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For the Signal.

To One in the Pursuit of Fame.

BY MRS. E. A. W. HOPKINS.

Cease pursuit; not worth possessing
Is the phantom men call *Fame.*
Onward, onward still progressing,
Still the distance is the same.

Early was thy spirit stirring,
To begin the fruitless chase,
Childhood's revelry deferring,
For the wild and eager race.

Early was thy forehead wrinkled
With the graceless folds of care,
Early was thy cheek besprinkled
With the hot tears of despair.

Soon thy lips forgot its laughter,
To be curled with bitter thought,
Things thy spirit panted after,
Joyous childhood never sought.

Early manhood found thee treading
In the hard and thorny way,
Nature, round thee, vainly spreading
Flowers to tempt thy feet astray.

Riper manhood found thee pressing
On, towards the distant goal,
Friendship's smile, and love's caressing
Met no welcome from thy soul.

Now thy locks with gray are blending
On thy temples thin and pale;
Still the journey seems unending,
Fame is, yet, too far to hail!

Hope may be thy spirit rocking
In her cradle, to repose,
But despair e'en now is mocking—
Lo! her shadows round thee close.

Turn thee back—the false one flyeth,
Cold, and stern, and pitiless;
Some who worship she denyeth,
Some who seek her not possess.

Cease, O, cease, the vain endeavor
To be *great*, beneath the skies,
Nought terrestrial lasts forever.
And the *great* are seldom *wise!*

GRAVE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.—A writer in the Norfolk Beacon describes a visit to the grave of this remarkable man. Speaking of the former residence of Mr. Randolph, he says:

After a ride of two or three hours, we entered a forest of tall oaks, and were told by Mr. Cardwell that we were on Mr. Randolph's estate. Shortly, the house that were occupied by the great and eccentric genius, appeared through the intervening trees, built up in the midst of the woods. Not a stump to be seen, not a bush grubbed up; all standing, as if the foot of man had never trodden there. Mr. Randolph would not suffer the primitve aspect of things to be disturbed in the least. Not a tree, or branch, or a switch, was allowed to be cut. During his absence in Europe, a limb of an oak, projecting towards a window of one of the houses, grew so near, the old Essex, fearing the window would be broken, cut the limb off. On Mr. Randolph's return he at once discovered the mutilation, old Essex was called up, and the reasons demanded for cutting off the limb. The old negro told his master he feared the window would be broken. Then, said Mr. Randolph, why did you not move the house

The writer here met John, the former body servant of Mr. Randolph, who treated him and his companion with great politeness, conducting them to the winter and summer houses, and other objects of interest in the vicinity. We copy the description of his last resting-place:

At my request, John directed us to his master's grave, at the foot of a lofty pine, just a few steps in the rear of the summer house. The place was selected by Mr. Randolph twenty years before his death; and by his direction the head was laid to East instead of West, the usual position. It was observed to John that his master had ordered his body to be thus laid, that he might watch Henry Clay. John replied that he had never heard him say anything of the kind. I suppose the position was preferred by Mr. Randolph because it is the Indian sepulchral posture, his decent from Pocahontas, the Indian princess, being one of the things he much boasted of.

A rude unchiseled mass of white rock, found by Randolph on a distant part of his estate, many years before his death, and used by him at the door of one of his houses, as a washstand, marks the head of the grave. A huge mass of brown stone also selected by Mr. Randolph, and used as a step stone to mount his horse, marks the foot of the grave. These rocks were procured and kept for the purpose to which they are now appropriated, and particular direction given to John on the subject.

I can never forget my emotions while standing over the unornamented grave of the gifted and eccentric Randolph. The tall, unbroken forest by which I was surrounded, the silence and gloom that reigned undisturbed amidste the deserted place the thought of the brilliant mind that once animated the remains, then mouldering beneath the sod upon which I was standing, the vanity of earth's promises, and hopes and distinctions, impressed my heart and mind with a degee of solemnity and interest I was unwilling to dissipate.

For the Signal.

A FACT.

