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, FEBRUARY 17, 1848. NO. 36.

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, Cough, 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 Plethoney, Headache, &c.—separate 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, and no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid.

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One square, one insertion,	$ 50
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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.

TO MY BOY.

BY J. R. LOVELL.

I never gaze upon thy form,
Or mark thy soft blue eye,
Where floats a dream of loveliness,
Pure, passionate, and high,
But that my heart must thrill with joy,
And flutter with delight,
To view thy spotless innocence
In childhood's sunny light.

O! could I crave a boon for thee
The earth can never give,
It would not be a worldly crown,
Nor which so many live;
But it would be a spotless life
Of innocence and peace,
Such as would gain for thee a home
Where bliss shall never cease.

A thorny maze, my lovely boy,
Thy destiny may be,
From which a father's tender care
Can never rescue thee,
But could my wishes be obtained,
Thy pathway should be free
From all corroding griefs and cares
That have surrounded me.

As time shall wing its onward flight,
'Twill change that rosy gleam
Which lingers on thy parian brow,
In childhood's pleading dream.
Thy sparkling eye may yet be dimm'd
With grief's unbidden tear,
Where no fond mother's dear caress,
Or father's smile can cheer.

Though now thou'lt fondly cling to me,
My little smiling boy;
Thou hast a place within my heart,
None else could e'er enjoy.
Then as thy fleeting moments pass,
May love and joy be thine;
Around one altar may we kneel,
And worship at one shrine.

There is still a more pleasing thought—
Entranced upon my heart,
That though on earth we separate,
And from each other part,
There is a place of endless bliss
Where we may meet again,
To join the chorus of the skies
In heaven's sweetest strain!

Miscellaneous.

UNIVERSAL FAME.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

It is amazing to observe how little mankind know of each other, although the vanity of human nature whispers every distinguished person, that his fame is, or will one day be universal. The myriads of Asia and Africa, with a few solitary exceptions, never heard of the illustrious heroes, statesmen, poets and philosophers of Europe; and a vast portion of the inhabitants of the latter, are ignorant of the very names of the great men of the east. But instead of an essay we will give our readers a story to illustrate our meaning.

It happened once on a time, that an Israelite, an Egyptian, a Greek, a Turk, a Persian, a Chinese, a Frenchman, an Englishman, a German, an Italian, and an American, met by chance at a caravansary, somewhere in the east, and being all great travelers, speaking many languages, entered into conversation with each other. As usual they all differed in their estimate of human happiness; the comparative value of the various enjoyments of life—and above all, in their own individual importance, in the scale of nations. Each one held up his own country as the acme of perfection; and the utmost he would allow the others, was a degree of merit exactly corresponding with their approach towards the infallible standard of his own self-importance.

"The Israelites," said the Jew, "were the chosen people; therefore they must be the most true and virtuous of mankind."

"The Greeks," exclaimed the Athenian, "were the brightest race that ever adorned the world.—Look at their laws, their literature and their arts."

"Pooh!" cried the Egyptian, "you had nothing but what you stole from us. You were ignorant barbarians, and so would have remained, if our wise men, as you call them, had not come to Egypt to learn their A B C."

"By your leave," said the Persian, "the natives of Irak being the most ancient people of the earth, must have been the parents of all human knowledge."

"Hi Yah!" quoth the Chinese, "every body knows my nation is the most ancient by at least forty thousand years, and that the foreign barbarians derived all their knowledge from them."

"Mashallah!" said the Turk, taking his pipe from his mouth,—"Mashallah! there is no religion but that of Mahomet, and no knowledge but that of the Koran. The Israelites are *tchoufoutes*, the Christians are dogs, and there is no truth but among the followers of the prophet."

"Poste!" cried the Frenchman—"there is nobody knows the true art of living but the French."

"There is no nation whose music is not intolerable, but the Italian," said the Neapolitan.

"The Germans are all philosophers," quoth the native of Weimar.

