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John B. Bratton, Editor and Proprietor.

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AGENCY.

V. B. PALMER, Esq., is our authorized agent for procuring advertisements, receiving subscriptions and making collections for the American Volunteer, at his office, N. W. corner of Third and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia.

IMPORTANT MURDER TRIAL.

We observe in the Somerset Weekly Visitor, of the 19th ultimo, a report of the trial of Henry Bachman, for one of the most unnatural and inhuman murders, that has ever occurred in Pennsylvania. The evidence portrays also the most superstition and ignorance which yet pervades the land on the subject of witches and witchcraft. The "Wahnsgerin," or wise woman, is mentioned by the witnesses during their examination, and to her divinations may in part be attributed the discovery of the facts which led to the arrest and trial of the defendant. It was most likely owing to the influence which such stories have over the public mind, that induced the judge, the J. S. Black, in his charge to the jury (which by the way is a fine specimen of judicial capacity) to warn them against a too ready credence of the son of the defendant, quite a lad, who was the most important witness in the cause. The defendant had gone out in the woods with his two sons, Augustus and Henry, in search of some cattle, and the youngest son, Augustus, becoming tired, or for some other cause gave offence to the father, and he struck him, according to the evidence of Henry, two blows across the back, which killed him almost instantly. The father then carried the body for some distance, and threw it in between two rocks in the mountain. The body was never found. The conduct of the father, however, was suspicious. He said Augustus was lost, but he did not hunt for him as he might have done. He refused to permit his daughter to make any alarm, and threatened to punish her if she did so. He mentioned to his daughter and wife where Augustus had disappeared. They went to the spot, and though there was snow on the ground, they saw no tracks there except those of Henry and the prisoner. He showed to other witnesses the same place he had described to his daughter. To others again he pointed out several places which different and narrated the occurrence differently. The next morning, after the occurrence, he told his daughter that when the people gathered there, no search should be commenced until he came home. He manifested great dissatisfaction and impatience with his daughter, for not causing this injunction to be strictly adhered to. The night was cold, and there was every probability that the child would be frozen to death before morning, yet he manifested the most stoical indifference in relation to his being found.

On the other hand there were some facts which seemed to be in favor of the defendant. Jonas Peck stated in his evidence, that he was at Bachman's house on Sunday just one week after the alleged murder was committed, and told what a fortune teller in Addison township had said about the transaction, when she had been consulted about it on the next day but one after it occurred. She had said that the prisoner and his two sons were at a place where there was timber cut and chips lying about. They got into a quarrel and the youngest boy was struck with a stick. Might not this have been the vague, indistinct and shadowy outline of the story which Henry told on his oath, with all the minute circumstances filled in? This was before Henry told his tale to any body, even to his mother. If the same story was started before Henry told it, it proves either that Henry made that story the germ of a false narrative, or else that somebody was smart enough to conjecture how the truth was before the natural means were furnished for knowing any thing about it.

Taking the whole evidence together, however, there could seem to be but little doubt, if the lad, Henry, Bachman, was to be believed, that the defendant was guilty of the murder charged. Yet to say ad, without distinct proof that the person said to be murdered was actually dead, seemed like an infraction of a fundamental rule of evidence—seemed like an abandonment of the proof of the primary fact in the body of the offence.

This difficulty is most intelligently placed before the minds of the jury in the following extract of Judge Black's charge:—

