American Volunteer.

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

VOL. 35. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1848. NO. 9.

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.

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.

THE VOLUNTEER.

John B. Bratton, Editor and Proprietor.

CARLISLE, THURSDAY, AUG. 10, 1848.

For the Volunteer.

NEXT GOVERNOR.

Mr. Editor—By publishing in your valuable paper the following article from the Bedford Gazette, you will oblige many of your Democratic friends in the upper end of old Cumberland. In the language of a correspondent of the Harrisburg Union, "than Judge BLACK there exists few riper scholars, no better read lawyer—no abler judge—no more enlightened Statesman—no sounder Democrat—no man better qualified to make an able, worthy and popular Governor. This nomination by the Democratic Convention, will insure not only a victory to the Democratic party, but a victory to the good old Commonwealth, which will tell on the future pages of its history. Place Judge Black in the Executive chair, and the impress of his giant intellect and sound principles, will be enstamped on our institutions, so long as the Keystone continues to support the Federal Arch."

OLD HICKORY.

From the Bedford Gazetee.

WHO SHALL BE THE NEXT GOVERNOR?

We congratulate our Democratic friends throughout the State on the fact that we have material enough to make at least ten thousand Governors, if we needed that many. A list of nearly one hundred names is before the people already, and there seems to be a fair prospect that others will yet be added to it. Of all those who have been named we cannot remember one whom we would not support with a hearty good will. They are all good men and true Democrats, as far as we know or believe. We have the firmest faith, too, that the representatives of the party, when they assemble in Convention, will do their duty like honest and wise men, and will select the candidate most worthy of the people's suffrage.

The discussion ought to be conducted with calmness and moderation. "Every thing for cause and nothing for man" is our motto. At the same time, it must be remembered that the triumph of the cause will depend on the character of the men who have the management of it. The time between this and the meeting of the Convention is so short that the public press is the only medium through which an interchange of opinion can be affected. The press, therefore, is bound to speak out plainly and candidly. We have considered the claims of each candidate who can be supposed to have a chance, and we have formed the opinion that

HON. JEREMIAH S. BLACK,

of Somerset, is the most unexceptionable name among all the candidates spoken of. If we have committed an error in this, we hope our brethren will give us a friendly correction. So far as we have already had an opportunity of consulting the Democracy, we have found our views almost universally responded to with a warm and hearty approbation. Among the citizens of Bedford county, as well as the strangers now among us, we have not heard a dissenting voice.

Judge Black is, in our opinion, decidedly the most available candidate we can take. We do not pretend to say that either of the other gentlemen would not be elected. The popularity of Cass and Butler will, carry even an objectionable man, if such a man should get the nomination. But we should have a candidate for Governor who would bring up our majority as high as possible for the sake of the effect it would produce on other States as well as our own. Now, Judge Black belongs to no faction—no clique—nor no class or division of the Democracy. He is a Democrat and would unite the WHOLE party. All who oppose the schemes of Federalism, and all who despise the present unprincipled course of that party could and would support him.

Again, he is a man who stands as high in point of talents as any other in the commonwealth. We have often said—and we believe it—that his superior cannot be found. He is a splendid writer and a powerful speaker. He has an intimate and familiar knowledge of every subject that a Governor ought to understand. The *talents* of a Chief Magistrate is an important item. The honest pride with which Judge Black's abilities would inspire the Democracy would add much to our strength, and would be an honor to us and to the commonwealth after the election as well as before.

We need not add that he is perfectly irreproachable and upright in private life. Neither is it necessary to say that his Democracy is beyond suspicion. Every man who knows him whig or Democrat, will acknowledge that he is devotedly and sincerely attached to the great principles of equal justice and equal rights. He is not ashamed of his faith, nor afraid to avow his opinions. In a word, he is always right side up, and can maintain any position he takes. If he is elected, he is the man that will sustain Democratic principles, for he is as firm as the hills.—We are certain that there is no man more likely to gain and to keep the confidence of the whole people than Judge Black would be if elected.

For these reasons he is our choice, and the choice of many thousand others in the State. We hope the convention will consider the case well before they set aside such claims as these. We do not believe that his nomination is very doubtful. We were in the East when Gov. Shunk resigned, and we heard multitudes of the best men of the party declare themselves in favor of Judge Black. Our correspondence also shows that his worth is justly appreciated in every part of the State.

