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THE PRINTER'S DOOM.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

A printer weary and wan,
His face all mortally pale,
As he wearily plodded his homeward way
Before the breaking of early day,
Break out in a bitter wail.

His voice was husky and low,
As though his lungs were gone;
And he cough'd, and gash'd, and cough'd again,
And he press'd his hand on his heart in pain,
While thus his plaint ran on:

"A world of toil is this!
It hath no joy for me:
'Tis labor by day, and labor by night,
By the light of the sun, and by candle-light—
Labor continually.

Some men have a day of rest,
But Sabbath for me is not:
It is toil all the week, and toil on the day
That God has given to rest and to pray—
Lo! this is the printer's lot!

"When I was a boy," he said,
"I play'd on the hills of green;
I swam in the stream—I fish'd in the brook—
And blessed was I to sit and to look
Unfetter'd on nature's scene.

"For twenty sad years or more,
My life has worn away
In musky rooms of poisonous air,
When I've yearn'd for a sight of open day.
And the light of the open day.

"An innocent prisoner doom'd,
My heart is heavy within;
Oh why should a man untainted by guilt,
Who the blood of a creature never hath spilt,
But pent, like a felon, for sin?"

The printer then cough'd and sigh'd—
The stars were growing dim,
And he upwards glanced at the morning sky,
And he inly thought it were good to die,
And death would be rest to him.

His heart was tired of beating;
He pray'd to the Lord above
To pity a man whose heart had been riven
By toil, for other men's interest given,—
And he wept for His mercy and love.

He hied to his humble home.
His infant awoke to cry,
"Oh father! oh mother! I'm hungry for bread!"
And the printer bow'd down, with an aching head,
On his Mary's lap to die.

Oh ye who have never known
The richness that's in a crust
When nothing is found on the desolate shelf,
And the sufferer's pocket is empty of pelf,—
Receive my story on trust.

Say not in your careless scorn,
What boots the tale to you?
The rhymer who traces these roughly-writ rhymes,
Hath known of such sufferers in other day-times,
And the main of his rhyme is true.

Remember this holy truth,—
The man who aloof hath stood
When a heart-broken brother for succour did crave,
And he stretch'd not a finger to bless and to save,
Is verily guilty of blood!

BACHELOR'S HALL.

Bachelor's Hall, what a quare looking place it is!
Kape me from sich all the days of my life!
Sure but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is,
Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.

See the ould Bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,
Placing his tay kittle over the fire—
Soon tips it over; St. Patrick! he's mad enough,
(If he were present) to fight with the Squire.

Now, like a hog in the mortar bed wallowing,
Awkward enough, see him knading his dough,
Troth! if the bread he could ate without swallowing
How he would favor his palate you know.

Pots, dishes, pans and sich grasy commodities
Ashes and prata skins kiver the floor:
His cupboard's and store-house of comical oddities,
Things that had never been neighbors before.

His meal being over, his table's left sitting so,
Dishes take care of yoursilves if you can!
But hunger returns, then he's fuming and fretting so,
Och! let him alone for a baste of a man!

Late in the night when he goes to bed shiverin',
Niver a bit is the bed made at all:
He crapes like a tarapin under the kiverin'
Bed luck to the picture of Bachelor's Hall.

☞ Young man, do you believe in a future state?'

"In course I does—and what's more, I intend to enter it as soon as Betsy gets her things ready.'

"Go to, young man, you are incorrigible—go to."

"Go two? If it wasn't for the law against bigamy, whip me if I wouldn't go a dozen. But who supposed, deacon, that a man of your age would give such advice to a man just starting into life."

☞ Will the rebels ever find a stronghold strong enough to hold?

Charlotte Corday.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

During the French Revolution of 1798, there lived in the city Caen, France, a young lady, Charlotte Corday d'Armont, a grand daughter of the celebrated Corneille. Though born of gentle bood, she had been nutured in the school of adversity, her father being too aristocratic to work, too poor to live comfortably without work. In early life she was placed in a monastery in Caen, where her whole future destiny was influenced by the peculiar discipline to which she was exposed, and the ideas of duty which were inculcated. In the dreams of the cloister her ardent soul became fired with the ambition of exalted deeds, which should render her a benefactress to her race.

After thus living for six years, the Jacobin government suppressed the convent, and she took up her residence with an elderly relative in Caen, where she remained until she was nearly twenty-five years of age. Living amidst the terrible scenes of the revolution, where the guillotine was in constant exercise, and the mob daily demanding the blood of new victims, her thoughts naturally turned to the possibility of stopping these horrors. She mingled as much as possible with the Girondists to ascertain who were the principal agents in those woes which were desolating her native land.

