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, MARCH 7, 1850. NO. 39.

Tavern License.

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply at the next term of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, for a license to keep a tavern or public house in the house I now occupy as such in the East Ward, in the Borough of Carlisle.

WM. MOUDY.

February 21, 1850—3t

We the undersigned citizens of the East Ward of the Borough of Carlisle, in the county of Cumberland, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named William Moudy, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

John Gillen,	Edward Shower,
Jno. Agnew,	Wm. Line,
Wm. Park,	Peter Gutshall,
Charles Flenger,	William Breeze,
John Underwood,	Adam Wareham,
Wm. Alexander,	R. M'Cartney,
Edw. Armor,	J. Rehrer,
George A. Leidig,	George Z. Bentz,
Wm. Bentz,	John Gutshall.

Tavern License.

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply at the next term of the court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, for a license to keep a tavern or public house in the house at present occupied as such by A. Wareham, in the East Ward, in the Borough of Carlisle.

WM. STROHM.

February 21, 1850—3t*

We the undersigned citizens of the East Ward, of the Borough of Carlisle, in the county of Cumberland, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named Wm. Strohm, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such Inn or Tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

Patrick Davidson,	Geo. W. Shearer,
Wm. Moudy,	William Spahr,
Adam Wareham,	E. Cornman,
Edward Shower,	Chas. Maglauchlin,
Wm. Line,	James Noble,
William Breeze,	John Underwood,
Wm. Alexander,	George M'Feely.

Tavern License.

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply at the next term of the court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, for a license to keep a tavern or public house in the house I now occupy as such, in the borough of Newville.

ELIAS DEIHL.

February 21, 1850—3t*

We the undersigned citizens of Newville, in the county of Cumberland, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named Elias Deihl, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

Samuel Ahl,	John Bricker,
Alexander Failour,	John Kinsley,
George Howar,	Jamison Hannon,
Jos. M'Dermond,	Wm. Klink,
Christian Bowermaster,	James M. Thompson,
Jacob Zeigler,	John Wynkoop.

Tavern License.

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply at the next term of the court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, for a license to keep a tavern or public house in the house I now occupy as such in Dickinson tp.

JOHN HOCKER.

February 21, 1850—3t*

We the undersigned citizens of Dickinson township, in the county of Cumberland, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named John Hocker, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

Simpson Kissinger,	Robert Eckels,
Christian Wahrly,	Elias B. Eyster,
John Chisnell,	Samuel Huston,
William M'Kinstry,	John Snyder,
Jacob Hemminger,	George Barnhart,
John Mohaffie,	James Weakley,
John Claudy,	John Kissinger,
Abraham Kurtz,	John Spence.
A. G. Miller,	

Tavern License.

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply at the next term of the court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, for a license to keep a tavern or public house in the house I now occupy as such, in Dickinson township.

ELIAS B. EYSTER.

February 31, 1850—3t*

We the undersigned citizens of the township of Dickinson, in the county of Cumberland, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named Elias B. Eyster, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

Francis H. Fulton,	James A Henry,
John Hutchison,	Abraham Kurtz,
James Moore,	A G Miller,
Isaac Peehart,	Robert Eckels,
John Mellinger,	Samuel Huston,
Jacob Seaver,	John Hocker,
Daniel Nagley,	John Mehaffie.
John Kyle,	

Tavern License.

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply at the next term of the court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, for a license to keep a tavern or public house in the house I now occupy as such, in the Borough of Mechanicsburg.

JOHN HOOVER.

Feb'y 28, 1850—3t

We the undersigned citizens of the Borough of Mechanicsburg, in the county of Cumberland, do certify that we are well acquainted with the above named John Hoover, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

P H Lenhart,	George Hauck, jr
Joseph Milleisen,	W C Houser,
John Koser,	G Starner,
Adam Hauck,	Jacob Miller,
Peter Hull,	Eph'm Zug,
Simon Arnold,	Isaac Baker,
George Altick,	Samuel Zacharias,
Philip Uhler,	Henry Carns.

Veneers.

A PRIME lot of Mahogany Veneers, just received by the subscriber. Also a lot of Morocco and Lining Skins, all to be sold cheap by

HENRY SAXTON.

February 14, 1850

Bargains!

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

February 7, 1850. ARNOLD & LEVI.

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.

Poetical.

From the Literary Messenger.

