

American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1850.

AT \$2 00 PER ANNUM.

NO. 37.

LIST OF LETTERS.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post-office at Carlisle, Pa., February 1, 1850. Persons inquiring for letters on this list, will please say they are advertised.

Armstrong Jas (tanner)	Kennedy Andrew
Atwood Alexander	Knight Alfred
Ambrose Charles	Koll Robert
Brishton Rebecca	Krysher David
Belle Rebecca	Kinsler George
Bote Anna	Lamson Benjamin
Blosser David	Lavan Emanuel
Blosser John	Lene William
Barwick Andrew	Lene George
Bowles Jerome	Lippert Susannah
Bates Jerome	Lindley Alexander
Blair John	Lehman Mary M
Bryan David	Long Sarah E
Bookwater Henry	Longstaffe Michael
Brought Capt George	M'Callister James
Brian James	M'Caughy Theodore
Brennon John	M'Hay Mary A
Brenner George Jr	M'Leh John
Bender Elmira F	Merrill Louis
Brown William	Millonist John
Breakmaker Susan	Mullville Charles
Bare Lydia Ann	Miller Thomas William
Coffman Elisabeth	Moore Sarah Ann
Cauffman Mary Ann	Moser & Co H G
Clark William B	Myer David
Clark William	Nichols James
Clark John	Nichol Michael
Coranm William	Nickay John G
Culler John	Nevill Henry A
Cricket James	Noidich William
Crack George B	Oyster David
Cramer Chubson	Orr William
Garst William	Parker H Mrs
Carothers William	Pearson Malinda
Campbell Caroline	Porter Mrs Com
Castil Sidrach	Peckard Daniel
Coxez Mary	Phillips Mrs Mary Ann
Cross John M	Rider Jacob
Cramer Jacob	Rickbaucht Jacob
Culver Catharine	Ridley Charles S
Curtay Saml	Roules Betsy
Crawe Wm H	Roynolds Elion Thras
Dace John F C	Robinson Elizabeth
Dill Margaret	Robinson Mary M
Dummar Edward M	Rohrer Cathrine
Egan Mr	Shugart Jonathan
Fleming Edward	Sherrin John
Peak Cathran	Schroth Joseph
Fabian James M	Strom Joseph
Flym Thos O	Smith Anna
Ginlin Leah	Slater Thomas
Ginlin John	Sparh Andrew
Graham Anna	Sprecker & Rohrer
Grier John	Stine Barbara
Griswood Lafayette	Stiles Daniel O
Green Joseph	Streek Friedrich
Green John	Stewart Sarah
Harlin James A	Stout John
Hammann Jacob	Stuffer John
Harrington Hanorah	Shumberger Nicholas
Hipel George	Shumberger Elizabeth
Hoff Charles D	Surgert Abraham
Hoeh Mary B	Switzer William R
Hopple Abraham	Thompson John
Hanser John	Trimble Samuel W
Hansen Rebecca	Usher Mrs Sarah 2
Hedden Margaret	Waggoner Anna
Healy Thmas	Wallis Hanne
Hecher William H	Walker Elizabeth
Hensrich C P	Walt John
Jacobs George	Walt Sarah
Kistner John	Walt Kate
Katner Jacob	Wilson Blake
Kash George Jr	Wilson William
Keller John B	West James W 2
Kell Sarah	Young William
Keller William W	Kennedy A

B. D. WUNDERLICH, P. M.

GOLDEN HORSE HOTEL.



ADJOINING THE COURT HOUSE, CARLISLE, PA.

THE subscriber, having leased the above large and commodious house, situated on the corner of the Public Square and South Hanover street, and lately occupied by Deily, L. Esquire, begs leave to announce to his friends and the public that he is prepared to entertain them in a manner which cannot fail to meet their approbation.