"Yes, but England, old England," cried John Bull, "is the country for roast beef and freedom, nobody can deny that."

"I do," exclaimed the Yankee,—"The Americans are the only free people in the world."

"Mashallah! whence did you come?" asked the Turk.

"From the New World."

"I never heard of it before," said the Turk.

"Nor I," said the Persian.

"Nor I," said the Egyptian.

"Nor I," said the Chinese. "I don't believe there is any such place."

"Nor I," said the Turk.—"There is but one world, one God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

"What a parcel of ignoramuses!" exclaimed the Yankee.

As it is impossible to settle the claims of nations by these loose generalities, the company proceed to particulars, each bringing forward the greatest men and great achievements of his countrymen, in battle array, to support his pretensions to superiority.

"Was there ever so wise a man as Solomon, so great a poet as David, so brave a warrior as Joshua, who made the sun stand still, or such a prodigy of learning as Rabbi Ben Hammekkend, who wrote beyond the comprehension of all his readers?" asked the Israelite.

"Did the world ever produce such a hero as Napoleon, such a poet as Voltaire, such tragic writers as Corneille and Racine, such a comic one as Moliere, or such a dancer as Vestris?" cried the Frenchman.

"Bah!" exclaimed the Englishman. "What do you think of Wellington, Nelson, Shakespeare, Bacon, Locke, Newton, and all that sort of thing?"

"They can't hold a candle to Armenius, or Kant, or Gall, or Schiller, or Goethe!" said the German.

"Not to Julius Cæsar, nor Scipio, nor Virgil, nor Cicero, nor a thousand others, who were all my countrymen, though they called themselves Romans," cried the Italian.

"Pshaw!" said the Yankee,—"all your heroes and philosophers put together, would not make one Franklin, or half a Washington."

"Gentlemen," said the Greek, "you may boast as much as you will, but had it not been for Greek warriors, philosophers, poets and sages, you would all have remained barbarians to this day. What think you of Homer, and Æschylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides, and Demosthenes, and Miltiades, and Themistocles, and ten thousand others, whose fame extends to the uttermost ends of the earth?"

"Who are those blockheads talking about?" asked the Egyptian, the Chinese, the Persian, and the Turk, of each other.

"Talking of?" cried the rest, with one voice,—"Of the lights of the world, the children of immortality, *the heirs of universal fame!*"

"We never heard their names before, and therefore they must have been rather obscure persons," was the reply.

"But if you come to the Heirs of Universal Fame," cried the Persian,—"What are all these to the great hero Rustand, and the great poet Fordousi, who wrote a poetical history of Irka, in twenty thousand couplets?"

"Did any body ever read it?" asked the Turk gravely.

"We never heard of either," answered all the rest.

"What ignorant wretches!" muttered the Persian.

"Hi Yah!" exclaimed the Chinese. "Hi Yah! Your elder brother Loo Choo, knocks head and worships. What do you say to the great Moon of poetry, the light of the universe, Kwang Chung, lord of the Celestial Empire, and head of the world who wrote three hundred volumes of poetry, in the interpretation of which three thousand learned pundits lost their senses? The whole universe is filled with his verses."

"We never heard of him before," cried they all.

"What a set of foreign barbarians!" said the Chinese.

"And what do you think of our great prophet, Mahomet?" asked the turk. "Mashallah! his sword was invincible against the enemies of the faith, and his wisdom more, invincible than his sword. All knowledge is contained in the Koran."

"It may be, but we have never read it," said they all with the exception of the true believers.

"Dogs!" cried he, "may your heads be converted into shoe brushes, and your eyes become blind as your understandings!"

As is usual in these cases, contention succeeded argument, and abuse was answered by recrimination. Each being unable to establish his own claim to superiority, made himself amends by detracting from the claims of his opponents; and if all had been true which they said of each other, their heroes and great men would have been a parcel of miserable creatures, unworthy the grattitude, or even the remembrance of posterity.

