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.

THE DREAM OF HOME.

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

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

SPRING.

A bursting into greenness,
Awakened as from sleep,
A twitter and a warble
That makes the pulses leap;
A sense of renovation,
Of freshness and of health,
A casting off of solid fear,
A carelessness of wealth.

A watching as in childhood,
For the flowers that one by one
Open their golden petals
To woo the fitful sun;
A gush, a flash, a gurgle,
A wish to shout and sing,
As filled with hope and gladness,
We hail the vernal Spring.

Miscellaneous.

THE OLD MAN AND THE PIRATE.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

Early in the month of August, 1811, a good sized brig started from Boston, bound for New Orleans.—On board, there was an old man named Adam Wirt, seeking an only son who he had learned was somewhere on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Adam Wirt was wealthy, but for four years he had been alone to dwell among its glitter. When the old man had taken a second wife to his home, his son Landon stepped from his roof, and swore that so long as his stepmother lived, he would not cross its threshold again. The second wife was now dead, and feeling sad in his loneliness, the old man resolved to seek his child.

The brig had good weather, and for several days nothing had occured to break the monotony of the voyage; but at length one of the look-outs reported a sail to the southward and eastward. The wind was from the east, and the brig had it slightly abaft the beam, as her course lay southward. Capt. Poole brought his glass from the cabin, and after gazing on the ranges for some ten minutes, made her out to be a schooner standing out directly towards them.

'Where do you think she's bound?' asked Adam Wirt, as he heard the Captain's report.

'Couldn't say yet,' replied the Captain, again leveling his glass at the stranger, 'I can tell you better after watching her a spell.'

Fifteen minutes passed, and at the end of that time Capt. Poole lowered his glass, and while a slight tremor shook his frame he said,

'That schooner is falling off.'

'And what of that?' asked the old man, who had failed to notice the Captain's manner.

'What of it? why simply that fellow is bound for this brig.'

'Wants to speak to us, I suppose,' said Wirt.

'Very likely,' returned the Captain, as he turned aloft; and again turning to the old man, he continued, 'You need be under no needless alarm, sir: but in all probability that schooner is a pirate.'

'A pirate,' replied Wirt, while his face assumed a livid hue. 'Then in Heaven's name what shall we do?'

'We shall have to make the best of it: for of two things we may rest assured—we can neither run away from him nor fight him. Look, his deck is crowded with men.'

The brig's crew had by this time become aware of the schooner, and, as may be supposed they felt anything but comfortable at the conviction thus arrived at. The brig was heavily loaded, and at best she was but an unpromising sailor; while the schooner with the wind full upon her quarter, came dashing along at a furious rate. A consultation was held upon the quarter deck and it was at length agreed upon that the brig should be kept on her course, and if ordered by the pirate to heave to, they would do so at once and offer no resistance, which if offered at all, could only render their situation worse.

In an hour and a half the pirate had come up to within a mile, and fired a gun to windward, and in a few minutes afterwards the brig was lying with her main top sail to the mast. The crew watched the schooner as she began to round to, and though they could not repress an instinctive dread, yet they felt confident that no violence would be used so long as they offered no resistance; nor in this were they disappointed, for as the schooner ranged along side and the pirates began to flock on board, no signs of murderous intent were manifested.

The pirate Captain was the first to board the brig. He was a young man in the prime of life, and next to follow him was a fair haired handsome youth, who seemed to hang upon his commander's steps with a strange mixture of devotion and fear.

'Do you command this vessel?' asked the pirate leader of Capt. Poole.

'Yes sir,' replied Poole.

'Then of course you will have no objections to my overhauling your cargo, sir,' said the pirate with a smile, 'for you have some articles to which I may take a fancy.'

'If I am not mistaken,' returned Capt. Poole, 'you will need no permission from me, as I am unable to resist.'

'You show your good judgment at least, and if you lead the way, I will take a look at your cabin first.'

As the pirate Captain spoke, he turned to the companion way, and was just on the point of starting for the cabin, when his eye caught the eye of Adam Wirt, and at the sight he started back as though he had seen a spirit from the other world. The old man, too, seemed equally startled, for as he gazed in the face of the pirate, a fearful tremor shook his whole frame, and he gasped for breath, the buccaneer gazed into the working features before him, and then stepping forward and laying his hand tremblingly on the old man's arm said—

'Tell me old man from whence you came—tell what name you bear?'

'Men call me Adam Wirt,' replied the old man, half recoiling from touch that rested on him.

