AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

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By John B. Bratton.

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ADDRESS
OF THE CARRIER
OF THE
AMERICAN VOLUNTEER,
JANUARY 1, 1855.

Again I come, with mirth and song,
To tell how wags the world along;
Again I bring, in brief review,
The scenes Time's newest pencil drew—
The grand account of smiles and tears,
The long array of hopes and fears,
The bridal robe, pall-covered bier,
The children of the by-gone year.
Last New Year's morn I sang my lay—
'Twas much like this I sing to-day:
I mourned the past in solemn strain,
I mourn it now, shall mourn again,
Time flies, and with it friends and foes;
Each year the heart more flinty grows—
To-day, we smile to think we wept
When last this festal day was kept;
Anon, we'll weep; and so till death,
Our feelings change with fortune's breath.
Breathe she the damp, chill air of woe,
Our hearts will throb, our eyes o'erflow;
Breathe she the air of joy and mirth,
No sigh proclaims the bosom's dearth;
But smile, and jest, and jovial laugh,
Proclaim how sweet the cup we quaff.
Thanks to the limner of the sky,
We've equal cause to smile and sigh;
If some are gone and others dead,
There's yet a few to love instead;
If times are hard and money short,
We can but seek some cheaper sport;
If friends look grum, we'll not complain,
They'll smile before we call again.
At home, here, we've enough to make
"A little for the stomach's sake;"
Since edibles are scarce and dear,
It kept us busy all the year.
Crops failed, they say, why will they fail,
When they are always *ready sale?*
Why can't they come all years alike?
Why must the crops get on a strike?

All have not fared so well as we,
The plague on land and wrecks at sea,
Fire, sword, and famine, all have made
For Fifty-four a death-like shade.
On Alma's crimson field are laid,
By cannon ball and reeking blade,
The flower of Britain's stalwart sons,
The Turks, the Gaul's, the laudless Huns—
Laid on the same green turf to sleep,
While in each land the hearth-stones weep;
And Turkey's Britain's Gallias tear
Proclaims their tribute to the year.
But not by human force and skill
Were all in dreamless sleep laid still;
The Crimea's curse, the pestilence,
Breathed its fierce breath to drive them thence,
And many who escaped the fray
Have fallen at a later day—
Not on the field with front to foe—
The cholera bath laid them low.
Then, on Sebastopol's huge walls
Have rattled burning shells and balls;
Sorties were made to be repulsed—
The allies now, with fear convulsed,
Retreat and all but lose the field,
Too weak to fight, too proud to yield;
And now, with madness, rage and hate,
And courage worth a better fate,
Exhaust their failing strength to gain
An entrance; but they strive in vain,
For blood must dye—dyed dye its wall,
Ere they can win Sebastopol;
Each battlement, each a[illegible] street,
"And every turf beneath their feet,"
Must of their life-blood freely taste
Ere Russia's horde can be displaced.
And while Britannia's sons thus lie,
Bleaching beneath a foreign sky—
While many, England's fame to save,
Rush madly to a soldier's grave,
Victoria gaily chats at ease
To youngsters on her royal knees,
Plays with her pups in her retreat,
A comfortable country-seat,
And makes, sometimes, too hot the house
For her returning royal spouse.
While Frenchmen shout their battle cry,
And meet grim death with dauntless eye,
If in that death are laurels won
For them and for Napoleon,
Le Grande Napoleon toys with dames,
Amuses them with favorite games,
And sometimes, when they'd see the wars,
He plays them on the *Champs de Mars.*
Soon may this useless contest cease
And Europe smile with tranquil peace;
If monarchs still for conquest burn
Let Vic. and Louis take a turn.

At times, our own sky darkened, too,
Its stars assumed a pallid hue,
And in the distance seemed to loom
War's cloud of terror and of gloom.
Thanks to our Heav'n-born destinies,
Our flag still greets the western skies;
And may it ever float as free,
O'er our own land, o'er every sea,
All spotless, pure, triumphant be
Till time ends in eternity.

