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, JUNE 8, 1848. NO. 52.

Boots, Shoes and Brogans.

THE attention of the public is invited to a large and elegant assortment of BOOTS and SHOES, now opening at PORTER'S SHOE STORE, Main st., opposite the Methodist Church. The stock has been selected with great care, and for style and durability is unequalled.

Ladies' French Linen Gaiters, (new style)
do Morocco Half Gaiters. do
do Kid and Morocco Slippers, Buskins and Ties, at all prices.
Missis' Gaiters, Leather Boots, Buskins and Slippers.
Childrens' Gaiters, Boots and ankle ties, of every variety.
Men's Calf and Morocco boots, brogans and slippers.
Boys' and Youths' Goat, Calf and Kip brogans, and a general assortment of thick work.

Also a great variety of Boot and French Morocco, Kid, Pink and White Linings, Lastings, Trimmings.

Particular attention will be given as usual, to CUSTOMER WORK, such as Gentlemen's fine French boots, Congress boots, and Gaiters; Ladies' French and English Lasting Gaiters and Congress Boots, Kid and Morocco Slippers, Buskins and French ties; and every effort used to get up the work in a style equal to the best city work, and at the lowest price, by WM. M. PORTER & Co.

May 11.

N. B.—As the subscriber is now doing business under the firm of Wm. M. Porter & Co., he earnestly requests those indebted to settle their accounts, as it is necessary his old books should be closed without delay.

WM. M. PORTER.

New and Cheap

Boot and Shoe Store.

H. C. MALOY, respectfully informs the citizens of Carlisle and the public generally, that he has opened in the store room lately occupied by Jos. S. Gitt, opposite Bentz' store, and near Morrett's Hotel, an extensive assortment of

Men's Boots,

Men's and Boys' Calf and Kip Monroes, Ladies' Kid and Morocco Slippers, Misses and Children's GAITERS, and black and fancy colored KID BOOTS, of the latest style, and made of the best materials, all of which will be sold cheap for cash.

He has also on hand a large assortment of Leather, Calf Skins, Morocco, &c., and will manufacture to order all kinds of Boots and Shoes at the shortest notice.

Carlisle, April 13, 1848.

Geo. H. Traphagen, M. D.

(LATE ASSISTANT SURGEON, U. S. N.)

Family Medicines.

THESE Preparations are the result of long experience and extensive practice. Great science and skill are used in their manufacture, and such are their efficacy and safety in every form of disease, that they truly deserve the name of Family Medicines. During a practice of more than twelve years, seven of which were on board various public vessels as Assistant Surgeon in the United States Navy, he has never had a case of severe cold, influenza, or any disease of the throat, that has not readily yielded to his Pulmonic mixture. Thousands have been saved from a premature grave by its use. To public speakers and persons of weak lungs it is a great remedy, as it allays irritation and gives tone and vigor to the voice.

DR. TRAPHAGEN'S PULMONIC MIXTURE

has cured and is warranted to give relief in all cases of colds or coughs, bronchitis, influenza, hoarseness, sore throat, catarrh, asthma, liver complaint, spitting blood, croup, whooping cough, consumption, and every Disease with which the throat, breast or lungs may be affected.

The following certificates, from persons of character, will show what the Pulmonic Mixture is capable of performing. No family should be without it in their house.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4, 1847.

This is to certify that I had a severe attack of bronchitis and pain in my back for a long time, and used only three bottles of Dr. Traphagen's Pulmonic Mixture, and it relieved me in a few days.

B. MACLIN, Engraver, 139 Fulton st.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1, 1847.

This is to certify, that I have used in my practice while engaged in the United States Navy for seven years the Pulmonic Mixture which I now offer to the public, and never knew of its failing to cure in the most obstinate cases. I also have used it in my practice on shore for the last five years, and found it equally efficacious in long standing cases of severe cold and affection of the lungs.

GEO. H. TRAPHAGEN, M. D.

Purchasers will observe that every bottle has the written signature of Dr. Traphagen on the label, without which none can be genuine.

For sale wholesale & retail by COLLIER & BROTHER only, at their store in North Hanover street Carlisle.

April 13, 1848.

Christmas and New Years Presents.

Cheap Watches & Jewelry!

WHOLESALE and Retail, at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96 North Second street corner of Quarry, Philadelphia.