'Great God, my father!' broke from the pirate Captain's lips, and he would have fallen upon the old man's bosom had he not put forth his hands to keep him off.

'Thy father,' repeated old Wirt, moving back from where he stood, 'no, no, I am not thy father. O God, once thou mightest have been my son; once I gazed with a parent's pride upon thy features, and once I called thee son! But—O Heavens! is this a dream! My boy a pirate!'

'Father,' still urged the pirate, following with slow step the old man's backward movement, 'own me as your son and shall—'

'No! away, bloodthirsty man. I know thee not. O God! and is it thus I have found my boy!'

'Listen to me one moment, my father,' exclaimed the pirate chief, in a tone and manner little in keeping with his vocation. 'These hands are not stained with a drop of blood; save where the flag of England has waved, have not till the present time intruded any deck but my own. How now, though I have gold in my lockers, I am in want of bread; yet I will leave you and go in peace. You shall receive no further trouble from me.'

The old man covered his face with his hands and the deepest agony dwelt in his bosom, and while he thus stood, the pirate captain ordered his men to return to their vessel. The gallant youth who had followed his chief on board the brig, at this moment approached the spot where Adam Wirt stood, and clasping the old man's hands in his own he said—

'Oh, Sir, if you are the man's father, speak to him one kind word. Smile upon him and own him as your son. One word from you may reclaim him from all his errors.

'Boy,' uttered the old man, as he gazed upon the pure and heavenly features that were turned so earnestly towards him, 'you know what you ask. I have left my home in search of my son, but such as I find him, I will never own him. Back again will I go, and alone will I travel my weary way through life.'

'O, sir, think once more!' urged the youth, seeming to hang every hope upon the result of his plea. 'One fond greeting from his father may yet reclaim him. Speak it, O speak it!'

'Never, never,' uttered Adam Wirt, as he pushed the suppliant from him.

'Then the duty must still rest with me,' sadly murmured the youth, as he turned away from the spot. 'The father may cast him off, but I cannot.'

'Frank,' at this moment exclaimed the pirate captain, 'come here. The grapplings are already cast off and we must away. Not a thing here have I molested, and I shall leave with a light heart.—Come.'

As the pirate chieftain spoke, the youth followed him quickly on board the schooner, and in a few minutes afterwards the brig was again on her way unmolested.

Old Adam Wirt returned to his home in Boston, but that home was darker and more gloomy than ever. He had left in search of his son—he had found that son, but he had left him in chief command beneath a rover's flag. But gradually, like some dim spirit arising from the cloudy mist of conscience, arose the earnest appeals of that son, and also the prayers of that gentle youth who had urged a father's pardon for him. In the secret recesses of his heart he could but feel that he might have saved his boy. The continued memory of the scene on the deck of the brig softened his heart, but the feeling only made him more miserable.

* * * * * * * *

The morning of the 28th of August, 1812, dawned upon the city of Boston, and ere the sun went down on that day, ten thousand hearts were filled with joy and national pride. On that memorable day the United States frigate Constitution, under the command of the brave Hull, entered the harbor of Boston, after her glorious victory over the Guerriere. The wharves and adjacent streets were crowded with enthusiastic people, and as the battle scarred heroes walked up from the landing, they were every where hailed with the loudest acclamations of thanks and joy.

Not far from the landing to which the first boat from the victorious frigate was hauled up, stood old Adam Wirt. He had heard of the ship's arrival, and with his American heart overrunning with patriotic impulses, he had dragged his feeble steps down to bestow his mede of praise upon his country's heroes. One after another of the officers passed by, and while old Adam was swinging his hat in the air he felt a light touch upon his arm, and as he turned, his eye rested upon the fair youth of the pirate schooner.

'Ha! what would you with me?' uttered the old man, slightly trembling at the memory thus started up.

'Look! look!—there sir!' said the youth in an earnest tone and manner, at the same time pointing to a party of seamen who were coming up. 'See that wonderful man who halts in his walk. Do you hear the shouts that greet him? A braver heart or more effectual arm was not to be found on the decks of our frigate. He fought bravely for his country, and he sealed his devotion with his blood.'

Adam Wirt stopped not to hear more, for in the person of the patriot thus pointed out to him he recognized his own son, and springing quickly forward, he caught the wounded seaman in his arms.

Those who stood around saw this meeting, and they knew that the aged father was blessing his son Louder swelled the shouts of joy, and many a parent wished that such a pleasure might be his. None, save the aged father and the gentle youth knew of the stain that once blotted the sailor's name, and in their bosom all the erring past was forgotten, all forgiven—for on the altar of his country's liberty he had offered atonement for his crime—and had thrown off all shackles but those of love, virtue and honor.