The dark death-angel swiftly flitted o'er
Our western valleys and our eastern shore;
Tore son from sire, the bridegroom from his bride;
Levelled with dust stern manhood in his pride;
Hushed the weak infants low and mournful cry;
Called from his sports the merry boy to die;
Hushed the low whispered pledge by maiden given
And bade her plight a holier troth to Heaven;
Tore the proud lover from his promised wife,
And forced old age to bid adieu to life.
Heaven, for the time, refused to earth her rain;
And toiled the weary husbandman in vain;
The prudent, in the gloomy future peer,
And see starvation in the coming year.
A sterner fate—a harder, lowlier lot—
A gloomy sky, whose bright stars glimmer not—
Old, ragged garments—far too frugal fare,
And, crowning all, a mountain weight of care,
Have been the birth-right of no "scattered few,"
While smiles and flowers your life's broad path-way strew.
Then for earth's mourning ones we have a tear,
Another for the fallen of the year,
And one short prayer, but from the heart and pure,
For Heaven's neglected ones, the hapless poor.

And now, kind friend, before I leave your door,
You'll please remember that I too am poor;
I do not beg, but as a right demand
Some compensation at your friendly hand
For duties I unflinchingly perform
In summer's heat and winter's driving storm
I do not ask a price—yourself may judge—
At least a QUARTER you will not begrudge;
And many "happy New Years" may you have
Long after fifty-five has in its grave.

GEO: L. GOUCHER,
Carrier of Volunteer.

☞ One of the political divines at the Tabernacle, on Saturday evening, alluded to Connecticut in highly complementary terms, calling her the 'Nutmeg State,' and immediately added, 'Where is the greater?'

A REPROOF.—The Bishop of Oxford was rebuking one of his clergy for following the hounds. 'My lord,' replied the clergyman, 'every man must have some relaxation, and I assure your lordship I never go to balls.'

'Ah!' said the Bishop, 'I perceive you allude to my having been at the Dutchess of Sutherland's party; but I give you my word I never was in the same room with the dancers.'

'My lord,' responded the clergyman, 'my mare and I are getting old, and *we are never in the same field with the hounds.*'

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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THE OUTCAST.

Such of our Scottish readers who were personally familiar with the transactions and incidents during the late war, may remember a small building that stood at the end of one of the small streets of Leith, at the door of which the union jack was seen flying from morning till night. It was the rendezvous of the press gang, whilst employed in their revolting occupation ashore, and where they were regularly locked in every night, to prevent the risk of collision between them and the citizens, to whom they were, as a matter of course, particularly obnoxious.

The commanding officer, on the station, at the period of the following incident, was a man peculiarly unfitted, by *inclination* at least, for the duties imposed on him in the impressment proceedings, being of a most humane and kind disposition. He was, besides a native of Leith, where he resided in a house of his own, unless when his presence was necessarily required on board. He had also a private room in the round-house, as it may be termed, above mentioned, where he attended with great punctuality, in order that his presence might prove a check to the brutal and licentious natures of the pressgang—the most reckless and desperate characters amongst the crew, being, as is well known, always selected for the worse than slave-traffick in which they are employed.

In the above room, then, Captain Gillespie was seated one evening, when he was informed that a gentleman desired to speak with him, and, at his desire, the stranger was introduced. He was evidently a mere youth, slightly and elegantly made, and was very fashionably dressed. Captain Gillespie was particularly struck with the handsome, and as he thought, feminine cast of his features—a peculiarity that corresponded well with the soft and silvery tones of his voice, when, after considerable hesitation, he stated the purpose of his visit. This was no other, than to request that he might be taken on board a man-of-war, to serve as a common sailor! Captain Gillespie expressed no little astonishment at one of his tender age and elegant appearance having adopted so strange a resolution, and begged to question him as to his motives for so doing—whether he had reflected sufficiently on the consequences of such a step, the hardships he must endure, and so forth. The youth declined giving any explanation on these points, and merely reiterated his determination of entering the navy. The worthy officer was exceedingly moved at the youth's situation. He was evidently of a superior rank in life, had been carefully and delicately brought up, and his replies showed that he knew nothing at all of the world. The captain, however, secretly felt more compassion than surprise at the circumstance. He knew that instances were then of frequent occurrence, of young men of the very best families, whose ardent and untutored imaginations were blown into enthusiasm by the inflated and high-colored accounts every day put forth of our splendid naval triumphs, and with heads filled with visions of glory, and hearts with patriotism, leaving all the comforts and elegancies of home behind, little dreaming of the rough ordeal they must undergo in the path to eminence or glory.

