

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

BY G. SANDERSON & E. CORNMAN.]

"NOT BOUND TO SWEAR IN THE WORDS OF ANY MASTER."—HORACE.

[AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.]

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- Breechbill Elizabeth
- Beelman Christian
- Beatty Mary
- Barnhart Margaret
- Bidings Elizabeth
- Baker William
- Brown James
- Bullington Anna
- C
- Chelmer Catharine
- Craighead John W
- Grever Augustus
- Coffman Sharlot
- Coax David
- Clark William sen
- Colie John
- Chudwin Mary
- Cromer Wm
- Crowley Miles
- Clark Wm
- Clark Ino A
- Cook David
- Corum Henry
- Cart George W
- D
- Dunbar Mary
- Davis James
- Depewy William
- E
- Evans Anna
- F
- Fanwell Jacob
- Faller J
- Frees Micheal
- Fields Sarah
- Fetter Henry
- G
- Greenwood William
- Gay Sarah
- Gold Ann Amelia
- Giffin Robert
- H
- Hilands Nancy
- Hogker John
- Hines Samuel or John
- Hamilton William
- Herrick John
- Henderson Joseph
- Hart Barney
- Horns Mary
- Hummer Mary
- Hutton John
- Holl Peter
- Heckman Mrs
- Hooper Frederick
- Hemminger John
- Hammer Micheal
- I
- Irwin James
- J
- Jackson Margaret
- Johnson Christopher
- Jacoby Phillip
- Jefferson Jane
- Jones S A
- Johnson Perry
- K
- Kelly James
- Kinkade John
- Kerr Wm
- L
- Leib Mary
- Lockard Jan
- Lechler D
- Liely Johann Georg
- Lipert Samuel
- Love Isabella
- Lahman Jacob
- Laughard Jane
- Lamson Conrad
- M
- Miller David
- Miller Sarah
- Mordorf Abraham
- Myers Benjamin
- M
- Mathias Jacob
- Miller Susan
- Mungau Jacob
- Murphy John
- Moore Mary Ann
- Minnich Peter
- Mell Jane
- Miller George
- Moore M J
- Meredith Cathen
- Miller John
- Matson Peter
- Myers Mary Jane
- Meel Katrina
- Markwart Jacob
- McVey William D
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- McArd Daniel
- McCartor John
- McHalen William
- McCallan Neal
- McGuire Patrick
- McIntire B Esq
- Mc arney Nancy
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- McLaughlin Peter
- N
- Norris Eliza T
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- P
- Purkypile Joseph
- Prisk Sharlot
- Parson Sarah
- Paxton Thomas 2
- Pernem Jacob
- Phillips S & H
- R
- Roberts Lieut B S
- 1st Reg Dragoons
- Ramsay Sewright
- Robinson Lewis
- Ramsey Archibald
- Reitzel Mary Ann
- Reed George W
- Ritzel Adam
- Ritter Jr Ino
- Reynolds Hon David 2
- Ruby William
- S
- Seranton William
- Shaffer John
- Strickler Ulrich
- Snyder Henry
- Shaff Jacob
- Smith Henry
- Smith George
- Seitenbacher Marks
- Swint Jonas
- Shaffer J
- Swigart Catharine
- Shor Wm
- Shriver & Welsh
- Steffy Amos
- Stenders Pleasant
- Smith Sarah E
- Swigart Micheal
- Sentman David
- Sano Rebecca
- Smith Allen
- Simon Lee
- Seller John
- Shoop Agnes
- Sentman David
- Sipe Samuel
- Spangenberg George
- Spahr Peter
- Smith George Esq 2
- T
- Thomas Elizabeth
- Trough William
- Thompson William 2
- Tilford F. R P Hunt
- U
- Uhrer Adam
- V
- Van Boskink Richard
- W
- Wandley George
- Waltman Joseph
- Wolf John 2
- Walker Jacob
- Wellman Jacob
- Wetzel Moses
- Wilson James
- Wise Leonard
- Whisler Saml
- Woods Richard Esq
- Weaver Henry
- Y
- Young John or Joseph

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F. H. KNAPP.

Surgeon Dentist and Manufacturer of the Sill Metallic or Mineral Incompartible Teeth, N. W. corner of Charles and Fayette streets, Baltimore. May 31, 1839.



