American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2 00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 33. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1847. NO. 51.

IT NEVER FAILS.

DR. CULLEN'S

Indian Vegetable Panacea.

PERSONS afflicted with Scrofula, Kings' Evil, Cancer, Erysipelas, Old sores, Ulcers, Tetter, Mercurial Diseases, or any other complaints arising from impurities of the blood, are requested to read the following testimonials, in proof of the wonderful properties of the above named medicine.

READ! READ!! READ!!!

We the undersigned, having visited Mr. Isaac Brooks, jr. at the office of Messrs. Rowand & Walton, 376 Market st., Philadelphia, consider his case the most remarkable one we have ever witnessed or heard of. His disease was SCROFULA, and terrible must have been his twelve years conflict with the destroyer. His Palate, the entire roof of his Mouth, Nose, Upper Lip, and lower lid of the RIGHT EYE have been destroyed, his Face, *nearly eaten up*, and part of the Jaw Bone carried away. And yet we can give no description of his case.

Mr. B. informs us that in January last, the whole interior of his mouth, as well as most of his face, was a mass of deep and painful ulcers. On the 14th of January last, he commenced taking Dr. Cullen's Indian Vegetable Panacea, which checked the disease in a few days, and from that time the cure has progressed with intermission. New flesh has supplied the place of the deep ulcers, and though badly disfigured, his face is sound, and his general health is restored. We are assured that in the treatment of Mr. Brooks' case, no Mercurials, Ointments, or Caustic Applications have been used,—in fact, the Panacea Alone, has wrought this wonderful change.

David Smith, Bucks county, Pa.,
Charles E. Rowand, Meadville, Crawford co., Pa.,
J. W. Jones, M. D., south 2d street, Phila.
Jacob Lee, Pemberton, N Jersey.
E. W. 440 N. Fourth, st., Phila.
S. McCullough, Lancaster, Pa.
R. M. Maddock, 28 N. 11th st., Phila.
C. W. Appleton, M. D. 46 south st.
Timothy Caldwell, Marion county, Missouri.
Daniel Yeakel, Chesnut Hill, Philadelphia co.
John Harned, 390 High street, Phila.
Wm. Steeling, M. D., Camden, N. J.
Wm. Hale, 378 High street, Phila.
John Bell, Erie st., Phila.
Aaron Sands, 146 Catharine st. Phila.
Daniel McGinley, Kessler's Alley, Phila.
Andrew Sweaton, Camden, N. J.
R. H. Evans, West Philadelphia.
Richard R. Young, Gilder 409 Market st. Phila.
John W. Ashmead, 60 South 6th street, do.
T. S. Wagner, Lithographer, 116 Chesnut st., Philadelphia.
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L. B. Coles, M. D., Boston, Mass.
Russel Canfield, Physiologist, Phila.
Thos. P. S. Roby, M. D., Harrisburg, Pa.
Peter Wright, 159 Market street, Phila.
James W. Newlin, 103 Filbert street, do.
John Good, 174 Spruce street, do.
Rev. Wm. Urie, Catharine st. do.
Rev. John Chambers, Broad st. do.
T. L. Sanders, Publisher of Pledge, Phila.
F. P. Sellers, Editor, Doylestown, Pa.
Jacob Frick, Editor of the Ame. Sent. Phila.
L. A. Godey, Ladies' Book, 101 Chesnut st., Philadelphia.
Rev. J. R. Nichols, Pastor of Brickmaker's M. P. Church, Phila.
D. S. Kieffer, Publisher of Lancaster Repub.
A. Wilson, M. D. No. 6 Cedar Row, Phila.
Samuel Ketchum, No. 62 North Third st. do.
Rev. Levi Brink, New York.
Edward Paxson, No. 158 North Front st. do.
J. C. Laycock, Attorney at Law, Washington Square, Phila,

The above named gentlemen, (constituting but a small portion of those who have visited Mr. Brooks at our office in Philadelphia, and would certify to the same acts if necessary) are well known, and their high standing in society precludes the idea of their lending their names to carry on an imposition.

And here we say, without the fear of contradiction; that we have not found a case of Scrofula or other disease for which we recommend the Panacea, which the medicine has not speedily arrested.

We have at this time a multitude of patients under treatment, all of whom are doing well.—Among them is one of CANCER, which was pronounced by physicians *beyond the reach of Surgical* assistance, but from all appearances will be cured in a few months.

Sold wholesale and retail by ROWAND & WALTON, Proprietors, No. 376 Market st. Philadelphia, and also by the following regularly authorized agents.

