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. 34. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1847. NO. 17.

Shepherd's Vermifuge.

PARENTS, Physicians and Nurses, read the following certificate of cure of fits by Shepherd's Vermifuge. We have in our possession thousands of certificates which it is needless to publish here, as this shows the virtue of the medicine and its harmlessness. Remember that Shepherd's Vermifuge never sickens children, and never fails to give them a good appetite—it combines many valuable properties independent of the worm destroying, &c. It is doing good wherever it is used.

NEW BERLIN, Union Co., Pa., July 12, 1847.

My child four years old has been subject to fits from the age of four months, and pronounced by the physicians after their utmost exertions to be incurable—and at one time dispaired of her life and said she would not live two hours, refusing to leave medicine for her saying it would be of no use. I could not induce myself to believe that worms were not the scource of her disease, in consequence of which I purchased three or four bottles of Jaynes Vermifuge which I used according to direction without it producing any good effects. I next used Morrison's without any better success, besides various other kinds, but all to no purpose. Mr. E. Wilson, Agent of Shepherd's Vermifuge, induced me try Shepherd's Worm Destroyer, which I am happy to say after using three bottles entirely cured her, a large quantity of worms having been expelled. She had been so long afflicted by having fits every day, that she had not been able to walk or talk until the last six months since using Shepherd's Vermifuge. She has commenced to talk and walk and I am satisfied that Shepherd's Vermifuge has produced all these happy results, and therefore recommend it as an invaluable medicine. Price 25 cents per bottle.

DAVID MAUCK.

The following certificates are from citizens residing in Franklin county, Pa., and who are known to many of the readers of the Volunteer:

ROCKSHUNG, Pa., April 29, 1847.

After having used, without success, a Vermifuge which was held in high estimation, I was induced to try Shepherd's. To my daughter, who is eight years old, I gave four doses, and which had the effect of expelling a large number of worms. I can recommend it as a good article.

JAMES SHOEMAKER.

ST. THOMAS, Pa., April 27, 1847.

I administered Shepherd's Vermifuge to a girl five years old—it operated without producing any sickness—expelled a large quantity of worms, and answered fully my expectations. I have sold it to many and have always heard a good report from it.

B. FOHL.

For sale by the following appointed Agents, G. W. Hitner, Carlisle; John Fulwiler, Shippensburg; J. Burkhart, Newville; Robert Elliott, Newburg; A. Richards & Co., Plainfield; Eaby & Kissinger, Kingstown; S. & S. A. Coyle, Hogestown; J. & J. Millison, Mechanicsburg; William Alexander, Papertown.

September 2, 1847.—6m

Shepherd's Sarsaparilla.

THE public will please examine and see that they get Shepherd's Sarsaparilla, as there are many preparations by the name of Sarsaparilla. Shepherd's never fails to cure long standing cases of Rheumatism, Scrofula, Tetter, Ringworms and Consumption. Of the numerous certificates of cure read the following:

YELLOW SPRINGS, Blair co., Pa., August 11, 1847.

I purchased two bottles of Shepherd's Sarsaparilla and administered it to my boy seventeen months old who had been affected with scrofula for six months. I am happy to find him entirely cured, the lumps on his neck having disappeared so as to leave no sign of their over having been there. His health is as good now from all appearances as if he had never been afflicted with the disease mentioned.

ALLEN J. GREEN.

Mr. Green is well known in Blair county, is a respectable farmer and his veracity will not be doubted by any one who knows him.

YOUNG LADIES LOOK HERE!

For pimples on the face, Shepherd's Sarsaparilla is a never failing cure. It purifies the blood and thereby gives beauty to the eyes and complexion.

RHUMATISM.

This disease in its acute form is inflamation of the membranes of the joints, with a disposition to migrate or shift from one joint to another, or to certain internal organs, and especially to the membranes of the heart. In this form of rheumatism there is occasionally fever; the joints are much swollen and excessively painful. In the chronic variety there are no marked constitutional symptoms, but in many cases, particularly in debilitated habits, when the general health of the body has been deranged by previous disease or too great exertion of body or mind, a permanent distortion of the joints and crookedness of the limbs are almost certain to follow. Many medicines have been produced, and which were represented as being certain cures for this disease, but all, or nearly so, have failed to receive the confidence of the public. At this time no medicine has better claims on the community, than Shepherd's Sarsaparilla, for the alleviation and absolute cure of this troublesome and exceedingly painful disease.

Eruptions of the Skin.—These are exhibited in various forms. Pimples and Blotches on the face, which so frequently disfigure the most admired features, these, with Cancerous Affections, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Jaundice, &c., produce quite a formidable array of complaints resulting from impurity of the blood. All these, with the diseased condition of the the system, caused by the excessive use of mercury, will generally yield to that admirable preparation of medicine known as Shepherd's Sarsaparilla.

Price 75 cents per bottle.