POETRY.

Love by Moonlight.

Give me the hour of the moonlight eve—
The night breeze gently sweeping,
As fondly it struggles its wings to weave
With the sweets of the flowrets sleeping,
And the streamlets is lulling to love and to rest
The treacherous stars that repose on its breast!

Give me the hour, when the lucid sky,
With the moon's cool light its gleaming,
And the exquisite fire of my love's eye
With purity's ray is beaming,
And nought but the delicate glow of her cheek
Confesses the fondness her glances bespeak.

Give me that hour, to the wretch unknown
Whose heart was never glowing
With love's holy rapture, nor darcs to own
The tear of affliction flowing—
Oh, never may the sunbeam of beauty be thrown
On the soul that refuses its essence to own.

Three weeks before Marriage.

Oh! ask me not which is the light I prize
In the changeable round of the playful skies,
I care for no light but the light of your eyes—
So turn it sweetly on me
Fanny!

Oh! ask me not which is the flower I seek
As I roam through the woodland from week to week,
I care for no flower but the rose of your cheek—
So turn it softly to me,
Fanny!

Oh! ask me not which is my fondest choice
'Mid the sounds that the fancy can most rejoice—
I care for no sound but the sound of your voice—
So breathe it gently to me,
Fanny!

Oh! ask me not what in this world of strife
Would be the excess of all joy—my life!
'T would be a kind, modest and lovely wife
So be that dear thing to me,
Fanny!

Be that dear thing to me!
Fanny!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CAPTIVE BOY.

A STORY OF THE PRAIRIES.

All who are conversant with the early history of our country, will recollect that our frontier settlements were many years ago, before the power of the aborigines, was broken and subdued, frequently laid waste and desolate by the incursions of the Indians, who, not content with pillaging and destroying whatever property came in their way, marked their footsteps with blood, and made captives of all whom gluttony vengeance or caprice induced them to spare.

It happened in one of these incursions that a young man named Bird, with his wife and child, an infant about six months old, were made prisoners. The quantity of plunder in possession of the savages making the assistance of the unfortunate father and mother necessary, their lives were spared for the especial purpose of assisting in carrying it off; they were shown their burdens and directed to follow. The mother knowing the fate which in these circumstances awaited her infant, should it be discovered, contrived to conceal it from her inhuman captors; and having wrapt it up in her burden, close to her breast, journeyed by the side of her husband towards the wilderness; sorrowing no doubt, but invoking the aid of Him whose Almighty arm can succor the most unfortunate, and deliver in the greatest peril.

After travelling from sunrise until late at night, through a long summer's day, the party arrived at an Indian village, and the captives being secured the Indians threw themselves on the ground, and were soon asleep; but it may well be supposed that Bird and his wife, even after so much fatigue, felt little disposition to close their eyes. How they might escape alone occupied their thoughts—they matured the plan and put it into execution—but to escape recapture, required more vigilance and resolution than it required ingenuity and strength to free themselves from the chords that bound them. They however set out, and with their helpless babe, which as by a miracle, they had still succeeded in preserving unnoticed, began at midnight to retrace their steps—but before daylight, fatigue, anxiety, and want of nourishment so completely exhausted them, that they found this dilemma placed before them—the child must be left in the wilderness, or they must remain and perish with it. The morning was already streaking the east with gray, and they knew that their flight must have already been discovered—they knew, too, the characters they had to deal with, and to escape there was not a moment to be lost. Distracted with opposing resolutions, a sense of duty prevailed over parental fondness—the mother for the last time pressed her innocent offspring to her breast, bedewed its unconsciously smiling cheek with her tears, and sat it down on the green back of a little tinkling rill to perish—where, as she cast a lingering look after she had left it, she saw it

scrambling after the flowers that grew around.

The father and mother escaped to the settlements, and Mr. Bird speedily collected a large party of his neighbors, and returned to the spot where the child had been left—but it was gone; and in the lapse of years, blessed with the riches and a numerous progeny, the parents ceased to weep for their lost boy.

