

THE TRUE AMERICAN.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM
IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

SINGLE COPIES
FIVE CENTS.

A Weekly Journal, Devoted to American Interests, Literature, Science, and General Intelligence.

Z. RAGAN, Editor and Proprietor.

STEUBENVILLE, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1857.

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 18.

Selected Poetry.

[For the True American.]

REMEMBRANCE.

BY ELIAS DELL.

Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee,
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave!
Have I forgot my only Love, to love thee,
Severed at last by Time's all severing wave?
Now, when alone, my thoughts yet fondly hover
Over the mountains, on that Northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern leaves cover
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more.
Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild December,
From those brown hills, have melted into spring:
Faithful, indeed, the heart is that remembers,
After such years of change and suffering!
Sweet love of youth, forgive if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes that obscure, but cannot do thee wrong.
No later light has lighted up my Heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.
But, when the days of golden dreams had perished,
And even Despair was powerless to destroy,
Then did I learn existence could be cherished,
Strength and fed without the aid of joy.
Then did I check the tears of useless passion—
When my young soul from yearning after thee;
Stoically denied its earnest wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine.
And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again?

Select Miscellany.

Pontius Pilate at Vienne.

An abridged translation from the "Courrier des Etats Unis" for the Louisville Journal.

Vienne in Dauphiny, a province of France, the ancient capital of transalpine Gaul under the Romans, is situated on the river Rhone. There on the left bank of that beautiful stream, is seen a tomb of ancient architecture, which according to tradition is the tomb of Pontius Pilate—Pilate, under whose government Jesus Christ suffered. *Passus est sub Pontio Pilato.* It was in Vienne also in 1777—a most remarkable occurrence, the spot that contained the ashes of the judge of the righteous, was to be trodden upon by a descendant of his accuser.

The following chronicle was extracted from an old Latin manuscript found in a monastery near Vienne.

It was under the reign of Caligula, when C. Marcus was prætor at Vienne, that an old man bent with age, yet of a tall stature, was seen to descend from his litter and enter a house of modest appearance near the temple of Mars. Over the door of this house was written in red letters, the name of F. Albinus. He was an old acquaintance of Pilate's. After mutual salutations, Albinus observed to him, that many years had elapsed since their separation. "Yes," replied Pilate, "many years—years of my misfortune and affliction. Accused by the day on which I succeeded Nærius Gratus in the government of Judea! My name is infamous; it has been fatal to whomsoever has borne it. One of my ancestors printed an indelible mark of infamy on the front of Imperial Rome, when the Romans passed under *Caudina Furcula* in the Samnite war. Another perished by the hands of the Parthians in the war against Artabanus. And I—miserable man! You miserable?—asked Albinus; "what have you done to entail misery on you? True the injustice of Caligula has exiled you to Vienne, but for what crime. I have examined your affair at the *Tabularium*. You are denounced by Vitellius, prætor of Syria, your enemy, for having chastised the rebellious

Hebrews, who had slain the most noble of the Samaritans, and who afterwards withdrew themselves on Mount Garizim. You are also accused of acting thus out of hatred to the Jews.

"No!" replied Pilate, "No, by all the gods, Albinus, it is not the injustice of Caesar that afflicts me."
"What then is the cause of your affliction?" continued Albinus. "Long have I known you, sensible, just, humane. I see it—you are the victim of Vitellus."
"Say not so Albinus. Say not that I am the victim of Vitellus. No, I am the victim of a Higher Power! The Romans regard me as an object of Caesar's disgrace; the Jews, as the severe proconsul; the Christians as the executioner of their God!"

"Of their God, did you say Pilate?—Impious wretches! Adore a God born in a manger, and put to death on the cross!"

"Beware, Albinus, beware!" continued Pilate. "If the Christ had been born under purple, he would not have been adored. Listen. To your friendship I will submit the events of my life; you will afterwards judge whether I am worthy of your hospitality."

On my arrival at Jerusalem, I took possession of the Pretorium, and ordered a splendid feast to be prepared, to which I invited the Tetrarch of Judea, with the High Priest and his officers. At the appointed hour no guest appeared. This was an insult offered to my dignity. A few days afterwards the Tetrarch deigned to pay me a visit. His deportment was grave and deceitful. He pretended that his religion forbade him and his attendants to sit down at the table of the Gentiles, and to offer up libations with them. I thought it expedient to accept his excuse; but from that moment I was convinced that the conquered had declared themselves the enemies of the conquerors.

