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. 36. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1849. NO. 15.

Election Proclamation.

WHEREAS, in and by an act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act relating to the elections of this Commonwealth," passed the 2d day of July, A. D. 1839, it is made the duty of the Sheriff of every county within this Commonwealth, to give public notice of the General Elections, and in such notices to enumerate:

1. The officers to be elected.

2. Designate the place at which the election is to be held.

I, JAMES HOFFER, High Sheriff of the county of Cumberland, do hereby make known and give this public notice to the electors of the county of Cumberland, that on the SECOND TUESDAY OF OCTOBER NEXT, (being the 9th day of the month) a General Election will be held at the several election districts established by law in said county, at which time they will vote by ballot for the several officers hereinafter named, viz:

ONE PERSON

for Canal Commissioner of the State of Pennsylvania.

TWO PERSONS

to represent the county of Cumberland in the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania.

ONE PERSON

for Sheriff of the county of Cumberland.

ONE PERSON

for Treasurer of the county of Cumberland.

ONE PERSON

for Commissioner of the county of Cumberland.

ONE PERSON

for Director of the Poor of the county of Cumberland.

TWO PERSONS

for Auditors, (one for three years and one for two years) to settle the public accounts of the county of Cumberland.

ONE PERSON

for Coroner, of the county of Cumberland.

The said election will be held throughout the county, as follows:

The election in the election district composed of the borough of Carlisle and the townships of North Middleton, South Middleton, Lower Dickinson, Lower Frankford and Westpennsborough, will be held at the Court House, in the borough of Carlisle.

The election in the election district composed of Silver Spring township, will be held at the public house of George Duey, in Hogestown, in said township.

By an act of the General Assembly, passed the 21st day of April, A. D. 1846, the election in the election district composed of Hampden township, will be held at the house formerly occupied by H. Bressler in said township. And by the same act, the election in the election district, composed of Lisburn and a part of Allen township, known as the Lisburn District, shall hereafter hold their elections at the public house now occupied by John G. Heck, in Lisburn.

The election in the election district composed of Eastpennsborough township, will be held at the house now occupied by S. Renninger, at the west end of the Harrisburg Bridge.

The election in the district composed of New Cumberland, will be held at the public house formerly occupied by W. P. Hughes, in the borough of N. Cumberland.

The election in the district composed of that part of Allen township, which election was heretofore held at the public house of Wm. Hughes, in the Borough of New Cumberland, will be held at the Tenant House of George Heck, now occupied by Robert Coffey, in said township.

The election in the district composed of that part of Allen township, not included in the New Cumberland, George Heck and Lisburn election districts, will be held at the public house of David Sheaffer, in Shepherdstown, in said township.

The election in the district composed of the borough of Mechanicsburg, will be held at the public house of John Hoover, in said borough.

The election in the district composed of Monroe township, will be held at the public house of John Paul, in Churchtown, in said township.

The election in the district composed of Upper Dickinson township, will be held at the public house of Joseph Trego, in said township.

The election in the district composed of the Borough of Newville, and townships of Mifflin, Upper Frankford, Big Spring, and that part of Newton township, not included in the Leesburg election district hereinafter mentioned, will be held at the Brick School House, in the Borough of Newville.

The election in the district composed of Hopewell township, will be held at the School House in Newburg, in said township.

The election in the district composed of the Borough of Shippensburg, Shippensburg township, and that part of Southampton township not included in the Leesburg election district, will be held at the Council House, in the Borough of Shippensburg.

And in and by an act of the General Assembly of this Commonwealth, passed the 2d July, 1839, it is thus provided: "That the qualified electors of parts of Newton and Southampton townships, in the county of Cumberland, bounded by the following lines and distances, viz: Beginning at the Adams county line, thence along the line dividing the townships of Dickinson and Newton to the turnpike road, thence along said turnpike to Centre School House, on said turnpike, in Southampton township, thence to a point on the Walnut Bottom Road at Reybuck's, including Reybuck's Farm; thence a straight direction to the Saw Mill belonging to the heirs of George Clever, thence along Krysher's run to the Adams county line, thence along the line of Adams county to the place of beginning, be and the same is hereby declared a new and separate election district, the election to be held at the public house of John Reybuck, in Leesburg, Southampton township."

Agreeable to the provisions of the sixty-first section of said act, every General and Special Election shall be opened between the hours of eight and ten in the forenoon, and shall continue without interruption or adjournment until seven o'clock in the evening, when the polls shall be closed.