Fifteen summers had smiled upon the harvests, when in a treaty with a distant tribe of Indians, an article which bound them to deliver up any captives that might be in their possession, a boy was put into the charge of the commissioners of the whites, with a declaration that he was a white, found in infancy upon the very spot where the child of Bird had been left. He was sent to his parents, who immediately recognized him by a remarkable scar on his right hand, which he had received in his father's house.

The measure of his parent's joy was full, but the boy wandered through the rich possessions without a smile. His bow and his blankets were his only joy. He despised alike the dress, the habits and the luxuries that were proffered him; and his mind constantly brooded over the forest scenes and sports in which he had passed his boyhood. Vain were all the attempts to wean him from his native habits, and as vain the efforts to obliterate the recollections of his adopted home from his mind. While persuasion and indulgence were alone resorted to, he modestly resisted; but when force was tried, and he was compelled to change his blanket for the garment of civilized life, and the favorite bow for a book; he grew sullen and discontented, and at last was missing from his father's house, and seen, the same evening, arrayed in the Indian garb, crossing a distant mountain, and bending his course towards the setting sun.

It was upwards of twenty years after this event, that Mr. Bird and his wife, now advanced somewhat in years, removed to a new settlement, where Mr. Bird had purchased a tract of land, at a great distance from their former residence—and while a more commodious building was erecting, they inhabited a small hut adjacent to a thick wood.

One day when the old lady was left alone, the men of the neighborhood having gone to a distance of several miles to assist at a raising, she saw from her door several armed and painted Indians approach her. Alarmed, but resolute, she seized a hatchet and ascending a ladder into the loft of the dwelling, drew it up after her, determined to resist to the last. They entered, and finding their efforts to entice her down were vain, laid down their rifles to ascend after her. But the first hand that was put through the trap door was severed from the arm by a single blow from the intrepid heroine, and an alarm being taken at that moment that the whites were coming, the Indians retreated and disappeared into the woods instantly, while almost at the same moment Mr. Bird and his party came in sight.

But scarcely had the deliverer of her life approached, before Mrs. Bird's eye caught sight of the severed hand, when lo! there appeared before her the scarred right hand of her eldest son.

Such is the story of the Captive Boy; and from it I draw the inference that it is habit that endears the savage to his wilds; that teaches him to love his own pursuits; and to delight in blood and treachery; and that between the natural passions, affections and dispositions of men, there is no difference except such as is created by education and custom.

HINT TO THE LADIES.

It has often been remarked, that the generality of females have many admirers; and, at the same time, few or no lovers; and they wonder at it; but the reason is obvious if they thought, but thinking has become quite unobtainable. 'Ah!' said a venerable virgin, lamenting the degeneracy of the age, 'courtship is nothing to what it was when I was young! The lirts now-a-days make the fellows so saucy that there is hardly to be found a respectable lover!'

The observation was just. The women of the last age were more respected, because they were more reserved. For want of a proper reserve they are treated with an indifference which is nearly allied to contempt; they make themselves too cheap to keep up their consequence, without which they can never be respectable.

To speak philosophically, a woman must repel before she can attract. All this advice may sound oddly to a female ear, but she who laughs at it, pays no compliment to her understanding.

Ovid, who knew human nature tolerably well, discovered not a little penetration when he made Daphne fly so fast from her laured lover, for his passion was increased by the pursuit.

Our modern people are quite another sort of people. Instead of flying from, they run into the arms of their Apollo; and are afterwards surprised that they grow cool to their charms. Lovers are like sportsmen to whom the possession of the game is nothing to the pleasure of the chase. If women would study less to please they would give more pleasure. This is a paradox, which those for whom we throw out these reflections cannot comprehend, and till they can, they will never make their fortunes by their faces. The roses of youth are not long in bloom, and when time has torn them away, here's an end to love at first sight; and on that, they seem by their manner of setting themselves off, chiefly to depend. To be

stared at a few seasons, and neglected, and in a few more to sink into oblivion, is the lot of a thousand showy girls, who have only external appearances to recommend them. Without prudence and discretion, even the most substantial ornaments; though they excite admiration, will never procure esteem.

Prudence is superior to pearls, and there is no-kind of comparison between diamonds and discretion. Fools may be caught by the shell, but a man worth having will make the gem the object of his attention!

A SHOCKING TRAGEDY.

