American Volunteer.

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

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Let Its Works Praise It!

Burns, Scalds, and all kinds of Inflamed Sores Cured. TOUSEY'S UNIVERSAL OINTMENT, is the most complete Burn Antidote ever known. It instantly (as if by Magic) stops pains of the most desperate Burns and Scalds. For old Sores, Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, &c., on man or beast, it is the best application that can be made. Thousands have tried, and thousands praise it. It is the most perfect master of pain ever discovered. All who use, recommend it. Every family should be provided with it. None can tell how soon some of the family will need it.

☞ Observe each box of the genuine Ointment has the name of S. Tousey written on the outside label. To imitate this is forgery.

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It is a scentific compound warranted not to contain any preparation of Mercury, ☞ Price 25 cents per box. For further particulars concerning this really valuable Ointment, the public are referred to Pamphlets, to be had gratis, of respectable Druggists and Merchants throughout the United States.

Prepared by S. TOUSEY, Druggist, Syracuse.

AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF THE ABOVE.—S. W. Haverstick, Dr. J. J. Myers, J. & W. B. Fleming, Carlisle; G. W. Singiser, Churchtown; A. Cathcart, Shepherdstown; Dr. Ira Day, Mechanicsburg; J. C. Reeme, Shiremanstown; John G. Miller, Lisburn; Jane May, New Cumberland; John H. Zearing, Sporting Hill; John Coyle, Hogestown; John Reed, Kingstown; Roussell & Dice, Dickinson; James Kyle; Jacksonville; J. Hood & Son, Springfield; John Diller, Newville; Robt. Elliott, Newburg.

December 30, 1847.—ly.*

Clickener's Sugar Coated Pills, or Grand Purgative,

For the Cure of Headache, Giddiness, Rheumatism, Piles, Dispepsia, Scurvy, Smallpox, Jaundice, Pains in the Back, Inward Weakness, Palpitation of the Heart, Rising in the Throat, Dropsy, Asthma, Fevers of all kinds, Female Complaints, Measles, Salt Rheum, Heartburn, Worms, Cholera Morbus, Coughs, Quincy, Whooping Cough, Consumption, Fits, Liver Complaint, Erysipelas, Deafness, Itchings of the Skin, Colds, Gout, Gravel, Nervous Complaints, and a variety of other diseases arising from Impurities of the Blood, and Obstructions in the Organs of Digestion.

EXPERIENCE has proved that nearly every Disease originates from Impurities of the Blood or Derangements of the Digestive Organs; and to secure Health, we must remove those obstructions or restore the Blood to its natural state. Therefore, when the slightest derangement of the System is indicated by Costiveness, or any other sign, it admonishes us that superfluities are gathering in the System, which should be removed by an effectual purging. This fact, as stated, is universally known; but people have such an aversion to medicine, that, unless the case was urgent, they formerly preferred disease to the cure. Since the invention, however, of

Clickener's Vegetable Purgative Pills

this objection is entirely removed, as they are completely enveloped with a coating of Pure White Sugar (and as distinct from the internal ingredients as a nut shell from the kernel) have no taste of medicine. They are as easily to swallow as bits of candy. Moreover they *neither nauseate or gripe* in the slightest degree. They operate equally on all the diseased parts of the System, instead of confining themselves to, and racking any particular region. Thus, for example, if the Liver be affected, one ingredient will operate on that particular organ, and, by cleansing it of that Excess of Bile it is constantly discharging into the stomach, restore it to its natural state. Another will operate on the Blood, and remove those impurities which have already entered into its circulation; while a third will effectually expel from the system whatever impurities may have been discharged into the stomach, and hence they strike at the Root of Disease, Remove all Impure Humours, open the pores externally and internally, promote the Insensible Perspiration, obviate Flatulency, Headache, &c.,—seperate all foreign and obnoxious particles from the chyle, secure a free and healthy action to the Heart, Lungs and Liver, and thereby restore health even when all other means have failed.

The entire truth of the above can be ascertained by the trial of a single box; and their virtues are so positive and certain in restoring Health, that, the proprietor binds himself to return the money paid for them in all cases where they do not give universal satisfaction. Retail price 25 cts per box.

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December 30, 1847.—ly.*

A LARGE supply of this popular remedy for Coughs, Colds and Affections of the Breast, has just been received at the Drug Store of

J. & W. B. FLEMING.

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER,

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

No subscription taken for a less term than six months, nor no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid.

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

Poetical.

WITHERED TREES.

BY THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY.

