American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR OUNTRY—MAY T ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHTOR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2.00 PER ANNUM

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Carrier's Address
TO THE PATRONS OF THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

JANUARY 1, 1854.

Another year has swiftly passed along,
Another claims our tributary song;
'Mid wrecks of centuries the old year lies
With all its joys, and tears, and broken ties.
Since last we sung our tribute to the past,
Before gay spring days fled the wintry blast;
And blooming flowers and newly budding trees
Have proudly nodded to the gentle breeze;
The summer's glories covered o'er the earth,
The summer's sun then gave the crops their birth,
Then autumn came to rob us of our flowers,
And gave us sighing winds and fitful showers;
Then winter came in all her chilling charms
And welcome New Year with extended arms.
Since last we hailed you with our annual lay,
Full many a cherished one has passed away,
And those who then enjoyed our careless mirth,
Rest in the bosom of their "Mother Earth;"
Some loved who then our pleasant rambles shared
Now tread a foreign soil; and few are spared
To cheer our weary, thorny way thro' life,
And stand our comrades in the daily strife.

But still some few Time's scythe hath left us yet,
And coming years may teach us to forget
Those who now claim the tributary verse,
In each new loss they dying years rehearse.
But it is worse than useless to repine
When His strong hand hath torn affection's vine;
We humbly bow to His supreme control,
Nor dare dispute his empire o'er the soul,
Nor doubt the wisdom of His stern decree,
Although it bids our hopes long cherished flee;
In meek submission do we kiss the rod,
And humbly raise our grateful thanks to God,
That in His mercy yet a few are spared
And *all* have not their cold mausoleum shared.
Still has he blessed our homes with smiling peace,
Still has he bid our flocks and herds increase,
Still onward does our rising Empire march,
Still is our State the "Keystone of the Arch."
But we must drop our sad and mournful strain,
Too much of sorrow it creates and pain,
These festal days require a song of mirth,
We'll turn our thoughts to doings on the earth.

The contest for the FLASK was hardly, nobly fought
But efforts all have left the goal unbought,
Still alcohol his fearful rule asserts,
The liquid fire is still retailed in quarts;
But, leagued with enemies, we could not aid
A cause of which much good, no harm, is said,
Democracy our first assistance claims,
Her glory is, for us, the best of aims;
Triumphant, now she rules our glorious State
Her star is rising in the haven of fate;
But while so much incites to lively strain,
A mourning nation bids us now refrain.
In sable garb, the nation's council room
Wears a sad aspect, clad in deepest gloom,
To mark the loss of him, the people's second choice,
Whose triumph bade democracy rejoice,
When last we claimed a half op'd willing ear,
But now we crave a patriot's heartfelt tear.
Nor is this all; our chieftain's son has gone,
Has left the White-house hearth all dark and lone.
And childless now, that care must give the State
Which was his sons, ere rudely robbed by fate.

Tidings of mighty import, too, have reached our land,
Not of a meeting of the lance and brand,
Not of an Empire's sudden fall to earth,
But of an Empire's unexpected birth.
France, sunny France, was freedom's own, but now
A plebian monarch reigns patrician's bow.
He changed democracy to iron rule
And Gallia stands a watchword for the fool;
Not long since, boasting of her freedom won,
Now bowing to an upstart in a crown,
A monument of fallen greatness stands,
A fearful warning to all other lands.
Nor is this all, the crescent and the bear
Must quarrel and their warlike garments wear,
One hides her face in clouds and frowns,
The other curls his tail and hugs his crown;
Both call their forces to the tented field,
While both their tottering thrones have wildly reled.

But this, too serious is for reckless jest,
Two mighty empires rousing from their rest
May well convulse the anxious, gazing world,
When once the glaive, in stern defiance hurled,
Is taken up, when will wars revel cease,
And bless the earth again sweet smiling peace
Well may the world in horror stand aghast,
When Russia sounds aloud war's clarion blast;
And Turkey rouses from her lethergy in might,
And calls on Allah to protect the right.
Now Hungary arouse! and thou Kossuth!
Now is the time to prove thy doubted truth,
While wars thy masters, rise in majesty
And with one effort make thy country free.

Enough of this, return we to our homes,
But little gains who far and wildly roams.
A happy New Year to you Patrons all,
Your hearts pray open to the Carrier's call,
And when you read his dull and homely verse,
Undue the entrance of your fattend purse,
And place a quarter in his open hand,
Nor longer make him, waiting for it, stand,
And may you, when the new-born year is o'er,
Another see, brighter than Fifty four.