"And this is Universal Fame!" exclaimed an old dervis, who sat smoking his pipe quietly in a corner, without taking part in the debate, "to be adored as a prophet in one quarter of the world, and abhorred as an imposter in the others—to be a hero in one nation, an oppressor in the eyes of its neighbors,—to be held an oracle of wisdom on one side of a river, an apostle of error on the other,—to be venerated in one place as the champion of liberty, and stigmatized in another as a rebel and traitor,—and to be either unknown to, or hated and despised by more than one half of mankind. This is UNIVERSAL FAME!"

THE PRINTER'S SONG.

Print, comrades, Print; a noble task
Is the one we gaily ply,
'Tis ours to tell to all who ask
The wonders of earth and sky;
We catch the thought all glowing warm,
As it leaves the student's brain,
And place the stamp of enduring form
On Poets lofty strain.

Then let us sing as we nimbly fling
The slender letters round,
A glorious thing is our laboring,
Oh where may its like be found!

Print, comrades, Print, the fairest thought
Ever limned in Printer's dream,
The fairest form e'er Sculptor wrought,
By the light of beauty's gleam,
Though lovely, may not match the power
Which our own proud art can claim;
That links the past with the present hour,
And its breath—the voice of fame.

Then let us sing as we nimbly fling
The slender letters round,
A glorious thing is our laboring,
Oh where may its like be found!

Print, comrades, Print, God hath ordained
That man by his toil should live;
Then spurn the charge, that we disdained
The labor that God would give!
We envy not the sons of ease,
Nor the lord in princely hall;
But bow before the wise decrees
In kindness meant for all.

Then let us sing as we nimbly fling
The slender letters round,
A glorious thing is our laboring,
Oh where may its like be found!

Reminiscence of Aaron Burr.

An incident in the life of Aaron Burr, which I have never seen in print, was related to me some years since. It may afford a moment's interest to some of your readers. When Burr had killed Hamilton in a duel at Hoboken, I was—said the narrator—spending a few days at Cramberry—at which place Commodore Truxton then resided. On the day of that sad and fatal duel, I was reclined upon the broad window bench in the parlor of my hotel, shielded from view by the full curtain which fell before the window. Whilst thus reposing, a gentleman entered the room apparently much excited, and called for a servant in a prompt and earnest manner, ordering him to go immediately to Commodore Truxton, and say to him that a gentleman desired to see him instantly. No sooner had the Commodore made his appearance, than the stranger seized him by the hand saying, "Commodore, I have killed Gen. Hamilton in a duel, and cast myself upon your kindness to prevent my arrest, and get me out of the State." It was now, (finding that I was hearing important secrets not intended for my ear) that I stepped from behind the curtain, and expressed my regret that I had unintentionally overheard the foregoing conversation. "It is very honorable in you, young man," replied the Commodore, "thus to reveal yourself.—You will please to accompany Mr. Burr and myself." I followed the gentleman to the dwelling of the Commodore, who kept both Mr. B. and myself in close quarters until after dark, when he requested us to take a ride with him in a small close carriage. We rode to Camden, where the Commodore took leave of Mr. Burr, saying, "Sir—As you throw yourself upon my hospitality, I felt compelled to see you safely to the State of New Jersey.—but I cannot separate from you without saying, that the act of which you are guilty, meets with my most decided condemnation, and no excuse can be afforded in your justification. There is the boat, sir; I wish you a safe passage to the Pennsylvania shore: good night, sir." The Commodore and I then returned to Cramberry. This singular introduction was the means of my enjoying many years a friendly acquaintance with Commodore Truxton.

CONSUMPTION.