What do ye here, ye withered trees?
The sun and the vernal rain,
And the softening breath of the spring-tide breeze,
Revive ye not again!
Why do your leafless branches spread
O'er the fair bough's bud and bloom,
And hang o'er the bright young sapling's head,
Like prophecies of gloom?

Why do ye stretch in the sunny air,
As if stripped by the wintry wind,
And the light and joy of Summer share,
That ye cannot pay in kind?
Why do ye cumber the smiling earth,
And shadow the thick green grass?
Make way for the young shrub's leafy mirth—
Pass, from this bright world pass!

There came a sigh from the withered boughs,
A murmur, and a moan;
Like a rustling wind o'er the crisping snows
In winter, was its tone.
It seemed to say, "Alas! to think
Of man's ingratitude;
That we from his sight are bid to shrink—
We, monarchs of the wood!

"We used to be as green and fair
As the trees ye cherish now,
And a crown of leaves were wont to bear
On every lofty bough.
We used to laugh in the pleasant sun,
And bathe in the heavy dew;
Why grudge that now our youth is gone—
We linger yet in view?

"We are lingering but like aged men,
With hearts and passions cold;
Would you scorn your own grey fathers, then,
Because they have grown old?
Ye look on *them* with a reverent look,
Though bent and aged now,
And read, as ye would read a book,
The wisdom on each brow.

"Do not those reverend parents teach
That we must pass away?
And may not we such lessons preach,
Of slow but sure decay?
When the flattering Spring winds wander by
Those fair young leaves and flowers,
We tell them with a low deep sigh,
Their fate must be as *ours*."

Miscellaneous.

DRIFTWOOD JOHNSON.

A very strange occurrence took place nine years since in the flourishing city of Cincinnati, and is yet fresh in the minds of many residents there, not by any means as old as "the oldest inhabitant," who knows all things. It is still told of cold winter's night around a cheerful fire-side to many a wandering youngster, and the moral instilled into their young minds with greater force from the circumstances of its "being as true as gospel." The hero of the tale was an old man named Johnson, who had lived from a boy in the place, and followed a curious trade for a livelihood. Early and late he was seen down by the river's side collecting driftwood, and toiled at it so incessantly, day after day and year after year, that it at last became whispered about that old Driftwood Johnson was making money; that he had invested his little earnings well and had realized large sums by fortunate speculations; but still he clung to his old business. He was mean in dress and very saving—all the money he spent, except for the merest necessaries of life, being for the education of a most lovely daughter, for the old man had a wife and child. At last Driftwood bought a very large brick house, or built one; and much to the surprise of every body, furnished it elegantly and brought his daughter home from school to be the belle of his mansion. It was a good way out of town, but he said the city would grow to it, and so it has. There was always something mysterious about the old man's family; and his wife, who was a very amiable woman, had a careworn, anxious look that no one could account for. The beauty and accomplishments of the daughter soon brought her plenty of lovers, who sighed and pined for her hand, but the favored one of all was a young merchant's clerk, connected with one of the most flourishing establishments in Cincinnati, and soon to become a partner. His suit prospered, and he hoped to make the daughter of old Driftwood his wife. He used to think it a very odd circumstance that during all his evening visits, which were far from being "few and far between," he never could meet the man, and all his inquries after him failed to elicit any satisfactory replies, but knowing that the old man was what is generally termed "an odd fish," he never troubled himself much about the matter.

On returning to his store one night, after a visit to his lady love, he was horrified upon opening the door at finding the mangled and bleeding corps of a man, a stranger. He had apparently fallen from the second or third story through the hatchway, and been killed almost instantly. The watch was called in and the poor wretch was taken to the watch-house, and a physician sent for to see the body. He had been dead for hours, and there was nothing left but to endeavor to find out who the man was, and hold an inquest over his body. There was no trace or sign about him that could possibly lead to a recognition—no paper, no mark on his clothes, and a bunch of skeleton keys, a box of matches and a small dark lantern were all that he had about him; so the inquest was held the next morning, a verdict in accordance with the fact rendered and the body buried.