Miscellaneous.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER'S STORY.

'Generally speaking,' began the youth, 'stories have what is called a moral to them, and if you don't know what that means, I shall not stop to tell you.'

'Yes, yes, we know,' ran in low murmurs round.

'Well, mine has no moral, because it *comes too late*,' and his voice thrilled as he spoke, 'and if it had, its uses would be very doubtful.

'It matters very little who or what I am,' he continued. 'I have lain in silk and purple and grew up as one born to command. I went to college, and very likely you think I was a wild, harum scarum devil of a fellow—boating, driving, hunting, 'gowning and towning" it cultivating wine, cards, and so on, as you may have heard that young fellows with plenty of money do. Well, if you think so, you are mistaken. I was a quiet, studious young man, I might add moral,'—and his sardonic laugh jarred as before, 'and it would have been perfectly true. I love books, study, and peace, was a good scholar, studied music and the arts, fenced like Angelo—there is not a man in the army, perhaps, that can play at the small-sword with me—and quiet as an infant. I still had a fiery devil in me.

'I fell in love, ha! ha! with a little doll of a girl about my age, that was seventeen, and for whom I would have taken my heart out of my bosom. She was so frail and fairy like a creature, that I could have put her in my breast to shelter as one would a little bird, and she loved me with such a strength of faith, that had I been Don Juan himself, there was such lavish trust in her that she would have converted me from a debauchee into a true, honest man.

'She is still now as a frozen rill—sleeping like the streams in winter—she will never waken again!' and his head fell on his breast, though his eyes which were burning with the pain of his strong agony, were not moistened with a tear. They had dried at the very fountains.

'I dare say more than one among you know what it is to be in love, my lads. Here is Charley, for instance,'' and our hero gave a-start, 'he, I imagine, can understand me.'

'Yes, yes!' again murmured the soldier, 'we know it.'

'Yes!' he repeated, somewhat scornfully, 'all very well that, but different men have different ideas of love. Some are sensual and depraved, and with them love is more pollution and misapprehension of the sublime passion, and I have met with but few that could understand it as I did, but it was with me a portion of life—of existence!'

'Yes, with me it was different, she was a lovely little trusting flower, the daughter of a very worthy, honest tradesman, who loved her like the apple of his eye! but she was worthy of a throne, and I would have given her one. As it was, I could make her, I thought—fool that I was—honored, great, wealthy. She is poor enough now, and so am I!

'Our dream of love was delicious, but very brief—She eloped with me, and as the Lord God liveth, I meant her no harm—for I made her my wife!' he added, with a solemnity that startled the soldiers, who were not often moved by any strength of expression.

'Yes, she became my wife!' he continued.

'Your wife!' ejaculated one or two of the men.—'Thunder and lightening, here, Dick, give us your hand, my boy!' and a cordial grasp was given. We thought you trifled with the little child.

'My parents heard that I had eloped with the child of a tradesman,' the soldiers, heedless of this, went on, 'and threatened the poor old fellow with ruin and annihilation. It would not have taken much to have broken his heart, for it was half gone already, but what was done could not be undone, and I thought my father and mother loved me too well to thwart me, and that I had only to bring her home to give her another father and mother, who would love her like her own.

'I meant to have put her back into his bosom, and said, 'Embrace your daughter, but also embrace my wife, and you can love her however, very firmly in it, and I was happy, living in a little Eden of my own, far from the turmoil of life, and expecting then my little baby hourly.

'My parents prevented this,' he continued after a convulsive pause, during which he drew his hand over his brow several times, as though things were crowding into his brain, and confusing him with their multitudinous variety.

'Yes they hindered all. We lived in Wales at the time, and when my baby was born, and she put it in my bosom, and laid her own sweet little head like a blossoming flower beside it. I—I prayed for her, for both, and loved them more and more. Then I made up my mind to return to my father's house.

'One day I went to my little home, after walking or fishing, or something, and I found her—gone—both gone! Oh! then the sleeping devil within me woke up. I learned from the people of the house, that a stern man, and a proud, pale woman, richly dressed, drove up in a splendid chariot, drawn by four horses, and carried her off—robbed me of my wife and my child. This man—this woman, were my parents. I travelled night and day, and arrived at their house in town.

