IFI DUTTUBE Dencirt.

WEEKLY JOURNAL-DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, AND MORALITY

Chase & Jay, Proprietors.

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Chursday Morning, April 12, 1855.

Select Poetry.

Our Childhood. BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Tis and, yet sweet, to listen To the soft wind's gentle swell, And think we bear the music Our childhood knew so well, To gaze out on the even, And the boundless fields of air, And feel again our boyhood's wish

To roam like angels there! There are many dreams of gladness That cling around the past-And from the tomb of feeling Old thoughts come thronging fast-The forms we loved so dearly, In the happy days now gone, The beautiful and lovely, So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle maidens Who seemed so formed for bliss, Too glorious and too heavenly For such a world as his!

Whose dark, so:t eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming O'er brows so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine In the spring time of the year-Like the changeful gleams of April
Thoy followed every tear! They have passed—like hopes—away And their loveliness has fled-Oh, many a heart is mourning

That they are with the dead. Like the brightest buds of summer, They have fallen with the stem-Yet, on, it is a lovely death To fade from earth like them!

And yet the thought is saddening To muse on such as they, And feel that all the beautiful Are passing fast away! That the fair ones whom we love Grow to each loving breast Like the tendril of the clinging vine,

And we can but think of these In the soft and gentle spring, When the trees are waving o'er us, And the flowers are blosoming! And we know that winter's coming With his cold and stormy sky— And the glorious beauty round as Is budding but to die!

Then perish where they rest.

Miscellaneous.

Ir was at the battle of Brandywine that Count Pulaski appeared in his glory. As he rode charging there, into the thickest of the battle, he was a warrior to look upon but once and never to forget.

Mounted on a large black horse, whose

strength and beauty of shape made you for-

get the plainness of his caparison, Pulaski himself, with a form six feet in height, massive chest, and limbs of iron, was seen from afar relieved by the black cloud of battle. His face, grim with the scars of Poland, was the face of a man who had seen much trouble, endured much wrong. It was stamped with an expression of abiding melancholy. Bronzed in hue, lighted by large black eyes, with the lip darkened by a thick moustache his throat and chin were covered with a

heavy beaid, while his hair fell in raven masses from beneath his trooper's cap, shielded with a ridge of glittering steel. His hair and beard were of the same hue. The sword that hung by his side, fashion

ed of tempered steel, with a hilt of iron, was one that a warrior alone could lift. It was in this array that he rode to the

battle, followed by a band of three hundred men, whose faces, burnt with the scorching of a tropical sun, or hardened by northern snows, bore the scars of many a battle. They were mostly Europeans; some Germans, some Polanders, some deserters from the British army. These were the men to fight. To be taken by the British would be death on the gibbet; therefore they fought their best, and fought to their last gasp, rather than mutter a word about "quarter.

When they charged, it was as one man, their three hundred swords flashing over their heads, against the cloud of battle .-They came down upon the enemy in terrible silence, without a word spoken, or even a You could hear the tramp of their steeds,

you could hear the rattling of their scabbards. but that was all. As they closed with the British, you could hear a noise like the echo of a hundred hammers beating the hot iron on the anvil. You could see Pulaski himelf, riding youder in his white uniform—his black steed rearing aloft; as turning his head over his shoulder, he spoke to his men:

"FORWARTS, BRUDERN FORWARTS!" It was but broken German, yet they unlerstood it, those three hundred men of suffburst they rushed upon the enemy. For a all? then the ground was covered with dead British army is in our wake! while their living enemy scattered in panic before their path.

had to say with the edge of the sword. It ton! was a severe lexicon, but the British soon learned to read it; and to know it.

All over the field, from yonder Quaker meeting house away to the top of Osborne's hill, the soldiers of the enemy saw. Pulaski come, and learned to know his name by

That white uniform, that bronzed visage, that black horse with burning eyes and quivering norstrils, they knew the warrior well, they trembled when they heard him say-"FORWARTS, BRUDERN FORWARTS!"

It was at the retreat of Brandy wine that the Polander was most terrible. It was when be men of Sullivan-badly armed, poorly fed, shabbily clothed—gave way, step by step, before the overwhelming discipline of the British host, that Pulaski looked like a battle fiend mounted on his demon steed. His cap had fallen from his brow. His broad head shorn in an occasional sunbeam or grew crimson with the flash of an occasion-

cannon or rifle.

