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John B. Bratton.

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American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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

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AT $2,00 PER ANNUM.

From the Clearfield Republican.

KNOW-NOTHINGISM EXPOSED.

The following communication from a highly respectable citizen of this county is published at the request of the author. The statement is voluntarily made, and we hope will put to rest the doubts heretofore existing in some minds as to whether this secret organization were bound together by *oaths*. All who are acquainted with Thomas Mahaffey, Esq., in this county, will bear testimony to his high moral worth as a citizen. It will be useless for the members of the order, longer to deny its obligations, or attempt to screen themselves from reproach!—This exposure fastens upon them two things: first, that they have let themselves to a level with membership in it, and secondly that they have falsified the truth, when they demand it. Let it pass round. Read it, we say, and then if any man can be found mean enough to advocate such an order in a free country, and under a Republican form of Government let him speak. He will deserve credit for his bravery, if not for good sense. Think, however, while reading, what kind of men they must be, who will suffer themselves to be bound by, and adhere to such obligations.

Who will deny the truthfulness of the following statement? Is not the word of an honest man sufficient? Other political parties, we have no doubt, will be satisfied with it; every association, except that of the Know-Nothings alone, will be satisfied with it. We submit the statement without further comment, however, desiring our readers that the position and character of the author entitles him to respect and confidence.

A CARD.

Burnside Tr., Feb. 21, '55.

Messrs. Moore & Wilson:—Gentlemen—I must ask the liberty to appear before the public, for the first time in my life, in the columns of a newspaper. To vindicate my own character, and to expose the corruption of a secret oath-bound political combination in our midst is my only object. I have all my life endeavored to keep my obligations with my fellow man, and intend to do so in the future, wherever sound morality binds me so to do. I regret that duty to my conscience and my country, compel me thus publicly to renounce an obligation taken without knowing its intent or its character. I mean the obligation imposed upon the members of the order of the "Star Spangled Banner" as it has been recently called, but more familiary known as the order of "Know-Nothings." I became a member of the order previous to the last election, and took the two first degrees. The order to which I belonged was called the "New Washington Council," No. 261, and held its meetings in the town of New Washington, Burnside township, Clearfield county, Pa. The meetings were always held after night in a secret manner, in some out-house or uninhabited building with windows darkened, and made secure from observation. One of their meetings was called in my wagonshed, being able to find no better place where the Council could meet without fear of detection. The instruction to the members, was, always to approach the place of meeting alone, and to leave in this manner for fear of exciting suspicion: I must here confess that I always felt a degree of meanness in going to and returning from those places, that I had never before felt, and the more I knew and learned of their secret organization, and their movements, the more I became convinced that no *honest, upright, conscientious* man could, without great violence to his feelings, and an entire surrender of all self-respect, and dignity of character, continue in their ranks. I had always before felt the proud consciousness of being an honest man and a freeman. I had never known what it was shrink from the gaze of any man or set of men. I had always felt, and feel now, that it is a high privilege for a "freeman to express his thoughts," on all occasions and upon all subjects. I have been taught to believe that an "honest man is the noblest work of God," and my highest ambition through life has been to occupy among my fellow men that exalted position. I soon found, however, that I had been decoyed into a secret society, that claimed from me a very different character. A society that not only asked me voluntarily to *falsify the truth*, and to act the knave, but actually imposed upon me an *oath* in advance by which I was bound to *lie* at their bidding. Having without proper reflection assumed these oaths and become a member, I concluded for a while to remain with them and learn what I could of them. I have now left them and forever! I shall no more meet in their secret midnight conclaves, and no longer hear their impious oaths administered. I rejoice to feel that I am a freeman! Those whose conscience will allow them to remain in their ranks can do so. Doubtless ere this I have been expelled from their Council, for my denunciation of the order, and if so our obligations are dissolved by "mutual consent."

The question here arises in my own mind—have I done my whole duty in merely freeing myself from their unhallowed influences? Do I not owe it as a duty to my fellow men to expose this combination, and to warn them against what I conceived to be the most dangerous political movement that has ever existed in this country? I know there are those who will think and say, that I am violating a high obligation if I attempt to expose the doings of these midnight orgies, but I shall content myself with the belief that they are not those for whose opinions I have much regard. I have thought long and anxiously upon this subject. My conscience approves the course. If the judgment of the public is rendered in my favor I shall feel glad; if not, I shall be supported by the purity of my own motives. I firmly believe the oaths administered to be immoral in their tendency, and corrupt in their influences. Having sworn to become *dishonest* and to practice *falsehood*, am I bound to keep that oath? Having sworn, if needs be, to perjure myself in a court of Justice, will the Almighty hold me responsible for the violation of such an obligation? Believing as I do, that my duty, both to my God and my country demand at my hands a full renunciation of all such obligations, can I hesitate? Certainly not!—Every impulse of my heart approves the course I have adopted, and my friends will allow me alone to be responsible for the consequences. I shall settle that account before a tribunal far above the reach of Know-Nothingism, and before which neither their favors nor frowns can effect me. One thing I know, I should not be alone if others were not afraid to go with me. There are hundreds in their ranks, whose outraged feelings dictate the same course, and who if they can summon to their aid sufficient moral courage will soon follow in my footsteps. I shall therefore proceed to unmask the monster and expose its iniquities to the public gaze.

