# American Volunteer.

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

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## THE VOLUNTEER.

John B. Bratton, Editor and Proprietor.

CARLISLE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1847.

### AGENCY.

V. B. PALMER, Esq. is our authorized Agent for procuring advertisements, receiving subscriptions, and making collections for the *American Volunteer*, at his office, N. W. corner of Third and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia.

### THE WHIG POLICY.

The public works will this year produce, says the Harrisburg Democratic Union, to the State a net income of at least one million of dollars, and if the prosperity of the State is uninterrupted, if the existing management of things is not changed, if the present policy is continued, there is every reason to believe that the revenue from this quarter will continue to increase. At present its yield suffices to pay the interest on about one half of the State indebtedness, (allowing for the State tax) and the business brought the State by its multiplied and improved facilities for travelling and transportation, may be fairly set down as worth annually, to her citizens the interest on the other half of the entire indebtedness of the Commonwealth. Contrasting this with the Whig management of a few years back—recalling to mind the satisfactory condition of affairs when RITNER assumed the helm of government, (or to speak more properly, when others assumed it in his name,) recollecting the increase of public debt under his administration, and the distressing embarrassments thus produced what Pennsylvanian can be willing to have these scenes re-enacted, to bring Pennsylvania again down to the verge of bankruptcy and ruin, from which she has been redeemed by Democratic rule, economy and honest management. Yet if the whigs can succeed at the next election—if Gen. JAMES IRVIN be elected Governor, together with a kindred political Canal Commissioner, our State will be transferred wholly to, and in the possession of the Whigs, whose past conduct is promising of what will be their future.

Both branches of the last Legislature were Whig, and but for the resistance of the Democrats in a manner much more determined than parliamentary, a bill would have been passed sacrificing the State works, by placing them in the hands of a British corporation. It actually passed the Senate and notwithstanding the party drill, it was delayed by the Democrats in the House until too late to be acted upon, and thus was the State saved from the horrible consequences of such a law. The bill valued the works nominally at twenty millions of dollars, but allowed a company to have them on payment of ten millions in State loan, or at its then selling price, on payment of seven millions in money. These corporators were to have their interest fully assured to them before the State got any return for her share of the company, so that in effect, the works were given away at that price to a company that had no influencing interest to realize more than would pay to their own members the annual interest, and the State would have derived nothing from that quarter. But of whom would this company have consisted? *Of British capitalists* exclusively! Limited in its dividends, the stock would have afforded but little attraction to the capital of this country, but British manufacturers, desirous to control the trade of Pennsylvania, would have purchased the whole road and thus our trade, our travel and our business would be left at the mercy of foreign capitalists, who might find it to their interest to let the road go to ruin and destruction, caring little for the loss of life or business, than to keep it in good working order:—extraordinary powers, too, were given to this company—they were authorized to construct canals and railroads, at their pleasure, in 13 counties of our State, namely, Washington, Allegheny, Westmoreland Somerset, Indiana, Cambria, Blair, Centre, Huntingdon, Juniata, York, Franklin and Cumberland, with authority to use any lands they might chose, without first paying for them.

The surrender of the State works to this company was the pet scheme of the last Session, and it needs but a Whig Governor and a Whig Legislature to carry it into full effect at the next Session. Are our citizens prepared for it? If so let them vote for Gen JAMES IRVIN! if not let them vote for FRANCIS R. SHUNK, whose course they have seen and whose future they can foretelge from his past. "*Revolution*" is inscribed on the Whig banner; its effects we have all read of and know; its commencement all can understand, but its progress, and termination, is beyond human power to fortell. Again and again do we admonish our people to beware of a change—things are well—in good condition; trade is lively and profitable, and let them beware how they re-enact Æsop's well told fable of the dog and the shadow, by casting away the substance in pursuit of the shadow.

There is much doubt about the course of Gen. JAMES IRVIN; what we know of him is not congenial to the views of our people; we know that he was a zealous supporter of and voted for the odious BANKRUPT LAW, which gave a clearance to speculators and enabled them after tricking their creditors, to emerge again as rich as ever; we know that he voted over and over again in 1841, to have a BANK OF THE UNITED STATES, notwithstanding Pennsylvania was then suffering from the one which had just closed its doors, and we have every reason to believe that his views on these subjects are unchanged.

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Prentice predicts the success of the Whig party in 1848, and a fellow in Virginia predicts the end of the world.

Will some Federal panic-maker also be kind enough to predict the ruin of the country, for the sixteen thousandth time? The fall election is approaching and the country ought to be ruined forthwith!