Still his right arm was free; still it rose ! there, executing a British hierling when it more. But they found him—yes, beneath the fell; still his voice was heard, hoarse and caemy's cannon, crushed by the same gun looking man is the far-famed Col. Bowie?"

ing from the field; he saw the British glassy eye. yonder stripping their coats from their backs, in the madness of pursuit. He looked to the South for Washington, who, with the reserve under Greene, was hurrying to the rescue, but the American chief was not in view.

Then Pulesti was appropriate to the rescue and Roland were yet in chains.—

"I have died to the died while gether.

"I he died in the struct hope that both one day would be free. With regard to America, his hope have been fulfilled; but Poland—

Rocky yonder stripping their coats from their backs,

Then Pulaski was convulsed with rage. after viptim, even there, in front of the whole army; he flung his steed across the path of the retreating Americans; he besought them in his broken English to turn and make one effort; he shouted in hoarse tones that the day was not yet lost!

They did not understand his words but the tone in which he spoke thrilled their The picture, too, standing out from the

clouds of battle-a warrior convulsed with passion, covered with blood, leaning over the neck of his steed, while his eyes seemed turned to fire, and the muscles of his bronzed face writing like serpents—that picture, I

The Last Hours of a Single General term.

This morning, Nov. 11, at 117 o'clock presents—that picture, I say, filled many a heart with new courage, nerved many a wounded arm for the fight

These retreating men turned-they faced the foe again like the wolf at bay before Mary's Church, Islington. blood-hounds they sprang upon the neck of the foe, and bore them down with one desperate charge.

Americano Fabius—that is, a General com- lar attentions—dancing with her no less than pounded of prudence and caution, with but a six sets that evening, and handing her things spark of enterprise. American Fabius! When at supper in the most devoted manner. From us. will you show me the Roman Fabius that that period commenced the intimacy between had a heart of fire, nerves of steel, a soul that them, which terminated in this mornings cahungered for the charge, an enterprise that tastroplie. rushed from wilds like Skippock, upon an Poor Pinkney had barely attained his 28th army like that of the British at Germantown, year; but there is no belief, but that for reasons or started from ice and show, like that which of a pecuniary nature, his single life would lay across the Delaware, upon hordes like have come to an untimely end. A. change this gentleman your friend?" those of the Hessians at Trenton—then I will for the better, however, having occurred in lower Washington down into Fabruse This his circumstances, the young lady's friends comparison of our heroes with the barbar- were induced to sanction his addresses, and ian demigods of Rome, only illustrates the thus become accessories to the course for which poverty of the mind that makes it. Compare Brutus, the assassin of his friend,

Henry, the champion of a continent! What engaged in writing letters. Shortly after, his bergary of thought! Let us learn to be a younger brother Henry, knocked at the door little independent, to know our great men as when the doomed youth told him to come in, delight, "are you any relation to the duelist nor even can be (should this order prevail) such an Order; although the denial may be a falsehood. It evinces a regard for their char-

ative thing, but all chivalry and genius. shrick his name, and regardless of his personal'safety, he rashed to join them. It was at this moment that Wishington

came rushing on once more into battle. Yes, it was in the dead havec of that retreat that Washington, rushing forward into the very centre of the melce, was entangled in the enemies troops on the top of a high hill, southwest of the meeting house, while Pulaski was sweeping on with his grim smile, to have one more bout with the red coats.

Washington was in terrible danger-his troops were sweeping to the south—the Brit- al at his toilet. ish troopers were sweeping up the hill and around him-while Pulaski, on a hill some hundred yards distant, was scattering a parting blessing among the hordes of Hanover. It was a glorious prize, that Masther Washington in the heart of the British army.