The organization of the secret society to which I allude, is after the following form. In the beginning it was called a society of "Know-Nothings," and I may be allowed to say the name was peculiarly appropriate. So soon, however, as that name became generally known, they changed it for another, and then another, until during the short period of this existence they have been known by several appellations, the last of which known to me was the "Sons of the Star Spangled Banner." There is a "Grand Council" for the United States, the President of which has a superintendence and control over all the "Councils," in the United States. There is a subordinate "Grand Council" for each State, with a President who controls the "Councils" in the different counties of the State. The "Grand Council" for Pennsylvania, is in Philadelphia, and the President thereof appoints an "*Instructor*" for each county in the State, who has charge of the "Councils" in the different townships in the county. The "*Instructor*" for the county is sole dictator, and settles all questions arising in the "Councils." He orders when their meetings shall be held for making political nominations, and if the nominations do not please him, he may order another to be held, and so on until they are satisfactory. He also appoints for each "Council," a "Deputy Instructor," who acts for him and under his advice and directions. Each "Council" is bound in everything to the strictest obedience to its superior. This arrangement first alarmed me. I joined the order, because I had been induced to fear the power of the "Pope." But when I learned that the President of the "Grand Council" had more power than is even attributed to the Pope of Rome, that he was constituted for the purpose, and willing to use his power to further the designs of the basest political demagoguism, I could not close my eyes to the fact, that he was a more dangerous enemy to the civil institutions of our country than I had before thought the Pope. I fear now that my worst apprehensions will be realized. H. Bucher Swoope, of the Borough of Clearfield, is the "Instructor" of Clearfield county, and directs the movements of all the "Councils" in it. He is understood to be among the first members of the order in the county. In Burnside township there are three "Councils," one held in New Washington, one near Patching, and one called the "Crooked Run Council." Dr. James M. Bunn is the "Deputy Instructor," under Swoope, for the New Washington council, and those who know that *individual* best, can judge of the character of the instruction he would be likely to impart. I am sure they will not charge him with much *moral* instruction or many long *prayers*. In a recent instance in our township after a regular nomination had been made and ratified by a vote of the Councils for township officers, these instructors, H. Bucher Swoope and Dr. Dunn, ("a pretty pair,") orders a new nomination to be made, and the Councils as in duty bound had to obey. How humiliating to the old inhabitants of the county, who were "pioneers," in its early settlement, and who have had a voice heretofore in its political welfare, to be obliged to bow before the dictation of one who has not resided two years in the county. Let those who are opposed to "Foreign influence," condemn at the same time this kind of "foreign interference," and I am with them. No matter how great a profligate, or how corrupt the man may be, the "Council" must yield implicit obedience to their "Instructor." He may be a gambler, a drunkard, a blasphemer of religion, and fresh from the scourges carried by his infamy; and yet, the By-Laws of this secret oath-bound society requires better men to surrender, not only their own judgement, but their sense of right and wrong to blindly follow such a leader.—Such is Know-Nothingism, and such its votaries know it to be.

The meetings, so far as I attended them, were generally occupied in initiating members.—They have no object as far as I can learn, but that of controlling the politics of the country, and grasping the offices. The President for each Council, calls the meetings together by a written notice unintelligible to any except the initiated. He takes the chair, and presides during the evening. The general topic of discussion in the Council before the election last fall, was how to best decoy the Democrats into their ranks, and generally how to augment their forces, and gain the ascendency. Their hope is to ride into power, on the popular prejudice against the Roman Catholic church, and indeed they are making rapid strides towards effecting their object. I could go with them in an honest effort against any political power attempted on the part of that church, and with that object in view many joined their ranks.—But when I saw that bad men of all parties had joined them, and were willing to prostitute the association, to the basest political purposes to obtain power, I could no longer see any hope of accomplishing the original object. They are now composed very largely of the ignorant, who are to be pitied—the bigoted sectarian, who is more designing than foolish; the broken down and disappointed politicians of both parties; the demagogues, who love spoils more than party, and who fancy they can see a glimmer of hope ahead; a part of the clergy in some of the Protestant churches, who are longing for power, and who carry with them more or less of their members; the floating population of the country, with no fixed principles either moral or political, usually denominated "majority men," or men who vote on the strong side if they can find it. If these classes of men combined have the numerical strength they will succeed. The order hopes to be able in 1856 to hold in their hands sufficient power to secure the election of a Know-Nothing President, and by obtaining the reins of government to perpetuate their power. A desperate effort will be made; perhaps such a one as this country never witnessed. In my opinion, if *virtue, intelligence and honesty of purpose* is in the ascendency in this country they will be defeated, if not they may triumph. For my own part I have heretofore always been a whig, and have always gloried in the triumph of whig principles, but even to accomplish that object the sacrifice is too great.