Dickens gives the following description of this sad disease, which is constantly carrying sorrow and desolation into thousands of families in many parts of the world:

There is a dreadful disease which so prepares its victims, as it were, for death; which so refines it of its grosser aspect, and throws around familiar looks, unearthly indications of the coming change—a dreadful disease in which the struggle between the soul and body is so gradual, quiet and solemn, and the result so sure, that day by day, and grain by grain, the mortal part wastes and withers away, so that the spirit grows light and sanguine with its lightening load, and feeling immortality at hand, deems it but a new term of mortal life—a disease in which death and life are strangely blended, and death takes the glow and hue of life, and life the gaunt and grisly form of death—a disease which medicine never cured, wealth warded off, or poverty could boast exemption from, or which sometimes moves in giant strides, and sometimes in a turdy, sluggish pace, but slow or quick, is ever sure or certain.

THE WEEPING MAIDEN.

I saw a fair maid weeping,
Down by yon old oak tree,
One day when I was reaping—
The cause I flew to see;
She turned as I approached her,
Then, blushing, dropped her head,
While, I, in tones of kindness,
Unto the maiden said:

What grieves thee, fairest maiden;
Ah, maiden, tell me true,
Can sorrow rest within the breast
Of one so fair as you?
"Yes, sir," she cried, "kind stranger,
I've drank of sorrow's cup;
Just now, my ma, with ruthless hand,
Cut my new bustle up!"

Getting the Bag to Hold.

Michael McMurray was arraigned before his honor, yesterday, charged with stealing a pair of chickens, in the Centre market, and putting the same into a bag. When Michael was interrogated as to how and where he had obtained the bag?

"Sure," says he, "a gussoon of a boy gave it to me to hould!"

Evidence was offered, however, which very clearly fixed the theft upon Michael.

"Where do you live?" inquired his honor.

"Out by the church, beyant," answered Michael.

"Who do you live with?" further inquired the court.

"Wid Patrick and the childer," answered the prisoner.

"And who is Patrick?" interrogated the Recorder.

"Faith, I niver know'd his ither name, but these five months, forbye three days more, that I've been in this free country—God bless it, and long life to yer 'anner, the Lord Mayor 'uv it!—I've been livin' wid Patrick, beyant the church."

"You have very seldom attended church," said his honor, "or you would have learned that it is a grave offence to steal. For the theft you have committed I fine you $5."

Michael would not pay, so he was consigned to the care of an active young man, the driver of a furniture car, and off they started for the county workhouse. On the way out before they had left the suburbs of the city, Michael leaped from the car, and the driver followed in pursuit. With the aid of a day policeman, he was captured, put in the wagon, and the driver again set forth.

"Faith, yer a gay suple boy," says Michael, to his charioteer, "an its little use tryin' to lave ye."

"I'm glad you have found that out," answered the driver, "so no more of your nonsense, and I'll drive you out like a gentleman."

"Bedad ye will, and I'm goin' peaceable and decent," said Michael, and he settled down, as if he had yielded up to the feelings of non-resistance. But not so—Michael was only passive until he got out where there were few houses, and no police. When about a quarter of a mile from the workhouse he snatched his bag and leaped out again, and now commenced an animated chase. The driver followed him through ditches, over fields, around brickyards, and finally both halted upon the border of Chouteau's pond, where the prisoner broke forth:

"Och, murther, are ye the Lord Mayor, or the high sheriff that ye chase me till death for a dirty pair of chickens? If ye take hould of me I'll drown mesilf this minit."

The driver, fearful that he would put his threat in execution, did not take hold of him, but tried to persuade him to go along, by telling him what a famous place the workhouse was, but all was of no avail—if he attempted to advance, he had would make a demonstration towards the water. The prisoner prayed for liberty, and the driver coaxed to keep him in custody—at length Michael pulled out $6 that he had stowed away, and putting it in the fatal bag, offered it to the driver.

"Take the bag an what's in it, or take a carpse!" yelled Michael, in desperation, moving at the same time for a plunge.

As this amount was only $2 less than fine and costs, the driver thought he had better have it than push the offender to the desperate alternative, so he "took the bag to hold," and Michael travelled.

