# 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 14, 1847. NO. 18.



**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 source 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:

ROCKSBURG, Pa., April 20, 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 22, 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 worst forms 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 ever having been there. His health is as good now from all appearances as if he had never been afflicted with the disease aforesaid.

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 Fulwilor, 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

**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. GITT'S.

**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 shott. 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 Glassware, 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 razors and mirrors. The American Tripoli is entirely free from acids and corroding substances, recommended by all Jewellers 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.**

R. ANGNEY, 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.

HOIT'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 Mull muslins just received and for sale by

ROBERT IRVINE Jr.


# THE VOLUNTEER.


John B. Bratton, Editor and Proprietor.

CARLISLE, THURSDAY, OCT'R. 14, 1847.


From the Carlisle Herald.

**TO THE PUBLIC.**

Although my name has been connected with the Carlisle riot of the 2d June by the public prints in nearly all parts of the country, I have thus far made no statement of the case in my own behalf. Not, withstanding the exaggerated and even absurd reports which gained currency before the trial, I did not deem it proper to make any such statement until the trial itself should have been held; nor had I supposed it would be necessary even then, as from my knowledge of the facts, I could not rationally look for any thing else but an acquittal, which, heretofore, (at least in other trials) has been generally deemed, among civilized men, satisfactory proof of innocence. But as I find that attempts are still made in certain newspapers, especially in Maryland and Virginia, to blacken my character, upon the ground that the Presiding Judge protested against the verdict, leaving it to be inferred that the twelve gentlemen of Cumberland county who formed the jury did *not* render a true verdict according to the evidence, although sworn to do so, I deem it due to myself to offer a few words for the consideration of all honorable (not to say Christian) men, whether north or south of Mason or Dixon's line.

Without entering into any minute details, I now simply state, upon my own personal veracity, that my first knowledge of the case was obtained while accidentally passing the Court House, at about 5 P. M., although the slaves were arrested as early as 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning; that I entered the Court House under the impression, derived from a clergyman at the door, that there was not sufficient proof that the women and child were slaves; that I know nothing of the persons or character of the claimants of the slaves; that my efforts in the case were directed to legal proceedings and none other; that no word or act of mine was uttered or done with reference to forcible or riotous resistance; that the riot was a source of the profoundest pain to me; and that no man regretted its unhappy consequences more deeply than myself.

This statement, I say, is made upon my own personal veracity, which will, I know, be a sufficient guaranty for its truthfulness with my *friends* in the Southern, as well as in the Northern States. The substance of it was amply proved upon the trial, and on that proof the jury acquitted me, as no intelligent jury could have failed to do. I think that any right-minded man who will examine the testimony on both sides, even as given in the imperfect newspaper reports (that of the "Carlisle Democrat" being the most complete, though even that is very imperfect,) will be able to explain it in accordance with the above statement. I have no disposition to complain of the witnesses for the prosecution, least of all to charge any of them with perjury. My acts and words were misunderstood by them at the time; and under a wrong view of my objects, they involuntarily gave the colouring of their own feelings to what they saw and heard. All men are liable to do this, especially in cases suggestive of prejudice or passion; and every one knows that questions involving the interests of the colored race are of this sort. In the recent trial, [illegible] and even words testified to by witnesses for the prosecution as if said to me, were uttered when stating to those for the defence; thus verifying at least one sense of the maxim, *cum duo dicunt idem, non sunt idem.* Many of the witnesses for the Commonwealth are personally unknown to me; but I do not think that any of them would charge me with *intending* to excite a riot.

