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American Volunteer.

BY G. SANDERSON & E. CORNMAN.

"OUR COUNTRY—RIGHT OR WRONG."

[AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.]

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AGENTS.

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DR. HUNT'S BOTANIC PILLS.

INTERESTING & APPLICABLE TO THE AFFLICTED WITH Diseases of the Stomach, or Nerves; Such as Dyspepsia, either Chronic or Casual, inter the worst symptoms of restlessness; Lowness of Spirits, and General Emaciation; Consumption, whether of the Lungs or Liver; Liver Affections; Jaundice, both Bilialy & Spasmodic; Goutiness; Worms of every variety; Rheumatism, whether Acute or Chronic; together with Gout, Sciatica, Pain in the Head, Back, Limbs, and Side, Typhus Fever, Scarlet Fever, Putrid Sore Throat, Fever & Ague, Spasmodic Paralysis of the Heart and Arteries, Nervous Debility, Nervous Weakness, Hysterics, Tic Douloureux, Cramps, Female Obstructions, Heartburn, Headache, Cough the Common or Humid, and the Dry or Whooping; Asthma, Gravel, and Dropsy.

The Blood has hitherto been considered by Empirics and others, as the great regulator of the human system, and such is the devoted of the adherents to that erroneous doctrine, that they content themselves with the simple possession of this false notion, and are content to give the primary sources from whence Life, Health, and Vigor emanate, and, viz. vera, pain, sickness, disease and death. Not so with Dr. Hunt, whose extensive research and practical experience so eminently qualify him for the profession of a Physician, to make one of the most useful members. He contends—and a moment's reflection will convince any reasoning mind of the correctness of his views—that the stomach, liver, and the associated organs are the primary and great regulators of health, and that the blood, in very many instances is dependent on these organs, and that unless medicine reaches THE ROOT OF THE DISEASE, the superficial remedies usually prescribed, serve but to cover the ravages of deep-seated maladies by these false notions, at the expense of years of close application, the doctor has discovered a medicine whose searching powers are irresistible, and in prescribing it, it is with a knowledge of its being a radical cure in the various diseases already enumerated, even if applied in the most critical cases, but he does not pretend to ascribe to

HUNT'S BOTANIC PILLS

a supernatural agency, although from positive proofs within the knowledge of hundreds he is prepared to show, that when every other earthly remedy has been exhausted.

HUNT'S BOTANIC PILLS have never been known to fail in effecting two very gratifying results, that of raising from the bed of sickness and disease those who have tested their efficacy, and thus amply rewarding Dr. Hunt for his long and anxious study to attain this perfection in the HEALING ART.

The extraordinary success which has attended the use of HUNT'S BOTANIC PILLS, is the best criterion of their superior virtues. They have been the means of raising a host of languishing patients from the bed of affliction, as it is clearly evinced in the following

CERTIFICATES.

FEVER AND AGUE CURED. To Dr. Hunt: Dear Sir, believing it a duty I owe you as a successful practitioner, as well as those who may be similarly afflicted, I take pleasure in acknowledging the benefit I have derived from the use of your valuable medicine.

HUNT'S BOTANIC PILLS. After much suffering from Fever and Ague, during the spring and fall for the last four years, and the pecuniary injuries attendant on the indisposition of one whose exertions a large family was dependent for support, and having without success tested the skill of many medical advisers, at last I could not well afford. In the fall of 1838, finding the premonitory symptoms of the disease approaching, I was induced by a friend who had tried your medicine, to purchase a package of your Botanic Pills, and now have the happiness to inform you and through you, those who may be similarly afflicted, that they counteracted the disease, nor have I been troubled with it since and my confidence continues to uphold me in the belief that your Botanic Pills are the most safe, the cheapest, most efficacious, and the most certain cure for the disease Fever and Ague. All I can for the present offer you for the blessing you have been instrumental in conferring on me, is my assurance of unceasing gratitude and esteem.

Wm. TUCKER, Newark, N. J., July 31, 1839.

Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Effectually Cured. Mr. Wm. Tucker, having lately been restored to a sound state of health, through the efficacy of Dr. Hunt's Botanic Pills, thinks it an irresponsible duty to state in relation to the disease under which he had so long suffered. The symptoms were a painful obstruction, with a constant rejection of food, head-ache, palpitation of the heart, lowness of spirits, a troublesome dry cough, dizziness, tightness at the chest and difficulty of breathing, almost constant pain in the side, loins, and shoulders, accompanied with much languor and debility. These affections, together with an unusual degree of flatulence, brought on such a state of extreme weakness, as to prevent him from attending to his business, and his health appeared lost beyond recovery. His friends and relatives became alarmed at the melancholy prospect, and strongly recommended Hunt's Botanic Pills—they were administered, and in a few days produced astonishing relief, and finally realized a perfect restoration to sound health.

WILLIAM TUCKER. Beware of Counterfeits. Caution.—Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this medicine contains a notice of its entry according to Act of Congress. And be likewise particular in obtaining them at 100 Chatham st., New York, or from the regular agents, HAMILTON & GRIER, Carlisle.

DR. WM. EVANS' CAMOMILE PILLS. A severe case of Piles cured at 100 Chatham street. Mr. Dan. Spinning of Shrewsbury, Eden Town, New Jersey, was severely afflicted with Piles for more than 20 years. Had had recourse to medicines of almost every description, but never found the slightest relief from any source whatsoever, until he called on Dr. Evans, of 100 Chatham street, N. Y., and procured some medicine from him, from which he found immediate relief, and subsequently a perfect cure.

Beware of Counterfeits. Caution.—Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this medicine contains a notice of its entry according to Act of Congress. And be likewise particular in obtaining them at 100 Chatham st., New York, or from the regular agents, HAMILTON & GRIER, Carlisle.

DR. GOODE'S CELEBRATED FEMALE PILLS.

These Pills are strongly recommended to the notice of the ladies as a safe and efficient remedy in removing those complaints peculiar to their sex, from want of exercise, or general Debility of the system. Obstructions; Suppressions; and Irregularity of the Menstrues; at the same time strengthening, cleansing, and giving tone to the stomach and bowels, and producing a new and healthy action throughout the system generally. They create Appetite, correct Indigestion, remove Giddiness, and Nervous Headache, and are eminently useful in those flatulent complaints which distress Females so much at the "Pains or Laziness" they obtain, and counteract all Hysterical and Nervous Affections, likewise afford soothing and permanent relief in Fluor Albus, or Whites, and in the most obstinate cases of Chlorosis, or Green Sickness, they invariably restore the pallid and delicate female to health and vigor.

These Pills have gained the sanction and approbation of the most eminent Physicians in the United States, and many others can likewise testify to their extraordinary efficacy. To married females, whose expectations of the tenderest pledges of conjugal happiness have been defeated, these Pills may be truly esteemed a blissful boon. They soon renovate all functions, and give a new and healthy action. They disperse all flatulences and disagreeable sensations common to females at each monthly return, likewise the attendant pains in the back, side, or loins; they generally counteract the nausea, vomiting, and other nervous affections in chlorosis, or green sickness, in a few days, and if continued according to directions, soon effect a perfect cure. Nothing is so signally efficacious in recruiting the pallid and sickly female (who has been during her life irregular and sensitive) as the FEMALE PILLS.

Beware of Counterfeits. Caution.—Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this Medicine contains a notice of its entry according to Act of Congress. And be likewise particular in obtaining them at 100 Chatham st., New York, or from the regular agents, HAMILTON & GRIER, Carlisle.

DR. WM. EVANS' SOOTHING SYRUP, FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. To Mothers and Nurses. The passage of the teeth through the gums proves distressing and dangerous symptoms. It is known by mothers that there is great irritation in the mouth and gums during this process. The gums swell, the secretion of the saliva is increased, the child is seized with frequent and sudden fits of crying, watching, starting in its sleep, and various other peculiar parts; the child sticks with extreme violence, and thrusts its fingers into its mouth. If these precursive symptoms are not speedily alleviated, spasmodic convulsions universally supervene, and soon cause the dissolution of the infant. If mothers who have their little babes afflicted with these distressing symptoms would apply the celebrated American Soothing Syrup, which has preserved hundreds of infants when thought past recovery, from being suddenly attacked with that fatal malady.