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☞ The Federalists of Dauphin have nominated James Fox and Theo. Gratz for Assembly.

### WHAT THEY PROMISED:

If fair promises and fine words could better the condition of the people, then would our Federal opponents be worthy of continued confidence. We all remember that in 1840, the people were promised every blessing that heart could wish, if they elected "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and yet experience has taught the utter worthlessness of these solemn assurances.

They promised retrenchment and reform, and yet not a single officer of government under the hard cider dynasty, so much as recommended them.—They even went so far as to call an extra Session, at a vast expense to the country, rendering it necessary to hold special elections in many of the States, and for no object under Heaven but to foist upon the people an institution, in itself so odious, that it was not even mentioned during the canvass. They promised a reduction of the expenses of government, fixed upon the sum of fifteen millions of dollars as fully sufficient to meet all its expenses, and yet, before they adjourned, demanded six millions in addition to the twenty-five millions previously appropriated. They promised a reduction of taxes, and a mitigation of the burdens imposed upon the people, and yet imposed a high tariff on the necessaries of life, taxing tea and coffee, (or at least attempted it,) and voting away three millions of the people's money, which could only be replaced by high duties to be paid by the poor for the benefit of the rich. They professed hostility to a National debt, and yet, in opposition to the demonstration of the Secretary of Treasury, that no deficiency existed, and no loan was necessary, they laid the foundation of a National debt by borrowing twelve millions of dollars.

They denounced removals from office, and promised to "*proscribe proscription*," and made more removals from office in one month than any preceding administration made in four years. They sought to render the Democratic party odious by calling it the "spoils party," yet when they reached the *White House* an army of office hunters sprung up, which, in point of numbers, the locusts that swarmed in Egypt were an inconsiderable host; so clamorous were these anti-spoils men that the life of their chief was sacrificed to their rapacity. The old man was hunted to death because he could not in a single month, find time to reward the cormorants that infested Washington, more numerous than the lice in the kneading troughs of Egypt. They falsified every pledge, broke every promise, and in the end, when nothing else was left to break, they broke their own necks, and retired from power defaulters in every thing, and with the execrations of three-fourths of the American people ringing in their ears.

On a smaller scale, only because the theatre of action was more confined, the same course was practiced under the Ritner dynasty in our own State.—The broken vows, violated faith, and corrupt practices of that administration, are familiar to all our readers. The retrenchment and reform promised by that *regime*, consisted only in its enormous robberies—a wholesale pillage of the people's money, never before witnessed in any civilized government in the world.

This same party is again faithful in its promises! Will they be heeded? Will the people, twice deceived—twice outrageously deceived, again trust their betrayers? We will not believe it.—*Pennsylvanian.*

### THE GREAT FRAUD.

We are rejoiced to perceive that the Address of the State Central Committee, on the subject of the enormous Bill of last session for the sale of the Public Improvements of Pennsylvania, is opening the eyes of the people throughout the commonwealth to the great danger of placing power in the hands of the Federalists. This iniquitous and fraudulent bill *passed the Senate*, and was only defeated in the House by the indomitable energy and perseverance of the *Democrats*, who were in the minority. Had this Bill finally passed, our great improvements, (which are now yielding upwards of a million of dollars annually, *over and above all expenses*) would have been placed in the hands of a BRITISH CORPORATION for the pitiful sum of seven millions of dollars! If the Federalists had passed a law legalizing TWENTY ROBBERS in each county in the Commonwealth, to plunder and swindle the Tax Payers, it would not have been a greater outrage upon the rights of the people, than the bill referred to for the sale of our public works! We trust our brethren of the press at Harrisburg will let this "bill of abominations" see the light of day at as early a period as possible.—Let it be published in all the Democratic papers in the State, and let every man who has a tongue to speak, and a voice to be heard, cry aloud, and cease not, until the whole people are aroused upon the subject of this brutal outrage upon their dearest rights.

