

LITERATURE.

WINDING UP A MISSISSIPPI BANK.

Shortly after the memorable crash of '36, the monetary affairs of a certain branch bank of Mississippi, located at Yazoo city, of that ilk, became so *unfoundations* as to require placing in the hands of commissioners, for the purpose of being what is technically called *wound up*. The banking house is one of the principal architectural ornaments of the place—a fine commanding edifice, built of red bricks, two lofty stories in height, and the marvel and wonder of the "pine knots of the back settlement. The lower story at the time I write of was devoted to the commissioners, whilst the upper story was occupied by a widow lady with a brace of beautiful unmarried daughters, the whole family passionately devoted to playing on the piano—an instrument that few besides themselves possessed at that time in that neck of the woods. Having but one, and all being incessant players, you may imagine that "the pony" had very little rest.—All day and all night it was going, for it was whispered that the instrument had, by practice, got the hang of the game. The highfalutin tunes, such as "Hail Columbia," and "Old Hundred," were the favorites with all except the youngest daughter, who, being of a military turn of mind, adhered pertinaciously incessant to "Cease, rude Boreas," and the "Battle of Prague," the latter in particular.

A rare time the commissioners had in "winding up the bank," they had four dollars a day "ad eternatis," music, bald face, and cigars in any quantity, supporting their constitutions and the facings of the mahogany doors, growing unctuous as a tallow chandler, and perfectly contented with their arduous employment.

One sunny day in winter, when fires would have been ludicrous, and a winter suit uncalled for—when the mud in the street was "mark under water line," and soft enough to buoy a blanket, a native in Attala (a county of inland Mississippi, distinguished for its exemption from pedagogues), was driving a waggon which was loaded with cotton and pine knots down the street on which was the bank. It being his first visit to the city, and having been lectured in anticipation of the trip by his parents the six months past, upon the many cheats and swindles of the town people, and cautioned against trusting to anything he did not perfectly understand, he betrayed the greatest caution and circumspection; and pricking up a pair of ears too long and hairy for a man's, and too short and red for a jackass's, seemed to bid defiance to the wiles of all mankind. Some quarter of a mile off he had heard the dullest tones of the piano, and thinking it was the commencement, perhaps, of some town trick, after counting his "knots" thrice to see they were all right, he drew a huge jack-knife, and walking by his waggon, commenced scraping his grinders, to show all those nefariously disposed, that he—*is every chivalrous Mississippian should be—* was armed to the teeth."

Louder and louder grew the piano—(it was, very appropriately, one of Loud's) and greater became the fear and caution of the Attalian, who looked eagerly on either hand for some avenue to escape; but there was none, and he had to go on. The bank and his team got opposite at the very height of the "Battle," (of *rague*), and his fear having somewhat given way to wonder, he brought up all standing.—"The "Battle," I say, was at its height. The under of small arms, the rattle of the artillery, the groans of the dying, the charge, the repulse, rally, the mingled confusion of the battle, all were there, true to the life, but not near so dangerous; and wrapped in mud and astonishment, our herostood and listened. Lolling thos the bank door was one of the commissioners, courtorious for his predictions for jokes, enjoying the amazement of the countryman. Fiercer zatiq louder, if possible, raged the strife, and the ive, forgetting his caution, could contain ity f, self no longer.

At th Mister," (turning to C.) "I'm bound to see ed, in light up thar; just watch my team till I take of th and, and tell me how to find the ring." pletic Go up," said C., "and pull that thing," in the ting to the bell knob. trade- of the produ abroad

At the word he sprang up the steps and gave a hard pull; loud rang the bell, and the native thinking it proceeded from one of his oxen, turned to observe, just as a cotton broker had climbed up the wheel, and was preparing to cut into the staple.

"Thief! robbers!" yelled the green horn, and came tearing back to his team, forgetting to drop the bell pull, the wire of which whistled keenly after him.

The broker seeing him knife and knob in hand, rushing towards him, yelling, "thief! town rogue!" tried to make a rapid disappearance, but his foot slipping, down in the soft mud he came, tripping up the Attalian, and sending him head foremost into a soft and deep place, leaving nothing but his legs sticking out like a pair of indexes. Liberating himself at length he seated himself on the tongue of his waggon, and took a deep think; but roused by the music and laughter of the spectators, he seemed in his re-awakened curiosity to forget his plight.

"Mister," said he again to C., "what upon airth is that?" pointing to the house.

"The P—s Bank," said C.

"The bank! is that where they ruins widows and hooks orphan's dimes, stranger?"

"Sometimes," rejoined C.