Love, Jealousy, Suicide, and Attempt at Murder.

We extract the following account of a most awful tragedy from the N. York Sun. A low porter and boarding house, 221 Fulton street, kept by a Frenchman, named James Bernard, was yesterday (Sunday) the scene of one of the most desperate tragedies ever enacted in this city. It appears that that place a young man, a native of Smyrna, named Pietro di Paulo Qualmuse, boarded, and a French girl, named Josephine Jerman, was a servant. Pietro arrived in this country from Smyrna, about three months since, and has of late been in the employ of Messrs. Bunker & Co. wholesale grocers, No. 13, Maiden Lane. An intimacy, which appears to have ripened into love, or something like it, appears to have arisen between the wretched pair, and to have led to the fatal and murderous event which terminated his life at once, and will unquestionably put an end to hers. It also seems from statements made by him to two of his associates, that she had heretofore been in the habit of bestowing upon him favors of an illicit character, but that her affections had lately become somewhat alienated from him in favor of a young barber, named John I. Craig, who is employed somewhere about the Astor House.

The consequence was that he became exceedingly jealous of her, and had, as long as a month, threatened to consummate the fatal deed he put in execution yesterday. Nevertheless, he had stated to these same friends his desire to marry Josephine, but it seems she would not have him. About 9 o'clock yesterday morning while he was conversing with one of his comrades in the bar-room of the house, he told his friend he did not believe he should be alive in a fortnight; and in less than an hour after he was a corpse, and Josephine in agonies which it seemed impossible for human nature to endure.

It would appear that very shortly after Pietro and his friend parted in the bar-room, the former and Josephine met together in the room in which he lodged; that he again made overtures to her which she rejected, and that thereupon he first shot her with a pistol, in the left side, just above the hip, by which he brought her to the floor, and then with another pistol, sent a ball completely through his own head, and fell lifeless across her legs!

The ball from the first pistol entered the abdomen of the unfortunate girl, and there lodged.—Being very thick clad, the force of the ball was a good deal spent before it reached her skin, and from the aperture it made in her body, it is evident that it took with it a wad from her garments a considerable larger than it was itself. The ball which he fired into his own head went through it, from right to left, and was found in the room on the floor.

The family who were below stairs, were so much alarmed by the reports of the pistols, (which it appears Pietro had purchased the day before) that they ran out of the house crying fire & murder; & the first person who entered the room where this fearful tragedy was enacted was Mr. Isaiah Brainard, of No. 227 Fulton street, who, happened to be passing at the time, and who, alarmed by the shrieks of the family, rushed in, and up to the scene of the dreadful catastrophe.—He found the dead Pietro lying as above stated, and the girl sitting up and leaning against the wall, screaming. Her first exclamation was, "Take me down!" and as soon as Mr. Brainard could come to her assistance, he cleared her from the body of Pietro, and took the girl into another room, where she was some minutes before it was discovered she was wounded. Before that discovery was made, physicians, who had been sent for to see if any thing could be done for Pietro, had arrived, and their attention was directly turned to her.—They found that the ball had lodged somewhere in the abdomen, and that the wound would in all probability cause her death. They had not concluded whether it would be of any avail or probable benefit to attempt to remove it when we left the dreadful scene; and, in the mean time, the poor creature was writhing in agonies which no pen can describe. At times her pains would temporarily, though but for a moment, subside a little, and she was able to state in those intervals that Pietro had offered her what she would not accede to—that he was mad at her for her refusal—and in consequence, shot her first and then himself.—When we left the scene of this dreadful affair, it was doubtful whether she could live till morning. She was a stout made, healthy girl, of about 20, and Pietro could not have been far from her own age. He is said to have relations in Boston, and to have maintained heretofore a good character.—Among his effects were found several testimonials in his favor, among which was the following:

'Smyrna, 10th July, 1838.
'Captain Rich: Dear Sir;—I beg leave to introduce to you the bearer, Mr. Pietro, who is proceeding to America in hope of finding a situation.

'Mr. Di Paulo has been in my employ for the last two years, and has always given me satisfaction. Any services you may have it

in your power to render him, would be considered as favors conferred on myself, and always ready to reciprocate on similar and all occasions.