* * * * * * * *

'And now, my son, that all is forgotten, tell me whence came your noble resolves?' said old Wirt, as he sat in his dwelling with his only son by his side.

'Wait one moment,' returned the young man, while a peculiar expression rested on his countenance. 'Wait till the faithful companion of my wayward days comes back to us.'

'You mean the youth?'

'Ah! here she comes—my friend, my savior, my angel of mercy!'

As the author spoke, a lovely female entered the room. Her eyes sparkled with a happy light, and a bright smile of joy irradiated her features. The young man sprang from his chair, and caught her in his arms, and after imprinting a warm kiss upon the brow of the fair being, he turned to his father and said—

'Father here is the being who saved your son to virtue—my own dear wife.'

'Your *wife!*' ejaculated the old man starting from his chair and gazing earnestly upon the beautiful features. 'Surely I have seen that face before.'

'Yes father,' said the female laying her hand upon the old man's shoulder, and gazing affectionately into his face. 'I once pleaded for your son on the deck of the boarded brig. Then I was the first to point him out to you as his country's devoted son.'

'And you and the fair haired youth are the same?'

'Yes father,' said the son, 'she is indeed the same. With love and devotion that knows no cooling, this gentle being has followed me through the varied scenes of the last six years, and ever striven to make me what I am. God bless her.

Old Adam Wirt was happy and for many years he lived to enjoy the sweet companionship of his son's fair wife—while that son, with a fervent devotion fought bravely for his country, till peace once more spread her bright mantle over the homes of America.

MAZEPPA.—Voltaire, in his history of Charles XII says:

"Mazeppa was a Polish nobleman, born in the Palatinate of Podolia. He was educated as a Page to Joan Casimer, at whose court he acquired some knowledge of the Belles Lettres. An intrigue which he had with the wife of a Polish Palatine having been discovered, the husband had him tied naked on a wild horse, which was then let loose. The horse, who came from Ukraine, went back thither, carying with him Mazeppa, half dead with hunger and fatigue. Some peasants took care of him; he remained with them a long time, and distinguished himself in several excursions against the Tartars. His superior information made him highly respected among the Cossacks; and his fame which was daily increasing, induced the Czar to create him a Prince of the Ukraine."

Such is the historical fact which furnished Lord Byron with the subject of his poem, with this title.

☞ Dow, Jr., the eccentric preacher, in allusion to the exclusion of many would be church goers from the sanctuary, by reason of enormously high pew rents in our fashionable churches, characteristically remarks: "There is a high duty on the fashionable waters of divine grace, and you have to pay a penny a piece for a nibble at the bread of life. To go to church in any kind of tolerable style, costs a heap every year, and I know very well why a majority of you go to Beelzebub, because *you can't afford to go to Heaven at the present exorbitant prices.*"

☞ An ox 16 hands high, and weighing 3,500 lbs. has arrived at St. Louis from Weston, Mo., on route for the New York World's Fair.

"The World Owes me a Living!"

No such thing, Mr. Fold-up-your-hands. The world owes you not a single sou! You have done nothing these twenty years but consume the products earned by the sweat of other men's brows.

"You have ate, and drunk, and slept, what then?
Why, ate, and drunk, and slept again."

Ano this is the sum total of your life. And the world 'owes you a living!' For what? How came it indebted to you that amount? What have you done for it? What family in distress have you befriended? What products have you created? What miseries have you alleviated? What errors have you removed? What arts have you perfected?—The world owes me a living! idle man. Never was there a more absurd idea! You have been a tax—a sponge upon the world ever since you came into it. It is your creditor to a vast amount. Your liabilities are immense, your assets are nothing, and you say the world is owing you. The amount in whole you stand indebted to the world is more than you will ever have the power to liquidate! You owe the world the labor of your two strong arms—and all the skill in work they might have gained; you owe the world the labor of that brain of yours—the sympathy of that heart—the energies of your being; you owe the world the whole moral and intellectual capabilities of a man! Awake then from that dreaming do nothing state of slothfulness in which you live, and let us no longer hear the false assertion that the world is owing you, until you have done something to satisfy the just demand to which we have referred.

BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.

