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JOHN B. BRATTON.

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THE VOLUNTEER.

John B. Bratton, Editor and Proprietor.

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Political.

SPEECH OF COL. BIGLER,
at the Reading Convention, after his nomination for Governor.

You have designated me as the Democratic candidate for the office of Governor of my native State. For the installation of your distinguished confidant, I thank you most sincerely, and through you, my fellow citizens, of the entire State, whom you represent here. The event and the manner of your nomination, are alike gratifying and encouraging to me. It has excited in my mind the liveliest sensations of gratitude and delight, and inspired me with the highest hopes of the future. I accept this distinguished honor, gentlemen, with a spirit of most profound gratitude and humility—sensible, deeply sensible, that I have realized far more from the liberal confidence of my fellow citizens, than from my own merit on my part. It is an honor which I shall not deem it my duty to attempt to discharge the duties of my official station for which you have named me.

While I am thus gratified with this event, and while I feel that I am not unworthy of the confidence which you have placed in me, I am not insensible of the responsibility which has been placed upon me. I am fully aware of the magnitude of the task which is assigned to me, and I am fully conscious of the magnitude of the responsibility which is placed upon me. I am fully aware of the magnitude of the task which is assigned to me, and I am fully conscious of the magnitude of the responsibility which is placed upon me. I am fully aware of the magnitude of the task which is assigned to me, and I am fully conscious of the magnitude of the responsibility which is placed upon me.

My first object, gentlemen, will be to discharge the duties of my official station for which you have named me. I am fully aware of the magnitude of the task which is assigned to me, and I am fully conscious of the magnitude of the responsibility which is placed upon me. I am fully aware of the magnitude of the task which is assigned to me, and I am fully conscious of the magnitude of the responsibility which is placed upon me.

The American democracy have had something to do with the foundation and progress of this mighty structure. The great democratic party, more than any other, have appreciated the true destiny of our country, and favored the progressive principles which constitute the great elements of our national success. While I have no disposition at this time to deprecate or criticize the policy of any party, I cannot refrain from alluding to some of the issues between the two parties, in which my own opinions, founded on the teachings of experience, were most emphatically wrong, and the democratic right, to say the least, was not appreciated.

The last history of the country is full of lessons of wisdom and admonition, and he is a fool, who will not consult the teachings of experience. The future is bright, and full of hope, though not unclouded, and we should consult the past, to learn how to remove the small remaining cloud in the future. It is the history of the great democratic party, which has been struggling for some time past, is not yet fully cleared. The distant surges of a mighty sea, the haven of safety is not fully attained on the one hand, nor has the Rubicon been entirely passed on the other. Our crisis is all critical, and we are playing the game of great fortune, skill, of love, of justice, and of firmness on the part of those who are now at the helm of our ship of State. If well directed she will weather the storm; if unskillfully managed, she may possibly be stranded. Seventy-five years ago she was launched on the troubled waves of political experiment, with half masts, shattered sides, open seams, tattered canvass, with discussions in the crew. While thus weak and her crew inexperienced, she encountered the waves of prejudice and doubt, and ever and anon the mighty breakers of monarchical hostility. Her very helm, and canvas, and crew, are demanded by British insolence. But she glides on and floats on. She next mounts the billows of internal dissensions fomented at Hartford, the head winds of nullification threaten her with the loss of a star from her flag; she now encounters the adverse winds and breakers of states rights, territorial rights, and the extension of slavery. The violence and confusion of this storm will nigh unmanage her helm; her canvas is rent by the waves; her majestic masts bow to the resistless winds, and her very propeller is endangered by the raging billows. The alarm came—all hands to the pumps, the common cry, and he who had heretofore rested on his oar, came; and he who had hitherto toiled in his cabin, came; these all united their efforts; they subdued the crew, they braced the sails, they turned the propeller, they raised the masts, adjusted the canvas, and guided the glorious old ship of state to the haven of safety—not quite. She is in full view, however, "masted, and canvassed, and flagged," as was never vessel seen before. Her sides are round, her bottom well covered, and her helm works well. She extends her cables for the shores, and there is but one bar, and that a sand bar, in the way of her approach. Who, let me ask, with an American heart in him, will stand by and see her stranded on this? Who will not sacrifice a tithe of his peculiar notions and interests to bring this glorious vessel safe into harbor? To maintain in good faith, my fellow-citizens, the letter