"The first thing to be proved, in every criminal case, what in all probability is one of the most atrocious murders ever perpetrated. To break violently into the tabernacle of human life, under any circumstances, even where hot blood and previous provocation give the impulse, is an offence most foul. But the victim of your crime was a child only nine years old, whose innocence made it impossible that he could have given you any just cause of resentment and whose weakness made him incapable of self-defence, against your causeless anger. Nay more; he was your own son and you had possessed one spark of any feeling which might become a man, you would have been willing, if occasion had required it, to peril your own life in defence of his. But you trampled on every human sentiment; and that little son whom God had sent you, to be cherished and protected, found you a heartless monster, who instead of shielding him from other men's hands, if the bloody deed was done, as there is much reason to believe it was, in vengeance for some real or fanciful wrong, which the child had committed against you, the meanness of the motive is almost equal to the atrocity of the crime. If it resulted from a sudden outburst of passion without reason which could be satisfied by nothing short of murder, you are equally unfit to live among men. The testimony of your surviving son, shows that you killed the deceased and two strong blows across the back with a heavy club; that you then carried the dead body from the place of the murder deep into the woods, from whence it was afterwards never found; that you have opposed nothing but your naked denial. To give credit to such a denial under such circumstances, would require the charity which believeth all things. We may well doubt, indeed, whether the statement, you yourself have made, be more credit to you than the fearful tale told by the

[Here the Judge enforced the principle by referring to the memorable case of Capt. Donellan, convicted of the murder of Sir Theodosius Boughton, by poisoning him with laurel water; and remarked that the memory of no high judicial officer in modern times had been more censured than that of the

Judge, who tried this cause, for suffering a conviction to take place where the corpus delicti had been so defectively proved. The court and jury had both been misled by allowing the facts to influence their judgement in determining the cause of the death.] The Judge then proceeded as follows:—

This doctrine being of the utmost importance in the present case, I will attempt to illustrate it still further. If the prisoner had said on the morning before he started out to the woods with his two sons, that he intended to kill the youngest that day—if he had then gone out and come back without the youngest—and if he had then voluntarily confessed that he had murdered him—these facts (the direct before and the confession afterwards) would not be sufficient to establish the death of Augustus, nor would they be allowed to have any influence as tending to establish it.

It must be manifest to you upon a little reflection, that the rule which requires the corpus delicti to be first proved, would be abrogated by allowing it to be proved by moral circumstances having no direct bearing on it; or by permitting defective proof on that point to be supplemented and helped out by eking up other elements of opinion with it. If you could first establish by circumstances or confessions that the defendant was guilty, and then argue from that to the body of the offence, the rule would be abolished.

In a case like this, the rule must be adhered to with the greatest strictness. In times when it was not regarded the most distressing cases of unjust convictions and executions frequently occurred. It is better that this prisoner should escape punishment, even if he be guilty, than that a rule of law, so essential to the safety of innocent men should be violated.

The fact that Augustus Bachman has totally disappeared and never been seen or heard of since the day of the alleged murder—the testimony of Henry Bachman and that of Dr. Barkey, constitute all the evidence which has been produced of the corpus delicti.

The entire disappearance of the boy alleged to be murdered is a fact entitled to some weight, if you think it more likely that he would be found if alive, than if dead. The Commonwealth says "If Augustus be still alive why is he not found or seen?" The prisoner answers, "If he be dead why have you not produced his body?" If the probabilities in the two cases be equally or nearly equally balanced, then there is nothing in this fact that ought to weigh against the prisoner.

But if you believe the testimony of Henry Bachman, who swears that he saw the murder committed—saw the dead body of his brother lying on the ground for fifteen minutes after the life had been beaten out of it by the prisoner, and then carried a mile and a half into the mountain and thrown among the rocks—if you believe this testimony undoubtingly the body of the offence is sufficiently proved. If you feel that you can rely with implicit confidence on this witness the rule of law I have laid down to you is satisfied.

The probabilities then of the truth or falsity of Henry Bachman's testimony are forcibly presented by the Judge, as follows:

"The dead body is not found afterwards—no track of the particle is discovered at the scene of the murder, no traces of blood are seen—for the stains of the chips produced by Mr. Miller may not be blood—when the rocks are examined, not only is the body not there but no signs that it ever was there is visible. No strong, clear, or well defined circumstances, in corroboration of Henry's story in its principal feature is produced.