It is very true that so far as the Judge's opinion, publicly announced *after the verdict*, and since widely circulated in the newspapers, can go, I stand before the American public branded as a rioter. But I have the satisfaction to know that men learned in the law, older and wiser than Judge Hepburn, and more experienced in sifting testimony, who carefully attended to the trial throughout, with no interest in my conviction or acquittal beyond the interest of truth and justice, were satisfied that my conduct was vindicated by the evidence, and that the verdict of the jury was a most true and righteous one. That some mistakes were committed by the jury in regard to the colored defendants, is not to be wondered at.—There were, I think, thirty-six persons embraced in the indictment, of whom twenty-nine were put on trial; and although the counsel for the defence asked that my trial should be separated from that of the colored defendants on the ground that the minds of the jury must necessarily be confused by the mass of testimony that would be offered, the court refused to separate. A Mansfield could not have kept the multitudinous evidence in regard to all the defendants clearly before his mind without careful notes; and even then he might have been puzzled, as the bar certainly were in one or two instances on the trial. Moreover the Grand Jury returned a wrong name in finding a bill against *Rachael* Johnson instead of *Richard*; the traverse jury were sworn upon the indictment thus found; and when, (after the trial had gone on for some time) the mistake was detected, the bill, without consent of the traverse jury or of the counsel for the defendants, was sent back to the Grand Jury, kept by them during the adjournment of the court, and returned with the name corrected. The prosecuting attorney, with the consent of the court, but without that of the defendants, then entered a *nolle prosequi* against Richard Johnson; and the trial proceeded without the traverse jury being again sworn. With what reason, therefore, the jury can be blamed for accidental error in the verdict I leave for all impartial men to decide; especially when it is added that their attention was withdrawn from the colored defendants to a great extent, and concentrated upon myself, by the course of the pleadings. The result of this concentrated attention was a verdict of acquittal in my behalf.

Even if my statement of the case were not sustained by this verdict,—rendered by twelve men of unimpeachable character, with none of whom I had the slightest personal acquaintance, I should be perfectly willing to place my own *veracity* against the *opinion* of Judge Hepburn, where both of us are known, without fear for the issue. But, thus sustained, I am sure that all reasonable men, in Pennsylvania, Maryland, or elsewhere, who take an interest in the matter, will be willing to do me justice. That I have been injured, is most true; but I have no revenge to gratify; and therefore in this statement I have simply *defended* myself. To go further, although it might tend to enlighten the public mind upon various strange points connected with this whole case, would probably give rise to strife, which I am determined to avoid.

My cordial thanks are due to the citizens of Carlisle who have shown me so much kindness during this trial; and also to the Editors of various newspapers in Maryland and Virginia as well as Pennsylvania, who have taken the pains to give both sides of the story. I trust that not only they, but all who have published accounts of the trial will copy this statement.

JOHN M'CLINTOCK.

Carlisle, Sept. 30, 1847.

For the American Volunteer.

**TO THE PUBLIC.**

Common justice requires that an answer should be made to the statement published by Professor McClintock, last week, in the "Democrat" and in the "Herald," and that the allegations contained therein should be refuted by a simple statement of facts.—That Mr. McClintock feels nervously anxious to escape from the consequences growing out of his alleged participation in the riot of the 2d June last, is not to be wondered at; but that he should attempt justifying his conduct and establishing his innocence, in the style and manner resorted to, in his published card, is passing strange. He ought to know that unsupported allegations, perverted statements, and a concealement of the truth, dished up with rank egotism, can never free him, in the minds of intelligent men, from the odium and guilt fastened on him by the evidence in the case. And yet, forsooth, testing upon such a basis, the public are asked to disregard the whole history of the riot, and to believe as perjuries the testimony of some thirty witnesses, because Mr. McClintock puts his *personal veracity* in opposition—vainly fancying that his own naked, interested declarations, whilst groaning under the weight of accusation, and eager to be relieved from it, possess more potency and reliability than the testimony of a score of unimpeached and creditable witnesses. Such an hallucination is certainly to be pitied, and can only be the product of overweening vanity, or an entire forgetfulness of those principles of evidence upon which rest our faith and belief in all things human and divine.