For sale by the following appointed agent. G. W. Hitner, Carlisle; John Fulwiler, Shippensburg; J. Burkhart, Newville; Robert Elliott, Newburg; A. Richards & Co., Plainfield; Eaby & Kissinger, Kingstown; S. & S. A. Coyle, Hogestown; J. & J. Millison, Mechanicsburg; William Alexander, Papertown.

September 2, 1847.—6m

Shepherd's Compound Medicated Candy.

For the cure of Colds, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, and all other complaints of the Throat and Breast, and those arising from a disordered condition of the Lungs, and for clearing the Voice, &c.

The articles composing the Compound Medicated Candy have been selected with the utmost care and attention, and entirely from the Vegetable Kingdom—therefore no fear need be apprehended of its producing even the slightest injurious effect; on the contrary, it is assorted, and without exaggeration, that it is one of the most efficient articles, in curing the above mentioned complaints, that has ever yet been offered to the public. From its being pleasant to the taste, and at the same time so certain in its effects, a reputation has been gained for it, such as but few articles of the kind can pretend to claim. Price 12½ cts. per Package.

For sale by the following appointed agents. G. W. Hitner, Carlisle; John Fulwiler, Shippensburg; J. Burkhart, Newville; Robt. Elliott, Newburg; A. Richards & Co., Plainfield; Eaby and Kissinger, Kingstown; S. & S. A. Coyle, Hogestown; J. & J. Millison, Mechanicsburg; William Alexander, Papertown.

September 2, 1847.—6m

School Books.

JUST received a general assortment of School Books, to which we invite the attention of Parents, Guardians and Teachers. For sale at

Carlisle, Aug. 26, 1847. GITTS.

Economy, Utility and Light! Pine Oil & Solar Lard Lamps.

M. B. DYOTT & KENT, Lamp Manufacturers, No. 64 South Second street, one door below Chesnut, Philadelphia, have constantly on hand a complete assortment of DYOTT'S Patent Improved PINE OIL LAMPS, which are superior in construction, more simple in arrangement and embrace improvements and advantages possessed by no other Lamps. The cost of burning them does not exceed one-half of that of any other light, and produces a light more brilliant than gas. The lamps are so constructed that they can be burned dry, when the wick is short. The wick, which is consumed, being supplied with oil by a feeder, underneath it. This arrangement keeps the oil always pure in the lamp, and renders other cleansing altogether unnecessary, and the recent improvements made by the patentee, adds beauty to their appearance, and renders their management so easy, that a child can take care of them. They are perfectly safe, and free from unpleasant odour.

In addition to the above, we have a large and handsome assortment of DYOTT'S NEWLY IMPROVED SOLAR LARD LAMPS, a great variety of patterns; Hanging Lamps, suitable for Churches, Stores, Halls, Factories, Lodge Rooms, Hotels and Billiard Saloons, and Lamps with shades, designed for reading, and for every other purpose where light is required. A handsome variety of CANDELABRAS, BOUQUET HOLDERS, and every article pertaining to the lamp business. Having every facility for manufacturing, we are prepared to sell, wholesale and retail, as cheap as any other dealers, and the articles are warranted equal in appearance, and superior in construction, to any that can be procured elsewhere.

N. B. Lamps, &c. regilt, silvered, bronzed and repaired in the best manner. Oil lamps of every description altered to burn Pine Oil.

Phila., Sept. 2, 1847.—6m

Allegheny House,

280 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

THE subscriber (late of the Washington Hotel, Harrisburg, Pa.) takes this method of informing his old friends and the public generally, that he has taken the above named HOTEL. The house is airy and comfortable, and has been extensively altered and improved, and the proprietor hopes by a strict attention to business, and a proper care for the comfort of his guests, to merit and receive a share of public patronage. The House is situated very convenient for the Travelling Public, being only two doors above the Harrisburg and Pittsburg Depot, and within two minutes walk of the Baltimore and Reading Depots. STABLING attached to the premises. Terms, $1 per day.

E. P. HUGHES, *Proprietor.*

Phila., Aug. 26, 1847.—3m

Mount Eagle Tripoli.

THIS is the best article ever discovered for cleansing and polishing every kind of Metallic and Glass-ware, being superior to rotten stone, whiting, &c., as it produces the most brilliant and lasting polish with very little labor. It is also an excellent article for windows and mirrors. The American Tripoli is altogether free from acids and corroding substances, and is, therefore, superior to the Italian so much used in Europe. No person who has used this article will do without it. Price 12½ cents per paper. Persons wishing to purchase to sell again can procure it from the subscribers at the same price as from the manufacturing company.

J. & W. B. FLEMING.

September 2, 1847.

Clothing! Clothing!!