On the other hand there are no circumstances to invalidate or overthrow it. The examination of the ground, was not made until after all traces of the murder may, naturally enough, be supposed to have disappeared. The blood could not be seen; because there was but little of it and that was shed on the snow and was deluted and washed away when the snow melted without leaving any mark on the ground. The tracks also disappeared with the snow. The body is not found, because, according to the theory of the prosecution, it was removed on the night after the murder—when, according to Henry's testimony, the prisoner was out with the shovel and mattock from a little after dark until midnight.

POETICAL.

SONG OF AUTUMN.

I come, I come, ye may hear my song,
From hill top to valley 'tis pealing along;
The loudest laugh in my wild harp string
And loudly and long do their echoes ring.

Ye may know my path by the golden grain,
And the rainbow hues on my bordered train;
By the towering maple's scarlet truss,
And her forest sister's gorgeous dress.

The wild flower bows her gentle head,
As she hears afar my conquering tread,
And the prince of the forest doth his crest,
As a beggar lowly to a kingly guest.

Ye may see my power in the night walk still,
When the starlight sleeps on the mountain rill;
Where the ripples that stemed the livelong day,
I hush in their wild and careless play.

And bid them ho! with a crystal chain,
That a sunbeam's touch might break again;
While fairy frost with her glittering gems,
Weaves me many a diadem.

Oh proudly now I career along,
And breezes are pealing my triumph song,
While earth from her arbour her treasure brings,
To lay on the shrine of the Autumn king.

But listen! I hear a note of dread,
And I see afar a heavy head,
And a freezing look from a piercing eye,
Warns me with a lightning speed to fly.

'Tis ice cold Winter, I know him well,
I have felt before his withering spell;
A grim old tyrant and lordly is he,
And its bright outright when he'll conquer me.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FEMALE CONSPIRATOR.

Louise, the Fifteenth, had just made his entrance into Strasbourg, and he believed that the free and imperial city had at length given great idea of recovering its liberty. He believed so that Strasbourg still preserved its old pride, and its innate love of independence. He had yet to learn that it could dissemble its desires, and that it was not rashly about to expose itself to the destruction that must follow from a useless risquishéd.

The Episcopal Palace which the king inhabited, had been decorated with unheard of magnificence. Opposite the castle they had erected upon the hill a magnificent triumphal arch; and on the river were to be seen men and young girls in fête dresses, who seemed all anxious to display their devotion, their loyalty, and their love for the new sovereign.

It was upon the 17th of October, that the boatmen of Strasbourg, and all the rest of Alsatia, came to present the king with the spectacle of a naval battle. Arriving two by two, and in the most perfect order, they ranged themselves on each side of the river, and prepared for the evolutions that were to precede the battle. An immense crowd passed along the river, and the roofs of the houses were covered with people.

Louis the Fifteenth, surrounded by the great lords of the state and his courtiers, took his place at a window of the castle. The spectacle that was presented to him seemed to gratify him extremely; and the acclamation of the people upon beholding him actually drew from his eyes the tears of happiness. Who, to look on the large massive features of the Alsatians, could doubt the sincerity of their joyful cries?

On a sudden an almost imperceptible movement was communicated to the crowd. All eyes then turned towards the tippet told of the river, where there was seen a small green boat, or rather skiff, of the slightest construction, and in which had a very young girl, dressed in white, who directed the lily with the rapidity of an arrow. Her oars scarcely touched the surface of the stream, and her fairylike boat hardly left a ripple on the water behind it. The dress of the young girl was that of a peasant girl of Alsace, except this, that it was richer, loftier broader, and entirely concealed her figure. Her face was the personification of modesty and gentleness, but when her large black eyes rested upon the crowd, it took an expression of boldness, and a daring hardihood that it would be most difficult to describe.