Such an instance did the kind hearted officer conclude was now before him. Young as he was from experience all the rough realities of his profession, he endeavored to persuade the young enthusiast to abandon or at least postpone his resolution, but finding all his arguments unavailing, he determined to give him a foretaste, at least, the sort of company he would have to associate with on board. When the junior officer, therefore, came on shore to relieve him for the night, he ordered him to lock the young man in the same apartment with the rascals of the press gang; and directed, also, that he should be brought to his house next morning at breakfast-time.

The youth, accordingly, appeared at the appointed hour, and Captain Gillespie saw, at a glance, that the experiment he had tried had not been without its effect, or rather, that it had succeeded much beyond what he had intended. In fact, he was shocked at the alteration which he saw in the young man's features since the preceding evening, and almost repented the plan he had put in practice. He shook him kindly by the hand, and then, in as indifferent a tone as he could assume, requested to know if he still adhered to his determination of becoming a sailor. For a while the young man sat mute and rigid as marble, and seemed totally *unconscious of the meaning of the words* addressed to him, but at last fell on his knees before Captain Gillespie, and in a passion of tears and sobs, so violent as seemed almost to rend his frame, disclosed what his compassionate hearer had already begun distantly to suspect, that the unhappy young creature before him was—a female!

Captain Gillespie raised the suppliant before him, and endeavored to sooth her by all the persuasion he was master of, but it was long before he succeeded. When at length she became composed enough to speak, she frankly told her short and simple tale: She was the youngest daughter of a gentleman of considerable property in a neighboring county. About six months previous to the indiscretion of which she had been guilty, a young relative, a lieutenant in the navy, had obtained leave for a short visit to her fathers house. The young officer had but lately obtained his commission, was consequently in high spirits, and being quite an enthusiast in his profession, could speak of nothing else but the scenes and battles—for he had already seen a deal of hard fighting—in which he had been engaged, depicting them, of course, *in the most glowing colors that* a young and ardent imagination could suggest. In these details, although listened to with due attention, and perhaps interest, by the rest of the family, the young sailor found one who evidently sympathized, as it were, with his own feelings, but the youngest of his cousins, of whom there were four, all daughters. It was natural, therefore, that he should show a preference to her company in comparison with her sisters, although his predilection arose solely from the vain glorious pleasure of having a ready, a delighted listener. Anything like love addresses he had never once offered to her—and it afterwards, indeed, appeared that his affections were pre-engaged—but his buoyant spirit and joyous language—his aspirations after naval fame—his handsome and animated countenance, together with the decided partiality he displayed for her society, all these wrought upon the young and simple girl's imagination, to a degree of which she was not herself conscious until he was gone. It was then, and for the first time, she felt how much her happiness was at the disposal of another, and what a dreary blank the world appeared without his presence. Time, perhaps, might have enabled her to regain her equanimity, but she was subjected to distress from other sources. Her father—a cold, austere man, a stern disciplinarian in his family, and who regarded any unbending from that rigid demeanor of stately and ceremonious reserve which was the rule of his own department, as like an infraction of moral propriety and a derogation from his rank—had observed with swelling indignation his daughter's artless admiration of her cousin, and, at the departure of the latter, let loose the full measure of his wrath upon her.

Her sisters, too, whose minds were formed on their father's model and burned, moreover, with spite and jealousy at the preference shown by any eligible and marriageable man to one younger than themselves, persecuted her without mercy. The poor girl's life soon became so wretched, between her domestic troubles and her love for her absent cousin, that she at last determined to fly from her father's house, and follow her lover to sea. So ignorant was she of worldly matters, that, hearing that a "frigate of war" was lying in Leith Roads, the name of which she never had heard of except from the lips of her cousin, she simply concluded he must be there, and had accordingly applied, as we have seen, to be accepted as a shipmate.

Such was the simple story of the poor girl who seemed overwhelmed with shame and remorse at her folly, and with despair at the probable consequences of it. Captain Gillespie said all he could to console her; promised to write to her father for his forgiveness, which he was sure she would obtain, and tried to cheer her, by saying that her foolish prank would soon be forgotten. But her agitation and distress only broke out afresh. She knew, she said, her father too well to think there was any hope of his mercy: and even if he did forgive her, her sisters would break her heart with taunts and reproaches. No other course, however, was left to her new and kindhearted friend; and he accordingly wrote off the same day to Mr. Hume—for such was his name—informing him of his daughter's situation, and urging all he could to deprecate his indignation, and palliate his daughter's conduct, which he assured him, she most deeply repented. He also had the weeping runaway removed immediately to the house of a female relation in the neighborhood, where every attention was paid her.