The next evening, upon visiting his intended, the lover found the family uneasy at the continued absence of old Driftwood, but he persuaded them that he had suddenly been called away on business, and would soon return. Advertisements were put in the papers, but no clue could be obtained, and the people at last believed that he had either been murdered or carried down the Mississippi while gathering driftwood and drowned. In his house there were a number of rooms which had always been locked, and the keys of which old Driftwood had always kept, and when it became necessary to settle his affairs these rooms were forced open and found to contain goods to a large amount of all sorts and descriptions; silks, satins, broadcloths, linens, shawls, watches, jewelry, and in short all sorts of goods and valuables of every description—which had been stolen in Cincinnati from different places, at various times, for years.—The secret was out. Old Driftwood had for years employed pedlars to sell goods through the Western country, sent them down in flat boats to points on the Mississippi below Cincinnati, and all of them he had himself, unaided by any accomplice, stolen. The man who was found by the clerk a bleeding corps was old Driftwood Johnson. The clerk, however convinced that the daughter of the old man was innocent and unaware that her father had pursued for years a system of burglary and thieving, married her, and she is now a mother, surrounded by a numerous family. Truth is stranger than fiction.

N. O. Picayune.

AN IRISH PILOT.—"Do you know all the rocks in this harbor?" asked the master of a vessel of an Irish pilot. "Yes, your honor, and"—here the ship struck—"*there's one of them!*"

A HORRIBLE STORY.

We copy the following from Donovan's adventures in Mexico.

On the evening of May 19th, two American officers, belonging to some of the volunteer corps, attended the Cathedral, where certain services were held appertaining to the nuns at the Convent of San Francis, situated in the western part of the city.—The Cathedral was filled, as usual with a large crowd of the faithful, and at the conclusion of the ceremonies, when they were dispersing, two officers lingered in the church, gazing at the expensive ornaments. As they were also in the act of retiring, a nun, who remained behind the rest of the sisterhood, made a sign to the officer who was slowly following his comrade, that she desired to speak to him. Returning to the nun, a dialogue ensued, in substance as follows:

'You are an American?'

'I am madam, and but recently from the land of Yankees.'

'I presume, sir, you are a man of honor and discretion?'

'Those qualities, added to courage, make up the composition of an American soldier.'

'Are you willing to render me an important service?'

'You have but to command me.'

'I will not conceal from you that the service I ask at your hands, requires not only discretion but extraordinary intrepidity. Knowing this, are you still willing to assist me?'

'Yes, I am determined.'

'Very well when you hear the Convent bell strike twelve to-night, be at the side gate; I shall be there to open it, and on your knocking three times, you shall learn what it is that I require of you. Will you be faithful to the rendezvous?'

'I shall be faithful if I live.'

'Well, I will depend upon you, adieu.'

They parted, and the officer joined his companion; and as they pursued their way to the American quarters, related to him all that had transpired, and asked him if he should fulfil the appointment. The other advised him to do so, by all means, and for fear of accidents offered to accompany him to the gate at the appointed hour. Supposing the affair to end in one of those innocent adventures so common in Mexico, and taking it for granted that the lady had been suddenly struck with his personal appearance, the officer, with his companion, repaired to the gate, according to the agreement, and upon giving the concerted signal, the entrance was opened by the nun.

The chosen officer entered, without the least apprehension of fear, and was saluted by the nun.

'You are truly a man of courage and honor, and are entitled to my warmest gratitude.'

After conducting him to her cell, where a lamp was burning, she politely invited him to sit down; and producing two bottles requested him to take a glass of wine with her—a request which a man and a soldier is not apt to treat with indifference. Filling him a glass out of one bottle she took a little herself out of the other, and after he had finished his, she told him to go to the opposite side of the bed from herself. The officer, still innocent, obeyed when the nun addressed him:

'Well, we are all alone—is my door bolted—look?'

And at the same momemt, to his horror and amazement, she discovered to him the dead body of a monk, whose clothes were stiff and matted with blood, while she continued:

'The favor I require is that you take this body on your shoulders and convey it beyond the gates of the first court. Obey instantly or your life shall be in peril, for if you attempt to escape I will shoot you through the head. I know she added, that my own life will be the forfeit, for after dispatching you, I have a poignard for myself—the same which I stabbed that miserable monk with.'

Seeing no other means of escape, the officer took up the body, and accompanied by the nun who carried a dark lantern, proceeded to the gate by which he had entered, and on issuing from it, threw down his horrible burden at the feet of his comrade, who was waiting to enjoy a laugh at what they both supposed would terminate in a love intrigue.

After recounting to his friend the almost incredible adventure in which he had been engaged, they both resolved to communicate the circumstances to Gen. Worth in person; but they had proceeded but a short distance from the Convent, when the officer who had brought out the body, began to complain of the most violent and excruciating pains. He soon fell upon the pavement and expired.

Did they all Fight?