THE HOUSE has the most pleasant location in the borough—has been newly decorated and furnished with improved and modern conveniences to make those who may sojourn in it, comfortable during their stay. His parlors are large and well furnished, and his chambers supplied with new and comfortable bedding.

HIS TABLE will be supplied with the best the market can afford, and all who are connected with his house will be found attentive, careful, and obliging.

THE BAR will contain the best liquors the city can furnish.

HIS STABLES are entirely new and extensive, capable of accommodating from 50 to 60 horses—making it a desirable stopping place for drovers.

and will be attended by a skillful Outler. In short, nothing will be wanting calculated to add to the comfort and convenience of those who may favor him with their patronage. Boarders taken by the week, month, or year.

Terms Moderate. JOHN HANNON.
February 7, 1850.

HERE IS WHERE YOU GET YOUR CHEAP Saddles & Harness.

C. J. CARMONY, is thankful for past favors, and still soliciting his share of public patronage, respectfully announces to his customers and the public in general, that he still continues to pursue the Saddle and Harness Making in all its various branches, in South Hanover street, a few doors below Hannan's Hotel, and nearly opposite Bentz's store, in the Borough of Carlisle, where he will keep constantly on hand, or manufacture to order, every article in his line of business, such as

Saddles, Bridles, Martingales, Harness, Collars, Whips, &c., of every description and variety. Also, Briclambards, Backbands, Housecar, Cruppers, Blindbridles, Girls' single and double, and Halters of every kind, which he determines to sell cheap, so that customers and others will find it to their advantage to purchase from him. Having, from experience, a practical knowledge of his business, and a determination to use none but the best of materials, he feels no hesitancy in recommending his work, confident that it will command a liberal share of public patronage.

Good Oak Wood will be taken in exchange for work.
C. J. C.

Carlisle, Feb 7, 1850—Sm

THE subscribers respectfully inform the public that they are determined to close out the remaining stock of Winter goods, without regard to cost. Persons wishing to purchase cheap goods will save 20 per cent by calling at the cheap store of

ARNOLD & LEVI.
February 7, 1850.

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

Published every Thursday, at Carlisle, Pa., by JOHN B. BRATTON, upon the following conditions, which will be rigidly adhered to:

For one year, in advance, \$2 00
For six months, in advance, \$1 00
For three months, in advance, \$0 50
For one month, in advance, \$0 25
For a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid.
Twenty-five cents additional on the price of subscription will be required of all those who do not pay in advance.

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, FEBRUARY 21, 1850.

REQUENT TRUTHS.

In the House of Representatives, several days since, Mr. BEAUNONT, the able and accomplished member from Luzerne, offered a resolution asking that "a committee of five be appointed, whose duty it shall be, to inquire into the existing federal relations of this State, as a member of this Union, and make report of the result of their inquiries to that House." From Mr. B.'s remarks made in support of his resolution, we take the following eloquent extract:

Mr. BEAUNONT said that the raising a committee on federal relations was to him so manifestly proper, that he did not intend to say a word upon the resolution. That as the gentleman from Northampton, (Mr. Porter,) had said that he knew nothing of the design of the mover of the resolution, Mr. B., felt himself called upon to give his motives in offering it. A portentous cloud had arisen, which was beginning to overshadow our beloved country, with darkness and gloom, and already the lightning of the heavens gave alarming intimations that a fearful storm was about to burst upon us. Our glorious Union, the foundation of our prosperity, our strength and happiness, was menaced—traitorous hands were raised against it—geographical parties were again raised up to be admonished by the Father of our country, and sprung up and arrayed themselves in hostile attitude, and it was to enquire into the causes of this alarming condition of things, that he had offered his resolution. "A candid enquiry of this kind might develop the causes and spread them before the people. Great wrongs existed some where, or this excited feeling between the North and the South would not have been produced. Let these wrongs be ascertained, and the guilty authors, would be deprived of their power to do mischief, by the indignation of the people, who would crush every obstacle standing in the way of the preservation of the Union. Pennsylvania has more at stake in the present than any other State in the confederacy. It is a time she should speak out in a paternal voice, and still the troubled waters.