Captain Gillespie waited anxiously for a reply to his letter, which he felt quite confident would be in the person of Mr. Hume himself, rejoiced to discover and take back his erring daughter to his arms. The answer, indeed, came punctually by return of post—his own letter enclosed in a blank cover! Captain Gillespie was thunder struck. His honest and unsophisticated mind was quite unable to comprehend the possibility of such a thing. It presented human nature to him in a light which was perfectly new to him; and he examined his own letter and the envelope more than once, to make sure that the fact was really true. A parent to refuse forgiveness to a penitent child for such a mere act of youthful folly! Was it in the heart of erring man to do it? It was impossible. There must be some mistake—some misconception: he would write again. He wrote again accordingly, repeating what he had stated in his former letter, and adding everything else he could think of in mitigation of his fair charge's indiscretion. He concluded by remarking—which was the fact, that she seemed fast sinking under her misery: and begged him as a Christian and a parent, to hasten to her relief, and save her life by pronouncing her forgiveness. It was in vain. His letter was again returned to him as before, with, however, the following laconic note in the envelope: "Mr. Hume knows no such individual as that referred to in the enclosed, and begs that no more communications may be sent to him."

It was from another quarter that the intelligence was conveyed to this mourning family which in every part related exactly as it reached us. In saying so, we are not practising one of those arts by which the writers of narratives, probable and otherwise, so often attempt to abuse the confidence of their readers. The story is positively true, and such, in our opinion, is its chief value, as its publicity in this place may perhaps raise a feeling of repentance in that unnatural heart, hitherto so obdurate. Such an anecdote cannot fail to suggest in every mind a reflection upon the guilt which may occasionally attach to a character, in every common respect held as above impeachment. A man may be, in the sense of the world, respectable, for the discharge of almost every obligation of life—may be, in fact, both moral and religious to the full degree required by the eye of the world; and yet he may, in a mere excess of certain feelings, which, in a moderate degree, might be laudable and beneficial, do that which all ordinary men would shudder at, or, as in the present case, make such omissions of duty, as, in a later and better state of *heart, are fit raise within him the most exquisite* tortures of remorse and despair. At the same time the moral may be fairly drawn by the young and inexperienced—that one false step in life, one trifling aberration from the strictest rules of propriety, may be visited with a degree of punishment which no previous calculation could have anticipated, and which, even on *general principles of justice, may be condemned.*

☞ A new anecdote of John Randolf of Roanoke is always welcome; this is given by the Norfolk *News:*

'He was travelling through a part of Virginia in which he was unacquainted, and in the meantime, he stopped during the night at an inn near the forks of the road. The inn keeper was a fine gentleman, and no doubt, one of the first families of the Old Dominion. Knowing who his distinguished guest was, he endeavored during the evening to draw him into a conversation, but failed in all his efforts — But in the morning when Mr. Randolf was ready to start, he called for his bill, which, on being presented, was paid. The landlord, still anxious to have some conversation with him, began as follows:

'Which way are you travelling, Mr. Randolf?'

'Sir?' said Mr. R., with a look of displeasure.

'I asked,' said the landlord, 'which way are you travelling?'

'Have I paid my bill?'

'Yes.'

'Do I owe you anything more?'

'No.'

'Well, I'm just going where I please—do you understand?'

'Yes.'

The landlord by this time got somewhat excited, and Mr. Randolf drove off. But, to the landlord's surprise, in a few minutes he sent one of his servants to inquire which of the forks of the road to take. Mr. Randolph not being out of hearing distance, the landlord spoke at the top of his breath:

'Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me one cent; just take which you please.'

It is said that the air turned blue with the curses of Randolph.

☞ A retired schoolmaster excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit he never feels quite himself unless he's handling the rod.

☞ Charles Lamb hit the hydropathists when he said—'Water cure was as old as the deluge, only that the first great application killed more than it cured.'

☞ 'I sell peppermints on Sundays,' remarked a good old lady who kept a little candy shop, 'because they carries 'em to church and eats 'em, and keeps awake to hear the sermon; but if you want pickled limes you must come on week days. They're secular commodities.'

THE WORSTED STOCKING.

