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Miscellaneous.

THUGS AND PINDARIES OF INDIA.

BY AN "OLD INDIAN."

The following short narrative may perchance prove of interest to the friends of the "American Volunteer," inasmuch as it affords some insight into the character and proceedings of the "Thugs," a notorious race which, long infested not only the native states, but even some of the British possessions in the east.

While travelling in the Deccan, during the cold season of 1833, I had occasion to halt at a village in the territory of Hyderabad, the capital of Nizam's dominions. A hard day's booting and staking antelope, with which the neighborhood abounds, had sent me to court nature's best nurse, the sweet rector, rather earlier than was my wont, and I was falling into a state of dreamy unconsciousness, when a sharp challenge from my sentry in front of the tent, arrested my attention; and from a brief conversation that ensued, I gathered that some gentleman had arrived, and that I was the object of his inquiries.

In a few minutes, Captain —, with whom I had some previous acquaintance, was ushered in. After making him welcome, and providing such comfort for his horse as was in my power, the cook would admit we settled down to a quiet chat, in which he informed me that he was then in pursuit of that extraordinary class of murderers known as "Thugs," he being one of the officers employed by the government for their suppression in the territories of Hyderabad.

The companion who had thus so unexpectedly favored me with his company, was on his return from a successful expedition, in which he had succeeded in capturing a band of notorious Thugs, who had hitherto baffled his previous endeavors, having been concealed in the stronghold of an influential and powerful native zemindar, or landlord, who was supposed (with good reason) to connive at their plundering and murderous career while sharing largely in their nefarious gains.

My friend gave me much interesting information concerning these men, and objects of the fraternity that had come under his own observation in the execution of his duties. He had secured in his custody at the time, and amongst them a very intelligent young man who had been allowed to turn approver, and who, like all the tribe, appeared to take a peculiar pride and pleasure in relating the atrocious crimes in which he had borne a part, and in boasting down his quarrelsome associates. Far from feeling any remorse for the numerous, cruel, and cold-blooded murders in which he had participated, he seemed to glorify in them as many meritorious deeds, highly acceptable to Bownance or Kales, the chief Goddess of Destruction, whom every Thug, Mahomedan or Hindoo, regards as his protecting deity.

On Capt. —'s asking him how many murders he had been engaged in, he said they were so numerous he really could not tell; or even remember when he first took the part of "Blutotto," or strangler, in the scenes with which he had been familiar from his earliest years. He was, however, on the Captain remarking that it was a singular fact that Thugs had never been known to murder one of their own people—

at this last remark he started as if bitten by a snake, and no doubt took an opportunity to divest himself of so marked and dangerous a costume.

Captain — asked the Thug, how long it usually was before life was extinct in their victims? "Thug."—About as long as it would take you to walk six paces."

Captain.—Does it occupy as much time as when a person is hanged?

"Thug."—I never saw a person hanged, and God forbid that ever I should, (he threw a shudder at the idea.) I saw some poor wretches in a cart, on their way to be hanged at Jutubulpoor, but I could not bare to witness the execution."

Captain.—I have generally employed him for myself and family, and I must confess he is a good workman, but, nevertheless, I believe I shall step into the street this morning, and order a pair of boots of which I stand in need. I will follow your example and call upon Smith. He is no great favorite of mine, however—an idle, quarrelsome fellow, and I do not expect to be called upon to meet for the next three months after pouring upon me the best customers we have in the neighborhood. In short, I am on the brink of ruin, and ought but a miracle can save me."

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GOING DOWN HILL.

"That looks bad," exclaimed farmer White, with an expressive shake of the head, as he passed a neglected garden and broken down fence, in one of his daily walks.

"Bad enough," was the reply of the companion to whom the remark was addressed.

"Neighbor Thompson appears to be running down hill pretty fast. I can remember when everything about his little place was trim and tidy."

"No wonder," replied the companion, "I have a pair of boots on my feet at this moment of my make, and they have done me good service."

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hastened to hand him, he said, in his eccentric, but friendly manner:

"Well, good folks, I understand the world does not go so well with you as formerly. What is the trouble?"