*Bed. Gazette.*

### SINGULAR POLITICAL DISCOVERY.

The *Lycoming Gazette* has made a discovery which is worthy of a longer account than we can give of it. We take the following statement of the facts from the *Gazette*:

Most of our readers will recollect, that in consequence of the tremendous storm, and the activity of the Whig party, at the last general election, the Democracy were every where taken by surprise, and shamefully beaten, in some instances, even in their own strong holds. In this Representative district, less than half the usual number of votes were polled—the Whigs turned out with astonishing resolution, and the Democrats remained at home. Under such circumstances it was not considered very singular, that the Democratic nominees for Assembly, should be closely pressed by their Whig competitors—the highest candidate Judge Ives, having but 69 votes of a majority over his highest opponent, B. F. Pauling, and Gen. Packer, being defeated by a majority of 12. We say under the extraordinary circumstances, this result did not astonish any one, but there was a circumstances connected with the election in Clinton county, which did appear strange. It was the fact that Porter township was returned as having given Judge Ives 70 votes, and Wm. F. Packer 49! In this county, the matter was beyond solution, and was finally suffered to rest a sealed mystery. The return Judges from the district met and awarded the certificate of election to B. F. Pauling Esq., and in pursuance thereof, that gentleman took his seat in legislature and held it without opposition or inquiry the entire session.

But strange as it may seem, it is no more strange than tru, that a majority of the votes polled in the district were cast for Gen W. F. Packer. The fact has recently been elicited, that in Porter township, Clinton county, the actual vote given for Assembly, instead of being as reported by the return Judges, for Wm. F. Packer 49, was actually and in truth 69—20 more than the number counted for him.—This mistake—if such it is, and the President of the Board of return Judges, is responsible for it—reduced the vote of Mr. Packer, from an actual majority of EIGHT over his competitor, Mr. Pauling, to an apparent minority of TWELVE! The tallypapers, and the general return for Porter township, agree in making Mr. Packer's vote 69, and indeed there is nothing conflicting in the whole business, except it be that the loose statement usually sent with the return Judges, as a memorandum for their direction, after reading in words at length, "For Assembly, William F. Parker had sixty-nine votes," contain in the margin opposite in figures, "49." This was however, no part of the return required to be made by law, and ought not to have been noticed by the President of the Board, in reading of the returns of the township.

Such is briefly a history of this singular affair; an occurrance, that whether by accident or design, has deprived a regular member of Assembly from his seat an entire session, and filled it with one no more entitled to occupy it than the Grand Turk. Verily, this looks to us like an improved system of "treating the Election as if it had not taken place."

Gen. Packer's own notice of this strange affair is calm and conclusive, leaving no doubt that he was elected to a seat in the assembly which a Federalists filled, and for which he received pay during the entire session of the last legislature.

## Poetical.

### THE DYING CHILD.

BY MARY HOWITT.

CHILD.

My heart is very faint, and low;
My thoughts, like spectres, come and go;
I feel a numbing sense of woe:
Until to-day it was not so,
I know not what this change can be.

THE UNSEEN ANGEL OF DEATH.

It is my voice within that calls;
It is my shadow, child, that falls
Upon thy spirit, and appals;
That hems thee in like dungeon walls,
My presence that o'ershadoweth thee.

CHILD.

Oh, mother, leave me not alone!
I am afraid; my heart's like stone;
A dull pain cleaveth fast and lone;
I feel a pang, till now unknown.—
Stay with me for one little hour!
Oh! soothe me with thy low replies;
I cannot hear the children's cries;
And when I hear their voices rise,
Impatient tears o'erflow my eyes;
My will seems not within my power.

Poor Johnny brought me flowers last night,
The bluebell, and the violet white;
Then they were pleasant to my sight:
But now they give me no delight,
And yet I crave for something still.
Reach me the merry bullfinch here;
He knows my voice; I think t'will cheer
My heart, his piping song to hear.—
Ah! I forgot, that bird, so dear,
Was sold to pay the baker's bill.

Oh! why was Mary sent away!
I only asked that she might stay
Beside me for one little day;
I thought not to be answered nay.—
Just once—I would have asked no more:
Forgive me if I am hard to please.—
Mother, weep not; oh, give me cansel!
Raise me, and lay me on thy knees!
I know not what pangs are these,
I never felt the like before.

It is so stifling in this room—
Can it be closer than the tomb?
I feel encompassed in a gloom,
O father, father, leave the loom,
It makes me dizzy; like the mill.
Father, I feel thy hot tears fall;
If thou hast thought my patience small,
Forgive me! Fain would I recall
Each hasty word—I love you all;
I will be patient, will be still.

THE UNSEEN ANGEL OF DEATH.

Be still! My pinions o'er thee spread;
A dull, heavier weight than lead
Benumbs thee, and the life has fled.
Child, thou hast passed the portal dread;
Thou now art of earth no more.
Arise! thy spiritual wings unfold!
Poor slave of hunger, want and cold,
Thou now hast wealth surpassing gold,
Hast bliss no poet's tongue has told;
Rejoice! all pain, all fear, is o'er.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE STRATAGEM.