The Washington correspondent of the Charleston News, says: "General Quitman, a day or two ago, in conversation with a friend, related an anecdote. I have not yet seen it in print, and will therefore, relate it in nearly his own words. 'General, did they all fight?' 'Fight!' he exclaimed, and his eye kindled with enthusiasm, 'I'll tell you. Within a mile of the city of Mexico, where you know we had hard fighting, I was standing talking to Gen. Shields as to the mode of action. Before us the Mexican cannon were belching forth fire and smoke, and the musketeers were not idle. Gen. Shields left me. I took out my pocket glass to reconnoitre, to see where we could make the most effective attack; and while I had it to my eye, I heard something fall heavily near my feet. I looked down, and behold it was one of my men. A ball had struck him in the knee, and he was bleeding profusely. His wound was tied up with a handkerchief, and he was removed about five feet from me. I was interested for the man. He was unable to sit even. He had twisted himself around, and was feeling for his musket, which he finally caught by the bayonet, and drew it to him. Occasionally I glanced in direction of the soldier. While I had been attending to other matters, he had turned on his side, and had actually his gun in shooting position. He fired at the enemy! I approached, and remarked to him, 'My good fellow, hav'nt you enough fighting yet?' He looked at me, and, in a tone which seemed to ask forgiveness, replied, 'Why General—I couldn't—help—it.' This is the spirit,' continued Gen. Quitman, 'which animates our army; all creation can't whip them. We are invincible.'

WEALTH.

Wealth, true wealth, is that possession which satisfies the heart. Palaces and lands may still leave a man miserable. To be satisfied in one's cell—to feel no aching, nor void—to sleep peacefully, wake without pain, regret, or remorse, such is wealth. Content and health, are a prouder inheritance than belongs to Kings. With these, the hardest pillow becomes soft, the roughest way smooth, the darkest future bright, and their possessor stands up a man, than whom God has made none nobler—free from the canker which follows power and fame, and independent of the exigencies which make and may shiver crowns. Money, beyond self-wants, may be desirable; the necessities and misfortunes of our fellows often cast them upon us, and means to relieve them add as keenly to our joy as theirs. For the promotion of the good, the beautiful and the true, gold, goods and land are a heritage from heaven; but when wrapped in a napkin, and bound to the heart, they congeal human sympathies, and blast human life.

CHEATING DEATH.—Gumbo, during the prevalence of an epidemic, was in constant dread of a call from the grim messenger. A wag hearing him at prayers one night, spoke to him in a sepulchral voice through a key-hole:

"Gumbo!"

"Who dar?" said the affrightened darkey.

"Death!"

"What he want?"

"Want Gumbo."

Blowing out his candle with a whow—"No sich a nigger here—dat nigger bin dead dis two or free weeks."

CAPT. KENEALLY, of Cincinnati, killed himself at Rio Frio by placing the hilt of his sword upon the ground and throwing himself upon the blade. He had command of one of the volunteer companies from Ohio.

LOVE AND FISHING.

Two lovers stood upon the shore
Of Massachusetts bay,
Bidding a sad farewell, before
Seth tore himself away.

"I'll marry you when I come back,
My Sally Ann," says he.
And then he took a little *smack*,
And went away to sea.

"Is not this the Carpenter's Son?"

When Jesus of Nazareth was working miracles and confounding the Scribes and Pharisees with questions they could not answer and with a simple wisdom which they were too pedantic to understand, the enquiry ever and anon passed around—"Is not this the carpenter's son?" No virtue was distinguished enough to silence, no miracle wonderful enough to drown, this expression of surprise, that one descended from an humble laborer, should assume to dispute with doctors in the temple, or question the propriety of institutions, which were defended by wealthy rabbis and mitred priests. Everywhere, keeping pace with the wonders he wrought, resounded in half scornful tones the query—"Is not this the carpenter's son?"

Had he descended immediately from kings and princes—had he come down from the palaces of the rich, to commence his mission among men—doubtless the lords of Jerusalem would have followed and adored him. True "he spake as never man spake."—But "is this not the carpenter's son?"

The prejudice to which we have referred had existed for centuries before Jesus appeared, and has come down to us undiminished during the flight of eighteen centuries of time. Every benefactor of his race, every wise and talented man, destined to be an honor to humanity, on whom the light has first shone among the cottages of the poor, has been doomed to struggle against it. One may be talented and full of promise—one may in its very morn devote his life to the promotion of the best interests of mankind, but if he sprang from among the laboring poor, an aristocratic jealousy is stirred up in the bosoms of thousands, and breathes out scornfully, "is not this the carpenter's son?"