Awful would be the consequences of a dissolution—from being the happiest and most flourishing nation on earth, we should become the most wretched and miserable wretches would inevitably follow, and that too among a people who had shown their terrible courage, and their irresistible determination never to yield to an enemy. "When Greece meets Greece, then indeed comes the tug of war"—a scene of carnage and desolation such as the world had never known. We are not to suppose, however, that our South and the North would not have a peace and Manifesto, when the Spartan mothers sent their sons to the battle and charged them to come home with their shields or upon their shields. He implored that such calamitous times might be averted, and asked—shall some traveler in after time, when wandering over this continent, sitting on some fragment of the ruins of this city of Washington, exclaim—"here once dwelt a happy free people—here rose the seat of a proud and flourishing Republic?"

It was with the hope of aiding to save our beloved country from horrors like these, which no one could contemplate without the life-shaking chill in his veins, that he had offered the resolution. Facts, arguments and conclusions of a conciliatory character, might be put forth, and, as had been remarked by another, oil poured upon the troubled waters.

THE EXEMPTION LAW.

SENATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, FEB. 4.

Mr. Potter on presenting a petition signed by citizens of Lycoming county, praying for the repeal of the law passed last session, exempting from levy and sale on execution, property to the value of \$300, said—

Mr. Speaker—A few days since, when the subject of discharging the committed on the judiciary system from the further consideration of the petitions presented by the Senator from Potter, relative to a homestead exemption, was before the Senate, I took occasion to express my entire satisfaction with the law of last session, exempting from levy and sale on execution, property to the value of \$300. It seems that my remarks on that occasion, have roused the notes of my constituents who differ with me in opinion for I find on my table this morning, a petition, praying for the instant repeal of the act of the 9th of April, 1849, affecting injuriously the interests of the poor and middle classes of community, causing credit and confidence to be withdrawn by the more opportunist—that therefore the law should be repealed.

Mr. Speaker, I do not sympathize with the prayer of the petition I have just presented. I do not believe that the law of last session will injure the "poor and middle classes of community." I do not believe that the law of last session, will deprive the poor and middle classes of their property to the value of \$300, or that it will injure the interests of the poor. Sir, it cannot be true—Do you for a moment suppose, that you would benefit the "poor or middle classes of community" by expelling their last articles of household furniture—their last bed—their last stove—their last cow—in the tender mercy of an aversive creditor? If Senators entertain such an opinion, let them comply with the prayer of the petitioners, and vote for the repeal of the law of last session, together with all exemptions law that has been enacted, and they will promote the interests of the poor and middle classes, to the heart's content of the rich. Sir, so far from sympathizing with the petitioners, I will extend the exemption law still further. And, permit me to say, which I do with all confidence, that the day is not far distant, when it will be carried forth. The day is dawning when every family will be protected in their little nook, in defiance of the bad conduct of an intemperate father, or a profligate husband. The day is coming, say I it is now here, when it will be conceded that the man with a comfortable, permanent home, will quench sooner pay his honest debt than he who is almost distracted with impending troubles, and who is over at the mercy of an execution. Many of the States of this Union have led the way in this humane reform. Many exempt a homestead to the value of \$500, and in the absence of a homestead personal property to that amount. Ver-

most exempt a homestead to the value of \$500.—Iowa and Minnesota 40 acres of land or a lot. California exempts 320 acres of land, or a lot worth \$2000. Deseret, the proposed Mormon state, it is said, secures a home to every family. All the States and territories named having acted on this subject since the first of the year 1840. New York, always among the foremost in popular reforms, is also pressing onward in this matter. I have before me the annual message of Gov. Fish, to the legislature of that State; to which I beg leave to call the attention of Senators. On the subject of homestead exemption, the Governor says:

"While it is admittedly a primary duty of the Legislature to enact laws for the punishment of vice, it is no less its duty to remove the causes which frequently lead to the commission of crime. The impressions made upon the youthful mind, by the gentle force of paternal authority and example, and by the associations of a family life, have more potent and enduring influences which control the conduct of after life. Much of the vice that we are called upon to deplore, may be traced to the early removal of its subject from the reach of that authority and example, and from the innocent but wholesome associations of the home, however humble. The cause of morality, no less than the dictates of humanity, demand the preservation of the family circle, and the maintenance of the family home, as efficient preventives of vice, and sure and permanent protectors of individual integrity and happiness, and to public propriety and order."

Such, Mr. Speaker, are the views of the Governor of New York. They are the sentiments of a humane and far seeing statesman—and a honor to his name. In his many addresses, on this subject, the weight and sanction of his official station. Sir, I go with the Governor of the Empire State. I would care to every family a home and a hearth. I would not permit the covetous and hard hearted creditor, to drive his unfortunate debtor, naked and penniless, out upon the cold charities of an inhospitable world. The laws that authorize such a procedure should be blotted from the pages of the statute books of every State in this Union—they are repugnant to the spirit of the age, and revolting to humanity. Like the laws sanctioning imprisonment for debt, they should be repealed by every philanthropic legislator—they should exist but in the history of the past—an absolute evil. It has been truly said, Mr. Speaker, that he who sells out the last little property of a wife, and family of small children, of a rash, heedless, or perhaps intemperate husband and father, and afterwards with a cheerful countenance, goes home to feast on human hearts! Sir, among the many instances of this kind, which I have had the opportunity to view, Mr. Speaker, I cannot go of those of this view of the world, which demand the repeal of the exemption law of last session; nor can I believe that any considerable number of them do so.

ONE MONTH LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamer Empire City arrived at New York on Wednesday last, from Clagras, whence she sailed on the 29th ult. She brings San Francisco papers to the 31st Dec, brought by the steamer Oregon, which arrived at Panama on the 20th of January, and 299 passengers, and about THREE MILLIONS IN GOLD DUST. The Empire City does not bring the mails; which have probably been kept back by irregular mail carriers.

The Empire City brings a large number of passengers. She also brings gold dust, coin and to the amount of \$1,130,647.

There is supposed to be at least \$1,000,000 in the hands of the passengers.

From the New York Tribune and Herald of the 7th ult. we select the following particulars of the trip.

Among the passengers of the Empire City, are the Hon. George W. Wright, and Hon. Edward Gilbert, representatives elect from the State of California; Hon. T. Butler King, Samuel Ward, Deq. E. Harrison, ex-collector of the port of San Francisco; V. A. Duffin, formerly of Nantucket, who had several important dispatches from the U. S. Boundary Commissioner to the Secretary of State; Surgeon A. J. Bowie, U. S. N.; Lieut. Norris, bearer of despatches from Commodore Jones, and F. W. Rice, Esq., one of the editors and proprietors of the Pacific Ocean.

Fire in San Francisco.

A fire occurred in San Francisco on the 23rd December, which destroyed a large number of houses and stores, the loss amounting to about one million of dollars.

Legislative Proceedings.

The Legislature met Dec. 15, and was organized on the 17th, by the choice of Dr. T. J. White of Sacramento, as clerk of the Assembly, and E. C. Adams, Chamberlain of San Diego, President of the Senate. Gov. Burnett was inaugurated on the 20th, immediately after which ceremony the Legislature voted upon for United States Senators. Whole number of votes 46—necessary to a choice 24. On the first ballot:

John C. Fremont,	29	T. Butler King,	10
Wm. M. Gwin,	22	J. Wm. Geary,	5
W. H. Halleck,	14	Robert Semple,	3

On the third ballot:

Wm. M. Gwin,	24	Henry J. Hanly,	3
H. W. Halleck,	18	John W. Geary,	1

So that John C. Fremont and William M. Gwin were declared duly elected; Wm. V. Voorhies of San Francisco has been appointed Secretary of State; J. S. Houston, Controller; Major R. Roman, Treasurer; J. C. Whitely, Surveyor-General; S. C. Hastings, Judge of the Supreme Court; F. J. C. Kewen, Attorney-General; John McDougal, Clerk. The whole number of votes thrown in the election for Governor and Representatives to Congress was only 18,000, although the State can probably poll 70,000 votes. There were ten candidates in the field for Congress; the highest on the list was G. W. Wright, formerly of Nantucket, who had 5,651 votes the next was Edward Gilbert, of the New York V. U. voters, and one of the editors of the *Alta Californica*, who had 5,300 votes.

The Officers of the New States.

The following is a list of new State officers, Senators, and Representatives in Congress, elected on the constitution ratified by the people at the election on the 13th November last, viz:

Governor—Peter H. Burnett.
Assistant Secretary, Mr. Oliver Enrolling Clerk, A. W. Luckett; Incoming Clerk, Bela Doster; Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas J. Austin; Doorkeeper, Eugene Russell.

Officers of the Senate—President Hon. John McDougal, Lieut. Governor; Secretary J. F. Howe; Assistant Secretary, Mr. Oliver Enrolling Clerk, A. W. Luckett; Incoming Clerk, Bela Doster; Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas J. Austin; Doorkeeper, Eugene Russell.

Officers of the Assembly—Speaker U. J. White; Assistant Secretary, Mr. Oliver Enrolling Clerk, A. W. Luckett; Incoming Clerk, Bela Doster; Sergeant-at-Arms, E. H. Housat; Doorkeeper, J. Warrenson.

Poetical.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE GIRLS.

Our village looks as pretty now,
As 't was in childhood's hour.
The poplars bow'd in bush and bough,
With choicest fruit and flower.
With choicest fruit and flower,
Sifts down the hill beyond the mill,
Just where the river whirled,
And where the wind used to glide,
When you and I were girls.

Our cottage stands the same sweet thing,
So quiet and so calm—
Through the white sides still clinging,
And laid the gate with balm;
Its white front hid their voices and
Just where the river whirled,
And everything the past had bring,
When you and I were girls.

BOAT SONG.

There's merrily, boys, in the splashing oar,
The oarlocks are beautiful, brauning oar,
Looks out on the lake, it looks the shore,
Like a bird of the created world to fly.

Are we strange and hearts are true,
Merely of the waters blue,
Sail by and cheerily row we go,
Pulling, pulling, rowing, rowing!

We love our home, and we love the foam
Which splashes round us, as we row,
The bright and beautiful sound of oar,
Chicago—Ams are strong, &c.

Full, full, together, pull brightly and strong,
Our boat is a beauty, she's worthy our praise;
Pull away, pull away, with a will,
Which pulls the life of the sons of the lake,
Chicago—Ams are strong, &c.

Row gallantly, brothers, away from the shore,
Our boat like a fairy wand dances along;
Full away, pull away, with a will,
Which pulls the life of the sons of the lake,
Chicago—Ams are strong, &c.

Miscellaneous.

THE ORPHAN'S CRIME.

From the Cincinnati Nonpareil.
BY H. G. CHIFFIN.