THE subscriber, of the late firm of Buck & Moore, takes this method of informing his friends and the public in general, that he has bought out the interest of S. L. Buck, at the old established CLOTHING STAND, *No. 251 Market Street, Philadelphia*, and is now prepared to furnish all kinds of Ready-made *CLOTHING*, at prices which cannot but secure to him the patronage of all who wish to purchase Cheap Clothing. I have splendid French Cloth Dress and Frock Coats, from $5,50 to $18, do. Pants from 75 cents to $6; Vests, from 62½ cents to $4; suit of Summer Clothing for $2,25. Also, all kinds of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods at extremely low prices.

Wholesale dealers in Clothing would do well to call at the store of JOSEPH J. MOORE.

254 *Market Street, Philadelphia.*

May 20, 1847.

Splendid New Goods For Spring and Summer use.

RANGNEY, at the North East corner of the Public Square, Carlisle, has just returned from the city, and is now opening an extensive assortment of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, which being selected with great care, and purchased on the most favorable terms, he will dispose of at the *smallest possible profit*. He would call the attention of Farmers and others residing in the country to his large and fresh supply of Goods especially adapted to their use, and to the present season. He has also with great care made large additions to his stock of

Dress Goods,

including mouslin de laines, handsome cashmeres, bombazines and alapacas, black and fancy col'd. silks, every description of prints, Scotch ginghams, Manchester ginghams, lawns & balzarines, white goods for dresses, mourning and second mourning goods. He also offers his

Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinetts,

Vestings, summer cloths, linen drills, tweeds, cotton pantaloon stuffs, Kentucky Jeans, bed tickings, table diapers, diaper toweling, linens, shawls, stockings, gloves, &c., at prices 25 per cent. lower than they have ever been known in this market. He has also increased his assortment of bleached and unbleached *Muslins* in all their varieties, and to be disposed of at greatly reduced prices. Also *CARPETINGS, FLOOR CLOTHS and MATTINGS*, will be found at his store at very low prices. His stock of GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, &c., has been much enlarged and will be sold astonishingly low. Together with a large assortment of

Boots, Shoes, Slippers, &c.

which will be disposed of and great bargains given for cash. A large assortment of other goods on hand, which cannot here be mentioned.

April 29, 1847.

HOFT'S IMPROVED CHEMICAL SOAP.—This soap stands unrivalled in this country for extracting Grease, Tar, Pitch, Oil, Paint, or any other greasy substance from all kinds of Gentlemen's or Ladies' Clothing, Carpets, Table Covers, Merino Shawls, &c., without injuring any thing that pure water will not injure. Having tested this article we can recommend it with confidence, satisfied that no person will be without it after a trial. Price 12½ cents. For sale at the Drug store of

J. & W. B. FLEMING.

September 2, 1847.

Woolen Yarn.

JUST received 300 cuts of Woolen Stocking Yarn, first rate quality, of all colors, at the cheap store of

A. & W. BENTZ.

Carlisle, Sept. 2, 1847.

MUSLINS. A large stock of white and unbleached muslins just received and for sale by

ROBERT IRVINE Jr.

Political.

ANOTHER REFUTATION.

Gen. James Irvin in the Conspiracy!

Mr. Geist, the Editor of the late Harrisburg Yeoman, published by Mr. Morgan, formerly of the Champion, who swears so willingly in yesterday's North American, makes the following statement on the subject of the alleged charges against Messrs. Miller and Petriken. Morgan is thoroughly exposed, and the reader will see that the Federal candidate for Governor, James Irvin, has also had a hand in this unworthy business. The whole affair is one that has already resulted disgracefully to the Federalists, and we predict will end in the effectual and triumphant vindication of the gentlemen assailed—if that has not already been satisfactorily done.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 27, 1847.

Messrs. Hamilton and Forney;—By the Pennsylvanian of this morning, I observe that Henry Petriken, Esq., has brought my name before the public, in connection with those "who were engaged all spring and summer in endeavoring to find a market" for certain manuscript editorials of a paper called the Champion. I am sorry that Mr. P. has so unnecessarily referred to my late misfortunes—indeed, I confess that my feelings were deeply wounded; but as he has certainly been led into error in regard to the extent of my participation in this matter, I will, in justice to myself, as well as others, give a brief history of the whole transaction.

About a year ago, Mr. Geo. H. Morgan called upon me and informed me that he was about to commence the publication of a Democratic paper, to be called the Yeoman, and that it was the desire of the projectors of the enterprise, that I should be the editor. He mentioned the names of several prominent men who he said had obligated themselves to furnish the means, both for type and press, and to sustain the paper. I told him that if he brought me some tangible evidence that the gentlemen he named would be willing to sustain him in the enterprise, I would have no objections to writing for him. In a few days he produced a note for $1,000, payable to L. Johnson and Co., at six months, and signed by *four* prominent Democrats, whose names he had mentioned to me before; this note was afterwards shown to other persons, and I never doubted its genuineness until after I had edited the third number of the Yeoman. I called upon one of the supposed endorsers, when I was astonished to find that such a note had never been signed or endorsed by him! I am loathe to refer to this deception, but I hope it will be a useful lesson to him in future, as well as to myself. A reference to it is also necessary in order that the whole transaction be properly understood.