I was standing in the broad, crowded streets of a large city. It was a cold winter's day. There had been rain, and although the sun was shining brightly, yet the long icicles hung from the eaves of the houses and the wheels rumbled loudly as they passed over the ground. There was a clear bright look, and a cold, bracing feeling in the air, and a keen, north west wind, which quickened every step. Just then a little child came running along—a poor, ill-clad child; her clothes were scant and thread bare; she had no cloak and no shawl, and her little bare feet looked red and suffering. She could not have been more than eight years old. She carried a bundle in her hand. Poor little shivering child! I, even I, who could do nothing else, pitied her. As she passed me, her foot slipped upon the ice, and she fell, with a cry of pain; but she held the bundle tightly in her hand, and jumping up, although she limped sadly, endeavored to run as before.

'Stop, little girl, stop,' said a sweet voice; and a beautiful woman wrapped in a large shawl, and with furs all round her, came out of a jeweller's store close by. 'Poor little child,' said she, 'are you hurt? Sit down on this step, and tell me.' How I loved her, and how beautiful she looked! 'Oh, I cannot,' said the child, 'I cannot wait—I am in such a hurry. I have been to the shoemaker's, and mother must finish this work to night, or she will never get any more shoes to bind.' 'To night!' said the beautiful woman—'to night.' 'Yes,' said the child—for the stranger's kind manner had made her bold—'yes; for the great ball to night; and these satin slippers must be spangled, and'—the beautiful woman took the bundle from the child's hand, and unrolled it.—You did not know why her face flushed, and then turned pale; but I, yes I, looked into the bundle—a lady's name written; but I shall not tell it.

'And where does your mother live, little girl?'—So the child told her where, and then she told her that her father was dead, and that her little baby brother was sick, and that her mother bound shoes that they might have bread; but that sometimes they were very cold, and that sometimes mother cried, because she had no money to buy milk for her little sick brother. And then I saw that the ladies eyes were full of tears; and she rolled up the bundle quickly, and gave it back to the little girl—but she gave her nothing else; no, not even a sixpence, and turning away, she went back into the room which she had just come out. As she went away, I saw the glitter of a diamond pin. Presently she came back, and stepping into a handsome carriage, rolled off. The little girl looked after her for a moment, and then, with her little bare feet colder than they were before, ran quickly away. I went with the little girl and I saw her go into a narrow, damp street, and into a small dark room; and I saw her mother—her sad faded mother, but with a face so sweet, so patient, hushing and soothing a sick baby. And the baby slept, and the mother laid it on her own lap, and the bundle was unrolled; and a dim candle helped her with her work, for though it was not night, yet her room was very dark. Then after a while she kissed her little girl, and bade her warm her poor little frozen feet over the scanty fire in the grate, and gave her a little piece of bread, for she had no more; and then she heard her say her evening prayer, and folding her to her bosom blessed *her, and told her the angles would take care of* her. And the little child slept, and dreamed—oh, such pleasant dreams!—of warm stockings and new shoes, but the mother sewed on alone. And as the bright spangles glittered on the satin slipper, came there no repining into the heart? When she tho't of her little child's bare, cold feet, and of the scant morsel of dry bread, which had not satisfied her hunger, came there no vision of a bright room, and gorgeous clothing, and a table loaded with all that was good and nice, one little portion of which spared to her would send warmth and comfort to her humble dwelling!

If such thoughts came, and others—of pleasant cottage, and of one who had dearly loved her, and whose strong arm had kept want and trouble from her and her babies, but who could never come back—if these thoughts did come, repiningly, there came also another; and the widow's hands were clasped, and her head bowed low in deep contrition, as I heard her say, "Father, forgive me; for thou dost all things well, and I will trust thee." Just then the door opened softly, and some one entered. Was it an Angel? her dress was of spotless white, and she moved with a noiseless step. She went to the bed where the sleeping child lay, and covered it with soft warm blankets. Then presently a fire sparkled and blazed there, such as the little old grate had never known before. Then a huge loaf was upon the table, and fresh milk for the sick babe. Then she passed gently before the mother, and drawing the unfinished slipper from her hand, placed there a purse of gold, and said, in a voice like music, 'Bless thy God, who is the God of the fatherless and the widow'—and she was gone: only, as she went out, I heard her say—*'better than diamonds!—better than diamonds!'* What could she mean? I looked at the mother. With clasped hands and streaming eyes, she blessed her God, who had sent an angel to comfort her. So I went away too, and I went to a bright room, where there was music and dancing, and sweet flowers: and I saw young happy faces, and beautiful women richly dressed, and sparkling with jewels, but none that I knew, until one passed me, whose dress was of simple white, with only a rose bud on her bosom, and whose voice was like the sweet sound of a silver lute. No Spangled slippers glittered upon her foot, but she moved as one that treadeth upon the air, and the divine beauty of holiness had so glorified her face, that I felt, as I gazed upon her, that she was indeed as an angel of God.

