American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY" AT $2 00 PER ANNUM.

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Poetical.

From the Jeffersonian.

CUBA WILL BE FREE!

BY R. E. M.

The Cuban Sun of freedom now,
Has ceas'd to shed its light;
And Cuba's golden hopes have sunk,
Beneath the tyrant's might.
But they who fought, and they who bled,
Proclaimed this bold decree:
That man will learn to know his rights,
And Cuba will be free!

Hope ever has its ebbs and flows,
Right some times sinks to earth,
But Truth triumphant in her course,
Breathes justice into birth!
And though the patriot's cause has fail'd,
Out o'er the rolling sea,
A golden day shall yet spring forth,
To make fair Cuba free!

Then speak not lightly of the braves—
Oh! tarnish not their name—
For they who fought for Cuban rights,
Deserve a share of fame.
And though they struck the blow too soon,
They struck for liberty,
And fighting thus they bravely fell,
To make the Cubans free!

Had Lopez and his valient band,
Triumph'd in Cuba's cause,
The universal tongue of praise,
Would swell their great applause.
But he who falls in freedom's strife,
The cause to freemen dear,
Deserves the praise of patriot's tongues,
Deserves a patriot's tear!

And oh! I envy not the lips,
That shout when hopes are bright,
That only know to cheer the band,
That triumphs in the fight.
Nor can I have a heart to love—
(Nor could I wish to be,)
A champion of a coward slave,
Who loved not to be free!

What though the Cuban patriots bled,
While fighting freedom's wars;
What though the Cuban patriots fell,
All cover'd with their scars!
Oh! they have fought and they have fell,
To fill their destiny—
To wake the Cubans to their rights,
That tell them to be free!

But night has never been so dark,
That day did not return;
Nor mangled justice bled in vain,
While freedom's fires burn.
And Right shall spring afresh from Earth,
To justify her cause,
While Fame, triumphing in her strength,
Shall spr[illegible] glad applause!

The blood of murder'd freemen now,
Has stained that lovely isle,
The blood-hounds glut themselves on gore,
And tyrant's rule the while.
But million voices will unite,
And million tongues decree,
That freedom's sons will lend their might,
And Cuba shall be free!

Miscellaneous.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE BLIND GOD.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

All ages, all people, have believed in Special Providences. The heathen believed in favoritism exercised by the gods, in their protecting and favoring certain individuals, to the exclusion of others. It is the privilege of the Christian to believe in the special providence of a paternal God manifested to every child of man, and which, sooner or later, during his wandering through the many mansions of existence, will clearly be disclosed to him. "God enters by a private door to every individual!" says one of America's most genial writers. So in his heart, so in house, or outward world. And though that divine visitation does, for many persons, not take place during their stay on earth, there are several instances in which it is so clearly seen, even here, that we cannot help exclaiming, "It is the Lord!" Such an instance we would give, in the following story of two yet living individuals. And that the blind god is here made the messenger of the seeing one, will not impair his reputation.

The young Charles A. followed, as physician, with the Swedish army, when that, in the year 1844, with threatening movement entered the valleys of Norway, then resisting the annoxation to Sweden, resolved upon by the European monarchs at the Congress of Vienna. A dangerous disease of the eyes broke out in the camp. The young and talented physician exerted himself in its cure with as much assiduity as good luck. All the patients recovered, but he himself finally caught the disease, and to him alone it proved fatal. No help would help him. His eyeballs burst, and his sight was lost without remedy. He was about five and twenty years of age when he thus was bereft of the sight of the day. He was a young man of the highest promise, handsome in person, ardent, aspiring, and gifted with rare faculties for his profession. He was ambitious; and visions of future fame and greatness had, as brilliant stars, beckoned him onward. To be, from these sunny heights, cast down and shut up in the abyss of utter darkness, was a dreadful shock to such a mind. It was to be buried alive. So he felt it. Life was to him a blank, and worse than a blank. His active soul preyed upon itself. And though he grappled sternly with his destiny, bearing without complaint what he must bear, black melancholy seized upon his mind, and made him savage and solitary. He shut himself up from the company of his fellow creatures, and seemed to waste away.

"It must not be so!" said to him, one day, a kind and earnest friend; "it must be otherwise with you. Come, let us go together into the country, among forests and birds and people there, and see if they will not give us a better feeling of life than this close and smoky city. Come, I am going to see my relations in Wirmland, and that is about a hundred miles from here; come with me—be my companion; we will make friends with nature and men, and forget all our sorrows."

The good friend carried his point, and went off with Charles on his journey. On the second day after their departure, they stopped at a little country town to change their horses. "Wait for me here a moment," said Charles' friend to him after having led him into a room at the tavern. "I will be back within half an hour, and we will proceed on our journey." He went away, and Charles waited half an hour, and then another, and yet another half hour, and still the friend did not come back. Impatient and anxious, the blind young man began to walk about the house, feeling his way with his stick. He found his way out into the vestry, and hearing light footsteps on the staircase, he called out, asking who was there.