Though Danton and Robspierre were then in their ascendency, the sanguinary delirium of Marat rendered him more conspicuous to the mass of the people, who saw "tyranny and freedom in one man's hand only." To Marat then the eyes of Charlotte Corday were directed, as the one who was deluging the republic in blood. She thought that his death would arrest this flood and save the lives of thousands. It had been announced that he had proscribed twenty-five hundred victims in Lyons, three thousand in Marseilles, twenty-eight thousand in Paris, and three hundred thousand in Brittany. Conspiracies were being organized all over the republic for the overthrow of the bloodthirsty tyrant. The lover of Charlotte Corday, whom she idolized with all the purity and fervor of her impassioned nature was engaged in on of these conspiracies, which, if successful, would cost the lives of thousands, and if unsuccessful would only consolidate the power of the tyrant. Charlotte resolved to free France of the monster at the certain sacrifice of her own life.

All the energies of her being were now aroused for the accomplishment of this object. It was no easy matter for an obscure young lady to get access to the tyrant so as to be able to assassinate him. She, however, formed her plans so cautiously, as to guard against every conceivable cause of failure. Not an individual was admitted to her confidence. Religious enthusiasm contributed its strength to her enterprise for she doubted not that she was engaged in a holy undertaking. Her well read Bible contained a pencil mark around the passage:

"Judith went forth from the city, adorned with a marvelous beauty, which the Lord had bestowed on her to deliver Isreal."

Having made all her arrangements, she informed her friends that she was going to England to seek that asylum which France no longer afforded. A few trifling mementoes were conferred upon her intimate acquaintances, and, on the 9th of July, 1793, she took the diligence for Paris. Her whole worldly possessions consisted of a parcel of clothes, and a volume of Plutarch's Lives.

Charlotte was tall and dignified, with prefuse black hair, and long eye lashes, which seeming even darker than her clustering ringlets, gave great depths to her piercing eyes. Her cheeks were well filled and had the freshness and the health of youth, and were often crimsoned with the blush of excitement or modesty. Her dazzling beauty, winning manners, and vivacity in conversation, quite won the hearts of her fellow travellers, who strove unsuccessfully to draw from her the object of her journey, and her address. One young gentleman became so enamored that he begged permission to solicit of her relatives her hand in marriage. She pleasantly repelled the honor, but promised that he should know more of her ere long.

After a two days' ride, she arrived at Paris and went to a hotel, where she allowed herself a day's rest, that her faculties might be in the best condition.—She had no desire to figure as a heroine. It was not for fame that she wished to sacrifice her life. In the cloister she had learned the lesson of self-abnegation, and rather desired oblivion than notoriety, as more pleasing to God. She also wished the act of assassination to be a sacred, solemn scene, which should strike terror into the hearts of tyrants. She wished it to be public, that many might witness the just retribution of fiend-like cruelty.

Her first plan was to kill Marat in the *Champ de Mars,* at a great celebration, which was to occur on the 14th of July. The adjournment of the ceremony necessitated a change of theatre; and she decided to strike him in the midst of the convention, surrounded by his satellites. She had no doubt that the result to herself would be that her body would be torn limb from limb. This plan was frustrated, as Marat, for some reason, no longer attended the convention.

Her only chance now of meeting him was at his own house; and it was by no means easy to obtain access to him there. Fearing, as all tyrants do, the dagger of assassination, he was carefully guarded. Dissemulation was necessary to accomplish her purpose, and she recoiled from this more than she hesitated to strike the blow. Her frank, honest nature was pained by the necessity of resorting to artifice, but in no other manner could her end be gained. She therefore wrote two letters to Marat, requesting an audience, so worded as to induce him to believe her one of his admirers, yet capable of a different interpretation.

About half-past seven in the evening of the 15th of July, she attired herself in the most attractive manner, and proceeded to the house of Marat. It was an antique, somewhat dilapidated mansion, where the blood-stained tyrant, crowned by the mob, affected the display of the utmost democratic simplicity.—He was in his bath, penning inflamatory appeals and inveighing against his enemies. It was not unusual in that day occasionally to receive visitors in the bath, and Charlotte, after encountering considerable opposition, was conducted to his room.

Marat was wrapped in a soiled bathing robe, his matted hair bound in a dirty handkerchief. His receding forehead, protruding eyes, prominent cheek bones, and sneering mouth, presented but little to cause woman's tenderness to withold the meditated blow. He excited such a lothing in Charlotte that she feared to cast a second glance, lest he should notice her horror and suspect her errand.