'I demanded my wife! they called her a designing, cunning girl—and they said something worse of her than I could bear, and I silenced them, and made them turn pale and tremble. I demanded my child. They knew nothing of either. I cursed them both, and quitted the house, never to return to it more.

'I need not tell how long after, or by what means, I traced my Alice through stages of wretchedness and penury, till I found both mother and babe, my wife and child, dying on a mean pallet in a parish workhouse.

'I could have called curses from heaven, and fires from hell to avenge this immitigable wrong—for what had this pale, rushed tender dove done to win such an atrocious injury? But when I saw her pale, thin cheeks, and heard her moaning, and saw her wasted babe on the half-starved breast of the woman I adored, as devotees adore heaven, I filled my soul—I shed no tears, I heard her utter a cry of joy and pain, and then, her thin helpless hand wandered over my head, as I laid it, kneeling by her side in that horrible hole, upon her breast beside my child.

'Little Alice!' I said, 'little Alice, you and your sweet babe shall live here no longer.'

'No, George, no,' she said. Oh, her thin lips, how they trembled! 'No, George, dear, we shall not live here long—not very long. Give me that brandy, my lads!' said the soldier abruptly.

'To lose a parent—to lose a mother one loves—to lose a friend one is devoted to—to lose a dog that has been your companion for years, is all painful, what was it to this?' continued the soldier. 'When I heard what she said I had a terrible foreboding of the future. Was it for this I had sought her? Was it thus my parents had shown their love? Was it to see her die that I had moved the heaven and the earth to discover her? If tears were rain and not the bitter acrid shower which scalded my face like a caustic, roses would have sprung to life around her dying pillow; and that golden hair so dabbled—

'Take my head in your arms, my dear George,' she said faintly. 'Take my child in your arms, too—Kiss me—kiss the baby. You love us, do you not? God bless you!—God protect you! Do not separate us. Do not forget us. I have borne much—but I loved you so dearly; and I forgive every one, as I hope to be forgiven.'

The rough soldiers turned away, and one or two wiped their eyes furtively. A few sturdy but suspicious 'hems' sounded suspiciously, had they inverted their faces.

'Little Alice,' I said, 'are you going without me? Well, I won't wait long'

'I am only going before you,' she said; and I felt that she was speaking the truth. 'I am going before you: clasp me closer—let me feel your lips: lift up my head—put my baby's mouth to mine—and—and so she died, my lads! and for an hour after I held her baby in my bosom till I felt it cold. It was dead too!' There was a long, deep, impressive pause, and again he went on.

'They had made my heart desolate, wrecked and void: and I—I, in turn, desolated their household, and wrecked their peace forever. As they had two passions to feed and foster, the most boundless love for me, there only child and a pride which, God forgive them, they had also given to me, and the latter the greater, they sacrificed me to that pride. Well, I trampled on their pride. They knelt to me in the dust and ashes of humility, and I scorned them.—They offered me a bride the fairest of the land, and I laughed at them. They could not give me little Alice, and I had nothing else to ask for. I had a grand funeral from that workhouse for my wife and child, and I put my name on her coffin-lid, and after that day, I forgot that I had a name or parents, and I knew that I had avenged Alice, for their house is a house of mourning, and the world is to them, as to me—a sepulchre.

'And this is the reason my boys, that I don't care for anything that comes or goes, that happens or does not happen. I want to be dead. I want to sleep, for my eyes burns so at night, I do not close them, I only see little Alice, my golden-haired little wife, and I only clasp in my arms the dead baby, till the drum or trumpet wakes me up, and then I have only the bullet that hits me, to look for. It has not come yet, but to-morrow I will have better luck!—And so hand me the brandy!'

He took a deep, deep, draw, and a strong hectic hue came into his white cheeks. The soldiers were deeply shocked, and their rude emotions made their hearts throb painfully in their broad chests.

'If none of you can match that story,' said the soldier, 'go to sleep and don't disturb me, I am going to dream of my Alice and her child again,' and he fell back on his side and a mournful wind swept wailing by, as if it had been the voice of the dead.

HOT AND COLD.—An Irishman discovered a part of the wood work of a chimney piece on fire, that endangered the whole house. He rushed up stairs to his master, and announced the alarming intelligence. Down he rushed with him. A large kettle of boiling water was on the fire.

'Well, why don't you put out the fire?

'I can't surr.'

'Why, you fool! pour the water upon it.'

'Sure it's hot water, surr.'

