him that he might give him what he pleased. 'Well,' said the farmer, 'I will give you a sheep if you will do without.' The eldest son then asked him if he would give him a sheep if he would do without rum. 'Yes,' said the father, 'you shall have a sheep if you will do without.'—The youngest son then asked if he would do the same by him. 'Yes, Chandler,' was the reply, 'you shall have a sheep too, if you will do without rum.' Presently Chandler asked, 'Father, hadn't you better take a sheep too?' This was a home question; the father had hardly thought that he could do without the 'good creature,' but this direct appeal was not to be dis-regarded. The result was that the demon was some banished from the premises.

☞ Between seven and eight hundred Spanish troops have recently arrived in Cuba from Spain. It is stated that about 26 per cent. usually die during the first year of their residence on the island.

REMINISCENCES OF OLDEN TIMES.

BY JOSEPH DODDRIDGE, D. D.

No. XXI.—CAPTIVITY OF MRS. BROWN.

On the 27th day of March, 1789, about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, as she was spinning in her house, her black woman, who had stepped out to gather sugar water, screamed out "Here are Indians!" She jumped up, ran to the window and then to the door, where she was met by one of the Indians presenting his gun. She caught hold of the muzzle, and turning it aside, begged him not to kill, but take her prisoner. The other Indian, in the mean time, caught the negro woman and her boy, about four years old, and brought them into the house. They then opened a chest and took out a small box and some articles of clothing, and without doing any further damage, or setting fire to the house, set off with herself and son, about two years and a half old, and the black woman and her two children, the oldest four years and the youngest one year old. After going about one mile and a half, they halted and held a consultation, as she supposed, about killing the children. This she understood to be the subject by their gestures and frequently pointing at the children. To one of the Indians, who could speak English, she held out her little boy and begged him not to kill him, as he would make a fine little Indian after a while. The Indian made a motion to her to walk on with her child. The other Indian then struck the negro boy with the pipe end of his tomahawk, which knocked him down, and then dispatched him by a blow with the edge, across the back of the neck, and then scalped him.

About four o'clock in the evening, they reached the river, about a mile above Wellsburg, and carried a canoe, which had been thrown up in some drift-wood, into the river. They got into this canoe and worked it down to the mouth of Rush run, a distance of about five miles. They pulled up the canoe into the mouth of the run, as far as they could, then went up the run about a mile, and encamped for the night. The Indians gave the prisoners all their own clothes for covering, and added one of their own blankets. A while before daylight, the Indians got up and put another blanket over them.

About sunrise, they began their march, up a very steep hill, and about two o'clock, halted at Short Creek, about twenty miles from the place from whence they had set out in the morning.—The place where they halted, had been an encampment shortly before, as well as a place of deposit for the plunder which they had recently taken from the house of a Mr. Vanmeter, whose family had been killed. The plunder was deposited in a sycamore tree. They had tapped some sugar trees when there before. Here they kindled a fire and put on a brass kettle, with a turkey which they had killed on the way, to boil in sugar water.

Mr. Glass, the first husband of Mrs. Brown, was working with a hired man in a field, about a quarter of a mile from the house, when his wife and family were taken, but knew nothing of the event until two o'clock. After searching about the place, and going to several houses in quest of his family, he went to Mr. Wells' fort, and collected ten men besides himself, and the same night, lodged in a cabin on the bottom on which the town now stands.

Next morning, they discovered the place where the Indians had taken the canoe from the drift, and their tracks at the point of their embarkation. Mr. Glass could distinguish the track of his wife by the print of the high heel of her shoe. They crossed over the river and went down on the other side until they came near the mouth of Rush run; but, discovering no tracks of the Indians, most of the men concluded that they would go to the mouth of the Muskingum by water, and therefore wished to turn back. Mr. Glass begged of them to go as far as the mouth of Short creek, which was only two or three miles further. To this they agreed. When they got to the mouth of Rush run, they found the canoe of the Indians. This was identified by a proof, which goes to show the presence of mind of Mrs. Brown. While going down the river, one of the Indians threw into the water several papers, which he had taken out of Mr. Glass' trunk. Some of these she picked up out of the water, and, under pretence of giving them to the child, dropped them into the bottom of the canoe. These left no doubt. The trail of the Indians and their prisoners, up the run to their camp and then up the river hill, was soon discovered. The trail at that time, owing to the softness of the ground and the height of the weeds, was easily followed.