Beware of Counterfeits. Caution.—Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this medicine contains a notice of its entry according to Act of Congress. And be likewise particular in obtaining them at 100 Chatham st., New York, or from the regular agents, HAMILTON & GRIER, Carlisle.

DR. WM. EVANS' CAMOMILE & APERIENT PILLS. Another very severe case of Inflammatory Rheumatism cured by Dr. Evans' Medicine. Mr. John A. Carroll, of the county of Westchester, town of North Castle, New York, had been severely afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism for fourteen months with violent pains in his limbs, great heat, excessive thirst, dryness of skin, limbs much swollen, was not able without assistance to turn in bed for six weeks. Had tried various remedies to no effect. Was advised by a friend of his to procure some of Dr. W. V. Evans' medicines of 100 Chatham street, N. Y., which he immediately sent for, and after taking the first dose found great relief, and in continuing the use according to the directions for ten days, was perfectly cured. Allowed me to refer any person to him for the truth of the above statement.

Beware of Counterfeits. Caution.—Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this medicine contains a notice of its entry according to Act of Congress. And be likewise particular in obtaining them at 100 Chatham st., New York, or from the regular agents, HAMILTON & GRIER, Carlisle.

BARON VON HUTCHLER'S HERB PILLS. These Pills are composed of Herbs, which exert a specific action upon the heat, give an impulse or strength to the arterial system; the blood is quickened and equalized in its circulation through all the vessels, whether of the skin, the parts situated internally, or the extremities, and all the secretions of the body are drawn from the blood, there is a consequent increase of every secretion, and a quickened action of the absorbent and exhalant, or discharging vessels. Any morbid action which may have taken place is corrected, all obstructions are removed, the blood is purified, and the body resumes a healthy state.

Beware of Counterfeits. Caution.—Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this medicine contains a notice of its entry according to Act of Congress. And be likewise particular in obtaining them at 100 Chatham st., New York, or from the regular agents, HAMILTON & GRIER, Carlisle.

Of whom may be had, Dr. Wm. Evans' Camomile & Aperient Pills. Do. Soothing Syrup. Dr. Hunt's Botanic Pills. Dr. Goode's Female Pills. Do. Fever and Ague Pills. October 10, 1839.



POETRY.

The Forsaken to the False One.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY. I dare thee to forget me! Go wander where thou wilt, Thy hand upon the vessel's helm, Or on the sailor's hilt; Away thou'rt free! o'er land and sea, Go rush to dangers brink! But oh, thou canst not fly from thought! Thy curse will be—to think!

Remember me—remember all, My long enduring love, That link'd itself to perjury, The virtue and the dove! Remember in thy utmost need, I never once did shrink, But clung to thee confidingly, Thy curse shall be—to think!

Then go! that thought shall render thee A dastard in the fight, That thought, when thou art temptest tost, Will fill thee with affright! In some wild dungeon may'st thou lie, And counting each cold link, That binds thee to captivity, Thy curse shall be—to think!

Go seek the merry banquet hall, Where younger maidens bloom, The thought of me shall make thee there, Endure a deeper gloom; That thought shall turn the festive cup To poison while you drink, And while false smiles are on thy cheek, Thy curse will be—to think!

Forget me! false one, hope it not! When minstrels touch the string, The memory of other days I'll call thee while they sing; The air I used to love will make Thy coward conscience shrink, Aye, every note will have its sting, Thy curse will be—to think!

Forget me! No, that shall not be! I'll haunt thee in thy sleep, In dreams thou'rt lying to slinky rocks, That o'erhang the deep; Thou'lt shriek for aid! my feeble arm, Shall hurt thee from the brink, And when thou walkest in wild dismay, The curse will be—to think!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Baltimore Sun.

LEGEND OF ROBERT THE DEVIL.

In good old times, there lived a duke and duchess of Normandy—the one brave and generous, the other good and beautiful, who held their court within the walls of Rouen. Their lordly fete and gala were every day; the neighboring barons, and still more the vassals, flocked not to admire the happiness of the august couple. When alone, however, and in the solitude of their chamber, the noble couple were not happy; for they were childless! In vain the churches overflowed with their gifts; in vain from all parts the pilgrims and monks came to sell their prayers; nothing could exceed celestial grace to descend on their union; masses and nine days devotions, alms and other good works were equally barren. Already the monks of love had fled with youth; already ripe age grewleth forth its first threatenings of torpor; eighteen years had rolled round since their marriage; eighteen years and no heir yet!

