AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
John B. Bratton.

TERMS.

SUBSCRIPTION.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents, paid in advance; Two Dollars if paid within the year; and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the Editor.

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American Volunteer.

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

VOL. 43. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1856. NO. 19.

Poetical.

From the Louisville Journal.

ERE WE PARTED BY THE MILL.

BY ANNA MARIA WELBY.

Through the twilight's purple glory,
I have come back, Mary dear,
Where was whispered first the story,
Of my young love in thine ear;
Neath the hedgerows all in blossom
I so well remember still,
Where I clasped thee to my bosom,
Ere we parted by the mill.

Oh, the same soft light was streaming
Through the clear sky's crystal bars,
But we heeded not its gleaming,
For thine eyes outshone the stars;
And thy cheek and lip love-lighted,
To my own were pressed at will,
Where thy truth with mine was plighted,
Ere we parted by the mill.

Yet another twilight, Mary,
And the burning tale was told,
That the heart that could not vary
From mine own away was sold;
And the hands that should have pressed thee
In thine own lay pale and chill,
As my lips the last time blessed thee,
Ere we parted by the mill.

Yet they could not make me shun thee,
For I saw thee drooping stand
Where the stranger's gold had won thee
From thy father's sordid hand.
And thine eye's last look, though given
Through the tears thou could'st not drill,
Hath been all I've known of Heaven
Since we parted by the mill.

From my boyhood's scene a rover,
I have wandered far since then,
And with smiles my face masked over
In my intercourse with men;
For the voice my slumbers filling
As no living voice may fill,
Hath been angel pulses thrilling,
Since we parted by the mill.

To the green grave where they've laid thee,
With the hedge-row's bloom above,
I have come not to upbraid thee,
No, my first and only love!
But my spirit hath sure token
That thine own will meet me still,
Where thy gentle heart was broken,
Ere we parted by the mill.

Miscellaneous.

MARRYING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A VIRGINIA STORY.

Nathan Jones a small farmer in our vicinity, had a daughter, as pretty and buxom a lass as ever thumped buttermilk in a churn and whether you saw her carrying eggs to market, on a fly bitten mare, or helping to stir apple butter at a boiling frolic, or making a long reach at a quilting, or sitting demurely in the long meeting house on Sunday—in short where ever you [illegible] if not prettier, than she ever did before.

Notwithstanding her attractions, it will scarcely be credited that Sally had reached the mature age of eighteen without an avowed suitor. Admirers, nay, lovers, she had by the score; and many a sighing bachelor would willingly have given his riding horse, or even his share in Dad's farm, for her. There was indeed no lack of will the difficulty was in mustering up courage to make the proposal. Mankind seemed, for once, to be impressed with a proper sense of its unworthiness. Now far be it from any one to infer from this that Sally was prudish or unapproachable. On the contrary, she was as good humored, as comely, and disposed to be loving as she was loveable. Poor Sally! it is a great misfortune for a girl to be too handsome; almost as great as to be too ugly. There she was, sociable and warm hearted as a pigeon, amiable as a turtle-dove, looking soft encouragement as plainly as maiden modesty permitted, to her bashful company of admirers who dawdled about her, twiddling their thumbs, biting the bark off their riding switches, and playing a number of other sheepish tricks, but saying never a word to the purpose.

"Either he fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all."

Sally was entering on her nineteenth year when she was one day heard to observe that men were the meanest, slowest, cowardliest or'nariest creatures; in short, good for nothing but to lay under an apple tree with their mouths open and wait until the apples dropped into them. This observation was circulated from mouth to mouth, and, like the riddle of the Sphynx, was deeply pondered by Sally's lovers. If any of them had wit enough to solve its meaning, certainly no one had pluck enough to prove the answer.

Not of this poor spirited crowd was Sam Bates, a stalwart youth, who stood, in winter, six feet two inches in his stockings, (in summer he didn't wear any.) Sam was not handsome in the ordinary sense of the term. He was freckled, had a big mouth, and carroty hair. His feet—but no matter, he usually bought number fourteen and a half boots, because they fitted him better than sevens or eights. Sam was a wagon-maker by profession, owned a flourishing shop, and several hundred acres of unimproved land, which secured to him the reputation of independence.—For the rest, he was a roystering blade, a good rider, a crack shot with a rifle, and an accomplished fiddler. Bold to the confines of impudence, he was a favorite of the fair, with a heart as big as his foot, and a fist like a sledge hammer, as he was the acknowledged cock of the walk, and preux chevalier of the pine hill country.

Mr. Bates met Sally Jones for the first time at a quilting, and in sixty seconds after sight he had determined to court her. He sat beside her as she stitched, and even had the audacity to squeeze her hand under the quilt. Truth is mighty and must be told. Although Sally did not resent the impertinence, by a stick with her needle, she was not half so indignant as she ought to have been. I dare not say that she was pleased, but perhaps I should not be far from the truth if I did. It is undeniable that the more gentle and modest a woman is, the more the other sex loves them. Sally blushed every time her eyes met those of her new beau, and that was as often as she looked up. As for Sam, the longer he gazed the deeper he fell in the mire of love, and by the end of the evening his heart and his confidence were entirely overwhelmed. As he undertook to see Sally home, he felt a numbness in his joints entirely new to him, and when he tried to make known his sentiments, as he had previously determined, he found his heart was so swelled up that it closed his throat and he couldn't utter a word.