Suddenly the Polander turned-his eve caught the sight of the iron gray and his rider. He turned to his troopers; his whiskered lip was wreathed with a grim smile— his brother and sister, and a lew other friends "Have it as you wish he waved his sword—he pointed to the iron awaited him. He then shook hands cordial-throwing off his coat. gray and his rider,

their war horses, and then a tark body, solid and compact, was speeding over the valley, like a thunder-bolt sped from the heavensthree hundred swords rose glittering in a faint emony was gone thro; he exclaimed with glimpse of sunlight—and in front of the avasome emphasis, 'Decidedly.' Breakfast was lanche, with his form raised to lis full height, life, by the thunderbolt he rouc—ms cycline were fixed on the iron gray and his rider—the part of a person present, he declared that his band had but one look, one will, one he had never felt happier in his life.

Having inquired the time, and ascertained life, by the thunderbolt he rode—his eyes

American loader-already the head of that traitor, Washington, seemed to yawn upon the gates of London.

But what trembling of earth in the valley yonder? What means it? What terrible beating of hods, what does it portend?

-not of words or of name, but that half yell, another his tobacco stopper, and charged his his hold of the other, and sprang to his feet, half hurrah which shricks from the iron men brother Henry with his lach-key, with instruction. With the quickness of lightening the gambburnt faces, wounds and gashes. With one as they scent their prey! What means it tions to deliver it, after all was over, with due ler changed his knife from his right hand to

. And on he came, and his gallant band.

A moment and he had swept over the British-It was on this battle day of Brandywine, ers—crushed, mangled, dead and dying, they which he got with his brother, his other that the Count was in his glory. He under-strewed the green sod—he had passed over friends following on behind, in others. stood but little English, so he spake what he the hill, he had passed the form of Wahing-

Another moment, and that iron band had wheeled-back to the same career of death they came. Routed, defeated, crushed, the red coats flee from the hill, while the iron band swept around the form of George rum, but a slight twitching in his mouth Washington—they encircle him with their and eye-brows proclaimed his inward agitairon band swept around the form of George forms of oak-their swords of steel-the shout of his name shricks through the air, and away to the American host they bear him in

all a soldier's joy. It was at Savannah that night came down upen Pulaski.

Yes, I see him now, under the gloom of night riding toward yonder rhmpart, his black steed rearing aloft, while two hundred of his own men followed at his back. Right on, neither looking to the right or left, he rides, his eye fixed upon the cannon of the British-his sword glenning over his

For the last time they hear that war cry-For the last time they hear that war cry—the propriety of displansing with their secret, near him. His coffin weighed one thousand "Forwards, Bridgers Forwards," outh-bound ceremonies. We hope they will five hundred pounds, and he gave particular then they saw the black horse plunging have the manliness to meet the Democracy directions how to lower him into the grave.

The flash once gone, they saw Pulaski no

up its dead? :

rears her eagle aloft again among the ban- near Coons Hollow-there were twelve to ners of the nations, will her children come to one-but we beat them off. Savannah to gather up the ashes of their hero, her own Napoleon.

This morning, Nov. 11, at 111 o'clock pre cisely, an unfortunate man, Mr. Edward Pink-A. Gale, in front of the altar railing of St.

It will be in the recollection of all those friends of the party who were at Jones' at Col. Bowie. Brixton, two years ago, that Mr. Pinkney was

he has just suffered.

The unhappy young man passed the last with Washington, the deliverer of his peo- night of his bachelor existance in his solitary ple! Cheerp, the opponent of Cataline, with chamber. From half past eight to ten he was he replied, 'Not yet!' The question was Let us learn that Washington was no neg- then put to him, bow he thought he would

sleep? To which he answered, 'I, don't It was at the battle of the Brandywine know.' He then expressed his desire for a that this truth was made plain. He came eiger and a glass of grog. His brother who rushing on to battle. He beneld his men partook of the like refreshments, now deman-hewn down by the British. He heard them ded if he would take anything more that ded if he would take anything more that gambler. "If you wish, I will serve you the night. He said, 'Nothing,' in a firm voice. His affectionate brother then rose to take his leave, when the devoted one considerately advised him to take care of himself.