"It 'ad be sich a *disgrace* to be put in yer dirty ould workhouse," muttered Michael as he vanquished.—*St. L. Reveille.*

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Father! now the day is past,
On thy child thy blessing cast.
Near my pillow, hand in hand,
Keep thy guardian angel band:
And throughout the darkling night
Bless me with a cheerful light.
Let me rise at morn again
Free from every thought of pain!
Pressing through life's thorny way,
Keep me, Father, day by day!

There is a man down East who chews so much tobacco that dogs are afraid to approach him on account of the great puddle of tobacco juice through which they would be obliged to wade in order to reach him. Let no one say tobacco is of no use.

EXAMINATION.—John Crumb, you are said to be the smartest scholar in school. Lets hear your exercise.

Yes, sir.

What place is that mentioned in Scripture where the fishers should spread their nets.

Cape Cod, sir.

Who killed Sampson?

David killed him with a sling.

What were Sodom and Gomorrah destroyed for?

In taking sides with the Indians against the Americans. They were hung by Gen. Jackson.

Now you may go and tell Sal Walker to come in and say her exercise.

From the New York Herald.

Colleges and Learning in the United States.

From the number of colleges and academies scattered through the United States, and from the great number of young gentlemen who annually graduate at these establishments, it might be supposed that the United States produced more finished scholars, than any other nation in existence; yet the lamentable fact is apparent, that we have not a superabundance of finished scholars, although it must be admitted that, as a general thing, education is more abundant here than in any other country. What we mean to say is this, that the United States do not produce as many finished and perfect scholars, in proportion to the facilities we enjoy, and the means we have at our command, as we ought to do.

A large majority of our people in every State in the Union "can read and write, and cypher too;" but how few are they whose extensive and erudite learning entitle them to rank as lights in the world at large? To be sure, wherever the English language is spoken the name of Webster is heard—wherever the dead languages are perused as a study the name of Author, and other distinguished scholars, are household words; but in proportion to our means, we cannot claim as many brilliant names as we might.

The causes which have produced, and are producing this backward state of things, are worthy of thought and consideration; and the first and principal of these is, in our opinion, the railroad go-ahead, high-pressure and burst-boiler system of education adopted in our colleges, schools, and academies—a system which is peculiar to the United States and quite at variance with that pursued in England and other foreign countries. We claim superiority for the United States over every other country in every thing except this; but when it comes to this it grieves us to admit that we are behind them. Our young men are taken from their studies when their minds are, strictly speaking, only sufficiently expanded to commence and pursue them.

A youth is sent to school, or the academy; before he knows the elements of his own language the Latin grammar is placed in his hands; with a smattering only of this, and a rough idea of the construction of that language, Virgil is put before him—the Greek grammar follows next, and so on to the end of the chapter. By the time the period fixed for the termination of his education has arrived, he is sent out on the world with a heterogeneous mass of half-digested Latin and Greek in his mind, of no earthly use for any practical purpose, and the chances are that he will forget the little knowledge he has acquired in one year after he receives his diploma. How many of youth are there who have not submitted to this grinding process of being taught this high pressure system of education!

The design of our higher colleges is to produce finished scholars; but how can they do it with such a system of education as we speak of? How often, says Bishop Doane, "are the names of Plato and Tully upon tongues that have not mastered the elements of their respective languages! How many have 'gone over' Virgil, without a trace of his refinement, or Homer, without a dream of his immutable truth to nature!" True for him, and sorry are we that we have so many living evidences of the truth of the remark.

The present system is bad. Erudition of scholarship cannot be obtained by the high pressure system at present adopted. They must be acquired by slow degrees. The student should be perfect in the elementary principles of a language, before he is permitted to move a step farther. The foundation must be solid, or the superstructure will totter and tremble. A youth cannot be a finished scholar in a month, or a year, or five years; and parents who expend their money in having their children educated on the supposition that they can, will be mistaken in the end. No; the sooner this lightning process of educating American youths be abolished, the better.

From the Delta of the 2d.

From Monterey—Execution of a Soldier.