It was during my connection, as editor with the Yeoman, that Morgan proposed to defeat the renomination of Mr. Shunk, by publishing the "Champion editorials." Previous to this, I knew nothing of the existence of such manuscripts. Morgan, however, stated that certain articles against Mr. Muhlenberg had been written by Messrs. Miller, Petriken, &c., and that the original manuscripts were still in the possession of Augustus Sprigman. I was astonished at such a charge, and I at once determined, if it could be sustained, to lay the whole matter before the public *prior* to the 4th of March Convention. I called on Sprigman who informed me that he had such manuscripts, and upon giving him a certain sum of money, he placed them in my possession in the presence of Morgan. I refused to make use of the manuscripts until the hand writing could be identified; but Morgan insisted upon going ahead, alleging that whether true or not, the friends of Mr. Muhlenberg would believe the charge, and thus defeat the nomination of Mr. Shunk.

I must admit, that from the statements of others, I was led to believe that *two or three* of the manuscripts were genuine, and accordingly referred to them in an editorial article. As soon, however, as Sprigman saw the article I had written, he called upon me and said he was sorry he had deceived me—but he solemnly declared that the articles he had sold me were not *genuine*—or, in other words, that Messrs. Miller and Petriken had not written them—but that most of them were in the hand writing of a certain gentleman of Harrisburg, in no manner connected with the administration. When I remonstrated with him for deceiving me, he urged in extenuation that he was intoxicated when he furnished me with the manuscripts.

On the morning of the 5th of March a certain Whig of Harrisburg called me to one side, and told me that he was authorized to give me $50 if I would agree to furnish them (the Whigs) with a certain article, supposed to be in my possession, headed "The Blooded Parson." I promptly declined his offer.—He then raised to $100. I told him he was mistaken in his man—that I would sell myself to no man, nor to no party. On the same day, I placed the article alluded to in the hands of Judge Laporte, telling him at the same time, that the Whigs wished to obtain it from me, but that I was disposed, to support the regular nominees of the Democratic party, and that other articles were in the possession of Morgan and myself, which I would place at his disposal, as soon as I could see Morgan, who was then in Bloomfield. Sometime after that, I handed ten or twelve of the articles over to Laporte. These were all that I had in my possession at that time or since.

When in Harrisburg last August, Morgan called upon me and stated that he had received several letters from Gen. James Irvin, in answer to propositions that he had made touching the publication of these manuscripts—that several leading Whigs of Harrisburg had conferred with him on the subject—and that he was to publish the manuscripts, prefaced by his own affidavit, addressed to the one-term Democrats, &c. He also asked me for the manuscripts in my possession, (as he supposed,) and insisted upon me joining him in publishing them; as an inducement, he stated that in case, we succeeded in defeating Mr. Shunk, we would receive clerkships under the new Whig administration. I told him I could not listen to such propositions—and advised him in a friendly manner, to abandon so disgraceful a project, as he would be unable to sustain the charges he intended preferring in his affidavit.

The foregoing, gentlemen, is a correct history of these manuscripts, so far as my personal knowledge extends.

Very respectfully, yours, &c.,

J. M. WILLIS GEIST.

The Skulking Cowards.

The Editors of the North American when called upon yesterday by Hon Jesse Miller, to produce the celebrated "Champion Manuscripts" refused to do so, knowing that they would not be able to prove them to be in the hand writing of Mr. Miller. We have no doubt Mr. Miller will forthwith commence legal proceedings against these libellers.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Certain articles having appeared in various numbers of the *North American and U. S. Gazette*, charging me with having written articles for a newspaper once published in Harrisburg, called "The Democratic Champion," defamatory of the Hon. Henry A. Muhlenberg, the manuscripts of some of which, it was stated in one of the said papers, had been transmitted to the editors, to be shown as evidence of the truth of their statements; I called at the office of the North American this day, in company with Henry Welsh, Esq., and Henry Buehler, Esq., both well acquainted with my hand writing, for the purpose of seeing said manuscripts, and proving that they were not in my hand. We found in the office Morton M'Michael, Esq., one of the proprietors and editors of said paper, to whom I mentioned the object of my visit. He replied that he had learned the night before that I had arrived in the city for the purpose of instituting a prosecution, and that the manuscripts had been sent to Harrisburg to be authenticated.

I assured him that everything that had been said in relation to myself in his paper, in regard to my writing articles for the Champion, or my connection with it in any manner, or of ever having written any article defamatory of the character of Mr. Muhlenberg, was unqualifiedly false in the whole, and in every particular; and requested that he, as a gentleman, should retract everything he had said in his paper on that subject, in relation to myself. He replied that before he could give an answer he must consult Mr. Graham. It was then agreed that he would meet me at the Merchant's Hotel, at 5 o'clock in the evening, and give an answer. At the hour appointed I received from him a verbal message, through Mr. Wallace, stating that, on consultation, my request was declined.