The following is a copy of the oaths, an examination which every member must undergo, and subscribe to before becoming a member, as nearly as I can recollect. That they are substantially true, I pledge myself to prove in a court of justice if the opportunity be afforded me. They are contained in a book, one copy of which is furnished to each Council. The "Instructor" has possession of it, and administers the oath from it, but the members are not allowed to have it. I suppose for the same reason that Roman Catholic Priests refuse to let their members read the bible, because they are too ignorant to read and understand it. I thought it strange that they as an order should adopt a course they so much disapproved in others.

The candidate is first proposed, by a member of the Order, to the Council without his knowledge. Three negative votes black balls him. If elected he is secretely requested to present himself in the anti-room of the Council, when an officer appears from within and administers to him the following oath:

"I——, do solemnly swear upon this sacred volume (or cross) before Almighty God and these witnesses, that I will not divulge any question proposed to me here, whether I become a member of the Order, or not, and that I will never under any circumstances whatever, mention the name of any person I may see present during any of the proceedings, or that I know such an order to be in existence, and that I will give a true answer to any question asked of me, so help me God.

Which being taken by the candidate, the officer proceeds to propound the following interrogations, before reporting to the Council his fitness for initiation:

1. What is your name? 2. What is your age? 3. Where is your residence? 4. In your religious belief are you a Roman Catholic? 5. Where were you born? 6. Where were your parents born? 7. Is your wife a Roman Catholic? 8. Did either of your ancesters take part in the American Revolution? 9. Are you willing to use all the influence you possess in favor of Native born American citizens, for all offices of honor, trust or profit in the gift of the people; and do you promise to vote for them to the exclusion of all aliens and foreigners, and Roman Catholics in particular, for all State and Government officers? 10. Who invited you to be present on the occasion?

If the candidate's answers are satisfactory to these questions, he is taken in the Council by two officers, led up to the President of the Council, who administers the following oath in the first degree:

"I——, voluntarily and freely do solemnly promise and swear before Almighty God and these witnesses around me assembled, that I will not under any circumstances whatever, divulge or make known to any persons, either directly or indirectly, or to any human being other than those I shall know to be good and true members of this Order, the name, secrets, mysteries, or objects of the same, or cause or allow the same to be done by others, if within my power to prevent the same. Binding myself under the no less penalty than that of being excommunicated from the Order and having my name posted and circulated throughout the different Councils of the Order, as a traitor and perjurer to both my God and country, and as being unworthy to be employed, entrusted, countenanced, or supported in any business transaction whatever, and as a person totally unworthy of the confidence of all good men; and one at whom the finger of scorn shall ever be pointed. I furthermore promise that if I should hereafter be elected from, or voluntarily leave this Order, I will consider this obligation as binding out of it as in it. All of which foregoing I voluntarily and freely subscribe to, so help me God?"

The President then addresses the new members as follows:

"My Brothers—The Order which has now received you as members, may with all propriety be considered a secret organization. It is so secret in fact that if you were placed before a legal tribunal, and there sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, you could not for your lives reveal the name of that band of brothers among whom your name now stands enrolled; and further than this, when you retire from this meeting, you will return to your family and friends as ignorant as when you came, so far as the name of this order is concerned.

"In common with ourselves you "Know Nothing," and let it be your stern resolve thro' life, to "Know Nothing" that will at all conflict with the high and exalted duties you owe to your God, your country and yourselves, so far as regards the preservation of American liberty, which alone can be secured to ourselves and our children by the entire and absolute exclusion of all foreign influence in those matters which appertain to our government policy."

After the delivery of this address, the candidate is referred to the Instructor, who teaches him the signs and grips and in what manner to obtain entrance into the Council. He is then Master of the first Degree, and signs his name to the register, after which the following oath is taken:

"I——, do solemnly promise and swear before Almighty God, and these witnesses that I will not under any circumstances, divulge or make known the name of this Order, or its objects, to any person or persons in the world unless to those whom I may know to belong to this Order, in good and regular standing.

"And I furthermore promise and swear that I will write, write, print, paint, cut, carve, engrave, emboss, stamp, stain, or mark any secrets of this order on anything moveable or immoveable on the earth or the sea, whereby said secrets, or any part thereof, the name of the order, its operations, the names of its officers, or the names of its members or its places of meeting, may become known to those who have not received the first and second degrees of this order in due form; nor will I cause or permit the same to be done, if within my power to prevent the same.