I STOOD BESIDE A LITTLE GRAVE.

BY J. CLEMENT.

I stood beside a little grave,
And saw a sister weep;
The smiling one her father gave
He there had laid to sleep.

It was her first, her only child;
Her bosom's fledging dove,
And left in desolation wild
The hopes of wedded love.

Yet why bewail the early dead
With hearts to *comfort* closed?
Of such the blessed Saviour said
His kingdom is composed.

The grave is but a "gate of flowers"
Through which the infant train
That Jesus plucks from earthly bowers
Their native home regain.

The child that grows to manhood here
May lose the way to bliss,
While those who leave o'er clouds appear
The path can never miss.

Then sister, from the darksome tomb
Lift up your tearful eyes,
And hopes that scatter all the gloom
Like daily orbs shall rise.

SAMIVEL'S VISH.

I vants to marry—yes I does—
I vants a little vife;
To comb my 'air, to vash my neck,
And be my all—my life.

Ven Adam lived in Paradise,
He did'nt live content,
Till from his side a rib vos took,
And into vouman bent.

Just think how Adam must have stared,
Ven first he got avake,
And found himself a married man,
Without e'on vedden cake.

I vish that I could do the same—
Just go to sleep some night,
And vake up in the mornin' vith
A vife to bless my sight,

I'm very bashful—yes, I am—
'Twould save me lots of trouble,
To go to bed a single man;
And vake up as a double.

Miscellaneous.

THE FATHER.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

It is the duty of mothers to sustain the reverses of fortune. Frequent and sudden as they have been in our own country, it is important that young females should possess some employment, by which they might obtain a livelihood in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When families are unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitifully contemptible it is to see the mother desponding or helpless, and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man; to-day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see! you shall see!" answered several voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor. We will work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the younger girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk withering in his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

They left their stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture were sold, and she who had been the mistress of the mansion, shed no tears.

"Pay every debt," said she, "let no one suffer through us, and we may be happy."

He rented a neat cottage, and a small piece of ground, a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one instructed in the household, and also assisted the younger children—besides, they executed various works, which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, sent boquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they plaited straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The little cottage was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I was never so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do, when we lived in the great house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees."

"Yes," replied the father, "and you make just such honey as the heart likes to feed on."

Economy as well as industry was strictly observed; nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructress to the family.

The dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines and flowering trees were replanted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine covered porch in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy dressing room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he, "shall we return to the city?"

"Oh, no," was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain where we have found health and contentment," said the wife.

"Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then" she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich and did not work. So, father, please not be a rich man any more."

The Spoiled Child.

A certain lady had a child, which she never allowed to be contradicted for fear it would make him sick. Relatives, friends, and even her husband, told her she would spoil her child, but all was of no avail. One day she heard him screaming with great anger in the garden. At the moment she ran and ascertained the cause to be, that the servant had refused to give him something that he wanted.

"You impertinent creature," said the mother to the servant, "not to give the child what he wants."

"By troth," said the girl, "he may cry until the thorning, and he'll not get it."

Enraged beyond bounds, the lady ran for her husband to chastise the saucy servant. The husband, who was as weak as his wife, cried out to the servant—

"You insolent creature, have you the impudence to disobey your mistress?"

"It is true, sir, I did not obey her; the child has been crying for the *moon* which he sees reflected in the fountain; I could not give it to him, though commanded by the mistress—perhaps she can do it."

A general laugh followed, in which the lady, despite her anger, joined. It was a good lesson, and had its effect.

Moral Gleanings.

In moral feeling there is presentiment of eternity. I know nothing more sublime and profound than the saying in the New Testament; "Our life is hid in Christ with God."

It is better to accomplish perfectly a small amount of work, than to half do ten times as much.

Keep him at least three paces distant who hates music and the laugh of a child.

Real greatness is not greater for the praise of men; it is what it is in spite of them.

Never make money at the expense of your reputation.

A Hindoo law says: "Strike not, even with a blossom, a wife, though she be guilty of a thousand faults."

Let reason go before every enterprise, and counsel before every action.

He that arms his intent with virtue is invincible.

In sickness there is no hand like woman's hand—no heart like woman's heart—no eye so untiring, no hope so fervent.

Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon the cost.

Several kegs of powder in the cellar of a house at Hollidaysburg, recently exploded, tearing the building to atoms and killing Mrs. Adams. Her husband was also badly injured, and has since become deranged.