About an hour after the Indians had halted, Mr. Glass and his men came within sight of the smoke of their camp. The object then was, to save the lives of the prisoners, by attacking the Indians so unexpectedly, as not to allow them time to kill them. With this view, they crept as silly as they could till they got within something more than one hundred yards from the camp. Fortunately Mrs. Brown's little son had gone to a sugar tree to get some water, but not being able to get it out of the bark trough, his mother had stepped out of the camp to get it for him. The negro woman was sitting some distance from the two Indians, who were looking attentively at a scarlet jacket which they had taken some time before. On a sudden, they dropped the jacket and turned their eyes towards the men, who, supposing they were discovered, immediately discharged several guns, and rushed upon them, at full speed, with an Indian yell. One of the Indians, it was supposed, was wounded the first fire, as he fell and dropped his gun and shot pouch. After running about one hundred yards, a second shot was fired after him, by Maj. M'Guire, which brought him to his hands and knees; but there was no time for pursuit, as the Indians had informed Mrs. Brown that there was another encampment close by. They therefore returned home with all speed, and reached the Beach Bottom fort that night.

The other Indian, at the first fire, ran a little distance beyond Mrs. Brown, so that she was in a right line between him and the white men; here he halted for a little, to put on his shot pouch, which Mr. Glass, for the moment, mistook for an attempt to kill his wife with a tomahawk.

This artful manœuvre no doubt saved the life of the savage, as his pursuers durst not shoot at him without risking the life of Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Tyler's Letter in Ireland.—At the celebration of St. Patrick's day in Dublin, Rev. Dr. Cahill thus enthusiastically expressed himself with regard to Julia Gardiner Tyler:

"I long to stand in the presence of the patriot, the accomplished Mrs. Tyler, and the incomparable ladies of America, that I may offer to them the deep homage of my grateful heart—that I may present to them the respect and enthusiasm of the people of Ireland for the withering chastisement they have inflicted on the sainted cruelty of the Duchess of Sutherland, and for the graceful dignity with which they have exposed the well-meaning hypocrisy of her noble committee."

"Getting up Stairs."—A hotel is about to be erected in Albany eight stories high. A person seated in an elegant arranged car strikes a bell to indicate the floor to which he desires to be conveyed, whereupon, by means of a steam "dummy," they are elevated to the proper terminus in double quick time, thereby obviating the difficulty experienced in "getting up stairs."

THE SOLDIER'S STORY.

It was a stirring time of the Duke of Wellington's wars, after the French had retreated through Portugal, and Badajos had fallen, and we had driven them fairly over the Spanish frontier, the light division was ordered on a few of their long leagues further to occupy a line of posts among the mountains which rise over the northern banks of the Guadiana. A few companies of our regiment advanced to occupy a village which the French had just abandoned.

We had a brisk march over a scorched and rugged country, which had already been ransacked of all that could have supplied us with fresh provisions; it was many days since we had heard the creak of the commissary's wagon, and we had been on very short commons. There was no reason to expect much in the village we were now ordered to. The French, who had just inarched out, who would, of course, have helped themselves to whatever was profitable, and must have previously pretty well drained the place. We made a search, however, judging, that, possibly, something might have been concealed from them by the peasants; and we actually soon discovered several houses where skins of wine had been secreted. A soldier, sir, I take it, after hot service or fatigue, seldom thinks of much beyond the comfort of drinking to excess; and I freely own that our small party soon caused a sad scene of confusion.

Every house and hovel was searched, and many a poor fellow who had contrived to hide his last skin of wine from his enemies, was obliged to abandon it to his allies. You might see the poor natives on all sides running away; some with a morsel of food others with a skin of wine in their arms, and followed by the menances and staggering steps of the weary and half drunken soldiers.

'*Vino! Vino!*' was the cry in every part of the village. An English soldier, sir, may be for months together in a foreign land, and have a pride in not knowing how to ask for anything but liquor. I was no better than the rest.

'*Vino! quiero vino!*' said I, to a poor, half starved and ragged native, who was stealing off, and hiding something under his torn cloak; '*Vino!* you beggarly scoundrel! give me *vino*,' said I.

'*Vino no tengo!*' he cried, as he broke from my grasp, and ran quickly and fearfully away.

I was not very drunk—I had not had above half my quantity—and I pursued him up a street. But he was the fleeter; and I should have lost him, had I not made a sudden turn and come upon him in a forsaken alley, where I supposed the poor thing dwelt. I seized him by the collar. He was small and spare, and he trembled under my grip; but still he held his own, and only wrapped his cloak the closer round his property.

'*Vino! quiero vino!*' said I, 'give me *vino!*'

'*Nada, nada tengo!*' he repeated.