"And I furthermore promise and swear that I will always conform to the will of the majority of the members of this order, in the selection of candidates to fill every office of honor, profit or trust, within the gift of the people; provided such candidates shall have been born on American soil, and shall have been educated in American institutions; and that I will use all the influence I may possess to elect all such candidates whom I may know to be opposed to all foreign influence, Popery, Jesuitism, and Catholicism, without any hesitation on my part whatever. And I furthermore promise and swear that I will strictly conform to and abide by the oath I have now taken, and that I will pay strict obedience to the constitution, laws, rules, ritual and edicts of the honorable Grand Council of this order, of the State of Pennsylvania, and to the by-laws of the Council No. 261, to which I now belong, or to those of any other Grand Subordinate Council from which I may hereafter hail, binding myself under the no less penalties than are attached or belong to those who violate the oath of the first degree of this Order. All the foregoing I voluntarily and freely subscribe of my own free will and accord, so help me God."

I have thus given the forms as far as the second degree. I never went further. It will be a matter of regret all my life that I ever went so far as I did. I have now, however, done all I can to atone for it.

I may add before closing this communication that the exposure published in the Pennsylvanian last summer, is substantially correct, and was so considered at that time in the Council. I was then a member, and heard it discussed.

Yours Respectfully,

THOMAS MAHAFFEY.

Advance Payments for Newspapers.—No subscriber should object to the pay-in-advance system. Those who wanted to hear Jenny Lind sing, had to pay in advance, and what were her divinest strains compared with those which flow from editors' pens? You cannot take your seat in a rickety mail-coach, or fly-from-the-track railroad car, without paying in advance for the risk of being killed. If you would hear a concert, literary lecture, or see Tom Thumb or the Siamese Twins, you must plank down your twenty-five, or fifty, or one hundred cents, before you can pass the threshold. Nay, if any one has so little regard for his own character as to want to read Barnum's Autobiography, he must first pay for it. And yet men hesitate and cavil about paying in advance for a paper furnished at a price on the very brink and utmost verge of prime cost.

[Cleveland Herald.

☞If a girl thinks more of her heels than her head, depend upon it she will never amount to much. Brains which settle in the shoes never get above them. Young gentlemen will please put this down.

The "Veiled Murderess."

The Troy *Times* of the 30th ult., gives the following account of this strange being, convicted of poisoning other inmates of a low resort in that city, sentenced to be hanged, and only saved from the hands of the executioner by a commutation of the sentence to imprisonment for life.

Some two months since the prisoner was visited by Wm. F. Wood, Esq., of Quebec, who made affidavit, that she was not his sister, and brought suit for libel against the *Times* for publishing her history, in which such a statement first appeared. Since then, the *Times* says:

We have had frequent interviews with Mrs. Robinson, and have conversed with her freely about her history and mystery. Immediately on being informed of the prosecution, she lifted the veil, and disclosed all of mystery that had surrounded her identity—declaring that she was unwilling, either directly or indirectly, to be the cause of inflicting injury upon the innocent. She not only made the disclosure to us frankly, and in all apparent sincerity and truthfulness, but to many others, also, who had known Charlotte Wood in the happy days of girlhood, as a pure, beautiful and accomplished young lady, and as a pupil in the Troy Female Seminary. Mrs. R. invited many who knew her some twelve years ago, while attending the Seminary, to visit her at the jail, with the view as she averred, of her identity. Several of them did visit her, and not one of them, we believe, hesitates to express the undoubting belief as to who she is. Others, from timidity and a fear of publicity in the matter, or a dread of giving offence if they consented to become voluntary witnesses for the vindication of the truth, refused to see her at all. But to all who did see her, in compliance with her request, she was as outspoken, as frank, and as sincere, in her admissions and confessions as she was to us.

That Mrs. Robinson bears an assumed name, there is no doubt; that she has been grievously sinned against as well as sinning, we sincerely believe is true. We have no desire to open fresh the heart-wounds of an afflicted family, nor to add another thing, even in self-vindication and in exposure of unjustifiable conduct, to the keen sufferings they must already have experienced, and are now enduring. But for a prompting cause in this city, having its origin in erroneous conceptions of respectability and duty, and a most indiscreet exposure of itself to the severity of public criticism, we do not believe that even family pride, high as it is held, and tenaciously as it is cherished by the wealthy and the high-born English, would have induced such conduct. On this head, therefore, we for the present forbear that commentary which self-respect and personal dignity, if not a sense of duty, almost compel us to make.

As represented by Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Robinson states that she married while quite young to a man she did not love. She was married at her home in Quebec. She accompanied her husband, who held an honorably position in life, to England. She lived with him some time, but could not love him. She makes no complaint that he did not treat her well. Finally, she left him and returned to this country. She visited her home in Quebec—her family were dissatisfied with her course in deserting her husband—they republished her—and here commenced her sinning. Returning to Troy, in a desperate state of mind—caring little what became of her—here she openly violated her marital vow, and became a mistress. The rest of the story we need not relate. Nor is it necessary to mention the painful incidents that have darkened and disgraced her subsequent life. She yielded her virtue, and led a life of shame.