An Irish correspondent in Oregon, writes that the precious metals are so scarce out that way, that all the five dollar gold pieces are made of copper.

HOW THE GREEN BRANCH WITHERED.

Robin May, when I first knew him, was as industrious a fellow as you would wish to see, working at his trade of shoemaking with that sort of spirit which seems to grow brighter and brisker the more it is occupied. He had gone creditably through his apprenticeship on the whole, seldom giving cause for a complaint, except now and then, when his master said, a little angrily, that Robin was to apt, at times, to forget how many minutes went to the dinner hour. However, the apprenticeship came to an end, and Robin became a journeyman, and being a quick and painstaking hand, he had a run of the best work, and he took a pride in turning it off the last in the first style of finish, and as a consequence he got first rate wages. Some of his shop mates would grumble occasionally at this, fancying themselves treated unfairly by their master; but it is as natural for the best work to get into the best hands, as it is for the sun to shine brightest where there are fewest clouds, whatever the grumblers may say or think to the contrary. If at this time Robin had a fault, it was self-conceit; he thought more highly of himself than a man ought to think, from which we may guess he wanted balance. Judgment is to a man's mind what the 'governor' is to a steam engine, and Robin, with all his cleverness, would have been the better for a little more of the 'governor' in his constitution. Besides, he could, as is said, 'sing a good song,' and was very fond of hearing himself praised for his vocal efforts, so that had it not been that he now and then got a snubbing from his fellow workmen, Robin's conceit would altogether have run away with him.

Still, with all this, Robin worked hard, and saved money, and after a few years of journey-work, he took advantage of a favorable opportunity of going into business on his own account; and such was his reputation for neatness of fit and excellence of workmanship, that he soon gained a connection, gave satisfaction to his customers, and became a flourishing tradesman.

This success, as may be supposed, gladdened Robbin's heart, and visions of distinction began to float across his imagination, he felt sure he should rise in the world. Some day, perhaps, he might be church warden, or common councilman, or mayor—who could tell! These offices are legitimate objects of ambition, and why should not Robin rise into them as well as another, especially as he attended to the main chance, and was seldom away from his cutting board at the counter. The hare escapes while the sportsman winks, and a business runs away if the master's eye is not pretty constantly upon it.

Robin's master had been a teetotaler, from which cause it happened that although Robin liked a glass of ale now and then, he was in the main a water drinker, which was all in his favor, for his business grew like a green branch and while it was watered with water only, it continued to flourish, and put forth green leaves in abundance. But as time went on, and Robin's savings increased, and his account at the bank grew larger and larger, the clever shoemaker began to think that he need not stick to work quite so closely, at all events he was entitled to a good share of repose and relaxation in the after part of the day.

A man, however, must do something; it is only disgracefully lazy people who can bear to live in perfect inaction, and as Robin had lived long enough in the town to form acquaintances, he would go occasionally and call on a neighbor who came to their house, and a very snug and sociable party they were. Robin had not forgotten how to sing, and so much pleasure did he give by his music, that his neighbor said, more than once, 'How I should like to hear you sing that song at our club.'

Robin's love of praise had not diminished as he grew older, and he had not much difficulty in persuading himself that he had a right to indulge himself a little, now that pounds were more plentiful with him than pence used to be formerly. So he went to the club, which was called the 'Convival Club,' and met every Wednesday evening. His neighbor introduced him, and all the company seemed so cordial, and made so much of him after he had sung a song, and were so loud in the applause, that Robin felt himself quite at ease and thought it was something to be looked up to at a club. One song of course brought on another, and the singer was invited to 'wet his whistle' with a glass of gin and water, and so he kept it up, and went home a little before midnight in right good humor, pleased with himself and all around him.

Having gone once to the club it was not difficult to go again. 'Business is good,' said Robin to himself, and if any misgivings rose in his mind, he kept them down with the thought that there could not possibly be any harm in taking a friendly glass in such respectable company.

For a little while the green branch seemed to flourish more than ever under the stimulous of the strong fluid with which Robin now watered it. But, as gardners know well, it is of no use trying to go against nature; and if plants and vegetables cannot have proper nourishment, they die. They must have the right thing or none at all.

However, after the first burst, the green branch began to show symptoms of being out of order;—something was not right, either a blight had fallen on it, or a worm had got to its heart. Some of the leaves turned yellow, a few became black, and those that remained green had a sort of doubtful look, as though their turn would soon come. After watering it for a time with gin, Robin tried rum and brandy, for from singing at the club he got to singing at election meetings, and instead of some thirty are forty there were four or five hundred to clap their hands and cry, 'a capital song!' Still the branch did not recover its greenness, but withered visibly in the sight of all beholders.