One day the duke sought to banish his chagrin in the chase. Lost in the depths of the wood, his soul murmured against the decrees of God: 'I see well,' said he, 'God loves me not; he is deaf to my vows, he despises my good works and my prayers. I have uselessly solicited the intercession of the saints; none of them hear me, none plead my cause before God! Nothing is left me but to address myself to the Devil!'

At this word the good nobleman trembled; he crossed himself devoutly, and, troubled with remorse; he tried to drive far from him this unholy thought; but he could not succeed; once entered into his mind, it clung there; it beset him without ceasing, and on his return to the feudal mansion it went with him. His distress was so great that the duchess remarked it; she questioned him so closely that he avowed the infernal temptation. Now, instead of being frightened in her turn, instead of having recourse to her rosary or invoking her guardian angel, the imprudent duchess, who was dying with anxiety to become a mother, immediately cried: 'Ah, well, let be so! Since God abandons us, let the Devil come to our aid! Let the child be born, and the Devil may do with him afterwards as he pleases!'

In about nine months the child was born, but some signs not equivocal of reprobation accompanied this much desired birth. At first the duchess had felt within her a strange fire, as though all hell brooded in her bosom. Then the day of the birth all nature appeared in convulsions, frightful clouds had veiled the sky, the thunder roared with a terrible noise, and from the four cardinal points the winds set loose upon the ducal castle, had shaken to its very foundations.

However, the duchess, who already regretted her fatal vow; wished to have the rebellious babe baptized. They carried it in great pomp to the cathedral of Rouen; the priests awaited the rite of the holy water, the bells rung merrily, the heralds threw pieces of money to the populace, whigged, 'Noel!' and threw themselves in the dirt to gather the pittance. But scarcely had they presented it to the baptismal font, than the infant to whom they gave the name of Robert, seemed seized with an impious rage. It

foamed, it cried, it would not suffer the priests to approach—it, it tried to avoid the holy water; in short it showed itself so wicked that all the people dismayed, turned from the church, murmuring in a low voice, 'Our children will have a real devil for a sovereign!'

In fact, the little Robert showed himself more and more the Devil as he grew. Of a remarkable strength for his years, and provided with teeth from his birth, he bit and so ill-treated his nurse that they were obliged to make him suck with a long tube, and be served by strong men. When they walked with him in the streets, he escaped from the hands of the squires and valets to throw himself on the children of his age, whom he pursued with such good blows with his fist, feet and stones, that soon none dared to encounter him, and the cry of 'save your can, here comes Robert the Devil,' preceded his steps. All weeds grow apace, says the proverb; and wickedness also. The poor mother wept bitterly over the perverse inclinations of her son; she imposed upon herself severe penance to obtain from God grace for this cursed child, but she sought to see that her impious vow had been heard on high; she sought to be one of the first to suffer for this son so dearly bought. Robert was not ten years old when his mother dared not approach him; one year after a murder was already placed between Heaven and him; in an excess of fury he had struck with his dagger and extended dead at his feet the venerable priest who superintended his education.

When he had attained the age of manhood, they hoped that the generous spirit of chivalry would subdue this atrocious character. His father resolved in consequence to make him pronounce his vows and put on the golden spur in presence of all the barons of the country. He announced solemnly, and invited the most noble ladies of France and Normandy to come and preside at these fetes of honor and beauty. But Robert showed himself no less irreverent towards them than towards his father and the holy order of chivalry; he lent himself with a bad grace, and with disdain, to the different formalities of his reception; in short, in the tournament of which he was the challenger he would not take the colors of any lady. Always gloomy and ferocious in the midst of the lists, he defied by turns the most valiant champions, not in courteous combat, but to the utmost rigor, granting no mercy when he threw them in the dust; in spite of the prayers of many sensible ladies who tried vainly to save the life of the chevaliers. To complete the scandal, when he had killed many young and gallant chevaliers, he stripped himself of those ensigns of chivalry so recently obtained and so cruelly paid for, he stripped them off, and trampling them under his feet, he broke a passage through the dismayed crowd; then, as if to insult still farther the noble re-union, he put himself at the head of a troop of vagabond outcasts, and went with them to infest the highways and scour the country.