"Need be no trouble," was the reply, "if men would not try to add to the afflictions which the Almighty sees fit to send upon you. The winter was a trying one. We met with sickness and misfortunes, which we have not yet recovered from. All would now go well, if those around us were not determined to push me in the downward path."

"But there lies the difficulty, friend Thompson. This is a selfish world. Everybody, or at least, a great majority, care only for number one; they are poor neighbors, and their first thought is whether it will affect their own interests, and provide they can secure themselves, they care not how soon he goes to the bottom. The only way is to keep up appearances. Show no signs of going behind. It's a rule which all will go with."

"Very true, Uncle Joshua, but how is this to be done? Bills which I do not expect to be called upon to meet for the next three months after pouring upon me the best customers we have in the neighborhood. In short, I am on the brink of ruin, and ought but a miracle can save me."

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Rural Pleasures.

There is, perhaps, no situation in life which affords greater facilities for enjoyment, than that of the husbandman. Exempt from the many cares which through the pathway of the professional man, the farmer finds ample opportunity to cultivate his mind and expand his intellect, and even while engaged in labor, may still be a learner from the great book of Nature. As the plowshare turns the sods, his eye wanders over the rich landscape, and, in the meandering streams, the wood-crowned hills and smiling vales, he traces the finger of God. The glory of the spring-time is not by him unheeded. He sees with delight the delicate verdure, mantling in beauty the awakening earth—the blossoms with pleasure the fair petals of innumerable violets as they unfold to the genial sunbeams, and he feels upon his cheek, the soft breeze which is laden with their balmy perfume. For him, the ministrals of heaven have a song of joy, and all nature seems hymning an anthem of praise. Gladly the farmer greets the spring-time, and with a light heart prepares his field, and sows the tiny seed, which will yet yield a glorious autumn offering. No feverish excitement disturbs his placid life—no wild dreams of fame and glory—no ambitious schemes, whose bright hopes gleam for a space, then fade in darkness away. His course is before him—simple and plain—peace and contentment are the inmates of his breast. Day after day beholds him at his healthful toil, and fortune smiles upon him. His table boasts few foreign luxuries, but fare plenty is there, and the virgins produced by his own care, are partaken of with a relish which the epicure might envy. Home is to the husbandman a delightful spot. Care flees from his forehead, and the evening hours are spent in calm converse or innocent game. When night's sombre curtains enfold the earth, he finds a sweet repose, for he has led a blissful life—a life of peace. How many young men who now forsake their rural homes, and seek the crowded city, would escape the snares of the tempter and shun the cup of sorrow, if they remained upon the peaceful farms of their fathers.—N. E. Farmer.

Why John Stole the Bonnet.

John McDonald, a young white man, with an open, prepossessing countenance, was brought up for stealing a lady's bonnet from a millinery store in Second street. It is not a common event, in the course of human affairs, for a young man to steal a bonnet—indeed, the case was singular enough to excite general curiosity; the Mayor himself seemed anxious to know why John's pickers should have fallen on a bonnet rather than a tassel for the head piece he wore was entitled to respect after being a faithful servant.

"Why did you steal a bonnet, John McDonald?"

"Ah, your honor, it's a werry delicate subject, and I'd rather say nothing about it, if it's all the same to you and the other gentlemen."

"Have you a wife?"

"Divil a one."

"A mother or sister?"

"Not a taste, please your honor."

"Then what used you intend to make of the bonnet?"

"I tell you worship I why, then, it was taking Nelly Callahan out to school. One day, that led to the whole calamity. The old scotch instigated me to kiss her among the blackberry bushes, and she set against the civility till her straw bonnet was used up like a crumpled egg-shell."

"How's that?"

"Why, says she, 'you've kissed the head of me, and spilled my best bonnet besides—and if that's not ruination, I'd like to know what is.'"

"Never mind," says I, "there's not much harm done yet; and I'll pay all the damages."

"Says she, 'if you don't get me another bonnet, you willin', I'll sue you for high treason.' And so, your honor, I was obliged to do it."

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ODDS AND ENDS.

Reform yourself first, then others.

'Tis easy to see but hard to force.

Patience is a plaster for all bruises.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

Patience is the key to joy.

The idle say: I have not strength.