And the Judges of the respective districts aforesaid, are by the said act required to meet at the Court House, in the Borough of Carlisle, on the third day after the said day of election, being Friday the 12th day of October, then and there to perform the things required of them by law.

Given under my hand at Carlisle, this 13th day of September, A. D. 1849.

JAMES HOFFER, Sh'ff.

Sheriff's Office, Sept. 13, 1849.

BOOKS! BOOKS!

THOMAS M. MARTIN, desires to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has purchased the store formerly belonging to Jacob Erb, Esq., and is now ready to supply the reading community with Books of all kinds at city prices.—He has just received the following new works:

Lynch's Expedition to the Dead Sea and Jordan.
Montague's " "
Philosophy of Religion.
Dobney on Future Punishment.
Rural Letters, by N. P. Willis.
Women of the Revolution, by Mrs. Ellet.
Thier's Consulate and Empire, Nos. 8 & 9.
Davy Copperfield, part 3.

Turner, Fisher, and Davy Crockett's Comic Almanac's for 1850, together with all the cheap publications of the day. Books ordered twice a week and strict attention paid to orders from the country.

All the Daily and Weekly Papers, &c., to be had at the old stand next door to Burkholder's hotel.

Carlisle, August 16, 1849

DR. Townsend's Sarsaparilla for sale at the Drug store of Henry A. Sturgeon.
August 16, 1849

DR. JAYNE'S Family Medicines for sale at the Drug and Variety store of Henry A. Sturgeon.

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 south of the Court House, where those having business are invited to call.

THE VOLUNTEER.

John B. Bratton, Editor and Proprietor.

CARLISLE, THURSDAY SEPT, 20, 1849.

ANONYMOUS LETTER WRITING.—If there is an individual in this world deserving of the contempt and scorn of the whole human family, it is he or she who would stoop so low, degrade themselves to such a degree as to be guilty of the mean contemptible trick of writing *anonymous* letters. Any person who would thus wantonly assail the character of an individual, under the cover of an assumed name, and more especially a lady—no, we will not call her a *lady*, for no lady could be guilty of an act so utterly detestable—we would consider it too mean and insignificant to be noticed by any person who lays any claims to respectability. So says the Norristown *Watchman*, and we endoise every word the editor has said.

The Philadelphia Times gives the following description of the steamship Susquehanna, now in the progress of building, and will be ready for launching early in the spring:

The Susquehanna is thirty feet longer than the great ship of the line Pennsylvania, which has attracted so much attention in the different ports she has visited, but her broadth of beam is much less, and her tonnage is only 2,500. She will carry but eight guns of heavy calibre; one of them, which will be placed upon her bow, will throw hollow shot weighing 268 lbs. Her machinery will cost nearly $300,000—the four boilers alone $30,000 each—and the whole vessel, when completed, about $600,000. Her crew will consist of about 300 men and boys.

THE HUNGARIAN GENERALS.—Gorgey is a tall, fine looking fellow, with gentle features, light hair and yellow, pointed beard; he wears spectacles.—Dombinski wears a long white board like a patriarch. Bem is a short, thick set, red faced, ugly looking man, with a head much too large for his body. But on nearer acquaintance the genius and character of the man cause the beholder to forget his want of beauty. His health is poor, and he goes about in a carriage. In battle he does not mount on horseback. Still he can endure a great deal of hard work, as he must do in the rapid journies through Transylvania and from Transylvania into the Banat, which make him seem ubiquitous. He drinks no wine nor spirits; his most usual beverage is sugar and water.

NO MORE MEXICAN TERRITORY.—Mr. Dallas, Ex-Vice President, in his recent letter on the Treaty with Mexico, mentions a fact which should be borne in mind by those adventurers who talk of seperating and annexing other Mexican provinces. He says:

"To such of our fellow-citizens as view with discontent the enlargement of our territory, it may be some consolation that this treaty emphatically provides against further extension south. No change is ever to be made in this boundary, except by the *express and free consent of both nations, lawfully given by the General Government of each, in conformity with its own constitution.* The stipulation is stringent and unequivocal. Its covert allusion to the annexation of Texas cannot be mistaken; and it is an inviolable pledge by both contending parties, that such a case shall never be again enacted. Tamaulipas, New Leon, Coahuila, Chihuahua, Sonora, Lower California, may seperately or together achieve independence, but, without the positive and constitutional sanction of the central authorities in Mexico, not one of them can be admitted into our Union except by manifest breach of faith."