At that time Jerusalem was, of all conquered cities the most difficult to govern. So turbulent were the people that I lived in momentary dread of an insurrection. To repress it, I had but a single centurion and a handful of soldiers. I requested a reinforcement from the Prefect of Syria, who informed me that he scarcely had troops sufficient to defend his own province. Insatiable thirst of empire—to extend our conquests beyond the means of defending them!

Among the various rumors that came to my ears, there was one that attracted my attention. A young man, it was said, had appeared in Galilee, preaching with a noble unctuous, a new law, in the name of the God who had sent him. At first I was apprehensive that his design was to stir up the people against the Romans; but soon my fears were dispelled. Jesus of Nazareth spoke rather as a friend of the Romans than of the Jews.

One day, in passing by the place of Siloe, where there was a great concourse of people, I observed in the midst of the group, a young man leaning against a tree, who was calmly addressing the multitude. I was told that it was Jesus. This I could easily have suspected, so great was the difference between him and those who were listening to him. He appeared to be about thirty years of age. His golden colored hair and beard gave to his appearance a celestial aspect. Never had I seen a sweeter or more serene countenance. What a contrast between him and his hearers, with their black beards and tawney complexions! Unwilling to interrupt him by my presence, I continued my walk, but signified to my Secretary to join the group and listen.

My Secretary's name was Manlius. He was the grandson of the chief of the conspirators who camped in Etruria, waiting for Catalina. Manlius was an ancient inhabitant of Judea, and well acquainted with the Hebrew language. He was devoted to me, and was worthy of my confidence.

On returning to the Pretorium, I found Manlius, who related to me the words that Jesus had pronounced at Siloe. Never have I heard in the Portico, or read in the works of the Philosophers, anything that can be compared to the maxims of Jesus. One of the rebellious Jews, so numerous in Jerusalem, having asked him if he was lawful to give tribute to Caesar, Jesus replied: "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

It was on account of the wisdom of his sayings that I granted so much liberty to the Nazarene; for it was in my power to have had him arrested and exiled to Pontus; but this would have been contrary to that Justice which has always characterized the Romans. This man was neither seditious nor rebellious. I extended to him my protection, unknown perhaps to himself. He was at liberty to act, to speak, to assemble and address the people, to choose disciples, unrestrained by any Pretorian mandate.
Should it ever happen—may the Gods avert the omen!—should it ever happen I say, that the religion of our forefathers

should be supplanted by the religion of Jesus, it will be to his noble toleration that Rome shall owe her premature obsequies—whilst I, miserable wretch—I shall have been the instrument of what the Christians call Providence, and we—Destiny.

But this unlimited freedom granted to Jesus, revolted the Jews—not the poor, but the rich and powerful. It was true, Jesus was severe on the latter; and this was a political reason, in my opinion, not to control the liberty of the Nazarene. "Scribes and Pharisees!" he would say to them, "you are a race of vipers!—you resemble painted sepulchres!" At other times he would sneer at the proud airs of the Publican, telling him that the mite of the widow was more precious in the sight of God.

New complaints were daily made at the Pretorium against the insolence of Jesus. I was even informed that some misfortune would befall him; that it would not be the first time that Jerusalem had stoned those who called themselves prophets; and if the Pretorium refused justice, an appeal would be made to Caesar.

This I prevented by informing Caesar of all that happened. My conduct was approved of by the Senate, and I was promised a reinforcement of troops after the termination of the Parthian war.

Being too weak to suppress a sedition, I resolved upon adopting a measure that promised to re-establish tranquility in the city, without subjecting the Pretorium to humiliating concessions. I wrote to Jesus, requesting an interview with him at the Pretorium. He came.

Oh, Albinus now that my blood runs cold in my veins, and that my body is bent down under the load of years, it is not surprising that Pilate should sometimes tremble; but then I was young; in my veins flowed the Spanish blood, the Roman blood, as incapable of fear as it was of puerile emotions.

When the Nazarene made his appearance, I was walking in my basilica, and my feet seemed fastened with an iron hand to the marble pavement. He was calm, the Nazarene; calm as innocence. When he came up to me, he stopped, and by a simple gesture, seemed to say to me:—"here I am."