SAMUEL W. HAVERSTICK, Carlisle, Pa.
William Bratton, Newville.
Samuel H. Buehler, Gettysburg, Pa.
C. A. Morris & Co. York, Pa.
Carlisle, Dec. 3, 1846.—1y

DR. CULLEN'S

INDIAN VEGETABLE SPECIFIC FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS. This medicine is fast taking the place of every preparation heretofore used for *diseases arising from Weakness* or other causes. All that is necessary to secure this medicine a place in the *Domestic Practice* of every family; when such a medicine is needed, is a trial.

It speaks for itself—is innocent in its operation, and no injury can arise from its use at any time.

Sold wholesale and retail by ROWAND & WALTON, Proprietors, No. 376 Market st. Philadelphia, and also by the following regularly authorized agents.

SAMUEL W. HAVERSTICK, Carlisle, Pa.
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Bull's Sarsaparilla

FOR the cure of scrofula in all its forms, diseases of the skin, eruption, &c., rheumatism, dyspepsia, chronic diseases of the lungs, cancerous affections, jaundice, palpitation and trembling in the region of the heart and stomach, New Ralgia, Scurvy, Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance, to counteract the destructive effects of Mercury, and all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood. For sale at the Drug store opposite the Depot House.

J. & W. B. FLEMING.

May 20, 1847.

Dyspepsia.

CANTRALL'S Anti-Dyspeptic Powder, a remedy whose efficacy has been tested for several years, and whose employment has met with unparralleled success, in alleviating and curing permanently, those innumerable and perplexing symtoms attendant upon that universally known disease—Dyspepsia. For sale by

J. & W. B. FLEMING.

May 20, 1847.

Picard's Palma Christi Pommade.

A NEW and beautiful preparation, confidently recommended as having no equal, for imparting a beautiful, soft and glossy appearance to the Hair, promoting its growth and preventing its falling out, for sale at the drug store of

J. & W. B. FLEMING.

May 20, 1847.

JOB WORK

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE ON MODERATE TERMS.

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER,

Is published every Thursday, at Carlisle, Pa., by JOHN B. BRATTON, upon the following conditions, which will be rigidly adhered to:

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For one year, *in advance*, . . . $2 00
For six months, *in advance*, . . . 1 00

No subscription taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid.

Twenty-five per cent. additional on the price of subscription will be required of all those who do not pay in advance.

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One square, one insertion, . . . $ 50
One square, two insertions, . . . 75
One square, three insertions, . . . 1 00
Every subsequent insertion, per square, . . . 25

A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year, or for three or six months.

OFFICE.—The office of the *American Volunteer* is in the second story of James H. Graham's new stone building, in South Hanover street, a few doors from Burkholder's hotel, and directly opposite the Post-office, where those having business will please call.

Poetical.

MONTERREY.

BY WILLIAM H. COLE.

HARK! the sound of Northern bugles
Peals along the Southron's strand;
See, the Northmen's starry banner
Streams along the Rio Grande.
From each topic hill and valley
Erst in Montezuma's away,
Sons of Spain and Aztecs gather
Round the walls of Monterey.

Hark, the trampling of the charger—
Hark, the clanking of the steel!
See the Eagle banners flutter,
See the bristling column wheel!
Lo! the men of Palo Alto,
On the eighth and ninth of May,
Come to gather brighter laurels
From the walls of Monterey.

See! how in battle order
The glittering ranks deploy,
With the warrior's gen'rous ardor,
With his stern and silent joy.
Loud booms the hostile thunder,
Thick falls the iron rain—
Yet still the march is onward,
O'er the stormy battle plain.

Hark! a mighty shout is pealing,
Pealing on the foeman's ear,
Clearer than his loudest thunder!
'Tis the Saxon's onset cheer.
On they press, the gallant comrades
Of the heroes, Ringgold—May—
And the weapons of La Palma
Flash again at Monterey.

Up the heights of Bishop's Palace,
Wrapt in clouds of smoke and flame,
Stands a beacon to the warrior,
On his daring path to fame.
Up the heights of Bishop's Palace,
As the war-cloud rolls along,
Spreads the charging column's banner,
From its ramparts dark and strong.

In the city enfiladed,
Hemm'd with stockade, ditch, and wall,
See the gallant THIRD is pressing
On, in triumph, through them all.
See! the Texan Rangers panting,
Storming, on their bloody way,
The strong holds of the foeman—
Striking home at Monterey.

Long and bloody was the contest,
Many a gallant soldier fell;
Never in our country's annals
Was a battle fought so well.
Not in all the deeds of daring,
Since Freedom's earlier day,
Was there a brighter than the storming
Of the walls at Monterey.

Miscellaneous.

AN ADVENTURE IN HUNGARY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

On the third day after his departure from Vienna, a horse dealer alighted at an inn situated at the entrance of a little town, which, to all appearance, was respectable and quiet. He recommended his horse to the care of the landlord, dried his clothes at the fire, and as soon as supper was ready, sat down to the table with the host and his family, who appeared to be decent people.