We have the Monterey Gazette of the 8th and 12th of January. They contain no news. It is highly gratifying to us to notice the quiet and order that reign in that city. The excellent governor, Col. Tibbatte, has justly acquired the thanks and warm gratitude of all the citizens for his indefatigable and soldier-like conduct. We do not believe there is a city in Mexico more wise and humanely governed.

The following graphic letter describing a military execution, appears in the Gazette of 8th January:

LA ENCANTADA, MEXICO, Dec. 27, 1847.

Mr. Editor—Christmas day is over, and yesterday every thing seemed to relapse into its wonted silence. The monotony of time, undisturbed for so long a time, re-appeared with its death like stillness, and its tenfold horrors. But far different is the aspect which to-day presents. Our battalion was ordered this morning to the General's encampment, well known by the name of Buena Vista, where it was said all would undergo a general inspection. On arriving there we discovered all the troops arrayed and waiting as if to witness the enactment of some melancholy scene. Nor were we deceived by their appearance, for no sooner had we been assigned our places in the ranks, than we heard the music of a drum and fife, and immediately discovered a small procession moving slowly and silently along—a few paces in advance of which were four men bearing a coffin, and in the rear of them, but following hard by, was a man by himself, whom we immediately recognized as the individual for whose sake the coffin had been fitted and prepared—having reached a place which all eyes could see, they called a halt, and the coffin being placed on the ground a few paces in advance, this lone man in question was brought forward and seated thereon. I was not sufficiently near to hear what was said, but I could plainly see what was going to be done. A file of some half dozen men, who were armed for the occasion, formed a straight line in front of the aforesaid lone man seated on the coffin. They simultaneously brought their guns to bear—took aim and fired. A little before I heard the report of the guns, I saw the man fall from his coffin. He was executed, I understand, for having threatened to take his captain's life, together with several other minor misdemeanors of which I am not in possession. I never was called upon before, Mr. Editor, to witness such a solemn scene, and never wish to be again.

After the execution, all the troops repaired in order to their respective quarters, and our Taxans to the vale of Encantada. With the exception of this occurrence and the scene of inebriation exhibited on the occasion of the 25th, nothing lately has transpired to break the silence or disturb the monotony of the times.

NOMINATION OF JAMES BUCHANAN.

A meeting of the Democratic members of the Legislature was held in the East Committee Room of the Capitol on Wednesday evening, February 2, 1848, with a view of giving an expression in regard to the important question of the Presidency.

On motion of Mr. BRAWLEY, of Crawford, the meeting was organized by the appointment of the following officers:

President—WILLIAM F. PACKER.

Vice Presidents—JAMES L. GILLIS, JOSEPH LAUBACH, JOHN B. GORDON, THOMAS GROVE.

Secretaries—*Alonzo I. Wilcox, B. S. Schoonover.*

The object of the meeting was stated by Colonel JOHN C. MYERS, of Berks.

On motion, the following committee was appointed to prepare an address expressive of the views of the meeting, to be submitted to an adjourned meeting, to be held on Tuesday evening next.

James Porter Brawley, of Crawford,
John C. Myers, of Berks,
George A. Frick, of Northumberland,
David F. Williams, of York,
John K. Loughlin, of Philadelphia county,
George Walters, of Clearfield,
John Keatly, of Clarion,
John Kane, of Cambria,
Pope Bushnell, of Wayne,
E. G. Crearcraft, of Washington,
Abraham Lomberton, of Cumberland,
Benjamin Hill, of Montgomery.

Addresses were then delivered in favor of the Hon. JAMES BUCHANAN, and in support of the claims of Pennsylvania, by Mr. Packer, President, Mr Schoonover, Mr. Pearce, Mr. Bushnell, Mr. Myers, Mr. Kerr, and Mr. Hill, of Montgomery, when

The meeting adjourned until Tuesday evening next at 7 o'clock.

TUESDAY EVENING, Feb. 8, 1848.

Pursuant to adjournment, the Democratic members of the Senate and House of Representatives, again met in the East Committee Room, when the President took the chair, and called the meeting to order.