The Assembly of the Maryland Legislature have passed a bill calling a State Convention to reform the Constitution of the State.

A beggar was captured in the streets of Paris who had in his possession property to the amount of £15,000. He was a Hungarian.

STANDING UPON HIS RIGHTS.—Some forty years ago, when a man's respectability depended much on his taking a newspaper, a certain shrewd old fellow was one morning enjoying the luxury of perusing his paper (although he labored under the great disadvantage of not knowing a single letter of the alphabet) when a more knowing neighbor of his happened to come in—perhaps to borrow his paper—observing to him that he had his paper wrong end up. The old gentleman, drawing himself up in all the pomposity of offended dignity, exclaimed: "I would have you know, sir, that if I take a paper and *pay* for it, I have a right to read it which end up I please."

An oil dealer sold some winter oil that was warranted to stand the severest cold. Last week it froze stiff. The purchaser went to the vender with loud complaints. "I told you it would *stand* the coldest weather," said he. "I didn't tell you it would *run*. You see that it stands perfectly still, and you can't make it budge."

LOVE GEOGRAPHY.—"Bob, where is the state of matrimony?"

"It is one of the United States. It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief productions are population, broomsticks and staying out o' nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve while trying to find a northwest passage out of Paradise. The climate is rather sultry, till you pass the tropics of house keeping, when equally weather commonly sets in with sufficient power to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting state consult the first pair of blue eyes you run against!"

Judge ——, of Wisconsin, though an incorrigible old bachelor, is a great admirer of the ladies, and few men are more polite or attentive to them, but "baby talk" is his abhorance. It is said of him that travelling one day in his wagon he overtook a woman and baby.

"Madam," said he, "that child must be a burden to you. If you promise not to talk nonsense to it you may ride in my wagon."

This the lady promised; but soon forgetting the scruples of her companion, she commenced with,

"Bess its little heart! So it should go ridy pidy in de coachee poachee!"

"What!" thundered the exasperated Judge, "get out of my wagon!"

A Duchman married a Yankee wife, who turned out to be an intolerable vixen. One day, when irritated beyond all endurance by her tongue, the poor fellow began to rail a little in turn. He tried, indeed, to call the woman by that very offensive but expressive epithet which signifies the female of the canine species, but choked at the thought of using so unbecoming a phrase to a lady, he gave vent to his wrath, in an ingenious circumlocution, by swearing that she was "*te wife of a tam tog!*"

CUNNING ASTROLOGER.—An astrologer foretold the death of a lady whom Louis XI. passionately loved. She did, in fact, die; and the King imagined that the prediction of the astrologer was the cause of it. He sent for the man, intending to have him thrown through the window, as a punishment.

"Tell me, thou who pretending to be so clever and learned a man, what thy fate will be?"

The soothsayer, who suspected the intrigues of the Prince, and knew his foible, replied: "Sire, I foresee that I shall die three days before your Majesty."

The King believed him, and was careful of the astrologer's life.

A Woman Killed By a Tiger.

We take the following account of the death of a "Lion Queen," at Chatham, England, from a London paper of the 20th ult:

On Saturday evening, an inquest was held at the Golden Lion Inn, Chatham, before J. Hinde, Esq., coroner for West Kent, touching the death of Ellen Bright, a young girl aged seventeen years, who was killed on the previous evening by a tiger, in the establishment of Mr. George Wombwell, which had arrived in that town for exhibition on the preceding day. The deceased, who was denominated the "Lion Queen," was going through the usual evolutions with a lion and tiger at the time she met with her melancholy death.

Stephen King, the first witness examined, said he had been in the employ of Mr. Wombwell as keeper for the last six years. The deceased was a niece of Mr. Wombwell's, and daughter of John Bright, a bugle player in the band. It was the business of the deceased to go into the dens and perform with the beasts, which she had been in the habit of doing several times daily for some time past. On Friday evening, shortly after nine o'clock, she went into the den in which the lion and tiger were kept, for the purpose of performing as usual; the tricks played by her being principally with the former animal. She had only been in two or three minutes, but had gone through the main part of the performance, excepting that of making the lion sit down in a particular part of the cage, when the tiger being in her way, the deceased struck it slightly with a small whip which she carried in her hand. The beast growled as if in anger and crouching close to the bottom of the den, stretched out its paw as if at her leg or dress, causing the deceased to fall sideways against the cage, the animal at the same moment springing at her, and seizing her furiously by the neck, inserting the teeth of the upper jaw in her chin, and in closing his mouth, inflicting frightful injury in the throat by his fangs.—He then appeared to change his position, making a second grip across the throat of his victim. A keeper who was standing on the step of the den, armed with a whip, immediately rushed to her assistance, but the animal did not loose its hold until struck over the nose violently with an iron bar, and whilst King held the animal, the unfortunate female was removed from the cage bleeding profusely, and life all but extinct. She was taken into one of the caravans, where she was immediately attended by two medical gentlemen who happened to be present at the time of the occurrence.