During supper, the traveller was asked where he came from, and on his answering from Vienna, they were all anxious to hear some news from the capital. The horse dealer told them all he knew. The landlord then asked him what business had taken him to Vienna, to which the latter replied that he had been there to sell some of the very finest horses that have ever appeared in the market there. At these words the landlord looked very significantly at a young man who sat opposite to him, and who appeared to be his son. His expressive glance did not escape the observation of the traveller, who, however, took no notice of it; yet he very soon afterwards had cause to regret his want of caution. Being in want of repose, he begged the landlord, as soon as the supper was finished, to show him to his room. The landlord took a lamp, and conducted the traveller across a yard into a detached building, which contained two tolerably neat rooms. A bed was prepared at the farther end of the second.

As soon as the landlord had retired, the traveller undressed himself, unbuckeled a money-belt containing a considerable sum in gold, and took out his pocket-book, which was full of Austrian bank-notes. Having convinced himself that his money was right, he placed both under his pillow, extinguished the light, and soon fell asleep, thanking God and all the saints for the success of his journey.

He had slept about an hour or two, when he was suddenly awakened by the opening of the window, and immediately felt the night air blow in upon him.

Startled at this unforseen circumstance, the traveller raised himself up in bed, and perceived the head and shoulders of a man who was struggling to get into the room; at the same time he heard the voice of several persons, who were standing under the window. A dreadful terror seized our traveller, who gave himself up for lost; and scarcely knowing what he did, crept under the bed as quickly as possible.—A moment afterwards, a man sprang heavily into the room, and staggered up to the bed, supporting himself against the wall. Confounded as the horse dealer was, he nevertheless perceived that the intruder was inebriated: this circumstance, however, gave him little hope, for he had probably got intoxicated in order to summon up courage for the contemplated crime; besides this, the traveller had heard the voices of persons outside, so that the murderer, in case of resistance, could count upon the assistance of his comrades. But how great was his astonishment when he saw the unknown person throw his coat upon the floor, and stretch himself upon the bed he had just quitted! A few moments afterwards he heard the intruder snore, and his terror began gradually to give way to reflection, although the whole affair was quite incomprehensible to him. He was just preparing to quit his hiding place in order to awake the inmates of the house, and ask for another bed in place of that in which he had been so unceremoniously expelled, when a new incident occured.

He heard the outer door carefully opened, and on listening, the sound of cautious footsteps reached his ear. In a few moments the door of *his* room opened, and two figures, those of the landlord and his son, stood on the threshold.

"Keep the lamp back," muttered the father in a suppressed voice.

"What have we to fear?" said the young man; "we are two against one: besides he has only a small knife with him, and is sleeping soundly; hear how he snores."

"Do what I tell you," said the father, angerily: "do you wish to awaken him? would you have his cries alarm the whole neighborhood?"

The horse dealer was horrified with the spectacle. He remained motionless under the bed, scarcely daring to breathe. The son shut the door after him, and the two wretches approached the bed on tiptoe. An instant afterwards the bed was shook by a convulsive motion, and a stifled cry of pain confirmed the foreboding that the unhappy man in the bed had had his throat cut. After a short pause of awful silence, the landlord said,

"It is over now: look for the money."

"I have found it under the pillow," said the son, "it is in a leathern belt and a pocket-book."

The murderers disappeared. Everything being now quiet, the traveller crept from under the bed, jumped out of the window, and hastened to the adjoining town to inform the authorities of what had happened.

The mayor immediately assembled the military, and in less that three quarters of an hour the inn was surrounded by soldiers who had been summoned to arrest the murderers. The whole house seemed buried in profound silence, but on approaching the stables they heard a noise. The door was immediately broken in, and the landlord and his son were seen busily digging a pit.

As soon as the murderers saw the horse dealer, they uttered a cry of horror, covered their faces with their hands, and fell to the ground. This was neither from repentance nor the fear of punishment, but they thought they saw before them the gost of the murdered man, notwithstanding they heard him speak. There was some trouble in convincing them to the contrary. They were then bound, and led into the out-house where the horrible deed had been committed, anxious to see how the enigma would be solved. The prisoners appeared collected, or at least calm and sullen; but when, on entering the room, they perceived the body which lay on the bed, the son fell senseless to the earth, and the father threw himself upon it with loud lamentations, clasped the bloody corpse, and exclaimed, despairingly,

"My son! oh, my son! I, thy father, am thy murderer!"

