

American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

"OUR COUNTRY—BUT IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

AT \$2 00 PER ANNUM

VOL. 39.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1852.

NO. 20.

Poetical.

THE EXILE TO HIS COUNTRY.

Land of the free, I tread thy shores,
Most safely 'neath thy broad flag's fold,
Where freedom's sun unsetting pours
Full rays of blessings yet unold.

Yet sorrowing turns my heart to thee,
Dear Erin, home of my happy days,
When with proud hope to see thee free,
I waked thy wild harp's thrilling lays.

Alas thy head is bowed with shame,
Thy golden tresses sweep the dust,
The heart that thro' 'd freedom's name,
Beneath the oppressor's hand is crushed.

What gems thy sweet and brow adorn,
Ah! 'tis thy children's burning tears,
Their fetters clank, and bitter groans,
The music that salutes your ears.

Rise, Erin! see the sun that sheds,
Such splendor o'er this mighty west,
A glorious hour of promise glows,
On the dark clouds that o'er thee rest.
Carlisle, Oct. 1852. B. C.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I've wandered to the village, Tom; I've sat beneath
Upon the school house play ground, which sheltered you and
me;
But now were there to greet me, Tom; and few were left
That played with us, upon the grass, some twenty years
ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; bare-kneed boys at play,
Were scarce as we of it then, with sprits just as gay;
But the "blacker" they upon the hill, which costed us or with
snow.
Afforded us a sliding place, just twenty years ago.

"The old school house is altered some; the benches are re-
placed by new ones, very like the same our penknives had defaced;
The same old brick, are in the wall; the bell swings to
and fro.
Remember just the same, dear Tom; 'twas twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, beneath that same old
do for the name just now—you've played the same with
me.
On that same spot; 'twas played with knives, by throwing
so and so;
The leader had a task to do—there, twenty years ago.

"The river's running just as swift; the willow on its side
Are larger than they were then; the stream appears less
wide.
And this grape-sweetening is rained now, when once we played
the game.
And, swing our sweethearts—'pretty girls'—just twenty
years ago.

"The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading
beech,
Is very low—'twas once so high, that we could almost
reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how much that I am changed, some twenty years
ago.

Nearly by the spring upon an elm, you know I met your name,
Your sweethearts just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine
the same;
Some little which had peeled the bark—'twas dying now
and slow.
Just that one whose name was cut, died twenty years
ago.

My life has long been dry, Tom, but tear came in my eyes
I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties;
I missed the olden days, when I was young, and
upon the graves of those we loved, just twenty years ago.

Some are in the church-yard—some sleep beneath these trees,
You see are left of our old days, excepting
me and you.
And when you see the olden days, and when you
are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years
ago.

Miscellaneous.

A TEXAS BEAR HUNT.

It is now about two years since a party of Tex-
ans, some half dozen in number, and half com-
posed of boys, (who, by the by, in Texas are equal
to most men in other regions), started forth with
the requisite number of offensive weapons and big,
bony, ugly dogs, to "hacare up" a Bear in the bot-
tom land of the Colorado river.

One of the hunters was an old "Uncle Billy."
When we say "one of the hunters," we mean one of
the professed ones. Uncle Billy was given to
the sin of bragging about his prowess in the sports
of the prairie and the cane brake, and some of the
hunting stories he told with due emphasis and au-
thority, and a succession of loud, hoarse yells, to
the group of idle listeners usually gathered of
cold winter nights around that stove, in that back
room of that grocery in that village of L—
would, as the Texans say, "speak the blab off a
ten year old calf."

There is unfortunately however, in every back
room a more than Uncle Billy's cottage of
admirers there was one individual familiarly nam-
ed "Jack Red-Shirt"—a splendid fellow, too,
who presumed to doubt and dispute not only the
truth of the old gentleman's chronicles, but even to
dispute the serious conviction that he, Uncle
Billy, knew no more about hunting than a sucking
dove—nay, that he had never yet, save by ac-
cident, or in his own stories, bagged a single head
of game.

Uncle Billy was a fat man—a very fat man;
and it was generally a very fat man, who
could observe a catch upon his round, plump,
and massive countenance upon other expression
than that of stolid, solemn self-satisfaction. But
when Jack Red-Shirt ventured openly to express
the rebellious opinion above enumerated, Uncle
Billy's fat features assumed an angry, flushed
appearance, and he usually gathered of cold
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Just before the introduction of the railway system
of traveling, the deceased had been on a visit to some
of his estates, and was returning to London, and
the coach stopped at Feringham. With the ex-
ception of our miser the passengers all retired to
the inn. Missing their coach companion and recollect-
ing his decayed appearance, they concluded he was
in distress, and accordingly a kindling of sympathy
was excited; and, accompanied by a couple of
gentlemen, which he thankfully accepted. Many
instances of a similar character might be related. A
few days before his death, the deceased told one of
his executors that he had made a most singular will,
but as the property was his own he had done as he
pleased with it. The executors are the Keeper of
the Mint, and the other is the Treasurer of the
Bank.