"What are they doing to her now, Mister, she seems to be wrathy?"

"Winding her up," said C., thinking of his perquisites.

"Windin-on-her up! jest windin-on-her up! Well, I guess thar given on her h—l! she yells powerful. For marcy's sake stranger, don't set her again till I gits in a safe place. I'm an ownly chile," he had got out, when the door was flung open, and a big nigger wench, ugly as Satan boiling over with wrath, bell in hand, came tearing out, trailing up the wire and knob. Seeing it in the hands of a waggoner, his face covered with mud, the darkey thought it one of her own species, and without hesitation made a jump towards the native, who thinking it was the first part of the "wound up bank," sot a goin, dropped his whip, and leaving his team and all, was soon "over the hills and far away."

ANECDOTE OF WELLINGTON.

During the campaign of the allied troops in Paris, a French citizen, who was returning from the country through the Champs Elysees, where the troops were encamped, was robbed of a watch by a sergeant in the British army.

Complaint was immediately made to the commanding officer, and the troops were paraded before the Frenchman, who was thus enabled to single out the offender. A court martial was held, and the criminal condemned to die on the following morning.

As early as 4 o'clock the whole of the allied army was assembled in the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris, where the prisoner was to undergo the sentence. The charge upon which he had been tried and convicted was read aloud, and the unfortunate man prepared to meet an offended Maker. Not a murmur ran through the ranks. The justice of the decree was acknowledged by every soldier; and if the short lapse of time between the offence and its solemn expiation, excited feelings of terror, they were mingled with respect for the stern severity of their commander. The drums beat and the black flags waved mournfully in the air. The ministers of justice had raised the engines of destruction, and the fatal word "Fire" was half ejaculated, when the Duke of Wellington rushed before their firelocks, and commanded a momentary pause, while he addressed the prisoner—

"You have offended against the laws of God of honor, and of virtue—the grave is open before you—in a few moments your soul will appear before its Maker—your prosecutor complains of your sentence—the man whom you have robbed would plead for your life, and is horror-struck with the rapidity of your judgment. You are a soldier, you have been brave, and as report says, until now, even virtuous. Speak boldly!—in the face of heaven, and as a soldier of an army devoted to virtue and good order, declare now your own feelings as to your sentence."

"General," said the man, "retire, and let my comrades do their duty; when a soldier forgets his honor, life becomes disgraceful, and an immediate punishment is due as an example to the army—fire."

"You have spoken nobly," said the Duke, with a tear in his eye. "You have saved your life—how can I destroy a repentant sinner, whose words are of greater value to the troops than his death would be? Soldiers, bear this in mind, and may a sense of honor always deter you from infamy."

The troops rent the air with huzzas, and the criminal fell prostrate before the Duke.

A DOCTOR AS IS A DOCTOR.—A country physician was called upon to visit a young man afflicted with the apoplexy. M. D. Bolus gazed long and hard, felt his pulse and pocket, looked at his tongue and his wife, and finally gave vent to the following sublime opinion:—

"I think he's a gone feller."

"No, no!" exclaimed the sorrowing wife, "do not say that."

"Yes," returned Bolus, lifting up his hat and eyes heavenward at the same time. "Yes, I do say so; there arn't no hope, not the leastest mite; he's got an attack of ni hil fit in his lost frontis—"

"Where?" cried the startled wife.

"In his lost frontis, and he can't be cured without some trouble and a great deal of pains. You see his whole planetary system is deranged, fustly, his vox populi is pressin' on his ad valorem; secondly, his cutacharpial cutaneous has swelled considerably, if not more; thirdly, and lastly, his solar ribs are in a concussed state, and he arn't got any money, and consequently he is bound to die."

ELOQUENCE AT A PREMIUM.—"May it please the Court," said a Yankee lawyer before a Dutch Justice the other day, "this is a case of the greatest importance. While the American Eagle, whose sleepless eyes watches over the welfare of this mighty republic, and whose wings extends from the Alleghanies to the rocky chain of the west, was rejoicing in his pride and place—"

"Sihop dat! sthup I say, vat has dis suit to do mit eagles? Dish has nothing to do mit de wild bird. It is von sheep," exclaimed the Justice.

"True, your honor, but my client has rights here."

"Vat cares I for de law ob de language. I understand de laws ob de State, and dat is enough for me. Confine your talk to de case."

"Well, then, my client, the defendant in this case, is charged with stealing sheep, and—"

"Dat will do! dat will do! your client is charged mit stealing a sheep, just nine shillings. De gourt will adjourn to Bill Veeguson's to drink."