I had already drawn my bayonet. I am ashamed, sir, to say, that we used to do that to terify the poor wretches, and make them the sooner give us their liquor. As I held him by the collar with one hand, I pointed the bayonet to his breast with the other, and I again cried '*Vino!*'

'*Nino no tengo!—nino, nino es!*'—and spoke the words with such a look of truth and earnestness, that had I not fancied that I could trace through the folds of the cloak the very shape of a small wine-skin, I should have believed him.

'Lying rascal!' said I, 'so you won't give me the liquor? The dry earth shall drink it!' and I struck the point of my bayonet deep into that which he was hugging to his breast.

Oh, sir, it was not wine that trinkled down—it was blood, warm blood!—and a pitious wail went like a chill across my heart! The poor Spaniard opened his cloak; he pointed to his wounded child; and his wild eyes asked me plainer than words could have done, 'Monster! are you satisfied?'

I was sobered in a moment. I fell upon my knees beside the infant, and I tried to staunch the blood. Yes, the poor fellow understood the truth; he saw, and he accepted my anguish; and we joined in our efforts to save the little victim. Oh! it was too late!

The little boy had fastened his small clammy hands around a finger of each of us. He looked at us alternately, and seemed to ask, alike from his father and his murderer, that help which it was beyond the power of one of earth to give. The change in the poor child's countenance showed that it had few minutes to live. Sometimes it lay so still I thought the last pang was over; which a convulsion would agitate his frame, and a momentary pressure of its little hands would give the gasping father a short, vain ray of hope.

You may believe, sir, that an old soldier, who has only been able to keep his own life at the expense of an eye and two of his limbs, who had lingered out many a weary day in a camp hospital after a hot engagement, must have learnt to look on death without any unnecessary concern. I have sometimes wished for it myself; and often felt thankful when my poor wounded comrades have been released by it from pain. I have seen it, too, in other shapes. I have seen the death-blow dealt, when its effects have been so instant that the brave hearts blood has been spilt, and the pulses have ceased to beat, while the streak of life and health was still fresh upon the cheek, when a smile has remained upon the lips of a brother soldier, even after he had fallen a corpse across my path. But, oh! sir, what is all this compared with what I have suffered as I watched life ebb slowly away from the wound which I myself had so wantonly inflicted in the breast of a helpless, innocent child! It was by mistake—by accident. Oh, yes! I know it, I know it well, and day and night I have striven to forget that hour. But it is of no use; the cruel recollection never leaves my mind—that pitious wail is ever in my ears! The father's agony will follow me to the grave.

Innocence and Guilt.

"A painter wanting a picture to represent innocence, drew the likeness of a child at prayer. He was kneeling by the side of his mother, who regarded him with tenderness; the palms of his uplifted hands were reverently pressed together, and his mild blue eyes was upturned with an expression of devotion and peace. This portrait of young Rupert was highly prized by the painter, and he hung it in his study, and called it *Innocence*.

"Years passed by, and the painter became an old man, but the picture of innocence still adorned his study walls. He had long desired to paint a picture representing guilt, as a contrast to his favorite portrait, but had failed to find a striking model. At length he effected his purpose by visiting a neighboring jail. On the damp floor of his dungeon lay a wretched culprit named Randal, heavily ironed. Vice was visible in his face; guilt was branded on his brow, and horrid imprecations burst from his blasphoming tongue. The painter executed his task to the life, and the two portraits were hung side by side, the one representing *Innocence*, the other *Guilt*. But, children, who was young Rupert, that kneeled by the side of his mother? And who do you think old Randal was, that lay chained to the dungeon floor? Alas, the two were one! Young Rupert and old Randal was the same person. That brow which was once bright with peace and joy, in years became darkened by guilt and shame."

Children, there is danger in your path. You do not know what a wicked world you live in; you do not know what depraved hearts you have; you do not know how deceitful sin is. The little boy at prayer *gradually* became the wicked man.—Perhaps he first disobeyed his parents, then kept bad company, then broke the Sabbath, and so on; step by step, till he became the picture of guilt. There is only one way by which you can be saved from such an end, and that is to give your hearts to the Saviour now in your youthful days.—*Child's Paper.*

Odds and Ends.

Circumstances alter cases.

Prevailing—the hen fever.

The Chinese in California number 25,000.

The Bible has been translated into 148 languages.

Doing an immense business—the hotels in New York.

A whale is on exhibition at New York weighing forty tons.

Better prevent a quarrel beforehand than compose it afterwards.

The World's Fair at New York will not be opened until early in June.

Four editors have recently been elected to the N. Hampshire Legislature.