She yielded to passion, and lived with a man who was not her husband. We have no evidence that, in this particular she sinned more than this. But, amid all her shame, weighed down with guilt, and the victim of licentiousness, she retained to the last, much of the pride and not a little of the dignity of her former character. She is a woman of fine personal appearance, though the life she has led during the past few years, and the evident distraction of mind she had suffered, has materially detracted from her beauty. She still exhibits, however, the same haughty carriage, the same proud expression, the same passionate fire of the eye that characterized her virtuous girlhood.

The course of life she commenced in an evil hour to pursue, inflamed her desperation to madness. The awful reflection of her shame, jealousy during his absence towards the man with whom she lived and whom she still loves—the fear constantly preying upon her mind that she would be deserted by him and compelled to lead the life of a wanton, an outcast, sunk still lower in disgrace and infamy—all this affords a clue to her subsequent strange behavior and to her awful crimes. She mingled with persons with whom, in her rational moments, she would scorn to associate, and destroyed the life of two innocent human beings who had never injured her.

The particulars of her arrest for the crime of double-murder, two years ago last May, her conviction more than one year ago, her recent sentence to be hanged on Friday next, and the commutation of that sentence by the Governor to imprisonment for life at the State Prison in Sing Sing, are fresh in the recollection of our readers. Her strange conduct at times in the jail has also been heralded by the public press.

At times, when we have visited this miserable woman at the jail, she has conversed fluently and rationally for a time, manifesting all the grace and dignity of an accomplished lady.—Then she would suddenly turn the conversation upon some disturbing topic, her cheeks would become flushed, her eyes would snap, and incoherency of language and severity of denunciation indulged in that were indeed startling and shocking. At these times she seemed to have no control over herself; and yet, after the subsidence of passion, she would weep like a child, and try, in her poor way, to excuse her conduct. We can readily conceive how a fallen woman of her education, high sense of dignity, and peculiar mental organization, should thus become distracted and crazed.

We saw, and conversed with Mrs. Robinson the last time on Wednesday evening. She rushed wildly to the lady accompanying us, inquiring eagerly, "What are they going to do with me?" When assured that she would not probably be executed, she exclaimed—"I will not go to the State Prison; I want to die; why will they persecute me more?" She declared that the effort to secure the commutation of her sentence was all the work of Sheriff Price and his family, designed to add still more to her misery by terrible persecution.

Sheriff Price and his family have treated the poor woman with the utmost kindness, ever since her incarceration in prison. They have allowed her privileges that might with propriety have been denied a prisoner convicted of the crime of murder. They are fully convinced, as are her counsel and all who have seen her frequently, since her imprisonment, that she was and is now an insane woman. And the fact that she has most abused those to whom she is indebted for constant kindness while in jail, goes to establish the conviction that she is insane.

In the state of mind we have always found Mrs. Robinson, she was certainly incapable of practicing the deceit and trickery that have been so freely attributed to her. Her plans were not consistently designed, her views were confused and inconsistent, and her assumptions and assertions frequently contradictory.

Having had previous notice that she was to be taken away in the course of the day on Saturday last, Mrs. Robinson had made careful preparations to celebrate her departure with a bonfire and illumination. For that purpose, she had collected the contents of her bed and other combustibles together in her window and had the matches ready to ignite the pile at the proper time. Of course all these plans were frustrated and the materials removed. Sheriff Price having made arrangements to take her to Sing Sing by the Hudson River train leaving at four o'clock, she was taken in a carriage to the depot by Sheriff Price, assisted by Dr. Hegeman.—The matter was kept quiet, in order to avoid a crowd and the excitement. Quite a number of persons, however, assembled, who manifested great curiosity to get a sight of her, which the most fortunate could do through her veil. When leaving her room on her way to the carriage, she was highly excited and angry, and scolded the Sheriff and his family roundly, appearing to be in a very bad humor. On her way to the cars she burst out laughing, and suddenly changing into her angry mood again, fell crying. On reaching the cars, Sheriff Price took sole charge of her to Sing Sing. When the cars started, she soon asked if they were not going to take her home to friends, saying to the Sheriff, "You are going to take me home, ain't you?" She then described the scenery on Lake Champlain, the Islands in the river and Canada. She suddenly changed to scolding and laughing alternately. She would then look out of the cars, and break forth into rhapsodies upon the beauty and grandeur of the river scenery. Again asking if she were not going home. These changes took place several times on her passage down. In reply to one of these questions, the Sheriff frankly told her where she was going to—that he was taking her to Sing Sing. She was greatly moved, and declared that she would not remain in prison long—that she should kill herself—that he would soon hear of her death!