Precisely at a quarter of a minute to seven the next morning, the victim of Capid shaving been called according to his desire, he arose and promptly dressed himself. He had the self-control to shave himself, without the slightest injury, for not even a scratch upon his chin appeared after the operation. It would seem he devoted a longer time than usu-

The wretched man was attired in a light his eves. blue dress cont, with frosted buttons, a whitevest and nankeen trowsers, with patent boots. He wore around his neck a varigated satin scarf which partly concealed the Carrazzo of the bosom. In front of the scarf was inserquick step, he entered the apartment where arms shall be the Bowie knife. ly with all present, and on being asked how he slept, answered, 'Very well.' And to the With true impulse that iron hand wheeled further demand as to the state of his mind, Placing it between his teeth, he threw off his he said that he 'felt happy.' One of the par- coat and rolled up his sleeves. ty hereupon suggested that it would be as well to take something before the mela ncholly cer- voice. accordingly served, when he ate a French a dark frown on his brow, a fibree smile on roll, a large round toast, two shusages, and his lip, rode Pulaski, like a spirit roused into drank three great breakfast cups of tea. In reply to an expression of astonishment on without a clear field. Come, Mr. McMullen

> that it was ten minutes of eleven, he remarked that it would soon be over. His brother then inquired if he could do anythin for him, when

drank this be appeared to be satisfied. The fatal moment now appoaching, he devoted the remaining portion of his time to few moments they used their swords, and Pulaski is on our track! the terror of the length struck eleven and at the same moment

Arriving at the tragical spot, a short but anxious delay of some moments took place, after which they were joined by the lady with her friends. Little was said on either side; but Miss Cale' with customary decorum, shed and I slew him. If any one wishes to avenge tears. Pinkney endeavored to preserve deco- his death, let him step out."

All necessary preliminarses having now been settled, and the prescribed necessary formalities gone thro, the usual question was put—, Wilt thou have this woman to be thy

He then put the fatal ring on Miss Gale's finger, the hymenial hoose was adjusted, and the poor fellow was lanuched into-matrinionv

An Open Organization.

A Mississippi Fight.

"Can it be possible that this handsome husky, but strong in every turn—"Forwarts, that killed his steed—yes, they found him, whispered Mr. A—, in my ear.

Brudern!" the horse and rider, together in death, that "It is so," I replied, and before I could add He beheld the division of Sullivan retrent- noble face glaring in the midnight sky, with more, Bowie was by us. My friend intro-

duced us, and soon we were conversing to-"I have not seen you for some time," said my friend, at length.

"I am just returning from a trip to the He rode middly upon the bayonets of the vonder monument—erected by those warm us. We had several fights with the Indians, pursuing British, his sword gathering victim Southern hearts near Savannah—will yield and in one of them I received a bullet in the arm. Unfortunately for my friends, the gam-For Poland will yet be free at last, as sure blers, it is nearly healed," and a terrible look as God is just—as sure as He governs the passed over his features. "Our party had a Universe. Then, when re-created Poland most desperate fight with a party of Indians

> At this moment a loud shout caused us to and bear him home, with the chant of priests turn our heads : almost immediately the cry with the thunder of cannon, with the tears of of "A man stabled!" reached our ears. Soon millions even as repentant France bore home the crowd opened, and the gambler came forth. His hands were covered with blood. Suddenly he turned, wiped his knife on the coat of a man who stood near him, and burst into a loud laugh.

"What's all this about?" exclaimed Col. cisely, an unfortunate man, Mr. Edward Pinkney, underwent the extreme penalty of infatuation, by expining his attachment to Mary

A Gala in front of the extreme penalty of Mary

"Merely a man stabbed—that's all," he said. "Any of you gentlemen wish to play cards ?" "I never play cards with strangers," said

"Why not?" Those people know but little of the charthere and then first introduced to Miss Gale, "Because, for all I know to the contrary, acter of Washington who term him the to whom he instantly began to direct particua gambler," was the reply.

On hearing this a crowd collected around "Do you mean to insult me?" "Insult you!" said Bowie, surveying other with a look of contempt-"I insult no

"Because you are too much of a coward to do so," said the gambler sneeringly.

"A new friend, sir," replied Bowie. "Well I insulted him a few minutes ago," said the gambler. "Is this true?" asked Bowie, turning to

Mr. M- replied in the affirmative. "What is your name?" asked Bowie. "My name is McMullen," replied the gam-

"Ha!" exclaimed Bowie, with a look of And can I call this a honce where I am not, men of character deny their connection with naught. "Yes, it was I that slew him," replied the

A terrible look passed over Bowie's face. "Ho!" he exclaimed. "Perhaps you do not know that Wingo was my cousin. "I dont care who he was," returned the same war."