SHOULD THE PROSCRIPTION OF SOLDIERS BE TOLERATED?—Of all the acts of wrong which the present administration has committed, the proscription of soldiers is the most infamous and reprehensible.—Never before have the brave defenders of the country, who have risked their lives and bled in her cause, whatever have been their politics, been hunted down and driven from office—proscribed as enemies of their country, by the government which they have served. And this shameful business has been done, this treacherous and treasonable warfare upon brave, patriotic soldiers has been perpetrated by a cabinet at whose head nominally stands Zachary Taylor, himself a soldier, and who owes his high official position and his power to the bravery and fidelity of many of these very men whom his minions, like so many bloodhounds, are hunting down and bringing to the block! Now what is to be the effect of this base proscription of brave men upon the future interests of this country? Will they enter their country's service in war, expose their business at home to derangement, if not to destruction, and their persons and lives to the risks of battle, if they are to receive, on their return to the pursuits of life, nothing but hatred and hostility and proscription from the government which they served? The American people should deeply ponder upon these things. They should ask themselves if the country will be able to procure defenders in future wars, if it shall be guilty of the ingratitude of proscribing and persecuting the men who are willing to risk poperty and life in its defence. The proscription of the soldiers of the wars of 1812 and 1846 is among the most atrocious of the many acts of flagrant turpitude of which the cabinet of Gen. Taylor has been guilty. We submit to the candid reflection of the American people, if such an infamous system, pregnant with such deleterious influences upon the future interests of the country, should not be stopped—nay more, should not be condemned and branded as infamous by the expulsion from power of the men who are guilty of such acts. This subject is worthy of the most serious reflection by the patriotic portion of the American people, to whatever class or party they may belong.

Washington Union.

The Chicago Democrat says there are 275 drinking establishments in that city. This is one to every sixty of the inhabitants.

"It was a nomination not fit to be made."
Dan'l. Webster.

And it is an administration not fit to be trusted.

The office of sheriff of the city of New York is said by the Herald to be worth the clear sum of $45,000 per annum.

Poetical.

IF THOU HAST LOST A FRIEND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

If thou hast lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go, call him to thy heart again:
Let pride no more be heard.
Remind him of those happy days,
Too beautiful to last;
Ask, if a word should cancel years
Of truth and friendship past,
Oh! if thou hast lost a friend;
By hard or hasty word,
Go, call him to thy heart again:
Let pride no more be heard.
Oh! tell him, from thy thought,
The light of joy hath fled,
That in thy sad and silent breast,
Thy lonely heart seems dead;
That mount and vale—each path you tr d
By morn or evening dim—
Reproach you wi h their frowning gaze,
And ask your soul for him.
Then, if thou hast lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go, call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.

Miscellaneous.

THE TEMPTED MAN;

OR, THE VICTIM OF THE BURIAL CLUBS.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

On the 18th of January last there appeared an able letter in the columns of the London Times, animadverting to the system of burial clubs, as they are at present conducted in London and the provincial towns. It appears that these lotteries of life—for they do serve no better name—are patronized by the poorer classes to an unimagined and frightful extent; and the inducement they hold out to the commission of the deadliest crime human beings can perpetrate—murder—must strike every reflecting mind. The poor man—he may be a drunkard or an unredeemed scoundrel—enters the name of his wife in the books of one of these societies, and by making a small weekly payment, averaging from a half-penny to two pence, he will receive, in the event of her decease, hominally to defray the expenses of her burial, a sum varying from three to ten pounds. A similar insurance he may effect in a dozen other clubs, no law existing to restrain him; indeed, this last practice, whereby a little harvest is sometimes reaped by the husband, appears surprisingly to prevail in some of the large towns. What a temptation is here thrown into the way of the needy as well as the unprincipled man! The whisper of the evil one—"Remove her, and a whole year of riot and debauchery is at your command!"—will too frequently be more potent than the angel voice of conscience or even the fear of ultimate discovery.

The following little narrative is penned, with the humble hope on the part of the chronicler, to throw some light on the working and moral tendencies of the associations above mentioned. Let whatever real advantages they do offer be developed to the fullest extent, but let their pernicious influences be checked by an wholesome enactment of the law. This must be the strong desire of every honest mind that has considered the subject.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE TEMPTED MAN.