At times she seemed perfectly bewildered, and frequently when she asked if she were not going home, she seemed really in earnest in the belief that she was on her way there. Again she would speak in a rational manner. She was very much troubled about her clothes. She was afraid they would make her put on prison clothing. She wanted to wear her own clothes; and when they were gone she would get more. She wished the Sheriff to intercede with the prison officers for her. She alluded frequently to the picturesque scenery along the route, and expressed a wish that it was a fair day and she had pencil and paper, to make sketches. Her actions and talk on this subject were very simple and child like.

When at Poughkeepsie she expressed a wish for some refreshments; she partook of them in a very decorous and lady-like manner. Altho' very few of the passengers were aware who she was, she was under the impression that every body knew her, and seemed very much annoyed and excited about it. She kept herself closely veiled all the time, until after dark.

Before reaching Sing Sing, she appeared very much exhausted and weary. On arriving there, she was quite bewildered, asking frequently where she was. When she entered the office of the prison, the Sheriff announced her name, the officer in charge not happening to be present, and a party of young ladies and gentlemen being present in the room, did not greet her very cordially. She turned to the Sheriff and exclaimed: "What queer people these are; they have no manners!" She then begged to be taken home; she did not wish to stay in such a place, and among such folks. She repeated her request to be taken home, and urged the Sheriff to have her brother William come after her.—She enjoined this message upon him several times.

Soon the officer came in and proceeded to ask her the usual questions as to her age, birth-place, etc. At this procedure she laughed immoderately. Turning to Sheriff Price she said, "Why, the man is crazy!" The officer scolded her and commanded her to answer him correctly. She continued to laugh heartily. When he asked her age, she declared she would not tell him. In answer to the question as to her birth-place, she said she was born in Quebec.—This was the only answer she would make to any of the questions put to her. He threatened her with cold water, but she only answered with a laugh. He finally relinquished his efforts and postponed the matter, saying to her if she did not answer next time, she would get cold water. She laughed again, saying to Sheriff Price, "that fellow is crazy!"

The officer then took a small package she had brought, and upon opening and examining it, he found among some toilet articles a small rope, the size of a bed-cord, and about five feet long, coiled up.

She was then escorted by the officer and the Sheriff to the female prison, where they met the Matron. Here, after telling her that she would be kindly cared for, and giving her other assurances calculated to soothe and quiet her, Sheriff Price took his leave, and the prison gate closed on Mrs. Henrietta Robinson, the "Veiled Murderess," forever.

Spiritualism.

The mischief which this wretched delusion has done, and is still doing, is almost incalculable. We are often called upon to record instances of its evil workings. The Boston papers a day or two since contained an account of a young lady, formerly a teacher in one of the public schools, who has gone mad through a belief in that doctrine. And another instance has just come to our knowledge. It is that of a highly intelligent lady, who, one year ago, was living in Boston in comparative ease and luxury, surrounded by all the endearments of domestic bliss. But suddenly a change came over her husband. He became intatuated with a company of "spiritualists," and gradually neglected his wife and children. His evenings were no longer spent at the domestic hearth-stone. At last, wife was forsaken, children were neglected, home was deserted. The infatuated husband said he had a "vision," wherein it was revealed to him that he must forsake his wife and children, and become the "spiritual husband" of a certain "medium" with whom he was intimately acquainted. And this he did—forsaking the true partner of his heart—the woman he had solemnly covenanted to watch over and protect, "untill death them should part!" The deserted wife was thus left to her own exertions for means of supporting herself, and three children. She is now residing in a neighboring city, where she manages to earn a livelihood by dress-making; while her husband, she says, is living in elegant luxury at a fashionable hotel, with his "spiritual wife."—*Journal of Commerce.*

Romantic.—The following thrilling extract is taken from an unpublished romance:

"Listen to me, Gasparado. When first I met the lady Arabella in the brilliant saloon of the Court de Pompereno, I was struck with the spiritual lustre of her dove-like eyes. In short, my friend, I loved her, although I knew nothing of her birth, fortune or station. 'Twas one moonlight eve, in the garden of the old chateau, when I pressed her to become my own, my cherished bride. She shrank from me saying:

'Thou knowest me not.'

'I care not,' said I pleasantly.

'Then I do!' cried she, in piercing tones.—'I am your unknown washerwoman, and I'd thank you to pay me for the six pieces I washed for you last week!'

'Gasparado, I left forever, the sunny clime of Italy, a broken-hearted man.'

How to Grow Rich.—Nothing is more easy, says Mr. Spaulding, than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody; befriend none; to heap interest, cent upon cent; to destroy all the finer feelings of nature, to be rendered miserable, and despised, for some twenty or thirty years, and riches will come as sure as disease, disappointment, and a miserable death.

Funny Scene.

The ferry boat, between this city and Camden last week, was the theatre of no occurrence not very often witnessed under the circumstances. On Friday, at noon, the day being a little pleasant, and the lady passengers, which by the way comprised only about a dozen, were seated upon the benches enjoying the scenery of the island. Pretty soon a shout was heard, 'Mien Cot! Mien Cot! vife is going to be schick.'