Gold Lever Watches full jewelled 18 carrat case,	38,00
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled,	18,00
Silver Lever Watches seven jewels,	16,00
Silver Lepine Watches jewelled,	11,00
Quartier Watches, good quality,	8,00
Imitation do	5,00
Gold Spectacles,	7,00
Fine Silver Spectacles,	1,50
Gold Bracelets with topaz stones,	3,00
Gold Pens with silver holder and pencil,	1,00
Ladies' Gold Pencils,	1,75
Silver Tea spoons from $4,50 per set to	6,00
Gold Finger Rings, from 37½ cents to	80,00

Watch Glasses, best quality—plain 12½ cents; Patent 18¾; Lunet 25. Other articles in proportion.

All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.

On hand some gold and silver Lever and Lepines, still lower than the above prices.

On hand a large assortment of silver table, dessert, tea, salt and mustard spoons; soup ladles, sugar tongs, napkin rings, fruit & butter knives, thimbles, shields, knitting needle cases and sheaths, purse and reticle clasps. The silver warranted to be equal to American coin.

Also, a great variety of fine Gold Jewelry, consisting in part of Finger Rings of all styles, set with Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, Torquoise, Topaz, Garnet, Cornelian, Jasper, Cape May, Amethyst and other stones; Breastpins and Bracelets of all styles, set with Stones and Cameons, and enameled—Earrings of all styles, Gold chains of all styles, and of the finest quality—together with all other articles in the line, which will be sold much below New York prices, wholesale or retail. O. CONRAD,

No. 96 North Second street, corner of Quarry, Importer of Watches, Jeweller, and Manufacturer of Silver Ware.

Phila., December 23, 1847.

JOB WORK

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE

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.

Twenty-five per cent. additional on the price of subscription will be required of all those who do not pay in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion,	$ 50
One square, two insertions,	75
One square, three insertions,	1 00
Every subsequent insertion, per square,	25

A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year, or for three or six months.

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.

THE BOAT HORN.

BY GEN. WILLIAM O. BUTLER.

O, boatman! wind that horn again,
For never did the list'ning air
Upon its lambent bosom bear
So wild, so soft, so sweet a strain!
What though thy notes are sad and few,
By every simple boatman blown,
Yet is each pulse to nature true,
And melody in every tone.
How oft, in boyhood's joyous day,
Unmindful of the lapsing hours,
I've lingered on my homeward way
By wild Ohio's brink of flowers.
While some lone boatman from the deck,
Poured his soft numbers to the tide,
As if to charm from storm and wreck
The boat where all his fortunes rode!
Delighted Nature drank the sound,
Enchanted—Echo bore it round
In whispers soft and softer still,
From hill to plain and plain to hill,
Till e'n the thoughtless frolic boy,
Elate with hope, and wild with joy,
Who gambolled by the river's side,
And sported with the fretting tide,
Feels something new pervade his breast,
Change his light step, repress his jest,
Bends o'er the flood his eager ear
To catch the sounds far off, yet dear—
Drinks the sweet draught, but knows not why,
The tear of rapture fills his eye,
And can he now, to manhood grown,
Tell why those notes, simple and lone
As on the ravished ear they fell,
Bind every sense in magic spell.
There is a Tide of feeling given
To all on earth, its fountain Heaven,
Beginning with the dewy flower,
Just op'd in Flora's vernal bower—
Rising creation's orders through
With louder murmur, brighter hue—
That tide is sympathy! Its ebb and flow
Gives life its hues, its joy and wo.
Music, the master-spirit that can move
Its waves to war, or lull them into love—
Can cheer the sinking sailor mid the wave,
And bid the sailor on! nor fear the grave—
Inspire the fainting pilgrim on his road,
And elevate his soul to claim his God.
Then, boatman! wind that horn again!
Though much of sorrow mark its strain,
Yet are its notes to sorrow dear!
What though they wake fond memory's tear!
Tears are sad memory's sacred feast,
And rapture oft her chosen guest.

Miscellaneous.

THE LATE DR. GEO. McCLELLEN.

A thousand anecdotes are related of the late eminent scholar, surgeon and philanthropist, Dr. George McClellen. The memory of his great talents and goodness lingers like a charm upon the public mind, and hardly a day passes that we do not hear some welcome mention of his virtues, coupled with sincere regret that he was not longer spared to the world.

On one occasion he was called to perform a critical and painful operation upon the mother of his friend, the late Dr. R. He came a day before the appointed time.

"Well, George," said the old lady, "will you come to-morrow?"

"Let me see," he hastily replied, "to-morrow—I shall be busy to-morrow—must go to New York—great deal to do—how do you feel to day—must put this operation off I fear."

"Oh I am very thankful," said she, "for I dread it."

"Pooh—its nothing—work of a moment—no danger—let me see the breast." (It was cancer.)

"No, George, no; next week."

"But I must examine it now, you know:"

"You won't hurt me."

"Certainly not."

"Let me pray first," said the old lady imploringly.