A little to the north west of that region so interesting to the reader of the annals of Protestant Reformation, inasmuch as it was the grand scene of the burning of martyrs, but only interesting in our own day to the agriculturist and dealer of horned kine, as being the great metropolitan cattle mart—a little to the northwest of Smithfield, in the space lying between St. John's lane and the newly opened thorough fare, dignified by the name of Victoria street, are many courts and alleys of a very low description.—The dingy houses are principally tenanted by emaciated workers in factories and foundries, and by men who gain a livelihood by hanging about Smithfield Market, helping to pen sheep, and lending a willing hand in torturing cattle, till, through their praise worthy exertions in the latter useful employment, the goaded oxen turn mad, and dashing down into Newgate street, or Holborn, toss elderly gentlemen with silk umbrellas under their arms, and timid females in red shawls; the thing being a joke to spectators, yet anything but a joke to those thus unexpectedly lifted, while in quiet thought, perhaps, and their best clothes, between earth and heaven.

The door of a house in one of the alleys above alluded to was standing open; indeed, it was a matter of some doubt whether it was ever closed, the inmates all the day, and through a greater portion of the night, continually passing in and out; and this circumstance may be explained by the fact that there was a family in almost every room, each little community being proudly independent of the other, having separate occupations and separate interests.—The cobbler's lapstone sounded all through the day; the Italian maker of clay images, enamored of the creations of his own genius, whistled at his work; and the busy washerwoman and her assistants, with their shrill scoldings, enlivened the same waking hours. The Smithfield torturer of oxen rose at two in the morning, and the keeper of the early coffee stall spent half the night in preparing his refreshing nectar, went at three to smoke on the Smithfield pavement. It was a cheerful house, however, if noise and bustle constituted mirth, and the lives of some people are such, that they have no notion of cheerfulness apart from motion and sound. That it was a neat house, a pleasant house, and a wholesome dwelling, we are not so well prepared to assert.

In the room adjoining that occupied by the Italian image maker, and over the private show room of the hammerer on the lapstone, a family resided, consisting of a husband, wife, and six children. The man was employed in one of the neighboring factories, but being in a subordinate situation, did not receive more than nine shillings per week; yet upon this pittance he contrived to maintain those who were dependent upon him for support. Poverty, on the working classes often exerts a two fold influence; it renders one man dogged and sullen; and another who would drown care, it drives to the whiskey shop; the father of the six children was affected by the former malady.

It was evening, and the artisan being relieved from his daily toil, was making his way up almost perpendicular stairway of his dwelling. No candle relieved the darkness, and although the rickety stairs wound round and round, almost like those of a tower, and the banisters, long since broken off for fire wood, the man had no difficulty in finding his way to the top of the house, where his own apartment was situated. There was a cloud on his brow and the children who once ran to greet him on his return from labor, now shrank away as he entered, the younger ones huddled into the corners; the wife spoke a few words to him, but Clarkson, for such was his name, returned her no answer, seating himself on a three legged stool and sullenly scowling around him.

The prospect was not very cheering; habit may do much to reconcile us to the most distasteful objects; but there are some sights which will depress and harrow the heart though witnessed a thousand times. Clarkson's wife, owing to recent illness had been unable, as heretofore, to gain anything by charing at her neighbor's houses; in truth she had starved herself to put bread into her children's mouths. No table or chair was in the room; these not superfluous articles of furniture, had been sold to the little broker in Jerusalem Passage, and their places were supplied by the stool above named, and three inverted tubs, while on a large box which contained all their clothes not yet pawned, they ate their meals, that is, when a meal they could get. A low deal bedstead, with a straw mattrass, but no furniture, obtruded itself from the farther wall; the elder children slept on some old coal sacks which were thrown into a corner. The brutes will make a bed anywhere, and with shelter and straw, we think them well lodged and happy; but there is something frightful in human beings being driven to such a strait, and they sink, and contract disease, under circumstances where the former will experience no inconvenience.

Clarkson had remained on his stool for about a quarter of an hour, and had not uttered a word; his body inclined forwards, his sinewy arms crossed on his chest, and his overhanging brows were contracted by thought; it was evident something unusual occupied his mind. The children gradually creeping from their corners, spoke in whispers, and the wife prepared the miserable meal, half in anger, half in fear.

The man cast a glance at his youngest child—the healthiest of the group, the reason being no doubt, because it had sojourned in our world the shortest period. It lay on a bundle of rags, and laughed and crowed in all the spontaneous delight of infancy's unconscious days.

"How old is that child, Fanny?" at length said the father, for he had forgotten the ages of his children.