After bequeathing a few very trifling legacies, the
deceased has left the whole of his immense fortune
to "Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria,
begging Her Majesty's most gracious acceptance of
the same, for her sole use and benefit, for her heirs,
&c." The property is estimated at upwards of
£500,000. For some years before his death, Mr.
Nield scarcely allowed himself the common neces-
saries and comforts of life, and in the other
housekeeper, who was with him more than twenty
six years, without the smallest provision or acknowl-
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or remunerative services.

Didn't Liza the Meaz.—Pat Flannery is not only
an efficient police officer, but something of a wag.
Fond of a good joke, he never misses an opportunity
of playing one. A few evenings since, he was sitting
on the Uncle Sam corner, fronting the levee, when
a long, lank, Wash deck hand passed him, holding
in one hand an acre of gingerbread, and in the other
a whiskey flask in one hand and a venerable mus-
ket in the other, and off they started. Jack Red-
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and winding about in the low bottom, where
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A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Mr. Bones, of the firm of Fossil, Bones & Co.
was one of those remarkable money-making men,
whose uninterrupted success in trade had been the
wonder, and afforded the material for the gossip
of the town for seven long years. Being of a familiar
jargon of mind he was frequently interrogated on the
subject, and invariably gave as the secret of his suc-
cess that he minded his own business.

A gentleman met Mr. Bones on the Astorplatz
turmpiko. He was gazing intently on the dashing,
foaming water, as they fell over the dam. He was
evidently in a brown study. His friend ventured to
disturb his reveries by saying—

"Mr. Bones, tell me how to make a thousand
dollars."

Mr. Bones continued looking intently at the wa-
ter. "At last he returned a reply."

"Do you see that dam, my friend?"

"I certainly do."

"Well, here you may learn the secret of making
money. That water would waste away, and be of
no practical use to anybody, but for the dam. The
dam turns its good current, makes it perform some
useful purpose, and then suffers it to pass along."

"That large paper mill is kept in constant motion
by this simple engine. Many mouths are fed in the
vicinity of the mill, and the mill itself is a source
of employment to the laboring classes. The water
is daily turned out, and in the different pro-
cesses through which it passes, money is made. So
it is in the living of hundreds of people. They get
their money from the dam, and the dam is the
source of their wealth. They are not better off—
What is the reason? They want a dam. Their
expenditures are increasing, and no practical good
is attained. They want a dam, so that
nothing will pass through their hands without
bringing something back without accomplishing
some useful purpose. Dam up your expenses, and
you will soon have occasion to spare a little, just
like that dam. Look at it, my friend."

"Get out on that big branch and you'll see him
easy."

"All right!"

"That moment a crash was heard, and down came
right among the dogs with a tremendous noise, a
big, black looking shape. "The bear the bear!"
shouted Jack, and with a good sized stick he rush-
ed at the bear's creature. The dogs sprang on
it, and around it, and worried, and bit, and barked,
and growled, and fought like mad creatures. The
hunters, men and boys, all suddenly armed with
sticks, followed Jack's example, and such a din
of yells, shouts, blows, and barking arose that it
was impossible to hear for any one with deli-
cate nerves to survive the infliction a single mo-
ment.

"Drive off the dogs! Stop, boys! Back—Ran-
ger!" These orders were obeyed. The dark
shape lay perfectly motionless. It's a cobbler
boy, no doubt, strike a light on it. That was
none good. Some dried branches were lit, and
their blaze thrown on the profane form. "Hel-
lo!" exclaimed Jack, starting back in alarm; "why,
boys, I s'worn if it ain't Uncle Billy!"

"Ugh!" groined the dark object, now no longer
dark, and disclosing to view an old blue blan-
ket coat, and the smallest kind of striped
hats. At the death of his father, thirty years ago,
he came into possession of about £250,000, which
sum had not been touched up to the period of his
death. The deceased was never known to wear a
great coat, and he usually dressed in a blue coat,
and a pair of breeches, which he prohibited being
brushed, as it would take off the nap and de-
stabilize its value. He held considerable landed prop-
erty in Kent and Bucks, and was always happy to receive an invitation
to his country seat, to visit them, which he occa-
sionally did, often remaining a month at a time, and
he was thus enabled to add to his savings. His ap-
pearance and manners led strangers to imagine that
he was in the lowest degree poor, and their con-
fidence, for her sole use and benefit, for her heirs,
&c." The property is estimated at upwards of
£500,000. For some years before his death, Mr.
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THE VOLUNTEER.