The boatmen were astonished at this unexpected apparition; and for a few moments their attention was absorbed by watching her in her downward voyage. However, as the signal for commencing their evolutions had been given, they finished their admiration by endeavoring to arrest her, in order that, by removing her from the river, the sports settled for the day might be proceeded with. She did not permit them to reach her; for sometimes avoiding, and sometimes repelling with her oars the boats which attempted to impede her progress, she, by unexpected good luck, was able to arrive beneath the very windows of the castle. There now attempts were made to seize her; but she by a species of miraculous address they were all unsuccessful. Her little skiff glided every moment among the boats of her opponents; she seemed sometimes running to meet their shock, and then by a skillful turn, she freed herself from the strait in which they placed her. Sometimes even a boatman was able to get so close to her as to put one foot in her canoe; but the instant he did so, the girl passed an oar under his foot and pitched him into the water amid the huzzas and laughter of the crowd.

The king was greatly amused at this singular scene; but as he feared it might terminate in a disagreeable manner to the young girl, he made a sign to the boatmen to cease following her; and they in obedience to the desire of their sovereign, returned to their places. The young girl thus stopped her skiff, and as the current of the river was by no means strong, she had no difficulty in making it stationary. Then, turning towards the King, she flung off the loose robe she wore, and appeared as a butterfly when it has first burst its chrysalis. Her dress was a close fitting robe of silk the waist; while beneath were white, tight fitting pantaloons; a neat kerchief was coquettishly fastened round her neck, leaving its own scale to float freely in the wind; and her hair fell in thick flaxen ringlets upon her high uncovered fair shoulders. Thus dressed she speedily took to the oars in the world who, after a long incubation, still hatch out from the hot bed of pride a sickly brood of fairy ideas, and then go strutting along in the path of pomposity with all the self importance of a speckled hen with a black chicken! I have an antipathy to such people.

to her lips, and appeared to blow him a kiss. The latter replied to her by a smile. The young girl then drew forth a slingy, placed in it a ball, and with wonderful dexterity, flung it over her head, and into the chamber where he was sitting. His majesty made a slight movement, as if, for the moment overcome by surprise; whilst his attendants instantly rose to pick up the projectile, and present it to him. It was a little black ball made of wood, and hollow, that opened by means of a spring. On the ball was an inscription, "For the King. An answer expected."

Louis, the Fifteenth, was neither timid nor suspicious; but still he did not deem it prudent to open the ball himself; but confided that duty to one of the lords of his council. There fell from the ball a scale of note, which the King instantly opened, and read in it these words:

"Sire!—There has been a conspiracy formed against you. Your life is in danger. Admit me to an audience; but it must be alone; and I will reveal to you all that I know of the conspiracy. In a quarter of an hour it will be too late. Above all things do not tell a human being why you admit me to your presence. By doing so you will greatly compromise me."

The King appeared to be greatly agitated while reading this letter. After a moment of hesitation, he wrote in a pencil upon a note, these three words, "I expect you," placed the paper inside the ball, and threw it towards the young girl. She caught it, as it fell, and having read the note, tore it into small pieces, and then smiling at the crowd that surrounded her, rowed rapidly up the stream.

In a few minutes afterwards she presented herself at the gate of the palace, and in obedience to the King was instantly admitted. At the same time, the hall in which the King sat was cleared of every person; but, as a matter of precaution, attendants were posted in the neighboring chambers.

"Charming child!" said the King, "I am deeply sensible of the interest you take in my safety. Although I do not fear for my person, still you must be conscious that an attempt upon the life of a sovereign is always a dreadful crime, and must be punished in the manner the laws have ordained for such an offence."

"Yes sir, I am conscious of it," replied the young girl; "and I know also that your noble soul is superior to all common fears. Still I have thought it my duty to apprise you of your danger, and, if possible, not permit that you should be basely assassinated. Strasbourg has given you a magnificent reception, but let yourself not be deceived by outward show. This city still mourns its lost liberty, and never will you be able entirely to subdue that feeling."