'Remain, dear sir, your most ob't serv't;
'SALVATORE ZARA.'

The New York Herald thus describes the scene: It was awful in the extreme; a neatly dressed Alaskan girl (seventeen years of age) and rather pretty, with dark hair) was on the floor—her head and shoulders rested against a bed, and formed an angle with the lower part of her body, across her thighs, on his side, lay a young Greek, whose heart had scarcely ceased to beat, bleeding profusely from a wound in the right side of his head, just above his ear; his blood and brains were scattered over the poor girl's person, the bed clothes, and floor were goats of blood. The young Greek was short in stature, about five feet five inches, dark black handsome hair, very fine and expressive eyes, a well formed Roman nose, and the general expression of his features pleasing, but at times expressive of the workings of strong passions. His head was curiously formed and was very high from the orifice of the ear to that portion denominated the organ of firmness.

As a late hour last night the girl was supposed to be better, from the circumstance of her having gone to sleep.

FATTING CATTLE.

The process of stall feeding oxen or cows in the winter on corn and oats ground into meal or otherwise, is expensive. Dear as it is, when stalled beef sells from 10 to 12 cents the pound, it may still be a question whether the farmer will not do as well with his corn and oats in feeding it to his fattening cattle as to sell it at \$1 for the one, and 50 cts. the bush for the other. M. C. Pillsbury, Esq. an excellent farmer in this state, for several years past, has fattened one or more pairs each year in this manner: He generally works them during the winter, feeding, as is commonly done with hay.—Towards spring he commences feeding them, in addition to the usual hay feeding, 2 or 3 times a week on raw potatoes salted in a mixture of meal or bran, just sufficient to flake the handful of salt adhere to the potatoes, so that the animal will eat the whole with good appetite: he continues this feeding after the oxen are turned out to pasture, until the month of June or July, when the animals shall have gained in fatness that shall give their greatest weight, and at a season when they will bring the highest price. It should be borne in mind too that potatoes are more valuable in fattening cattle when fed out in the latter part of March or April, than the fall or early part of winter.

ABOLITION IN DELAWARE.

Short and Sweet:—The following brief but significant report was made in the Legislature of Delaware, on the subject of Abolition. We think the ladies! would gain much by attending to the advice contained in the latter part of this report.

'The committee to whom was referred the petition of 319 women of the city of Wilmington and county of New Castle, praying for the abolition of slavery throughout this State,' beg leave to report:

'That they consider the petitioning of women to our National and State Legislatures (which they regret to see is becoming so general a practice) as derogatory from that refinement and delicacy which should, under all circumstances, accompany the female character, and as unwarranted interference in subjects that should more properly belong to their fathers, husbands, or brothers.

'Your committee are also decidedly of the opinion that the petitioners whose names are affixed to the memorial under consideration, would confer more real benefit upon society, if they hereafter confined their attention to matters of a domestic nature, and would be more solicitous to mend the garments of their husbands and children, than to patch the breaches of the laws and Constitution.

DR. DYOTT, THE FREE BANKER.
The case of Dr. Dyott, of Philadelphia, who is an applicant for the benefit of the insolvent laws, was called up in the Court of Common Pleas, on Tuesday, and postponed until the 20th of February. Twenty-eight lawyers are employed in the case, of which twenty-seven are by his creditors.—The Ledger says that when he came out of the Court room, after his case was disposed of, a numerous crowd of his creditors gathered round him, and with outstretched hands, demanded payment of the debts due them. 'Give me my hundred dollars,' said one, 'give me my fifty,' said another; 'my forty,' 'my thirty,' 'my twenty,' were claimed in succession, accompanied with shouts, cheers, &c., until the clamor increased to such a pitch, that he was forced to take refuge in Mr. Ridgway's store in Chesnut street.—Baltimore Sun.

Shocking Death.—A young man by the name of John Nevill, a workman at the Peponuc Mills in this town, on Saturday last, while placing some cloth in a large dye kettle, in reaching over lost his balance, and plunged into the boiling liquid. He managed to keep his head out of the liquor, and by his own efforts succeeded in extricating himself from his awful situation. He survived however but a few hours.—Bridgeport Republican.