THE TWO SEXES.

When Adam turned from Eden's gate,
His soul in sullen musing slept;
He brooded o'er his future fate—
While Eve, poor Eve, looked back and wept.

We owe half our sufferings, in the hour of calamity, to an over-busy imagination. Were we to strip them of all the aggravations from this cause, and of all that our impatience embitters in them, and destroy the stings that our wilfulness lends to them, they would shrink to half their bulk, and lose still more of the keenness of their severity.

It has been rightly said by some right line descendant of Solomon, that woman was made of the rib out of the side of Adam; not made of his head, to top him—not out of his feet, to be trampled upon by him—but out of his side, to equal with him—under his arm, to be protected—and near his heart, to be beloved.

A RIPE OLD AGE.—Charles Herbert, a colored man, died near Boonsboro, Md., on the 2nd inst., at the advanced age of one hundred and nine years, ten months and nine days! The Odd Fellow says: The deceased came to this neighborhood about 35 years ago, and has resided in the immediate vicinity of our town ever since that period. His own account of himself is that in early life he belonged to Robert Peters, Esq., of Montgomery county, Md., who manumited him, and that at one time he was in the service of Gen. Washington, as waiter, and from the correctness of many of his statements, we believe that it was true.

VERY SINGULAR.—Some fifty years since, the family of Dr. Denormandie, formerly of Attleborough, Bucks co., Pa., received at paper written in a language they did not understand.

It was thought nothing of, except as a matter of curiosity, and remained among the family papers until lately, when it happened to be seen by some person who translated it, and behold! it proved to be a will leaving to the family an immense estate. Dr. Denormandie left three sons, and perhaps other children. Two of his sons went to Kentucky about 1818, where one of them died; the other two, it is believed, are still living.

"Is them fellers alive now?" said an urchin to his teacher. "What fellers do you mean, my dear?" "Why, Paul, and Luke, Deuteronomy, and them."

"Fashion," says Hazlitt, "is gentility running away from vulgarity, and afraid of being overtaken by it. It is a sign the two things are not far asunder."

THE WONDERS OF NATURE.—There is a tree called the Manchanel, in the West Indies; its appearance is very attractive, and the wood of it peculiarly beautiful; it bears a kind of apple resembling a golden pippin. This fruit looks very tempting and smells very fragrant, but to eat of it is instant death, and its sap or juice so poisonous that if a few drops of it fall on the skin, it raises blisters, and occasions great pain. The Indians dip their arrows in this juice to poison their enemies when they wound them. Providence has so appointed it, that one of these is never found, but near it grows a white wood, or fig trees, the juice of either of which, if applied in time, is a remedy for the disease produced by the Manchanel.

A Hoosier was called upon the stand away out west, to testify against the character of another Hoosier. It was as follows:

"How long have you known Bill Bushwhack?"

"Ever since he was born."

"What is his general character?"

"Letter A, No. 1.—'Bove par a very great way."

"Would you believe him on oath?"

"Yes sir-ee, on or off or any other way."

"What, in your opinion, are his qualifications to good character?"

"He is the best shot on the prairies or in the woods, he can shave an eye winker off a wolf as far as a shooting iron will carry a ball; he can drink a quart of grog any day; and chews tobacker like a hoss."

The following cure for the gout is taken from an old work:

1st. The patient must pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a maid of fifty years, who never had a wish to change her condition.

2nd. He must wash it well in an honest miller's pond.

3d. He must dry it on a parson's hedge who was never covetous.

4th. He must send it to a doctor's shop that never killed a patient.

5th. He must mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client.

6th. Apply it to the part affected, and a cure will speedily follow.