The course I have pursued has afforded the editors of the North American & Gazette a full opportunity to do themselves justice, by the retraction of a calumny I am sure they do not believe. This, however, they have deliberately declined, and left me to pursue such redress as the laws of the land may afford against the wanton attacks of wicked and malicious libellers.

In conclusion, I again pronounce the whole of the publication in the North American & Gazette, on the subject in question, in regard to myself, unqualifiedly false.

J. MILLER.

Philadelphia, Sept. 28th, 1847.

From Mexico.

A LETTER FROM GEN. PIERCE.

We have been favored with the perusal of a private letter written by this gallant officer to a relative, and have taken the liberty to publish some extracts from it. The responsibility of the publication must rest entirely with us as the author had no idea of its being seen by any one save his relatives and immediate friends, and hence the reason that it contains so minute a history of his personal movements.

Boston Post.

Headquarters 1st Brigade, 3d Div. U. S. A.
MEXSOQUE, Mexico, Aug. 27 1847.

Since I left Vera Cruz to this hour I have had no means of communicating with the States. Although but a few months in the service, I know what are fatigue, anxiety, and exposure. Contrary to my expectations, and contrary to my orders from the Department at Washington, I was compelled, for the want of the requisite provisions for transportation, to remain for more than three weeks at Vera Cruz, and for more than four in Verra Caliente, (the vomito region, as it is called.) I left the dreaded city on the 10th of July, with 2500 men of all arms, and a train of wagons, which, when closed up, extended more than two miles.

On the 6th of August I reached Puebla, without the loss of a single wagon, with my command in fine condition. My command was attacked six times on the march, but the enemy's force in each instance was easily dispersed, with trifling loss on our side. The National Bridge afforded the enemy great natural advantages, to which they had added breastworks on a high bluff which commanded the bridge perfectly; across the main bridge they had also thrown a barricade. I soon discovered that there was no way in which his position could be turned, and that my artillery was ineffective from the most commanding point where it could be placed. I determined, of course, to cross under the plunging fire of the enemy's escopetas. My order to advance was admirably executed. At the moment Lt. Colonel Bonham's battalion rushed forward with a shout the enemy poured down a heavy fire, by which several of my men were severely wounded. Col. Bonham's horse was shot near me, and a ball passed through the rim of my hat in very disagreeable proximity to my face. Our men leaped the barricade, followed by Capt. Duperu's company of cavalry, and in less than ten minutes the enemy were in flight in every direction, and the American flag waved upon the high bluff which they had occupied.

The Mexican force, as they said afterward, consisted of 500 men. Had they possessed the courage and skill in the use of arms our loss must have been very great. You can hardly conceive the strength of the natural defences of the road over which we passed. Rumors came to me almost every night that we would be attacked by large forces the next day, but they made no where anything like a brave and stern resistance. The official reports of the great battle of Mexico will probably reach you as soon as this letter, and I shall therefore not attempt to give the minute details. It was fierce and bloody beyond any that has occurred in this war. The battle differed in many respects from that of Buena Vista.—There Gen. Taylor received the enemy in a strong position selected by himself. Our force on the 20th consisted of less than nine thousand men; the Mexican force, within supporting distance and engaged, undoubtedly exceeded thirty thousand. We attacked him in position upon ground of his own selection, admirably fortified. You will distinguish, so far as number are concerned, between the battle of the morning and that of the afternoon, although spoken of in official reports as one engagement under the designation of "the battle of Mexico." We took, during the day, thirty-five pieces of artillery—an immense quantity of ammunition—eight hundred mules and and horses, and more than two thousand prisoners—among them eight generals and any number of colonels.

The Mexican loss in killed and wounded must have been immense. Our troops buried 500 Mexicans upon the field of battle commenced in the morning at Contreras, and the loss in the afternoon was much greater. Our loss has been heavy. With this small army we could not afford to purchase many such victories at such a price; one of the regiments of my brigade (the 13th) lost in killed and wounded one third of its entire force. In killed and wounded we number not less than 1000, and among them I lament to say an unusual proportion of valuable officers. The New England regiment suffered severely, and behaved throughout in the most gallant manner. My horse at full speed on the evening of the 19th, when leading my brigade through a perfect shower of round shot and shells, fell under me upon a ledge of rocks, by which I sustained a severe injury by the shock and bruises, but especially by a severe sprain in my left knee, which came under him.

At first I was not conscious of any serious injury, but soon became exceedingly faint, when Dr. Ritchie, surgeon of the 12th, (a portion of my command,) who was following the advancing columns closely, administered to me as well as he could under the circumstances. In a few moments I was able to walk with difficulty, and pressed forward to Capt. M'Gruder's battery, where I found the horse of poor gallant Lieut. Johnson, who had just received a mortal wound, of which he died that evening. I was permitted to take him, (my own having been totally disabled;) was helped into the saddle, and continued in it until 11 o'clock that night.