With downcast eyes she awaited his questions. He inquired as to the state of Normandy, and asked the names of the deputies in Caen. She gave him some. He wrote them down, exclaiming in a voice of exultation:

"Well before they are a week older, they shall have the guillotine."

At this Charlotte, with all the strength which excitement and the intensest enthusiasm could inspire, plunged a dagger to the hilt into his heart. With one piercing shriek for help, the miserable man fell dead. Charlotte was immediately arrested, tried and condemned to the guillotine. A few days after, all Paris was drawn to her execution, attracted alike by the magnitude of her crime, and her youth and wonderful beauty. She ascended the scaffold with a cheerful and elastic step, and was bound to the block. She was dressed in the red robe of a murderess. A cold rain which was then falling drenched her to the skin. A vast crowd surrounded the guillotine, assailing her with oaths and execrations. She looked around upon them with a smile as if it were an hour of triumph, and they were friends chanting her praises. The plank slowly descended to its place. The axe glided swiftly through the groove, and her head dropped into the basket. The executioner seized it by the hair, and holding it up, smote it violently upon the cheek. The observers report that those cheeks were instantly suffused with a crimson blush, as though dignity and modesty lasted longer even than life.

☞ "Gentleman and Ladies," said the showman, "here you have the magnificent painting of Daniel in the Lion's Den. Daniel can easily be distinguished from the lions by the green cotton umberella under his arm."

A Jocular Epistle from Buckner.

The rebel General Buckner has written the following letter from his headquarters at Fort Warren, to the editors of the Louisville *Journal:*

FORT WARREN, MASS.,
March 4, 1862.

GENTLEMEN: Amongst other luxuries of which I have been deprived since my imprisonment, is the pleasure of persuing those chaste and refreshing notices with which, for sometime past, your paper has honored me: and although in my progress through the North I have met with many attemps on the part of the press at an imitation of your peculiarly felicitous style of misrepresentation, I have found none to equal the original. I am therefore under the necessity of applying to the fountain-head. I enclose two dollars, for which please send me your country daily, to the following address: Gen S. B. BUCKNER,
Care of Col. J. Dimmick,
Fort Warren, Mass.

P. S.—Since writing the above, our friend, Col. R. W. Hanson, has reached this celebrated resort, and desires me to add that the present of a demejohn of whisky which he learns you have promised him would never be more acceptable than at this time—the locality and the latitude, as well as the sentiments of our neighbors up the harbor, holding out most tempting inducements to cultivate a taste for that delightful beverage.—As a matter of caution, however, he urges me to add that he hopes, that if the liquor be of good quality, you will not venture to taste it, as he might thereby incur much risk in losing it altogether—a privation which, however agreeable to yourself, would be attended with serious inconvenience to himself during the prevalence of the prevailing "nor'easters."

S. B. B.

BRECKINRIDGE'S HABITS.—We have just had an interview, says the Louisville Journal, with a gentle man of high character who lives in Hopkinsville.—He says that he heard a lieutenant in the rebel army speak of Jno. C. Breckinridge as a common drunkard. His intoxication was so frequent that he was hardly ever able to perform his official duties. On one occasion a party of soldiers were sent to destroy some liquors in a doggery. but Breckinridge ordered the liquor to be brought to his quarters, when he indulged in a drunken revel.—When his command was ordered to march on Rochester, Green River, he pretended to have rheumatism so badly that he had to stay behind at Russellville dead drunk. The rebel lieutenant added that the Confederates had lost all confidence in him, and regarded him with mingled contempt. Alas for human ambition and folly! A few brief months ago, and he seemed the petted child of fortune, and to-day he is a detested and and despised traitor, groveling in the very gutter of disgrace.

A RATHER PLEASANT INCIDENT.—A few days ago, as Gen. Buell was riding on horseback through the streets of Nashville, an aristocratic lady, a Mrs. W., living in a fine, large house, stood at an open door or window, waved a rebel flag toward him, and cried, "Hurrah for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy!" The General reined in his horse, turned toward the lady, touched his hat with all the courtesy and suavity for which he is remarkable, and, surveying the fine house from top to bottom with the eye of a connoisseur, quietly remarked, "An excellent house for a hospital." In less than two hours every room was full of sick soldiers, and Mrs. W. was politely requested to take kind care of them. We heartily congratulate her upon her blessed privilege of ministering to the needs of suffering patriots.—*Louisville Journal.*

☞ An Illinois assemblyman, debating a question with much earnestness, moved his chair from its usual place, and forgetting it when he had finished, sat down rather solidly where it ought to have been. Above the roar of laughter his voice was heard exclaiming: "Mr. Speaker, I still have the floor.