But, as Mr. McClintock's "strong town of defence" is his veracity, thrust out boldly in contradiction to all things else, let us examine, for a moment, the facts, and see whether indeed and in truth, it is worth entertaining, and whether it can be relied upon. He says "no word or act of mine was uttered or done with reference to forcible or riotous resistance; that the "riot was a source of the profoundest pain to me; and "that no man regretted its unhappy consequences "more deeply than myself." Now, from the testimony, it is [illegible] Mr. McClintock, when entering the Court room, expressing a determination to prevent the removal of the slaves, until a further hearing.—And that in pursuance of this determination, he declares to a witness, "*that the slaves shall not be removed, and that he will attend to it*;" and also saying, in the midst of the riot in the Court room, to Moses Scott, one of the principle rioters, and who is now a fugitive from justice, "*Moses, you are right*" (in recalling the slaves,) "*if any person strikes you, prosecute him, and I'll see you through.*" And again, when the Court room is ordered to be cleared by the Judge, and the public peace preserved, Mr. M'Clintock refused to leave the room until he was pushed out by the staff of one of the Sheriff's posse; and when he reached the door, he is heard, surrounded by negroes, saying to them, "*boy's, stand your ground, I'll see you through.*" Another witness heard him say, at the same time and place, "*go on, and do all you can, and I'll stand by you and see you through.*" Another witness heard him say, while on his way down stairs, "*that the blacks would be perfectly justifiable in rescuing the slaves from their masters.*"—Another witness heard him say, on the portico, "*there was not a particle of testimony to prove them slaves, and that no freeholder should take his slave from Carlisle, if he could prevent it.*" Another heard him say to some blacks near the portico, "*you ones, go ahead, and rescue the slaves, and I'll see you through—if any person lays hands on you, they will have to pay for it.*" Another heard one of the convicted rioters say to him, "*we'll clear them.*" Another heard Mr. McClintock say "*they* (the owners,) *had no right to take them away.*" Two others saw him talking with negroes, just before the riot on the street commenced. Another heard him say to the blacks, in the very height of the tumult and riot, "*you have the ascendancy, hold on.*"—So near was he to the witness, that they rubbed clothes in passing. Several other witnesses proved that he was active in rescuing a negro woman, who was proven most guilty, from the hands of a Constable, who had her in custody. If this mass of testimony is insufficient to contradict and refute the allegation that no act or word of his had reference to forcible or riotous resistence, then we do not understand the English language. If this testimony did not encourage a resistance to the law and the legal authorities in the [illegible] execution of it, it did not the effect of [illegible] crowd of ignorant and infuriated negroes, [illegible] accomplishing their object, and of inducing them to [illegible] commission of a riot, then nothing can be provocative of such a result. To the mind of any man, who is capable of forming an opinion, this testimony must be overwhelming in its convincing power, so much so, as to scatter to the winds the assertion of Mr. McClintock, and reduce his much vaunted veracity to the smallest conceivable point. Certainly the unblushing audacity which could demand an absolute and unqualified disbelief of all this testimony, upon the simple negation of the accused party, ought rather to be characterized as brazen impudence, than the *conscious* manliness of innocence.

But, is it true that the riot was a source of pain to him, and did he regret its unhappy consequences?—And here, again, let us look at the testimony. One witness says, that when Mr. McClintock's attention was drawn to the manner in which Mr. Kennedy was being abused, he remarked, "*it served him right, he had no business to make a fuss or raise a riot;*" *and that Kennedy had as good right to be ill used as the negroes.*" Another witness heard him say, whilst near the bruised and mangled body of the dying Kennedy, when asked "whether it was not a shame that Mr. Kennedy was so abused," "*no it served him right.*" And again, when a witness observed to him, "that poor Mr. Kennedy,) is killed," he answered "*on him rests the responsibility—he brought it on himself.*" And yet, the public are asked, on Mr. McClintock's *personal veracity*, to believe that the riot was a "source of profoundest pain" to him, and that he "regretted deeply" its unhappy consequences. Truly a sorrow that could exult over misfortune and distress, and a sympathy that could overlook the commonest dictates of humanity, at a moment when "every white man felt excited" at the brutal violence offered to the person of Mr. Kennedy, are fit accompaniments to a veracity that dares assert the non existence of words and acts, which are within the knowledge of a multitude, and clearly proven by hosts of witnesses.