Sandusky Bay and the western part of Lake Erie are gemmed with Islands.—Here was won that brilliant victory which gave immortality to the name of Perry, and the American pulse beats proudly, as he glides along, on one of our noble lake steamers, over the scene of his country's triumph, and recalls a thousand interesting reminiscences of Indian life, amid the green isles of our American archepeligo. On one of those islands an event occurred not many years since, that throws a dark shade over that bright scene; from a cause which has shrouded our world in gloom. A man of intemperate habits built a humble cabin upon an island, about half a league from the main land. Here he had lived about three years, supporting himself and family by fishing, hunting and furnishing wood, occasionally, to steam boats. The winters were at best seasons of suffering, and in this bleak home, amid the inclemency of severe and piercing winter, the wife and child of this miserable man were doomed to perish.

The weather had for weeks been extremely severe; hurricanes swept over the frozen surface of the lake; the snow moved in clouds, and drifted in blinding fury; confining man to his hearth, and beasts their shelter. Under such circumstances the sad alternative was presented to the tenant of the island, of perishing by hunger or braving the perils of a journey to the main land in pursuit of provisions. The latter was resolved upon, and he set out with the faithful promise of a speedy return. He reached the shore, and forgot, alas! the misery of his home in the companionship of vice. The tempter seized him, and with an appetite sharpened by abstenance, he sunk deep in the fatal stupor of unconscious inebriation. Thus passed the first day, and the night fearfully wild and cold. Morning brought a thirst for rum, but no memory of home, of wife and child. Three days were thus spent in the horrid delirium of intoxication. Fortunately, in one of these delirious dreams, the miserable victim, unconsciously revealed the circumstances of his home and family. Three or four men immediately set out to convey relief to that deserted wife and child. As they approached the cabin, no sign of life appeared, the silence was ominous of all they had too painfully anticipated. The snow had drifted high against the door, through which they made their way; it had drifted through the crevices of the logs, and covered the floor, and beneath this cold shroud was found the wife and child of that wretched man; the sad remains of all that had made this miserable cabin a home! The mother had perished, apparently seeking to preserve the life of her child—pressing it to her bosom; and the child, after those fountains from which it had drawn the means of life, were cold and rigid as marble, had nestled there, and died; the tear, that hunger had started, stood upon its cheek an ice-drop! With what shall we compare a vice that visits upon the world such woes as this? It stands alone—it first sinks its victims beneath the notice of the common eye, and then with a merciless satisfaction, extorts by protracted torture, the remains of hope and life. How many such scenes have occurred of which the world has taken no note. How many an eye has watched through the gathering gloom of night, and the drifting snows of winter, to catch the form of one whose approach was terror, and whose presence was despair;—whose foot-fall brought a paleness to the cheek, and an agony to the heart, more fearful than the wildest sound in the war elements. What is *home* when invaded by this fell destroyer. Home—around which cluster the graces of Heaven, the innocence of present enjoyment, the promise of the future and the delightful memories of the past; the asylum of virtue, the sanctuary of love. The tempter enters with the fury of a fiend, the malace of an assassin and the envy of a demon; to embitter with passion every cup of joy; to pierce the heart with a poisoned dagger, and blight every hope of a better world in the cheerless desolation of this. Alas! the cheerful melody of the tongue is silent, and the happy circle of the hearth revives no more. "Oh! blodiest picture in the book of time."

The hurricane sweeps over mountain and valley, leaving fields, hamlets and villages, a scene of desolation. But a few revolving seasons renew the ruins; the forest grows up and flourishes in the path of the destroyer—harvests cover the fields—cottages and village smile again in their wonted beauty. But what change of seasons can renew the fields, restore the happy cottage and cheerful village, where the scourge of intemperance has been; blighting where it rests, and marking its burning path with tears and blood! The evening may refuse its gentle dew, the cloud with hold the genial shower, until the heavens are as brass and the earth arid as a desert. But the dew and the shower will again fall and refresh the parched earth, the fountain spring up in the forest, flowers cheer the wilderness and the heart of man rejoice in newness of life. But what shall restore the flowers that have been blighted by intemperance, and give beauty to the world it has blighted. Where, oh! where shall the heart find a fountain, the soul of man a cheering shade, amid this dreary desert of human wo.