But time passed on. The carpenter's son followed at first only by a few poor fishermen and driven from place to place, having "not where to lay his head," became the adoration of bishops and kings. Temples arose in honor of his name, and ten thousand scattered corners and fastnesses of the globe, were consecrated to his worship. His worship! Yes! If pomp and circumstance—if the trumpet tones of the organ—if costly surplice and gorgeous chancel—if pulpits raised on high, adorned with carving and shaded with crimson curtains, accord with the worship of one, whose temple was the open sky, whose preachings were upon the hill top and by the sea side—of one who came blessing the poor and the humble—of one who eighteen centuries ago it was asked, "is not this the carpenter's son?"

And even in our own times, the "carpenter's son"—the mechanic fresh from the dust of his workshop—has oft times triumphed over the fashionable and foolish prejudice, which is always abroad among the fools of fashionable life, and which, when put down by the persevering energy with which a self-made man grapples for distinction—is succeeded by a fawning subserviency as contemptible as itself.

We think the day is not far distant, when our laboring classes will insist upon their proper position in society. They must prepare themselves to maintain that position. They should exert themselves for their own intellectual improvement and that of their children. They should see to it, that they commit none to their interests to the keeping of men who deem it disreputable to labor—who hold the drones to be the only respectable members of good society—who scorfully ask of the enterprising and aspiring laborer, who aspires to improve his condition, "is not this the carpenter's son?"

A Russian Breakfast Table on Easter-day.

In the centre of the table stood a sucking pig, flanked with small hams, German sausages, chitterlings, black puddings, and large dishes of game.—A magnificent pie, containing at least a dozen hares, towered, like a fortress at one end of the table. The sonday and the sterlet, those choice fish of Southern Russia, garnished with aromatic herbs, betokened the vicinity of the sea. Imagine, in addition to all these things, all sorts of cordial waters, glass vaces filled with preserves, and a multitude of sponge cake castles, with their platforms frosted and heaped with bon bons, and the reader will have an idea of the profuse good cheer displayed by the Russian lords on such occasions. On leaving the breakfast table, we proceeded to the place where the sports were held; but there I saw nothing of that hearty merriment that elsewhere accompanies a popular holiday. The women, in their best attire, clung to the swings, I will not say gracefully, but very boldly, and in a manner to shame the men, who found less pleasure in looking at them than in gorging themselves with brandy in their smoky *kabaks*. Others danced to the sound of the organ with cavaliers, whose zig-zag movements told of plenteous libations. We noticed on this occasion an essential characteristic of the Russian people. In this scene of universal drunkenness there was no quarrelling; not a blow was struck. Nothing can arouse the Russians from their apathy; nothing can quicken the dull current of their blood; they are slaves even in drink. Such are the Easter festivities. As the reader will perceive, they consist on the whole in eating and drinking inordinately.—The whole week is spent in this way, and during all that time the authority of the master is almost in abeyance; the coachman deserts the stables, the cook the kitchen, the housekeeper her store room; all are drunk, all are merry-making, all are intent on enjoying a season of liberty so long anticipated with impatience.—*De Halls' Travels in Russia.*

A CHRISTMAS TALE.—While the last generation was flourishing, there dwelt in what is now a famous city, not a mile from Boston, an opulent widow lady, who once afforded a queer manifestation, of that odd compound of incompatibles, called human "nature."

It was a Christmas eve of one of those old-fashionable winters which were so "bitter cold." The old lady put on an extra shawl, and as she hugged her shivering frame, she said to her faithful negro servant:

"It is a terrible cold night Scip. I am afraid my poor neighbor, widow Green must be suffering.—Take the wheelbarrow, Scip, fill it full of wood—pile on a good load—and tell the poor woman to keep herself warm and comfortable. But before you go, Scip, put some wood on the fire, and make me a nice mug of flip."

These last orders were duly obeyed, and the old lady was thoroughly warmed, inside and out. And now the trusty Scip was about to depart on his errand of mercy, when his considerate mistress interposed again:

"Stop, Scip, you need not go now. *The weather has moderated.*"—*Boston Record.*

TALK AFTER CHURCH.—"Well Laura, give me a short sketch of the sermon. Where was the text?"

"Oh, I don't know, I have forgotten it. But would you believe it, Mrs. V. wore that horrid bonnet of hers. I could not keep my eyes off it all meeting time. Miss P. had on a lovely little pink one; and Miss T. wore a new shawl that must have cost fifty dollars. I wonder her folks don't see the folly of such extravagence. And there was Mrs. H. with her perlins. Its astounding what a want of taste some folks exhibit."