A TRUE STORY.

'Father will be done the great chimney to-night, mother,' said little Tom Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast, which he carried to him at his work every morning.

'He said he hoped all the scaffolding would be down to-night,' answered his mother, 'and that'll be a fine sight; for I never liked the ending of those great chimneys—it's so risky—thy father is to be the last up.'

'Eh, then, but I'll go and see him, and help 'em to give a shout afore he comes down,' said Tom.

'And then, continued his mother, if all goes right, we are to have a frolic-to-morrow, and go into the country and take our dinner, and spend all day amongst the woods.'

'Hurrah,' cried Tom, as he run off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand and some bread in the other. His mother stood at the door watching him as he went merily whistling down the street, and then she thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged in, and then her heart sought its sure refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treasures.

Tom with a light heart, pursued his way to his father, and leaving him his breakfast, went to his own work, which was at some distance. In the evening on his way home, he went round to see how his father was getting on. James Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen had been building one of those lofty chimneys, which in our great manufacturing towns almost supply the place of other architectural beauty. This chimney was one of the highest and most tapering that had ever been erected: and as Tom, shading his eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun, looked up to the top in search of his father, his heart almost sank within him at the appalling height. The scaffolding was almost down: the men at the bottom were removing the last beams and poles. Tom's father stood alone on the top.—He looked all around to see that *everything was* right, and then waving his hat in the air, the men below answered him with a long, loud cheer, little Tom shouting as heartily as any of them. As their voices died away, however they heard a very different sound—a cry of alarm and horror from above! 'The rope! The rope!' The men looked round and coiled upon the ground lay the rope, which before the scaffolding was removed, should have been fastened to the chimney for Tom's father to come down by! The *scaffolding had been taken down* without remembering to take the rope up.—There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope up high enough *to reach the top of the chimney*: or if they could, it would hardly have been safe. They *stood in silence and dismay*, unable to give any help or think of any means of safety.

And Tom's father. He walked round and round the little circle, the dizzy height seeming every moment to grow more fearful, and the solid earth further and further from him. He shut his eyes; he felt as if the next moment, he would be dashed to pieces on the ground below.

The day had passed as industriously and swiftly as usual with Tom's mother at home.—She was always busily employed for her husband and children, in some way or other, and to-day she had been harder at work than usual, getting ready for the holiday to-morrow. *She had just finished all her preparations*, and her thoughts were silently thanking God for her happy home, and for all the blessings of life, when Tom ran in: his face was as white as ashes: and he could hardly get his words out. 'Mother! mother, he cannot get down.'

'Who lad? Thy father?' asked his mother.

'They're forgotton to leave him the rope,' answered Tom, still scarcely able to speak.—His mother started up horror-struck, and stood for a moment as if paralyzed: then pressing her hands over her face, as if to shut out the horrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help, she rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd had collected round the foot of the chimney, and stood there quite helpless, gazing up with faces full of sorrow.—'He says he'll throw himself down,' exclaimed they, as Mrs. Howard came up. 'He is going to *throw himself down.*'

'Thee munna do that, lad!' cried the wife, with a clear, hopeful voice: thee munna do that. Wait a bit. Take off thy stocking lad, and unravel it, and let down the thread with a bit of morter. Dost hear me, Jem?'

The man made a sign of assent, for it seemed as if he could not speak; and, taking off his stocking, unravelled the worsted thread, row after row. The people stood around in breathless silence and suspense, wondering what Tom's mother could be thinking of, and why she sent him in such haste for the carpenter's ball of twine.

'Let down one end of the thread with a bit of stone, and keep fast hold of the other,' cried she to her husband. The little thread came waving down the tall chimney, blown hither and thither by the wind, but at last it reached the outstretched hands that were waiting for it. Tom held the ball of string, while his mother tied one end of it to the worsted thread.—'Now pull it up slowly,' cried she to her husband, and she gradually unwound the string as the worsted drew it gently up. It stopped—the string had reached her husband. 'Now hold the string fast, and pull it up,' cried she, and the string grew heavy and hard to pull, for Tom and his mother had fastened the thick rope to it. They watched it gradually and slowly uncoiling from the ground, as the string was drawn higher.