"I thoroughly comprehend what you mean; the same observation has, before now, been made to me. But let me come to the point of your visit. You have spoken of a plot."

"Yes. By a singular chance I have learned the secret. Your death has been sworn to by the conspirators; and, at the very moment when you least expect it will the attempt be made."

"Well, well, we shall take every precaution; but explain yourself more fully. What is the hour fixed upon for the commission of the crime?"

"I fear, Sire, that all precautions will be useless. The conspirators are full of guilt, and gifted equally with address and dissimulation."

"But then, if they are arrested; if the time does not suit to carry the plot into execution?"

"will the monarch, becoming a triumphant"

"Alas, Sire! there is no longer time. The conspirator charged with delivering Strasbourg of its tyrant is—myself!"

The young girl pronounced the last word in a firm tone of voice. A glance, like lightning, glared from her eyes; and, before the King could recover from his astonishment, she bounded towards him, armed with a dagger, and with a sure, steady, and strong hand, struck him right on the heart; but luckily for himself, Louis the fifteenth, wore a cuirass under his purple robe. The weapon slid over the steel, and the King, free from danger grasped the hand that still clutched the dagger.

The attendants that had been posted in the adjoining chambers, instantly appeared, and laid hold of the young girl. She remained still, calm, motionless, cold as a statue. She did not even make the slightest effort to escape. At that moment, the King was informed that the administrators and sheriffs were wishing to obtain an audience to his majesty. They were desired to appear, and it seemed that, as they proceeded to the presence chamber, some one had informed them of the attempt on the King's life; for, upon being admitted, the administrator thus spoke:

"Sire, I am rendered most miserable by this foolish, this novel; this wicked attempt to disturb the acclamation of the people upon beholding you, actually drew from his eyes the tears of happiness. We pray you, however, to direct the precious present not to speak one word of this affair. It is not proper that the slightest doubt should be cast upon the fidelity and loyalty of Strasbourg towards your royal person."

Then the administrator, turning to the young girl thus addressed her in German, of which language he knew the King and all his courtiers were ignorant—"Ger murchin das vaterland vird noch nudern flscher haben—(Go: our country will have other avengers.)

A King's attendant asked one of the identife what it was the administrator had said to the prisoner. The latter, with an imperturbable assurance replied, "He has told her that God will punish regicides with eternal damnati—n."

The young girl suffled: and then said, "Nein, no! God will have mercy on me.)

She had not yet finished speaking; when the guards entered to lead her away. At the moment in which the King's attendants were about to lead her to the soldiers, who slipped from their hands, made a bound towards the window, and disappeared. Her lovely and beautious form was raised in a minute afterwards from the ground and frightfully mutilated, and a general exclamation burst from the crowd.—She was a lunatic!"

Upon the evening of the 7th of October the wine rose, as on the preceding days; from the fountains erected in front of the castle, fire-works were exhibited, and the city was illuminated. The population appeared as gay and as happy as before the sad events we have described occurred; but Louis the Fifteenth, was no longer the same. He was sad, sorrowful; care sat upon his brow. There was no more joy for him; for those words—"Be not deceived by outward show"—still rang in his ears.

DANDIES.

They are mere walking sticks for female flirts, ornamented with brass heads, and barely touched with the varnish of etiquette. Brass heads! did I say? Nay their cripple are only half-ripe musk-melons; without one monstrous thick rind, a little brain, containing the seed of foolishness, swimming about with a vast quantity of sap. Their moral garments are a double breasted coat of vanity, padded with the silk of self complacency; their apparel is all in keeping, and is imported fresh from the devil's whole sale and retail clothing establishment. Tinkered up with broad cloth, finger rings, safety chains, soft golden vanity and complacency; they are no more gentlemen than a pistol spoon is silver. I dare—wanted a dandy as a cat does a wet floor. There are some fools in the world who, after a long incubation, still hatch out from the hot bed of pride a sickly brood of fairy ideas, and then go strutting along in the path of pomposity with all the self importance of a speckled hen with a black chicken! I have an antipathy to such people.