"Well, if you have forgotten the sermon, you have not the audience. But which preacher do you prefer, this one or Mr. A.?"

"Oh, Mr. A., he's so handsome, and so graceful. What an eye and what a set of teeth he has!"

A BRIGHT YOUTH.—"Tommy, my dear, what are you crying for?" said a lady to her little boy, who had just returned from church.

"Because the clergyman says we must all be born again, and I'm afraid I shall be born a girl the next time."

☞ A bachelor in Detroit having advertised for a wife to share his lot, an "anxious enquirer" has solicited information as to the size of said lot.

PREDICTIONS FOR THIS YEAR.

According to a new almanac, the year of our Lord, 1848, is to be an eventful one. We extract from said almanac the following sagacious predictions which will doubtless be fulfilled:

"Through the whole course of the coming year whenever the moon wanes the night will grow dark.——On several occasions, during the year, the sun will rise before certain people discover it, and set before they have finished the day's work.——It is quite likely that when there is no business doing many will be heard to complain of hard times; but it is equally certain that all who hang themselves will escape starvation.——If bustles and hoops go out of fashion, a church pew will hold more than three ladies.——If dandies wear their beards, there will be less work for the barbers, and he who wears mustachioes will have something to sneeze at.——There will be many eclipses of virtue, some visible, others invisible.——Whosoever is in love will think his mistress a perfect angel, and will only find out the truth of his suspicion by getting married.——Many delicate ladies, whom no one would suspect, will be kissed without telling their ma's.——There will be more books published than will find purchasers, more bills made than will find payers.——If the incumbent of a fat office should die, there will be a dozen feet ready to step into one pair of shoes.——If a young lady should happen to blush, she will be apt to look red in the face, without the use of paint; if she dream of a young man three nights in succession, it will be a sign of something; if she dream of him four times, or have the toothach, it is ten to one she will be a long time in getting either of them out of her head.——Many people will drink more strong liquor than will be necessary to keep them sober, and take more medicine than will be requisite to the enjoyment of good health.——Dinners and entertainments will be given to those who have enough at home, and the poor will receive much advice gratis, legal and medical excepted.——The public debts of the repudiating States will hardly be adjusted, and the same fate will very probably tend many private contracts in this latitude.——He who marries this year will run a great risk, especially if he does it in a hurry.——He who steals a watch, gives tattlers occasion to gossip, and will be apt to involve himself and pride in disagreeable relations.——There will be a great noise all over the country when it thunders, and a tremendous dust will be kicked up occasionally by coach horses.——Many young ladies, who hope for it but do not expect it, will be married; and many who confidently anticipate that glorious consummation, will be doomed to wait another year.

Finally, there exists little doubt, this will be a 'most wonderful' year, surpassing in interest all that have preceded it.——Politicians will make fools of others; and many women with pretty faces will make fools of both.——The world will go round as usual, and come back to the place whence it set out, as will many who engage in business.——There will be great cry and little wool, both at the shearing of pigs, and the meeting of Congress.

THE INGENIOUS THIEF.

MARIA ANTOINETTE, of France, was passionately fond of the opera. She once played Suzanna in the "Marriage of Figaro," in a private theatre in the palace. Opposite the queen's box at the opera house, one evening, sat the wife of a rich banker, bedizened with jewels; and sporting a pair of magnificent diamond bracelets; and so anxious was she to attract the notice of the queen, that she leaned her hand on the velvet cushion of the box that the jewels might be fully seen. Her movements did not escape the notice of the queen. She cast several significant glances at the lady, who was delighted at the homage paid to her brilliants. In the course of the evening, a servant wearing the queen's livery knocked at the door of the box, and with many compliments to the lady and apologies from the queen, begged that the latter might have a closer view of one of her splendid bracelets which had so much occupied the public attention and admiration. In a moment it was unclasped and given to the queen's messenger.

The banker's wife soon discovered that it was an ingenious thief, who had observed her movements and efforts to attract the attention of the queen, that had thus obtained the bracelet. The police was soon apprised of the loss, and next morning, while at breakfast, she was made happy by receiving a note from the commissioners of police, stating that the thief and the bracelet had both been captured, and requiring her either to send the other bracelet by the sub-lieutenant of police and his attendants, to identify the one recovered, or to come herself with it to the bureau. She was *en negligee*, and preferred giving the other bracelet to the officer, with many cautions of care; but she found in an hour or two that both her bracelets had *vamoused!* both gone! The rogue who had obtained one at the theatre had ingeniously managed to possess himself of the other.