NEMO.

Real Greatness.

He who possessed the divine powers of the soul, is a great being, be his place where it may. You may cloth him with rags, chain him to slavish tasks—but he is still great. You may shut him out of your houses, but God opens to him heavenly mansions. He makes no show indeed in the street of a splendid city, but a clear thought, a pure affection, a resolute act of a virtuous life, will have a dignity of quite another kind and far higher, than accumulation of brick and granite, of plaster and stucco, however, cunningly put together or though stretched far beyond our sight. Nor is this all.—Real greatness has nothing to do with a man's sphere. It does not lie in the magnitude of his own outward agency, in the extent of the effects which it produces.—Perhaps the greatest men in our city, at this moment are buried in obscurity.—Grandeur of character is wholly in the force of thought, moral principle and love, and this may be found in the humblest condition of life. A man brought up to an obscure trade, and hemmed in by the wants of a growing family, may in this narrow sphere, perceive more clearly, discriminate more keenly, seize on the right means more decisively, and have more presence of mind in difficully, than another who has accumulated vast stores of knowledge by laborious study, and he has more of intellectual greatness. Many a man who has gone but a few miles from home understands human nature better, detects, motives, and weighs character more sagaciously, than another who has traveled over the known world, and makes a name by his reports of different countries. It is the force of thought which measures intellectual, and so is the force of principle that measures moral greatness, that highest of human enjowments, that brightest manifesto of the divinity.—The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sore temptations from within and without, who bears the most heavy burden, cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering—and is this a greatness which is apt to make a a show, or which is more likely to abound in conspicuous stations?—*Sears' Magazine.*

THE CLOSE OF THE WEEK.—A week! It's but a short time indeed, but its events are a host. To whom has the week just closed brought joy? To whom sorrow?—To whom riches? To whom poverty? To whom friends? To whom health? To whom life? To whom death? To whom enemies? To whom happiness? To whom misery? What!—all these changes in *one week?* Yea and a host more numerous than the sands of the sea. Many who see the dawning of the present week will be in another world ere it closes; many upon whom fortune smiled not a week ago, are now groaning beneath the withering frowns of poverty; many who were floating on the bark of life, over the unruffled sea of happiness, a week ago, are now wrecks of ruin, on the shores of affliction; many upon whom the sun of the last Sabbath shone propitiously, have ere this met with some ill fortune, and are upon the children of poverty, and many whose expections and hopes were beaming forth bright and prosperous, at its close the sad and miserable beings of cruel disappointment. And such is the life of man! It is subject to changes in a week, in a day—nay, even an hour. The world is still in commotion—revolution succeeding revolution—time speeding its rapid progress, leaving behind traces of destruction; and even in a small community, many thrilling and exciting circumstances might be summoued up and recorded at the end of each week.

About a hundred years ago, a Massachusetts Clergyman had a neighbor, a Capt. Clark, and though he was a personal friend of the minister, he was greatly addicted to lieing. With this the clergyman was much afflicted, and so he concluded to preach a Sermon on the occasion.—Accordingly he took his text, "Lie not one to another." He expatiated on the folly, the wickedness, and the evil example of lieing, in such a pointed manner that nearly every person present thought that he was aiming at the Captain. Meeting being done, some one said to the Captain, "What do you think of the sermon?" "Excellent, excellent," he replied, "but for my life I could not keep my eyes off old mother Symington, thinking how she must feel, for the parson certainly ment her!" A lady who had heard the sermon, afterwards referring to it, with advice to her son, said—

"My son, when you hear any folly or vice exhibited from the pulpit, before you look out for a Mother Symington, look within yourself, and see if Captain Clark be not there."

There are many Captain Clarks in all our Societies than may be supposed; and it is to be regretted that each one is not aware that it is his own name.

From the Reveille.

The Barrel Movement.

A Sketch of Camp Life on Rio Grande.