The Spiritual Rappers.

The following questions are porpounded to the spiritual rappers by the N. Y. Herald:

How much it cost to build the pyramids.
What became of the ark after the flood.
The contents of the books of the Alexandria Library.
Who stole the lost books of Livy.
The travels of the ten lost tribes of Israel, and where those people now are.
The doings of the dark ages.
The author of the letters of Junius.
The history of the Aztecs.
Who struck Billy Patterson.

It is the general opinion that "rappers" cannot answer the questions correctly, especially the last.

BEAUTIFUL.

The Editor of the Knickerbocker attributes the following to Ik. Marvel, and it is certainly worthy of him. Read it without tears if you can:

"Last evening we were walking leisurely along; the music of the choirs in three churches came floating out in the darkness around us, and they were all new and strange tunes but one. And that one—it was not sung as we have heard it, but it awakened a train of long buried memories, that rose to us even as they were before the cemetery of the soul had a tomb in it.

'It was sweet old Corinth' they were singing—strains we have seldom heard since the rose-color of life was blanched; and we were in a moment back again to the old village church, and it was a summer afternoon, and the yellow sunbeams were streaming through the sweet windows, and the silver hair of the old Deacon who sat in the pulpit was turned to gold in its light, and the minister, who we used to think could never die, so good was he, had concluded 'application' and 'exhortation,' and the village choir was singing the last hymn, and the tune was—Corinth.

"It is years—we dare not think how many—since then, and the prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended,' and the choir are scattered and gone. The girl with blue eyes that sang alto, and the girl with black eyes that sang air—the eyes of the one were like a clear June heaven at noon. They both became wives, and both mothers, and they both died. Who shall say they are not singing 'Corinth' still, where Sabbaths never wane and congregations never break up? There they sat, Sabbath after Sabbath, by the square columns at the right of the leader, and to our young ears, their tones were the very 'soul of music.' That column bears still their pencled names, as they wrote them in those days in life's June, 183-, before dreams of change had overcome their spirit like a summer's cloud.

"Alas! that with the old singers most of the sweet old tunes have died upon the air; but they linger in memory, and they shall yet be sung in the sweet re union of song that shall take place by and by in a hall whose columns are beams of morning light, whose ceiling is pearl, whose floors are all gold, and where hair never turns silvery and hearts never grow old. Then she that sang alto and she that sang air will be in their places once more."

A Scene in Court.

'I call you,' said the counsellor, 'to state particularly upon what authority are you prepared to swear to the mare's age?'

'Upon what authority?' said the ostler interrogatively.

'You are to reply, and not to repeat the questions put to you.'

'I doesn't consider a man's bound to answer a question afore he's time to turn it in his mind.'

'Nothing can be more simple, sir, than the question put. I again repeat it. Upon what authority do you swear to the animal's age?'

'The best authority,' responded the witness gruffly.

'Then why such evasions? Why not state at once?'

'Well, then, if you will have it,' rejoined the ostler with imperturable gravity, 'why, then, I had it myself from the mare's own mouth.'

A simultaneous burst of laughter rang through the court. The judge on the bench could with difficulty confine his risible muscles to judicial decorum.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF MEMORY.—John Frank lin was a native of Stonington, Litchfield co., Connecticut. An instance of his remarkable memory, when a lad of seventeen, will show that he was no ordinary boy. Having accompanied the family to the place of worship, the meeting being only enclosed, but neither ceiled nor plastered, the beams and rafters were all exposed to view, John saw that his austere father sat through the sermon with great uneasiness, but could not divine the cause. On returning home, 'John said his father, 'it's my duty to give you a severe thrashing, (common in old times,) and you shall have it presently, so prepare yourself.'

'But you won't whip me, father, without telling me what for?'

'No, certainly—your conduct at meeting, sir, is the cause. Instead of attending to the sermon, you were all the while gaping about, as if you were counting the beams and rafters of the meeting house.

'Well, father, can you repeat the sermon?'

'Sermon! no. I had as much as I could do to watch your inattention.'

'If I'll tell you all the minister said, you won't whip me?'

'No, John, no; but that is impossible.'

Young Franklin immediately named the text and *taking up the discourse, went through every head* of it with surprising accuracy.

'Upon my word,' said the delighted parent, 'I should not have thought it.'