"I cannot wait—come—come."

"Only five minutes, George—only five."

"No—no—not one;—come, be seated," and in a few minutes he accomplished the operation most successfully. "There," said he, "If I had permitted you to do as you wished, you would have been praying all this time."

A stranger from the South sent for him to take a tumor from his tongue. He called upon the patient at the U. S. Hotel, and was shown to his room.

"Let me see your tongue," said the surgeon.—After a brief inspection he said he would call again, and wished the gentleman good morning closing the door after him. In an instant, however, he returned. "Let me look at your tongue once more," he said, and, in a moment the tumor was off.

"What the deuce are you about?" sputtered the patient with his mouth full of blood.

"Merely removing a large tumor," replied the skilful surgeon.

"I won't be operated on to-day!"

"It's off, sir," said the surgeon.

"It isn't off already is it? I expected to go through a course of medicine—"

"And die under the operation, perhaps," replied McClellen, wishing his patient a very good morning.

A young lady of our acquaintance ran a fine cambric needle into her thigh, and he was called in to extract it. She had carefully prepared a slit in her garments, at which the doctor laughed heartily. "Why, that will never do," said he, "all modesty must be thrown aside for this occasion! Here doctor B. assist me," and in a twinkling the needle was taken from its hiding place.

On leaving his house one morning he saw a little boy, who was crying bitterly. "What is the matter, my lad—don't cry," said the kind-hearted man—"what is the matter with you?"

"I am blind sir—I can hardly see now, and I don't know what to do."

"Come in my office for a minute."

In a short time he removed a cataract from each eye, thus restoring the poor lad to the glorious light of day, and to usefulness.

"Docthor," exclaimed a poor Irishman, "I am mightily troubled about that little bill I've owed you nigh a twelve month come Easter.

"Are you, John," he replied, laughing at the perplexity of his debtor—"well I am not. Give yourself no uneasiness about the matter—or rather give the money to your wife when you get it."

"God bless you, docthor for a real gentleman—bet divil a one of me will ever know an hour's pace of mind until I am able to settle wid you. Och, but you're the kind doctor entirely!"—*City Item.*

BE KIND.

Be kind to all your school-mates; no matter if they be ever so homely, even so ill clad; no matter how poor or how rich; no matter if they be not as good scholars as you, or better scholars; no matter if they seek evil of you, or wrong you; always be kind. Heal all your difficulties and differings with soft words. Forgive. Forgiveness is better than revenge. Forget. It is the unlettered, untutored savage that remembers all the wrongs he suffers. Let no setting sun find you with harshness in your heart against one single scholar. Let no ear hear an unkind word from your lips. And then how happy and pleasing your every hour!

A Chaplain at one of our State prisons, was asked by a friend how his parishioners were. "All under *conviction*"—was the answer.

LIFE.

Oh, what is life? a dream within a dream;
A pilgrimage from peril rarely free,
A bark that sails upon the changing sea,
Now sunshine and now storm; a mountain stream,
Heard, but scarce seen ere to the dark deep gone;
A wild star blazing with unsteady beam,
Yet for a season fair to look upon,
Life is an infant on Affection's knee,
A youth how full of hope and transient glee,
In manhood's peerless noon, how bright, anon
A time worn ruin silver'd o'er with years,
Life is a race where slippery steps arise,
Where discontent and sorrow are the prize,
And when the goal is won the grave appears.

SUMMER.

Summer is come again, bright and beautiful as it ever cometh, for the trees and flowers never looked more lovely than they do now; and although man sinned against his Maker, and was driven from the Garden of Eden—that garden in which the angels walked, and conversed with Adam—still God, in His goodness adorned the hills and fields with leaves and blossoms, as beautiful as we can imagine ever waved in Paradise, that their presence might gladden our hearts, and call forth our praise and gratitude, while looking upon the wonderful workmanship of his hands.

Many a time while at school have we talked about this delicious season, often wondering if we should find the young birds hopping about the neighborhood of the old nest, in the same green hawthorn hedge where they had built year after year; and often have we fancied that we could hear the sheep bleating beside the brook where they had been driven to be washed;—we imitated the shout of the glad cuckoo, and recalled the very spot where we heard her singing in the sunshine, as she stood perched upon the topmost bough of the old ash-tree. We assembled in little groups, and planned many an excursion, in our minds, to places were hundreds of sweet wild flowers grew; to solitudes where the water-hen swam, and built, and dived, and reared her young; where the tall bulrushes waved, and the bending water-flags nodded to their shadows in the clear stream.—Our memory flew back to the green straggling lanes, and fields that sloped down from the foot of many a rounded hill; to mornings when the world seemed bathed in sunshine, and the smell of the hawthorn mingled with the sweet breath of the cows, as we drove them homeward at milking-time—or mounted on the broad-backed horses, rode them to water in the clear pool beside the wood, before they dragged the heavy wagon into the hayfield. In fancy we saw the wide village green, where the crickets were wont to assemble, and the bank by the river side, where we spent so many happy hours in angling; for old home-scenes and healthy pastimes seemed to arise before us with a pleasanter look, as the summer holy-days drew nearer, and our hearts beat lighter as we hailed the season of birds and flowers; and forests with their rich perfume, and skies hung with blue, where clouds change from silver to purple, then become golden as they gather around the setting sun—for to us summer was ever the happiest season of the year.