Some things, it is said die very hard; and so it was with Robin May's green branch; even after all the leaves fell off, the bare wood struggled to push forth new ones, and although a few sickly buds made their appearance, they never came to any thing, and at last the branch died outright, and seemed to have been scorched by a thunderbolt.

Many years afterwards, when Robin was a lone, tottering, trembling pauper in the work-house, he might at times be heard murmuring to himself, 'It wanted only water, and I killed it with strong liquor!'

His Birth.

Abbott, in his 'Life of Napoleon,' thus speaks of the birth of the 'King of Rome,' the son of Napoleon, by Maria Louisa:

"It had previously been announced that the cannon of the invalidios should proclaim the advent of the expected heir to the throne. If the child were a princess, twenty one guns were to be fired, if a prince, one hundred. At six o'clock on the morning of the twentieth of March, all Paris was aroused by the deep booming of those heavy guns, in announciation of the arrival of the welcome stranger. Every ear was on the alert. The slumberers were aroused from their pillows, and silence pervaded all the streets of the busy metropolis, as the vast throngs stood motionless to count the tidings which those explosions were thundering in their ears.

The twenty-first gun was fired. The interest was now intense beyond conception. For a moment, the gunners delayed the next charge, and Paris stood waiting in breathless suspense. The heavily loaded ed guns then with redoubled voice, pealed forth the announcement. From the entire city, one universal roar of acclamation rose and blended with their thunders. Never was a monarch saluted with a more affecting demonstration of a nation's love and homage. The birth of the King of Rome! how illustrious! The youthful mind will pause and muse upon the striking contrast furnished by his death. Who would then have imagined that his Imporial father would have died a prisoner in a dolapidated stable at St. Helena; and that this child the object of a nation's love and expectation, would linger through a few short years of neglect and sorrow, and then sink into a forgotten grave."

Nature cannot be surprised in undress. Beauty breaks in everywhere.

The Dead Sea and the Cities of the Plain.

In the Old Testament scriptures, there is an account of the overthrow and destruction of certain cities, the inhabitants of which aroused the Divine vengeance. It has always been a favorite theory with many moderns, that the Dead Sea covered the site of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, and unless we err in our recollections, Lieut. Lynch gave that opinion an emphatic endorsation. Indeed, our gallant officer had no doubt that he found Mrs. Lot, who we are told, was transformed into a pillar of salt, for looking back as she ran.

A book has just been published in England, and we presume will soon appear in this country which will give the quietus to the popular ideas on this subject. It seems that Monsieur de Sauley, a member of the French Institute, could not coincide in opinion with the popular notions of the overthrow of the cities of the plain; regarding them as unauthorized by the scriptural history of that event. His desire to vindicate the correctness of his views induced him to visit the Holy Land.—Accordingly, he left for the scene of his labors in 1850, being accompanied by his son, by the Abbe de St. Michen, and several intelligent friends. In that and the following year, he pursued his archeological explorations with the happiest results.

He was abundantly supplied with means, and having secured a strong body of infantry and cavalry, he was enabled to proceed with his mission without danger, from the nomadic tribes of Arabs. He directed his attention, first, to a careful examination of the Dead Sea. Beneath the stinking waters of this remarkable sea, popular tradition had located Sodom and Gomorrah; but he was soon convinced, that, like the apples which were once believed to grow upon its borders, the popular idea had no foundation in fact.

But he found the cities of the plain, and rode among their ruins. His eyes looked upon their widely extended remains, bearing even now, the marks of that terrible visitation "fire from Heaven"—which consumed and destroyed them. Upon the shores and in the vallies where they originally stood, this French savant discovered their blackened ruins.

It is surprising that they have not been sooner discovered. The Holy Land has been a point of interest with all travellers and explorers in all times. From the crusades until the present hour, men have flocked thither and trodden the land more full of sublime memories than any other portion of this babbling earth.

But we easily account for the failure to discover these relics of olden times. Men have always visited the Dead Sea, and as they looked upon its sluggish, salt waters, have regarded them as shutting in darkness the cities accursed of Heaven.—Hence no traveller has sought after the cities of the plain, and it has been reserved for the French savant of the present day to bring to light this strong confirmation of the Old Testament records.