WOMAN'S ADMINISTRATION.

The Mother, Sister, and Daughter.

BY MRS. E. W. FARNHAM.

As the mother of her race, woman has certain physical functions to discharge in which she is necessarily exclusive. No other can be her agent, or act to the smallest extent in her stead. These functions engross most of her energies—they occupy a considerable portion of her life, and are of vital importance to the whole family of man. She is expressly designed for their discharge, and her adaptation to them in structure is as perfect an anatomical power and wisdom could make it. Her maternal duties, too, are of a peculiar and very abstruse character.—They do not require the strength of a man, but the quickness, tact, sensibility, tenderness and patience; which exist only in the sacred relation of mother.—These qualities her physical strictures prepare her to exhibit; and her strong maternal love, like a resident atmosphere, surrounds them all, and gives life and beauty to each. Let the mind dwell for a moment on the love of a mother towards her child, and we see that such an one subsists between no other beings. Earth hath nothing more beautiful, nor can mortal imagination attribute to Heaven anything more holy. It is kindled into being amid mortal agony and peril. Its object is the feeblest of animated beings, with no qualities to animate the mind, no capacity to appreciate and return the affection lavished upon it, and only a far-off prospect of arriving at such a state, with years of care, toil and anxiety between. Yet how tenderly does the mother's heart yearn over this little being! How its first feeble wail thrills upon her weary ear! How earnestly she scans its fragile form, beautiful only to her loving eyes! How gladly she now renounces the liberty which has hitherto been her happiness; and sits down for many months at the side of the unconscious little being! while her heart thrills with a strange joy during all these days and nights of vigil, mingled with pain only when suffering sits upon her infant's brow, or death hovers over its couch.

A father schemes for his own aggrandizement!—True, he looks to transmitting his wealth and honors to his children when he shall have enjoyed them.—But with him this is a secondary object. With the true woman it is the Alpha and Omega. Through life, if need be, she will toil for her child, and spend her last farthing to promote its comfort, though she mine sits upon her own lips. She will pray Heaven in his behalf, though she invoke only blasphemous curses on every other being. There is no crime she will not forgive in him, no disgrace she will not share. If all the world proclaim him a dishonored wretch, she remembers only that she bore him, and opens her arms to receive him. Her most ardent hopes and wishes follow him through life, and hover over his pathway like a smile from a better world. Death alone can quench a mother's love.

The sisters is another of the beautiful offices which is given to woman to fill. If her affection is less ardent and exclusive than that of the mother, it is equally wide spread. She is the guardian spirit of her brother, the teacher and friend of his sister, and to both these relations to the mother alone. She must be affectionate, obliging, persuasive. She must acquire knowledge, accomplish herself, refine her sentiments, discipline her feelings, and enrich the paternal home with every charm that may endear the wavering brother there, refine his character as it refined, and his principles fixed so as to resist temptation. She is the companion of the brother abroad. Her youth enables her to sympathize with him; while her strong affection and purity should, in the absence of the mother, make her daughter the representative to strengthen his integrity, to exalt his sense of truth and honor, and by a lively but unostentatious care preserve him from temptation. She may aid the mother likewise, in cultivating a love of knowledge. By means of her own intelligence, she may do much during the early years of the boy, to prepare him for intercourse with the world. She may enrich his mind by her industry, and at the same time preserve him in his weakest hours from the evils to which the world invites him. What a noble being is a pure-minded, high-souled, generous and affectionate sister! Whose heart does not warm under her influence?—What a beautiful opportunity does her station present, to plant with her own hand, flowers that shall bud and blossom on her tomb!