It was exceedingly dark, the rain poured in torrents and being seperated from my servants and baggage, I was without tent or covering; add to this, that during the afternoon of the 19th we had gained no advantages over the enemy, who remained firmly entrenched, with 7,000 men opposed to 4 000 on our side, without the possibity of bringing our artillery to bear, and you will readily conceive that our situation was not the most agreeable. The morning of the 20th was, however, as brilliant as the night of the 19th was dark and gloomy. Soon after daylight the enemy's works were carried, with the bayonet, and of their 7,000 men, regular troops, under command of Valencia, probably 4,000 cannot be found to-day. As we passed this field in pursuit of the fugitives, the scene was awful, the road and adjacent fields every where strewed with mangled bodies of the dead and dying. We continued the pursuit until 1 o'clock, when our front came up with the enemy's strong works at Churubusco and San Antonio, where the great conflict of the afternoon commenced.

At San Angel, dispositions having been made to attack in reverse the enemy's works on the San Augustine road, Gen. Scott ordered me to march my brigade in concert with that of the intrepid General Shields, across the open country between Santa Catarina and the above-named road, in order to cut off the enemy's retreat. We gained the position sought and although the enemy's line was perfectly formed, and extended as far as the eye could reach in either direction, they were attacked vigorously and successfully. Arriving at a ditch which was impossible for my horse to leap, I dismounted and hurried forward, without thinking of my injury, at the head of my brigade, for 200 or 300 yards, when, turning suddenly upon my knee, the cartilage of which had been seriously injured, I fainted, and fell upon the bank, in direct range and within perfect reach of the enemy's fire. That I escaped seems to be Providential. The rout and overthrow of the whole Mexican force soon became complete, and we could easily have taken the city, but Gen. Scott was met with a proposition for an armistice, (after demanding the surrender of the city,) with a view to open negotiations for peace.

In my judgment the army, full of ardor and confidence, was humanely and wisely restrained. Maj. Gen. Quitman, Gen. Pensiffer F. Smith and myself, were appointed commissioners to meet the Mexican commissioners to settle the terms of the armistice.—I had not taken off my spurs or slept an hour for two nights, in consequence of my engagements and the pain of my knee. I obeyed the summons, was helped into my saddle, and rode two and a half miles to Tacubaya, where, the commission assembled at the house of Mr. M'Intosh, the British consul general. Our conference commenced late in the afternoon, and at four o'clock the next morning the articles were signed.

That I was thoroughly exhausted you will readily imagine. I slept an hour or two that morning at Gen. Worth's quarter's, and my sprained knee which was by far my most serious injury, has been daily improving, and to-day I ride without much inconvenience. I have lost several dear friends, although our acquaintance has been of short duration. I visited the hospital yesterday, and saw officers and men with shots in all parts of their persons. Although all who were not really dying seemed cheerful, and many who had lost limbs in high spirits, still I sickened at the sight.

My general health has been good. I have been either in my saddle or on my feet every rod since I left Vera Cruz, which can be said by few officers in my command; for almost all were obliged at some point of the march, in consequence of the change of climate, water, exposure, &c., to avail themselves of the ambulance. Col. Watson, with his marine corps, accompanied me, and has been uniformly well. He is an excellent, agreeable gentleman, and admirable officer, and I regret that, having been left with Gen. Quitman's division at San Augustine, he had no opportunity to participate in the battles on the 19th and 20th.

Now a word with regard to the great object of this war—*peace*. There is no doubt that Santa Anna is sincerely desirous of peace. Commissioners to treat have been appointed, and met Mr. Trist this afternoon at four. My belief is that peace will be the result, although no man can speak with confidence.

Miscellaneous.

THE BABY'S GHOST:

A TRUE STORY.

BY MAJ. JOS. JONES.

I know ther's a heap of people what don't believe in ghosts, and I've seed the time when I did'nt put much faith in 'em myself, but the following circumstance, which took place in the family of one of my dearest frends, convinced me that ther is more things in Heaven and earth, than is dreamed of in our filosophy.

I don't wish to be understood as believen in common ghost stories—not by no means. I don't blive in no vagabone ghosts of this kind; but I ain't so certain that mortal attachments do not sometimes exhist of such strength, of such a etherial nater, that death itself can't dissolve 'em, and that even after one of the persons is ded, his sperit can cum back to this earth and hold communion with the object of its affections. If any body who doubts my theory axes me why more hisbands don't see the ghosts of their ded wives, or more wives don't see their ded husbands, my answer is that they ain't always the best subjects for the illustration of my argument.—In order to preserve a spiritual intercourse, such as I speak of, the attachment must be the purest, most exalted nater, so that the liven feels unwilling to give up the ded, and longs and yearns to have 'em back to 'em.