We trust that our American booksellers will soon give to the American public, the results of Monsieur de Sauley's researches.

How Brittannia Salutes Her Babies.

Brittannia, like a most careful mother, expends a world of powder on her babies. A week ago she flourished the powder-puff, regardless of expense, and regardless of noise. Her three young royal babies—the Princess Louisa, aged five years; the Prince Arthur, aged three; and the dear little poppet Prince, Leopold, aged not one—were all of them brought down from the nursery at Osborne, and, with their nurses, embarked on board the Fairy, to cross to Portsmouth, on their way to Windsor Castle, to be smothered with kisses, by one of the best of mammas and one of the tenderest of fathers.

Well, the precious babies passing through Spithead, "were saluted by the Blenheim, by the garrison, and by the Victory, flag ship;" and this was ordered by grannam Brittannia, who, we think by such smoke and pother rather exposes her dotage, than shows her affection. Why should the "adamantine lips" of sixty-eight pounders, salute those little babies? Louisa, being five years old, may be a little seasoned to custom; and Arthur (as godson to the Duke) may have a precocious taste for gunpowder; but consider the tender months of baby Leopold! A suckling, and saluted with a smack of thunder!

Poor little heart! No doubt granny Brittannia means the noise as an evidence of her love; but we needs must think it a proof of her foolishness. Dear little rose-buds! Why not go to be kissed at Windsor in all their innocent freshness? Why should they be forwarded to their parents, now too from Scotland, smelling of gunpowder, in which is so much brimstone?

A Humbug of Society.

Poets may write it up, moralists may preach it, and editors may prate about the elevating influences of education and accomplishment upon females; but practically it isn't worth a straw.—Mary may be a good scholar—paint, draw, dance, sing and play, but so long as her father and mother peddle pop-beer and ginger bread, Mary cannot be more than third rate, in the estimation of society at large, or rather we should say among the best people—people who handle moral questions as you would a decayed cat, with a pair of tongs. Again it is said to be an excellent thing to earn one's bread, to be independent in so far as the daily wants of a healthful body are concerned. But just you let a young lady go to work, to retrieve a lost fortune, in a tailor's shop, millinery establishment, or printing office, and see how many noses are turned up by her late associates, and by many, too, who daily hang on to the skirts of a rich uncle, too proud to work.

And again, you see how sudden the change from the respectable work-woman to the snob, when some freak of fortune brings to a serving girl a fashionable home. How forgetful!

Well, well—it is human nature we suppose to be proud, and however ridiculous it appears, it's no use arguing or sneering against it. But it does make one laugh occasionally to see people straighten up so suddenly and so smart.

A letter writer, who sends jottings forth from Cincinnati, tells the following story as one that actually occurred in that city:

A very amusing incident occurred on Walnut street the other day, illustrative of the natural instinct of one sheep to follow another. A small drove was coming up the street, and when they arrived opposite the Gibson House, the foremost made a rush to go into an alley, but a man suddenly coming out, somewhat frightened the sheep, and it, deviating slightly from the true course, darted into a fancy lamp store, followed by the whole flock. The crowd eager to witness the sport, instantly blockaded the door, so that there was no mode of egress for the unceremonious visitors, and as said lamp store was too contracted to suit their peculiar notions and wishing to regain their liberty as speedily as possible, saw no other means of escape but through the window. One of them made a break and leaped clear through the show window upon the pavement, demolishing in its progress glass ware, china, &c., with an alacrity truly praise worthy. The crowd immediately fall back from the door and allowed a free passage, but every sheep jumped through that hole, in the window.

The man who beats the drum for the "March of Time," also plays on the "Horn of plenty."

The Arctic Ocean.

It almost makes us shiver to think of it, and we can't commence to write of it without putting on our overcoat and piling more coal on our fire.—Now, then, we are more comfortable, and feel *warmly* for the sufferers in those Northern Seas. Sir John Franklin and his gallant crew have doubtless long ago, met with martyrs' deaths.—But their gloomy fate did not deter others from investigations and eager searchings for the Northwest passage. For three years, Capt. McClure has toiled amid the dreary icebergs, far away from all traces of civilization or humanity. But at last he has accomplished a triumph. He has demonstrated the important fact that a vessel can pass through the Arctic ocean from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The world may admire and wonder at the heroic daring of the "child of destiny;" they may build monuments to the philanthropy of Howard; they may venerate the achievements of mind everywhere, but they should not forget the measure of praise due to the brave Captain, who has breasted the snows and icebergs, and faced the ghastly form of death in accomplishing a long sought, but hitherto impracticable scheme. Let the world know it; and let the world praise the brave, gallant, heroic McClure.—*Pittsburgh Union.*

The Farmer—A Pretty Picture.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed from any source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of a man as the lord of the inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a portion is his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generations before him moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who will follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home.

Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his forefathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of their daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tragedy is connected with every inclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in his boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell, which called his father and forefathers to the house of God, and near at hand is the spot where his parents are laid to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of an owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them: they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart, they are the life spring of a freeh, healthy, and generous national character.

Christmas in Van Diemain.

For many years I have been accustomed to eat my Christmas dinner in a white jacket, and a loose shirt collar, the door and windows thrown wide open admitting the warm and sluggish breeze, the scent of summer flowers and newly made hay. A much prized lump of ice, cooling my tepid lemonade, has long been to me the only sign of frost—the sole memento of old country Christmas weather. The Damamania a dessert of juicy, English cherries, ripe, jolly looking gooseberries, ruddy bunches of newly gathered currants, and delicious strawberries, formed a repast far more in keeping with the weather than the dinner of roast beef and hot plum pudding, which in obedience to the good old custom, we vainly strove to swallow. But still, in Australia, as in every English colony, whatever be its latitude, Christmas retains its old associations and loved usuages, and the yule log, and midnight waits, the rich spice cake and mellow cheese, recall to the long absent settler many a happy christmas of his boyhood.

☞ The New York Mirror relates the following incident:

Col. John Harper was employed in one of his lower counting rooms, when the startling announcement was brought to him that the building was on fire, coupled with the enquiry—'What portion of the property shall we save first, sir?'

'Never mind the property,' replied Mr. Harper—'save the lives.'

'This is a sad calamity, sir,' said a friend to Mr. John Harper, alluding to the conflagration,—'a large number of poor persons thrown out of employment.'

'Oh yes,' answered Mr. Harper, 'God bless them, they must be seen to.'

Another of the brothers not present at the fire, when he heard of it, asked, 'Are there any lives lost?' 'No,' was the reply. 'Then,' said he, 'All is well.' With such a spirit to meet such a calamity, all will be well, and the indefatigable Harpers, backed by the warm sympathies of the community and the country, will rise from the ashes of this conflagration Phœnix like. No loss of property can overwhelm such men.

VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.—Every man under God, has his destiny in his own hands. If he will be virtuous, he may be. If he is virtuous, he cannot but be happy. Like the suffering Redeemer, he may and will be "a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief" but his consolation shall flow like a river, and his righteousness and happiness shall roll like the waves of a peaceful sea; following one after another, until they bear him to the bright and beautiful land beyond the tomb. Reader! art thou poor? art thou tried by thine infirmities? art thou persecuted by enemies? Still "Hope on, hope ever," be the motto of thy life.—Still be virtuous, and your triumph shall be certain. I do not know a single young man who started with me in life, guided by a virtuous intent, who has failed of success. Many of that class are scattered to and fro on the earth. Fierce blasts and pelting storms beat upon many of them to this day, but every one of them now living who has been virtuous, has won for himself a good degree in his sphere; and many shall rise up and bless the hour when these young men were born.

IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.—One of the earlier founders of the cotton trade, in England, purchased an estate in a neighboring country, from a peer, for several hundred thousand pounds. The house with its furniture was to remain precisely as it stood.—When the purchaser took possession he missed a small cabinet from the hall, worth some three or four pounds. He applied to the late owner about it.

'Well,' said the noble lord, 'I certainly did order it to be removed. It is an old family cabinet, worth more from its associations than anything else; I hardly thought you would have cared about so trifling a matter in so large a purchase.'

'My lord,' was the characteristic answer, 'if I had not all my life attended to trifles, I should not have been able to purchase this estate, and, excuse me for saying so, perhaps if your lordship had cared more about trifles, you might not have had to sell it.'

The last dog story is from Fayetteville, Arkansas, where a farmer's dog has been detected in going to the hog pen at night and biting one of the hogs till he gets up, when "Archy" lies down in the warm place and goes to sleep.

☞ A judge once reprimanded a lawyer for bringing several small suits into court, remarking that it would have been better for the parties, had he pursuaded his client to an arbitration of some two or three honest men.