"I really don't know which I love best," said Jane Manvers to her friend Marian Westall, as she returned from a splended party, where she was the "admired of all admirers," "William Stanton or Frederick English. Out of a host of admirers that my fortune, now that I am an heiress, has brought to my feet, I have selected them. They are neither rich; both are filled with sentiments of honor, as far as expression and conduct go. Both love me. Neither have expressed it in strong terms, but either only wait for the necessary encouragement, I am sure, to pop the question. To either my fortune would be an advantage. They may—it is an ungenerous thought but I cannot help entertaining it—love my fortune, and not me. Marian, I have strong thoughts of putting their love to the test."

"How can you do it?"

"I have thought of a way. You may remember that I had a cousin who was supposed to be lost at sea, and the property which has made a poor, unnoticed girl so much courted, was to be his, if he were living."

"Yes, but you have had full and positive proofs of his decease."

"I know it, but the world does not, nor can my two lovers be acquainted with the fact. I, therefore propose to state in the papers that my cousin is not dead, as was supposed; to give up for a time my splended establishment, and to retire into comparative poverty It is said that kings and heiresses rarely hear the truth from the flatterers by whom they are surrounded. This will at least test my friends. What think you of my plan?"

"Excellent—try it by all means."

The idea was acted upon, and it was curious to see how Jane's admirers dropped of one by one. Her two lovers waited upon her at first in her retirement and Jane was more puzzled than ever which to choose Frederick English's visits in a short time became more like angles—that is few and far between—while William Stanton's were constant.

Upon one of them he said, "My dear Miss Manvers, I have know you long. In the days of your prosperity, surrounded as you were many lovers who were affluent, I did not dare disclose to you a passion which has grown and strengthened with my acquaintance. Now you are poor like myself, the difference that had hermetically sealed my lips from divulging my heart's passion, is removed. I am not affluent; but I can support you with respectability at least, and if you accept for your husband, one who loves you devotedly, I do not think you will ever regret the hour that makes you mine. At least, I will try never to give you cause."

"I believe you dear William," said Jane, "and if you will accept a beggar, for I am little better—"

"Say not so, dearest; I cannot listed to such wrong, even from your lips."

"Your fortunes will not suffer by the union."

"That they never can. When shall our marriage take place?"

"Next week, if you will."

"At your lodgings here?"

"No, at the house of a friend. Call for me, and we will proceed together there."

At the day appointed, William was in readiness, accompanied by Frederick English. They were both surprised at the magnificence of Jane's attire and thought it somewhat out of character with her circumstances, but how much more surprised were they when stepping into a carriage with Jane and Eliza, they were driven to Jane's former residence, and found her still the mistress and heiress, and learned the plot by which she had tested her lovers.

Girls, you who posses money, make it a point of finding out, before the irrevocable knot is tied whether you are loved for yourself or your fortune.

### SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW JR.

Ny friends: Years ago after wandering about the world, and inspecting its complicated machinery, often putting faith in professed friendship—and often having discovered the mainspring of all human actions—I sat down upon a stump of consideration, and talked to myself myself talking to me, and we both talked together. We came to the conclusion that the devil was for everybody, everybody must look after himself. So I buttoned on my coat, took up my jack knife and cut me a stick of independence and drudged along caring a fig for nobody, since nobody cared a pumpkin seed for me. What is friendship, my brethren? It is a bee that sucks only when there is honey to be got, and carries the treasure in its own hive; a shadow upon the dial—present when shines the sun of prosperity, absent when lowers the clouds of adversity; always about when not needed, but out of whistling distance when needed most; in short, as my friend Goldsmith said friendship is but a name, a charm that lulls us into a dangerous sleep—a shade that follows Wealth and Fame and leaves poor draggle-tailed Poverty to get out of the mire and mire the best way she can. Individually!—beware of yourself, take care of yourself! You know what human nature is: immutable as a mountain; and unchangeable as a bad dollar.

From the Boston Times.

### AN HOUR IN THE PENITENTIARY.

During our sojourn in Philadelphia last summer, we one day accepted an invitation to visit the Penitentiary there. We had letters to the kind-hearted warden, Mr. Scattergood, (a most appropriate name, by the way,) who extended to us all the courtesy we could have desired. We were conducted through the prison, and in company with Mr. S. we entered several of the cells. The superintendent, hearing we were from Boston, informed us that a prisoner was confined there for passing counterfeit money, who hailed from Massachusetts. He had been there some two or three years, and we found him a very intelligent man. His cell was exceedingly cleanly, and upon the table in the corner we discovered several standard books, a bible, &c., which gave evidence of having been thoroughly read by the prisoner. He was said to be very industrious, and certainly appeared comfortable under the circumstances. His name was George ——. He remarked that he was very glad to see any one from Boston, and seriously regretted that he should have been of the few Bostonians, comparatively, who had disgraced the honored name of the "Old Bay State." He was happy, apparently, and as we parted, we shook his hand, and remarked that it was possible we might call on him again in a few weeks.