There was but one coil left. It had reached the top. 'Thank God! thank God!' exclaimed his wife. She hid her face in her hands in silent prayer, and tremblingly rejoiced. The rope was up. The irons to which it should be fastened were there all right; but would her husband be able to make use of them—would not the terror of the past hour have so unnerved him, as to prevent him from taking the necessary measures for his safety? She did not know the magic influence which her few words had exercised over him. She did not know the strength that the sound of her voice, so calm and steadfast, had filled him with—as if the little thread that carried him the hope, had conveyed to him some portion of that faith of God, which nothing ever destroyed or shook in her true heart. She did not know that, as he waited there, the word came over him—'Why art thou cast down, O, my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God.' She lifted up her heart to God for hope and strength. She could do nothing more for her husband, and her heart turned to God, and rested on him as on a rock.

There was a great shout. 'He's safe, mother, he's safe,' cried little Tom. 'Thou'st saved me, Mary,' said her husband, folding her in his arms. 'But what ails thee? Thou seem'st more sorry than glad about it.' But Mary could not speak; and if the strong arm of her husband had not held her up she would have fallen to the ground—the sudden joy, after such great fear had overpowered her. 'Tom,' said his father, 'let thy mother lean on thy shoulder, and we will take her home.' And in their happy home they poured forth their thanks to God, for his great goodness; and their happy life together felt dearer and holier for the peril it had been in, and for the nearness that their danger had brought them unto God.—And the holiday next day—was it not indeed a thanksgiving day.

[For the Volunteer.]

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

In compliance with a resolution of a meeting of soldiers of the war of 1812, the undersigned, a committee appointed for the purpose, respectfully submit the following facts for reflection, that the public may rightly understand, and appreciate the object of the meeting of the "old soldiers."

It is a settled principle of all well regulated national governments to reward their faithful servants; and more especially do such governments reward their soldiery, for on them depend the creation, stability, and independence of the nation, let armies be raised in whatever manner they may. The great European powers sustain their nationality by large standing armies, which is always oppressive to the mass of the people, and more particularly so to the laboring class, on whom depends the support of it, as well as to fill its ranks, so that it makes but little difference to the yeomanry of a despotic government, whether they are in the army, or toiling from day to day to support it; hence, many thousands spin out a servile existance in those countries from boyhood up until they are no longer able to bear arms, at which time they are provided by their respective governments. The service in this, a republican government, to sustain its nationality, is quite different. The people being much opposed to a large standing army, it must necessarily be small in time of peace; hence when war becomes necessary, armies have to be promptly raised, either by enlistment, draft, or by voluntary offers, in either case none but those in early manhood are taken. Thus it is, that many, very many, at that age would, or ought to be, preparing for after years, step forward and become defenders of the country in the tented field, some to die from disease brought on by so sudden a change in life, some to die in the battle field, others to be disabled for life by wounds or disease brought on by unusual exposure, while but few return to their homes as well as when they left them, and none return better off than when they started.

It has, no doubt will be again, unkindly said, that soldiers are 'hirelings, who are paid for their services.' In one sense of the word this may be true: but it is well known to all who have had a fair experience in the army, that from the pay they get none can lay up for old age. Nor is this all, for no widow, orphan, or other relative, can be paid for the loss of a husband, father, or other near relative, nor will the pay compensate any man for spending the prime of his life in the service of his country when it needs him, and then when it don't need him to return to his altered home, his health injured, or his limbs maimed, and his estate pillaged, and he a stranger, depositified to commence, as it were, a new apprenticeship.

Again, the heroes of the revolution, (honor be to their memory,) by their toil, suffering and battles, gained our independence and the soil we enjoy. Then to who but they did the soil belong? None other; yet they were not rewarded by government as they should have been. It is true, after waiting long, some were slightly provided for by pensions, &c., while many, very many, went down to their graves in poverty and wretchedness—misfortunes brought on no doubt, by being so long in the service of their ungrateful country. But what has been done for the soldiers of the war of 1812, who faithfully sustained the soil and independence of the country? Why, after waiting nearly forty years, Congress granted in 1850, to some 40, to some 80, and to others 160 acres of land, while it had millions of acres at its disposal, and the treasury overflowing. To the lands thus granted, few, if any could go, being deprived by age and other causes, created by the lapse of time, consequently have had to sell this pittance for what they could get.