Under this caption the federal papers in New York
and New England have been repeating that in
Ohio, Gen. Scott gave \$430 to the widow of a man
who was killed by the cannon fired in honor of Scott
there. These articles show how immensely a story
will grow in its travels, especially when passed round
by big papers. The facts, as given in the Ohio
Statesman published on the spot, are that on Scott's
arrival there a salute was fired, and a man named
Fellers was killed by the premature discharge of the
gun, and another man was badly injured. The next
day Scott rode in his carriage to the house of the
unfortunate man, and after looking upon the remains
of him who had suffered his life while taking
part in his reception, and after witnessing the un-
speakable agony of the mother and wife, and the
weeping of three fatherless children, he was called to
the benefit of that family." Such are the facts as
stated where the thing occurred. Yet the federal
papers, to make a little capital for Scott, proclaim
that he gave \$430 to the widow of the man who
held up his own false report as an instance of gen-
erosity which should excite for Scott the votes of all
generous men! It is mean enough in all con-
science to attempt to make capital out of such a
transaction, whatever amount of money was given, but
to have given to the widow and the fatherless who were
made such in his honor; but when they resort to
such exaggeration to magnify the alleged generosity
of their candidate, it excites the scorn and con-
tempt of honorable men.

Occurrences like this are the last that should be
made the subject of public talk. A really generous
man—one who gives from proper motives, alone—
will never proclaim his deeds of charity to the world.
And in this case, we are at a loss to understand the
generosity on the part of Scott. He gave \$20
to the widow and children of a man who lost his life
in honoring him—being less than one day's pay
which he now draws from the public treasury, to say
nothing of the "extra duty." This is really a very
small foundation to build a reputation for generosity
upon. We doubt not there are scores of poor labor-
ing men, whose income is not a dollar a day, who
will give that poor widow more than the \$20 that
she got out of the \$4300 or \$10,000 a year. Yet the federal
papers are boasting of Gen. Scott's generosity in
giving \$20 to the widow and fatherless who were
made such in his honor! Out upon such contemptible
stuff!

But the smallness of the donation is not the mean-
est feature of the transaction. The thing was done
with great parade, and an account of it was at once
sent off over the country by telegraph, for the
benefit of Gen. Scott. In an old book called the
"New Testament," in that particular portion to be
found under the head of the "Gospel according to
St. Matthew," and in the sixth chapter of that
portion, is recorded the following, written with direct
reference to such transactions:

"I tell thee that ye do not your alms before men,
to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of
your Father which is in Heaven."
2. Therefore, when thou dost thine alms, do not
sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in
the synagogues, and the streets, that they may have
glory of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their
reward.

3. But when thou dost thine alms, let not thine left
hand know what thine right hand is doing, that thine
Father, which is in secret, himself shall reward thee
openly.

P. S.—Since the above was put in type we have
received a letter from the Ohio Statesman, which
contains the following in regard to the case of
electioneering "generosity":

INFORMING ELECTORERS.—Will Greeley remark
this?—It is reported by the village of Fling, de-
scribing the N. Y. Tribune, and other eastern pa-
pers, that Gen. Scott had paid the widow of the
German killed by the explosion of the cannon on his
reception here, \$400. The same story was circulated
in this city, and that the wife had received a
sum of money amounting to \$400. But the truth is
this instance is really stranger than fiction, just whig
like, for this morning we were called upon by a
German friend of the widow for aid, as she was
actually in great need. This is not a case of
electioneering "generosity." But the truth is this
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like, for this morning we were called upon by a
German friend of the widow for aid, as she was
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electioneering "generosity." We hope the Demo-
crats will at once step forward and do that which whig-
gery has failed to do. Shame upon such scoundrelism.

GEN. PIETRO.
The Concord (N. H.) Granite Club, on Thursday
evening last, after a session of rejecting over the
Democratic victories in Ohio, Pennsylvania, proceed-
ed to the residence of Gen. Pietro, to congratulate him
in relation thereto. Gen. Pietro acknowledged the
kindness of his neighbors and friends, in coming
to greet him upon the reception of intelligence to
which they might well suppose he was not indiffer-
ent, though he could truly say that he was not
the first and best excited in him anything like a
feeling of elation. He had calmly awaited the pro-
cess of events, and should continue to do so, con-
scious that however the result might effect individ-
ual interests, he was not a party to it, and would
take care of his own interests, under the guid-
ance of that Power to which he wished we could all
habitually look with more humility and faith. He
traced his friends would not forget that he might
be congratulated upon the success of his triumph
always the hour of magnanimity. It was not to be
overlooked that there were around us many with
whom we were in daily intercourse, at this moment
more by feeling than by fact, the opposite of those
called out the assemblage before him and his
friends could well afford to allow that circumstance
to detract some what from their generous joy. He
hoped they would also remember that no prospect of
success, nor indeed, political elevation, could render
their neighbor more or less worthy of the confidence
and affection, for which he was profoundly grate-
ful.