"Who is it that calls?" answered a young female voice.

The blind man named himself, his condition, his friend, and his anxiety about him.

"Charles A.!" repeated the voice; "oh, then you are my cousin, and I have heard of you, and, I dare say, you of me and my family, though we have never seen one another. My name is Maria W. My father and myself are on our way home to our country place in the vicinity of this town, after a journey of some weeks. Permit me to lead you to my father's room, while we will make inquiries for your friend."

Charles's hand was clasped by that of Maria, and he was led by her to her father.

Inquiries were made for their friend, which brought the melancholy tidings that he had, in the street, been seized by an attack of apoplexy, taken into an apothecary's shop, and expired an hour afterwards without recovering his senses.

Maria and her father took Charles with them to their home in the country. Maria felt as if a brother had been given unto her whom she sought to comfort and care for. Her whole woman's heart was moved for the solitary sufferer. She led him about in the forests on the green meadows around her home. She made him feel the fresh, sweet, perfumed air; made him smell the flowers of the field, listen to the birds and singing brooks. It was spring then, and the birchwood putting forth its leaves filled the air with fragrance. The skylark—that wonderful bird which America, with her riches and all her wonders, has not—the lark, circling in the azure sky, made the space ring with song; and every little rivulet in the fields warbled joyously, winding its way through mosses and grasses.—Charles and Maria wandered hand in hand in that beautiful and expanding nature, as two beautiful and happy spirits. Then they were happy there, in the company of one another. Charles awakened to new life. Near Maria, he felt as if he saw the green fields, the sunshine, the blue sky that she saw. His sense of smell, his feelings, his ear opened with delight to the fragrance, the winds, the sounds which surrounded him, like loving, ministering spirits. And the lovely girl, his faithful companion, shared and heightened still more every happy feeling. She brought to him the flowers, the grasses and mosses, and described them to him.—He told her their names, their qualities, their life; told her much of the great mysterious life in nature. In the evenings she read to him, or he played to her on the piano; and that talent, which he had early acquired, developed itself at once with a power and beauty which was a surprise as well as delight to himself. The harmonies of life, of creation, which now dawned upon his soul, were embodied in his music, and his soul seemed to rise and expand on its wings. Even his intellectual powers acquired new strength and thoughts, and words came to him which made him a poet. His health, his strength came again—he was again, though deprived of his eyes, the handsome Charles A.

So passed a year. Then came a crash, which threatened to destroy the innocent happiness of the two lovers—for lovers they were, though they had never said nor thought of it. Maria's father died, and his creditors seized upon his fortune. All debts being paid, nothing remained for his only child but a small annuity, scarcely enough for her support.

"What shall we now do," said Charles, and with a smile, which only served more to set off the deep melancholy of his feeling, he added, "I can only play for you!"

"And I shall work for you!" exclaimed Maria, with a sudden inspiration, and with cheerful firmness she went on: "Charles, we must not part. I shall work for you, for us both. I can—I will.—When I was very young, I used to make dolls, representing our peasantry in different provinces in their provincial costumes, and other toys for children, and had them sold at the fairs to procure me some needle money beyond what my father allowed me, and it was astonishing how much I made by it. Now, I will again take up the play of my childish years, and make earnest of it. And I have the feeling that I shall succeed, and by that means get a livelihood for us both. Then we must not part."

"Maria, my sweet companion, my dear Maria, how good and noble you are! But I cannot consent. No, I cannot be so selfish. You must not, in the bloom of your life, be chained to the destiny of a blind man; indeed you must not. Ah! if I was not poor, or if I was a man that could support you, do something for you, oh then how blessed should I be with you. But now, infirm, unable—"

"Be still, Charles. Speak not so. You know better. You say I must not. Charles, you know I must. You must feel that, seperated from you, I never more could be happy; that life would be worthless to me, if I cannot devote it to you, serve you, love you! Oh, yes, Charles, now I may say it, for I know it is so. I love you, and must always love you! And can you do nothing for me, Charles? Cannot you love me—then I know you do—and be happy with me? And cannot you talk to me and play to me as nobody else can? Oh, Charles, since I am with you, a new being has awakened within me. The whole world seems changed; it has become more wide, more beautiful; life seems ennobled. When I hear your music, all mysteries in heaven and earth seems disclosed to me; all care seems so little, all goodness so great, and every discord is of life is solved in harmony. And is that nothing, to impart such life, such delight? Ah, say rather that it is nothing that I can do for you. I can work for you—yes, and cherish you, and lead you as your servant or your dog. But gladly will I take up my humbler part, and thank Him that has appointed it to me. Charles, let us both thank Him and obey Him, for He has given you to me, and me to you, as help and joy in life. Do you not feel, do you not know, do you not see it, dear?"