Up and away, then, "my merry men all," as Robin Hood says to his foresters in the old ballad, and we will ramble together through the fields and woods, over many a high hill, and beside many a pleasant brook, and talk about the wonderful things which we are sure to meet with in our way. We will gaze upon the great oak which seems to grow up into the very sky, and examine the graceful form of the small cup-moss which is scattered around its twisted roots on the earth; look upon the huge ox that lows in the meadows, and shakes the earth with its heavy tread; and talk about the little harvest-mouse, which would not more than weigh down a farthing were it placed in the opposite scale. We will visit the spot where the fierce hawk builds its nest, and show you the home which the titimouse erects for her young ones. We will leap, and run, and shout, and sing that little woodland song of Shakspeare's until we make the old hills echo again, as they ring back the chorus, while we merrily exclaim, from the very joyousness of our hearts,

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Come hither—come hither."

A GOOD JOKE.

A New York paper tells an amusing story of a new invention against rogues, called the "Combination Lock." Recently, a Wall street broker of considerable wealth, who lives in great style, in the West end of Gotham, purchased a beautiful fire-proof safe, in which to secure his valuables against the fiery elements, to which he affixed one of those beautiful pieces of mechanicism. They are so strangely complicated that you may lock them, hand the key to the manufacturer even, and the chances are one to ten thousand, that he will not be able to open them.—The wards and interior arrangements of these locks are alphabetically arranged, and select a word in the language, take the letters and lock the wards answering to these letters, one by one. Thus take the word "chair"—you lock C, then H, then A, then I, then R. Now, it must be unlocked in the same way, and unless you hit upon the exact word you will never be able to unlock it. Well, the broker in question locked his new safe according to the word "boots," but after working at it for an hour or more the next morning, he could not unlock it, and gave it up in despair. All his funds were locked up, says the paper, and he had no money to carry on his business that day, but as his credit was good, he raised sufficient for the purpose by borrowing of the banks. The next morning the manufacturer of the lock according to request, called to ascertain the difficulty. He said he had no doubt he could unlock the safe, if the gentlemen would tell him the word which he locked it. "Boots" was the word, and to work he set to unlock it to 'boots.' Well, he tried, sanguine of success but 'boots' would not unlock the safe. He tried again hour, two hours, and three hours, with no success.—Finally a happy thought struck him. He wiped the perspiration from his face, took a drink of water, examined the key again, and looked at the broker straight in the eye, and said, "Sir, allow me to ask you how you spell boots?" "How do I spell boots?" said the other, "Why, I spell it right—how do you spell it?" "Oh, never mind," said the man of combination locks, "how I spell it." "B—u—t—s, to be sure," said the broker. "The d—l you do," shouted the lock man; "and if you spell boots, buts, I will unlock the safe buts," and he did unlock it in the twinkling of an eye.

EXTRAVAGANT LANGUAGE.

There is an untasteful practice which is a growing sin among young ladies—I mean the common use of exaggerated, extravagant modes of speech; saying splendid for pretty, magnificent for handsome horrid for disagreeable, immense for large, thousands or myriads, for any number more than two. Were I to write down for one day, the conversation of some young ladies of my acquaintance, and then to interpret it literally, it would imply that, within the compass of twelve hours, they had met with more marvellous adventures and hair-breath escapes—passed through more distressing experiences—seen more imposing spectacles—endured more fright and enjoyed more rapture, than would suffice for half a dozen common lives. The habit is attended with many inconveniences. It deprives you of the intelligible use of strong expressions when you need them. If you use them all the time, nobody understands or believes you when you use them in earnest. You are in the same predicament with the shepherd who cried "wolf" so often when there was no wolf, that nobody would go to his relief when the wolf came. This habit has a very bad moral tendency. Our words have a reflex influence upon our characters. Exaggerated speech makes one careless of the truth. The habit of using words without regard to rightful meaning, often leads one to distort facts, to misrepresent conversations, and to magnify statements in matters in which the literal truth is important to be told. You can never trust the testimony of one who, in common conversation, is indifferent to the import, and regardless of the power of words. I am acquainted with persons whose representations of facts always need translation and correction, and who have utterly lost reputation for veracity solely through this habit of overstrained and extravagant speech. They do not mean to lie; but they have a dialect of their own, in which words bear an entirely different sense from that given them in the daily intercourse of discreet and sober people.