"Perhaps C continued Bowie, a strange smile creeping over his features, "perhaps you do not know that I swore to avenge his

"Then step out this way, and fight me like "Grant mo one moment. Perhaps you do not know that my name is Col. James Bow-On hearing this dreaded name, the gamb ler staggered back, and gazing Bowie, va-

cantly in the face, he drew his hand across "Bowie! Bowie!" he murmured. "Ave! James Bowie!" returned the other. 'Come, come, you wanted to fight me two minutes ago-I now comply with your re-

quest. I am the challenged party, and thereted a breastpin of conspicuous dimensions. fore, I choose the weapons and the place.—
Having descended the stair-case with a Our meeting will take place here, and our "Have it as you wish," said the gambler, Bowie placed his hand behind the back of

his neck, and drew forth a huge bowie-knife. "I am ready," he said in a clear ringing

"So am L" said the gambler. Three cheers for Bowie, were given by the the church subservient to their schemes

"Make room," said Bowie, "I can't fight

are you ready. "Yes!" cried the gambler. Bowie raised his knife high above his head, and sprang upon him. Both struggled for

an instant, and then fell to the floor. They rolled over the deck, the crowd making way he said he would take a glass of ale. Having for them, until they reached the railing. Suddenly a stream of blood flowed from the gambler's right arm, and he uttered a cry of pain. Still he kept his hold. Again they portend?

That omnious silence—and now that shout ger want. To one he gave his cigar case, to knife into his arm. Suddenly each released solemnity to the landlady. The clock at his left, and sprang towards Bowie. Bowie met him half way, and drawing back his arm, he was informed that a cab was at the door. he plunged the knife into his body; the gam-He merely said, I am ready, and allowed bler held up his hands, dropped his knife and himself to be conducted to the vehicle, into staggered back. Bowie followed him step by step, still plunging his knife into his body. At the fifth blow the gambler fell dead.

"It is over," I said, drawing a long breath. "Gentlemen," said Bowie, placing his foot upon the gambler's breast, and half extending his right hand, "this man insulted me,

BURIAL OF A SINGULAR CHARACTER.—The Auburn (N. Y.) Advertiser, mentions the death at Weedsport, Cayuga county, on the 26th ult. of one Harmon Weedon, aged 86. He had acquired a handsome competency, and many years ago made all his arrange-ments for his burial. He constructed for himself a stone coffin, of the Cayuga limestone, well finished, the cover resting over the sides on a rabbeted shoulder, and boited together with six half-inch bolts, running thro' from top to bottom, and secured with counter sunk nuts. He requested to be buried in that, with "his cloak wrapped around him," The Know-Nothing party are discussing and no minister was to be allowed to come

Good Sentiments.

We copy the following letter from the Pittsburg Christian Advocate. It contains the sentiments of hundreds of foreigners who have come to our land. The sentiment is patriotic, and it is written in a spirit that all who read it must admire.

so ordered my destiny that I was born out of the limits of the United States. While yet a mere lad, I read of the struggle of the heroes of the Revolution for freedom; nor did I fail to observe, that prominent among their grievances, was the effort of their tyranical rule to prevent the population of this country, by restricting the emigration laws. I traced them through the varied scenes, from the first pistol shot at Lexington, to the final consummation of liberty at the siege of Yorktown, grieving at their defeats, and rejoicing nt their success; I saw Lafyette, DeKulb Steuben, and others, from every nation of Europe, battling side by side with Washington, Greene and Gates, prompted by no motive but the love of liberty, hoping for no reward but its triumph. In that crisis there were none to charge that the stain of foreign birth polluted their souls; they went down to their graves in peace, rejoicing that by their blood and treasures they had assisted in establishing on the footstool of God, one asy-

lum for the oppressed. Inspired by their examples with enthusiastic love of liberty, and encouraged by the noble generosity of the American people, I emigrated to this country at an early age, and beet ventured my all, of hope, fortune and aspirations. You will not think it strange, then, that I become uneasy when I see in organization growing up among us, whose dbject it is to blight my hopes, ruin my fortunes their graves if they knew that their names aristocracy?

all allegiance to any foreign prince, potentate recognized as possessing full privileges of laws and Constitution; but this order, countermining both the law and Constitution, deprives me of my rights. Caught in this trap -robbed of the privileges which were held zenship to all other countries, and am I then to be denied in this? The Arabs or the Turtars might refuse to admit me to their rights, but even their sense of honor would forbid every country, and every country lost to me, save that country where the arm of man can not sway the scales of justice.