He knew, he felt, he saw it all. The light and joy of love dawned upon the blind man. Clasping the dear inspired girl to his breast, his heart beating against her heart, he looked into her soul, in his own, looked out in futurity, time, eternity, and saw all lit up as by a rising sun; all was clear and sure.—Glistening tears of joy started from his eyes.

"Come!" said he, "come, let us go to the altar!"

They were married. From the alter she led him to their new home, a neat and comfortable little dwelling, provided by one part of their small fortune. There was his piano, and there, in the same room, was her working desk. There they sat together.—How pleasantly she worked away while she was listening to his music. Then came the regular walk, before dinner, in the open air; then the little dinner, always heartily enjoyed. When evening came, Maria reposed from her work, and read to her husband, or wrote what he dictated, thoughts, poetry to her very dear. Often would a friend drop in, take part in their tea, and enliven the hour with news from without, or pleasant talk. So years glided swiftly and peacefully away, Maria succeeded in her plans; her dolls and toys for children enabled her to sustain prettily the household. She even could afford now and then, to treat her husband with some of the little luxuries of life. His happy smile was the sunshine of her soul.

When I saw them they were old. They were walking under shady trees, arm in arm. It was a summer's day. His hair was silver grey, and fell down in graceful locks; her dress was white;—they looked noble and serene.

"See, that is beautiful!" said my companion taking off his hat to them. "She is with him always, so gentle and cheerful. They are a happy pair!"

And he told me the story.

Alphabet of Faces.

It is related of Garrick, an English comedian, that passing along the street one day, and observing a hackney coach standing at the corner, awaiting passengers, as is usual in large cities, he hailed the driver, inquiring if he had made out his compliment. "No, sir,—get in," was the prompt reply; upon which Garrick speedily appropriated to himself, one seat in the empty coach. Presently another man presented himself; another, and another entered the carriage, until the driver, supposing the seats were all occupied, prepared to drive off, when a man, panting for breath, (books and umbrella in hand,) hailed him with "stop, driver! another passenger," and had already seized the door, when he was coolly informed that he could not be accommodated. He reiterated loudly that there was room enough for half a dozen; as is often the case, a great altercation about a little matter ensued, the driver constantly affirming that there was no room, and the tenacious would-be passenger, as often giving him the lie. At length the driver dismounting in a rage looked into the vehicle, when to! to his infinite chagrin and astonishment, he saw nobody but our hero snugly ensconced in one corner, quietly awaiting the result of this strange controversy. This was totally incomprehensible to the poor coachman, but we can easily solve the mystery, by our knowledge of the muscles. Garrick, loving laughter more than he did the interest of the coachman, had, through an expressive countenance, succeeded in passing for five different individuals, in the space of half an hour, oddly illustrating the motto of our national banner, *E Pluribus Unum*, from many, one.

FAREWELL TO THE BROOK.

BY TENNYSON.

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver;
No more by thee my steps shall be,
Forever, and forever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee shall hum the bee,
Forever, and forever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
Forever, and forever.

HOW NERO KILLED HIS MOTHER.

BY DE QUINCEY.

For certain reasons of State, as Nero attempted to persuade himself, but in reality because no other crime had the same attractions of unnatural horror about it, he resolved to murder his mother, Agrippina. This being settled the next thing was to arrange the mode and the tools. Naturally enough, according to the custom then prevalent in Rome, he first attempted the thing by poison. The poison failed, for Aggrippina, anticipating tricks of this kind, had armed her constitution against them, like Mithridates, and daily took potent antidotes and propylactics. Or else, (which is most probable) the emperor's agent in such purposes, fearing his sudden repentance and remorse on first hearing of his mother's death, or possibly ever witnessing her agonies, had composed a poison of inferior strength. This had certainly occurred in the case of Brittanicus, who had thrown off with ease the first dose administered to him by Nero. Upon which he had summoned to his presence the woman employed in the affair, and compelled her by threats to mingle a more powerful portion in his own presence, he had tried it successively upon different animals until he was satisfied with its effects; after which, immediately inviting Brittanicus to a banquet, he finally dispatched him.