In order that the Democracy may know what kind of mettle this sterling Democrat is made of, we beg leave to call their attention to that part of his eulogy upon the great Jackson, which speaks of the political services of that Patriot and Statesman, and particularly his opposition to the late Bank of the United States! A host of Banks are applying for Charters and no man living is better calculated to protect the people against their encroachments than Judge BLACK, a fact which every man will admit after reading the following passages from the address alluded to:

In speaking of Gen. Jackson and his political virtues, Judge BLACK said:

When finally he was placed at the head of the republic, not only by the will of the people, but according to the forms of the Constitution, he showed to world, whose gaze was on him, that he was *not* a mere "military chieftain." The courage which never cowered before an enemy, was indeed there; the iron will, the fiery soul, the heart of steel, and the nerve of adamant, were with him still. But there also was the comprehensive intellect, the rapid power of combination, the intuitive perception of whatever was noble or good—above all, there was all the enthusiastic patriotism, which dedicated his whole being to the country that he loved—loved with his fervor of devotion.

When the Maysville Road Bill passed both houses of Congress by immense majorities, developing a system at war with the Constitution, but in perfect keeping with the wild spirit of speculation and reckless expenditure, which afterwards swept so many of the States to financial ruin, it was his sagacity that saw the distant danger, and his firmness that applied the remedy. He crushed without hesitation a measure which had the support of all parties. No truckling to popular errors; no wooing of powerful interests; no base appeal to the sordid passions; no baiting of traps to catch the favor of the people, ever disgraced his manly statesmanship. He was as ready to stem the torrent when it was wrong, as to swim with the tide when it set in the true direction. Upon this part of his history, time and reflection have put all right, and the only thing now left to excite our special wonder is, that others, who passed for wise men in their day and generation, should not have seen the subject in as true a light as he did.

Nullification reared its head—the Union was to be severed, because one of the States was displeased with a law. Jackson was at his post. He never stopped to parley with the danger, or to bandy words with the wrong doers. He spoke not in the language of expostulation, advice or entreaty, but in the decisive and unequivocal tone of one who knew that it was his duty and his right to *command*. "The Union" said he "*must* and it SHALL be preserved," and from that moment Nullification was doomed.

But another foe, more deadly and dangerous than any he had yet encountered, was still to be grappled with. A great corporation with a capital of thirty five millions of dollars; wielding debts to the amount of seventy millions, against men of all classes, professions, and grades; intimately connected with all the ramifications of private business; and holding the public funds of the Government in its custody; demanded his signature to a new charter. He knew that the corporators had misbehaved themselves grossly—how grossly I shall not stop to tell—and he made no compromise with wrong. In the Constitution he had sworn to preserve, protect, and defend, he found no warrant for such a law; and he kept his oath. But his veto was scarcely read, before the bank bounded into the arena, armed to the teeth, and followed by a host of friends. To cripple her power and save the country from loss, he removed the public deposites, a measure which cooled many of his friends, while it fairly infuriated his enemies. The combat deepened every hour. To an eye unable to penetrate the sources of his influence, it seemed that he was about to be crushed at last. The Bank suddenly withdrew her discounts, curtailed her circulation, pressed her debtors to the wall; and the consequence was, that formal committees, from every part of the Union, waited on the President, by thousands, with bitter complaints of the distress which they had been taught to believe was brought upon the country by him. Two thirds of the presses, three fourths of the orators and writers of the nation were exerting all their powers of invective, arguiment and ridicule to bring contempt and hatred upon his character. The Senate, containing "the garnered talent of the nation"—the tribunal to which he had a right to look for a calm decision, for they were his judges in the last resort—accused and convicted him without a hearing. Physical force began to be talked of, anonymous letters warned him that assasins were watching for his life; "armed committees of ten thousand" were proposed; an "encampment upon Capital Hill" was threatened; and "a revolution, *bloodless as yet*," was announced to the public on the highest authority.

In all this storm of passionate declamation—amid this "loud roar of foaming calumny"—his firm soul never blenched even for an instant. He changed no principle, he retracted no opinion, he surrendered no truth, he gave up not one inch of the high ground he had taken. In this the sorest trial his faith had ever endured, "he hated no jot of heart or hope," but kept right onward in the path of his duty. The test was too severe for his summer friends, and they fell away from his support by scores and hundreds; but he was

> "Constant as the norther star,
> "Of whose true, fixed, and resting quality,
> "There is no fellow in the firmament."

The electric chain of communication between him and the people was still unbroken, and whatever link of that chain was struck by his master hand, the response was a deep thrill of sympathy from the hearts of the million. His steady and fearless voice was heard through his messages, above the din of the conflict and it went over the land like the tones of a trumpet, ringing full on the ear, banishing doubt, inspiring confidence, and swelling the heart with a foretaste of victory. His friends, who had doubted his wisdom, began to wonder at their own want of discernment, and the great old chief, who had led them through so many contests, was proved to be right once more.

He was followed to his retirement by a warmth of popular affection which had never been bestowed on any but one man before. His declining years were surrounded with all

> "Those things that should accompany old age,
> As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

He lived long enough to see his most cherished hopes accomplished—his principles stamped upon the public mind—his own example made the standard of political orthodoxy. He saw the people rejudge the judgment of his adversaries, and expunge their sentence of condemnation from the record. He beheld the nation rising as one man and tendering to him a restitution of the fine imposed on him for saving the country.