'What a darned, cussed sneak I was!' groaned Sam, as he turned that night on his sleepless pillow. 'What's come over me, that I can't speak my mind to a pretty gal without a chokin'? O, Lord! but she is too pretty to live on this airth. Well, I'm going to church with her to-morrow; and if I don't fix matters a-fore I get back, then drat me!'

It is probable Sam Bates had never hearkened to the story of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, or he would have been less credulous while thus listening to the whispers of fancy, and less ready to take it for granted that the deficiency of the day would be supplied by the morrow. To-morrow came, and in due time Mr. Bates tricked off in a bran new twelve-dollar suit of Jews' clothes, was on his way to meeting beside the beautiful Sally. His horse bedecked with a new fair leather bridle, and a new saddle with brass stirrups, looked as gay as his master. As they rode up to the door, Sam could not forbear glancing a triumphant glance at the crowd of Sally's adorers that stood round filled with mortification and envy at his successful audacity. Sally's face was roseate with bashfulness and pleasure.

'Stop a minute, now, Miss Sally; I'll just git down and lift yer off.'

Sam essayed to dismount, but in so doing found that both feet were hopelessly fast in the stirrups. His face swelled and reddened like a turkey gobbler's. In vain he twisted and kicked; the crowd was expectant: Sally was waiting. 'Gosh darn the stirrup!' exclaimed Sammy, endeavoring to break the leathers with his desperate kicks. At this unwonted exclamation Sally looked up and saw her beau's predicament. The bystanders began to snigger. Sally was grieved and indignant. Bouncing out of her saddle, in a twinkling she handed her entrapped escort a stone.

'Here, Sammy, chuck your foot out with that!'

Oh, Sally Jones, into what an error did your kind heart betray you to offer this untimely civility in the presence of the assembled country—admirers and all!

Sam took the stone and struck a frantic blow at the pertinacious stirrup, but missing his aim, it fell with crushing force upon a soft corn that had come from his wearing tight boots. 'Whoa, darn ye!' cried he, losing all control of himself, and threatening to beat the horse's brains out with a stone.

'Don't strike the critter, Sammy,' said old Jones: 'you'll gin him the jerks: but just let me ongirth the saddle, and we'll get you loose in no time!'

In short, the saddle was unbuckled, and Sam dismounted with his feet still fast in the stirrups looking like a criminal in foot hobbles. With some labor he pulled off his boots, squeezed them out of the stirrups, and pulled them on again. The tender Sally stood by, all the while manifesting the kindest concern; and when he was finally extricated, she took his arm and walked with him into church.—But this unlucky adventure was too much for Sam; he sneaked out of the meeting during the first prayer, pulled off his boots, and rode home in his stockings. From that time Sam Bates disappeared from society. Literally and metaphorically speaking, he shut up shop, and hung up his fiddle. He did not take to liquor like a fool but to his axe, and cleared, I don't know how many acres of rugged, heavy timbered land, thereby increasing the value of his [illegible] several hundred dollars. Sally indirectly sent him divers civil messages, intimating that she took no account of that little incident at the meeting house, and at length ventured on a direct present of a pair of gray yarn stockings, knit with her own hands. But while every effort to win him back to the world was unsuccessful, the yarn stockings were a great comfort to his self imposed exile. Sam wore them continually, not on his feet, as some matter-of fact body might suppose, but in his bosom, and often, during the intervals of his work in the lonely clearing he would draw them out, and ponder over them till a big tear would gather in his eye.

'Oh Sally Jones, Sally Jones! if I had only had the spunk to have courted you Saturday night instead of waiting until Sunday morning, things might hav been different!' and then he would pick up his axe and whack into the next tree with the energy of despair.

At length the whole country was electrified by the announcement that Farmer Jones intended to sell out and go West. On the day appointed for the sale there could not have been less than a hundred horses tethered in the barn yard. Sam Bates was there looking as uneasy as a pig in a strange cornfield. Sally might have been thinner than usual, just enough to heighten rather than diminish her charms. It was generally known that she was averse to moving West. In fact she took no pains to conceal her sentiments on the subject, and her pretty eyes were evidently red with recent weeping. She looked mournfully round at each familiar object. The old homestead, with its chunked and daubed walls; the cherry trees under which she had played in childhood: the flowers she had planted; and then to see the dear old furniture auctioned off—the churn, the apple butter pot, the venerable quilting frame, the occasion of so many social gatherings. But harder than all it was when her own white cow was put up, her pet that when a calf, she had saved from the butcher—it was too much, and the tears trickled down Sally's blooming cheeks. 'Ten dollars, ten dollars for the cow!'