As the daughter, woman's duty is unfailing kindness and reverence. It is not by great deeds of sacrifice and heroism, that she will best prove her filial love and fidelity, but by the thousand little attentions which is a daughter so much minister to the sober happiness of the meridian and evening of life. Her voice, so gentle as here, in the sick chamber of the mother. No ear so keenly open to the wants of the mother; for no one so light in his service. She is the link between his feeble and failing morning and his fading twilight. While the son on whom his pride reposes, is abroad, breasting the surges of a selfish world, the daughter whom he loves, remains by his side, to bless and beautify his quiet home! She stays his tottering steps, she smoothes his bluished and wasted locks, she pours her tears of filial love and melody into the dull senses of age and decrepitude! These are holy privileges, and their very necessity is one of the most exalted schools of virtue, well adapted to draw up the bright beauty of her relation to a father.

O what were age without woman—woman in her true sphere—the Mother? Not woman abroad, languid in the labor of business; not woman engrossed in the public affair, canvassing elections, holding courts, making laws, or buying and selling goods on change; or elsewhere; but woman, shut away from the clamor of the world, at the bloom and solid fireside—providing over the children and household—cherishing with those care the chilled and aged frame with the solicitude of tried affection, supplying the unutilized wants of reviving strength, and by her presence and gentle voice pouring light and melody into the dull senses of age and decrepitude! These are holy privileges, and their very necessity is one of the most exalted schools of virtue, well adapted to draw up the bright beauty of her relation to a father.

THE PRINTER.—Dow, Jr. in one of his sermons gives the following:—"The printer is in a very distingreeable situation; his money is scattered everywhere, and he hardly knows where to look for it.—His paper, his ink, his type; his journeyman's labor, his living must be punctually paid for. You see, my man—and I have, and a hundred others I could name, have taken his paper, and you and your children, and your neighbors have been instructed and amused by it. If you miss one paper, you think very hard of the printer—you would rather go without your best meal than to be deprived of your newspaper. Have you complied with the terms of your subscription? Have you taken as much pains to furnish the printer with his money as he has to furnish you with his paper? Have you paid him for his hard work, his head work? If you have lodge his, and will pay him later?"

SUICIDE OF A MURDERER.—We learn from the Gettisburg Star, that Fredrick Smith, who was convicted during the August term of the murder of Fredrick Foster, was sentenced on the 30th ult. to be hanged. On the 27th he committed suicide in his cell, having made a rope from a part of his bed by which he had suspended himself from a bar running across the top of the cell. He had requested to be left alone during the day, and had probably been dead several hours when found. He had previously made a full confession of the murder of which he had been convicted.

A noodle swallowed 4 years ago by a young man, in Boston, was recently extracted from between his left ribs. Don't believe it.

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

A Story of a Daring Burglary.

BY UNCLE TOBY.

The Messrs. Hubert kept a very extensive jewelry establishment in one of our large cities, and for the better security of their store against fire and other casualities, they employed one of their clerks to sleep in it at night. The idea of their store being attacked by robbery was not for a moment entertained, but it was for other objects, such as security against fire, and the like, that young Loring, the clerk, slept there, for he was not supplied with any weapons to repel an attack of thieves. But one dark, dreary night he was awakened by a singular noise which resembled that which a party of burglars might produce in an attempt to enter the building, and looking toward the back windows, he soon satisfied himself that one or more persons were endeavoring as quiet as possible, to effect an entrance at that quarter. They had already removed part of the sash and shutters with their cunningly devised instruments; and must have been at work sometime before he was awakened.

"Now young Loring regretted that he had no weapon, but thro' not fear, that was not a characteristic of the young gentleman, but that he might irritate the robbers, and only a far-off prospect of arriving at such a state, with years of care, toil and safety between. Yet how tenderly does the mother's heart yearn over this little being! How its first feeble wail thrills upon her weary ear! How earnestly she scans its fragile form, beautiful only to her loving eyes! How gladly she now renounces the liberty which has hitherto been her happiness; and sits down for many months at the side of the unconscious little being! while her heart thrills with a strange joy during all these days and nights of vigil, mingled with pain only when suffering sits upon her infant's brow, or death hovers over its couch.