Again, is his veracity to be relied upon, when he asserts that the Presiding Judge protested against the verdict? We say not, for this is not a true statement of the case. The protest was not that of the Presiding Judge—he was but the organ of the Court—all the Judges being present. It was not his protest *alone*, but the *unanimous* one of the whole Court, at what they conceived to be a total dereliction of duty on the part of the jury, and applied to *all* the the defendants, whom they thought improperly acquitted, and convicted. Mr. McClintock's name was not mentioned, nor that of any other defendant's except Mrs. Garver's. It follows, then, that the insidious attempt to impress the public mind with the idea, that but *one* Judge was dissatisfied with the verdict, is untrue and unfair, because it is not the fact, and because it places Judge Hepburn in a false position, and therefore must infringe sorely on the boasted veracity of Mr. McClintock. These declarations of his can only be accounted for, on the grounds, that his anxiety to convince the public of his innocence, has blinded his judgment, and thrown an oblivious shade over his memory; and, perhaps, even now, he may sincerely believe his statements strictly fair and true. We all know, that the construction of the human mind is such, as to mould its impressions to suit the complexion of the wishes of the heart—the wish being father to the thought.

As to Mr. McClintock's innocence of participation in the riot, and the effect of the testimony on the minds of the jury, we have only to say, that when the jury retired to their room, nine were for his conviction, and three for his acquittal, and that at a subsequent period, eleven were for his conviction, and but one for his acquittal, and that a "kindred spirit" coerced the jury into a verdict of acquittal, by misleading their minds as to their rights and duties, and by expressing his determination to stay for weeks, unless he accomplished his object. Such were the clearness and conclusiveness of the testimony, that all intelligent and disinterested men, (and there were many present, and among them lawyers from neighboring counties,) retired from the Court room, at the close of the trial, with the firm belief that Mr. McClintock could not escape being convicted. Even the imperfect, garbled, and mutilated report in the "Carlisle Democrat," to which he refers, with so much seeming satisfaction, and which by the way, was prepared by his own brother and brother-in-law, contains, in itself, sufficient uncontradicted matter to convince any reasonable man of the incorrectness of the verdict, and to disprove the allegations that are predicated on his *personal veracity*.

Mr. McClintock's complaints in reference to irregularities in the trial are no better sustained than his veracious assertions. One would think, from his statement, that a gross and unusual outrage had been committed on his rights, by refusing him a separate trial, and compelling him to answer along with his co-defendants. Now, we venture to assert, that there is not known, in the practice of the Criminal court, a single case, wherein a separate trial was granted, to one of several defendants, in a riot where the very gist of the offence, is the combination. In this case the Court only held Mr. McClintock to their usual and ordinary practice, and refused, on his application what would have been denied to another. Any one of the negroes could have, with as much propriety, asked for a separate trial as the Rev. Professor; and certainly some, who were convicted, in mistake, have greater cause for complaint than he. The objection also on account of the mistake of the name Rachael for Richard, has nothing in it, and the mention of it as an argument favorable to himself, can have no other effect than that of exhibiting the weakness of a case which requires to be bolstered up by such puerilities. That was a mere clerical error, committed by the foreman of the Grand Jury in transcribing the names from the bill of indictment, and when discovered was properly corrected; and that they had the power to do so, will never be seriously questioned by any one having the least knowledge of their rights and duties—they having at all times, the unquestionable right to correct errors, change and modify their finding, so as to make it conform to the truth of their original intention.

In our humble opinion, the foregoing is a complete answer to the statement of Mr. McClintock. We have no desire to comment on other matters connected with the trial of the cause, which were inconsistent with the fact of innocence.