'Fifty dollars' shouted Bates.

'Why, Sammy,' whispered a prudent neighbor, 'she aint worth twenty dollars at the outside.'

Now when Sally heard this piece of gallantry, she must needs thank the purchaser for the compliment and commend Suckey to his especial kindness. Then she extended her plump hand, which Sam seized with such a devouring grip that the little maiden could scarcely suppress a scream. She did suppress it however, that she might hear whether he had anything further to say; but she was disappointed. He turned away dumb, swallowing as it were, great hunks of grief as big as dumplings.—When everything was sold off and dinner was over, the company disposed itself about the yard in groups reclining on the grass and seated od benches and dismantled furniture. The conversation naturally turned on the events of the day and the prospects of the Jones family, and it was unanimously voted a cussed pity that so fine a girl as Sally should be permitted to leave the country so evidently against her will.

'Hain't none of you sneaking whelps the courage to stop her?' asked a white headed miller, addressing a group of young bachelors lying near. The louts snickered, turned over, whispered to each other, but no one showed any disposition to try the experiment.

The sun was declining in the West. Some of those who lived at a distance were already gone to harness up their horses. To-morrow the belle of Cacapon Valley would be on her way to Missouri. Just then Sally rushed from the house, with a face of excitement, a step all determination. Arrived in the yard she mounted the reversed apple butter kettle: 'I don't want to go West—I don't—I don't want to leave Old Virginia: and I won't leave if there's a man among you that has spunk enough to ask me to stay.'

But where is Southern Chivalry?—Withered beneath the sneers of cold-blooded malignity? checked by the maxims of dollar jingling prudence?—distanced on the circular race-course of progress?—bankrupt through the tricks of politicians?—Deluded querist, no!—Like a strong and generous lion it sleeps—sleeps so soundly that even ages may grimace and chatter insults in its face, and pull hairs from its face with impunity; but give it a hard poke and you will hear a roar that will make the cowards tremble and the brave pr. dent.

Hearken to the sequel of Sally Jones:

Scarcely had she finished her patriotic address when there was a general rush. The less active were trampled over like puffed goat skin at a bacchanalian festival.

'Miss Sally, I axes you;' Miss Sally, I spoke first; I bespeak her for my son Bill, squeaked an octogenerian struggling forward to seize her arm. To hide her confusion Sally covered her face with her apron, when she felt a strong arm thrown around her and heard a stentorian voice shout, 'She's mine, by Gauly!'

Sam Bates cleared a swathe as if he had been in a grain field, bore his unresisting prize into the house and slammed the door on the cheering crowd.

The wedding came off that night, and on the following morning Sam rode home driving his cow before and carrying his wife behind him.'

Harper's Magazine.

Curious Dying Scenes.

According to Fielding, Jonathan Wild picked the pocket of the ordinary while he was exhorting him in the cart, and went out of the world with the parson's cork-screw and thumb-bottle in his hand. Petronius, who was master of the ceremonies and inventor of pleasures at the court of Nero, when he saw that elegant indulgence was giving place to coarse debauchery, perceived at once that his term of favor had arrived, and it was time to die. He resolved, therefore, to anticipate the tyrant, and disrobe death of his parphernalia of terror. Accordingly, he entered a warm bath, and opened his veins, composed verses, jested with his familiar associates, and died off by insensible degrees. Democritus, the laughing philosopher, disliking the inconveniences and infirmities of a protracted old age, made up his mind to die on a certain day; but to oblige his sister, he postponed his departure until three feasts of Ceres were over. He supported nature on a pot of honey to the appointed hour, and then expired by arrangement. Jerome Carden, a celebrated Italian physician, starved himself gradually, and calculated with such mathematical nicety, as to hit the very day and hour foretold. When Rabelais was dying, the Cardinal sent a page to inquire how he was. Rabelais joked with the envoy until he found his strength declining, and his last moments approaching. He then said, "Tell his Eminence the state in which you left me. I am going to inquire into a great possibility. He is in a snug nest; let him stay there as long as he can. Draw the curtain, the farce is over." When the famous Count de Grammont was reported to be in extremity, the King, Louis XVI., being told of his total want of religious feeling, which shocked him not a little, sent the Marquis de Dangeau to beg of him, for the credit of the court, to die like a good Christian. He was scarcely able to speak, but turning round to his countess, who had always been remarkable for her piety, he said, with a smile, "Countess, take care, or Dangeau [illegible] conversion."

Persian Ladies in Bed.