He had fulfilled all the purposes of his mission to the earth; he had finished the work which God had given him to do; and it was his *time* to die—time that his great spirit should be freed from the fretting chain which bound it to the lower world—time that his labors should cease and his hallowed rest begin. He closed his long list of triumphs with the crowning triumph of the Christian's hope, and ended his conquering career by another conquest, which robbed the grave of its victory, and took the sting from death.

All that is mortal of Jackson has died. But his fame lives and will live forever. America will never forget her defender, the people will never fail to think with gratitude of their truest friend, the human race will never cease to pay the homage of profound admiration to the benefactor of the world.

MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF GOVERNOR SHUNK.

PUBLIC MEETING.—At a meeting of the citizens of the Borough of Norristown, county of Montgomery, convened at the house of Jonas Hamberger, on Tuesday, August 1, 1848, to adopt measures preparatory to the erection of a suitable monument over the remains of our late Governor, FRANCIS R. SHUNK—*Adam Slemmer* was called to the chair, and the *Rev. J. R. Kooken* and *Philip Hahn, Esq*, called to the chair.

The following preamble and resolutions were read and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It hath pleased the Disposer of all events to remove from this world our much esteemed chief magistrate, FRANCIS R. SHUNK, whose worth as a statesman, and whose virtues as a man, endeared him, so eminently, to the citizens of this commonwealth: *And whereas*, as a testimonial of esteem, the sincerity of our devotion to virtue and goodness, and as a tribute due the memory of our departed friend,

Be it Resolved, That a monument, bearing suitable inscriptions, be erected over the remains of the departed, at the Trappe, in this county, and that the necessary expense thereof be defrayed by voluntary subscription among the people of this commonwealth; and that all who choose may contribute, and that it may be emphatically "*The People's Monument*," the amount contributed by each individual shall not exceed the sum of One Dollar.

Resolved, That in furtherance of the above object our fellow citizens of the county and state be respectfully requested to adopt measures in aid of its accomplishment.

Resolved, That the Rev. John R. Kooken, Hon. Joseph Fornance, Hon. David Krause, Adam Steinmer, Philip Hahn, Esq., Benjamin F. Hancock, Esq. and Israel Thomas, Esq., constitute a committee of correspondence, to confer with like committees of our fellow citizens, and generally to do in the premises whatever may be deemed advisable for the attainment of the object.

Resolved, That a subscription be opened immediately under the supervision of the above committee, and that Benjamin Hill, Esq., be the Treasurer of the Monument Fund.

THE PHILADELPHIA CATECHISM.

The nomination of Taylor and Fillmore, by the Whig National Convention held at Philadelphia in June, without the adoption of any resolutions or the declaration of any sentiments "for the public eye," furnishes one of the strongest commentaries upon the tactics of that party in sacrificing every thing in the shape of principles for the sake of mere availability. It matters not under what disguise federalism steals into power so that it manages to steal in. To rule is the great object—that such a rule would be *misrule* no observer of the past could doubt for an instant. The letter of acceptance of Gen. Taylor, which has just been published, is perfectly non-committal in its character.

But whilst federalism and its favorites thus preserve an ominous silence in reference to the policy which would govern the national administration, should success by any accident crown their efforts, there are enough documents, speeches and letters on record to furnish satisfactory answers to a good many questions of general interest. The Boston Post, one of the ablest champions of the democratic cause, has made an admirable epitome of important queries and appropriate answers, which are as interesting as they are worthy of attention. Let our readers judge for themselves:

Who announced to the Mexicans that Paredes had proclaimed war, and that "we come to obtain indemnity for the past and security for the future?". Gen. Taylor.

Who called the war the President's war, and pronounced it unjust and unholy, and aided and comforted the enemy? The Whigs.

Who advised the advance of our army to the Rio Grande in October, 1845? Gen. Taylor.

Who says the boundary between the United States and Mexico ought to be the Sierra Madre? Gen. Taylor.

Who declares that Gen. Taylor was nominated by the Whigs of the free States, and that *they* might have prevented it? George Ashmun.

Who raised a black flag and tolled the court house bell when they heard of Taylor's nomination? The Whigs of Elquia, Ohio.

Who felt like doing the same thing? The whigs of New England.

Whose words are these?—"*In no case can I permit myself to be the candidate of any party.*" Zachary Taylor's.

Who said he would give no pledges? Gen. Taylor.

Who says Gen. Taylor approves of the pledges made for him in the Chinese Museum? Ballie Peyton, Logan Hunton, and A. C. Bullitt.

What party first nominated Gen. Taylor for President? The Natives.