"You will be sure, sir, to *find me at home*," said he, with a smile, as we left the door of his cell.

As we entered the reception room once more, a bulky despatch was handed to the warden by one of his deputies, and upon opening it, he informed us that it was a pardon for one of the convicts. We inquired if it would encroach upon the prison rules, under such circumstances, to accompany the warden to the cell, while he should read it to the prisoner, and were kindly informed that we could join him.—We soon reached the cell, where we found a fresh-faced young man, of perhaps twenty-four, who was busily engaged at a little loom, weaving.

"Good morrow, John," said the warden, blandly, as we entered.

"Good-morning."

"Thee keeps busy, John?"

"Oh yes sir—but it's very dull."

"Does thee tire of work, John?"

"No sir—but *I think of home*."

"And thee would like to visit home once more?"

"Oh, sir—if I could but do so——"

"And thee would not return again?"

"I would try to deserve better, sir."

"Well, John, what would thee say, if I should tell thee I had *a pardon* for thee?"

"Oh, sir, such news would be *too good*."

"But thee would like to hear it?"

"I care not for myself, so much," said the poor prisoner, and tears filled his eyes—"but for my wife and child, I would be so happy——"

"And thee would shun wicked company John?"

"Oh yes—and I would labor for my wife and little one——"

"Well, John, here is thy pardon," continued the good old man; and he read the document which freed this unfortunate being who had been the dupe of other knaves. We had the pleasure of seeing him released, after a three years confinement, and of learning that he joined his young family, in whom he has since been a faithful guardian.

We passed out to the ante-room again, where we encountered a new comer, who had just reached the prison as we re-entered. He had been sent up for five years, on a charge of embezzlement.

He was elegantly attired in the latest style of fashion, and possessed all the nonchalance the devil, no care appearance of a genteel rowdy. He twirled his watch chain, looked particularly knowing at a couple of ladies who chanced to be present, and seemed utterly indifferent about himself or the predicament he was placed! The warden read his commitment, and addressed him with:

"Charles, I am sorry to see thee here."

"It can't be helped, old fellow."

"What is thy age, Charles?"

"Twenty-three."

"A Philadelphian?"

"Well—kinder, and kinder not."

"Thee hast disgraced thyself sadly."

"Well, I ain't troubled, old cock."

"Thee looks not like a rogue."

"Matter of opinion!"

"Thee was well situated."

"Yes—well enough."

"In good employ?"

"Well—so so."

"And thee has parents?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps thee has a *mother*, Charles."

The convict had been standing during this brief dialogue perfectly unconcerned and reckless, until this last interrogatory was put. Had a thunderbolt struck him he could not have fallen more suddenly than he did when the name of "mother" fell on his ear! He sank into the chair—a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes—the very fountain of his heart seemed to have burst on the instant! He recovered partially, and said imploringly to the warden:

"Don't you, sir—for God's sake, *don't* call *her* name in this dreadful place! Do what you may with me, but don't mention that name to me!"

There were tears in other eyes besides the prisoner's, and an aching silence pervaded the group who surrounded the unfortunate convict. The black cap was drawn over his eyes, he was lead to an adjoining apartment and stripped, and shortly afterward he reappeared upon the corridor. He passed silently on, in charge of a deputy keeper to a lonely cell in a distant part of the prison—the door creaked on its hinges, he disappeared. The chain dropped from the outside bolts, and Charles —— was a close prisoner for five years to come.

We left the prison with heavy hearts, relieved, however, by the reflection that this was one of the best institutions of this kind in the world, (notwithstanding the libels of Charles Dickens,) and that its administration in the hands of Mr. Scattergood, secured to its unfortunate inmates, the most "equal and exact justice."

### The Existence of a God.

The universe burns with Deity. All nature seems vocal to declare a Great First cause. The mighty sun, as he pursues his never-ending course, proclaims the greatness of an Invisible Being. The pale and silvery beams of the sister orb, as she scatters the gloom of night, seems to woo men to acknowledge this great truth. The countless hosts of stars, as they gem the heavens, like diamonds set in the coronet of darkness, all declare that their lamps were lit at the shrine of Divinity. The hoarse voices of the angry billows, in their ceaseless rise and fall, murmur that they evidence the fact. The bone and muscle of every beast of the field—the waving of the wing of every bird of the air—the beauty of the smallest insect which floats in the breeze attests the solemn truth. Every tree, every plant, every flower, alike witness the same fact. Every thing is indelibly stamped with the impress of a Deity.