Lady Shiel, who has written a book of Persian travels lately, says:

"I went to see the Shah's half sister, a beautiful girl of fifteen, who lived with her mother in an obscure part of the anderoon, neglected by the Shah, and consequently by every one else. She was really lovely; fair, with indescribable eyes, and a figure only equalled by some of the chiefs d'oeuvre of Italian art. This is so rare among Persian women, that she was one of the few persons I saw in that country with an approach to a good figure. She was dressed in the usual fashion of trowsers on trowsers, the last pair being of such stiff brocade, that if put standing upright in the middle of the room, there they would remain. Her hair was curled, not plaited, and she was literally covered with diamonds. She was quiet in her manners, and seemed dejected. She was most anxious to hear about European customs. What seemed to surprise her most was, that we took the trouble to undress every night on going to bed; and she asked me, was it true we put on a long white dress to pass the night in? All Persian women are astonished at this custom, and are quite unable to account for it. They never undress at night; they untie their thin mattress from its silken cover, draw it out from its place against the wall, and roll themselves up in the wad led quilt which forms their blanket. The only time they change their clothes is when they go to the bath. If they go out to visit, they, of course, put on their best garments, and take them off at night; but, generally, they lie down just as they are, and even in cold weather they wear their chadoor, or out-of-door vail, at night.

Witty People.

A writer in the *Southern Quarterly Review*, has the following sensible remarks on wits by profession:

The witty person, who is not spoiled, is the most agreeable character in society. Unfortunately, however, the rewards of wit are so great, it is so admired and appreciated, that few have heads strong enough not to be tempted into catering for admiration, trying to be witty. If a man says one or two good things, makes a few sparkling repartees, forthwith he has that most unfortunate reputation—the reputation of a wit—and half the people he meets are perpetually trying to draw him out, throwing down the gauntlet for him to take it up by some brilliant repartee. And how strong the temptation to try to fulfill such complimentary expectations; and then he may be amusing, but he ceases to be as agreeable, and he who tries to be witty is just as sure to fall often, as the corners which most papers of the day reserve for funny things, are sure to contain a great many stupid anecdotes. Theodore Hook was what we should call an amusing man. Charles Lamb an agreeable one.

MOUSE STORY.—An Albany editor says that a mouse, which had several times been caught in the act of nibbling the nice things in his pantry, was the other day traced to its nest, which was found to contain seven or eight cunning little "responsibilities." The parent rogue was arrested and executed for larceny. On one side of the nest, a piece of an old Bible was found, on which the following words were distinctly visible: "Thou shalt not steal." What a hypocrite!

☞ Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, once said that he would give any money to have a cast of F. P. Blair's countenance transferred to his andirons, as the resemblance would frighten his children so as to prevent all danger of their going too near the fire.

☞ The following scene actually occurred between a policeman and an Irish woman in Covent Garden:—"I say, policeman, what is the use of that white thing ye wear on one of your arms?" "Vy, rummon, that's to show that ve are on dooty." "Och! be the powers! I thought it was because ye didn't know yer right hand from yer left!"

THE BIRDS OF SUMMER.

Sweetly sing the birds of summer,
On the wing and in the tree,
Making many a being joyous
With their gladsome melody—
Driving back the shades of sorrow
With their gladsome melody.

Now they go from wood to meadow—
Now from meadow back to wood,
Murmuring not in all their labors,
Searching for their daily food—
Happy, happy little creatures,
Searching for their daily food.

Here the yellow birds and robins—
There the bob o' links and jays,
Making brighter all the bright hours
With their merry roundelays—
Making glad the heart's despondent
With their merry roundelays.

Soon will come the days of autumn
With their leaves so brown and sear,
Then will go the birds of summer,
Leaving us to sorrow here—
Yes, they'll go to gladden others,
Leaving us to sorrow here.

May we learn a useful lesson
From the transient summer birds;
And make glad the hearts of others
By kind acts and pleasant words—
Scatter sunbeams in their pathway,
By kind acts and pleasant words.

It Might have been Better; It Might have been Worse.

BY WILLIAM DUNLAP.

The desire to pry into the future is as universal as the longing after immortal life. Addison has made his Cato rest his conviction of the soul's immortality upon the reasonings of Plato, and the universal desire that it should be so. The Christian has the assurance of immortal life; but his consciousness of imperfection, and proneness to contravene the laws of his beneficent Creator, make him ever anxious to gain knowledge of that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns;" and of the situation, the happiness or misery of its inhabitants. This anxiety was the cause of the events we are about to record.

Two American yeomen (a more inquiring race than exists among agriculturalists of any other region) had been neighbors from childhood upward. They had been partners in the thoughtless revelries of youth, had partaken of the excitements of political events, had borne arms in defense of their rights and their country's honor; and, finally, settled down into the quiet of that evening of life, when man cannot but look to the approaching change which must make him a traveller to the land above mentioned.

Peter Prince had remained unmarried, that superintendence of the concerns of a farm which falls to a petticoat government being under the management of a sister. John Horner had taken a wife to rule over his butter and cheese, his children, and, perhaps, himself.—Notwithstanding this dissimilitude of condition, the friends continued their ancient attachment, smoked their pipes together, talked of past times and speculated on the future.