Political.

GEN. CASS.

The following beautiful and noble incident, in the life of LEWIS CASS, our glorious candidate, will give an idea of his character. He has never forgotten that he himself was a poor and friendless boy! He loves an honest and patriotic man, even the humblest soldier in the ranks. We have columns of such interesting anecdotes, which we will pour out, from week to week, until one united shout of popular admiration shall ring from the Alleganies to the Bay shore! Hurrah for CASS & BUTLER!

The following incident at the public meeting at Norwalk, Ohio, on the 17th of September, 1844, are taken from the democratic newspapers published at that place:

"While a number of revolutionary soldiers were being introduced to Gen. Cass, one of our citizens approached the Gen., and asked if he remembered him. Upon replying that he did not, he gave the following account of their first meeting. "In the spring of 1813, Fort Meigs was besieged by the British and Indians, and the militia of Ohio were called out, to march to the relief of the fort. Gen. Cass was appointed to the command. Six thousand assembled at upper Sandusky, of whom two thousand were selected to proceed on to the fort. The marshes and woods were filled with water, making the roads almost impassible. The commanding general had not yet arrived, but was daily expected. On the second day of the march, a young soldier, from exposure to the weather was taken sick. Unabled to march in the ranks, he followed along in the rear. When at a distance behind, attempting with difficulty to keep pace with his comrade, two officers rode a long, one a stranger, and the other the colonel of his regiment. On passing him, the colonel remarked, "Gen. that poor fellow there is sick, he is a good fellow though, for he refuses to go back; but I fear the Indians will scalp him, or the crows pick him before we get to Fort Meigs." The one officer halted, and dismounted from his horse. When the young soldier came up, he addressed him; "My brave boy you are sick and tired, I am well and strong, mount my horse and ride." The soldier hesitated. "Do not wait." said the officer; and lifting him upon his horse, with directions to ride at night to the general's tent he proceeded on foot to join the army. At night the young soldier rode to the tent, where he was met by the general with a cheerful welcome, which he repaid with tears of gratitude. That officer was Gen. Cass, and the young soldier was the person addressing him, our worthy citizen, John Laylin." The General remembering the circumstance, immediately recognized him. Mr. Laylin remarked, "General, that act was not done for the world to look upon; it was done in the woods, with but three to witness it.

"Another: Our old friend Major Parkes, on being introduced to Gen. Cass, exclaimed, with much animation, 'General, I thank God that I am able to see you! I fought by the side of your father, Jonathan Cass, and your uncle, Daniel Cass, at the battle of Bunker's Hill. Your father was sergeant of the company, and I was a corporal. We were brothers together during the war. God bless you, General, for his sake.' The General was deeply affected in meeting the friend and companion of his father; while the old veteran, with eyes sparkling, recounted the scenes through which they passed together in the days of danger and strife—the times that "tried men's souls."

From the Democratic Union.

THE BUTLER FAMILY.

We re-publish, from the Louisville Democrat, the following article in relation to Washington's opinions of the family of Gen. William O. Butler, the Democratic candidate for Vice President, by Doctor Adam Hays, a native of Carlisle, Cumberland county, in this State, and now a resident of Madison, Indiana. There is no family whose history is better known in Pennsylvania, particularly in Cumberland county, than that of the Butlers. It is, in fact, a matter of pride with the old citizens to recount their deed of patriotism and valor, and to claim the honor of their residence and place of nativity. The name of Butler, in Cumberland county, with young and old, is synonomous with patriotism and honor.

Dr. Hays, the author of the article, is himself a man of high merit, and deserves credit for bringing the following reminiscences to the notice of the public He never was what may be called a warm partizan, but sought to distinguish himself in his profession, and for usefulness to his country.

Several of his uncles, and those of William O. Butler, who resided about eight miles north-west of Carlisle, were school-mates. This, in addition to personal friendship, will account for the interest manifested in the publication.