### A GEM.

A man possesses an extremely low and grovelling mind, who rejoices at the downfall of another. A noble heart, instead of denouncing as a consummate scoundrel one who has erred, will throw around him the mantle of charity and the arms of love and labor to bring him back to duty and to God. We are not our own keepers. Who knows when we shall so far forget ourselves as to put forth a right hand and sin? Heaven keeps us in the narrow path. But if we should fall, where would be the end of our course of our course, if in every face we saw a frown, and in every brow we read revenge! Deeper and deeper would we descend in the path of infamy; when if a different course were pursued, and a different spirit were manifested towards us, we might have stayed our career of sin, and died an honest and upright man.

Deal gently with those who stray. Draw them back by love and persuasion. A kind word is more valuable to the sand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold. Think of this, and be on your guard ye who would chase to the grave an erring brother.—*Port. Tribune.*

### THE POWER OF TRUTH.

How simple and beautifully has Abd-el-Kader, of Ghilon, impressed us with the love of truth in his childhood. After stating the vision, which made him entreat of his mother to go to Bagdad and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds:

I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept; and taking out eighty dinars, she told me I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance; she made me swear when she gave it to me, *never to tell a lie*, and afterwards bid me farewell, exclaiming:

"Go, my son, I consign thee to God; we shall not meet until the day of judgment."

I went on well till I came near Hamandnai, when our Kafillah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me "what I had got got?"

"Forty dinars," said I, "are sewed under my garments."

The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking with him.

"What have you got?" said another; and I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood.

"What property have you got, my little fellow?" said he.

"I have told two of your people already," I replied; "I have forty dinars sewed in my garments!"

He ordered them to be ripped open and found my money.

"And how came you," said he, in surprise, "to declare so openly, what had been so carefully concealed.

"Because," I replied, "I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised *I will never tell a lie*!"

"Child," said the robber, "hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother at thy years, and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy," he continued, "that I may swear repentance by it."

He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to their chief; "be the same in the path of virtue."

And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance upon his hand.

### THE LASSO.

In a night skirmish the lasso is a dangerous article. A Californian will lasso a man and drag him off his horse and choke him in one minute; and without getting off his horse, he will take his lasso off the neck of his vanquished foe, and in two minutes will be prepared for another. I have seen a man do this when fighting the wild Indians; and a man pursued by two others with a brace of pistols each, would stand a better chance of saving his life, than a man pursued by one Californian within lassoing distance; because the party pursued by those with the pistols might possibly dodge and destroy the aim of pursuers, but he who should be pursued by the Californian with his lasso, would have no means to escape, because the lasso, when thrown at any thing that is running, is as true in the hands of a Californian as a rifle ball from a good marksman's steady aim.

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WOMAN'S POWER.—It is related of a certain New England divine, who flourished not many years ago, and whose matrimonial relations are supposed not to have been of the most agreeable kind, that one Sabbath morning, while reading to his congregation the parable of the supper, in Luke xiv, in which occurs this passage: "and another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them, I pray thee to have me excused: and another said, I have married a wife and therefore *cannot* come,"—he suddenly paused at the end of this verse, drew off his spectacles, and looking around on his hearers, said with emphasis, "the fact is, my brethren, one woman can draw a man further from the kingdom of heaven than *five yoke of oxen*."

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☞ "Pete, I wants to ax you a cothundrum."

"Succeed, niggar."

"Why is a quilt like a railroad? Do you give it up?"

"Yes, I does."

"*Cos there's sleepers under it. What an ignorant colored individual you is.*"

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REMARKABLE PROPERTIES OF GUANO.—A native of "Down East," describing with characteristic exaggeration, the remarkable properties of Guano, as a promoter of vegetation, said "that, a few hours after planting cucumber seeds, the dirt began to fly and the vines came up like a streak, and although he started off at the top of his speed, the vines overtook and covered him and on taking out his knife to cut the 'darned things,' he *found a large cucumber gone to seed in his pocket.*"

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PICKLES.—A correspondent of the New England Farmer gives an easy and efficacious method of pickling cucumbers, which he learned from an old sea Captain in the West Indies. The recipe is very simple, and the superiority of the pickles cured by its directions has been tested by many years experience. They are neither affected by age or climate. The following is the recipe:

"To each hundred of cucumbers put a pint of salt and pour in boiling water sufficient to cover the whole. Cover them tight to prevent the steam from escaping, and in this condition let them stand 24 hours. They are then to be taken out, and after being wiped perfectly dry, care being taken that the skin is not broken, placed in the jar in which they are to be kept. Boiling vinigar (if spice is to be used, it should be boiled with the vinigar,) is then to be put on them, the jar closed tight, and in a fortnight delicious hard pickles are produced, as green as the day they were upon the vines."