HORRIBLE IF TRUE.

A strange story is related in the Ten Towns' Messenger, and as yet we have seen no contradiction of it. According to the account, a man, whose name is not given, had been committed to take his trial, at the Stafford Assizes, under the following circumstances:

"He for some time past had to contribute a certain sum towards the support of an illegitimate child.—A few nights ago he met its mother, and promised that if she would destroy their offspring he would immediately marry her. She promised compliance, went home for her child, and returned with it to the spot where the villian awaited her, and then hastened from him in the direction of a coal-pit, which he indicated as the one where the fatal act was to be consummated.

In a few minutes she returned to him without the child, and urged him to leave the country with her and fulfil his promise of marriage. But he pleaded an immediate engagement, and promised if she would await his return a few minutes, he would rejoin her to fly the country with her, and make her his wife. Half an hour having elapsed, the young woman left the spot, hastening to the place where she had left her infant sleeping in safety; having only seemed to fall in with the views of the miscreant, in order to obtain the fulfilment of his promise. She then hastened home; and, as she was making preparations for bed, was alarmed by a loud rapping at the door, and the appearance of two police officers in company with her *soi distant* lover, who charged the young woman with the murder of her child. The latter was presented—the matter explained—and the confused and trembling miscreant, after receiving a good castigation from his victim, was taken into custody."—*English paper.*

A SHARP REPLY.—Two physicians of considerable skill and eminence lived in a town in America.—One of them used no spiritous liquor—the other drank freely; while one had acquired considerable property, the other remained poor. Meeting each other one day, as the former was returning from a distant town, with a richly painted and well made carriage, the latter accosted him—"Doctor, how do you manage to ride in a carriage painted in so costly a manner? I have been in practice as long and as extensively as you, and charge as much; but I can hardly live and drive the old one." 'The paint on my carriage,' he replied, 'did not cost half as much as the PAINT ON YOUR FACE.'

"Why don't you limit yourself?" said a physician to an intemperate person; "set down a stake that you will go so far and no farther." "So I do," said the toper, "but I set it so far off that I always get drunk before I get to it."

GEN. TWIGGS' TOAST.—At a dinner given to Lieut. Col. Dixon S. Miles, at Vera Cruz, on the 28th of December, Brig. Gen. David E. Twiggs, U. S. A. gave the following sentiment:

Honor to the the citizen soldier who steps forward to battle for his country! Shame to the knaves at home who give aid and comfort to our enemies.

☞ "Ma'am, your shawl's dragging in the mud." "Well, suppose it is? *Isn't it fashionable?*"

From the Public Ledger.

THE MISCHIEFS OF FACTION.

Accounts from Mexico confirm what we have uniformily predicted, that, all *factious* opposition to the war prolonged its duration, by encouraging the enemy, and by obstructing the efforts of the Executive for its successful prosecution. Mr. Webster's speech at Springfield at which he talked about stopping the supplies and impeaching the President, was carried to Mexico as fast as steam could carry it, translated into Spanish, published in the Mexican newspapers, and circulated extensive among the whole Mexican population. Of course, everything in this speech fitted to encourage the Mexicans, was exaggerated in the translation; for the Mexican publishers and disseminators, the war party, having an object in view, would make the most of such an instrument. Mr. Clay's speech and Mr. Corwin's speech were also translated and circulated in Mexico, like Mr. Webster's. And everything said in Congress, in newspapers, in popular assemblies, indicating opposition to the war, to its objects, or character, or to the American government in conducting it, is immediately carried to Mexico; widely circulated, and used to encourage the Mexicans in resistance.

Mr. Henley, in a recent speech in the House at Washington, had something to say, about the complaints made by our officers and soldiers in Mexico, against these assaults upon the government, so necessarily fitted to encourage the enemy. He tells an anecdote worth hearing as evidence of the effect produced in Mexico, by these factious efforts of our legislators, orators and editors. An American soldier, a printer, being taken prisoner in Mexico, was requested to print Mr. Corwin's speech; and was gravely asked by his employer, how soon Mr. Corwin would be elected President. He then quoted Col. Doniphan, whose indignation was highly excited, on finding himself and his companions in arms, on arriving in the enemy's country, denounced as outlaws and robbers in Mr. Corwin's speech, then extensively circulated among the Mexican people. Mr. Henley also quoted Col. Lane, of Indiana; Col. Morgan, of Ohio; Col. Wynkoop, of Pennsylvania, each of whom has borne indignant testimony against such speeches and essays, as encouraging the Mexicans in believing that we were a divided people, and that, if they would prolong the contest, some *revolution* would give to their *American* friends the command of our government, and grant them a peace on triumphant terms.