I read my Bible in the language of Luthe church because I was born in a foreign favors, and invoking his blessings on our then, a disgrace, to the army, instead of becountry; I can commune with them at the ing as they should have been, useful items in more happiness, give a preference to ours, it sacramental board, and yet refusing me a their camp machinery.

vote, they will cast their ballot side by side "The French and En with the vilest scoundrel that ever disgraded the soil on which he was born. Ministers of soldiers wondered at the manly costume of the gospel denounce me (with all foreigners) the useful castineers, who have their horse from the sacred desk, and for their proficiency in the work of the order, are bribed to abandon their professions, and mock the call were astonished by the want of gallantry in of God, by entering the poluted arena of po-tapeople who bring women to the wars in a litical warfare, and even endeavor to make The lambs of God, which they were called upon to feed must be left to the mercy of the wolves, whilst they return to the flesh pots of Egypt. The voices which one day proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ from the sacred desk, on the next may be seen wrangling in the legislative halls or political coucuses, about some schemes for party aggran-

Of these things you cannot but be aware Many of your correspondents are rejoicing at it, and yourself either commending or silently acquiescing. I hope for the sake of the church of which I am a member, for the sake of the reputation of the Advocate as a religious Journal, and for the sake of Him whose cause it professes to sustain, that such things may hereafter meet the condemnation they

A METHODIST. Woodsfield, Ohio, Feb. 14.

Гемревалсе Story. One evening, last week we took our place at the supper table of a Cincinnati and Louisville packet. An animated conversation was going on between a somewhat ancient lady and a sober-faced male companion, on the subject of temperance. "O!" she exclaimed, with horror depicted on her thin lips, "I do despise the whiskey drink-

The gentleman dropped his knife and fork, seized her hand, and giving it a hearty shake, we thought tears were going to drop from his winkling eyes.

"Madam," said be, "I respect your sentiments and the heart-that dictated them: I permit no person to go beyond me in despising the whiskey drinker. I have been disgusted on this very boat, and I say it now before our worthy Captain's face. What I ask you, can be more disgusting than to see well dressed, respectable, aye, virtuous looking young men, whose mothers are probably even now praying that the tender instruction by which their youth was illuminated may bring forth: precious fruits in their maturity-I say, to see young men step up to the bar of this boat and without fear of observing eyes, or the condemnation os enlightened opinion, brazehly

A Word to Whigs.

We clip the following article from the Lancaster Examiner, that sterling Whig paper

BROTHER CLARK:-The Providence of God ciples." One of the most invaluable of town a lasting place in my memory, was our those principles, as heretofore understood is taking a lodging with an extraordinary pair the right to fearlessly and freely vote as con- an old man and woman—husband and wife of the Order under the penalty "of having were received by both, and executed with the his name posted and circulated throughout utmost nicety and exactness. as bring unfit to be employed or trusted, coun- fire, and our tea, we were puzzled to underaction, as a person totally unworthy of the and I remember my brother, rather irrevercountenance and support of good men, as one ently, wondering whether we "were always at whom the finger of scorn should ever be to be waited upon by these Siamese twins." pointed!" What independent American can On ringing the bell, to retire for the night, bind himself thus? Are not such obligations both appeared as usual; the wife carrying the Do not those who assume them become the at the door. I gave her some directions about mere tools and slaves of an organization which | breakfast the following morning, when the may be rendered subservient to the vilest purposes? Its internal constitution is of such a her. "Depend upon it, she is dumb," whischaracter that its presents members are entirely powerless to control its action. The Delegates to the Grand Council—most of them appointed by the nine selected by the Deputies designated by the President-hold -when I see the religious presses of the their places for three years. This Grand country fostering and aiding this organiza- Council does simply nominate elective offition—and, it is with regret I learned that the Advocate was among its apologists. Would not the heroes of the Revolution lie uneasy in their graves if they know that their names. The Grand Council of Cardinals claim no and their labors were perverted to accomplish such an end? Would not their blood right of "private interpretation;" and from "It's no use, ma'am cry out for vengeance, being spilled for equal this the whole protestant world dissents.—
rights, to be thus bartered for privileged class. And yet this organization, pre-eminently hos-And yet this organization, pre-eminently hos- you—she's quite deaf." ses and Dirthrights—the initiatory steps of tile to Catholics, adopts the most offensive article in the creed of the Roman Catholic