For some time I contemplated with admiration and awe, this extraordinary type of a man; a type unknown to our numerous sculptors; who had given form and figure to all the gods and all the heroes.

"Jesus," said I to him at last, and my tongue faltered; "Jesus of Nazareth, I have granted you, for the last three years, ample freedom of speech; nor do I regret it. Your words are those of a sage. I know not whether you have read Socrates and Plato; but this I know, that there is in your discourses a majestic simplicity that elevates you far above those great philosophers. The Emperor is informed of it, and I, his humble representative in this country, am glad of having allowed you that liberty of which you are so worthy. However, I must not conceal from you, that your discourses have raised up against you powerful and inveterate enemies. Neither is this surprising. Socrates had his enemies, and he fell a victim to their hatred. Yours are doubly incensed against you, on account of your sayings; against me, on account of the liberty extended toward you. They even accuse me indirectly of being leagued with you, for the purpose of depriving the Hebrews of the little civil power which Rome has left to them. My request—I do not say my orders—is that you be more circumspect for the future, and more tender in rousing the pride of your enemies, lest they raise up against you the stupid populace, and compel me to use the instruments of justice."

The Nazarene calmly replied.
"Prince of the earth, your words proceed not from true wisdom. Say to the torrent to stop in the midst of the mountain, because it will uproot the trees of the valley; the torrent will answer you, that it obeys the laws of the Creator. God alone knows whether flows the waters of the torrent. Verily I say unto you, before the rose of Sharon blossoms, the blood of the just will be spilt."
"Your blood shall not be spilt," replied I with emotion. "You are more precious in my estimation, on account of your wisdom, than all these turbulent and proud Pharisees, who abuse the freedom granted them by the Romans, construct their own empire, and construe our bounty into fear. Insolent Wretches! They are not aware that the wolf of the Tiber sometimes clothes himself with the skin of the sheep. I will protect you against them. My Pretorium is open to you as a place of refuge; it is a sacred asylum."

Jesus carelessly shook his head and with a graceful and divine smile:
"When the day shall have come, there will be no asylum for the Son of Man, neither on earth nor under the earth. The asylum of the just is there, (pointing to the heavens.) That which is writ-

ten in the books of the prophets must be accomplished."

"Young man," answered I, mildly, "you oblige me to convert my request into an order. The safety of the province, which has been confided to my care, requires it. You must observe more moderation in your discourses. Do not infringe my orders, you know them: May happiness attend you. Farewell."

"Prince of the earth," replied Jesus, "I come not to bring war into the world, but peace, love and charity. I was born the same day on which Caesar Augustus gave peace to the Roman world. Persecution proceeds not from me. I expect it from others, and I will meet it in obedience to the will of my Father, who has shown me the way. Restrain therefore your worldly prejudice. It is not in your power to arrest the victim at the foot of the tabernacle of expiation."

So saying he disappeared like a bright shadow behind the shadow of the basilica.

Herod, the Tetrarch, who then reigned in Judea, and who died devoured by the vermin, was a weak and wicked man, chosen by the chiefs of the law to be the instrument of their hatred. To him the enemies of Jesus addressed themselves, to wreak their vengeance on the Nazarene. Had Herod consulted his own inclination, he would have ordered Jesus immediately to be put to death; but though proud of his regal dignity, yet he was afraid of committing an act that might diminish his influence with Caesar.

Herod called on me one day at the Pretorium, and on rising to take leave, after some insignificant conversation, he asked me what was my opinion concerning the Nazarene.

I replied that Jesus appeared to me to be one of those grave philosophers that great nations sometimes produce; that his doctrine was by no means dangerous; and that the intention of Rome was, to leave him that freedom of speech which was justified by his actions. Herod smiled maliciously, and saluting me with ironical respect, he departed.

The great feast of the Jews was approaching, and their intention was to avail themselves of the popular exaltation, which always manifests itself at the solemnities of the passover. The city was overflowing with a tumultuous populace, clamoring for the death of the Nazarene. My emissaries informed me that the treasure of the temple had been employed in bribing the people. The danger was pressing. A Roman centurion had been insulted.

I wrote to the prefect of Syria, requesting a hundred foot soldiers and the same number of cavalry. He declined. I saw myself alone with a handful of veterans in the midst of a rebellious city, too weak to suppress disorder, and having no other choice left than to tolerate it.