Horner was of a more irritable temperament than Prince, *and his anxiety to pry into the secrets of the world unknown was proportionably greater.* One evening as the subject was under discussion, he thus addressed his friend:

"Peter, though you mock at ghosts, and the motion of the spirits of the deceased returning to visit the friends they have left behind, and the scenes which were dear to them when in the flesh, I have never heard from you or any other person an argument which convinced me of the impossibility of such visits or even of the improbability of the souls of the departed being permitted to hover about persons deservedly dear to them, and of appearing and giving a salutary warning either by signs or words of approaching death, and the necessity of due preparation."

Peter Prince laughed, and, after knocking the ashes from his pipe, thus addressed his friend:

"Give me the tobacco, John. I never said it was not so. I only say, I cannot comprehend how it can be. Give me a coal of fire—I cannot reach the tongs."

"There may, and certainly do exist a great many things beyond our limited comprehension," said John handing the tongs.

"True, true," rejoined Peter, after a few whiffs. "I may believe much that I cannot comprehend: but I cannot believe in that which contradicts all I know. But we have talked this matter over often enough, and we shall know no more of it until we have passed from this to another state of existence."

"Until one or other of us have left this world," said John, very solemnly. "Then, perhaps the privilege may be granted." Horner paused.

"What do you mean," asked Prince.

"I was thinking," said Horner, very deliberately, "that as one of us will probably be removed before the other, and have the knowledge I so thirst after given to him, he might be permitted to return and impart it to his friend."

"Well, well, John Horner," said Peter, laughing. "I promise that if I go first, I will come and tell you all about it, if I can; and, John, you must return the same neighborly office to me, if it is our first turn."

"I do," said Horner, solemnly.

Here we drop the colloquy, and proceed to the *denouement* of our story with as much brevity as possible, being convinced that brevity is the soul of a story as well as of wit.

Peter died in the presence of his friend, if not in his arms and with his characteristic hardihood almost with his last breath, after recommending his sister to Horner's care, reminded him of the engagement they had entered into, concluding.

"It is my turn to know first, and here I solemnly renew my promise."

The death of his friend was a heavy blow to Horner; he became melancholy; his thoughts dwelt upon his future state more than ever; he feared that he and his friend had been wrong in entering upon such contract; he looked to see a spiritual visitor or hear from the world whose secrets he had so daringly asked to be disclosed to him; he feared now what he had so earnestly wished; solitude became irksome to him, and he dreaded sleep, expecting that, in the night, (when spirits wander until the cock-crowing calls them to the prison-house,) the ghost of his friend would announce the fatal secret of his condition and summon him to participate. John fell sick, and disclosed to his wife the compact he had entered into with Peter.

Now, Mrs. Horner was a woman little given to speculations of any kind; she attended to her duties, worked hard, scolded sometimes harder, went to church regularly, and had little anxiety respecting another state of being. She laughed at John, and it is said, called him and his friend Peter a couple of old blockheads for making such a dangerous agreement. We shall see, whether she or her husband was right.

Horner's illness made it necessary for him to seek his bed long before the household cares of his helpmate permitted her to think of rest. Suddenly he heard his name pronounced solemnly, and thrice "John Horner" was repeated! The curtains were drawn aside, and there stood Peter, in flowing robes, unlike his former guise, and much changed even in countenance, but still it was *Peter Prince.* Horner gazed upon his former friend, and tried to ask for the important communication, but he could only say.

"Speak!"

He then saw the vision bend toward the floor, and, rising, pronounce the mysterious words,

"It might have been better—it might have been worse!"

Horner started up in bed, exclaiming, "Stay! tell me more!" but the vision was gone, and he saw his wife standing near him with a bowl in her hand.

"As I live, I saw him!" exclaimed the sick man.

"Saw who?" asked Mrs. Horner.

"Peter Prince."

"Nonsense."

"As plain as I see you! He stood just where you now are!"

"Well what did he say?" said the dame.

"He called thrice, 'John Horner! John Horner! John Horner!' He bowed low, and, rising, said, 'It might have been better—it might have been worse!'"

"Ha! ha! ha!" almost shouted his wife. "I called you three times before I could make you open your eyes; and finding that I had knocked over the tea, I stooped for the bowl, and exclaimed on seeing it was not broken, 'It might have been better—it might have been worse.'"

John Horner was cured.

Wilmot's District Capitulates!

The following from the Elmira Gazette is additional confirmation of the several statements which have appeared in this paper in regard to the work of regeneration now progressing so rapidly and so gloriously in the Wilmot district, in this State:

"Not long since, Hon. Galusha A. Grow, member of Congress from Wilmot's district, challenged Hon. Ellis B. Schnabel to meet him at Grow's Hotel, four miles from Tunkhannock, and discuss the political issues of the day. Mr. Schnabel accepted the challenge, and on Saturday week the meeting came off. It was a tremendous gathering—twenty-six four-horse wagons, all loaded to excess, coming in. Mr. Grow led off in an exposition of the republican creed. He spoke nearly an hour. After he had closed, Mr. Schnabel arose and addressed the meeting in that clear, forcible, and logical manner which so eminently characterizes his delivery. Our informant, who has no partiality towards the Democracy, says that Mr. Schnabel's demolition of Grow was the most eloquent and masterly specimen of oratory, logic, and historical facts to which he ever listened.