'And now father,' said John, 'I can tell you exactly how many beams and rafters there are in the meeting house.'—*Miner's History of Wyoming.*

JOHN WENTWORTH FOREVER.—No one but the editor of the Chicago *Democrat* could perpetrate the following. It is in his best vein. The clergy of Chicago should give him the hat:

"We never intentionally allude to doctrinal religion, but we cannot forebear the expression of the opinion, that it would be an improvement in all religious demonstrations, if their members would surrender to their clergyman their ill-gotten gains, for them to return to the proper persons. All who have damaged us in this respect, can pay it over to any clergyman in this city, and no questions will be asked. And we will allow such clergyman fifty per cent. for bringing the sinner to due repentance.

☞ A learned Irish Judge among other peculiarities had a habit of begging pardon on every occasion Once his favorite expression was employed in rather a singular manner.

At the close of the assizes, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that he had not passed sentence of death on one of the criminals he had intended.

'Dear me!' said his lordship, 'I beg his pardon—bring him up.'

LIGHTING GAS WITH THE TIP OF THE FINGER.—This is a feat anybody may perform. Let a person in their shoes or slippers walk briskly over a woolen carpet, scuffing his feet thereon, or stand upon a chair with its legs in four tumblers, to isolate it, and be there rubbed up and down on the body a few times with a muff, by another person, and he will light his gas by simply touching his finger on the tube. It is only necessary to take the precaution not to touch anything or to be touched by any person during the trial of the experiment. The stock of electricity acquired by the process we have described is discharged by contact with another object. The second person must turn on the gas while the other fires it. The writer has lighted it in this way, and seen it done by children not six years old. We are all peraptic lucifer matches, if we did but know it.

"YOUNG AMERICA."—A young lad of tender years, who had left his parents' home and set out in life for himself, appeared in a grocery in Sandusky the other day. He was asked why he had left his father? The young sprig rolled a large quid of tobacco to one side of his mouth, and replied: "Why, the fact was, the old chap got so saucy I could'nt stand it with him any longer."—*Sandusky Mirror.*

☞ Everett, late Secretary of State, computes that the use of alcoholic beverage costs the United States directly, in ten years, $120,000,000, has burned or otherwise destroyed, $5,000,000 more of property, has destroyed 3,000,000 lives, sent 250,000 to our prisons, and 100,000 children to the poor house, caused 1,500 murders, 5,000 suicides, and has bequeathed to the country 1,000,000 orphan children.

From the Savannah Courier.

THE LATE AARON BURR.

The quiet election of a tombstone over his unmarked grave, in the Princeton yard, has called to mind the name of Aaron Burr. Near fifty eventful years of our country's history have come and gone since his strange and brilliant career was run, during which time many things have occurred to call his memory from oblivion; but scarcely a breath of air—certainly not a regretful sigh—has borne it from the tomb. His was not one of the few immortal names that were not born to die; at least, for the present, the world has agreed to forget him. Possibly it means no reflection thereby. It has also forgotten the lamented John Wolfe, Jacob Van Veethen and Elisha Williams, his brilliant competitors at the bar. Even Hamilton, his target victim, is no longer remembered.

As for Burr, there are many reasons why he should have been soon forgotten. Tradition and legend have handed down his name blackened by every crime. Long before his death even when poor, wretched and alone in the world, he stemmed misfortune's tide, the world had resolved to forget him. No one spoke to him, nor seemed to notice him, as engaged in the active duties of an arduous profession, he walked the populous streets of New York. If met, in the stage coach, no one addressed him; if on the ferry which conducted him to his solitary island home, he was not recognised. In some cases it might have been because of his threadbare coat; in others, like all men, he was naturally forgotten, when, his power lost, he had no more favors to give, and the once brilliant light no longer attracted the flitting moth; but it cannot be disguised that those had forgotten, who should have remembered him; he was shunned in the street, his friends did not know him, if pointed out at a distance, it was as one who had the accursed mark of Cain upon him.