The doctor having graduated at the University in Philadelphia, with uncommon distinction, was appointed a surgeon in the United States army in 1812, over all the assistants then in service, and went to the Niagara frontier a few weeks afterwards, where he served until after peace was made in 1815, with Brown, Scott, Worth, Towson, Jessup, Brooks, Brady, M'Arthur, Bankhead, Anthony, Butler, &c., &c.—He established the first military hospital, in Buffalo, in October, 1812, that was organized on the Niagara frontier, was with General, then Lt. Col. Scott, the first gun he fired at the enemy, on the 8th October, 1812, opposite Black Rock, and continued in active service, in that quarter, till the last man was killed on the banks of the Chippewa, in November, 1814. Had he remained in the service, he would long since have been at the head of the medical staff of the army. Had he chosen this course, we may be permitted to say, without any disparagement of the talents and worth of the distinguished gentlemen who have reached that elevation, he would have filled it with eminent distinction, and advantage to his country.

From the Louisville Democrat.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—About two years ago, I gave you a short communication, to show you the estimation in which Washington, the father of his country, held some of the distinguished officers of the Revolution; several of my friends who know the undoubted channel through which I obtained my information, have urged me, as an act of *bare justice* to the memory of the distinguished *dead*, to give a fuller statement. Feeling the force of their argument, and prompted by it, I have resolved to comply with their suggestion, whilst yet some may be living who were present when I heard the narrative of General Finley.

In the summer of 1819 or '20, I don't recollect which, Gen. Pierce Butler,* the only surviving brother, made his last visit to his only living sister, Mrs. Brown, the wife of Mr. James Brown, formerly of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, then living in Chillicothe, Ohio. This worthy lady was still living, with her son, not long since, in the northern part of this State. Being in the habit of visiting Mr. Brown frequently, I had the pleasure of hearing for a few days at that time, the very interesting conversation of General P. Butler on the incidents of the Revolutionary War, and also of the campaign under General St. Clair, where his brother, General Richard Butler fell by the hands of the savages on the fatal field of St. Clair's defeat.

Gen. Samuel Finley, one of the purest patriots, and best men I ever saw, then lived in Chillicothe.

His estimable lady was the sister of Mr. James Brown. During the stay of Gen. P. Butler, I was much gratified in seeing these two worty heroes of the Revolution together, and hearing them relate thrilling circumstances of the war. General Finley will long be remembered by the early settlers of the Scioto Valley, where he was highly esteemed and beloved. He had served in the Revolutionary War from the first till the last of it, was taken prisoner, I believe at Long Island and was long a sufferer in the well known Jersey Prison ship; after he was exchanged, he commanded the artillery attached to Wayne's Brigade, and was at the crossing of James' River, where they attached the *whole* of the British army, whilst Gen. Wayne, supposed he would have to contend with only a a *part*, as he had been informed that the main body *had* crossed the river. I have also heard Gen. Finley speak of the time when their Brigade was investing Savannah, Georgia. The British troops made a *sortie* and attacked them in front whilst a large body of Indians who were brought, by a British officer, from the western part of the State, altogether unexpected, attacked them in the night in rear.

In justice to the memory of Gen. Finley, I could not pass by the name of one whom I loved and revered as a father, without speaking of him as I have done.

A few days after Gen. P. Butler, set out for his home, at Carrolton, Kentucky, I was at the house of Gen. Finley, where, during the years I resided in Chillicothe, I often visited daily, Gen. Finley spoke in the presence of his family, of the Butlers in very warm, friendly terms. The father, he said, was a man of fine mathematical and mechanical talent and Gen. Washington had placed him as superintendent of public arms. The five sons served through the Revolutionary War, with great distinction as company and field officers, and possessed the entire confidence of Gen. Washington; as an evidence of which he gave the following short narrative:

After the Revolutionary war was over, General Washington being President, in Philadelphia, the seat of Government at that time, Gen. (then Major) Finley visited the city on business. Other revolutionary officers were there, at the same time. They were invited to dine with the President. General Washington on that occasion, in company with his old military companions, seemed to relax much more than usual—generally appearing grave and reserved as is well known.

He spoke of the war and its incidents—the officers and their particular merits. He spoke of the Butlers in decided terms of approbation and friendship.—After the cloth was removed, and they had filled their glasses, as was the custom of that day, he gave the following toast—*The Butler family, the father and the five sons*—a truly estimable compliment, coming from such a man, and one who very rarely complimented any one, and never, unless the individual possessed extraordinary merit.

Several of the members of the excellent family of Gen. Finley are still living.

He, for many years, has been enjoying his reward in a better world. A. HAYS.

NEAR MADISON, Is., May 1st, 1847.

*The father of Gen. Wm. O. Butler, now in Mexico.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Resolutions as Adopted.

Resolved, That the American Democracy place their trust in the intelligence, the patriotism, and discriminating justice of the American people.