They had seized upon Jesus; and the seditious rabble, although they knew they had nothing to fear from the Pretorium, believing on the faith of their leaders, that I winked at their sedition, continued vociferating, "Crucify him, crucify him!"

Three powerful parties at that time had combined together against Jesus. First, the Herodians and Sadducees, whose seditious conduct appeared to have proceeded from a double motive; they hated the Nazarene, and were impatient of the Roman yoke. They could never forgive me for having entered their holy city with banners that bore the image of the Roman Emperor; and although in this instance I had committed a fatal error, yet the sacrifice did not appear less heinous in their eyes. Another grievance also wrangled in their bosoms. I had proposed to employ a part of the treasure of the Temple in erecting edifices of public utility. My proposal was scowled at. The Pharisees were the avowed enemies of Jesus. They cared not for the Governor, but they bore with bitterness the severe reprimands which the Nazarene had, during three years, been continually throwing out against them wherever he went. Too weak and too pusillanimous to act by themselves, they had eagerly embraced the quarrel of the Herodians and Sadducees. Besides these three parties, I had to contend against the reckless and profligate populace, always ready to join in a sedition, and to profit by the disorder and confusion that result therefrom.

Jesus was dragged before the Council of the Priests and condemned to death. It was then that the High Priest, Caiaphas, performed a desecrating act of submission. He sent his prisoner to me to pronounce his condemnation and secure his execution. I answered him that, as Jesus was a Galilean, the affair came within Herod's jurisdiction, and ordered Jesus to be sent thither. The wily Tetrarch professed humility, and protesting his deference to the lieutenant of Caesar, he committed the fate of the man to my hands.

Soon my palace assumed the aspect of a besieged citadel; every moment increased the number of the seditious. Jerusalem was inundated with strangers from the mountains of Nazareth, the towns of Galilee, and the plains of Esdrelath. All Judea appeared to be pouring into that devoted city.

I had taken to wife, a girl from among the Gauls, who pretended to see into the future, weeping and throwing herself at my feet, "Beware," said she to me, "beware, and touch not that man for he is holy. Last night, I saw him in a vision He was walking on the water—he was flying on the wings of the wind. I spoke to the tempest, to the palm trees, to the fishes of the lake, all were obedient to him. Behold the torrent of Mt. Cedron flows with blood, the statues of Caesar are sold with the filth of the gemonie; the columns of the Pretorium have given way, and the sun is veiled in mourning like a vestal in the tomb! O, Pilate! evil awaits thee. If thou wilt not listen to the words of thy wife, dread the curse of a Roman Senate, dread the frowns of Caesar."

By this time my marble stairs groaned under the weight of the multitude. The Nazarene was brought back to me. I proceeded to the Hall of Justice, followed by my guards, and asked the people in a severe tone what they demanded? "The death of the Nazarene," was their reply. For what crime? "He has blasphemed," he has prophesied the ruin of the Temple; he calls himself the son of God, the Messiah, the King of the Jews." Roman justice said, I punisheth not such offences with death. "Crucify him, crucify him," shouted forth the relentless rabble.

The vociferations of the infuriate multitude shook the palace to the foundation. One man alone appeared calm in the midst of the tumult. He was like unto the Statue of Innocence placed in the Temple of Eumindis. It was the Nazarene.

After many fruitless attempts to protect him from the fury of his persecutors, I had the baseness to adopt a measure which at the moment appeared to me the only one that could save his life. I ordered him to be scourged, then, calling for a ewer, I washed my hands in presence of the multitude, thereby signifying to them my disapprobation of the deed.

Just in vain. It was his life these wretches thirsted after. Often in our evil commotions have I witnessed the furious animosity of the multitude, but nothing could ever be compared to what I saw in the present instance. It might have been truly said that, on this occasion all the phantoms of the infernal regions had assembled together at Jerusalem.

The crowd appeared not to walk; they were borne off, and whirled as a vortex, rolling along like living waves, from the portal of the pretorium even unto Mt. Zion, with howlings, shrieks, screams and vociferations, such as were never heard either in the seditions of Panonia, or in the tumults of the forum.