We do not know a sublimer picture than that presented by this celebrated man, in the last hours of declining life. His early course had been peculiarly successful. He was a soldier of the revolution, distinguished for courage, and skill, and activity; his reputation had been high at the bar, as a trusty counsellor and eloquent advocate; he had been a successful politician, admired for his tact, and loaded with the favors of the people; he had also been Vice President of the United States, and presided over the Senate with impartiality and dignity; as he concluded his farewell address, there was not a dry eye in the chamber. Added to all these public honors, happy domestic relations were the crowning jewels of his happiness. He was proud of his descent from two of the best stocks in the country; he was the favored scion of the houses Edward and Burr.—He had the choicest education that could be afforded, and his proficiency was such as to make his nearest and fondest relations rejoice. He had also been happy in his marriage, the fruit of which was a daughter, of whom any father might have been proud.—She was beautiful in person, intelligent in mind, and gifted with a lively fancy, and a brilliant imagination. These natural gifts had been cultivated by the most careful education. The conversation of the daughter when a child, was the delight of the father; when a matron, his pride. Given to a man of her own and father's choice, who also stood high in his native State, as a gentleman, scholar, and successful statesman, she was the mother of a beautiful son, not more the parents' joy than the grandfather's pride. This little pledge that the family should not die and become extinct, also bore the name of Aaron Burr. Thus happy in his public relations and domestic circle, connected with the past by proud and glorious remembrances; with the future by a golden link, what was wanting to fill up the cup of his happiness? Nothing, perhaps, save that right judgement of Solon, who counted the poor and obscure, but pious Athenian, the happiest of men, in preference to the proud and wealthy Lydian King.

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all this happiness was melted down and became as dross—the golden realities that already reached through three generations, became as a vision that is passed. A fearful *rencontre* drove Aaron Burr, the soldier, the statesman, an outlaw from the land. A price was set upon his head. He was hunted from town to town, city to city. He fled in disguise from the face of man. He tried for treason and his fair fame blackened forever. His small fortune gradually melted away—he was a wanderer and a beggar upon the face of the earth. His daughter, on her way to visit him and soften his woes, was seized and barbarously murdered by pirates. His grandchild was cut down and wilted in death—relatives disowned him. With all this, Aaron Burr sunk not—he walked erect at eighty years of age amongst those who despised him. It was Lear facing the storm.

A HUNTER OF KENTUCKY.—The correspondent *of the Evansville Journal, writes as follows, about* a Kentucky hunter:

"Wat Eckman—it would do you good to see him—has followed hunting for a livelihood since the year 1831. Since that period he says he has killed 38 bears, 981 wolves, 3,847 coons, 990 foxes, 961 wild geese, 2,040 pheasants, 44 ground hogs, 80 wild cats, 14 polecats, 209 minks, beside squirrel, quail and other small game beyond his power to calculate. The sum he has realized from his game, skins, &c., falls but little short of $12,000."

☞ Touching the Springfield Rapping Convention, the Republican has the following forcible remark:—"It was a poor, pitiful, nonsencical, incoherent, hodge podge, insane, frothy mess of tom foolery."

☞ A cunning lawyer meeting with a shrewd old friend on a white horse, determined to quiz him. "Good morning daddy, what makes your horse look so pale this morning?" "Ah, my dear friend," replied the old man, "if thee had looked through a halter as long, thee would look pale too."

☞ When Mrs. Partington read in the newspapers that Jenny Lind had a fellow feeling in her bosom, she exclaimed:

"Lor me! that's just what the young men used to do to me when I was a gal!"

'Here you little rascal, walk up and give an account of yourself. Where have you been?'

'After the girls, father?'

'Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?'

'No sir—but mother did.'

'John has the doctor arrived?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then go immediately for the undertaker, for coming events cast their shadows before them.'

A MODEL HUSBAND.—Mrs. Perry, a young bloomer has eloped from Monson, Mass., with Levin Clough When her husband found she was determined to go, he gave her $100 to start with.

'Mr. Swipes, I've just kicked your William out of doors.'

'Well, Mr. Swingle, it's the first *bill* you've footed this many a day.'

A St. Louis confectioner is said to have manufactured an article for exhibition at the Crystal Palace in New York, which will no doubt attract crowds of juvenile observers. It is a picture in candy, being a copy of a bear hunt. The figures in the original, consisting of the hunters and their horses, the bear and hounds, and even the grass and sky overhead, are represented with surprising accuracy.

'Dick, I say, why don't you turn that buffalo robe t'other side out?—hair side in is the warmest.'

'Bah, Tom, you get out. Do you suppose the animal himself didn't know how to wear his hide?—I follow his style.'

Dodge says, an editor while attempting to throw himself upon the indulgence of his readers last week, fell through, and was taken up in a stupid condition.

Odds and Ends.

May Morning.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslips and the pale primroses.
Hail, bountious May! thou dost inspire
Mirth and youth, and fond desire.
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long. [MILTON.

Healthy.—Our town.

Green.—The trees about town.

Quiet.—Our borough—except during the night.

Better go to heaven in rags, than to hell in embroidery.

Fashionable.—Midnight carousels and swelled heads in the morning.