It was a cold stormy night in December. The wind came in from the northwest, and flakes of snow fell thick and fast into the frozen streets of New York City. Few people were abroad, and those who did venture out, hurried with a shud. One of these, a young man, and drew their footsteps to the door of a wretched tenement on one of the darkest alleys in the city, were two persons, a girl and a boy. They were lying upon the floor, and endeavoring to shield themselves from the cold wind, which came driving in through the broken window panes, by shrinking beneath the tattered edges of a tin-astin quilt. Not a spark lit along the floor, and the only light came from the long dim with of a miserable tallow candle, stuck upon the crazy mantle-piece, and flickering in the strong current of air which swept through the apartment. The blackened chimney, and the wooden door, and the bricks were all dark as the night, and the only light came from the long dim with of a miserable tallow candle, stuck upon the crazy mantle-piece, and flickering in the strong current of air which swept through the apartment. The blackened chimney, and the wooden door, and the bricks were all dark as the night, and the only light came from the long dim with of a miserable tallow candle, stuck upon the crazy mantle-piece, and flickering in the strong current of air which swept through the apartment.

"The children were orphans. One week before, their mother had passed off the stage of existence, and had been buried by the aid of the town. The day after the earth had closed over her lifeless form, the children came, and found that furniture there was remaining, save the old bed and mattress, which even he did not seem to think worth taking, and gave the two lone orphans notice that he should take the apartment to some one else the first opportunity.

The girl was the elder of the two, and was evidently unwell. A severe cold had been the result of her abode in the open room, and a hacking cough had seized upon her. The evening on which we have introduced her to the reader, she was pale and swollen, and everything indicated the approach of a fever. In spite of every attempt she made to resist it, a green wood occasionally break from her forehead, and she was obliged to lie upon her back.

"Sister, you are worse tonight than ever," exclaimed her brother as one of these groans escaped her unwilling lips—"let me go for a doctor."

"No, brother, I shall be better by morning. If we only had some fire, and could warm this cold room a little, I know it would help me."

"But we have no wood," said the brother slowly. "I know it. I do not expect to have any fire. If only said if we could have some," and the poor girl buried her face in the quilt, and hot, scalding tears gushed freely down her cheeks.

Slowly the brother took the tattered covering off him, and sprang with a single bound to his feet. He was not over thirteen years of age, yet his mind had been taken for one older, as with a flushed cheek and flashing eye he took up his ragged cap from where it was lying in a corner of the room, and started toward the door. "Walter, where are you going?" exclaimed the sister eagerly, as she noticed these preparations.

"Ellen, the world owes us a living, and I am not going to starve and freeze any longer here. I am going to buy some food and wood, and ere the girl could reply, he glided from the spot. The wind seemed to whistle shriller, and the hard snow flakes beat stronger against the roof, as the lad, dressed in a worn-out suit of summer clothing, descended the risky steps which led to the alley below. He shuffled across the snow, and drawing his cap closer down over his ears, walked out of the alley, and emerged into the wide street. With heavy steps he traversed three or four squares, and suddenly came to where a large load of wood had been left lying upon the sidewalk. He stopped and gazed about him. A light shone through the window of the elegant house, in front of which the wood lay, and with a falling step, the boy ascended the steps, and rang the bell. A moment passed, then steps were heard approaching the door, it opened, and the owner of the mansion stood before him, and shivered and drew back as the freezing air touched his face.

"What do you want?" he asked, in a peevish tone, as he held the form of the ragged orphan boy shivering with cold on the steps.

"My sister is sick at home and freezing. I came to ask of you a stick of the wood which you are carrying. Our mother is dead and we are poor orphans."

A look of deep scorn settled around the face of the rich man, as he angrily answered, "Begone, I have as much use for my wood as you, without giving it away to beggars."

"But, oh, sir, Ellen is freezing!" The door closed with a heavy slam in his face; the orphan stood alone upon the wealthy man's marble steps, the only light of his life, and the driving snow still falling faster and denser into the street.

For an instant he stood, like one bereft of every hope, then raising his eyes towards heaven, he mut-

tered, "God forgive me for the deed," and descended the steps.

Once more he stood upon the sidewalk beside the elegant house, and gazed long and eagerly around him. Not a living soul was to be seen, and bending down he grasped a stick in his hands and raising it to his shoulder, again muttered "Ellen must freeze or starve!" and ran hastily from the spot.