On Aggrippina, however, no change in the poison, whether of kind or strength, had any effect; so that, after various trials, this mode of murder, and the emperor addressed himself to other plans. The first of these was some curious mechanical device, by which a false ceiling was to have been suspended by bolts above her bed, and in the middle of the night the bolt being suddenly withdrawn, a vast weight would have descended with a ruinous destruction to all below. This scheme, however, taking air from the indiscretion of some amongst the accomplices, reached the ear of Aggrippina; upon which the old lady looked about her too sharply to leave much hope in that scheme; so that also was abandoned. Next he conceived the idea of an artificial ship, which at the touch of the springs, might fall to pieces in deep water. Such a ship was prepared and stationed at a suitable point. But the main difficulty remained, which was to persuade the old lady to go on board. Not that she knew in this case who had been the ship builder, for that would have ruined all, but it seems that she took it ill to be haunted in this murderous spirit, was out of humor with her son; besides that any proposals from him, would have instantly become suspected. To meet this difficulty, a sort of reconciliation was proposed and a very affectionate message sent, which had the effect of throwing Aggrippina off her guard, and seduced her to Calm for the purpose of joining the emperor's party at a great banquet held in commemoration of a solemn festival. She came by water in a sort of light frigate, and was to return in the same way. Meantime Nero tampered with the commander of her vessel and prevailed upon him to wreck it. What was to be done? The great lady was anxious to return to Rome, and no proper conveyance was at hand. Suddenly it was suggested, as if by chance, that a ship of the emperor's, new and properly equipped, was moored at a neighboring station. This was readily accepted by Aggrippina; the emperor accompanied her to the place of embarkation, took a most tender leave of her and saw her set sail. It was necessary that the vessel should get into deep water before the experiment could be made, and with the utmost agitation this pious son awaited the news of the result.

Suddenly a messenger rushed breathless into his presence, and horrified him by the joyful information that his august mother had met with an alarming accident; but by the blessing of heaven, had escaped safe and sound, and was now on her road to mingle congratulations with her affectionate son. The ship, it seems, had done its office, the mechanism had played admirably; but who can provide for everything? The old lady, it turned out, could swim like a duck, and the whole result had been to refresh her with a little sea bathing. Here was a worshipful intelligence. Could any man's temper be expected to stand such continued sieges? Money and trouble, and infinite contrivance, wasted upon one old woman, who would not upon any terms, be murdered. Provoking it certainly was, and of a man like Nero it could not be expected that he should any longer dissemble his disgust, or put up with such repeated affronts. He rushed upon his simple congratulating friend, swore that he had come to murder him, and as nobody could have unborned him but Aggrippina, he ordered her off to execution.

It is singular, and shocking at the same time, to mention that for his atrocity Nero did absolutely receive solemn congratulations from all orders of men.

The Cold Spot.

The Earth has no spot upon its surface, at the present day, either inhabited or otherwise, which is so cold as Yakutsk, a paltry, yet principal town of Eastern Siberia, where a few wooden houses are intermixed with numerous huts plated over with cow dung, and windowed with ice. In this dreary and remote region, the earth is always frozen—the Summer thaw never reaching below three feet from the surface, the subterranean ice having a computed depth of two hundred yards! Yet man lives here, and eternal snow, which seems to set at defiance the notions of sundry modern philosophers, that tropical fruits can, or will in time be made to luxuriate even at the North Pole! At all events, the researches of science have brought to light some of the wonders of creation, even in desolate Siberia, in respect to the fossilated remains of animals, which cannot, by the laws of nature, exist in any other than the torrid zone. But whether our earth has shifted its position, (according to some,) or whether man, by his departure from the laws of nature, has caused dreariness and desolation to a vast portion of the globe, is a problem which has yet to be solved.

CONCERNING PIGS.—"Never buy a fat pig at Brighton," was the advice given us by one who had been there.

"And why not a fat pig?"

"Cause you see they fat 'em too fast for the Brighton market, sometimes."

"How so?"

"Why, you see some of them west country dealers fetch their pigs in pretty nigh skin and bone. Well, just afore fair day, they give 'em corn and salt—nothin' but jes corn and salt—no swill—no water.—Nex' day pigs is amazin' thirsty. Then the sarpints gin 'em jes as much water as they ken drink. The pigs puts into it and keeps a drinkin' an' drinken.' Spozen on an average they swaller about a bar'l apiece.—That makes 'em look dreadful nice, I tell you, all filled out sleek and heavy. But there ain't no heart and substance in it. You carry one o' them critters home, and calkilate you've got a bustorin' pile of pork. But jest you look into your hog pen nex' mornin', and you won't find nothin' but a hog frame, skin and bone, and dear at that. You can't tell me nothin' about fat pigs, I've been there and I've seen 'em *mannyfactui'd!*"

Make Home Beautiful.