But I haint got room here to discuss my theory of ghosts. The circumstance what I'm about to relate, and which may be relied upon for a positive fact, will explain my notion of sich things better than any essay what I could write.

Dick Ramsy and his wife Nancy, was about as affectionate a couple as ever lived on the face of the yearth.

Nancy was a only daughter, and was a great pet in the family before she was married. She was very handsome, and one of the best natured creaters in the world, so that every body loved her that knowed her, and when Dick Ramsy led her up before Squire Rogers to marry her, there wasn't a young feller in the settlement what didn't feel like he couldn't help brakin the tenth commandment. Nancy was so much attached to her mother that she couldn't make up her mind to leave her for a long time; and it was not til after her first child was two years old that Dick could get her consent to move on to the plantation. It was a great trial for Nancy to leave her home and go out and live on that lonesome plantation, but she knowed it was better for her husband's interests to be on the place, whar he could see to things himself without trustin 'em to a overseer, and she made up her mind to be happy with him and her boy, sense she couldn't expect always to be with her mother. Dick was a fast rate farmer, and had everything comfortable about him. And Nancy was a smart managin wife. She soon got satisfied with her new home and devoted herself cheerfully to the care of her boy and the comfort of her husband. All went on pleasant enuff for about six months, when her little son took sick. It was his fust sickness, and poor Nancy was most out of her consus. Her mother was sick at the same time, so she couldn't cum out to the plantation to help her to nurse the baby. Pour little Tommy got worse and worse, in spite of all the doctor could do, and after sufferin for most a month, he died.

The shock was too much for poor Nancy. For some time every body thought she would go distracted, if she didn't follor her baby to the grave herself. For more'n a week she had to have the doctor with her, and when she got able to set up she done nothing but cry all the time and talk of her little boy. She would not believe he was ded—she sed she could not give him up, and that she never could be satisfied till she cou'd see him once more.

Her husband took the loss of his little son very hard, too, but tried to hide his feelins, and done all he could to pacify his wife, tellin her it was wrong to grieve so and that little tommy was a great deal better off in Heaven. He got the preacher to talk to her, too. But it all seemed no use. She cried from morning to night about her little Tommy that was ded.

It was in September before she was able to be about much, and though Dick staid to home all he could he had to leave her sometimes to look after the niggers that was pickin out his cotton, and when he cume home in the evenin he was sure to find her out in the orchard whar little Tommy was buried under the trees, sometimes walkin up and down ringin her hands and sometimes sittin down by his grave cryin like her heart would brake.

It troubled Dick very much to see her take it so about the baby, but all he could do he couldn't git her to giv up grievin after it.

One evenin he had been to town rather later than usual, and when he come home Nancy was not in the house. After lookin about for her every whar, he went to little Tommy's grave and thar she was, layin on the grass, sobbin in her sleep, while her hair, what was hangin loose over her pale, face and shoulders, was wet with the evin dew. Dick raised her gently in his arms.

"Nancy," says he as he led her to the house "why will you grieve yourself to death. Don't you care nothin for me that you expose yourself to the damp as if you wanted to di."

"Oh! dear Richard," ses she "you know I love you; but how can I give up my my poor little baby."

"But Nancy," ses Dick, "grieven so won't do no good. Beside, it's wrong to do so. You know we cant have him back."

"I know he cant be alive agin, pore little ange—I know he cant be ower agin in this world. But it seems to me like he was near to me when I'm at his grave. If he would even cum back to me once more, and let me see his dear, sweet little face, I know I would feel better."

"Dear Nancy," ses her husband, "don't you know that cant be; and if it could, you oughtn't to wish sich a thing. It's wicked."

Pore Nancy only cried.

And all the reasoning in the world couldn't convince her that it was wrong to grieve about her baby, or wish to see it agin. She was one of those who instead of tryin to shake a heart sorrow takes pleasure in indulgin sich feelins, and finds a consolation in the sacrifice of feelin they make to the memory of those they love.

Weeks and months rolled off, and still Nancy grieved for her baby, and never did she lay head on her piller at night that it wasn't wet with her tears. Dick was to fond of her to scold her, but he tried his best to make her forgit her sorrow, by every argument he could invent. But it was all of no use, and six months after little Tommy's deth he was as fresh in the mind of his mother as he was the day of his deth.

One night they had gone to bed talkin about little Tommy. Nancy had been tellin her husband how glad she would be to see him once more, and Dick had been tryin to persuade her how wrong it was to make sich wishes, when he fel to sleep leavin Nancy cryin and sobbin as usual. How long pore Nancy had indulged her grief before she went to sleep, nobody knows, but the fust thing Dick know'd he was waked up by his wife grabbin hold of him by the arm and shakin him.

"What's the matter Nancy?" ses he, as he tried to get bright awake.