We have no disposition, now, to expose the artifice and arrangement employed to excite a sympathetic influence, and sway the hearts and judgments of his triors. Neither care we to hold up his frequent interviews with the witnesses of the Commonwealth, and the pains employed, months before the Court, on the jury list. All these matters are unimportant to our present purpose of proving that the veracity of Mr. McClintock is not to be depended upon, when it is contradicted by every fact in the cause. We are sorry that passion has so operated on the mind of Mr. McClintock, as to lead him to the publishing of a card which is untrue and unfair in many of its statements, and therefore discreditable to the character of one who is in the occupancy of a position and confidence so elevated as that of a moral and religious teacher of youth. A WITNESS.

Carlisle, October 2, 1847.

## Miscellaneous.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

**THE MOTHER AND HER SON.**

BY JULIA A. PARKER.

"Oh, mother," said Henry Manning, "if we were as rich as uncle William, how happy I should be, and I should make you so happy, too!"

"My child, do you think your Uncle William and his family so very happy, as to make you think there is no enjoyment without a great deal of money?"

"Oh, no, indeed, mother, I am sure almost any one is happier than they. Uncle always looks so troubled about something, and when he comes home from his store, they don't seem glad to see him; and jump up to kiss him, as I used to do when father came home. And then he never has any pleasant conversations with them, or reads to them when they sews, as father did. I don't believe Aunt Sophia is very happy either, for she is always telling what a trouble children are to her, and how many dreadful visits she has to receive and return from her fashionable acquaintances, that she does not care a fig about.—And mother, you know how peevish and quarrelsome cousin Mary and Frank are—how they are always teasing for money or fine clothes, and when they get them they find fault, and never seem satisfied with any thing. Oh, mother, I would not care to live in their beautiful house, or visit with all their fine company."

"Right, my noble boy!" said Mrs. Manning, "but tell me why you are wishing for wealth so ardently, when you see it does not, *necessarily*, make people happy?"

"Why, mother, it isn't because I want handsome clothes, like Frank's, nor to ride in a carriage with such spirited and elegant horses, or any thing of that kind; but, if you were sick, I could buy books and have a great library, and I could go to college and be educated, and perhaps be a great man."

"My child, how it gladdens your mother's heart to know, that behind this pale brow"—laying her hand on the manly forehead of her boy, and parting the dark locks that seemed to wish to conceal its thoughtfulness of expression—"that here is a soul that thirsts for higher things than the empty bubbles that men worship. Oh, yes, Henry, there is a good that only the few attain—a pure and exalted enjoyment, of which the lovers of pleasure and of wealth have no conception—a something, which allies us to the glorious spirits that surround God's throne, and prepares us for that blest society hereafter. My son, none find this treasure but those who feel this immortal mind within them to be more noble than the universe besides—who remember that it can never die—that there is no limit to the knowledge it may acquire, and who resolve that a gift so priceless shall not be sunk in ignorance or worldliness, but that it shall aspire to communion with God, its great Author, and to the promotion of the happiness and best good of his creatures."

With her eye intent on the finely moulded brow, where her hand still rested, Mrs. Manning seemed to forget that she was talking to a *child*, as she would talk to a *man*; but Henry, motionless, his eye earnestly fixed on his mother's soul-lit countenance, showed how much a child may comprehend of mysteries of the inner being, and feel the inspiration of the deep truthfulness of life. The boy remained silent, as if following out, in imagination the wonderful results of truths so ennobling. Then, suddenly rising, he seized his mother's hand, exclaiming, "oh, mother, I love to hear you talk to me about these things: it makes me feel that it is a beautiful thing to live and get knowledge, and love God and make every one happy. But, dear mother, you often tell me," and the tear glistened in his eye as he spoke—"that you are a lonely widow and I an unprotected orphan, and that I must learn to take care of myself. But, mother, I must go to school—I must be educated—I must be a distinguished man—and, if we had *money*, I could do this."