The whole number of banks in Massachusetts is one hundred and twenty; of which twenty-eight are in Boston, and ninety-two in other parts of the state.

LORD DURHAM'S PLAN FOR CANADA.

A letter from Quebec is published in the Courier of 24th, professing to give an outline of what Lord Durham intends to propose in Parliament, respecting the Canadas, its principal features are.

To abolish the name of Canada, and divide the two provinces into four, with the names of Quebec, Montreal, Kingston and Toronto—these, with the provinces of New Brunswick &c., to bear the general name of British North America.

This British N. A. to have a secretary and office for itself in London, and be governed by a viceroy.

Each province to have its own Legislature, and the whole country to be divided into municipalities, the people thereof electing their own officers.

The clergy reserves, Jesuits' estates, and all funds for education to be thrown into one general fund, and distributed among the school districts.

Each province to send one or more members to the British Parliament.

Great arrangements to be made for internal improvement and for steam navigation with England.

A correspondence is published between Sir Francis Head and Lord Melbourne, the former asking his Lordship's consent to publish the official correspondence, which led to his (Sir Francis Head's) resignation.

Lord Melbourne replied, very briefly, that Sir Francis must consult his own pleasure, but that he (Lord M.) could not sanction a step so unusual and so objectionable.

To this the baronet replied that by the withholding of "sanction" he considered himself precluded from publishing the official correspondence.

'THE WHOLE IN A NUT SHELL.'
FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE AS TO DEFAULTS.
Much hue and cry is made by some of the opposition as to defaults under Jackson's administration.

A part of this arises from a wish to screen their own defaulting friends by imputing blame to others, and a part from a wish to mislead and deceive the people.

We have taken some pains to look into this subject, and now present a few plain and practical results.

1. The real losses by collectors of customs under all previous Administrations have not been far from \$1,000,000. Only \$60,000 of this have been under Jackson's administration.

2. The real losses by receivers of public lands have been less than \$500,000, the residue of the nominal balance having been paid or secured. Of these, not over \$200,000 will be under Gen. Jackson's administration, though their whole number has increased much since 1839, and the amount of money collected in a single year since has exceeded the amount actually collected in any ten previous years.

3. The real losses by disbursing officers have probably exceeded, since 1789, \$4,000, the number of nominal defaulters being over two thousand three hundred and thirty.—Of these, not forty have been under Gen. Jackson's administration, nor over \$100,000 in amount.

4. The real losses by banks have been over \$600,000, including deposits and depreciated notes taken; of this, not \$50,000 has been under Jackson's administration.

5. The real losses by defaults on merchants bonds for duties have been near \$7,000,000; of these, only about \$300,000 has been under General Jackson's administration, excluding what was not due till after the suspension of specie payments in 1837.

Let the people compare and reflect. Gen. Jackson's administration was noted for detecting previous defaults, rather than for committing new ones.—Globe.

'Destructive Fire at Harper's Ferry.—On Tuesday morning, the fine grist mill of Rowland & Hellebower, at Harper's Ferry was burnt to the ground—15,000 or 20,000 bushels of wheat, and 300 or 400 bbls. of flour consumed. Loss estimated at 40,000. Insurance about \$15,000.—Ball Sun.

Anecdote of the last war.—James Knowles, of Point Judith, Rhode Island, in the last war, lived in an exposed station near the ocean, and never went to bed without having his gun charged by his side. One night there was a violent thunder-gust, which shook the house to the foundation, and awoke his wife from sound sleep. In affright she screamed, "husband, husband, the British have landed, or the Day of Judgment has come; I don't know which." "By gosh," said Knowles, springing up and seizing his gun, "I am ready for either."

A Quaker invited a tradesman to dine with him, whom he treated with an excellent dinner, a bottle of wine, and a pipe of tobacco. His guest, after drinking freely, became extremely rude and abusive to his host; in such a manner that the Quaker's patience was at length quite exhausted, and he rose up and addressed him in the following words:— "Friend, I have given thee a meat offering, and drink offering, and burnt offering; and for thy misconduct, I will give thee a heave offering;" and immediately threw him into the street out of the parlour window.

The Quebec Mercury says that three more regiments are coming to Canada from the West Indies.

The shortest answer is doing the thing.