Thus descending voluntarily from the character of a prince to that of a brigand, the young Robert delighted in committing the greatest crimes. He way-laid, on their return from Rouen, those proud lords who had come to assist at the fete of his father, and perhaps to enchain him; he awaited them at the border of a forest, but it was to massacre their escorts and outrage them. Here a castle is reduced to ashes, there a holy church is profaned; every where in the beautiful duchy of Normandy the name of Robert the Devil is synonymous with murder, sacrilege and violence.

One day he overtook in the forest seven poor pilgrims. Without respect to their staffs or habits, he ran to them; 'You are saints,' he said to them; 'ah, well rejoice, for I am going to make martyrs of you!' and he slew them all.

But hardly was this murder committed than Robert, for the first time in his life, began to be horror-struck. What is he in fact? An object of horror and dismay to all the country; at sight of him populations tremble, the churches are closed—Satan himself does not inspire more dismay. Astonished by this remorse, so new to him; he tried to escape from it by flying to some crimes he urged his horse across the plain to seek some fresh occasions for murder and violence, and he learned from a shepherd, near the environs of the chateau d'Arques, that a great lady was coming there in a noble pomp. To gallop to the chateau; to attack it, to kill the sentinels and to rush, sword in hand, into the apartments, is to Robert the work of a moment. The lady whom he sought, fell on her knees at his approach; she wept, she prayed, and Robert, on arriving close to her, heard her cry: 'My God! I am justly slain by him for whom I sinned. Let the sacrifice of my life redeem his soul!' Moved by the voice, which he believed to have heard before Robert dropped his sword, all dripping with blood, and which he was just preparing to bathe in new blood; he raised the long black veil which covered the unknown, and fell on his knees on recognizing his mother!

'My mother, pardon me! weep no more over my crimes, mother! I wish to repair them. Oh, why am I so carried away by evil! I, your son; I, the descendant of so many pious and glorified princes!—Bursting into tears and beating her breast, the unhappy mother informed Robert of the impudent vow she had made to obtain his birth.

Affrighted, but at the same time touched at this revelation, the young man swore that his life should not be purchased by the remorse of a mother. 'No,' said he, 'I wish not to be damned! I do not wish my mother to carry before the tribunal of God the responsibility of my damnation!' and breaking his sword he threw the pieces at the feet of the duchess. He tore off his bloody vestments, which gave him more the air of a butcher than of a prince, and covered with a hair-cloth; his face, naked, and the staff of the pilgrim his only weapon, he returned to

the brigands, his companions. On seeing him thus accoutred, they lost their accustomed respect for their terrible captain. In vain Robert conjured them follow his example; in vain he sought to persuade them to repent with him; these miserable creatures remained deaf to the repentance of the man who had guided them to murder. 'The devil makes a hermit of himself,' said they, laughing; 'ah, well, let us treat him as he treated the pilgrims this morning.' And forthwith, emboldened by the absence of that redoubtable sword, with which Robert knew so well how to exact obedience, they all fell on the new convert, crying, 'To death, to death, the traitor!' But Robert awaited them with a firm foot. 'Wretches,' said he, 'since you will not return to God with me, go to the devil without me!' and the pilgrim's staff became in his hand an invincible arm, and he wielded it until all the brigands had received chastisement for their crimes. After this act of severe justice, which spared the executioner that business, Robert made the first sign of the cross that he had ever attempted; then he started for Rome to demand the holy father's absolution of all his crimes.

Living on alms, sleeping on the earth, fasting and incessantly praying, he crossed France, the Alps, and the plains of Italy, and on Ash Wednesday he entered the capitol of Christendom. Robert presented himself before the Pope. 'Who art thou?' demanded the Pontiff. 'The greatest of sinners,' replied the pilgrim. 'Oh holy Father, have pity on me; impose on me what penance you please—dispose of my life, but have pity! You see at your knees Robert the Devil.' At this redoubtable name, facing this accursed one, whose horrible renown had so often frightened the church and provoked the anathemas of the holy choir, the Pope trembled, and at first could not help showing a little fear, but the wicked man was now kneeling humbly, and his much dreaded arm had no other weapon than a rosary; instead of armor, a pilgrim's robe, soiled and covered with dust, was wrapped around that body, stained by so many murders and acts of violence. The Pope soon recovered his majesty; he ordered his guards to withdraw, and full of confidence in God, he feared not to remain alone with Robert while he made his confession.