Who says Gen. Taylor's nomination "oozed up, as it were, from the people?" Abbott Lawrence.

Who "stubbed" Abbott Lawrence in the Chinese Museum? Judge Allen and the Natick Cobbler.

Whom did the Whigs in 1840 *permit* to "go around and make speeches for Gen. Harrison?" The Natick Cobbler.

Who says, so help him God, he will do all he can to defeat Taylor? The Natick Cobbler.

Who says "no gentleman can vote for Taylor?" E. L. Keyes, councillor to Gov. Briggs, of Massachusetts.

Who said that the war was becoming of such a character that no gentleman could engage in it?—The editors of the Atlas.

Who declared the war was a crime, and that all engaged in it were participators in the crime? The Whig Legislature of Massachusetts.

Did Gen. Taylor participate in the "crime? Well he did, loss.

Who will cast the vote of the state for Gen. Taylor? The Whig Legislature of Massachusetts.

Does this involve any contradiction? In Whig ethics, it does not.

On what point did Gen. Taylor say his position was *immutable*? On this, that he would not be brought forward by Whigs, Democrats, or Natives, as the candidate of their party.

Who says these parties "unfortunately divide our country," thereby censuring them all equally? Z. Taylor.

Who retired from the Whig press at Greenfield rather than sell his principles and support Taylor? C. J. J. Ingersoll.

What *were* Mr. Ingersoll's principles? The same as those avowed by nearly all the Whig papers in New England before the Philadelphia nomination.

What editor in Boston retired rather than support Taylor? J. T. Buckingham, author of the anti-war report adopted by the Whig Legislature of Massachusetts.

Who pledged the State of Ohio to Gen. Taylor for President, and to his old white horse for Vice President? Mr. Collins, delegate to the Whig National Convention.

Who said the nomination of Taylor was an insult to the virtue and intelligence of the American people? The Whig editor of the Lafayette (Indiana) Journal.

Who says that Gen. Taylor is in favor of the Wilmot proviso? Northern Whig editors.

Who says the Whigs *will learn* that Gen. Taylor "believes slavery to be a curse to the country (!) desires its extermination, (!!) and is opposed to the further extension of slave territory?" The editor of the Boston Atlas.

What 'proof' do northern whig printers offer that Taylor is in favor of the proviso? The Signal letter, in which in May, 1847, Taylor wrote that he "approved" of the Signal editorial, which editorial said "the extension over the continent beyond the Rio Grande of the ordinance of 1787, is an object too high and permanent to be baffled by presidential vetoes."

Who has a letter from Gen. Taylor, stating that in his Signal letter he did not mean to commit himself to the editor's opinions on the Wilmot proviso? Mr. Doolittle, barnburner, of Wyoming.

What was the Signal? The first Taylor paper in Cincinnati.

Where is it? Dead—and the editor, J. W. Taylor, has just formally renounced all allegiance to his namesake.

Who says that Gen. Taylor is opposed to the doctrine of the Wilmot proviso? Col. Haskell, Whig member of Congress from Tennessee.

Who says that Gen. Taylor is the last man to countenance the extension of slavery? Col. Johnson, of Upper Piqua, Ohio.

Who declares that Taylor is opposed to restrictions upon new territory, and "even in favor of the gradual annexation of Mexico herself?" John M. Botts, of Virginia, the man that slept with John Tyler.

Who says the Whig party, whether Taylor be elected or not, is doomed to a death that knows no resurrection? Mr. Earl, Whig member of the Massachusetts Legislature from Worcester.

Whose friends told him he was the only Whig in a slave state who could get the Whig vote of the free states? Henry Clay's.

Who said that if Mr. Clay couldn't carry Tennessee, no Whig in the Union could? Gov. Jones.

Who brags that Taylor can carry Tennessee?—Gov Jones.

Whose voice failed in New York? Gov. Jones.

Who called the "Signal Letter" a *forgery*, and its author a "mean, miserable, lying fellow, who would steal your purse or stab you in the back?" The editor of the National Whig, the original Taylor paper in Washington.

Who was the author of the Signal letter? Zachary Taylor.

Who says Taylor's nomination was effected by a conspiracy between the cotton planters and traffickers in human flesh of the southwest, and the cotton spinners and traffickers of the northeast; a conspiracy between the lords of the loom and the lords of the lash? Charles Sumner, of Boston, a whig.

Who pronounced Henry Clay the whig messiah? Horace Greeley.

What does he call Taylor? A journeyman throat-cutter.

Which of these epithets do all Democrats condemn? Both, unhesitatingly.

Which do Whigs approve? Some one, some the other.

Who says he never heard Gen. Taylor swear?—Maj. J. P. Gaines.

What was old Rough and Ready's exclamation when he heard of the surrender of Maj. J. P. Gaines at Encarnacion? "By G—d, I would have fought them a little, any how."