The murdered man was, in fact, the youngest son of the host. Drunkenness was the only fault this young man had; and this night, instead of being, as his father and brother supposed, in his bed, he had gone out secretly, and been carousing with some of his companions at the ale-house. Soon becoming sufficiently, inebriated, and fearing his father's anger if he appeared before him in that state, he intended to pass the night in the detached out-house, as he had often done before. His companions had accompanied him thither, and helped him to climb up to the window. The rest requires no further explanation. Nor do we need to add that the murderers expiated their crime with their lives; and that the horse dealer, although saved, and again in possession of his plundered property, still shudders at the recollection of that dreadful night.

The Two Joking Farmers.

BY SEBA SMITH.

In the land of Steady Habits, in the good old days of early pilgrims, and in the reign of Blue Laws, there dwelt on the banks of the Connecticut two sturdy farmers, by the names of THOMPSON and JONES, whose eccentric and fun-loving characters formed a striking contrast with all their stern, straight jacket neighbors. Their farms were adjoining each other, and they always lived on friendly and intimate terms. They would borrow and lend hoes, harrows, and plows, exchange day's work at haying and harvest, go to each other's huskings, and join their teams together to break the road and haul out wood in the winter. Their great peculiarity, which marked them so distinctly from their neighbors, was their love of fun and fondness of practical jokes.

As the other neighbors were so dissimilar in their habits and feelings, that they would hold but little intercourse with these sons of Belial. Thompson and Jones were naturally thrown upon each other more exclusively for society, and their hard practical jokes were constantly played off upon each other with the utmost good humor, and he that could joke the hardest was the best fellow.

Thompson had a valuable sheep which was a little prone to gadding, and which grew rather fond of neighbor Jones' clover field. Jones had turned the sheep out several times and remonstrated with Thompson against the intrusion and trespass.—Thompson only laughed, and told Jones he must keep a better fence or poorer feed.

Jones didn't feel exactly satisfied with this reasoning, and resolved, if ever the trespass were repeated, to inflict a summary punishment on the trespasser. On looking out early next morning he beheld the sheep again in the clover field. He drove the sheep into the barn yard and caught her. Taking a sharp knife he ran it through one of her hind legs, between the tencon and the bone near the gambler joint, and taking up the other leg, thrust it through the incision he had made. He then turned the sheep out and sent it hobbling home on three legs.

When Thompson went home to his own barn in the morning he discovered the poor sheep in this predicament, and having relieved her from this unpleasant embarrassment, he started off to give Jones a piece of his mind.

"Now, neighbor Jones," said Thompson, "I think you are too bad. I can bear a joke as well as any body, but I'll tell you what it is, this is carrying the joke too far by a great sight. Here my sheep is almost spoilt by having one leg stuck through the other. Now, Jones, how could you be so inhuman?"

"Me, neighbor Thompson?" said Jones, I had no hand in it. Why should you accuse me? The fact was that your sheep was in my clover field again this morning, and I went out to set the dog on her to drive her out but she was so smart in looking out number one, that she turned and run like fury, and as she jumped over the fence she came down a little on one side, and stuck one leg through the t'other, herself. I had'nt no hand in it, neighbor Thompson. That's a wonderful smart sheep of yourn. Why when she had only three legs, she outrun mine with four."

Thompson being unable to obtain any satisfaction, pocketed the joke, hard as it was, and went home.—Now Jones had a long-legged, long-sided hog about a year old, a mischievous and unprincipled animal, that went about poking his nose into everything, and meddling with matters that he had no business to.—And it so happened, that early next morning Thompson found Jones' hog in his garden rooting his vegetables. He caught the hog, and with a sharp knife slit his mouth open on both sides clear to his ears.—He then turned the gruntor out, and sent him home very much chapfallen. Jones now in his turn was in a rage. He bound up the animal's head as well as he could, and then started off to give Thompson "a real settin' out."

Thompson saw Jones coming, full of fire and fury, and he sat down on a log before his door, and quietly took out his jack-knife and went to whittling.—Jones came up breathing hard with indignation.

"Now, Thompson," said he, "you and I are done. I'll tell you what 'tis, if you are going to turn savage I'll quit. I'll have nothing to do with any body that's more cruel and brutal than a savage. Now, Thompson, you have ruined that hog of mine. He isn't worth a sixpence. He isn't fat enough to kill now, and I never shall be able to fat him, now you have cut his mouth open from ear to ear. I tell you, Thompson, you and I are done."

"Why, neighbor, how unreasonable you are," said Thompson, very gravely, "the most unreasonable man I ever know, to accuse me of such a thing as that. Why, the case was just this, neighbor Jones. Your hog was walking out this morning, and he came down this way, and as he was going by my barn yard, he happened to look thorough the fence and see my poor sheep running about with one leg stuck through t'other, and upon my word, neighbor Jones, he split his mouth from ear to ear a laughin'!"