"Seventeen weeks to-morrow, Miles."

"Seventeen weeks—so—yes, that will do—sixteen is the limit; I'll enter him."

"Enter him?—what do you mean?"

"Why make the child a member, to be sure, of the burying club."

Mrs. Clarkson was by no means enlightened by this observation; but the last words, while they awoke her curiosity, caused a chill to creep over her.

"Now, Miles, what do we want to do with burying? The children though they live so hard, are all healthy, thank God. What, too, would be the use of entering that infant?"

"You talk like a stupid woman; but I see you don't know anything about it. Wait a little—by and by I'll tell you."

The bread and treacle, and the decoction from the quarter of an ounce of herb tea were soon dispatched; the three younger children were scolded to sleep, and the elder ones sent into the court to play, which meant to roll in the dirt, when Mr. Miles Clarkson, as good as his word, entered into an explanation to his wife touching burial societies, and endeavored to make her comprehend the high advantages which they offered. There sat the begrimed artisan on his three legged stool, his great fore fingers crossed, and his heavy ill favored countenance lit up with a momentary expression of keen intelligence.

The woman was leaning anxiously forward; her pale thin features seemed sharpened by curiosity, and she held her left hand to the ear, that no whispered word of her husband's might escape her.

"Why, you see, Fanny, by this paper, which my comrade gave me, and who has made all his children members, they'll put any one on their books from sixteen weeks up to sixty years."

"But what are infants entered for?"

"Infants? They'll die, I suppose, sometimes like other people, and want to be buried. I dare say, and burying an't done for nothing; twelve shillin', I suppose, perhaps fifteen, would hardly cover expenses. Now, look you, the sum to be paid for that child will be a ha'penny a week, and if the life "drops in," as they call it, thirteen weeks after the entry, we shall be paid one pound ten shillin'."

"Prodigious!" exclaimed the woman; "and all that money for our only paying thirteen ha'pennies?"

Mr. Clarkson nodded his head approvingly, for he perceived his wife was beginning to be sensible of the excellencies of burial societies.

"Then, if we can keep the member alive thirteen weeks more, the fees will be doubled; three pound—that's a fact."

The woman stared again, and pressed her hands closely together.

"I haven't done yet we've leave to enter the child in as many clubs as we like—say six clubs; *six* times three, Fanny, is eighteen. If the life "drops in" twenty six weeks after the entry, we bury for fifteen shillin', and pocket seventeen pounds five shillin'—quite a little fortune!"

The possession of such a sum all at once was more than Mrs. Clarkson had ever dared to dream of, and its magnitude overwhelmed her. But presently an expression of uneasiness and fear was visible in her face.

"These clubs seem capital things, Miles."

"They are—they're blessed things for the poor, Fanny."

"But surely," said the mother, in a tremulous whisper, "when the child is entered you wouldn't ill treat—"

"No, no," responded Clarkson, quickly, for he did not yet contemplate murder; "I wouldn't hurt a hair of the infants head. I've heard of such things, but I hope I know better."

"Thank you, dear Miles, that's right. I'd die myself sooner than injure that innocent child."

"As for its innocence," said the artisan, in a tone of bitterness, "I don't think much of that—'twill soon go; all natures in the world, I take it, are pretty much alike—'tis situation only as makes the difference."

The woman did not pretend to much philosophy; Miles Clarkson did; so the former was silent.

"I'll enter that child in six clubs," said the parental calculator, see sawing himself on his stool, and knocking his knuckles on the substitute for a table before him; "six clubs; 'twill only be three pence a week, and then if Heaven is pleased—"

The implous words died on his lips, and rising suddenly, he began to whistle. The poor woman cast her eyes on the sleeping infant—the unconscious victim—the little stranger who had not long opened his eyes on this world of crime and sorrow, and whose life was thus, to use the mildest term, to be made the subject of gambling of the basest description. An instinctive feeling on the mothers part, that such trading, such anxious waiting, perhaps hoping, for the death of another, and that other the being we have brought into the world, could not be right, filled her heart with wretchedness. She drew nearer and nearer to the infant; the very smile on its lip seemed to upbraid her, and the unhappy woman, stooped her head low, covered her face with her hands and burst into passionate tears.

In pursuance of his resolution, the artisan enrolled his infant child as a member of six clubs; this was rather moderate, for Mr. Chadwick in his report has mentioned a man resident in Manchester who insured his child in nineteen different clubs! The term of thirteen weeks from the date of the respective entries had expired, and the little member if he now "droped in," was entitled to benefit the party who insured it, and the aggregate sum to be received from the six societies would be nine pounds, while the amount paid by Clarkson in halfpence had been no more than three shilling and three pence.