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TO PRESERVE PEACHES.—Clean your peaches, by pouring hot water upon them, and afterwards wiping them with a coarse cloth; put them into glass or earthen jars, cork them up and fasten the corks with wire or strong twine; then place the jars in a kettle of hot water until the atmospheric air is expelled from the jars; after which seal them up tight with wax. Peaches prepared in this way retain their original flavor and are equally as delicious, when cooked in the ordinary manner, six months or a year after being put up, as if just taken from the trees.

### Lesson for Pride.

A gourd wound itself round a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to its very top.

"How old mayest thou be?" asked the new-comer.

"About a hundred years," was the answer.

"A hundred years! and no taller! Only look, I have grown as tall as you in fewer days than you can count years."

"I know that well," replied the palm. "Every summer of my life a gourd has climbed up around me, as proud as thou art, and as short-lived as thou will be."

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ECCLESIASTICAL LIBEL.—One of the most respectable ministers of Massachusetts has been prosecuted for a libel, in having read from his pulpit a sentence of excommunication passed by the church.

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BRIGHT PROSPECTS FOR IRELAND.—The following is an extract of a letter dated Cork, July 9th published in the Norfolk Beacon:

"I am happy to inform you that the crops throughout the United Kingdom are excellent. The Potatoes free from disease, but not so many planted as formerly, for fear of the rot. Every thing is abundant, and getting cheaper every day. We do not know what to do with the Corn here. There are now about 100 sail of ships laying here, ladened with Corn and wheat, besides an immense fleet is expected from the Mediterranean. While I am writing they are arriving in sections of six to seven. Immense failures among speculators are occurring daily. Some vessels have laid here five weeks for orders, and then advertised their cargoes for sale.—Believe me, when the crops come in, grain will be a drug in the market. Bread, four pound loaf, 9d.—Butter, per pound, 10d. Beef, per pound, 9d."

### NONSUITING A CREDITOR.

There was a certain lawyer on the Cape a long time ago, the only one in those "diggins" then, and for aught I know, at present. He was a man well to do in the world, and what was somewhat surprising in a limb of the law, averse to encouraging litigation.

One day a client came to him in a violent rage.—"Look-a here, Squire," said he, "that 'ere blasted shoemaker down to Pigeon Cove has gone and sued me for the money for a pair of boots I owed him." "Did the boots suit you?" "Oh! yes." "Then you owe him the money honestly?" "Cours."—"Well, why don't you pay him?" "Why, 'cause the blasted snob went and sued me, and I want to keep him out of the money if I kin." "It will cost you something." "I don't keer a fig for that. How much money do you want to begin with?" "Oh, ten dollars will do." "Is that all? Well here's a X, so go ahead," and the client went on very well satisfied with the beginning. Our lawyer next called on the shoemaker and asked him what he meant by commencing legal proceedings against M——. "Why," said he, "I kept on sendin' to him for money till I got tired. I know'd he was able to pay—and I was 'termined to make him. That's the long and short of it." "Well," said the lawyer, "he's always been a good customer to you, and I think you acted too hastily. There's a trifle to pay on account of your proceedings—but I think you had better take this five dollars, and call it all square." "Certain—squire—if you say so—and glad to get it," was the answer. So the lawyer forked over one V and kept the other. In few days his client came along and asked him how he got on with the case.—"Rapidly!" cried the lawyer—"we've *nonsuited* him! he'll never trouble you." "Jerusalem! that's great!" cried the client, "I'd rather gin fifty dollars than have had him got the money for them boots."—*Spirit of the Times.*

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A PREDICAMENT.—The Hardford Review tells an amusing story of an occurrence at the close of an evening religious meeting in that city. A gentleman passing out of the church found his arm suddenly taken by a lady, a perfect stranger to him, who walked along with him as if accustomed to the position. Frightened he certainly was, being a modest man, but he kept his self-possession, and gently attempted to disengage himself, but his companion only grasped a little closer. Again he tried to release himself, but no, the lady only clung the tighter. Matters were growing desperate with our hero, when the lady looked at her victim more closely than she had heretofore, and was most astonishingly surprised to find that he was not her husband, as she supposed. She let go instanter, on making the discovery, and departed quickly, suffused with blushes. The gentleman, greatly relieved, went on his way rejoicing at his escape, but no less agitated at the occurrence.