A Backwoods Jury.

Our readers will recollect an amusing description—copied into our paper some time ago—of an Arkansas court scene, where a certain pig stealer was summoned to answer for coveting a neighbor's hogs. This reminds another correspondent of a case described to him by a legal gentleman, as having occurred in the same State, and which will give the reader a highly lucid idea of a backwoods jury.

It appears that a character in those parts, notorious not for the most enviable and rigid system of morals, was indicted, imprisoned and about to be tried for stealing certain smoked hog—better known as bacon. Judge B——, an eminent lawyer—since a Senator in Congress—happened at the time to have business in the same court, and at the urgent request of the unfortunate victim of the law, he was induced to visit him in jail.

After a short dialogue the Judge was requested to act as his counsel—a fee of fifty dollars, at the same time being proffered. Judge B——, upon questioning the man, found, 1st: That he had stolen the bacon; 2d: That several witnesses had seen him in the act, and were summoned to give their testimony against him, and 3d: That a portion of the bacon was found in his actual possession. Under these circumstances Judge B—— declined taking the fee, saying that he could do nothing for him, and that his conviction was certain.

"It would do no good, my man," replied Judge B——, "the testimony cannot fail to convict you. I cannot conscientiously take your money."

"That's my own look out, Judge!" returned the prisoner. "All I want is for you to get up and talk to them."

The Judge, being thus pressed, told the man that he would undertake his defence, but that it would be entirely futile.

The case came on the next day. The witnesses swore point blank to the identity of the prisoner, his stealing and possessing of the bacon.—Judge B——, according to promise, got up and addressed the jury, talking to them in a way anything rather than to the purpose, for about fifteen minutes, and the case went to the jury. What was his astonishment when they, without leaving the box, rendered a verdict of "not guilty!"—The prisoner was, of course, immediately liberated.

Judge B——, taking him aside, said—

"Well, my man, what could have induced the Jury to bring in such a verdict is beyond my comprehension; how, with such testimony, they could bring you in 'not guilty,' is utterly unaccountable."

"Judge," said the released culprit, with a knowing wink, "*eight on 'em had some of the bacon!*"

The rascal knew perfectly well that the eminence of the counsel would shelter the jury in bringing in a verdict for the party for whom he might plead.—*St. Louis Organ.*

The Bad Merchant.

From a late discourse by Rev. Theodore Parker.

The wicked Baron, bad of heart and bloody of hand, has passed off with the age which gave birth to such a brood. But the bad Merchant still lives.—He cheats in his trade; sometimes against the law, generally with it. His truth is never wholly true, nor his lie wholly false. He overreaches the ignorent; makes hard bargains with men in their trouble, for he knows that a falling man will catch at a red hot iron. He takes the pound of flesh, though that brings away all the life blood with it. He loves private contracts—digging through walls in secret. No interest is illegal, if he can get it. He cheats the nation with false invoices, and swears lies at the custom house; will not pay his taxes, but moves out of town on the last of April. He oppresses the men who sail his ships, forces them to be temperate only that he may consume the value of their drink. He provides for them unsuitable bread and meat. He would not engage in the African Slave Trade, for he might lose his ships and perhaps more. He is always ready, to engage in the American Slave Trade, and calls you a "fanatic" if you tell him it is the worst of the two. He cares not whether he carries cotton or the man who wears it, if he only gets the money; Cotton or Negro, 'tis the same to him! He would not keep a drink-hole in Anna Street—only own and rent it:—He will bring or make whole cargoes of poison that deals damnation round the land. He thinks it vulgar to carry Rum about in a Jug, respectable in a Ship. He makes paupers and leaves others to support them. Tell him of the misery of the poor—he knows better; nor of our palthry way of dealing with public crime—he wants more jails and a speedier gallows. You see him in letting his houses—his houses for the poor. He is a stone in the lame man's shoe. He is the poor man's Devil. The Hebrew Devil that so worried Job is gone; so is the brutal Devil that so awed our fathers. Nobody fears them; they vanish before cockcrowing. But this Devil of the nineteenth century is still extant. He has gone into trade, and advertises in the papers; his name is "good" in the street. He "makes money;" the world is poorer by his wealth. He spends it like he made it—like a devil; on himself, his family alone, or worse yet, for show. He can build a church out of his gains—to have his Morality, his Christianity preached in it, and called that the Gospel, as Aaron called the Calf—God. He sends Rum and Missionaries to the same barbarians—the one to damn, the other to "save," both for his own advantage, for his Patron-Saint is Judas, the first Saint who made money out of Christ. Ask not him to do a good deed in private—men would not know it, and the example would be lost; so he never lets a dollar slip out between his thumb and finger without leaving the mark on both sides of it. He is not forecasting to discern effects in causes, nor skillful to create any new wealth—only spry in the scramble for what others have made. It is easy to make a bargain with him—hard to settle. In Politics he wants a Government that will insure his dividends; he asks what is good for him, but ill for the rest.—knows no Right, only Power; no man but self; no God but his Calf of God.