This confession was so dreadful, that the Pope dared not take on himself immediately to absolve the author of so many crimes. 'Go,' said he; go my son, find at Montalto, some lonely hermit, and confess to yourself; repeat to him who thou has confessed to me; we will both pray to God for, and he will show us upon what to decide.'

Robert immediately started, and at night he arrived at the cell of the hermit, who was no less frightened by the narration of crimes than the Pope. He passed the whole night in prayer with the repenting pilgrim. Towards morning, as his eyes, yielding to fatigue, began to grow heavy, he saw suddenly a bright light fill his dark cell; an angel appeared, who in a sweet voice said: 'God does not refuse pardon to the penitent sinner, but he must purchase it by penance! Fix one on Robert which will be in proportion to his offences! At these words the aged dissembler, the cell was again obscure, but doubt had quitted the mind of the hermit; he recovered from his pious ecstasy, and made a sign to Robert to kneel before him. Heaven, by my voice, promises thee remission of all thy crimes; pride and debauchery have been the principal; it is then by humbling and mortifying thyself that thou canst merit pardon. Renounce thy rank and its prerogatives. Even this pilgrim's habit is too good for thee. Quit it, clothe thyself with rags of misery; be deaf and dumb.—Thou art unworthy to sleep under the roof of men; thou must seek thy bed among the dogs; it is from what is thrown to thee for food that thou must take enough to sustain an existence which should drag along until it please God to dispose otherwise. At this price thou canst at some day obtain absolution.'

'God be praised,' said Robert; 'this penance is lighter than I deserve. Be assured, my Father, that I will perform it to the very letter.'—And entering into Rome; the heir of the Duke of Normandy was deaf and dumb, threw himself into the dirt and followed by the shouts of the children of the town, sleeping under the starchy canopy, & disputing with the dogs for their disgusting food. At this time the Emperor came to Rome accompanied by his daughter, an accomplished princess, beautiful as an angel, but completely dumb as Robert feigned to be. This conformity of misfortune interested the unfortunate lady in his behalf, particularly as she thought she remarked in him something of distinction which contrasted with his misery. One day in crossing a court of the palace, on her way to the chapel, she dropped her golden rosary. Robert, who was then eating with the Emperor's dogs, ran, picked it up and presented it to the princess with the exquisite grace of a chevalier. From that moment her interest for him was redoubled.

Suddenly an army of Saracens invaded Italy; the Emperor advanced to meet them with his knights; they are defeated, and the miscreants advance by rapid journeys towards the holy city. All seems lost; the Romans of the Pope and the Germans of the Emperor have equally yielded, when a warrior appears who alone re-establishes the combat. He is clothed in white; death follows every blow; in a few moments he has dispersed the host of barbarians. But after the victory he could not be found; in vain the Emperor and the Pope proclaimed that if he would present himself, no favor should be refused to him; no one knew what had become of him only the young princess, who remained at the imperial palace, remarked the disappearance of her poor protégé; the evening of the combat, and the next night she had seen him return covered with white armor, which he hid with care near a