"At the conclusion of his speech, a delegation of *over one hundred asked to be received on the democratic side, and went over and delivered their banners into the hands of the Buchanan men!* Such a complete triumph was never achieved by a single speech, and this is no idle [illegible] most respectable citizens who was present on the occasion."

We are not surprised that David Wilmot declined meeting Mr. Schnabel before the people of his district. He must have had a foreshadowing of Mr. Grow's fate.

THE INFLUENCE OF A GOOD LIFE.—The following admirable testimony to the value and influence of a life of uprightness and goodness, is from the pen of Dr. Chalmers. It should be engraven in letters of gold upon the walls of every household:

The beauty of a holy life constitutes the most eloquent and effective persuasive to religion which one human being can address to another. We have many ways of doing good to our fellow creatures; but none so efficacious as leading a virtuous, upright and well ordered life. There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The sure but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend, is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's ways and rise up those who are bowed down, than precept, command entreaty or warning. Christianity itself I believe, owes by far the greater part of its moral power, not to precepts and parables of Christ, but to his own character. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in four brief biographies of the Man of Nazareth has done more, and will do more to regenerate the world and bring an everlasting righteousness, than all the other agencies put together. It has done more to spread his religion in the world than all that has ever been preached or written on the evidences of Christianity.

ANECDOTE BY LAFAYETTE.—"Lafayette told a camp anecdote of the revolution one morning at the President's *(Monroe's)* breakfast table, of such gout," writes Writ to his friend Morris, "that I think Pope ought to have it in his budget. Hay asked him whether Lord Sterling was really a nobleman by birth, or only a lord by courtesy." The marquis said he did not know how that was, but that there never was a lord that was prouder of his title; that no one could say "lord" or "lordship" in his hearing but that he thought he was the person spoken to or spoken of. In proof of which he stated that one of Sterling's soldiers was sentenced to be shot for some offence, and as the poor devil was going to the place of execution, with his arms manacled behind him, he raised his eyes to heaven, and, in the agony of despair, exclaimed "Lord have mercy on me!" Says Sterling with all the importance of Jupiter, with both cheeks puffed up with rage, "I'll be d—d if I do," imagining that he alone could be the object of his ejaculation. It was extremely well told and produced a high effect.

NOVELTY IN SKIRTS.—"Skeleton Skirts" have been the delight of the ladies for some months past, but something entirely new in the article has recently been introduced in the market. It is a skeleton of BOILED BONES. The circles which form this bony structure are of small, neat, round bones, so prepared that they cannot be broken, and withal so soft that the whole "institution" may be put into a reticule on one's arm. The connecting links are of strong tape.

It has not yet passed into much use—but promises to be popular—for it combines the advantages of strength with lightness. Only one objection, we see. Suppose some luckless wight in an omnibus or a squeeze should chance to get his pedals inserted into one of the spaces would he not have "put his foot in it?" Most of the skirts, however, are provided against such contingencies by a deep hem at the bottom.—*N. Y. Sun*

Political.

RETURN OF THE COMMITTEE.

The Mass Meeting of the citizens of St. Louis held a short time since, appointed a committee to visit Kansas Territory, and inquire into the actual condition of things there. The committee met promptly, and deputed two of their number—Messrs. M'CLURE and LAY to undertake this service. They have done so, and have placed in our hands the following.

REPORT:

Hon. JOHN F. DARBY,

President of the Kansas Mass Meeting at St. Louis:

SIR: The undersigned committee appointed to visit Kansas Territory, beg leave to report, that in conformity to the requirements of the resolutions of said meeting have visited the Territory of Kansas with a view to learn the true state of facts in relation to the present disturbed and distracted condition of that Territory.

We do not, sir, pretend to give a full and detailed statement of every particular violation of law and order in that ill-fated Territory, for the time expended in our inquiries did not afford us the means of so doing; but we believe that we have succeeded in collecting all the necessary facts in relation to all the most prominent occurrences and acts of hostility and violence committed against the citizens and society of Kansas.

During the early part of summer, peace and quiet prevailed generally through the Territory; pro slavery men and free-soilers were living on neighborly terms with each other—differing with each other on the subject of slavery, as other political topics. This quiet was of short duration, however, all again became excitement, upon the news being spread through the Territory that Colonel JAMES H. LANE was marching an army of about one thousand men from the North-Eastern States into Kansas, for the purpose of controlling the political destinies of the Territory; and some time in the latter part of July or in the early part of the month of August last, said LANE, under the disguised name of Col. COOK, with a regiment of armed men, (consisting of, as variously estimated, from six hundred to one thousand men,) entered the Territory on its northern boundary, after having marched in a body through the State of Iowa and Nebraska Territory, to the Kansas Line, entered the latter in small detachments, and again united after having marched some distance into the Territory; about two hundred of this army are Canadians. Soon after this, and between the 1st and 12th of August, this army marched through the counties of Lykins, Franklin and Douglas, robing the pro-slavery citizens of their horses, mules, provisions and arms, and commanding them to leave the Territory, many of whom did so, with their families, in a most destitute condition; others sought protection by flying to other parts of the Territory and uniting with other pro-slavery men, formed companies for the purpose of protecting themselves against the threatened assaults of LANE's party. In a very short time most of the Abolition citizens of the [illegible] LANE's party, swelling his army to about fifteen hundred. (LANE says twenty two hundred.) *On the 12th of August, at about 11 o'clock at night, a company of LANE's men, numbering about two hundred and fifty, made an attack on the town of Franklin, where a small company of pro-slavery men (about 14 in number,)* had collected and armed themselves for protection.