The tempter was now busy with the poverty stricken man. One thought haunted him continually, and would not let him rest. Swiftly, unceasingly, as worked the wheels of the steam engine he tended, a constant succession of dreadful thoughts whirled through his brain. Wherever he walked, the same thought, like an embodied thing of evil, dogged his steps. Something shrieked in his ear, making itself heard above all the stir of busy life that surrounded him, "Let one perish for the benefit of the whole!" His other children wanted bread; his wife was in rags; harder and harder poverty griped him with her lean hand, and the harder she griped the louder the demon voice would cry, "let one perish for the benefit of the whole!"

Alas! for the gulf of darkness to which the once honest laborer was hurrying!—alas for the fatal influence which those societies exercised on his destiny here and hereafter! The lure would not have been held out—the poor man had not been a murderer, but for them.

In dreams on his wretched pallet Clarkson was haunted still, and his wife would listen to the incoherent words which the restless sleeper muttered. He would seem to make calculations—weighing advantages against probable danger; and he usually ended his incomprehensible monologue with the magic words of—"eighteen pounds!—eighteen pounds!"—Then he would start up in frightful alarm, and whispering something about officers and Newgate, bless heaven it was only a dream.

Days, weeks passed on, and this struggle against temptation continued unremitted in the breast of that unhappy man.

"Fanny," he whispered to his wife one day, "it can't last. I can't live in this manner, tortured as I am—the angels dragging me one way and the fiends another. I must either give up paying the weekly ha'pennies to the clubs, or send the child to—heaven."

The wife had long been conversant with the disturbed state of her husband's mind, and strove in the best manner she could to advice and soothe him.—She entertained a vague idea of the temptation which assailed him, but the darker deed he hinted at seemed to her too horrible to be contemplated. The murder of their offspring for money—her woman's nature recoiled at the thought, and her heart seemed to turn to ice.

No, he had begun he would not be a coward, why should he give up the benefit which the societies held out to him as a legal right?—he would continue his weekly payments, as badly as he could afford them. Twenty three weeks, not yet; his calculations taught him better; the fees will not be doubled if the member "drops in" one day, one hour, before the expiration of the term. It came at last—twenty six weeks—now then he was sure. His mind being fully made up, that is having ceased to resist the tempter, he grew calm and collected; his wife's suspicions were thus lulled to rest, even when the danger was the most imminent. Clarkson now acted with craft, so, one evening, stealing away several miles to the eastern extremity of London, where no one would recognise his person, he entered a druggist's shop. He could not obtain what he wanted there, for they never sold laudanum to strangers. He tried again at a shop in a lower neighborhood, and succeeded.

"Only two pence," thought the man as he crept home at a stealthy cat like pace; "and a small drop it seems—precious drop, though, for 'twill make that child an angel, and me master of eighteen pounds."

The chronicler must draw a veil over the scene which followed. Suffice it to say that an opportunity offered. The soothing cordial, without the knowledge of the mother, was administered to the child, and the sinless victim fell into that sleep which, on earth, "knows no waking."

There was a voice of lamentation in the poor man's house; the mother was wailing over her lost son.—She never abetted her husband in the foul deed, though fully conscious now of his guilt. The murderer sat on his accustomed stool, looking at her beneath his bent brows, half in terror at what he had done, and half in gloomy exultation, while every now and then he raised his clenched hand, as if threatening his wife with punishment if she was not silent. Who might tell the agony of that woman's heart! Her youngest born was murdered by its own father, yet was she bound to secrecy, for a word of hers would send him to the gallows. She could but sob and weep, casting looks of abhorrence at her husband, yet that abhorrence the next moment softening into pity, or giving place to love—a love which had grown like a habit, almost an instinct—love which anguish could not overshadow. No, the wife did not betray the husband; her sorrow fed on her own heart.

A short time after the event narrated, a man might have been seen going from house to house where certain burial clubs transacted their business, and as he received his fees on account of the little member recently "dropped in," and deposited the money in his leather bag, a smile too ghastly for a smile of satisfaction, passed over his harsh and forbidding features.