Mrs. Manning pressed the hand of her only child with that fervor that told the strength of a mother's love, yea, the agony of a mother's heart, when she feels herself powerless to bestow what would make the happiness of her child, or the being who looked to her as his sole earthly protector and friend. Who has fathomed the depths of a mother's devotion, or gazed on the untold wealth of affection that lies hidden in the profound of her spiritual being, richer far than the heaps of orient pearls and the countless gems that deck the chamber of the deep? Ah, none save the eye that readeth the mystic characters Himself hath stamped on the human soul. So passionate—so absorbing was the affection that Mrs. Manning cherished for the lovely blossom that refreshed her drooping spirit in her solitary pilgrimage on earth, that on her alone comfort had been removed by death. On her alone now devolved the fearful responsible task of training up a highly gifted boy, of shielding him from the many temptations of early life—of soyling in his mind and heart that good seed that she trusted would yield, under the heavenly influence she constantly sought, a rich and abundant harvest. Thoughtful beyond his years—the only creature on earth around which the deep sympathies of her woman's nature might entwine themselves, he had grown up in her affections, not only as a loving child, but an inseperable companion and friend. Many an hour had she been beguiled of her sorrowful memories, by giving utterance to the thoughts of her own highly cultivated intellect, in language accommodating to the understanding of her son. She had taught him much of God, and often had his tearful eyes spoke the joy of his soul, when heavenly truth first broke in upon its darkness, as she made a flower, perchance the eloquent interpreter of His goodness, or the glorious stars, that awakened his childish wonder, that of His majesty and power. By such simple and beautiful illustrations the great truths of human duty and accountability had taken firm root in his mind, and under the tution of such a parent, high and noble aspirations went up from the sanctuary of his soul, to be all that was worthy of a man and an immortal being.

Oh, ye! whose mission it is to be the first culturers of the infant mind—to make of it a garden or a wilderness—to mould for happiness or misery—for honor or shame, the immortal spirit—a fearful talent hath God loaned to you, that He will claim again with usury. That soul in thy keeping is a pure and spotless tablet, on which every unhallowed word or action will leave its stain; be sure then that you write thereon what will bear the inspection of the Searcher of Hearts.

Strong as was the desire of Mrs. Manning to give her son a liberal education, preparatory to a profession, she felt that her exceedingly limited means was inadequate, and many an anxious thought now agitated her breast as she felt the time could not long be deferred when some calling must be found for her son that would enable him, honorably to support himself and to become a useful member of society. While the subject was under careful consideration, a letter was received from the rich uncle, before mentioned, which read as follows:

"Dear Madam—Believing that the time has arrived when your son will probably engage in some kind of business, and having a vacancy in my store, I write to inform you that the place is at your disposal, if it meets your wishes. From what I know of Henry, in his visits at my house, I am much pleased with him, and find him a boy that I think can be depended upon for honor and integrity. Hoping that you will find it your interest to have him come without delay, I subscribe myself, Yours, respectfully,

R. M.

Here providence had seemed to remove difficulties and open the way to a respectable calling for her son, and shall she hesitate? Shall the idea of parting with one who had hitherto seemed a part of her own existence—of speaking that word so terrible to the sensitive heart, good-bye—make a selfish affection the victor over the interest of her child? Ah, no! 'tis not for this, trying as it may be to her, that she pauses long, while her heart throbs with fulness of her emotions. She is about to send forth her dove from the ark that had sheltered it; into a world from whence it might never return to her pure an innocent as now. The child is about to take that *first* step which may influence for weal or wo his entire destiny—to enlist as a soldier in life's warfare, from which there is no discharge save that granted by the mighty King of the "Silent Land." Her imagination pictures to her in no over-wrought coloring, the generous warm hearted youth from virtues narrow path—a new home where worldly comforts, vastly more than her own can boast, profound, but where, no morning or evening oblation, sanctifies the spot and sends up its poor incense to the throne of the Eternal—where perchance he will learn to transfer the homages of his young heart from his creator to the sordid deities of pleasure and mammon. But unlike the worldling who embarks his treasures on the waves of life's winding and troubled current, *hoping* in the *chance* of a successful voyage, this pious mother sends forth her own with an *unfaltering trust* in that overruling Providence, from whose hand descended the chain of circumstances, whose every link fastens but where He commands, and who has promised to the pure in heart, that all things shall work together for their good. To such a Being she lifts up her soul for divine direction and strength in the hour of need.—Then with a calm voice she summons her son and makes known to him the proffered situation in the service of his uncle.