The lawyers of Rochester, N. Y., it is said, are about to strike for higher fees.

Slanders are like flies, that leap over all a man's good parts to light upon his sores.

At twenty years of age the will reigns, at thirty the wit, and at forty the judgment.

There is a breed of sheep in California the wool of which is two feet long and very fine.

Scarlet fever and measles are very prevalent in some sections of Frederick county, Maryland.

The income from the rent of the pews in the Rev. Mr. Chapin's church, N. Y., is $15,000 a year.

John Sargent, Esq., the accomplished and talented editor of the Washington Republic, is dangerously ill.

Ole Bull's four concerts in New Orleans netted upwards of ten thousand dollars. Fiddling to some purpose.

The New York Tribune establishment is valued at $300,000. The recent enlargement of the Daily paper creates an additional annual expense of $50,000.

Never hang yourself because you are slandered. Reputation, to be established, must pass through all the grades, from black to white.

Three hundred and thirteen persons were killed, and ninety seven injured on the New York State Railroads during the past year.

Henrietta Brown, an artist's wife, died in New York, on Wednesday, of want and destitution. Too bad for a civilized city.

Haynau died very suddenly. A wretch like he was should have died a slow death, to give him time for repentance.

A smile is like the bursting of the sun from behind a cloud, to him who thinks he has no friends in the wide world.

The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market—follow industry and frugality, and you will be sure to find it.

Grace Greenwood says that she never witnessed such extreme and universal cruelty to animals as in Rome.

A new association is being formed in St. Louis, to be called the 'Ancient Order of Bricks.'

'Pete, are you into them sweetmeats again?' 'No marm, them sweetmeats is into me!'

'There is no place like home,' says Jerry, except the home of the girl you are after.

The weather has been decidedly April-like the past week—sunshine and showers.

There is no hanging in Russia now—whipping to death takes its place.

Shad are now within the reach of the poorest man. We purchase them.

A prohibitory liquor law has been defeated in the Canadian Parliament.

Teach your children to regard the institutions of religion with reverence.

Sugar is a healthful and nutritious article of diet for man or animals.

The most tyrannical police system now exists throughout Italy.

Delightful—to drink in the fresh air of a mild Spring morning.

There is philantrophy which look after the heathen. It will give a five dollar bill if the donation can be trumped, to some object on the outskirts of creation, and at the same time cheat the poor out of a sixpence at home.

The seamstresses in Philadelphia, feeling that the process of starvation is no longer endurable, have been talking about a strike for higher wages. If anybody stands in need of higher wages, it is the sewing woman of Phila.

A duel took place in Cincinnati between a grandson of ex-president Harrison, and the son of an extensive banker. On the second fire the descendant of the President received a bullet in the arm. Cause—a young lady.

Inhuman Wretch.—A man at Falls River, Mass., murdered his wife on the 10th inst., by tying her hands and feet, and pouring oil of vitriol down her throat.

Burned to Death.—A child of Hugh Quigly of Centre township, Perry county, Pa., aged 6 years, was accidentally burned to death, on Thursday last.

Bulwer says, ever since there has been so great a demand for type, there has been less lead to spare for cannon balls, and Bulwer is right.

Some think they can make a fortune without advertising. Shame!

Five girls are working in the office of the New York Day Book, as compositors.

One wedding and one baby is a sure cure for love. So says an old bachelor—the rascal.

The tea trade which is transacted at New York, is represented to be the most lucrative business in the United States.

Crawling in—over coats, flannel drawers, coal scuttles and pokers. In about two weeks more, slipping in a bed will be uncomfortable.

"Cut my straps and let me go to glory," as Dow, Jr., exclaimed when he took his first favorite kiss.

The man who attempted to smoke a pipe of brandy, is troubled with dizziness of the brain, and talks of joining the daughters of temperance.

There is a fellow down east whose legs are so crooked that his pantaloons turn hind part before in less than a half an hour after he puts them on.

'Mrs. Hobbs, did you say that my wife was a poor housekeeper?'

'No sir—but I did tell an intimate friend that you had not had a clean shirt on for ten weeks.'

'The editor's illness will account for the want of original matter,' is a paragraph kept standing in type out west, and inserted by the 'devil' whenever he discovers symptoms of a spree in his worthy principal.

The following passionate lines are from the Knickerbocker:

Was I court-plaster, I would be
A patch upon her lip;
To spend a life of ecstacy,
And sip, and sip, and sip!

A young lady explained to a printer, the other day, the distinction between printing and publishing, and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said, "you may print a kiss on my cheek, but you must not publish it!"