RANK IN THE ARMY—OR A DARKEY'S DIGNITY.—After a portion of the troops had landed on the beach near Vera Cruz, on the night of the 9th of March, a body of the enemy commenced a brisk fire of small-arms into the encampment. Of course, all hands were on the *qui vive*, expecting the Mexicans would make some demonstration upon our lines during the night, and when the firing commenced, concluded there was about to be a general attack. The lines were soon formed and not a word could be heard from the soldiery, but there was a negro who kept running from one little point of hill to another, apparantly in a state of great excitement. He finally laid himself flat on his face, at full length, and commenced working himself into the soft sand with a good deal of energy. On being asked what he was about? he replied, "I is 'fraid some ob dem copper balls will put a stop to me drawin' rashuns." "Why," asked the party speaking to him, "don't you get up and fight them?" "No, sir-ee!" he said, "dat's my massa's part ob de bizness; he done been to Westpint, where dey makes fightin' people to learn dat, and you don't kotch dis nigger medlin' his-sef wid odder peoples bizness, my massa does de fightin' an' I waits' on him, and nusses him. If he gets wounded we gets promoted." "You get promoted! What good will his promotion do you?" inquired the individual. "Oh, dat question has been settled long time ago in dese parts down here; a colored gemmen whot waits on a kurnel always outranks one dat waits on a capten, an' de way we colored gemmens reg'lurs makes dese volunteer niggers squat, is a caution to white folks."—*N. O. Delta.*

ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The following are the proceedings of a special meeting of the corporation of the city of Dublin, held at the City Assembly House, on the 24th ult., the Lord Mayor of the city presiding:—

Doctor Gray, after some prefactory observations, said he he had been requested by the committee appointed at the last meeting to prepare an address to the American people, to submit the following address for the approbation of the council—

"*To the President of the United States.*—Sir,—We, the Lord Mayor, Alderman, and Burgesses of the corporation of the city of Dublin, beg leave to tender to you, and through you, to the Federal Government and the Legislature of the United States, our deep and affectionate gratitude for the prompt generosity with which you placed, at the disposal of your benevolent citizens, the national ships, the Jamestown and Mecedonian, for the purpose of conveying to our famishing countrymen, the supplies of food, furnished by the liberality of the noble-hearted people of your Republic.

"To you, sir, as the head of a State, which is foreign to the power to which it is our fate to owe allegience, obvious motives of delicacy prevent us from expressing the emotions suggested by a contrast which here involuntarily presents itself. Of that contrast it was not your intention to make any ostentation, and we will not farther allude to it; but no motives need prevent us, as Irishmen, who never can consider your nation as alien to our hearts or affections, from expressing our satisfaction that the government of a free people, who have so long afforded a hospitable refuge to our expatriated countrymen, should have set to the nations of the world the noble example of aiding the private benevolence of its citizens, by giving its ships of war to convey food to a distant people, whose unhappy position gives them no national equivalent to return; but must leave the generous donors to be rewarded by the approval of their own consciences.

"We are aware, Sir, that this is not the first occasion on which the generous sympathies of American citizens have out-poured themselves in liberal supplies for famishing multitudes in this old world. We know that many years ago, with an enthusiasm of humanity, similar, if not equal in amount, to that which now so nobly agitates your country, your citizens fed the people of impoverished Greece. We know, that in the year 1832, when famine wasted the inhabitants of the *Cape de Verde* Islands; when the old world was torpid to the suffering of those Islanders, who were perishing within its precincts, and their mother country attended to their wants with an inadequacy that was equivalent to total neglect; the young sympathies of your new world, bound to them by no political ties—linked to them by few commercial relations—associated by none of the claims of neighborhood—overleaped all distances, physical and moral, and fed that population gratuitously for months. These facts may take from the peculiarity of the compliment paid to ourselves, but as exalting the character of those to whom we are so deeply indebited to, it increases our greatful feelings to intermingle them with the expression of our thanks. Still we do believe—that the condition of our unfortunate country does excite some peculiar sympathies among your people. Of this we find evidence in the unparalleled extent of the efforts now being made in its behalf over the surface of your republic, and in the unprecedented conduct of your government, in sparing ships of war for our use, at a moment when the whole resources of your country are called into exertion, both by land and sea, for the prosecution of the hostilities in which you are engaged.