Strikes are all the Go.—We seen a man knocked down the other day.

The Washington correspondent of the Pennsylvanian, has heard an amusing definition of "old fogy." It is one who sits on the shirt tail of progress and cries—wo!

Miss Caroline E. Putnam advertises herself as a barber, in the Salem (Mass.,) Register.

Miss Gould, the poetess, gives a ludicrous incident of the "mistakes of the press," in reference to a poem she had sent to a country editor. She says: "For the dew-drop that falls upon the 'freshly blown roses,' he made it 'freshly blown noses!'"

"What is that Dog barking at?" asked a fop whose boots were more polished than his ideas.—"Why," replied a bystander, "because he sees another puppy in your boots!"

Sam Slick says that the difference between a wife and a sweetheart is near about as great, as it is between now and hard cider—a man never tires on putting one to his lips, but makes plaguy wry faces at the other.

Interesting—to dream all night of finding heaps of gold, and wondering, on waking, how you'll pay for a breakfast.

A young lady refused to go into the Watervliet Arsenal, the other day, because she heard that some of the muskets were without breeches.—There's delicacy for you.

Which do woman longest remember, the praise bestowed on themselves or the dispraise bestowed on other people? The committee on problems will please rise and report.

"Would you like to subscribe for Dickens Household Words?" inquired a sombre magazine agent. "Household words have played the dickens with me long enough!" was the feeling reply.—The agent absconded.

Fast horses soon tire, and fast men are a good deal like them. The youth that "goes it strong" at twenty, will find himself at forty-five with a tombstone growing out of his head.

Stabbed her Sister.—Mary Weaver, a girl 16 years old, was stabbed by her sister, Mrs. O'Connor, on Monday week, in Allegheny county, and cannot possibly recover. They quarrelled about a six cent piece.

If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no inland cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.

The little son of Mr. Riddle, Mayor of Pittsburgh, firing at a mark, shot a boy at work in a field, but concealed by the target, killing him instantly.

Lamartine is dying. His physicians have no hope of him.

A few drops of kreosote on brown paper, put in the holes of rats, it is said, will drive them away.

Mrs. Partington, who is tarrying in the rhubarb of Pittsburgh, says when she goes to New York, she expects to visit the Lizzy M. Fields, and other adjutant places.

One should take care not to grow too earnest and wise, for one of the most salutary pleasures of life is laughter.

Ever since there has been so great a demand for type, there has been much less lead to spare *for cannon balls.*

The heart of a girl is like a convent—the holier the cloister, the more charitable the door.

Never believe the world is base; if it were so, no society could hold together for a day.

The first interest of a country is the honor of its public men.

The cunning never forgive those who refuse to be duped by them.

Men who make money rarely saunter; men who save money rarely swagger.

A shirt made with the magnetic needle and the thread of a parson's discourse, will be exhibited at the World's Fair, in New York.

Why is an old maid like a watch?

Because she bears the *Marks of Time* upon her face.

HEAD PRICE.—The Governor of Durango, Mexico, has offered a reward of $200 for the head of every Indian killed, or for each Indian captured within the State.

A ball was recently given, by the Legislative Corps of France, to Louis Napoleon and his wife, which cost $30,000.

Touching the office of the New York Collectorship and its profits, the Providence Journal says, "we suppose that, one way and another, a man may get $50,000 a year out of the office, and keep clear of the State prison."

A police Judge of Louisville, has given orders to the watchmen to arrest all boys who are found in the streets at a late hour, unless they can give a good account of themselves. He says if their parents will not take care of them he will. We should like to see the same regulation in Carlisle.

A contemporary imagines that gold will go on increasing until it becomes less valuable than old iron. In less than twenty years, he expects to see ten-penny nails take the place of breast-pins, while the only jewelry that a fashionable lady will tolerate, will consist of pewter ear-rings and copper-plated hand bands. Gold, in his opinion, is bound to be a drug, and in a century from now, will only be used for coal scuttles and manure forks. Singular revolutions that California will yet produce.

WHAT CAUSED THE DEATHS.—An eminent chemist in New York, under the direction of the District Attorney, visited the tombs—how appropriate the name—where the four persons died in one cell from foul air, and tested the condition of the cell in which the unfortunate men were confined.—Upon examination, they discovered the presence of carbonic acid gas, of sufficient strength to set on fire a liquid which was placed on the floor of the cell. The whole affair has been placed in the hands of the present Grand Jury, and some action will be taken respecting the erection of a prison in a more healthy part of the city.