He had the gold now—eighteen sovereigns—there was no doubt of that; he felt his bag again, buttoned his breeches pocket, and buttoned his ragged coat over that; and when he reached his home, he counted them over again, eyed attentively the rich yellow pieces, and sounded every one on his wooden stool. Did he sleep better that night? and was he happiest the next day? No, the man was not utterly hardened by a long course of crime; he possessed some human feeling, and the voice of conscience was not entirely stifled; therefore, he was now the most wretched and abject being that ever crawled on earth, or looked upon God's sun. The gold—the Judas price of blood—seemed turned to fire in his hand, and when it was all spent, the scorpions of remorse still pierced his heart through and through. His crime, however, was not discovered, so he did not suffer the least penalty of the law, but he confessed the guilt which weighed on his soul at the hour of death. His child had been sacrificed to his base avarice, and lured by the golden bait cast by the burial societies into the troubled waters of his life he snatched at it, and was undone.

The Present Age.

We see in the intellectual movements of our times the tendency to expansion, to universality; and this must continue. It is not an accident, or an inexplicable result, or a violence on nature; it is founded in eternal truth. Every mind was made for growth, for knowledge, and its nature is sinned against when it is doomed to ignorance. The divine gift of intelligence was bestowed for higher uses than bodily labor, than to make hewers of wood, drawers of water, ploughmen, or, servants. Every being so gifted is intended to acquaint himself with God and his works, and to perform wisely and disinterestedly the duties of life. Accordingly, when we see the multitude of men begin to thirst for knowledge, for intellectual action, for something more than an animal life, we see the great design of nature about to be accomplished; and society, having received this impulse, will never rest until it shall have taken such a form as will place within every man's reach the means of intellectual culture. This is the revolution to which we are tending; and without this, all outward political changes would be but children's play, leaving the great work of society yet to be done.—*Half Hours with the Best Authors.*

A Place for Everything.

A gentleman whose bump of order was very largely developed, had a clerk in his employ, whose habits about the office was anything but orderly—nothing under his hands had a fixed locality, and every thing was odds and ends. This carelessness brought out a reproof from the employer, who after a general lecture on the subject of mal arrangements, quoted the old precept and said: "Sir, you should have a place for everything." "I have, sir," replied the junior, "I have a *great many* places for everything."

SOCIETY UPSET IN CALIFORNIA.—There appears to be what the French call a *bouleasement*—a complete overturn—of the usual arrangements of society, at the gold region; for a specimen of which see the following extract from a San Francisco letter in the Boston Courier:

Since my arrival I have seen a lieutenant of the navy, and a New York merchant, dragging a handcart, at an ounce per load; a few days since I met a professor in one of your first colleges, driving his ox team, hauling emigrants' "traps" to the "diggings," at $20 for one hundred pounds. A Georgia planter cooks my salt pork, and does the flap-jacks brown; a printer from the Picayune office keeps my books, and two young gentlemen from jobbing houses in Pearl street take care of the mules, haul lumber, and act as porters in the store, each at from $18 to 15 per day, with board. In California all labor, and one is daily furnished with innumerable sources of amusement by meeting old friend—, the artist, with buckskin trousers, red flannel shirt, and California hat, peddling newspapers; "Sun, Herald and Tribune, sir! latest dates from New York, *only two dollars each.*"

CALIFORNIA EXTRAVAGANCE.—The correspondence of the Baptist Recorder, at San Francisco, says:

"On the day of our arrival a man paid $100 for ten bottles of champagne, (the usual price,) and $30 for a large arm chair, in which he seated himself at the front of a house, drank, swore and sung and drank, till five bottles were emptied, and then broke the remaining five upon the ground, his chair against the house, and walked off in all the glory of his liberty."

NEW ORLEANS.—It is said that the present population of New Orleans is probably over 150,000, having increased about 50,000 since 1840.

Varieties.

LANGUAGE OF TREES.—There is a pathos and sentiment about some of the Eastern poets that is truly affecting. A correspondent of the Boston Post writes as follows:

Suppose a trees' long reaching limbs
Should 'gainst a window dash;
In one of nature's breezy whims,
And break it all to smash;
Amid the clatter and dismay,
What think you would the fragments say?
"Ye ministers of grace defend us!"
Not that, friend Charles; they'd cry,
"Tree mend us!"

OUT OF ORDER.—"That motion is out of order, as the chairman of a political meeting said when a rowdy raised his arm to throw an egg.