It is a true index of the progress of our race, to observe the regard paid to homes, and it is a consoling reflection that its sanctity has attracted at last, the attention it deserves. To be loved as it ought, to awaken the affection home should inspire, it must be beautiful, and worthy of being cherished. When it is so easy a thing to beautify and adorn home, is it not a matter of surprise that so little attention in this respect, is given to it in many parts of our country? Indeed, we may fear that this neglect will become "a byword of reproach." It is a mistaken idea that home cannot be made beautiful, but by the costly exotics. Incentives of the highest character are held out to induce man to plant and cultivate shade trees. No argument is needed to confirm the truth that shade trees promote health, and he is truly to be pitied who sees no beauty in trees, nothing majestic or grand in trees, Nature's waving, "frowning Titians." If more is required to induce the growing of trees and shrubs for shade and ornament, compare the appearance of some of our villages, where, for near the full circle of a mile, scarce a solitary tree intervenes its grateful shade to break the rays of a summer sun's roasting heat, or to invite the cool refreshing breeze! compare one of these, (for there are many such,) with the neat and pleasant town whose streets and squares are tastefully planted with handsome elms, maples, or locusts. Not only is the aspect of the latter more pleasing, or the effect more delightful, but it is the safest criterion by which to judge of the virtue, refinement, and intellectual cultivation of its citizens; for where Nature's beauties are cherished, vice and sensuality cannot flourish. What is true of towns and villages, is equally true relative to the homes of men, except the influence of the former is more general, while that of home whether farmhouse or villages—residence, more directly affects the individual's family. There is no investment of labor or time that remunerates man with so much and healthful enjoyment, as that bestowed upon the cultivation of shade and ornamental trees and shrubbery. These make home beautiful; beauty will endear it to his soul, and make it "part of him;" then, in truth will it be his own "sweet home," and his country—

"The land of the myrtle, the cypress and vine,
Where all, save the spirit of man, is divine."

Our Country.

We cannot honor our country, says an author, with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose, or a faithfulness of zeal, too steadfast and ardent. What is our country? It is not the East, with her hills, her valleys, with her countless sails, and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages, her harvest home, with her frontiers of lakes and ocean. It is not the West, with her forest-seas; her inland isles; her luxuriant expanses, clothed in verdant corn; her beautiful Ohio, and her majestic Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of cotton; in the rich plantations of rustling cane, and in the rustling robe of the rice-field. No! What are these but the sisters of a greater, better, holier family, our country.

"What's the matter, uncle Jerry?" said Mr. ——, as old Jeremiah R—— was passing by, growling most ferociously. "Matter," said the old man, stopping short; "why, here I've been lugging water all the morning, for Dr. C——'s wife to wash with, and what d'ye s'pose I got for it?"—"Why, I suppose [illegible] answered Mr. ——. "Nuthin'," said the old Nantucketer. She told me the Doctor would *pull a tooth* for me some time."

THE DEVIL TO PAY.—This phrase doubtless originated in a printing office, on some Saturday night's settlement of weekly wages. "John," says the publisher to the book-keeper, "how stands the cash account?"—"Small balance on hand, sir."—"Let's see," rejoins the publisher, "how far will that go toward satisfying the hands?" John begins to figure arithmetically—so much due to Potkins, so much to Typus, so much to Grubbis, and so on, through a dozen dittos. The publisher stands aghast. "Here is not money enough by a jugful."—"No, sir; and, besides, there is *the devil to pay*."

SCENE IN A GROCERY STORE.—"I want's one cent's worth of Scotch snuff and change for half a dollar; and my mother wants to borrow your spade and half gallon measure, to try if the vinegar is right she bought at the other store."

"My mother says you must lend her fifty cents, and put it on the book. She says your bacon ain't good, and she don't keep no account no where else."

SALUTATIONS.—Perhaps there is no phrase in common use more trite and unmeaning than that of "How do you do, sir?" as applied by persons meeting in the streets, or by those who are introduced to each other. If this mode of salutation were altered to, "Health and happiness to you, sir," it would not be without meaning, and would generally express the sincere wish of the heart; for no man desires the unhappiness of a fellow-creature, unless he be his inveterate enemy.

REPENTANCE.—In Overton, Tennessee, two brothers, professing Christianity, had, some days since, a difference about shooting, and being strong, able-bodied men, engaged in a terrible and bloody fight in consequence. After the fight, they agreed to permit their *mother* to give them each a complete cowhiding, which she did with severity, to the satisfaction of both parties.

EVIL OMEN.—Some people, even in very high quarters, it is said, have an objection to thirteen at dinner. Dr. Kitchener, the other day, happened to be one of a company of that number, at Dr. Henderson's, and on its being remarked, and pronounced unlucky, he said,—"I admit that it is unlucky in one case." "What case is that?"—"When there is only dinner for twelve."

An Irishman having driven, the other night during the rain, a gentleman and his family home from the theatre, was, on reaching the gentleman's residence, accosted thus: "Are you not very wet?" To which he replied, "Arrah, I don't know about being wet; but plase your honor, I'm very dry."

RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.—A young countryman, a short time since, was sent to New York to amuse himself, and see the lions. After wandering through the various parts of the city, and sufficiently satisfying his curiosity, he returned home to *his father*, to give an account of *his adventures*. "Well, John," said the old man, "what do you think of York?" John, stretching up his neck, and looking very wise, said —"Why, daddy, I think it will be a tarnation nice place when it gets finished."

A boatman asked his captain what A. M. stood for after a man's name? to which the captain answered, with a look of great sagacity, "why Anti-Mason, you darned fool!"

A BEAR.—I want to see some of your *gimblets*," said a greenhorn one day as he entered a hardware store. The dealer took down several parcels, neither of which suited. "Well, then, what kind do you want? here is almost every variety." "Why, darn it, I want them what bores square holes."

Two travellers being robbed in a *wood*, and tied to trees at some distance from each other, one of them in despair exclaimed, "Oh! I'm undone!"—"Are you?" said the other, "then I wish you would come and undo me."

ON HOEING.—In a certain village, lived a very honest farmer, who, having a number of men hoeing in a field, went to see how his work got on. Finding one of them sitting upon a stone, he reproved him for idleness. The man answered, "I thirst for the *spirit*." "You are very apt at quoting scripture," said the farmer, "and I wish you were as ready to obey its injunctions; recollect the text, *Hoe!* every one that thirsteth!" It is needless to add that the man immediately resumed his labor.

Political.

From the Democratic Union.

A SCATHING LETTER.

Governor Johnston Impaled.

The Rev. J. S. Gersuch, Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church of Washington city, a son of the venerable gentleman who was murdered at Christiana, in Lancaster county, writes the letter hereto appended, in reply to a letter of Governor Johnston, and if the Governor's feelings are not case-hardened, by cold-blooded abolitionism, it must speak daggers to his heart. This reverend gentleman seems to understand Governor Johnston thoroughly on this subject. He reveals a fact that we were not aware of, and that is that his maimed and wounded brother came to the Governor with a requisition from the Governor of Maryland for a free black fugitive from justice, "Abe Johnston," and the Governor refused to deliver up this *black thief*, although he has never refused to deliver up *white men* upon the requisitions of Governors of sister States. He might have added another instance of the Governor's abolitionism.—We refer to his pardoning Micajah Williams, a *runaway slave*, who was under sentence in a Philadelphia prison for burglary, to enable him to escape the warrant that was *in the hands of a United States* officer, to take him back to *his master*, and this same man was exhibited *in triumph* at the Syracuse amalgamation convention, as an evidence of Governor Johnston's clemency. He also pardoned, at the solicitation of the abolitionists, a notorious jail bird, Thomas Richardson—excluded from the witness stand by divers convictions of felony, on the morning of the trial, to enable him to give testimony against Alberti, who is now under erroneous sentence in a Philadelphia prison, for kidnapping—Alberti's offence being his assisting to arrest a female runaway slave, in New Jersey, who had been delivered of an infant child in a free State. When the woman was taken she refused to leave her child behind her, but took it with her to Maryland. Alberti was convicted and is still in prison for kidnapping *this infant*, and Governor Johnston scouts the idea of pardoning this man, although he grants pardons in all cases to runaway slaves where they are convicted of crime, and confined in our prisons. He not only refuses to permit them to enter our prisons as *fugitive slaves*, but when they come here and commit offences against our State laws, and are imprisoned, he pardons them, to give them a chance to run off to Canada.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the Rev. Mr. Gorsuch should say to the Governor, "*we know your course—we have watched it with pain.*" It is not to be wondered at that he should feel indignant when he heard that the Governor of the Commonwealth passed the house where the *murdered remains* of his venerable father lay, on the day of the murder, that the cars stopped, and numbers of the passengers went in to view the sad spectacle, and that when the Governor was spoken to on the subject he said "*it was no affair of his*, but belonged to the United States government." Well might he say to the Governor, that at this moment, "*you were rejoicing at this, the first fruits of your official and personal hostility to the rendition of fugitive slaves*;" and he might have said *directly* "that the Governor had acted traitorously; that by his previous course he had been the occasion of this outrage, and that the blood of Edward Gorsuch is on his skirts;" but we must say that he has not been "clear in his great office," but recreant to the trust imposed on him.

The following is the letter, copied from the Baltimore *Sun*.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18, 1851.

Hon. Wm. F. Johnston, Governor of Pennsylvania:

The undersigned, a son of the late Edward Gorsuch, the victim of abolitionist enthusiasm and high-handed rebellion, is sorry that so painful a duty is imposed upon him as that to which he now addresses himself. He writes to you sir, with no vindictive feelings, but only to assure you, what he desires every one to know, that he thinks the lack of official promptness on your part has resulted in the escape, hitherto, of the slaves, and some of the principal murderers of his father. It would have tended in some degree to relieve the anxiety of the family and friends of the deceased to have known that the Governor of the State in which this foul murder was committed had acted as promptly and efficiently as the circumstances demanded.