"I hope you will be able to support me," said a young lady while walking out one evening with her intended, during a somewhat slippery state of the sidewalk. "Why yes," said the somewhat hesitating swain, "with a little assistance from your father."—There was some confusion, and a profound silence.

Thirty-First Congress.

REMARKS OF HON. JAMES X. M'LANAHAN,

OF PENNSYLVANIA,

In the House of Representatives, Monday, February 18, 1850.

Nothing was further from my intention than to address either the House or the Committee of the Whole, at so early a day in its session. But I have been so much astonished and pained by the sentiments I have heard avowed upon this floor, that I would do injustice to my own feelings, as well as to the expectations of the sterling constituency I have the honor in part to represent, were I to remain entirely silent. Sir, not many days after the commencement of this session, an honorable member from Georgia, [Mr. Toombs,] under circumstances of the highest excitement in this hall, emphatically asserted that the dark and portentous subject of slavery lay at the bottom of all our difficulty in effecting an organization of the House; that sectional feeling, sectional prejudices were at work, and sectional lines were about to be drawn, which arrayed the North against the South. Let us for a moment revert to what has occurred, and see with what semblance of justice a charge at once so serious and important was made. A southern candidate for the Speakership was nominated by the Democratic party, and supported by the united votes of that party, North and South. A northern candidate was nominated by the Federal party for the same office, and was supported by the united northern and southern votes of that party. I have nothing to say of the guerilla troops that hung on the flanks of the great contending armies. But, sir, it is well known that the regular line of battle was drawn up according to well established party tactics. Party organization was paramount to all sectional feeling throughout the contest. Had sectional instead of party lines been drawn, how different the result; for then it is and must be perfectly evident to every one, that the conjoint vote from the North and West, irrespective of party ties, could have elected the officers, and organized the committees of this House within two hours after we were assembled together on the first day of the session. The Speaker occupies the chair in which you now sit by a party vote, and was thus invested with authority to appoint the committees. With what skill, judgement, and justice he discharged that important duty, remains to be seen—the prognostic laudations of the *Union* and *Pennsylvanian* to the contrary notwithstanding. It is true that the nominee of the Democratic party for the office of Clerk—a gentleman, by the way, who brought to the advocacy of the southern view of the question of slavery an amount of energy, and argument, and eloquence, seldom equalled, and never surpassed by the most gifted son of the South—it is true he was defeated by the desertion of southern Democrats, who saw fit to elect a southern Whig.—No one *dare* allege that this defection arose from sectional motives. It was a purely patriotic act. The vote cast a few days ago to lay upon the table the resolutions of the honorable member from Ohio, [Mr. Root,] indicated any thing else than the existence of sectional feeling on the question of the Wilmot Proviso. Thus, it must be seen, that the accusation against the integrity and patriotism of those who represent the freemen of the North and the West was as unfounded as it was uncalled for and unjust.

Mr. Chairman, does not the history of the last Presidential campaign furnish grounds to imagine that scarcely two years ago some ten or twenty thousand of the chivalrous yeomanry of the sunny South might have been seen eagerly pressing around one of their favorite orators, as he proclaimed to them the glad tidings that a political saviour had been found to relieve the South from the thraldom of northern fanaticism?—that the Constitution was safe, and the Union would be preserved?—that he gave them joy, that that candidate was Gen. Taylor, a southern man with southern feelings and southern principles? Elect him and let Congress pass the Wilmot proviso in a territorial bill, he will interpose his constitutional veto, and preserve the rights of the South. Let Congress pass a bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, his constitutional veto will protect you in your just rights. May we not suppose him as adopting the favorite and familiar language so often introduced in the resolutions of his political party of the South?—"The candidate whose claims I advocate is of us, is with us, is for us.—Elect him, preserve yourselves, your Constitution, and your country from destruction." And as his "words that burned and thoughts that breathed" fell upon the ears of his too credulous auditors, one loud, long shout of joy burst from their hearts. The day came, their votes were cast, and Gen. Taylor was elected President of the United States. The first Congress under this new administration had scarcely convened; parties were balloting for a Speaker; the President's message had not been sent in, not an intimation of his policy had been given; the House unorganized, not in a condition to legislate on the subject of slavery, or on any other subject; and a southern orator is seen rushing into the hall of national representation—

——"His eye, in a fine phrensy rolling,
Doth glance from Heaven to earth, from earth to Heaven,
And as imagination *bodies* forth the forms of things
seen,
His fancy turns them into shapes, and gives
To airy nothing a local habitation and a name;
Such tricks hath strong imagination."