What evidence have we that Gen. Taylor in battle made use of the words "Give 'em hell?" That of the N. O. Picayune.

Who edits the N. O. Picayune? A. C. Bullitt, one of those authorised to say that Gen. Taylor will abide by the pledges made for him by the Louisiana Whig delegates.

Who found fault with those words, "Give 'em hell?" The anti-war Whigs generally.

What did the Whigs have painted on their banners in 1840? Cuba bloodhounds.

Why will they not carry those banners now?—because their candidate for President *urged* the use of the bloodhounds.

Who accuse Gen. W. O. Butler of attending a horse race in Mexico, on Sunday? The northern whigs.

Who was publicly received in New Orleans on Sunday, and attended the theatre on Sunday? Z. Taylor.

Ought not pious northern Whigs to be shocked at this? They ought not.

Why? Because Daniel Webster says "there are no Sundays in revolutionary time," and because

Z. TAYLOR

is the Whig banner.

Who pronounced Gen. Cass to be "an officer of the highest promise?" Gen. Harrison in his report of the battle of the Thames.

Who admits that Gen. Cass is "an amiable kind-hearted man," and that "his character is *unimpeachable*?" John Van Buren.

Who admitted that, in nominating Gen. Cass, the Baltimore convention nominated "a gentleman of talents, respectability, and of the most exemplary character?" The National Intelligencer.

Who said that when he wanted a thing done well, he got a Butler to do it? LAFAYETTE.

Who is one of the Butlers? The Democratic candidate for the Vice Presidency.

Who doubts that CASS and BUTLER are worthy of the high stations that await them? Nobody.

From the Public Ledger.

PENNSYLVANIA.

We feel a glow of pride while we declare ourselves to be Pennsylvanians, a State at once so fertile and so free—so intelligent, so well governed, so pregnant with mineral riches, so abounding in moral virtues, so unpretending in her ambition, so vast and so rich, yet so modest and so humble; so quiet and tranquil in her temper, so firm and dispassionate in her patriotism, so benevolent in her institutions, so generous in her disposition, and so "fraternal" towards all her sisters of the Union. Whoever hears of Pennsylvania disturbing the serenity of the Federal compact? Who ever sees Pennsylvania lighting the torch of incendiary disunion at the fires of party frenzy? Fertile in her fields and placid in her politics, she exhibits the model of a great State, directing her will and energies to promote the happiness and consummate the destinies of a free and enlightened people, elevating the masses by a general system of beneficient education, and promoting industry, equality and enjoyment, by every rational means which genius can suggest or judgment approve. Glancing the eye over all the countries of the world, we can see none so wisely, happily, and well governed as the people of Pennsylvania. Would to heaven that all States and all Empires were equally well governed, as happy, as rich, and as virtuous. Let us appreciate our position by improving it. Let us be thankful for the blessings we enjoy by deserving them.

In what country does science make more progress than in Pennsylvania? Where does literate flourish with more brilliancy? Where do we behold the fine arts more thriving and prosperous, or the useful arts more rapidly advancing to perfection? Where are all the blessings of popular education so universally dispensed? In manufactures, in all that is useful or elegant, that ministers to necessity, pampers taste, or gratifies luxury, what other State in the Union equals or excels Pennsylvania? We know of none.

Every square of our city, every district in the county, almost every township in the State, abounds with these hives of industry, where the hum of busy labor and the power of steam are throwing out streams of wealth, richer and more precious than rivers of gold. In every section of the State you may behold production and consumption gathered together in a compact circle of mutual interest, incurring little or no expense of transportation.

The power of steam has destroyed the necessary locality of manufactures. Instead of seeking the water-power site, industry now goes in quest of a provision site, and the best agricultural district attracts the manufacturer to its garden. You will find a beautiful illustration of this fact in the manufactories of Frankford, Germantown, Manayunk, Darby, and other rural villages, where thousands of the sons and daughters of labor swarm in the living hive that gathers the honey of wealth for the masters of millions. How fervently might the lover of his race put up a prayer to heaven, that our factories of Kensington, Moyamensing, Southwark, Spring Garden and the Western Wards of the city, were also removed into rural districts in the country, where the toil-worn operative could inhale pure breezes from fertile and perfumed fields, and drink in health and vigor from the vernal breath of nature, instead of being cribbed and confined to his narrow court, or dark and dingy pen, in some overshadowed alley, suffocated by the dark vapors that rise from filthy streets. Of all the misjudgments of man, of all his errors, fatal to health and frustrative of his true interest, that of huddling laborers together in large cities is the most fatal and foolish, when all the elements of living are cheaper and better in the country; where house-rent is lower, and where health and enjoyment are more abundant and secure. A navigable river may be found hundreds of miles from the city, and if not a river, a railroad. Nature, interest, profit, all point to the establishment of large factories in rural districts, in preference to a crowded city, where building lots are high, and provisions enhanced in price, and where pestilence lurks in every breeze that sweeps over heaps of fermenting filth. But every hour is happily correcting this evil. Wherever a factory is erected in a rural district a town will spring up, and ground improve in value. The natural interests of men will entice them from large cities, and the principles of trade, which enable the country manufacturer to sell cheaper, will confirm the wisdom of the policy that is now dotting the whole State with those human honey-hives.