and spirit of the several measures of compromise, as adopted by the late congress as a final adjustment of the vexatious slave controversy, as a permanent do, as the democracy of the whole Union are constrained to do, may be to reach for the cable, and to tie the old vessel up safe in harbor.

Then, fellow-citizens, whether I be called to the distinguished station for which, in your profuse partiality you have named me, or whether I remain an humble citizen of an obscure corner of the state, my efforts shall be directed towards the perpetuity of our Union of States. The countless blessings of its continuance, I have no language to describe. The horrors of its prostration are too frightful to be contemplated. We should regard it as the pearl above all price,—venerate it as the ark of our political covenant, which cannot be touched without being desecrated. I know no north and no south, no east and no west—but one grand entire country, and in the language of a distinguished American statesman, "I go for the Union first and last, one and inseparable, now and forever."

Poetical.
THE SHADY SIDE.
I sat and gazed upon thee, Rose,
Across the river;
And thought the very wreath of youth
Which on thy forehead gleamed,
For, while I saw the transient rays
Within thy smile glim
A vision of the future dawn
Upon thy shaly side.

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as brave, I tell him as a crusading knight. He told me to hold my little tongue, and so I have for a full month. "The longest time you ever held it, 'Natty,'" said the Squire, coming out of the house, his chopera in his hand and his sword unbelled beneath his arm. "Ah, Edward, good evening, man. Fine day we had for the general matter, did you not?"

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"The tavern, as he came near, was so quiet that he feared the men he sought had left for their respective homes. Some light in the top, however, he hoped might find some persons assembled there. Through the window, as he approached the door, he saw that the bar-room was nearly filled with men. The next moment he was in their presence. His manner great and excited, and an air of calm and resolute beam from his eyes. There were at least twenty men in the apartment, most of them with napassacks and bayonet belts upon their persons, and the rest of the party were stacked in a corner of the room. Some of them were smoking, others drinking, and all listening to a long yarn told by one of the party, of certain exploits by himself, personally performed at the battle of Pittsburg.

Miscellaneous.
ANNETTE, THE HEIRESS;
or the Foraging Party.
A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.
BY J. H. INGRAMS.

EDWARD OGLIVE was the youngest of five brave brothers who served their country; both in the field and on the sea during the last war. Their mother was a widow of comfortable estate, who dwelt in a pleasant hamlet on a rising slope of Boston Bay, her acres overlaid with the corn, and broad fields interspersed with woodlands extended away on the right, till they met the fields and woodlands of the property of Squire Harwood, a man of substantial wealth, who had an only daughter, named Annette, and a son, who was enabled to discover a large pool of water, and he was enabled to discover a large pool of water, and he was enabled to discover a large pool of water.

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"The cultivation of the heart should be like that of a garden, where we prune and weed before we begin to plant.

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THE HEAVENLY REST.
Published by ALBERT.
There is a hour of peaceful rest,
To morning watch ere given—
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found alone in Heaven's
There is a soft, a downy bed,
Fair as the breath of eve;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose—in Heaven's
There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When 'toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
When storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—in Heaven's
There, faith lifts up her cheerful eyes,
To brighter prospects given—
And views the tempter passing by,
The aching shadow quickly flies,
And all is cheer—in Heaven's
There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys are ever given—
These joys divine disperse the gloom,
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of Heaven's.

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RED COAT vs. RED SHIRT.
Not long since, at a convivial party at which Mr. Webster and several distinguished lawyers were present, the conversation happening to turn upon the military services of the late General B. W. Babney, who had just returned from a recent expedition, the following story, Mr. Webster related to the company with a very peculiar and delightful air.