ABERNETHY BEATEN.—A very talkative lady, who had wearied the temper of Mr. Abernethy, who was at all times impatient of gabble, was told by him, the first moment that he could get a chance of speaking, to be good enough to put out her tongue. "Now, pray, madam," said he playfully, "keep it out." The hint was taken. He rarely met with his match; but on one occasion he fairly owned that he had. He was sent for to an inn-keeper, who had had a quarrel with his wife, and who had scored his face with her nails, so that the poor man was bleeding, and much disfigured. Mr. Abernethy considered this an opportunity not to be lost for admonishing the offender, and said, "Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself to treat your husband thus—the husband, who is the head of all—your head, madam, in fact?"

"Well, doctor," fiercely retorted the virago, "and may I not scratch my own head?"

A MODEL SERVANT.—A young woman who had recently entered the domestic service of a respectable American family at New York complained that her mistress gave her all the dirty work to do, while she played the lady. Another, on her mistress entertaining a party of friends to dinner, said, "Oh, you are going to have company, so I'll have my supper and go to bed out of the bustle."

A POOR ENDORSER.—"A worthy but poor minister," writes a friend from the country, "requested a loan of fifty dollars from the cashier of our bank; and in the note requesting the favor, he said he would 'pay in ten days on the faith of Abraham.' The cashier returned word that by the rules of the bank, the endorser must reside in the State."

A SMART SCHOLAR.—"Sally, you seem to be ignorant in geography; I will examine you in grammar. Take the sentence, 'marriage is a civil contract.' Parse marriage." "Marriage is a noun because it is a name. And though Shakspeare asks what's a name, and says that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, yet marriage being a noun, and therefore a name, shows that the rule established by the Bard of Avon has at least one exception. For marriage certainly is of very great importance, and being a noun and therefore a name, ergo, there is something in a name." "Good!—Well, what is the case of marriage?" "Don't know, sir." "Decline it, and see." "Don't feel at liberty to decline marriage after having made Bill the promise I have. I'd rather conjugate."

A NUTTY FLAVORED ANECDOTE.—Meddling with others sometimes brings us into scrapes, and thereby one of the elders of a church made 'bad worse.' A young fellow entered the church and took his seat with his hat on. An elder noticing it, stepped up and requested him to take it off. His request not being complied with, he came to the young man a second time, and seeing he still hesitated, the elder gently lifted it off, when to his (the elder's) chagrin, out rolled a *quart of shell-barks* on the floor, making rather more noise than was consistent with the rules of the church.

'Man,' quietly responded the youngster, looking composedly, 'see what you have done.'

The model lady puts her children out to nurse, and tends lap-dags; lies in bed till noon, wears paper-soled shoes, and pinches her waist; gives the piano fits, and forgets to pay her milliner; cuts her poor relations, and goes to church when she has a new bonnet; turns the cold shoulder to her husband, and flirts with his "friend;" never saw a thimble, don't know a darning-needle from a crow-bar, wonders where puddings grow; eats ham and eggs in private, and dines off a pigeons leg in public; runs mad after the last new fashion: doats on Byron, adores any fool who grins behind a moustache, and when asked the age of her youngest child, replies, "don't know indeed, ask Betty!"

STRANGE, ISN'T IT?—As long as a man gets six dollars a week, he can live, and get along rather quietly and contented, but as soon as his wages reach twelve dollars a week, he needs twenty-four—gets in debt, and "busts up" at that. Man is a high pressure engine, vanity is the steam, and money the fuel—apply the principle and you have the facts. Make a note on't.

The editor of a paper somewhere out in Pennsylvania, has been travelling in the country, and having got stuck in the mud, he tore off the following:

"The roads are not passable,  
Not even jackassable—  
And those who will travel 'em—  
Should turn out and gravel 'em!"

"Go it, Bobtail, he's gaining on you," is now rendered, or ought to be—"Go it, Robert's extremity, the gentleman in the rear is approximating to an inconvenient vicissitude of the longitudinal appendage which subtends the lower extension of your caudel elongation."

Said a person to an inveterate smoker, with a pale and haggard countenance—"You look as if you had got out of your grave to light your cigar, and couldn't find your way back again."

An Irish gentleman having a small picture room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "if you all go in, it will not hold you."

Hazlitt used to say, he would like well enough to spend the whole of his life in travelling abroad, if he could anywhere borrow another life to spend afterwards at home.

"Old age is coming upon me rapidly," as the urchin said when he was stealing apples from an old man's garden, and saw the owner coming cowhide in hand.

A minister at Camp Meeting said, "If the lady with blue hat, red hair, and cross eyes, don't stop talking, she will be pointed out to the congregation."