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DREADFUL SHIPWRECK.—*Loss of the Swedish Bark Iduna—One hundred and seventy-two persons drowned.*—A telegraphic despatch from Boston for the New York Herald makes the following melancholy announcement:—"The ship Chanunga, Patten, from Liverpool, 13th ult., bound to this port, reports that on Monday morning, 9th inst., at one o'clock, the weather foggy, he came in contact with the Swedish bark Iduna, from Hamburg for New York, with 200 persons on board, and that the bark sunk in 30 minutes after the collision. Captain Patten immediately sent his boats to the rescue, and with one boat from the bark, picked up 34 persons—172 perished."

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GENERAL TWIGGS.—Speaking of the absence of sundry officers (commonly known in the service as "*old fogies*,") from their commands, Gen. Twiggs observed to us, that "when he got to be so old as to be of no use in the field, he should expect the government to put somebody else in his place." "But, General," said we, "these men have spent their lives in the service of their country." "Service, fiddlesticks! Haven't they been *paid* for it regularly? Did they not *seek* their places in the army?—Could'nt the country have obtained the services of other men, and perhaps better, by the simple process of taking them?" "Why," continued the old warrior, "I have been a long time in the army, but if the government was to dispense with my services to-morrow, I couldn't complain. I have served the government, and the government has paid me. The government had use for an officer, and I had use for the office. *This moment we are quits*—perhaps I have some the advantage."—*Savannah Georgian.*

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TO CURE WARTS.—Dissolve as much common washing soda as the water will take up; wash the warts with this for a minute or two, and let them dry without wiping. This repeated, will gradually destroy the ugliest wart.

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THE BANKRUPT LAW.—The aggregate amount of debts given in by applicants for the benefit of the Bankrupt Act of 1841 in 27 states and territories, was $440,934,615.

The amount of property surrendered was 43,697,307. The number of applicants was 33,739; number discharged, 28,291; number whose discharge was refused, 700. Aggregate number of creditors, 1,040,603. Cost of judicial proceedings $602,322, or nearly 15 per cent. on the nominal property surrendered. The average per centum paid on the debts cannot be ascertained from the statement, but is very small.—The largest recipient of the benefits of this act was the southern district of New York, where the amount of debts was $120,580,415. The next was the northern district of New York, $51,556,405; the next, the southern district of Mississippi, $46,158,540; next eastern district of Pennsylvania, $31,965,723; next, southern district of Alabama, $25,022,243; Massachusetts, $24,752,932; New Jersey, $17,811,303; Kentucky, $16,241,174; Michigan, $16,731,685; Illinois, $14,498,896; Connecticut, $10,469,273. The southern district of New York, with $120,000,000 of debts, returned only $140,000 of property; and of this, the judicial proceedings swallowed up $110,000. The largest amount of property in proportion to the debts was returned by Massachusetts and East Florida.

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There was much sound truth in the speech of a country lad to an idler, who boasted his decent from an ancient family. "So much the worse for you," said the peasant, "as we ploughmen say, the older the seed the worse the crop."

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The hypocrite and the pharisee, like some beasts, are only valuable for their skin and their fine colors.

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GIRLS, READ THIS.—Cobbett says "Women so amiable in themselves, are never so amiable as when they are useful; and as for beauty, though men may fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand to their love, like seeing them at work.

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An editor away down east, who served four days on a jury, says that he's so full of law that it is hard for him to keep from cheating somebody.

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A man who undertakes to pride himself on the bravery, talents or wealth of his father, proves that the race has sadly degenerated.

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Don't give your boys the worst tools, and then scold because they can't do as much as man.

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"Come here, Sal and let me kiss you."

"I shan't do it, you must come and take!" said Sal, blushing.

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WEAK SIDE.—Every man has his weak side and it is very often the case that this weak side is the best part of the man.

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"Vat's de matter, vats de matter? exclaimed an old French friend of ours as he tucked up his apron and ran out of his shop to know the meaning of a crowd in his neighborhood. "Vat's de matter?"

"There's a man killed! replied a bystander.

"Oh, ish dat-all?" replied our friend evidently much disappointed, "ish dat! shoost a man killed! humph, I tho't it was a fight.