British Papers Sympathizing With American
Whiggery.
The "Queen's Court Journal" published in Lon-
don, and the organ of the Royalists, in an article on
the present political controversy in the United States,
says:

"We notice that our neighbors across the water
are once more in the midst of a Presidential conflict. The
CONSERVATIVES have for their leader General
SCOTT, and the DEMOCRACY, who would in-
vade us on the earth and call it 'PROGRESS,' are led by
Gen. FELLERS. A CONSERVATIVE JOURNAL
OUR SYMPATHIES ARE WITH THE FORMER."

OH, THE RUINOUS WARREN!
We clip the following item from the Lawrence
Journal, published at New Castle. \$38 a ton for
pig iron! Only think of that, ye croaking pander-
whigs!

Pig Iron.—On Thursday last, Mr. Todd, of Big
Band made a sale of one hundred and fifty tons of
pig iron to Mr. McCormick, of the Onondaga Iron
Works, in this place, at twenty-eight dollars a ton.
This is a great price, and the tariff of 1842,
and much higher than it has been for a number of
years.

The Pennsylvania delegation in the next Con-
gress will stand—Democrats 14, Whigs 11.

Summer is Passing Away.

The seasons are "waking their annual round"—
summer is passing away.

We know not how it is with others; but to us, the
Spring, the Summer, and the Autumn seem more
beautiful as years go by. The Spring is more beau-
tiful as its buds and flowers burst from their wintry
slumber; and the gentleness of Summer is of a deeper
green; and the gorgeous and variegated hues, and the
mellow haze of Autumn more and more lovely.

Every flower, and blade, and green tree, and singing
stream, speak to us of Heaven, and we are bated as
we sit away and listen to the glorious anthem
which goes up to the Great Father of the beautiful
world we live in.

THOUGHTS TO GEN. WASHINGTON AT DUBLIN THEATRE.
—Mr. Hackett, the actor, gave the following account
of an occurrence at the Dublin Theatre:

"The first night of Rip Van Winkle, when in the
middle of the scene where he finds himself lost in an
amaze at the Western District of Virginia, as well
as himself, and everybody he meets, a person of
whom he is making inquiry mentions the name of
Washington. Rip says: 'Who is he?' The other
replies, 'What did you never hear of the name of the
immortal Gen. Washington, the father of his coun-
try?' The whole audience from pit to gallery,
seemed to rise, and shouting, huzzing, clapping of
hands, and stamping of feet, made a very building
shook. The deafening plaudits continued some time,
and it was difficult to hear the actor's voice. To
attempt to describe to you my feelings during such an
unexpected outburst of national enthusiasm is
utterly impossible. I choked—the tears gushed
from my eyes, and I can assure you, it was by a
great effort that I restrained myself from doing any-
thing but exclaim, 'God bless the name of the
father of my country, by breaking the fetters
with which the age and character of Rip had bound
me, and exclaiming, in the fullness of my heart,
God bless old Ireland!"

Nathaniel K. Gwin, the young Mail Carrier, who
was arrested for robbing the mail between Clayville
and Weston (Md.) last spring, was tried by the
State's Attorney, Geo. W. Smith, on the 11th inst., and
sentenced to the penitentiary with hard labor for two
years. The young man's father died of grief, a few weeks
after his arrest.

AN INVALUABLE CURE.—Hosaco Walpole, tells
the history of an old porcelain vial, which he had
acquired by fair means, and which he had sold at
almost fabulous price. One hot summer a slight
volcanic shock, such as even these isles occasionally
experience, joggled his house about his ears and split
his porcelain vial in two. The contents of this vial
would have been calamitous, but the china seal-
ing stopper superior to fortune. He doubled the price
immediately, and advertised it as "the only jar in the
world which had been cracked by an earthquake."
When he got his money he was not added, but he cer-
tainly deserved it.

THE FOWL PEVER.—It would seem, by the follow-
ing paragraph, which we extract from the New
England Cultivator, that the fowl fever has by no
means abated in that quarter:

"At the Boston Fowl Exhibition, (in September,
last) two Cochins China were sold at \$100. A pair
of Gray Chins were sold at \$80. Two common Chins
at \$50. The Gray Shanghai cock, at 75.
Three