Is there a true American, imbued with the respect for the truth.

Soldier's Wives in the Crimea.

Mrs. Young, better known to the literary out to induce me to swear allegiance to his country, what place on earth may I call in lished a graphic and picturesque account of home? I have renounced, on my oath, citipublic by the name of Mrs. Postans, has pub-"Passing round the walls of the Scutari ready published, we add the opinion of Ben-barkacks, we came upon the most wretched jamin Franklin. During the discussion atten-

mud kuts imaginable, which had been erect- ding the formation of the Constitution, he them thus to ensuare me. I must be lost to ed for the soldiers' wives. These edifices, said; more resembling the plasterings of masons wasps than anything intended for habitation. were so low as to prevent the possibility of any one standing in them, and were simply patched against the wall, with a bit of mat- lately been at war, we have now, and had duther and learned to be a Protestant: and from my Bible and Wesley learned to be a Methodist. No one asks me to disbelieve admit air and light. It was of course imposthe Bible because it came from India, Pro sible that women could wash in such places testanism because Luther was a German, or as these; consequently, the poor creatures, Methodism because Wesley was an English with blistered arms and faces, and often bareman. No one refuses me a membership in headed, were standing exposed to the burn- many strangers served us faithfully, and that the church because I was born in a foreign ing sun outside the tents of the men. Self- many natives took part against their country. land. I can join them in praising God for his respect was lost, and the women were a bur- When foreigner's after looking about for

"The French and English women did not cite our confidence and affection." seem to associate at all. The wives of our and tent, and are treated with equal courtesy by officers and men; and they, no doubt, were astonished by the want of gallantry in foreign land, suffer them to stand unsheltered to wash the clothes of the men in a burning sun with a thermometer of 110 degrees Fahrenheit, leave them unprovided with car-

feet in diameter." A Snake Combat.

Combats between the rattle and black nakes are certain if they meet, and the black snake is, with rare exceptions, the conqueror. Upon seeing each other, these, animals intantly assume their respective attitudes of defiance, and display the greatest difference in their organization. The rattle snake coils itself up, ready for attack or defence; the black snake, being a constrictor, moves about from side to side, and is in constant activity —naturally exciting each other's passions.— The rattle snake finally settles down into a glowing exhibition of animosity, its fangs exposed, its rattles in constant agitation. The black snake, seemingly conscious that the moment of strife has come, now commences circling round its enemy, moving so swiftly. Let the labor-scoffer look around him, look that it seems but a gleam of dull light; the rattle snake attempts to follow the movement, and soon becomes confused, and drops its of his foot, unless he is made as the beast, he head in despair; then it is that the black is the debtor and slave of toil. The labor snake darts upon the back of the neck of its deadly foe, seizes it between its teeth, and stature and appearance of man. Where gets springing upward, envelopes the rattlesnake he his garments and equipage? Let labor in its folds. The struggle, though not long answer. Labor makes music in the mind and is painful; the combattants roll over in the dust, and get entangled in the bushes; but every moment the black snake is tightening its hold, until the rattle snake gasps for breath, becomes helpless and dies. For a while the species of condor, which although somewhat black snake still retains its grasp; you can inferior in size to the condor of the Andes. perceive its muscles working with constant is probably the largest bird to be found withnergy; but finally, it cautiously uncoils it- in the confines of the Golden State. A full self, and quietly betakes to the water, where grown California condor measures upward of recovering its energy, it dashes about a mo thirteen feet from tip to tip of its wings, and ment as if in exultation, and disappears from when in its favorite element; the air, is as

only principle to fit him for society; Religion, branches of lofty trees. Their eggs are each that which brings him to God and prepares about twelve ounces in weight and are said

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Singular Couple.