That the people of Ireland should be so often exhibited to the world as mendicants, receiving the charity of other nations, is deeply humiliating to us, so that the pleasure of rendering you our thanks is dashed with gloom and melancholy feelings. To return thanks gracefully for favors, which, while they bless the giver, must in some degree humiliate the receiver, is no easy task—nor will you exact from our misery, its perfect execution. But if it could be easy in any case—it would be easy in the present. Your manner and your words are alike open and sympathetic, as your acts have been open handed and liberal. If there was any country to which the Irish people could feel pleasure in owing and acknowledging an obligation of this character, that country, Sir, would be yours. You will believe, Sir, that our present gratitude is deep-felt and abiding, and is measured not so much by the extent of the benefit conferred on our people, as by the flattering good will evinced in conferring it.

"To you, Sir personally, for the promptness with which you sanctioned the act of the legislature, and the wonderful rapidity, so characteristic of your nation, with which you had it carried into execution, we tender our warmest acknowledgements—and respectfully beg that you will convey to the Government, the Legislature, and the people of the United States, the expression of a gratitude, which shall never be effaced from our hearts, or those of our childrens' children." JOHN GRAY, *Chairman.*

AN AFFECTING SCENE.—The late Geo. Dunn, jailer—or, as modern magniloquence will have it—governor of Kilmainham, was a blunt hearted Northumbrian who had witnessed many affecting scenes in his time. Being required to mention the incident, connected with capital punishment which had most affected him during his long experience, he selected one so simple and so touching, as to prove him to have been possessed, not only of very tender feelings, but of the most correct and delicate judgment. At the last interview between a condemned criminal and his wife, their child, a bonny wee thing just beginning to prattle, was playing about the cell. Her little eyes were caught by the glitter of the bolts which confined the father's legs, and she cried out, in blissful ignorance of their use—"Oh daddy, what pretty things!—You never wore these at home."

"Many sad things have I seen," said the honest jailor, "and many a bitter tear I have heard within these walls, but never one that made me blubber like a child till then. The mother sir, and the poor fellow himself—oh sir, it was terrible—terrible."

HOW TO GO THROUGH THE WORLD.—It was the pious John Newton who said: "I endeavor to walk through the world as a physician goes through bedlam; the patients make a noise, pester him with impertinence and hinder him in his business; but he does the best he can, and so gets through."

but there is truth and wisdom in that remark. At the present day, when there are so many opposing opinions, a man must be a very magician to pass along without coming in conflict with some of them. Whether he moves to the right or to the left, or stands still, he is sure to be roughly jostled by somebody. The only safe course is to move straight forward. The physician in bedlam, may serve very well as our model. We are sent into the vast bedlam of the world to try to benefit those therein. "Madness is in the hearts" of those with whom we come in contact, as the Scripture says, and they may often try to thwart our purpose or to put us in a passion. But we cannot afford to pause in the work assigned us to reply to all that is heaped upon us, or to give vent to the rising feelings of impatience or anger. We must do our work—do it as well as possible—and then pass off to our rest and our reward. It does not matter how many attacks we encounter: the important matter is to do our duty—not needlessly exciting opposition, not shrinking from it when unavoidable. Happy those who thus pass through the world.

A MODERN TELL.

Many who read remains about the days of the Crusades, and whose hearts beat over the romance of history—the narratives of heroes like William Tell, who waged a holy war against the invaders of their country—are unaware that as great a hero lives in our day, and is conducting as holy and undying a struggle. How few care to read of Abd-el Kader! yet who will venture to say William Tell was nobler! The Emir Abd-el-Kader is the indomitable foe of the French, who have conquered Algiers, and colonized, or attempted to colonize, the neighborhood. He is a native, and hates the intruders. He is a prince, and hates the conquerers of his country. He cannot drive them out, but he does everything short of it.—He leaves them no peace or rest. They in fact own no land but what they stand on. Every head that is put out beyond the cordon is cut off—every straggler from the camp disappears. The settlers cannot till the fields, nor go on commercial errands: for Abd-el Kader comes down upon them whichever way they go! A company cannot pass from camp to camp without its numbers being thinned. If there is a burning sun, Abd-el-Kader pounces upon the troops in their hour of lassitude. If wintry weather comes up from the mountains, Abd-el-Kader comes up with it, as if he rode upon the blast. If snow blocks up the way Abd-el-Kader issues from the thickest drift. If there is a drought, he drives the foe far from the water brooks by harrassing them, flank and rear. He is always on the eve of being caught; but no man has ever caught him yet, nor touched his white banner. His tribes are dispersed, his stores taken, his supplies cut off, his horse shot under him, his allies bound over to deliver him up; but he has always yet escaped. He is reported dead; but is presently seen and felt again. He has worn out and brought to disgrace French field-marshals; and caused, destitute as he himself is, an expenditure of men and money such as no nation can long endure for the sake of so wretched a colony. He has now sent a summons to the tribes of the south to be ready to renew the war against the invaders: and all but those who are within immediate reach of the French answer with fervor to the call. One cannot but look forward wistfully to see the issue—to divine the lot and the death of such a man;—to watch whether his power of hope can sustain itself against such odds; whether he dies on the field, or in the cave of the rocks—as a warrior, or a prisoner, or as one of Nature's princes in one of Nature's palaces. The only thing we know is that the man himself—his soul—will never be conquered. Being well assured of this, it would be endurable that his country and native tribes should be brought under European sway, if there were a fair probability that it would be ultimately for their real good. But it is for their invaders to show that it would be so; and till they do, our sympathies must inevitably be with the indomitable Abd-el-Kader, before whose majesty—the native majesty of the soul—every Mahomedan bows his head, and every invader quails.