☞ It is related by the French family of the Duke ds Lewis, that they have a picture in their chateau in which Noah is represented going into the ark, and carrying under his arm a small trunk on which is written, "Papers belonging to the Levis family."

☞ An advertiser in one of the papers says that he has a cottage to let containing eight rooms and an acre of land.

Swarming of the Medical Hives.

CONSOLATION FOR THE SICK. Considering the enormous number of young M. D's that our medical colleges turn out every year, we certainly ought (if there be any virtue in "regular physicking,") to be a much healthier people than we are. But the bills of mortality do not shorten as the list of doctors lengthens. Quite the reverse! Shall we say then with Macbeth, "Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it?" No, that will not do. Nature, when attacked by disease, needs an ally to sustain her. An ally, remember; not a depleting agent, that helps the disease and exhausts her energies. We verily believe that most of the drugs administered in acute diseases have this effect. Such, however, is not the operation of one medicine now generally used in this country for complaints of the stomach, liver and bowels. We mean Holloway's Pills. Of course, our readers are aware that both the Ointment and Pills which bear the name of that distinguished physician and philanthropist, are in the highest possible repute all over the world but we have only had an opportunity to witness the effect of the pill. It gives us pleasure to testify to their efficacy. In dyspepsia and liver complaints they unquestionably work the most marvelous cures. Nay we will even go so far as to say that with this remedy within their reach, no man or woman need ever be long troubled with dyspepsia The pills remove the distress at the stomach, and restore the strength and appetite with a rapidity that is really astonishing. The curative action seems to be the same in all cases, without reference to age constitution, or sex. Such, at least, is the conclusion to which our experience and observation point.—*N. Y. Advocate."*

TWO BROTHES FROZEN TO DEATH.—On Monday the 24th ult., Mr. Micheal Doody, a respectable farmer of Iberville, who resides about seven miles from the village of St. Athanese, Quebec, sent his two sons, aged seventeen and eighteen years respectively, with a sleigh and horse each, to bring home two loads of of wood. They had to go about nine miles to obtain it, and had returned to within two miles of their father's house, when, from the drifting snow and the boisterous state of the weather, it is presumed they were unable to proceed farther on their journey. On Tuesday morning the bodies of the unfortunate youths were found frozen stiff, about three acres distance from the house of Mr. La Rue, on the Chambly.

NOSE AND LIPS.—A sharp nose and thin lips are considered by physiognomists certain signs of a shrewish disposition. As criminal was once on his way to the gallows, proclamation was made that, if any woman would marry him under the gallows, with the rope around his neck, he would receive a pardon.

"I will," cried a cracked voice from the midst of the crowd.

The culprit desired the eager candidate for matrimony to approach the cart, which she did; and he began to examine her countenance.

"Nose like a knife," said he, "lips like wafers. Drive on, hangman."

GEORGE B. CRITTENDEN.—The Nashville *Patriot,* of the 11th inst., says it has frequently heard expressions of surprise that the appointment of George B. Crittenden as major general in the Confederate army was confirmed without an investigation of the Fishing creek defeat. He was confirmed by a bare majority of *one,* and that one was the vote of Tennessee cast by Hon. D. M. Curren, of Memphis, in the absence of his colleagues who had left Richmond for home.

☞ A Young and beautiful, but poor widow, was about to marry a rich old widower. Her friends wished to konw why she wanted to marry him. She replied, "for pure love; I love the ground (meaning the farm, probably) on which he walks, and the very house in which he lives." There is platonic love for you! There is none of your school girl romance in that.

☞ A Jolly old darkey down south bought himself a new hat, and when it commeced raining he put it under his coat. When asked why he didn't keep his hat on his head he replied: "De hat's mine; bought him wid my own money; head b'longs to massa, let he take keer he own property."

☞ The Boston Post lets off the following squib:

"Say, pomp, you nigger, where you get dat new hat?

"Why at de shop, ob course."

"What is de price of such an article as dat?"

"I don't know, nigger—I don't know, de shopkeeper wasn't dar."

☞ While many of the friends of our brave soldiers are grieving over their absence, with heart filled with gloomy forebodings, the army of the Potomac is in admirable physical condition and buoyant spirits. Thousands of the men are happier and healthier now than at any former period of their lives.

☞ Pleasure is sometimes only a change of pain. A man who has had the gout feels first-rate when he gets down to only rheumatism.