"Oh Richard, Richard, don't you hear him?" ses Nancy, settin up in her bed, and cryin like a child.

"Hear what?" ses Dick, raisin up on his elbow, and openin his ears as wide as he could.

"Oh, Richard, he's cum back—he's cume to see us once more!" ses she grabbin hold of her husband's arm while she trembled all over.

"Why Nancy," ses Dick, "what upon yearth ails you gal? Who's come back?"

"Our little baby—listen!" ses she, clinin closer to him.

Dick begun to breath monstrous short like in that his wife was really out of her senses. Jest then he hard a noise at the door.

"Hear it!" ses Nancy, in a whisper.

Shore enuff he heard something say, in a baby's voice—"Momy, moiny—tum to your poro little Tommy!"

Dicks hair stood right on end.

"Git up, Richard, and open the door!" ses Nancy—"pore little dear, it's cum back to see its mother once more."

"Why, my Lord, Nancy! you don't spose that's little Tommy do you?"

"I know it is him! Do get up, Richard, and let him in."

"Momy—momy!—oh, momy, tum to your poro little Tommy!"

"There its fallen to us agin. Do git up Richard."

But Nancy—you wouldn't let a ghost in the house would you?" ses he, shakin all over like he had a ager.

"To be shure," ses she, "I know my little Tommy wouldn't hurt its mother. I know he wouldn't. Listen: Do git up Richard!"

"But Nancy," ses Dick, "spose it was to be some other ghost?"

"No, Richard! I know my dear baby's voice.—Its nobody else's ghost but his, and we must let him in."

Agin the voice called so pitiful.

Nancy could stand it no longer, and was gwine herself, when Dick got up and they both went side and side, holden each other tite by ther night clothes, towards the door, to let in ther ded baby's ghost.—The tears was pourin down Nancy's face, and her hands was cold as ice, while Dick shook so he could not hardly walk strait. It was a bright moonlight night, and a strong shadow lay on the side of the house in which the door was. Before the door was a little portico, and near it stood several rose-bushes and other shrubbery. As they got near the door they paused. Agin the voice sent forth its plaintive cry.

"Oh!" ses Nancy.

"Leas look out of the winder first." ses Dick.

They both stepped to the winder that was open near the door, in breathless silence—cautiously they both looked out, when shore enuff, what should they see standin under the portico, close by the door, but little Tommy, with his white shroud on, jest as he was berried.

"Oh!" breathed Nancy.

But Dick was too far gone to say a word.

"There he is!" whispered Nancy—"Pore dear little creter. I know'd it would cum back to see its mother once more!"

"Momy, momy!" says the ghost most pitiful.

"Oh!" sighed Nancy leanin on her tremblin husband for support.

"Tommy, Tommy!" ses another voice, a little ways off.

"Thar's another gasped Dick—a black one!"

"Whar is it!" whispered Nancy.

"Why thar by the rose-bush!"

"Shore enuff!" ses Nancy

"What is it? Whose ghost's that!" ses Dick.

"Why, that's little Abe's ghost. Don't you remember little Abe died just a week after little Tommy, and you know how fond they was of one another, and how they used to play with one another? Little Abe's cum back with his little master for company?"

"Shore enuff!" ses Dick.

"Shan't we open the door, Richard?" ses Nancy holdin tight to him.

Dick hesitated. He was puzzled to know what to do. He didn't want to let a ghost in the house, and yet he couldn't bare the idea of turnin his own child away from the door. They stood in breathful silence for a minit, lookin each other in the face. The ghost called its mother agin, in a tone so pitiful that it went to ther very harts.

"Tommy, Tommy!" ses the black ghost.

Jest then Dick sneezed in spite of all he could do.

"Whaw—yaw—whaw-ah!" went the ghosts.

"His cats you d—ils!" ses Dick as they went dashin over the fence as if the d—l was after 'em.

Dick had been too bad scared to laugh, and he felt too much for his pore wife to say much to her about the ghost. But jumping into bed together, they nestled themselves together under the kiver and managed to keep from ketchin any more cold durin the rest of the night. Nancy's got two or three boys and gals now, and though she often thinks of little Tommy she don't grieve to have his ghost cum back to her any more.

☞ A droll fellow was asked by an old woman to read the newspaper, and taking it up began as follows:

"Last night, yesterday morning, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, just before breakfast, a hungry boy about forty years old, bought a penny custard and threw it through a brick stone wall made of iron, and jumping over it broke his ankle right off above the knee, fell into a dry millpond, and was drowned.—About forty years after that, on the same day a high wind blew Yanko Doodle on a frying pan, and knocked the Dutch church down and killed an old sow and two dead pigs at Boating, where a deaf and dumb man was talking French to his aunt Peter.

QUITE TRUE.—*The Northampton Gazette* says:—"The idea, is quite common among pious young men, that they cannot fulfil their mission of good to mankind without getting into the pulpit, has filled the sacred desk with a great many poor preachers."