BY SOLITAIRE.

When the St. Louis Legion was encamped on the island, at the mouth of the Brazos Santiago, the boys began for the first time, to feel the inconvenience of "Uncle Sam's" fodder arrangements—not that they expected to find "chicken fixins" every morning; but they at least felt confident the *beans* would be nourishing. About eleven o'clock, A. M. every day the little round vegetables; were put in the camp kettles, and in an hour and a half were served out. To those skilled in the matter of dried beans, we need not explain how little effect one hours boiling would have upon them. The different messes cracked away, however, chewed the hard pebbles up and left off their meals in a very unsatisfied manner. A few days had scarcely elapsed, when a great grumble was set in circulation against the commissary department, of Uncle Sam, and his "beans," in particular. One tall volunteer swore, in the mess, that he wo'd cross to the main land and provision himself if he had to eat a live *Ranchero*, before he would starve on such fare; his comrades chimed in with his rebellious resolve, and all of them asked leave of the Captain to take a short excursion for a few hours, in search of game. Leave was granted and off the party started. In the course of a few hours one came strolling into camp with a bundle under his arm, and as he passed the sentry on the way to their tent he was accosted with—

"Jo, what luck had you?"

"Oh," says Jo, "I only killed a *gutter snipe.*"

"Well," says the sentry, 'that is the largest snipe, judging from the bundle, I have ever seen. Let me look at his *bill.*"

Joe uncovered it, and there was the snout of as fine a young *pig* as ever poked his nose into a swill tub. Both winked at each other, exchanged quiet grins, and then the snipe was carefully covered and carried to quarters. In a few moments along came another mess, who reported that he had *only* secured a haunch of a "*slaw deer*," i. e., a young *calf*, and, to wind up the captured game of the party, three more appeared, carrying a quarter of a short horned *elk.*" which some envious members of other messes declared looked as if it might have been "*the* slow *deer's mammy!*" The spoils were put together and covered over but how to get something to wash down the *game*, and make the whole affair a good one was the question.

"Do you think you can execute a *barrel movement*, boys?" said an Orderly belonging to the mess.

"What is it like was the general inquiry.

"Simply this, says the Sergeant; "the Commissary General is landing down at the beach, among which is some first rate brandy for the officers, and if we could only make one of his half barrels keep step in a hollow square, we might easily execute the new march of a 'barrel movement.'"

All the mess expressed themselves ready for duty instanter, and, having added a few more rank and file to the enterprise off they started on a commendably earnest march, to practice the new drill. The hollow square was admirably formed and re-formed half a dozen time before they reached the beach; and, advancing in line towards the Comissary's stores, with rapid evolution they formed around a liquor cast, and commenced their march back across the island. The drill was now full of interest,—it was new—and one of the Lieutenants, attracted by the strange maneuvering, approached them just as they were performing a hollow square *countermarch.* He observed one of the men carrying two muskets, and thought queer, but a glance at the centre of the squad explained the secret. A strong volunteer was keeping the barrel rolling in the inside—they were representing a square retreating with stores, and it was really beautiful the skill with which they did it! Now the barrel roller would get tired, and the squad would countermarch while another took his place; again a discovery would threaten, and they would close up to receive a charge of cavalry, and thus moving with caution and steadiness, they reached a small sand hill in the rear of the camp. Now commenced some brilliant slow movements, all in one spot, which were followed by the squad forming line again and moving into camp. At the point where the square broke, a fresh hillock of sand *might* have been discovered, by those only, however, who knew the former levelness of the spot.

The Lieutenant, who had critically watched the maneuvering of the men, congratulated the Orderly on the perfection of their drill. The subordinate looked him in the eye and knew by the slight curl in the muscles of his face, that he 'smoked' the new tactics, so, touching his cap politely, he asked the officer if, when they cooked their game, he would accept a slice?

"If the cook in your mess seasons it carefully, and it's not *overdone*, I wouldn't mind tasting it," says the Lieutenant.