Mr. BRAWLEY, where from the Committee appointed at the former meeting for that purpose reported the following Address; which was read, and on motion unanimously adopted:

To the People of the United States.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—The duty of choosing the Chief Magistrate of the United States is never devoid of interest. So intimately are his policy and acts interwoven with the common welfare, and such a controlling influence do they exercise on the present and prospective condition of the American people, that every citizen has not only a deep concern in the choice of that high office, but an unquestionable right to submit his views with entire freedom to the public consideration. It is this proud feature of our political organization, which distinguishes the institutions and government of the United States from those of every other nation on the face of the globe, and which has solved the problem, so long controverted by Emperors and Kings, *the capacity of man for self-government.* Most heartily would the down-trodden and oppressed subjects of the world rejoice, in the grateful privilege which is now unfortunately denied them, by forms of government erected on the ruins of popular sovereignty and freedom. The right of choosing our Executive Magistrates, from the lowest in rank, to the highest, is one, which we prize above all price, and we rejoice, therefore, that among our constituencies at home, as well as among their representatives here, public attention is so powerfully directed to the Presidential succession of the next term.

If the selection of a candidate for the Presidency of the U. States is important under ordinary circumstances, how pre-eminently fraught with interest, at this critical conjuncture, when our country is engaged with a foreign Republic in a sanguinary, though a just and righteous war—*forced* upon our government and people by a series of wanton injuries and insults extending through a long course of time, and accumulating in atrocity as our magnanimity and forbearance have been most signally manifested? Although by the dauntless patriotism, cool courage, and exhaustless energy of the brave American troops, our starry banner has been planted in triumph on the very walls of the enemies capital, yet the war is not ended. Other grave and momentous questions, scarcely inferior in importance to a bombardment or a battle, have resulted from the war, and may yet result, which will require all the wisdom and foresight of our most distinguished *civilians* so to adjust as to strengthen, not weaken, to perpetuate not endanger, the bond of our great and growing confederacy. The mode of conducting the war and of disposing the fruits of the associated valor and spent blood and treasure of our brave countrymen, are issues of such vital magnitude, as to be intimately and essentially connected with the best interests of our country at home, and the honor of American name abroad.

We intend no disparagement to the other distinguished Democrats named in connection with the Presidency, when we affirm, that among them all we discover none, who in our opinion more pre-eminently unites the qualities of head and heart demanded by the existing crisis, than does JAS. BUCHANAN, the FAVORITE SON OF PENNSYLVANIA. His nomination by the Democratic National Convention, would propose to the American people, not only a firm and uncompromising stand against Mexico, until that misguided republic shall consent to guarantee to our government and people, full *indemnity for the past and security for the future*—but it would also so unite and harmonize conflicting sectional elements at home, as to bind the American people still more closely in the bonds of a safe and enduring national brotherhood. His qualities, as proved by a long and eventful trial in public life, would assure us of an able, upright, and patriotic conduct of our national affairs and secure to the country a Chief Magistrate, who would steer the ship of State in safety through every doubt, and fear, and peril. And should that most deplorable event ever occur, the dissolution of the American Union, against which the father of our country warned so solemnly, we feel convinced that it could not and would not be, whilst we would have at the helm, a pilot, so skilful and experienced as JAMES BUCHANAN. On the contrary, the sacred ties which now link together the various parts, would be rendered a chain of adamant, never to be rent asunder.