That Pennsylvania is destined to become one of the most opulent States that ever flourished, is so obvious a proposition as scarcely to require a specification of facts to sustain it, independent of all intercourse with foreign countries. Our coal, iron, flour and manufactures, furnish a source of wealth that is of giant and measureless value. Inexhaustible as these are, who shall dare to affix a limit to our power, or restrict the boundless sweep of our available resources? Philanthrophy here ceases to pant, and sinks into happy repose.

Thus far in relation to our physical power. Is Pennsylvania less distinguished for her moral and intellectual attributes? An answer to this question may be found in the fact, that not a year passes without adding to the number of our medical schools, increasing the area of popular education, swelling the list of candidates for literary honors, and multiplying the benevolent institutions, that while they adorn the State, dignify the cause of humanity, and invest the character of man with the majesty of beneficence.

The progressive extension of trade and manufactures is the only test of their permanent foundation. Resting on a basis as solid as her mountains, and as inexhaustible as the head springs of her eternal rivers, Pennsylvania industry and enterprise are things within her own power to command, and her own policy to control. She asks, and she wants no protection but that of her own capital; her own industry, and her own laws; and while her manufactories are daily increasing in number, while her application of capital to mineral wealth is hourly developing the vast power of her hidden resources, while factory on factory is in process of erection, and the circle of industry widening further and farther into the bowels of the land, she lifts her head with the proud consciousness of honest enterprise, and asks no favor but the free competition of trade, the unobstructed current of labor, and the unity of the interests of industry. Justice she may ask, and that justice would be the speedy extinguishment of "relief notes," the wholesome condition of the currency, and the non-extension of monopolies to enrich classes already bloated with the excess of wealth, at the expense of that labor, which, however it may endow capital with fortune, and invest the idle with the power to oppress the worker, is yet destined itself to the miserable pittance that keeps the spark of life flickering in the socket of existence. While a sound currency is maintained within her borders, and equal laws restrict the power of speculation to its legitimate ends, she will continue to "go ahead," mighty in her power, magnificent in her wealth, stupendous in her resources, and astonishing in her giant march to that natural grandeur, which rests on labor as a foundation of adamant.

Poetical.

GOOD-BYE TO MEXICO.

BY JOHN OF YORK.

Homeward our feet are turned once more—
The last to leave—the first to land—
And now press forward to the shore
That girts our own free, northern land.
Oh! how the heart with rapture thrills!
How leap its thought, our mountain rills!
And waves afar the golden grain
Upon our home-fields, wide and far—
That we shall see and tread again—
Wooed by our own sweet, summer air!

Homeward—how much is in that word?—
Home—that we left long years ago—
When first the blast of war was heard,
On hill above, in vale below.
Then how our yeoman hurried forth,
From east and west, and south and north!
They met and vanquished oft the foe
On many a hard-contested field,
Where, with their banners torn and low,
We saw his boasting legions yield.

But this is past—peace has returned—
Our blades are sheathed and idle now;
Blades that on many fields have earned
Bright laurels for the wearer's brow.
And now, our soldier's duty done,
We leave this land of bloom and sun,
Its never-changing summer time—
Its gardens and its olive-groves,
And avenues of fragrant lime—
Its *fetes*, its intrigues, an its loves.

Oh! land of beauty, peerless bright!
Of snow-capped peaks, and smiling plains;
Yet shrouded in a darker night
Than ever Egypt's shrines remains!
The stranger, parting from thy shore
Thy glories to behold no more,
Bids thee farewell with swelling heart,
As his swift bark leaps o'er the sea,
And as the trusht tear-drops start,
Prays God that thou may'st yet be free.

Farewell!—no ties are broken, though
I've tarried long upon thy soil;
Farewell!—though coming as a foe,
I leave thee without hate or spoil;
And parting thus—forever—let
The stranger hope that you may yet
Rise from your living grave, and stand—
Before the nation's just and great—
Protecting *all* within the land—
A free and independent State.

Farewell!—thy spires are sinking fast
Behind you grey, volcanic hills—
I feel this look will be the last,
Yet no regret my bosom fills;
For all my hopes and all my fears
Are with the scenes of earlier years;
Fond memories fast around me throng,
And shall I, can I, break the spell!
One parting word—a deep, a long,
A hearty, and a last FAREWELL!