The Orderly winked, and they separated. It was refreshing to an old campaigner just to see how "gutter snipe," "short horned elk," and "slow deer" were disposed of that evening in the mess which executed the above described strange drill and ever after that night it became a bye word, when a volunteer was seen moving in a zig zag fashion, that he was practising the Legion's new march, called "*the barrel movement.*"

A Mexican Mistake—No Running Away.

The volunteers who have just returned from the Rio Grande tell a good joke as related to some of their friends, there, by the Mexican soldiers who were in the battles of the 8th and 9th. Before the Mexicans went into the fight they were told that the Americans were "great fellows to run," and, in this belief, they fought on and on, wondering why the Americans did not run! until when they become compelled to run themselves and the Americans were pursuing them, they felt the truth of what they had been told, to their cost, viz: that the Americans "were great fellows to run,"—but it was *after* instid of *before* their enemy. There's were they had deceived themselves.

This joke suggests to us the recollection of the fact that but one American has ever been known to run away from the field in Texas, during fair fight. That memorable instance occured at the battle of San Jacinto where, although the Mexicans army was opposed by an army of Texans, it was shrewdly suspected that the latter had a good many persons from "the tumultuary valley of the Mississippi" (as Santa Anna described them) in their number. Houston who knew that he had no men to spare' gave orders that on the moment of the flash from the Mexican artillery, every man in the Texan ranks should fall flat on the ground.—One man alone, who was deaf and had not understood the order, remained erect, and he seeing all his comrades go down just at the time of the fire, imagined that every man of them was dead. Feeling thus "solitary and alone" on the field, he took to his heels. After he had run a little way, however, he looked back and to his suprise and joy, saw them all erect again. He turned back into his position in the ranks and fought like a hyena.

After the battle, several of his comrades essayed to joke with him about his running away, but they found it a dangerous business. He knew the circumstance to be an awkward one and it produced a sort of monomaniac effect on his auricular nerve. When any one, afterwards, mentioned it, he heard it and prepared to resent it on the instant; but so soon as his bile rose he became insufferably deaf again and those who had stirred it, tried, in vain, to make him *hear an apology.* The consequence was that the mistake was soon forgotten—*Concordia Intelligencer.*

WONDERFUL PROVIDENCE.—The great drama of a nation's politics may hinge on the veriest bagatelle that could modify or suggest some process of thought to the heart of a single individual. The most remarkable instance of this which I recollect is when the pursuers of Mahomet—who followed hard upon him to take his life—were turned away from the mouth of the cave, in which he had, the moment before, taken shelter, by the flight of bird from one of the shruby which grew near its entry, inferring that had he recently passed that way, the bird msut previously have been disturbed away, and would not now have made its appearence. It is a stiking remark of the historian, that this bird, by its flight on this occasion, changed the destiny of the world—instrumental, as it was, perpetuating the life of 'The False Prophet,' and with him, the reign of that superstition which, to this day, hath a wider ascendency over our species than christianity itself. Such are the links and concatenations of all history. It is well that God has the management and that what to man is a choas, in the hands of God, is a wise and unerring mechanism.—*Christian Witness.*

BEWARE OF THE LASSO.—Two volunteers belonging to a Tennessee regiment we believe, who had obtained permission to visit this city, where on their way up from Burita, when within about five miles of the city, where overtaken by a couple of Mexicans on horseback, who, under the pretence of asking them some questions, made a survey of their persons, to see if they carried any pistols, perceiving none, they rode a short distance in advance, arranged their *lassos*, wheeled short round, and came rushing on the unsuspecting volunteers, designing to rope them round the neck, and strangled as they dragged them into the chaparrel close by. The necks of both were caught by the ropes, but before the noose could be drawn, they extricated their heads, and made for the chaparrel, more frightened than was ever *mustang* when caught in a similar manner. The Mexicans did not make a second attempt, but made their way off as fast as possible. The volunteers remained hid during the night, and came into the city next morning. When they meet a Mexican on the road again, say they, he will be requested to keep his distance, or abide the consequence. A very prudent resolve. The greater the distance between an American and Mexican, the more safety.—*Matamoros Flag.*