He slipped on his clothes quietly, and approaching the spot where the thieves were busy, he saw the head of one of them passed inside of the shutter into the store; in its owner's endeavor to guide a small hand-saw with which he was cutting a small aperture for his body to pass through.

Young Loring remarked to chop off the hand with a small hatchet that lay hard by, but he refrained and bethought himself of a powerful preparation of a caustic vitriol and other penetrating stuffs that were used in the testing of the purity of silver and other metals. One drop of this would eat instantly into the flesh and produce a poisonous sore in ten minutes time. He cautiously dropped a little upon the burglar's hand, and awaited the result.

"Bill," at length exclaimed the burglar to his comrade "I've got a cursed burning on the back of my hand. It's so sore I can hardly work this saw. Phew! how it smarts! I guess I've cut it with the saw. Hold the dark lantern here."

"Fudge!" replied his companion, "change hands then, but don't stop."

"Take the saw yourself then! I can't stand this pain!"

And while the discomfited burglar withdrew to groan over the supposed cut, the other took his place with the saw, and in a moment after received a few drops of the fiery liquid upon the back of his hand, and was soon groaning with agony.

"Curse this saw it has cut me too!" groaned the second thief.

And after sundry oaths mutually exchanged; until the first and worst attack of pain was over, they renewed the attempt to make an entrance.

The clerk permitted them to go on a while under interruptedly, knowing that at any moment he could stop their efforts by crying out, but he hoped to hear some watchman passing the front of the store upon whom he could call to secure the rogues, and he resolved to wait for this until it would do to wait no longer. But soon the burglars had so nearly enlarged the hole that they would shortly be able to force it by themselves. Seeing that he must do something to stop them, the clerk crept in the dark, close to one side of the window, and uttered a low but fierce growl in imitation of a dog. Both of the rogues stepped back at this unexpected interruption.

"For heaven sake, Jack, lend us a hand here this cursed animal is biting my hand off!" said the burglar to his confederate.

"Pull it away—pull it away quick."

"I can't."

"Give it a jerk!" said the other.

"O-o-o! I can't; murder, murder!"

This cry, added to the bellowings of the supposed dog brought the watch in good season; and the thief, who had at liberty to do so, ran for his life. The watchman's light showed Bill Sikes that he had been bitten by a pair of pinchers.

This is a fact, and occurred in New York city during the Winter of 1841: and Bill Sikes served out his imprisonment at Blackwell's Island.

Flag of our Union

A LEGAL ANECDOTE.

Recently, while attending a court held at H—— county, where Judge S. presided, a very plain question was presented for the decision of the court. It was argued elaborately on the wrong side, and when the opposite attorney (a real Paddy, who had just waded through Blackstone and Chitty, so as to enable him to obtain a license,) rose to reply, he was stopped by his honor, who informed him that his opinion was made up against him, that he would have no further argument and the thief who was at liberty to do so, ran for his life. The watchman's light showed Bill Sikes to close at one side of the window, and uttered a low but fierce growl in imitation of a dog. Both of the rogues stepped back at this unexpected interruption.

"Stop, sir," cried the Judge, "I have decided the case, and my mind is no longer open to conviction nor will I have any further argument in the case."

"Oh," said the lawyer, "I did not intend to argue the point, nor did I expect to convince your honor—I only wanted to show the court what a blasted fool old Blackstone was."

Such a shout of laughter as went up from every part of the court-house, was never heard. The stare of the sheriff or the court to control for some minutes, when Paddy was fined a dollar for his slander of Blackstone; and the court then adjourned to liquor.

"Look yeh, Pete, dux you know why your head am like a steamboat?"

"Well I jus'nt Sorrel, I'delelar."

"Why pos ignent'nt ole chick it's because is carried dack passengers."