fountain in the palace garden. Guided by a mysterious instinct of the heart, she made known, by signs, to her father, that perhaps in promising the hand of his daughter to the liberator of Italy, it would induce him to declare himself. The Emperor was pleased with the idea. So great a hero could not but be a noble knight; what vassal would understand so well the lance and the sword? therefore, he need fear no mis-alliance in offering the hand of the princess. She had admirers, though mute; she was the daughter of an emperor besides; Isabelle was grace itself, and though her lips remained closed, yet her eyes were very expressive. Bref, a seneschal, not scrupulous as to the means, so he could attain the end, concluded to pass himself off as the anonymous hero. He also had seen Robert hide his armor near the fountain. In the night he stole 'them, and the next day, clothed in the gorgeous armor, he presented himself boldly before the Emperor. 'Give me your daughter,' said he. 'It was I who defeated the Saracens.' The Emperor, though greatly astonished—for the seneschal did not pass for a very brave man—was so reassured, that it was certainly the arms of the liberator. His daughter tried to explain to him by signs that it was a deception; he would not listen to any delay, for his word was engaged. 'To-morrow, thou shalt marry the seneschal—such is my pleasure!' During all this intrigue, poor Robert found his vow of dumbness more difficult to keep than ever. He also had not been able to see the princess without loving her; but his penance was not finished, and in making himself known he would lose all the fruit of his past expiations. Twenty times he was on the point of yielding to Satan, and casting a lie into the face of the perfidious seneschal; twenty times he thought it would be a good bargain to buy Isabelle at the price of damnation; but the remembrance of his mother gave him strength to resist these temptations; she also would be damned, were he to break his vow and place himself under the fatal influence which presided over his early years.

At last the day came—the fatal day which was to shine upon the marriage of the princess with an impostor. The unfortunate lady knew not how to write—in that age, few did; she had no means of making the truth known to her father; she wept, she prayed, she wished to die; but obedient as a worthy daughter of a chivalrous age, she dared not violate her father's orders. As a victim devoted to the sacrifice, she suffered herself to be conducted to the temple, where the Pope himself waited to bless her marriage. The seneschal was in the intoxication of triumph; all the imperial knighthood gatheted around him; all the imperial banners of the holy empire were lowered before the future spouse of Isabelle. Robert was there also, in his rags, but in the eyes of the princess, more beautiful in his rags than the seneschal under his magnificent vestments. The solemn mass was commenced, the Pontiff turned to the future spouse, he was about to pronounce the irrevocable sentence, when suddenly, by a miracle of divine goodness, Isabelle recovered her voice! 'Father, father,' she cried, 'it was Robert! and she fell fainting at the feet of the Pope. Great was the confusion of the disconcerted seneschal, greater still that of the Emperor, in learning that a poor dumb creature had a right to the hand of Isabelle. He made Robert approach. 'Who art thou?' said he; 'thou, who from the dog kennel throwest thyself victoriously into the field of battle? Thou who after losing thy own reason; seemest to rob my daughter of hers?—Robert drew himself up with pride; his noble blood of Normandy boiled in his veins; he is about to take his name at this disdainful course; for Isabel and glory, he is on the eve of forgetting his vow of penance; but at sight of the sovereign pontiff he conquers his pride and his love. 'Holy father!' he cried, falling on his knees before the altar: 'Jesus! my God! you see what I do; what I sacrifice to remain faithful to my vow, to purchase the pardon of myself and mother.' 'And thou shalt be rewarded my son,' said the Pope; 'I release you from your vow. Emperor of the Romans, and you Barons of Germany and Italy, recognise in this mendicant vagabond the heir of a sovereign race, Robert of Normandy.—His penance has expiated his old crimes; his exploits in defending Rome against the Saracens have merited the glory of this hour. Robert, I unite you to Isabelle.

VILLAINY STEEPED IN GAIL. Some wretches on Sunday morning last paid a visit to the Powder-magazine of Peter Haldeman, Esq. and by the aid of Oil, Barrels, Shavings, and other combustible materials, attempted to fire the building.—This building is situated on the outskirts of the Borough, and at the time contained five thousand pounds of powder. If the ignition had taken place the explosion must have been tremendous, and our whole town perchance completely destroyed—for the attempt was made at the dead of night—about one o'clock in the morning.

Different motives have been assigned for the attempted perpetration of a deed which at least, in any of its bearings, was one of danger to those concerned in it; but we think the true motive will be found in the caption of this article—nevertheless, whatever the motive, the act speaks for itself.

Mr. Haldeman offers a reward of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for information that will lead to detection and conviction. Columbia Spy.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE subscribers have now growing about thirteen thousand MORUS MULTICAULIS MULBERRY TREES, from root and cutting this season, measuring from one to six feet high, with many strong branches to each, which will sell low for cash, to be delivered to purchasers at the proper time of taking up; send these this fall, or next spring, as will best suit the purchaser.

JACOB SOUTER & CO. Carlisle, August 29, 1839.