The elevation of Pennsylvania's choice to the Presidency, would not only, however, secure a sound and safe policy on the engrossing subject of war, would not only strengthen and perpetuate the national Union, which we regard as the very corner stone in the edifice of our national independence, but it would, also, secure to the American Democracy the continued ascendency of those principles of domestic policy, which have characterized every Democratic administration, from that of THOMAS JEFFERSON, to that of the present, able, and patriotic incumbent JAMES K. POLK. So intimately has the name of JAMES BUCHANAN, been connected with the legislative and diplomatic history of the country for the last quarter of a century, that detail would seem superfluous. He is the uncompromising enemy of any National Bank in all its protean shapes and guises. He is the first Secretary of an administration, that has fearlessly and wisely adapted the revenues, to the wants of the government economically administered, by his continuance in the cabinet he stands pledged to the preservation of a policy that has so fully realized the hopes of its friends, and so signally falsified all the lugubrious predictions of its opponents. He was the early, as he has been the consistent and steadfast supporter of the Independent Treasury, and by his eloquent and unanswerable speeches in its favor, on the floor of the United States Senate in opposition to such, intellectual giants as Clay and Webster, he contributed most powerfully to its adoption. On all these vital issues, which our opponents have never ceased to cherish and probably never will, no man in the Union is truer or sounder in his adhesion to the Democratic faith than is JAMES BUCHANAN. From the period of his entrance into the Congress of the United States, up to the present moment, he has been one of the chief pillars of Democratic strength, and by his speeches and State papers, has contributed as much to the elucidation and defence of republican measures as has any man now on the stage of political action. His private life, too, is as unsullied as his public career has been successful and brilliant.—In a word, we esteem him the man for the crisis, and we, therefore, reflecting the wishes and feelings of our respective constituencies, hereby earnestly recommend, to the support of our sister States, as the successor of the present patriotic and enlightened Chief Magistrate, JAMES BUCHANAN, of Pennsylvania.

Whilst we repose proud and confident reliance in the unexceptionable and lofy character of OUR CANDIDATE, we feel that we may, with equal justice, direct an appeal to the Democracy of the Union, in behalf of OUR STATE. Pennsylvania occupies a position in the American Union, politically and geographically, which we esteem of sufficient consequence to warrant her in advancing her rightfull claim to furnish the Democracy, the next presidential candidate. By the natural advantage of location, she may be said to hold the balance between the opposite extremes of disunion and consolidation, and thus sustains the glorious arch of which she is justly termed the Keystone. In her resources of wealth and enterprize, and in the patriotism and intelligence of her teeming population, she stands in the front rank of the national confederacy; whilst in her political attachments, she rejoices the hearts of the Democracy of other States, by majorities which are counted only by thousands. And yet she has never, from amongst her own distinguished sons, furnished to that Democracy whom she has served so long, so faithfully, and so well, a candidate for the first honor of the Republic. We do not utter this in a spirit of querulous repining, for the Democracy of this State are ever proud to esteem the post of hardest service, as the post of highest honor. But if ever there existed a time, when the Democracy of the nation had an opportunity to testify to their brethren of this State their appreciation of her long, steadfast and patriotic devotion to the great and good old cause, by the recognition of her just and well-earned title to the Presidential office, in our opinion, that time is *now*—now that she has sent entire regiments of her brave sons to distant fields of danger and of battle—now that she again interposes her potential voice in behalf of the integrity and preservation of the Union—now, that we have arrived at a crisis in our history, which demands a firm, steady, patriotic and enlightened statesman at the helm—and above and beyond all, now, that by the well ascertained wishes of her Republican freemen, she presents a candidate whose eminent fitness, sound Democracy, and irreproachable personal integrity, are so well established in the minds and hearts of the American people, as those of JAMES BUCHANAN.

Hoping and trusting that the deep solicitude, which, as representatives of the Democratic freemen of Pennsylvania, we naturally feel on this subject, may be rightly appreciated by our co-laborers in other States—and duly responded to by the Democratic National Convention, which is to assemble on the fourth Monday of May next, in Baltimore—we commit our candidate and our cause to the wise and patriotic deliberations of that tribunal, *pledging ourselves, one and all, to abide by its decision.*

On motion of Mr. SCHOONOVER, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the officers, and published in the Democratic Union, Pennsylvanian, Washington Union, and all other Democratic papers throughout the State.

WM. F. PACKER, *President.*

JAMES L. GILLIS, JOSEPH LAUBACH, JOHN B. GORDON, THOMAS GROVE, } *Vice Presid