Resolved, That we regard this as a distinctive feature of our political creed; which we are proud to maintain before the world, as the great moral element in a form of government, springing from and upheld by the popular will; and we contrast it with the creed and practice of federalism, under whatever name or form, which seeks to palsy the will of the constituent, and which conceives no imposture too monstrous for the popular credulity.

Resolved, therefore, That entertaining these views, the Democratic party of this Union, through their delegates assembled in a general convention of the States, coming together, in a spirit of concord, of devotion to the doctrines and faith of a free representative government, and appealing to their fellow citizens for the rectitude of their intentions, renew and re-assert, before the American people, the declarations of principles avowed by them when on a former occasion, in a general convention, they presented their candidates for the popular suffrages:

1. That the federal government is one of limited powers, derived solely from the constitution, and the grants of power shown therein ought to be strictly construed by all the departments and agents of the government; and that it is inexpedient and dangerous to exercise doubtful constitutional powers.

2. That the constitution does not confer upon the general government the power to commence and carry on a general system of internal improvements.

3. That the constitution does not confer authority upon the federal government, directly or indirectly, to assume the debts of the several States, contracted for local internal improvements, or other State purposes; nor would such assumption be just and expedient.

4. That justice and sound policy forbid the Federal government to foster one branch of industry to the detriment of another, or to cherish the interest of one portion to the injury of another portion of our common country; that every citizen, and every section of the country, has a right to demand and insist upon an equality of rights and privileges and to complete an ample protection of persons and property from domestic violence or foreign aggression.

5. That it is the duty of every branch of the government to enforce and practice the most rigid economy in conducting our public affairs, and that no more revenue ought to be raised than is required to defray the necessary expenses of the government, and for the gradual but certain extinction of the debt created by the prosecution of a just and necessary war, after peaceful relations shall have been restored.

6. That Congress has no power to charter a national bank; that we believe such an institution one of deadly hostility to the best interest of the country, dangerous to our republican institutions and the liberties of the people, and calculated to place the business of the country within the control of a concentrated money power, and above the laws and will of the people; and that the result of Democratic legislation, in this and all other financial measures upon which issues have been made between the two political parties of the country, have demonstrated to candid and practical men of all parties their soundness, safety and utility in all business pursuits.

7. That Congress has no power under the constitution to interfere with or control the domestic institution to the several States, and that such States are the sole and proper judges of everything appertaining to their own affairs, not prohibited by the constitution; that all efforts of the abolitionists or other citizens made to induce Congress to interfere with questions of slavery, or to take incipient steps in relation thereto, are calculated to lead to the most alarming and dangerous consequences; and that all such efforts have an inevitable tendency to diminish the happiness of the people, and endanger the stability and permanency of the Union, and ought not to be countenanced by any friend of our political institutions.

8. That the separation of the moneys of the government from banking institutions is indispensable for the safety of the funds of the government and the rights of the people.

9. That the liberal principles embodied by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, and sanctioned in the Constitution, which makes ours the land of liberty, and the asylum of the oppressed of every nation, have ever been cardinal principles in the Democratic faith; and every attempt to abridge the present privilege of becoming citizens and the owners of soil among us, ought to be resisted with the same spirit which swept the alien and sedition laws from our statute books.

Resolved, That the proceeds of the public lands ought to be sacredly applied to the national objects specified in the constitution; and that we are opposed to any law for the distribution of such proceeds among the States, as alike inexpedient in policy, and repugnant to the Constitution.

Resolved, That we are decidedly opposed to taking from the President the qualified veto power, by which he is enabled, under restrictions and responsibilities, ample sufficient to guard the public interest, to suspend the passage of a bill whose merits cannot secure the approval of two-thirds of the Senate and the House of Representatives until the judgment of the people can be obtained thereon, and which has saved the American people from the corrupt and tyrannical domination of the Bank of the United States, and from a corrupting system of general internal improvements.

Resolved, That the war with Mexico, provoked on her part, by years of insult and injury, was commenced by her army crossing the Rio Grande, attacking the American troops, and invading our sister State of Texas,—and that upon all the principles of patriotism and the laws of nations it is a just and necessary war on our part, in which every American citizen should have showned himself on the side of his country, and neither morally or physically, by word or deed, have given "aid and comfort to the enemy."

Resolved, That we would be rejoiced at the assurances of peace with Mexico, founded on the just principles of indemnity for the past, and security for the future; but that while the ratification of the liberal treaty offered to Mexico remains in doubt, it is the duty of the country to sustain the administration in every measure necessary to provide for the vigorous prosecution of the war, should that treaty be rejected.