I know that you passed within a few yards of where the body of my father lay, the afternoon of the same day on which he was murdered. The cars stopped at the door of the house. Some of the passengers went in to look at the ghastly spectacle.—But, sir, you did not. You, who ought, because of your responsible station, to have been most interested, showed the least concern. And this is not to be wondered at. It would seem natural that then you should have been rejoicing at this, the first fruits of your official and personal hostility to the rendition of fugitive slaves. Did we not well know what you have done to render inoperative the law under whose protection my father entered your State, to secure his property, in a manner strictly legal, some excuse might be found in our minds for your strange inactivity. But we know your course. We had watched it with pain, and we did not expect you would be induced to change it even at this extraordinary crisis.

Allow me to call your attention to a fact which, perhaps, you will remember. Those slaves, for which my father was searching, were to be free at the age of twenty-eight. They were detected in selling stolen wheat to a free negro. Before the writ which was gotten out against him could be served, he escaped to Pennsylvania. This brother of mine, now so near to death, was sent to you with a requisition from the Governor of Maryland for that free negro, "Abe Johnson." But you would not deliver him up, and sent my brother home convinced that further effort in that respect was unnecessary.—That "Abe Johnson," it is said, was present among the rebels on last Thursday morning.

I have read some letters which you wrote to some gentlemen of Philadelphia, who were urging you to action. I marked the strong contrast between your words and actions. Now, sir, if you were so anxious to vindicate the character of your State, so proud to have those offenders arrested, why did you not imitate the noble example of the Executive of the United States? *Why did you not issue your proclamation as soon as you reached Philadelphia?* If it ought to have been done at all, were there not stronger reasons to *have it done on the first day, when the murderers were at hand*, than on the *fifth*, when most of them had escaped? You cannot plead ignorance of the riot, for it was well known to you. You will not pretend to say that it was more necessary when several prominent actors in that tragedy were arrested, and the whole neighborhood scoured by vigorous young gentlemen from Maryland, by a host of your own citizens and United States military, than when every one that desired the punishment of these murderers was afraid to move; when the rioters—still wet with the blood of innocent and peaceable men—were triumphing in their victory, and their confederates congratulating themselves upon successful treason! Why, sir, did you not show your promptness then? You applauded the decision, energy and promptness of the Lancaster county officers, and in this I most heartily concur; but in proportion as you praise them, you condemn yourself. You knew of the insurrectionary movement before they did. If they had waited, as you did, until the fifth day, to do what ought to have been done on the first, you could not have applauded them. You must, therefore, sir, be self-condemned.

Do you know that thirty-six hours passed before one writ was taken out against these men? Do you know that Mr. Thompson, the State's Attorney, and Mr. Reigart, to protect their own lives and to quell the spirit of resistance which fortified the traitors and terrified the loyal, had to collect a posse of men from iron works and diggings on the railroad? Do you know that not a magistrate or constable would act until compelled; that the sheriff refused to act; that your attorney general, true to his superior, would not aid those men whose activity you so zealously commend?

With these facts, sir, before us, we cannot be charged with calumny in saying that we do honestly believe that your proclamation would never have seen the light, had you not feared that the activity of others would censure your own indifference.

We believe that the majority of Pennsylvania is right. We have been pleased at the zeal, and gratified with the sympathies we have met. But, sir, if the laws shall now be sustained; if the country shall be satisfied that Pennsylvania is right; if the South is to find this law will not be inefficient; be assured that not one particle of the honor will be given to the Governor. We will not say that he has acted traitorously; that by his previous course he has been the indirect occasion of this outrage; that the blood of Edward Gorsuch is on his skirts; but we must say that he has not been "clear in his great office," but recreant to the trust imposed on him.

Much more in sorrow than in anger, I subscribe myself your much injured friend,

J. S. GORSUCH.

From the Harrisburg Investigator.

An Appeal to the Democracy of Pennsylvania.