Miscellaneous.

THE INDIAN CHIEF.

The following beautiful story is said to be literally true, and was first published in a lecture delivered by Wm. Tracy, Esq., of Utica, on the early history of Onedia county, New York.

One of the first settlers in Western New York was Judge W——, who established himself at Whitestown, about four miles from Utica. He brought his family with him, among whom was a widowed daughter with an only child—a fine boy about four years old. You will recollect the country around was an unbroken forest, and this was the domain of the savage tribes.

Judge W—— saw the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Indians, for, as he was nearly alone, he was completely at their mercy. Accordingly he took every opportunity to assure them of his kindly feeling, and to secure their good will in return. Several of the chiefs came to see him, and all appeared pacific. But there was one thing that troubled him: an aged chief of the Oneida tribe, and one of great influence, who resided at the distance of a dozen miles, had not yet been to see him, nor could he ascertain the views and feeling of the sachem in respect to his settlement in that region. At last he sent a message, and the answer was that the chief would visit him on the morrow.

True to his appointment, the sachem came; Judge W—— received him with marks of respect, and introduced his wife, his daughter and little boy. The interview that followed was interesting. Upon its result the Judge was convinced his security might depend, and he was therefore exceedingly anxious to make a favorable impression upon the distinguished chief. He expressed his desire to settle in this country, to live on terms of amity and good fellowship with the Indians, and to be useful to them by introducing among them the arts of civilization.

The chief heard him out, and then said: "Brother, you ask much and you promise much. What pledge can you give of your faith? The white man's word may be good to the white man, yet it is wind when spoken to the Indian."

"I have put my life in your hands," said the Judge; "is not that an evidence of my good intention? I have placed confidence in the Indian, and will not believe that he will abuse or betray the trust that is thus reposed."

"So much is well," replied the chief; "the Indian will repay confidence with confidence: if you will trust, he will trust you. Let this boy go back with me to my wigwam—I will bring him back in three days, with an answer!"

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother, she could not have felt a deeper pang than went to her heart, as the Indian made this proposal. She sprang forward, and running to the boy, who stood at the side of the sachem, looking into his face with pleased wonder and admiration, she encircled him in her arms, and pressing him to her bosom, was about to fly from the room. A gloomy and ominous frown came over the sachem's brow, but he did not speak.

But not so with Judge W——. He knew that the success of the enterprise, the lives of the family, depended on the decision of the moment.

"Stay, stay, my daughter," he said. "Bring back the boy, I beseech you. He is not more to you than to me. I would not risk a hair of his head. But, my child, he must go with the chief. God will watch over him! He will be as safe in the sachem's wigwam, as beneath our own roof."

The agonized mother hesitated for a moment.—She then slowly returned, placed the boy on the knee of the chief, and kneeling at his feet, burst into a flood of tears. The gloom passed from the sachem's brow, but he said not a word. He arose and departed.

I shall not attempt to describe the agony of the mother for the ensuing three days. She was agitated by contending hopes and fears. In the night she awoke from her sleep, seeming to hear the screams of the child calling on its mother for help. But the time wore slowly away—the third day came. How slowly did the hours pass. The morning waned away, noon arrived, yet the sachem came not. There was a gloom over the whole household. The mother was pale and silent. Judge W—— walked the floor to and fro, going every few minutes to the door and looking through the opening in the forest towards the sachem's abode.

As the last rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the trees around, the eagle feathers of the chief were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance. He advanced rapidly—and the little boy was at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief—his feet being dressed in moccasins, a fine beaver skin was on his shoulders, and eagle feathers were stuck in his hair. He was in excellent spirits, and so proud was he of his new honors that he seemed two inches taller than he was before. He was soon in his mother's arms, and in that brief minute she seemed to pass from death to life. It was a happy meeting—too happy for me to describe.

"The white man has conquered!" said the sachem; "hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted an Indian—he will repay you with confidence and friendship."

He was as good as his word; and Judge W—— lived for many years in peace with the Indian tribes, and succeeded in laying the foundation of a flourishing and prosperous community.

A FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

To one of the numerous volumes for which the late Mexican war has furnished the material, we are indebted for the following amusing account of the exact discharge of duty by a faithful Private in a Volunteer Regiment:

A party of officers having been off to a Mexican fandango, are thus received by a volunteer sentinel:

"On the picket guard, at the pass that night was among others, one of Company G, whose name was Betts. Now, Betts was a small man, with an intelligent countenance, keen eye, and pleasant appearance; fond of a joke, and prided himself at all times, in performing strictly the duties of a soldier in every particular. He had heard the colonel's commands to the guard mentioned before; and, as the party was approaching, he was walking the narrow pass to and fro with his loaded carbine at a support. His comrades were at a little distance, soundly asleep around the guard fire, for the night was cold. The officer of the guard had, against the line of his duty, left the picket and gone into the tents of the camp ground, about half a mile distant.