LANE's party commenced the attack by firing upon the house in which the pro-slavery men were; the fire was returned, and after a hot contest of some half hour or more, LANE's party retreated, leaving seven of his men killed and a much larger number wounded: they soon returned and set fire to the house and burned it, and took all its inmates prisoners. They then robbed the Post Office, and also the dwelling houses of the town—some six in number, of all their valuables, and returned to the town of Lawrence, at which place LANE had established his head quarters.

A settlement, known by the name of "the Georgia Colony," which was composed of a number of families from the State of Georgia, settled in the same neighborhood with their farms adjoining each other, on the South side of Kansas river, was attacked on the 23d August by a company of Abolitionists commanded by—BROWN, and all the houses of the colony were burned, and everything of value was destroyed or carried away by the victors; there were no women or children at the colony at the time of the attack; they had been removed for safety, and but few men were there at the time—six of whom were supposed to be killed.

On the — day of August a company of LANE's men, about three hundred in number, marched to a settlement called "Treadwell's Settlement," in Douglas County, composed of several families from the South, settled near each other with their slaves, engaged in farming. When the attack was made they all took shelter in TREADWELL's house. The house was soon besieged by the Abolitionists. They then attempted to escape by flight, but many of them were killed and wounded. The houses were burned, and all the property of value taken by LANE's party.

The next night a party of some two or three hundred of LANE's regiment attacked the dwelling house of H. T. TITUS, in which some twelve or fifteen pro-slavery men had taken refuge after having been driven from their own homes by the Abolitionists. TITUS and the men in his house were armed, and resisted the assailants for some time, killing several of their men, and compelled them to retreat, but they soon renewed the assault by firing a cannon several times through the house, killing one man and severely wounding Mr. TITUS and M. M. HOLSEY. They then made preparations to set fire to the house, when Mr. TITUS and the others in his house surrendered. After TITUS' party were made prisoners, they commenced searching the house and premises for Mrs. TITUS, and after spending some time in hunting for her, they demanded of the prisoners where she was. They informed them that she was not there, but had been sent away for safety the day before. They accused the prisoners of lying, that they knew she was there, and swore they would find her, and continued their search, and riped up the floor of the house, and searched under it for her. They then robbed the house, and all the prisoners, and burned the house.

After all these outrages by LANES party, the whole country was under the most intense excitement and alarm. LANE had established his headquarters at Lawrence, and daily sending out scouting and marauding parties to plunder and rob, and in a short time they had all the horses and mules in the interior of the Territory in their possession, and the pro-slavery men driven away, and many of them murdered. Lane was no longer in disguise; he now openly declared that Kansas should be a free State at all hazards, and that the pro-slavery men should all leave the Territory.

The Governor of the Territory, in consequence of these enormities, on the 25th August issued his proclamation declaring the Territory in a state of insurrection and rebellion, and calling upon all the law-abiding citizens, and officers, civil and military, of the Territory, to assist by all means in their power to put down the insurrection.

The whole country now became divided into two great parties, the Freesoilers having before armed themselves and joined LANE's regiment, and the pro-slavery men embodied themselves together for the purpose of resisting LANE and his party. LANE's party is a regular army, well fortified at Lawrence, and protected by six or eight pieces of artillery, and his men all well armed with Sharp's rifles and side arms.

The pro-slavery party are in detached parties, and stationed in and about the river towns, to protect them from LANE's attack, LANE having full control of nearly all the interior portions of the Territory.

On the 30th of August, a *battle* was fought between a company of two hundred and fifty pro-slavery men, commanded by Gen. REID, and about two hundred Abolitionists, commanded by BROWN, at Ossawattomie. Thirty of BROWN's party were killed, and several wounded, and five of REID's men were wounded. The town was burned by REID's men, after the battle was over. Gen. REID tried to prevent the burning of the town, but some of his men were so much exasperated he could not control them.

On the third of September, LANE sent two hundred mounted men from Lawrence to the town of Tecumseh, (the citizens of this town were not armed or expecting an attack,) they completely sacked the town. They had five wagons, which they filled from the provisions and other stores of the town, of great value. The stock of Mr. A. J. VAUGHN, formerly of Liberty, Mo., amounted to about $5,000. The company returned to Lawrence with their booty.