Scarcely had he formed disappeared in the distance before the window of the mansion was raised, and the head of the owner was protruded through it, shouting in a loud tone, "Watch, watch, watch!"

"A moment or two sufficed to bring a sturdy guardian of the night to the spot.

"Which way did he go, sir?"

"He ran down the street. Can't you see his tracks in the snow?"

"I see tracks going from this pile, sir."

"They are his! follow them, arrest the thief, and I'll appear against him in the morning."

The window fell, the rich man from view, and the watchman followed the footsteps from the spot.

"With a heavy step Walter traversed the distance to his home, and ascending the rickety stairs, wrenched off a piece of board he went up, and entered the room. His sister still shivered beneath the quilt, and going to work, the brother soon had a fire blazing in the room. This done his sister arose from the bed, looked at her brother, and with a lonely orphan's side by side, sat hovering before it. They had not been seated thus ten minutes, before rap, rap, rap, came a knock at the door. Walter shuddered, and turned pale, but rising to his feet, he went and admitted the stranger, the watchman, who stood for a moment the guardian of the night stood looking around him upon that apartment of squalid poverty, and then raised his glance upon the form of the wretched sister. Then slowly advancing up to the poor girl, he resumed his station by the fire, and held his heavy hand upon his shoulder, and sternly exclaimed:

"You are my prisoner."

"What a wild cry, Ellen sprang from her seat, and clasped her brother in her arms."

"Oh, sir, you must be in fun," she exclaimed, while the tears gushed freely from her eyes, which were fixed despairingly upon the watchman's face, "what has Walter done?"

"He has stolen the wood with which that fire is made, and I have followed him from the pile by his tracks in the snow."

"Walter, why is it not so? Tell him he is mistaken, and she turned her eyes still closer around her only brother's form."

"Ellen, he has spoken the truth; I did steal that stick of wood, but not when I had asked for it, and was spurned from the rich man's door. I had to become a thief or freeze."

"Oh God, that it should come to this!" murmured Ellen, as her head fell upon her brother's bosom.

"Where are your parents?" asked the watchman, in a referring voice.

"They are both dead; sir. We have had nothing to eat for two days, and it became too cold to live without a fire. I am willing to go to the work house, sir, but will be the cause of Ellen's death; she is sick now, and will die if left alone."

The watchman had not been in office long, and was not therefore a brutal man. His heart bled for the two orphans, and he said—

"You need not go to the watch house, nor shall your sister be left alone. Come along with me to-night, both of you, and I will get you something to eat. In the morning I will take you before the Mayor."

"You need not go to the watch house, nor shall your sister be left alone. Come along with me to-night, both of you, and I will get you something to eat. In the morning I will take you before the Mayor."

The morning came, and ten o'clock saw Walter arrayed at the box in the Mayor's office, to answer the crime of theft. The orphan boy was pale, and dressed in his tattered ragged apparel, and looked more like a convict than a child, and he said—

"A little distance from his stand the accuser, the lord of the mansion from whom he had taken the stick of wood, dressed in purple and fine linen, and looking sleek and fat upon his horrid gains; some thoughts, he said, he felt inclined to read, save the boy's piteous appeal in regard to his sick sister; this was left out. When he was done, the watchman also gave in his evidence, but ere he was through, informed the Mayor of his visit to the sick sister, and of which he there saw and heard."

The Mayor tilted the helpless orphans, but the majesty of the law had been trampled upon, and as the proof was positive, he sentenced the boy to three months in the house of correction. And for what? For taking a single stick of wood from the pile of a man worth thousands, who had refused to give the boy a stick, to keep himself and sister from freezing. This, and this only was the ORPHAN'S CRIME.

THE COLORED HIS HAIR.

BY UNCLE TOBY.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." It is pleasant and sweet to die, &c.

"Did I ever tell you of the only time I tried that celebrated Russian Hair Dye?" asked a friend of us the other day.