For one wise man, we find two fools.

He who knows much is mistaken often.

When thou visitest the blind, close thy eyes.

A thousand knights cannot rob a naked man.

The fool holds his heart in his language, the sage holds his language in his heart.

To ask anything of a miser, is to wish to dig a well in the sea.

A man with a light head loses his bonnet in a crowd.

No one profits by the destiny reserved for another.

Judge stiff by the selfedge, and the daughter by the mother.

The face of the beggar is melancholy, but often his wallet is full.

The thief who does not allow himself to be surprised is taken for an honest man.

A lady of "good breeding" is one who gives birth to three children at a time.

They have a pig in Ohio so thoroughly educated that he has taken to writing. They regulate his time by twisting his tale—the greater the twist the higher the notes.

Things are so linked together, that Dr. Francis says, a rise of 25 cent. in logwood, would raise half the port wine dealers in the country.

A genius "out West" is raising four-legged Shanghai.

That's my impression, as the tyro said when he kissed the young lady.

A pedagogue threatened to punish a pupil who had called him a fool behind his back. "Don't," begged the boy. "I won't do so again, sir, never. I will never speak what I think again in my life."

There is one redeeming trait about terrors; and that is, they are always tidy. The more a woman scolds, the better she scurbs.

"Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a gentleman of his Irish girl, as she came up from the cellar. "It is full on the bottom, sir, but there's none at the top," said Biddy.

One of the latest Paris fashions for gentlemen is the "water polo" pattern for trousers; the stripes ascend spirally round the leg, giving the wearer the appearance of a dabbler-barrelled cork screw.

A person speaking of a certain financier, lately burst up and gone to Europe, said that he was a very talented man, and although not acquainted with any foreign language, yet would soon pick it up. It was observed that should he go to France he would get along well there, as he had taken three lessons of his country.

The name of a contemporary is Frost. A few days ago, when a certain event occurred in his life, he wrote—"There was a slight Frost in this place last Wednesday night!"

Puffin states that a "proposel first been under consideration in the magnetic circles of London, to form an expedition for the purpose of moving Table Bay."

The man who undertook to wrestle with a gallon of rum, met with a most signal defeat. He was grasped in less time than you could throw a somerset.

A popular writer, speaking of the proposed ocean telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through salt water would be fresh.

"Roast Beef," said a boarder to a waiter—"How will you have it, sir?" "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

A young lady in Tennessee, when kissed, says: "You thief, you, put that right back where you got it."

The man who "fell into raptures" with a pretty girl, was taken out with considerable difficulty.

If Watermelons can be purchased for 25 cents a piece, how much will a whole one cost?

Stretch thy feet according to the length of the evening.

Nothing is more useless than the advice of a fool, and the soap to clean the skin of a negro.

The heart is an infant, but it hopes what it desires.

He who learns to play on an instrument at eighty years, will make himself heard at the day of the last judgment.

Do not distrust to the discourse of the great, to the duration of a calm at sea, to the brilliancy of the day which flies, to the vigor of thy horse.

Do not accept a present, for it will be demanded of you, either at the bridal, or on the days of festival.

The hand that can make a pie, is a continual feast to the husband that marries it.

The best cure for dyspepsia is to collect bills for a newspaper. If that don't give you an appetite, you might as well sell your stomach for tripe; and have done with it.

The best though many a garden roves, and hums the joys of courtship o'er; but when he finds the flower he loves, he settles there and hums no more.

The Milliner has fixed upon May 19, 1854, as the date of the destruction of the world. They say there is no mistake about this time.

Modesty is more becoming, and always esteemed more valuable, than beauty. Beauty perishes, but modesty, real modesty, never decays.

Do that first; always, which needs doing most. Subscribe for your county paper—don't borrow it.

A wrinkle is a line by which Time generally travels.

Choose the path of virtue, and imitate a high pattern.

Have a place for everything and everything in its place.

The first law of gravity—never laugh at your own jokes.

Good nature is a gem which shines brightly wherever it is found.

Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.

The shadow of human life is traced upon a golden ground of immortal hope.

In all things be economical without meanness, and combine utility with elegance.

A fault confessed is half redressed.

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