"But mother, I cannot leave you—indeed I cannot leave you," said Henry, throwing his arms around her neck, with the warmth of a child's affection; "you know how I always long to come home, when I go there to stay two or three weeks, so don't think I can go there to live—oh, no, I cant indeed.

"My beloved child, the thought of parting with you is, indeed, more painful than you can know,—but in the world's concerns you must take a part and learn reliance on yourself; and since your Uncle offers what he deems a desirable situation, and my own circumstances make it impossible for me to give you the aid you desire, will you not *my* son, cheerfully resolve to accept what appears the path of duty?"

"Yes, mother, I am willing to do what you think best, for you always advise me right, and love me better than any one—and then perhaps, I shall be able to do something for you, and repay your kindness to me."

As the idea of making some return for her untiring devotion to him was devolved in his mind it seemed at once to make inviting what at *first* appeared so terrible—and with a happy good night he turned his steps to his little chamber. When alone with his thoughts many a deep emotion struggled within his breast, as he anticipated the farewell to his humble but happy home. Every familiar object assumed in his fancy a new charm and value. His thought of his mother's gentle teachings—of all she had been to him—of the loneliness she would feel when he should leave her—and the tears flowed freely, but they were childhood's tears, pure as the guardian spirits that hover over the pillow of innocence, and they were soon dispelled—tears, visions memories and hopes in soft and unbroken slumber.

At length, all necessary preparations being completed, the morning of departure arrived. "God bless and keep thee, my child!" were the only words that found utterance, and the son was on his way to his new scene of action; and the bereaved parent alone with her grief.

Mournfully passed the first long day of young Henry in his untried vocation. All that was assigned him was performed with diligence and alacrity, but ever and anon the hot tear-drop would prove the tell-tale of his heart, and show it was far away.

"That is a fine little fellow you have there, Mr. Manning," said his partner, who had observed the tact and enterprise of the new comer; "but I am afraid he has too much sensibility ever to be much of a business man."

"Never mind," replied his uncle, "he will never think of home after he has been here a week."

Henry, unknown to the speakers, had overheard the dialogue, and felt how gladly he would seek some secret spot, where, unrestrained and alone, he might indulge the sadness that burdened his heart. Forget his mother? his sweet home? all that he had loved so dearly? "how little feeling," thought he, "must my uncle have, to imagine me capable of such ingratitude!" But this was his *first lesson*—the *first* intuition of the ingenuous and trusting nature of childhood into the *mysteries of truth's nature*, when the world has woven its coils around, it so fatal to that secret life of gentle affections that can be sustained only by the nursing care of innocence and virtue.

He wondered his mother had not said more to him on that theme—that she had not advised him, as she was wont to do, in regard to the trials she must have anticipated. But the day was at length spent, for the saddest moments are not unwinged, and he accompanied his uncle to his residence. Tea being over, the merchant took up his newspaper to learn the state of stocks and banks, while his aunt and the younger members gathered around the centre table, each to find his own evening's diversion.

"Well, Harry, I suppose you are planning some attack upon the library by this time," said his cousin Frank; "but listen, you are not going to spend your evenings now over some old musty volume as you used to do when you were a visitor. We had to humor you then from courtesy, but now you are to live with us, you must turn over a new leaf. Come, cheer up, and you shall have plenty of fun, and I will undertake to give you some other model of imitation than the old long-faced parson of your village, who, I dare say, thinks it a sin to smile. As for those dry old books, father often tells me I ought *to read and improve myself*, but those I have to wade through at school are intolerable—I am sure *I'll never touch* one at home."

*(To be Continued.)*

☞ An old bachelor having been laughed at by a party of pretty girls, told them they were "small potatoes," replied that they were "small potatoes," but we are sweet ones."