By degrees the day darkened like a winter twilight, such as had been seen at the death of the great Julius Caesar. It was toward the Ides of March, I, the contemned Governor of a rebellious province, was leaning against a column of my basilica, contemplating aghast the dreary gloom, this Theory of Tartarus dragging to the execution the innocent Nazarene. All around me was a desert. Jerusalem had vomited forth her dwellers through the funeral gates that lead to the Gemonie. An air of desolation and sadness enveloped me. My guard had joined the cavalry, and the Centurion to display a shadow of power, was endeavoring to maintain order. I was left alone, and my breaking heart admonished me, that what was passing at that moment, pertained rather to the history of the Gods than to that of man.

Dark clamors were heard proceeding from Golgotha, which borne on the winds appeared to announce an agony such as never had been heard by mortal ear. Dark clouds lowered over the pinnacle of the Temple, and their large upturned settled over the city and covered it with a veil. So dreadful were the signs which were manifested, both in the heavens and on the earth, that Dionysius, the Areopagite, is reported to have exclaimed "Either the author of Nature is suffering, or the Universe is falling apart."

Toward the first hour of the night, I threw my mantle around me, and went down into the city, towards the gate of Golgotha. The sacrifice had been consummated. The crowd were returning home; still agitated, it is true, but gloomy, sad, taciturn and desolate. What they had witnessed had struck them with terror and remorse. I also saw my little cohort pass by mournfully; the standard bearer having veiled his eagle in token of grief; and I overheard some of the soldiers murmuring strange words which I did not comprehend. Others were recounting prodigies almost similar to those which had so often smote the Romans in their dismay by the will of the Gods. Sometimes groups of men and women halted; then look back towards Mt. Calvary, and remain motion-

less, in the expectation of seeing some new prodigy.

I returned to the Pretorium, sad and pensive. On ascending the stair, the steps of which were still stained with the blood of the Nazarene, I perceived an old man in a suppliant posture, and behind him several women in tears. He threw himself at my feet and wept bitterly. It is painful to see an old man weep. "Father," said I to him mildly, "who are you and what is your request?" "I am Joseph of Aramathea," replied he, "and I am come to beg of you, on my knees, for permission to bury Jesus of Nazareth." "Your prayer is granted," said I to him; and at the same time ordered Manlius to take some soldiers with him, to superintend the interment, lest it might be profaned. A few days afterwards the sepulchre was found empty. The disciples of Jesus published all over the country that he had risen from the dead as he had foretold.

A last duty remained for me to perform, it was to communicate to Caesar the details of this deplorable event. I did it the same night that followed the fatal catastrophe, and had just finished the communication when the day began to dawn.

At that moment the sound of the clarion playing the air of Diana, struck my ear. Casting my eye toward the Caesarian gate, I beheld a troop of soldiers, and heard at a distance, other trumpets sounding Caesar's march. It was the reinforcement that had been promised me—two thousand chosen men, who, to hasten their arrival, had marched all night. "It has then been decreed by the Fates," cried I, wringing my hands, "that the great iniquity should be accomplished—and for the purpose of averting the deeds of yesterday, troops should arrive to-day! Cruel destiny, how thou sportest with the affairs of mortals! Alas! it was but too true, what the Nazarene exclaimed when writing on the cross: "ALL IS CONSUMMATED."

The Actress.

An actress in one of the English provincial or country theatres, was, one day passing through the streets of the town in which she then resided, when her attention was attracted by the sound of voices, which she heard in a poor cottage before her. Curiosity prompted her to look in at an open door, when she saw a few poor people sitting together, one of whom at the moment of her observation, was giving out the following hymn, which the others joined in singing:

"Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy still reserved for me?"

The tune was sweet and simple, but she heeded it not. The words had riveted her attention, and she stood motionless, until she was invited to enter by the woman of the house, who had observed her standing at the door. She complied, and remained through a prayer, which was offered up by one of the little company; and uncouth as the expressions might seem in her ears, they carried with them a conviction of sincerity on the part of the person then employed. She quitted the cottage, but the words of the hymn followed her, she could not banish them from her mind, and at last she resolved to procure the book which contained the hymn. The more she read it the more decided her serious impressions became. She attended the ministry of the Gospel, read her hitherto neglected and despised Bible, and bowed herself in humility and contrition of heart before Him whose mercy she felt she needed, whose sacrifices are those of a broken heart and a contrite spirit, and who has declared that therewith He is well pleased.