LEGAL WIT.—Henry, Erskine, the famous Scotch barrister, a great wag, was once pleading before a funny scotch judge, with whom he was on the most intimate terms, and happening to have a client, a female, defendant in action, of the name of Tickle, he commenced in the following strain:—"Tickle, my client, the defendant, my lord."——The auditors were almost driven into hysterics of laughter by the Judge replying: "Tickle, her yourself, Henry—you're as able to do it as I am."

GO IT YOUNG.—A young man aged 17, and a young girl aged 13, belonging to Providence, Pa., were married last week.

Be a man in your principles! Cherish a love for justice, truth, self-control, benevolence. Be governed by them in all things. Swerve not from the right, for any present advantage. In all circumstances show thyself a man in unflinching rectitude.

Those smiles which we assume when we go into public, are more frequently wanted at home than abroad.

Beware of him who speaks ill to you of others. He will speak evil to another of you.

A chap has been doing the good people of Detroit by selling them white horse hair rings, at fifty cents apiece, representing that the hair was pulled from the tail of the famous old "Whitey," of Gen. Taylor.

It is estimated that 10,000 slaves have died of cholera in the Southern cities.

TREES-ON.—"The tree is known by its fruit."—The exception to this is the *dog*-wood, which is known by its *bark!*

It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest that makes us fat. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned. All this is very simple, but is worth remembering.

A scape grace of a Frenchman once said, that old people were fond of giving good advice, because they were no longer able to set a bad example.

A bible and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every district, all studied and appreciated as they merit, are the principal support of virtue, morality and civil liberty.—*Franklin.*

GREAT INDUCEMENT.—A California adventurer writing to his friends, says that when he first went to the diggins he had'nt a rag on his back, but now he is covered with them.

The following most scandalous toast as given at the celebration of the Fourth at Chicopee, Mass.:

Our "Fire Companies"—May they be like old maids—always ready, yet never wanted.

When did Adam first use a walking stick?—When Eve presented him with a *little Cane.*

Parson Brownlow has a queer way of mixing up things. He says they have more and better liquor in Knoxville, than in any other town; but as a set off, there is more religion, though not of the best quality.

MY!—A modest young lady, desiring a leg of a chicken at a table, said "she would take that part *which ought to be dressed in pantaloons!*" A young gentleman, opposite immediately called "for that part which *usually wears the bustle!*"

The most mischievous liars are those who keep on the verge of truth.

Men, who have extravagant wives are observed to have sharp noses. The cause is supposed to be, that their noses are kept to the grindstone continually.

ENTICING SLAVES AWAY.—A Pennsylvanian, calling himself Wm. Edenbo, who says that he hails from Shippensburg, Cumberland county, was committed to jail at Rockville, Md., on the 5th instant, upon the charge of enticing slaves to run away.

Mr. Bancroft, the American Minister, a London letter, of August 24, says, will return to the U. States in a few weeks. During his residence in London, he has obtained valuable materials for his history of the United States. He has also searched the public libraries of Paris for important information connected with this work.

If it be wrong, don't do it; if untrue don't say it. Be this thy rule.

THE SURRENDER OF GORGEY.—The Pennsylvanian has a letter from a friend in Paris, who says: "The fact is susceptible of proof, that Gorgey the young Hungarian General, was purchased by Russian gold. Two millions of dollars were previously offered Dembinski, another of the Russian generals, but, he indignantly refused the bribe and exposed the plot. *Very doubtful!*"

The amount of money collected among the Roman Catholics of the New York Diocese, for the relief of the Pope, as officially announced, was $6,227 40.

An Irish veterinary student when under examination, was asked what he would recommend if there was a horse brought to him with a particular disease. "Och! by the powers," was the answer, "I would recommend the owner to *get rid of him immediately.*"

MR. J. M. BECK.—This gentleman, well known, in Harrisburg, as an intelligent member of the typographical profession, translator, engraver and, universal genius, at the latest advices was confined in the fortress of Rostatt, in Germany. After visiting his friends, Mr. B. was about returning to this country, when the Revolution in France broke out. The excitement in Germany immediately followed, and he remained, and has since taken an active part in the struggle for liberty, now in progress throughout Europe. They have agreed to release him, upon condition that he will leave for the United States, never to return.

Harrisburg Union.

The associated journeymen tailors of Boston have opened a clothing store of their own. This is probably the best step for the correction of the evil they labor under of low wages that they could adopt. The profits that enable one man to live in luxury while hundreds nearly starve will, properly husbanded and fairly divided, make many comfortable.

"Capital Punishment," as the boy said when the school master seated him with the girls.