Resolved, That the officers and soldiers who have carried the arms of their country into Mexico, have crowned it with imperishable glory. Their unconquerable courage, their daring enterprise; their unfaltering perseverance and fortitude when assailed on all sides by innumerable foes, and that more formidable enemy—the diseases of the climate—exalt their devoted patriotism into the highest heroism, and give them a right to the profound gratitude of their country and the admiration of the world.

Resolved, That the Democratic National Convention of the thirty States composing the American Republic, tender their fraternal congratulations to the National Convention of the Republic of France, now assembled as the suffrage representatives of the sovereignty of thirty-five millions of Republicans, to establish government on those eternal principles of equal rights, for which their Lafayette and our Washington fought side by side, in the struggle for our own National Independence; and we would especially convey to them and to the whole people of France, our earnest wishes for the consolidation of their liberties, through the wisdom that shall guide their councils, on the basis of a Democratic Constitution, not derived from the grants or concessions of Kings or dynasties, but originating from the only true source of political power recognized in the States of this Union; inherent and inalienable right of the people, in their sovereign capacity, to make and amend their forms of government in such manner as the welfare of the community may require.

Resolved, That in the recent development of this grand political truth, of the sovereignty of the people and their capacity and power for selfgovernment, which is prostrating thrones and erecting republics on the ruins of despotism in the old world, we feel that a high and sacred duty is devolved, with increased responsibility upon the Democratic party of this country, as the party of the people, to sustain and advance among the Constitutional liberty, equality, and fraternity, by continuing to resist all monopolies and exclusive legislation for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many, and by a vigilant and constant adherence to those principles and compromises of the Constitution which are broad and strong enough to embrace and uphold the Union as it was, the Union as it is, and the Union as it shall be, in the full expansion of the energies and capacity of this great and progressive people.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded through the American Minister at Paris to the National Convention of the Republic of France.

Resolved, That the fruits of the great political triumph of 1844, which elected James K. Polk and Geo. M. Dallas, President, and Vice President of the United States, have fulfilled the hopes of the Democracy of the Union; in defeating the declared purposes of their opponents to create a National Bank, in preventing the corrupt and unconstitutional distribution of the land proceeds from the common treasury of the Union, for local purposes; in protecting the currency and the labor of the country from ruinous fluctuations, and guarding the money of the people, for the use of the people, by the establishment of the Constitutional Treasury, in the noble impulse given to the cause of Free Trade, by the repeal of the Tariff of 1842, and the creation of the more equal, honest, and productive Tariff of 1846, and that, in our opinion, it would be a fatal error to weaken the bands of political organization by which these great reforms have been achieved—and risk them in the hands of their know adversaries, with whatever delusive appeals they may solicit our surrender of that vigilance, which is the only safeguard of liberty.

Resolved, That the confidence of the Democracy of the Union, in the principles, capacity, firmness, and integrity of James K. Polk, manifested by his nomination and election in 1844, has been signally justified by the strictness of his adherence to sound Democratic doctrines, by the purity of purpose, the energy and ability which have characterised his administration in all our affairs at home and abroad; that we tender to him our cordial congratulations upon the brilliant success which has hitherto crowned his patriotic efforts, and assure him, in advance, that at the expiration of his retirement the esteem, respect, and admiration of a grateful country.

Resolved, That this Convention hereby present to the people of the United States, LEWIS CASS, of Michigan, as the candidate of the Democratic party for the office of President, and WILLIAM O. BUTLER, of Kentucky, as the candidate of the Democratic party, for the office of Vice President of the United States.

THE FUTURE.—We would have you look well to your future course. We would have you early mark out such a path to follow, in coming years, as will secure for you as much of happiness and prosperity, as it is possible for man to enjoy. Endeavor, then, as you meet with little trials and perplexities, or something to cross the fond, high feelings of the soul, possess a spirit that will not easily yield to despondency—look to the bright goal where success is sure to crown merit and persevering industry.

WE DO NOT PRAY ENOUGH.—Felix Neff once made the following comparison:

"When a pump is frequently used, but little pains are necessary to have water; the water pours out at the first stroke; because it is high. But if the pump has not been used for a long time, the water gets low, and when you want it you must pump a long while and the water comes only after great efforts.—It is so with prayer: if we are constant in prayer, every little circumstances awakens the disposition to pray, and desires and words are always ready. But if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray, for the well gets low."

"I won't cover your heels, I'll be *darned* if I do," as the ragged stocking said to the novel reading lady.

"A real gentleman," said an Irishman one day to one who never earned a haporth for himself, or any one belonging to him."

"I say, mister, how came your eyes so all fired crooked?" "My eyes?" Yes." "By sitting between two gals and trying to make them look love to both at the same time."