The white rows of the tents shone in the moonlight beyond; but there were no lights there, for all were asleep. Betts heard the sound of the horses' hoofs of the coming party before he saw them. He stood erect. They came nearer, two lieutenants in front. 'Who comes there?' he challenged, in a quick, loud, and distinct voice, that brought them to a halt in an instant. 'Friends,' was the reply. 'Halt! Advance friends and give the countersign!' 'We have not got it. You know us: I'm Lieut. Smith, acting adjutant, and—.' 'Halt, and remain where you are,' quickly replied the sentinel, with a very significant motion towards the lock of his carbine. The two were astonished; while the Colonel, behind, hearing this, was much amused, and drew his horse up, to see it out. The adjutant commenced to speak again, but the sentinel would hear nothing but the countersign; and what that was they knew not.

Col. Thomas knew Betts by his voice, and besides could, in the moonlight, see him plainly and was really pleased to see his faithful performance of orders. After a pause of some minutes, in which he thought the lieutenants had been sufficiently troubled for not having the countersign, he advanced up to their side.

'Mr. Betts,' said he, 'I am pleased to see you so prompt and decided in your discharge of duty; and I trust the lesson will not be lost on these officers, for officers should set an example of military discipline to the soldiers. Let these gentlemen in; and depend upon it, we think much more of you for your firmness.' 'Have you the countersign?' said the sentinel to him in reply to this. 'The countersign—no!—it is not necessary for me to have it. You know me; I'm your colonel.' 'You can't go in,' said the sentinel, as he drew himself up erect before them. 'Look at me,' said the colonel, as he advanced out of the shade of some musquit bushes, on the side of the road, into the bright moonlight that played and glistened on his large epaulettes, his broad gold lace, and the gilt head and scabbard of his sword. 'Don't you know me now, Mr. Betts?' The sentinel coolly surveyed him and his horse. 'I might know you in the day time, but now I do not know you; you cannot go in; remain where you are.' 'But we must go in,' said all, as they advanced there horses up; 'there will be no harm——.'

Quickly the sentinel threw up his carbine, with his thumb upon the lock, and his finger on the trigger, and called out, 'Stop! you are near enough!' and stop they did; there was danger in proceeding. 'Here is a pretty end to a frolic,' said the adjutant, while the Colonel looked stern with vexation. They turned their horses' heads together, and held a consultation. 'Where is the officer of the guard?' said the colonel to the sentinel, who now had turned to walking back and forth across the path before them, and who showed no disposition for conversation. 'Gone into the camp,' was the reply. 'Well, send after him, then.' 'Should like to accommodate you, gentlemen, but can't leave my post.'

Here then was a predicament. They dismounted and sat on the ground holding their horses, waiting for the officer of the guard. The night was cool; the wind was and had been the whole day from the north. They tried to laugh, but they were too cold. They pleaded earnestly with the sentinel, but it was of no avail; for he, pacing his interval, would talk no more. In about two hours, (which seemed ten to them,) the officer of the guard, who had been down to the camp guard fire, enjoying himself finely thinking that it was time to relieve Betts, came up, and was astonished to find the colonel, adjutant and a lieutenant sitting on the ground, in the cold without even a blanket, shivering as though they had the ague. He let them in at once; and they were glad to get to their tents and cover themselves with blankets, etc. In the morning, when meeting Betts in camp, they complimented him highly; and he brought to the colonel's recollection his previous order that 'no one, not even himself, should pass at night without the countersign.'"

Furber's Twelve Month's Volunteer.

A SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.—Intelligence of a most distressing character was communicated to the Hon. Samuel O. Peyton, member of the House of Representatives for the third Congressional District of Kentucky, by telegraph on Monday night. The particulars, as we have been able to gather them, are as follows: It appears that a daughter of Mr. Peyton eloped, a day or two since, from her father's house in Kentucky, with a young man, who was personally unknown to her family. When the parties returned, man and wife, Mr. Peyton's brother remonstrated with the young man upon his conduct in thus enticing away his niece, and representing that the honorable course would have been to have demanded the young lady's hand of her father. Recriminations followed, when, shocking to relate, the young man pulled out a pistol and shot his wife's uncle dead. The shock of this dreadful act affected Mrs. Peyton so much that her life was despaired of, when the telegraphic despatch was forwarded. Mr. Peyton, half destracted, immediately started for his home, in Hartford, Kentucky.

BULL.—At a coffee house, a countryman of Dr. Lucas, the Irish patriot, speaking of that gentleman as a great orator, said,

"Upon my conscience, he speaks with the tongue of an *angel*, for when I heard him, I thought the *devil* was in the man!"