Instanter the ladies all rushed into the ladies' cabin, and sure enough, there sat a florid specimen of a Swedish woman, enduring the incipient pangs of parturition with great patience. The husband was speedily turned out of the cabin by the ladies, one of whom kept watch at the door, while others made preparation to receive the expected stranger. Of course we cannot enter into the details of this subject, for we were on the outside observing the husband, who begged lustily for admission.

'Oh mein Cot!' he shouted thro' the door.—'Keep a stiff upper lip, Katrina; font be schabit. Oh mein Cot!' and he danced around the deck in a perfect fever of excitement.

It was impossible to quiet him until in a few minutes, one of the ladies informed him, tho' without granting him admission, that it was all over.

'Ish it a poy or gall?' he shouted.

'It is a girl,' said the lady sentinel, anxious for a little amusement.

'Oh dunder!' was the vexed reply.

'No matter; a'gal is better as notin.'

'It's a boy,' again said the lady.

'Vot ish it changed—vos it a gal voust, and now a leetle poy?'

'No.'

'Thousand tuyfels! vot ish it, den?'

'There are two—a boy and girl. You had better procure a carriage when the boat lands.'

'Oh dat ish good! Dat ish better as goot, a poy and a gal mit one job. Katrina ish pumkins, I always knew it.'

And the happy husband disappeared in search of a cab to conduct his family homeward.

Attempted Murder and Suicide.

We copy the following from the Louisville Democrat:

"We learn from Capt. Hollcroft, of the Rainbow, that one day last week, about six miles back of Leavenworth, Indiana, a woman attempted to kill her husband, and on the next day did kill herself. The circumstances are these:

"Mrs. Bruce—the woman alluded to—during harvesting, and after her sons and the farm-hands started to work, commenced cutting her husband's hair at her own request. She had cut about half way round when she drew a hatchet from beneath her apron and cut away at his head, mangling him in a horrible manner. His cries called back the men, when his wife was removed and fastened up, with the intention of having her arrested. Mr. Bruce was not dead at last accounts. On the next day Mrs. B. lay down on the bed, and, tying a handkerchief around her neck and to the bed-post, threw herself off, and so died.

"She gave as a reason for attempting to kill her husband, that they, had considerable property; that she did not expect to live long, and was determined that no other woman should ever enjoy it by marrying Mr. B. She must have been deranged. She was somewhere near fifty years of age, and has a large family of of children, some of them grown to maturity. The conception of such a horrible design, the coolness exhibited in hiding a hatchet under her apron, and the concern manifested in wishing to cut her husband's hair because the weather was so very hot, and he was harvesting—all evidence, to our mind, the determination of insanity; and we have no doubt she was insane."

The Ceremony of Dressing a Queen.—What a cruel ceremony was the dressing of that same Queen. When Marie Antoinette, in the days of her cumbersome greatness, stood of a morning in the centre of her bed chamber, awaiting, after her bath, her first article of dress, it was presented, to her, or rather it was passed over her royal shoulders by the "dame d'honneur." Perhaps, at the moment, a princess of the blood entered the room, (for French queens both dressed and dined in public,) the right of putting on the primal garment of her majesty immediately devolved upon her, but it could not be yielded to her by the "dame d'honneur," the latter, arresting the chemise de la Rein as it was passing down the royal back, adroitly whipped it off, and presenting it to the "premiere dame," that noble lady transferred it to the princess of the blood. Madame Campan had once to give it up to the Dutchess of Orleans, who, solemnly taking the same, was on the point of throwing it over the Queen's head, when a scratching (it was contrary to etiquette to 'knock') was heard at the door of the room. Thereupon entered the Countess de Provence, and she being nearer the throne than the lady of Orleans, the later mand over her office to the new comer. In the meantime the Queen stood like Venus as to covering, but shaking with cold, for it was mid-winter, and muttering, "What an odious nuisance!" The Countess de Provence entered on the mission which had falled to her, and this she did so awkwardly that she entirely dimolished a head dress which had taken three hours to build.—The Queen beheld the devastation and got warm by laughing outright.—*Dr. Doran.*

Sublime and Funny.—The editor of the San Francisco *Pioneer* is a genuine philosopher, thoroughly posted in the science of the starry heavens, and blessed with a most happy faculty of making a practical and genial application of his learned lore to the affairs of everyday life. Here is a touch of his vein, which may serve to humble the pride of many a wiggling biped:

To the inhabitants of Jupiter, our important globe appears like a star of the fourth or fifth magnitude; recollect some years ago, gazing with astonishment at the inhabitants of a drop of water developed by the solar microscope, and secretly wondering whether they were not reasonable beings, with souls to be saved. It is not altogether a pleasant reflection, that a scientific inhabitant of Jupiter, armed with a telescope of inconceivable form may be pursuing a similar inquiry, and indulging in similar speculations regarding our earth and its inhabitants. Gazing with curious eye, his attention is suddenly attracted by the movement of a grand celebration of the Fourth of July in New York, or a mighty convention in Baltimore.—"God bless my soul!" he exclaims; "I declare; *the're alive; those little creatures; see them wiggle!*"

'Why on earth don't you get up earlier my son?' said an anxious father to his sluggard boy; 'don't you see the flowers even spring out of their beds at early down?'