'Please your Honor,' said the lawyer, 'we did not want to trouble honest men with them.'

Odds and Ends.

The following from the pen of a celebrated author should be attentively read by every man who appreciates sound truth and wholesome instructionn:

Breathes there a man with sool so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
I will my county paper take,
Both for my own and family's sake.

If such there be, let him repent,
And have the paper to him sent,
And if he'd pass a happy winter,
He in advance should pay the printer!

Too much gravity argues a shallow mind.

Nothing is given more liberally than advice.

Debt is a perfect bore.

All nature dies and lives again.

A stern necessity—a ships rudder.

Always drive doubts into certainties.

When we seek after wit, we discover only foolishness.

A bachelor is a target which flirts and coquettes shoot at.

Mature deliberation is always better than hasty decision.

The man who "flew into a passion," has found his way out.

The fellow who was "taken by surprise," has been released.

When a man cannot contain himself, is he too large or too small?

Infidelity is the confusion of weak minds and the resource of guilty ones.

Nothing elevates us so much as a spirit similar yet superior to our own.

God made all men free, but is it known that he promised to keep them so.

The body of the young man who "feel into a reverie" has been recovered.

The fellow who "carried out a project," was obliged to bring it back again.

Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius.

If you want things that will *take*, just get a $5 silk umbrella, or a pretty wife.

The bakers of Philadelphia have resolved not to bake or serve bread on Sunday.

Why are chickens necks like door-bells? Because they are often wrung for company.

English railway companies now refuse to take defaced coin from passengers for fare.

The everlasting Gardiner case is again before the criminal court in Washington city.

Blame not before you have examined the truth. Understand first, and then rebuke.

Be careful how you promise, but when you have promised, be careful how you fulfill.

Girls always look pleased when matrimony, new bonnets, and sleigh rides are talked about.

Always doubt the sincerity of a girl's love when you see her wipe her mouth after you kiss her.

Young ladies are like arrows—they are all in a quiver when the *beau* comes and can't go off without them.

If a "*miss* is as good as a *mile*," as the old adage has it, how many *young men* does it take to make a *league?*

Get possession of the whole world, and if you measure your own shadow, you will not find it one jot larger than before.

A wise man being asked how old he was, replied, "I am in health," and being asked how rich he was, said, "I am not in debt."

Though a great man may, by a rare possibility, be an infidel, yet an intellect of the highest order must build upon christianity.

A miner on Spanish Flat, California, a short distance from Auburn, found, last month, a lump of pure gold worth five hundred dollars.

There is a proposition before the Legislature of South Carolina, for appropriating $30,000 toward the erection of a monument to the late Mr. Calhoun.

John Mitchell and Thomas F. Meagher, the Irish exiles, will commence the publication of a newspaper in New York, on the 8th of January, called "*The Citizen.*"

The jury in the libel case of Fry vs. Bennett, of the New York Herald, have rendered a verdict against Bennett of ten thousand dollars damages and costs.

Whenever we find our temper ruffled toward a parent, a wife, a sister, or a brother, we should pause and think, that in a few more months or years, they will be in the spirit land, watching over us, or perchance we should be there watching over them left behind.

ELEGANT IMPROMPTU.—

Truth is mighty,
So is cheese;
Fanny's flighty,
So are fleas.

Figs are "some,"
And so's a figure;
Steel is strong,
And so's a nigger.

An honest, virtuous man lives not to the world, but to his own conscience. He, as the planets above, steers a course contrary to that of the world.

Let a woman be decked with all the embellishments of art and nature—yet if boldness is to be read in her face, it blots out all the lines of beauty.

A very honest chap in Boston, who wishes to sell his horse, advertises it as follows:

"For sale, a brown horse, with a Roman nose, in condition, and very fond of travelling—having run away four times within a week."

Kissing a pretty girl 'down south,' a young gentleman asked her 'what made her so sweet?' 'Oh,' she replied, in utter innocence, 'my father is a sugar planter!'

Unsophisticated manners are the genuine ornaments of a virtuous mind.

Good breeding shows itself most, where to an ordinary size it appears least.

The lady who "swallowed a story," has been troubled with dyspepsia ever since.

More suicides occur in New England, than in all the rest of the United States.

It is a *fact*, not a joke, that dogs are cooked and served up in Paris as hares and rabbits.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise *against* and not *with* the wind.

A conspiracy to destroy the life of Cassius M. Clay, has been discovered and thwarted in Kentucky.