Little Pleasure.

"I take but little pleasure." Now that word "little" has led thousands into a great deal of mischief. What one calls little another calls much; and it is by little and little that the soul of a sinner is led the whole length of temptation, sin and sorrow.

A man may take a little holiday, a little whiskey and a little pleasure; he may lose a little time and spend a little money, till he becomes almost unknown to himself—a great drunkerd; a great spendthrift and a great libertin.

If you think for a moment you must be convinced that what I say is true. The greatest rogue that ever robbed another, the most notorious highwayman that ever robbed a traveller, became so by little and little. If a little leak will sink a large ship, and a little fire destroy a large city, so, in like manner, a little sin may be the means of ruining the soul.—When, therefore, you are asked to what is wrong, never deceive yourself by thinking you may go a little way out of the path of rectitude. He who keeps in the broad turnpike of duty is not likely to lose himself; but he who quits it for the thorny by paths of his own inclination and passions, may wander where he never intended.

YOUNG LADS.—There are many young lads about our streets who have given up their schools, but who are in no particular business. Some of them, to be sure, are sons of wealthy parents, who can afford to keep them in idleness, but it may prove the ruin of the boys. There are others, however, whose parents find it difficult to make both ends meet, who seem to do nothing from Monday morning till Saturday night. Why is it? They are too proud to learn a trade, or go into a shop and work; so they are waiting for opportunities to present themselves, where they can get a good salary; and do nothing but a little writing. Such opportunities are rare, and these boys may wait till they are one and twenty, and yet do nothing. Idleness is the ruin of boys from the age of fourteen to twenty-one. While unemployed you will find them at the corners of our streets, in low grog-shops, or where soda cakes and pies are sold, living on the generosity of their more wealthy companions. We know several such. We see them daily getting what they can from others, while their poor fathers, or widowed mothers are obligded to support them.

Our advice to such young lads is, go to work at something. Do not be afraid of a trade. Some of our best and most talented men once sat on a shoemaker's bench, worked at something. You had better dig clams with cash by the halves, empty vaults with Farrington, or sell candy with Hance, than thus to waste your time, and contract habits that will be a source of trouble to you as long as you live.

A GOOD RULE.—It is always a good rule to follow, to step in no path; to speak no word, to commit no act, when conscience appears to whisper—Beware. You had better wait a twelvemonth, and learn your duty, than take a hasty step, and bring tears and repentance to a dying day. How many a lost man might have been saved, had he listened to an inward monitor, and resisted the first inclination to deviate from the holy path of rectitude. See far before you, and on either side, the ground whitened with the bones and sinews of millions who have perished ignobly in the march of life. They resisted the spirit of truth, and fell.—They trusted to themselves and sunk at the onset. Take warning by them. Could their bones live, breath, and speak, how earnestly would they appeal to you, as it were, to pursue a virtuous course that your end might be joyous, and not degraded.

Good.—Dr. Franklin was dining with a tory preacher just before the revolution, who gave as a toast, "the King." The doctor, and others of his way of thinking, drank it. By and by his turn came, and he gave, "Devil." This created some confusion, but the clergyman's lady understanding the drift, said, "Pray, gentleman, drink the toast, Dr. Franklin has drank to our friend; let us drink to his."

WHAT EDUCATION DOES.—At an anniversary, I once heard a brother give an illustration of what education does for the minister, which had both point and edge. "Education," said he, is to the mind, what the grindstone is to the scythe. It neither improves the temper of the steel, nor adds to its amount; but some how or other, *it makes it cut.*

☞A young lady at Chickopee Falls was last week arrested, tried and fined three dollars and costs, for stealing a "*comfort*" from a bed where she boarded, which she converted into a *bustle.*

☞The Hon. Jesse Speight, U. S. Senator from Mississippi, died on the 5th inst., in Columbia, in that State.