On the fifth of September, LANE, with about five hundred men, marched to the town of Lecompton, the capital of the Territory, and in line, and planted five cannon and one mortar in range of the town, and then demanded the surrender of the prisoners, ROBINSON, BROWN, and others, who are under indictment for treason; at which time a company of U. S. troops, (then stationed at Lecompton,) marched out in protection of the town, and LANE's party retreated.

A company of about one hundred of LANE's party marched from Lawrence to the town of Easton, about twelve miles from Fort Leavenworth, on the 8th day of September, (which was a week ago last Tuesday,) and robbed the citizens of the town of all their property, consisting of groceries, dry-goods, clothing, horses, mules, and everything of value that was in the town—even stripped some of the inhabitants of the clothes they had on, and immediately returned to Lawrence.

And the next night a company of about fifty men from Lawrence robbed the town of Osawkee, about thirty-five miles from Leavenworth, in the same manner as the town of Easton; and either the same company, or another of about the same number, murdered a pro-slavery man in his own house, and robbed the house, near Osawkee, the next morning. A company of men were being raised at Leavenworth City to go in pursuit of these marauders, but whether they succeeded in overtaking them we have not learned.

The people of Leavenworth City were thrown into a state of excitement about the 30th of August, the discovery of a plan of LANE's party to murder the citizens of that town and then sack and burn the town. This plan was discovered by some letters and other documents found in possession of some men from Lawrence, who had come into Leavenworth in disguise, and who were immediately arrested on suspicion.

The plan was, that on a certain day, a large company from Lawrence should attack the town, previous to which they would smuggle as many freesoilers as possible into the town, who were to be lodged and secreted by the free-soil citizens of the town and furnished with arms, and when the assault was commenced by invaders, and the pro-slavery men engaged against them, these secreted freesoilers were to leave their hiding places in the city and attack the pro-slavery men in the rear, and thus destroy them.

When this plan was discovered, the citizens held a meeting and resolved to disarm all those freesoilers who had been implicated in the plan, twelve in all. Capt. Emory was appointed to carry out the resolution. He succeeded in disarming the first eleven without difficulty, but the twelfth one, a man by the name of Wm. Phillips, was prepared for fight, had his doors bolted, and several men in the house with him, all armed; and when Capt. Emory and his company came in front of the house, Phillips fired upon them from the window of the second floor, and killed one man; and then he, or some other man with him, fired again, wounding another man. Capt. Emory then fired on Phillips and killed him, and wounded his brother. The others in the house were taken prisoners and sent away without injury.—This Phillips was a lawyer and kind of land agent. He was tarred and feathered and rode on a rail about a year ago, for crimes imputed to him. He is generally known there to have been a regular reporter, in relation to Kansas difficulties, for the New York Tribune, the Chicago Tribune, and the Missouri Democrat.

In consequence of all these outrages, and many other enormities of a more private character, or in which cases few persons were the sufferers, many worthy families have been turned out of their homes to seek shelter, food and protection as best they might; and many of the citizens of the river towns in Kansas have contributed to the full extent of their means in rendering the needed assistance to them, and much more is necessary to be done, and beyond what the people of Kansas are able to do. We do therefore recommend to the citizens of St. Louis, to collect means and forward to Wm. H. Russell, of Leavenworth City, or to A. G. Boone, of Westport, or to such other persons as they may think proper.

It may be said by some that a repetition of these outrages and consequent suffering proceeding from the same, will not again happen, as the new Governor has taken measures to put an end to this kind of warfare. But we very much doubt so favorable a result, as we believe from all the facts we have been *able to collect*, that Lane and his party came to Kansas under pay, and for the double purpose of making Kansas a free State, and also to keep up the excitement on the subject of slavery until after the Presidential election, and if even Lane's party be routed, or disbanded by the United States troops, yet they will form into companies of marauding parties, for the purpose of harrassing the pro-slavery citizens of Kansas, until their object be accomplished.

Respectfully,
C. C. McLURE,
JOHN LAY.

SCANDAL.

The devil has a wonderful penchant for rebuking sin. Eyes which are full of beams have an unaccountable clearness of vision in detecting motes in other eyes. Some people are brought into the world to accomplish a marvelous mission, and that mission is to ferret out obliquities in others. Of course it is not expected that these apostles have any business with themselves; their mission is violent, and does not admit of time to scrutinize their own position. What profit is it that they should consider their own peccadilloes, when the enormity of their neighbors loom up like mountains?

So goes the world over. Everybody minds everybody's business, but everybody neglects to mind his own. What sort of a world would this be if we were without each other to feed upon? Men have eyes and ears for some purpose, and what else could they find for them to do if not to see and hear of each other's failings, derelictions, errors, transgressions, enormities? They have tongues which must lie uselessly idle if not employed in giving currency to such delinquencies. So it is with man. The obliquities of his offended brother furnish the chief staple of conversational interest.—Human error is the current coin of social intercourse, and too often the coin comes from the speaker's brain.