Ay, sir, that same voice is heard *here*, invoking the spirit of discord to preside over your councils, until he has some assurance for southern rights on the subject of slavery, proclaiming *disunion!* and willing to dedicate himself, body and soul, to the accomplishment of this high and noble purpose. Do Southern Federalists forget Truman Smith's Southern life of Gen. Taylor? Do southern orators forget their solemn pledges to a confiding constituency? Do they forget that the redeemer of the South from northern thraldom was elected, has taken an oath to support the Constitution, and even now sits at the other end of the avenue, installed President of the United States, daily receiving *aid and comfort* from that American *Talleyrand*, the farseeing prime minister Clayton? Or have their fervent hopes "in this the winter of their discontent" for political salvation from that quarter, fallen at last into sullen despair?

Mr. Chairman, it is not my design to enter into an elaborate argument upon the various thrilling and important questions involved in the present momentous issue before the country; it is simply to state here what I believe to be the sentiments of a vast majority of the people of Pennsylvania. Sir, this war of the political elements may rage; the tempest of civil discord may howl around and within the Capitol; but there is no danger of the destruction of the republic. The memorable declaration that "the Union must and shall be preserved," is as true now as when it was uttered by the illustrious Jackson.

The "Old Keystone" of the federal arch is in the right place, and the foundations of that arch are laid firm and deep in the hearts of the people. The geographical position of Pennsylvania—the moral integrity and proverbial patriotism of her citizens, give her an influence between opposing southern and nothern extremities that always has and always must be felt in promoting the general welfare. She is emphatically the conservative State of the Union.—Receiving fewer benefits from, and conferring more on the Confederacy than any other State, her self-sacrificing motto has ever been, "Union for the sake of the Union." If she regards the Wilmot proviso as one of the political humbugs of the day, she looks upon southern nullification as another more detestable one. If she considers nothern fanaticism as a chimera, she regards southern fury as another and a greater one. Extremes are always dangerous; and if over the North and South meet, it must be alone where there is safety—in the moderation and patriotism of a middle course. It need not be concealed, and it cannot be denied that in Pennsylvania we, with a unanimity unequalled on any other subject, regard slavery as a national curse and a national disgrace. Indeed, sir, this is the noble and triumphant sentiment of the age in which we live. We sympathize in it with all our souls; and in doing so, we but keep time in the progressive march of the mind, pressing onward and upward to the attainment of the political and religious freedom of every son of Adam. But we remember the Constitution of our country, and we would not forfeit our faith to the Union by altering or erasing one jot or tittle of that sacred compact. We would leave the question of slavery where the Constitution left it—with the people of the States in which it exists. This was the solemn decision of the Congress of the United States as early as the year 1790, when the Society for the Abolition of Slavery in Pennsylvania petitioned for action on the subject. It was then resolved "that Congress have no authority to interfere in the emancipation of slaves, or with the treatment of them in any of the States—it remaining with the several States alone to provide any regulations therein which humanity and true policy may require."

As to the absolute and unqualified right of Congress to legislate on the subject of slavery in the Territories, we have not the lightest doubt. The right is given in the clear terms of the Constitution itself—so amply and so often interpreted and confirmed by a series of legislative precedents, that it is a matter of astonishment that any jurist could ever hesitate on the subject, or that even a Virginia abolitionist could have raised a quibble. But it does not necessarily follow that, because we possess the right, we ought therefore to exercise it. We may possess a right, and it may be inexpedient, unnecessary—nay, even unjust—to exercise it. To say the least of it, it is not now necessary or expedient, under existing circumstances, to exercise our constitutional right, and legislate on the subject of slavery in the territory now belonging to this government. The question is settled in Texas; and should it ever again raise its hydra head within that State, it must be in the adjustment of her boundary lines, which is clearly a matter for judicial investigation and decision. California has framed her constitution, and excluded slavery: that settles the question there—and that California will ultimately be admitted into this Union is a foregone conclusion. By the local laws of Mexico, the Territory of New Mexico, whatever be her boundaries, is free. Slavery must exist by positive law, and therefore cannot exist in New Mexico, until the will of the people abrogates the law as it stood at the time of the cession of the Territory, under the Mexican treaty of peace. The principle is a plain one. If the Canadas were either ceded by treaty or annexed by an act of Congress, they would come into the Union as Free Soil. If, on the other hand, Cuba was either ceded or annexed, she would come in as slave territory. In one case, it would require a positive law by the State itself to create the institution of slavery; in the other, to inhibit or abolish it. But should it ever become necessary to settle this point, the proper tribunal for its adjudication and decision is one to which the whole country would cheerfully appeal—I mean the Supreme Court of the United States.