FREEMEN OF PENNSYLVANIA, you are summoned to duty. YOUR COUNTRY call for your services. It will be expected of you that, next Tuesday week, you will, one and all, abandon your homes, your fields and your workshops, or whatever else may be the theatre of your avocations, to exercise a right *and a duty* which you cannot possibly estimate too highly. It is no time to *slumber*. Arouse to action, and devote yourselves to the service of the great cause of Democracy and the Constitution. Persevere in your activity and labors until the hour arrives when you can lie down upon your pillows satisfied that the sacred institutions of your country, purchased by the blood of your ancestors, have been secured beyond the reach of impending danger. We would not unnecessarily alarm your fears, or harbor a doubt of your loyalty or courage. Neither can we cry PEACE! PEACE!! when there is no peace. The foe is in the field, organized and marching to the battle ground. The arch spirit of Federalism again essays to bind you in "chains and penalties." *Openly* the enemy makes no serious pretensions of success; but *secretly* they are exercising the vigilance of an *Argus*, and the toils of a *Hercules*, to effect the prostration of the Democracy of Pennsylvania. Will you by your supineness permit the consummation of their nefarious purposes? Will you, a very *Sampson* in might and strength, rest in fatal security on a "bed of roses," and suffer the *Delilah* of Federalism to rob you, in an unsuspected moment, of your power? We are satisfied that such a deep and disgraceful reproach will never rest upon the Democracy of the Keystone State.

We are convinced that a people who stood firm and unterrified amidst the terrors of BUCKSHOT and BALL in 1838, will not quail at the approach of an inferior foe in 1851, led on by the jaded and imbecile officers who commanded the Federal forces, and were so ingloriously routed in that memorable campaign. It cannot be, that you, who so gallantly rose to defend the severity of the PEOPLE'S WILL, and prevent the traitorous hordes under Ritner and Stevens from "*treating the election as if it had not been held*," will now be content to stay away from the polls and let that same party *again* slip into power. It *must not* WILL NOT, be, that those guilty culprits, who *in* December 1838, *fled from the back windows of the Senate chamber, shall now* be permitted to enter the front door with the smile of triumph and exultation upon their faces! No, your principles, your firmness and your patriotism forbids an apprehension so fatal to the hopes of freemen!

But we must be prepared for the battle. We must be thoroughly, minutely and efficiently organized in every city, borough, ward and township in the Commonwealth. We must call EVERY DEMOCRAT to the polls.

Organize then in every election district, and control your forces in such a manner that you may know with accuracy your strength and power to cope with your enemies.

Organize, so that you may discover if there be a man whom their falsehoods have deluded; and if such an one be found, reclaim him with the light of truth.

Organize, so that you may place in every man's hand the truth and the facts, that he may not waver or doubt for the want of them.

Organize, so as to secure the attendance at the polls of every voter in every ward, township or election district.

Organize, peacefully, but firmly to maintain the right of every Democratic voter at the polls, and see that no illegal votes be received.

There is no safety for the *Democracy of the country*, none for THE PEOPLE, but in the most effectual measures to prevent a recurrence of that system of FRAUD by which there is too much reason to believe the election of Wm. F. Johnston was consummated in 1848, and which is, at this moment in active preparing to spring from its chrysalis in full and vigorous maturity on the 2d Tuesday of October, to cheat the people, and debauch the purity of the elective franchise.

DEMOCRATS OF PENNSYLVANIA! Rouse every where to organization and ACTION. The DEMON of disloyalty to the Constitution, and want of allegiance to the laws is spreading his Utopian influence over the land; and TREASON, the hydra-headed monster has recently been seen stalking abroad. To you the country looks for hope and refuge. On your exertions depend the salvation and the perpetuity of our happy institutions. Let no Democrat think himself too humble to serve his country in this emergency. On the contrary, he should feel as if the fate of his country depended upon his individual exertions. Reflect seriously upon these matters, fellow Democrats, and *prepare* for united and vigorous action. *Let every true* Democrat, *every lover of his country and its institutions* stand *to his arms ready* to battle for his country's good. Let him feel that in his hand rests a share of the responsibility, and on the heads of his children may, perchance, rest the shame and the penalty of his neglect or apostacy. DEMOCRATS OF PENNSYLVANIA, let not the second Tuesday of October dawn upon your lethargy, nor its sun go down upon your defeat.

The Difference.

When the Whiskey Insurrection broke out in western Pennsylvania, although not a single life was lost, and the only offence committed was a refusal to pay the United States tax on whiskey, Gov. M'Kean took the field in person, under the direction of Gen. Washington, to compel *an obedience to the laws*; but at this day, when a rebellion against the laws of the United States breaks out, and several men are *murdered*, Governor Johnston keeps on his way making stump speeches, telling his friends he owes these laws *no allegiance*, and that they ought to be repealed.

President FILLMORE is again on a jaunt to the East, attended by several members of his Cabinet. There are but two or three members of the Cabinet now in Washington—and there have not been more than that number together at any one time, at the seat of government, for the last six months—and, yet these men charge the people full wages!

A large meeting was held at Philadelphia, in Independence Square, on Wednesday evening last, in reference to the recent outrage at Christiana.—Gen. Robert Patterson presided, and speeches were made by Col. James Page, Hon. Charles Brown and others. Strong resolutions of a national character were passed, and denouncing the conduct of the Abolitionists, etc.