Nor was this distribution of land at all equal or just, for those who enlisted under the act of Congress of the 10th of December, 1814, besides getting $124 bounty, actually got *three hundred and twenty acres of land*, and that too when peace was made in 1815, no matter how short a time they served, nor is it altogether the time a man served for which he is rewarded—it is the sacrifice he makes in promptly quitting his business, his home and his friends, to go into the army. And why should a soldier of the war of 1812 wait so long, and then only get 40 acres, while those of the Mexican war got 160 on their return home? Nor has this distribution of land been equal and just in other respects—for the officers, the most responsible persons, and they, who no doubt, sacrificed and risked the most, have not received in any way proportionate to their *responsibilities* and losses. This was not the case in grants of land in the revolution, nor at the making of peace in 1763, at which latter period each field officer got five thousand acres, each captain three thousand, staff and subalterns two thousand acres each, and the United States Congress on the 16th of Sept. 1776, granted lands to all officers according to their rank. So also did New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina, grant large quantities of land to officers according to their respective rank.

Again, officers who were disbanded in 1815, in 1821, and at the end of the Mexican war, received no more land than those who were retained in service, notwithstanding those disbanded may have been in service during the entire war, while some of those retained may not have been in it a month before peace was made.—Will any body say this was justice? We think not.

Further, it will be seen by the act of the 10th of December, 1814, that enlisted men got at the close of the war 160 acres of land, while their officers, who watched over them, ministered to their wants, drilled them into efficiency, led them into battle, and fought at their head, received but forty, eighty or one hundred and sixty acres, after waiting nearly forty years! Such injustice we think has no parallel. On this subject much more can be said, in truth, and in justice, but we deem it unnecessary at this time. We will therefore close, by respectfully and earnestly soliciting all good and reflecting citizens to aid us in making application to Congress for a grant of land, to at least equalize the amount to every non-commissioned officer, musician and private, and a proportionate grant, according to rank, to every commissioned officer who served in the United States army as above.

W. FOULK,
EDW. ARMOR,
M. HOLCOMB, } *Committee.*

Carlisle, Jan. 4, 1855.

☞ Diogenes has an illustration, representing John Bull comfortably seated before a fire, in a room, the walls of which are ornamented with a map of the Crimea. John is perusing an account of a 'glorious victory,' in which 8000 were killed and wounded. His glee is suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who announces a most unwelcome visitor in the words, 'If you please, sir, here's the tax gatherer!'

How Ladie's Combs are made.

A few days since, I peeped into the shop of a horn-dressery. This belongs to the first stage of the business. There were large buffalo horns, first steeped in cold water, then in warm, and after that cut into lengths. The first would be for knife handels, and perhaps the second. These are put into a kind of hot iron vice, and pressed into shape.

Then the next length is taken and the inside pared; and then it is put into a hot press and subjected to a severe pressure, when it turns out a smothe piece of horn, quite like the plain comb top. The edges perhaps, will need a little paring with a pair of shears, and then it is ready to be sent away to another manufactory, where it is subjected to the machinery, which makes the one plain piece of horn into two very nice combs, only they are rather rough. This is to be remedied by another process, which consists of filing and then polishing. Then they have to be bent and lastly stiched upon cards, and packed in parcels, ready for transportation to various parts of the world.

Only think, girls, what a traveller has been that buffalo horn side-comb that you toss about so carelessly. Once it decorated the head of some free wanderer in the great forest of Africa. It was rudely rifled from the head, that it might grace some transatlantic fair one. But before this could be, what a process it must acquire! Carried in the hold of some ship to England, unladefied, and then transported to this mucky town, and then exposed again to the racking tortures that brought it to the utilitarian form of a comb.

The buffalo horn needs no staining. The pressing is sufficient to give it its rich, dark hue. But the horns of the neat cattle require staining, which is done by aquafortis, after the first pressing. This is mostly done by females. But most of the labor is counted too hard, that it requires greater physical strength than they are supposed to possess.