In a recent speech in the Senate, Mr. Davis, the brave Jefferson Davis who bears honorable wounds in this war, and has so nobly sustained, in the enemy's country, the honor of our own, said that the Mexicans continually relied on our divisions at home, for a *revolution* or change that would recall our armies from their country; and that nothing could remove that belief, but an army sufficiently powerful to show that it represented the concentrated will of the nation. A correspondent from the city of Mexico, to the Pennsylvanian, says that the speeches of Messrs Webster and Clay, published in Spanish in the Mexican journals, and in English in the "American Star," have greatly encouraged the Mexicans, who say that, as Mr. Webster's party has a majority in the House of Representatives, all supplies from the army will soon be stopped, and the army forced to leave the country. The correspondent adds that the indignation of the American officers and soldiers against Mr. Webster is deep, bitter, unmeasured. Of Mr. Clay, from whom they expected better things, they speak in terms of mingled pity and indignation.

Were such men, in making such speeches, aware of the encouragement which they would offer to our enemies? Mr. Webster knew it well. He had made such speeches in the war of 1812, and had fully witnessed their effect in encouraging the British, and in embarrassing our own government; and he may justly regard as on his own head, much of the American blood shed in the war, especially that shed in the disasters caused by the factious opposition of himself and his partisan coadjutors. And Mr. Clay knew it well; for during this war of 1812, he witnessed this factious conduct and its mischievous influence, and was one of his country's champions in rebuking it. No little of the withering indignation which he launched, in his noble speeches in the House, against this moral treason, was aimed at Mr. Webster, then on the same floor. Each of these distinguished men well knew, clearly foresaw the effect which such speeches would produce among the Mexicans, a people far less intelligent and enlightened, far more fitted to borrow encouragement from such conduct, than the English. The one clearly foresaw it, because he had done so thirty-five years before. And the other clearly foresaw it, because, thirty-five years before, he had witnessed and denounced it in the other. Well might our brave troops in the midst of their enemies, witnessing, feeling all the mischief produced by such conduct, speak of Mr. Webster's second moral treason with indignant abhorrence, of Mr. Clay's fall from his once high estate into such a disgraceful example, with indignant pity! Henry Clay, the chivalrous patriot of 1812, stooping to the "Blue Light" faction of Daniel Webster in 1812, repeated in 1847! Alas for poor human nature in its dotage!

We very reluctantly speak in harsh terms of distinguished public servants; for we thoroughly despise the low, contemptible scurrility with which partisan journals libel our constituted authorities, and do their utmost to bring the laws of the land into contempt, by unmanly vituperation of those appointed to make and execute them. But we see a wide difference between the vulgar ribaldry of partisan hirelings, intent on some pitiful purpose of faction, and in attempting to reach it, reckless of every solemn obligation, and that just indignation at moral treason which rebukes a public servant, however high his position, for any conduct that operates injuriously to his country.—Want of patriotism, especially when our country is engaged in war, is a crime that we cannot forgive. And when we see such men as we have named pursuing courses which, as they well know from former experience, directly encourage the enemies of their country, and prolong a war at the cost of American blood, we feel under a solemn obligation to our country, to rebuke such courses as the very reverse of patriotism.

GEN. WORTH.—A Washington correspondent of the Courier & Enquirer says:

"General Worth's letter in favor of annexation, and avowing strong Democratic sympathies and principles, will soon be published. It is sufficiently entire to satisfy any reasonable expectation of the party. On the subject of annexation it is *complete*.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT!—The Court newspaper, received by the last steamer, contains the following important announcement:

We have every reason to believe that Her Majesty is again in the most interesting condition in which a married lady can be placed; the time expected is about the end of March.

CALLING TO DINNER.—They have a novel way in the interior of Pennsylvania, according to a friend, of calling the menfolk to dinner, in the absence of a horn for that purpose. They suspend a piece of strong skim-milk cheese from an upper window, which takes possession of all the atmosphere to leeward; and thus when dinner is ready for the workmen, they "nose it."

ANOTHER STEAMBOAT DESTROYED.—The steamboat Yallabusha, from Red River, bound to New Orleans, with a cargo consisting of cotton, took fire on Tuesday, the 18th, a short distance above the city, and was totally destroyed. The report is to the effect that 40