Thus, Mr. Chairman, and fellow representatives, are my views, and in my humble judgement, the views of the people of Pennsylvania, briefly and, I trust, clearly, expressed on those grave and momentous questions. With us the preservation of the Union is a paramount consideration. We cling to it as the sheet anchor of all our hopes. We venerate it as the ark of the covenant of our national existence, and withered be the hand that sacrilegiously touches it. This great confederation of sister States cannot perish; it must not be. Having many members, the Republic has but one body. This nation has but one heart, and every pulsation of that heart beats high and strong for the Union. Sir, cool, cunning, deliberate calculations have been made in this Capitol, as well as elsewhere, of the value of this Union. I will not stop to point out the miserable fallacy of such calculations. My feelings revolt at the mournful task.

Judas Iscariot sold his Lord and Master for thirty pieces of silver. Conscience stung, he flung back at the feet of those who had bribed him the glittering treasure, and hanged himself. His bloated and disembowelled body fell a disgusting spectacle to the earth, and his guilty spirit went hissing to hell.—That American citizen who could betray his country and barter away the Union for there pecuniary considerations deserves no better fate.

But, sir, I say again, this Union is safe. If the President of the United States and Congress assembled cannot preserve it, twenty millions of freemen can and will; and we be unto him who, either North or South, raises the traitor cry of disunion.—An invisible but an electric chain of national sympathy binds the people of this country indissolubly together in one common bond of brotherhood. It is their pride and their glory to be one. What, sir, dissolve this Union!—a Union cemented by the highest and holiest associations of the past, the proud triumphs of the present, and the glorious prospects of the future! Never! Dissolve this Union! God of my country, forbid it!

THE CABINET.—A rumor prevails that there is some disagreement among the members of the Cabinet and that one or more will shortly retire.

A Bill has been reported in Congress proposing to change the valuation of "fips" to 5 cents, and "levies" to 10 cents.

HORRIBLE MURDER OF A WIFE AND CHILD.—A correspondent of the Eddyville Telegraph, writing from Marion, Crittenden county, Ky., gives an account of two horrible murders committed in that vicinity, on the 20th ult., by a fiend in human form, on his wife and child. She had been confined but a few days, when he dragged her from her bed and stamped her to death. The infant he starved to death, not allowing it to be nursed by its mother or any one else from the time it was born. The writer says these facts were elicited before the Coroner's inquest. The monster made his escape. He was pursued to a Woodyard on the Ohio river, where he in safety took a boat up the river.

"I wish you would not smoke cigars," said a plump, little black eyed girl to her lover. "Why not I smoke as well as your chimney?" "Because chimneys don't smoke when they are in good order." He has quit smoking.

"Pa, what is punctuation?"

"It is the art of putting the stops."

"Then I wish you would go down in the cellar and punctuate the spigot of the cider barrel, as the cider is running all over the floor."

The word "*lady*" is of Saxon origin, and is compounded of *leaf* and *dian*, *lady* being the result of the two. *Leaf dian*, or, as corrupted *lady*, literally rendered, means *feeder of the poor*. How many of those who assume the title in these days are worthy of it?—*St. Louis Rep.*

Somebody has well said, "The rich depend on the laboring poor for their work; on the merry poor, for their amusement; on the learned poor, for instruction; and on the pious poor for sanctification." Were it not for the poor, how miserably poor would the rich be; yet with all their dependence on those who work for, amuse, and instruct them, they affect an "independence" that is truly ludicrous.

"I blush at the thought," said a negro preacher, the other day during a harangue. "Yes," said one of the audience, "I see there is a great deal of color in your face."

A Western girl, after giving her lover a hearty smack, exclaimed, "Dog my cat if you han't been taken a little rye, old hoss."

We yesterday heard of a young man who commenced the study of botany, and pursued it with much enthusiasm until he discovered that flowers had *pistils*, when he abandoned it in disgust, as being altogether incompatible with his non-resistant and peace principles.