'Yes, father,' said the boy, 'I see they do, and I would do the same if I had as dirty a bed as they have.'

Strict Construction.—A Parnassian robber who was seized in the act of stealing in the shop of a tobacconist, said, by way of excusing himself, that he had never heard of a law which forbade a man to *take snuff*.

Desperate Fight with Indians in Texas.

Heroic Conduct of a Dog.

The following account of a desperate fight with a party of Indians is copied from the San Antonio *Ledger*:

On Saturday evening, June 30th, some fifteen Indians surrounded the house of Mr. Westfall, who is well known to most of our citizens, and who lives on the Frisna, some thirty-five miles below Fort Inge. The attack was made upon Mr. Westfall while he was absent from the house, leaving at the time no occupants in it but a Frenchman, named Louis, and a large dog. It seems the Indians had been lying in wait for some time, and took this opportunity to attack him. Mr. Westfall, however, succeeded in getting back to his house, wounded in a dangerous manner—the ball striking him in the left breast high up, and coming out at his back under the opposite shoulder. He fastened the door, and the Indians then commenced an attack on the house. Louis and Westfall now exchanged shots with them in rapid succession; but Westfall was fast failing from loss of blood. Louis approached an aperture in the wall in order to make sure aim, and was shot through the heart, fell and expired. The faithful dog, on seeing Louis fall, and the blood streaming from his body, became frantic with rage, and rushing out of a small aperture, sprang among the Indians, seized one and tore every garment from his body, and was on the eve of killing him, when he was shot and overpowered by the demons in human form that surround him. Poor dog, he has nobly sacrificed his life in defense of his master.

Westfall, overpowered by the loss of blood, could only support himself now by holding to the walls of the house; but, nothing daunted, he tore a large aperture in the wall and, stuck his gun out, in order to keep up appearances. The Indians, no doubt thinking they would have a long siege, and many of them being severely wounded, left, taking with them all the horses belonging to the ranch. It was now night, and Westfall remembers crawling to his bed, which was the last consciousness he had until last Sunday evening, when he found himself lying on his bed covered with blood that had come from the wound and from his mouth; but he was not able to come from his bed until Monday, when from the stench of the dead body in the room he found something must be done. With great effort he succeeded in dragging the body about twenty feet, but could get it no further. At sunset on Monday evening he started towards Fort Inge for assistance; but succeeded that night in getting only four miles—and on Wednesday evening he arrived at a house in the vicinity of Fort Inge, where he procured assistance and is still alive, and his physicians has strong hopes of his recovery.

Mr. Westfall is a man of strong frame and extraordinary constitution, which accounts for his remarkable escape. He is a terror to the Indians, and is known on the frontier by the name of "Leather Stockings."

From the Albany Atlas.

THE UNITED STATES BANK.

The Philadelphia papers announce that the trustees of the Bank of the United States will make their final dividend on the 20th of September, when the concern will cease in any shape to exist. It has taken fourteen years to wind up the concern; and at the end the stockholders lose all and the other creditors get little.

The bank was originally chartered at a period of great financial depression and distress; when the failure of the State Bank, after the war, had deprived the people of a currency.—The constitutional objections to its existence were lost sight of in the desire to secure its advantages. The government became a holder of the stock to the amount of one-fifth of the capital; and it received the deposites of the custom-house and the Land Office.

When the question of its re-charter came up, the exigencies which had called it into existance had ceased, and the objections to it, subsisted. The old democrats, who never believed that such an institution was embraced in the objects of the confederation, or was to be endured under a democratic interpretation of the constitution, renewed their objections to its re-charter. Gen. Jackson believed, rightly, that all the public service required could be rendered by an agency, more purely governmental, and which would not interfere with or "regulate" the monetary affairs of the people. The bank had assumed the function of a "regulator" of the credits of the country, and assumed to hold a national jurisdiction over State banks; while its own administration was based on the same vicious system which made the local banks so often a delusion and a nuisance.

How Mr. Biddle undertook to perpetuate his character by the purchase of presses and the bribery of politicians is well known. With as much folly as wickedness, he contended that the bank had a right to expend the money of the institution in a warfare and upon the government, its leading stockholder. The panic, the distress committees, the suspension, the "revolution, bloodless as yet," the attempt to control the cotton market, the immense speculations of the bank, followed. The energy and wisdom of