The hoofs of cattle are also made into combs. The process is somewhat similar to that employed with the horn. They require more soaking, and of course a deal of hard pressing, to make them straight; but ten chances to one, the comb that fastens back the curls of some of the fairest of the girls were originally the hoof of some patient ox. Mutatis mutandi! who would have dreamed that the poor worn out hoof of the patient toiler for our bread would have become an ornament to the head of woman? To think of the vast capital employed, and the number of hands that are employed, constantly occupied, the ships that navigate the seas, and the merchants' skill and energy in disposing of the product, one would suppose that these were among the essentials of existence. And yet, far from it. The old grandmother who braided her hair, and fastened it in a knot with a wooden pin, was just as comfortable in that regard as her great grandaughter who is supplied with this modified hoof or horn, in the shape of a comb. She was just as happy. After all, what is required but conformity to those around us? No matter how absurd in itself a thing may be, it only requires the sanction of the multitude to make it the most desirable thing on earth.—*English paper.*

NAPOLEON ON RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.—Gen. CASS, in the Senate Chamber a few days since, in the course of a short speech on religious liberty, quoted the following extract from the speech of NAPOLEON at the time of his coronation. It contains some of the noblest sentiments that great man ever uttered. At this time they possess peculiar interest;

"I see, with pleasure, assembled here, the pastors of the Reformed Church of France, and I embrace with ardor, the opportunity of testifying to them how highly I have been satisfied with the reports that have reached me of the fidelity and good conduct of the pastors and citizens of the different protestant communities. I desire them to understand that it is my intention to maintain the freedom of religious worship. The empire of the laws ends where the undifined empire of conscience begins. Neither the law nor the sovereign can do anything against this freedom. Such are my principles, and those of nature, and if any one of my race, who may succeed me, should forget the oath I have taken, and deceived by the promptings of a false conscience, violate it, I devote him to public censure, and authorize you to give him the name of "Nero."

EIGHTEEN YEARS A CAPTIVE AMONG INDIANS.—The Macoupia (Illinois) Statesman gives an account of a man named Joseph Barney, who made his escape in May last from the Flat Head Indians, in Oregon, after being in captivity for eighteen years. A man named John Robertson was taken captive at the same time. The account thus narrates what occurred after they were taken to the camp of the Indians:

"They were unbound and confined in a hut, where they were fed, but not allowed to escape. The chief offered them his two daughters if they would marry and remain with the tribe. Finding escape utterly impossible for the time being, the terms were accepted, and the marriage took place. The fruits of this marriage were two children, both of whom are still living—a daughter (16) and a son, (14,) both of whom he left with the tribe. Two years ago Robertson attempted to escape, but was retaken, scalped, and burned alive, leaving three children with the tribe. Seven years ago Barney attempted to escape, but was recaptured, and would have been put to death but for the interposition of his wife, who was the daughter of the chief."

PRESIDENT PIERCE IN VIRGINIA.—We published some time since the resolutions adopted by the late democratic Convention in Virginia. One of them was highly complimentary to President Pierce. It was adopted as a substitute for one offered by Mr. Fauntleroy, and, to avoid the inference that this resolution was less complimentary to the administration than that passed, we deem it due to Mr. Fauntleroy to publish his resolution, which was as follows:

"*Resolved*, That Virginia offers her congratulations to President Pierce, because his administration of the great trust, so worthily won, and so gracefully worn, has been, thus far, most eminently national—pre-eminently American. As States-rights men of Virginia, we are grateful to Mr. Pierce for a strict construction of the Constitution, and the rigid confinement of the federal government within the limits of its *delegated powers*, and to the chart of its *granted existence*; and as citizens of this ever-blessed and ever-to-be-cherished Union, we feel a proud assurance that its perpetuity, its glory and its honor, will be the paramount end and aim of his whole administration."—*Wash. Union.*

☞ "Mith Thimmoth," said a lisping little fellow of five, "I'm always real glad when you come a visiting to our house." "Are you my little dear? you are fond of me then?" "No, that ain't it, Mith Timmoth—but cauth then we alwath have two kindth of pie."

TURNING THE AGUE TO ACCOUNT.—The Bellefontaine (Ohio) Republican, says the Hoosiers on the Wabash, turn their 'agy shakes' to some account. They climb into the top of a 'shell-bark,' just as the chill comes on, and by the time the 'personal earthquake' leaves them, there is not a hickory nut left on the tree.

☞ The worst kind of borrower is he who borrows with the intention of repaying; for you know to a moral certainty that he intends to borrow again.

DEEP SNOW.—At Rochester, N. Y., on Thursday, show was 40 inches deep on a level, and still continued to fall; and at Pottsville, in this State, on the same day, it was 18 inches deep, and more coming down.

☞ "Hold your tongue for a fool," said an Irishman to his wife. "Then you'll be after speaking yourself," was the cutting reply.