Her profession she determined at once and forever renounce; and for some little time excused herself from appearing on the stage, without, however, disclosing her change of sentiments, or making known her resolution finally to leave it.

The manager of the theatre called up on her one morning, and requested her to sustain the principal character in a new play which was to be performed the next week for his benefit. She had frequently performed this character to general admiration; but now, however she told him her resolution never to appear as an actress again, at the same time giving her reasons. At first he attempted to overcome her scruples by ridicule, but this was unavailing; he then represented the loss she should incur by her refusal, and concluded by promising, that if she would oblige him by acting this once, it would be the last request of the kind he would ever make. Unable to resist his solicitations, she promised to appear, and on the appointed evening went to the theatre. The character she assumed required her on her first entrance to sing a song, and when the curtain was drawn up, the orchestra immediately began the accompaniment; but she stood, as one lost in thought, and as one forgetting all around her, and her own situation. The music ceased but she did not sing; and supposing her to be overcome with embarrass-

ment, the band again commenced. A second time they paused for her to begin, and still she did not open her lips. A third time the air was played, and then with clasped hands, and eyes suffused with tears, she sang not the words of the song, but—

"Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy still reserved for me?"

It is almost needless to add, that the performance was suddenly ended; many ridiculed, though some were induced from that memorable night to "consider their ways," and to reflect on the wonderful power of that religion which could so influence the heart and change the life of one hitherto so vain, and so evidently pursuing the road which leadeth to destruction.

It would be satisfactory to the reader to know that the change in Miss— was as permanent as it was singular; she walked consistently with her profession of religion for many years, and at length became the wife of a minister of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Love of Indiscriminate Praise.—He is a very unhappy man who sets his heart upon being admired by the multitude, or affects a general and undistinguishing applause among men. What pious men call the testimony of a good conscience, should be the measure of our ambition in this regard; merit of honor should endeavor only to please the worthy, and the man of merit should desire to be tried only by his peers. The rich may as well ask to borrow of the poor, as the man of virtue hope for addition to his character from any but such as himself.

Ambition has a motive truly glorious; only when the mind is set to do things laudable, rather than to pursue reputation; and where there is such sincerity, as the foundation of a good name, the kind opinions of virtuous men, though unsought, will be a necessary consequence. What makes the lore of popular or general praise still more ridiculous, is that it is usually given for circumstances which are foreign to the very person admired. Thus they are the ordinary attendants on power and riches, which may be taken from one man's hand and put into another's. The wise man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous, the rest of the world, him who is the most wealthy; the applause of the crowd makes the head giddy, but the attestation of the wise and virtuous man makes the heart glad.

ONE OF THE SPECIES.—Job Kolik was one of 'em on the stump. A double barreled trunk and lungs, as large as a two bushel basket, enabled him to electrify his constituents up to a fighting point in less time than it would take a Susquehanna raft to go over Niagara falls. His great speech in Bob Stubs' case were lot was a crusher. For the sake of posterity we give an extract. Fellow citizens—You might as well attempt to dry up the Atlantic ocean with a broom straw, or draw this ere stump from under my feet with a harness gally as convince me that I ain't gwine to be elected this heat. My opponent don't stand a chance; not a sniff. Fellers a hull team and with two bull dogs under the wagon and a tar-bucket—I am. If thar's anybody this side of the river sun begins to blister the earth that can wallop me let him show himself—I'm ready. Boys I go for the American Eagle, calks, stripes stars and all; and may I burst my everlasting button holes if I don't knock down, drag out, and gouge every body as denies me.

A FORTUNATE ROBBERY.—A French clergyman, riding on horseback, was met by two men on an old hack. They robbed him of his watch and money, and made an exchange of horses. After parting from the thieves, he had not ridden far before his parishioners came out to meet him. His horse unused to carry double, had probably thrown the thieves. Certain it is, the animal had galloped home without a rider; and the villagers alarmed for their cure, had marched out to seek him. He thus had two horses; and though the one belonging to the thieves was good for little, they had left upon his a pair of saddle-bags, containing three thousand francs.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

Before marriage the man is very much struck with the woman, and afterwards the woman is very much struck by the man. "Pinch says it is a striking piece of business all through."

There is neither age, nor condition, nor situation, which does not leave a man the liberty, and the necessary means of practicing any virtue. "Cleare has said that there is not a moment without some duty."