Along with my brother, who was collecting matter for a work he was about to publish. I published by ex Senator Darlington. We trust the sentiments will find a response in the hearts of many Whigs of this county.

The object of the Know Nothing pary, is said to be to carry out "American prin- more than anything else, obtained the dingy science and judgement dictate. This right who lived by themseives, without child or seris perfectly abrogated by this new party : and | vant, subsisting on the letting of their parlor its exercise declared a crime of the most ignand two bedrooms. They were tall, thin, and nominious character. The penalty for refu erect, though each seventy years of age. sing to vote for any scamp the "Order" may When we knocked at the door for admittance see fit to put in nomination is embodied in they answered it together; if we rang the bell the following extract from the Onth. The delinquent swears to submit to the dictation by side, and all our requests and demands:

the different councils of the United States, as a perjurer and traitor to God and his country from Newcastle, and merely requiring a good tenanced, or supported in any busines trans- stand the reason of this double attendance: derogatory to the character of honorable men! bed-room candle-stick, the husband standing. husband from the door quickly answered for though she rarely made use of the faculty of

They both attended me into my bedroom when the old lady, seeing me look with some surpprise towards her husband, said: "There's no offence meant, ma'am, by my husbands coming with me into the chamber he's stone

"Poor man !" I exclaimed. But why then does he not sit still? Why does he accompa-

"It's no use, ma'am, your speaking to my old woman, said the husband; she cant hear

I was astonished. Here was compensation! Could a pair be better matched? Man and wife were indeed, one flesh; for he saw with her eyes, and she heard with his ears! It principles of our Government-one indepen- was beautiful to me ever after to watch the or sovereignity whatsoever, and particularly principles of our Government—one indepen-to the one whereof I was formerly a subject." dent, inteligent, conscientious citizen—in old man and woman in their inseperableness. This cath makes it perjury for me to claim this broad land, who can justify such an or- Their sympathy with each other was as swift any other country than this for my home. ganization in this free land. No marvel that as electricity, and made their deprivation as

I have often thought of that old man and citizenship? I am recognized a such by the acters before the public, if not a conscientious they were inseperable and indispensable to each other, so in death they might not be divided, but either be spared the terrible ca-lamity of being alone in the world.

Hear Benjamin Franklin. It is an unfortunate circumstance, for Know Nothingism, that the testimony of the fathers of the republic is all against it. To that al-

"He should be sorry to see anything like illiberality inserted in the Constitution. The people in Europe are friendly to this country. Even in the countries with which we have ses of Parliament. In every other country in Europe all the people are our friends. We found in the course of the revolution. that

is a proof of attachment which ought to ex-

A Prophecy. We some days ago referred to the probable result of the coming election in Virginia, and the conclusion we then came to is strengthened by recent developments. It cannot be disguised that the people of Virginia are running pell mell into Know-Nothingism, and the only reason we can assign for such a course is the hope of "killing Free-Soilism stone dead. Virginia will go Know-Nothing beyond all doubt, and this result will produce a new feature in party politics. The riage when the regiment moves, and oblige cach woman to sleep with nine other persons Presidential contest then will be Free-Soilism. and Democracy versus Pro-Slavery Know-Nothingism and religious persecution. In such a contest, we should not be surprised to see Mr. SEWARD, the most prominent man in the Union, as a candidate for the Presidency, and thousands of the best men in the nation standing on the same platform of principles with him.—Democratic Union.

> Honest Labor. Labor, honest labor, is right and beautiful. Activity is the ruling element of life, and its highest relish. Luxuries and conquests are the results of laborwe can imagine nothing without it. The noblest man on earth is he that puts his hand cheerfully and proudly to honest labor. La bor is a business and an ordinance of God. Suspend labor, and where is the glory and pomp of earth—the fruit of fields, and places of fashion for which men strive and war! at himself and learn what are the trophies of toil. From the crown of his head, to the sole furrow, and at the forge.

THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR. The high graceful and majestic as any bird in the Temperance, the only thing that renders man fit for employment; Morality, the nests of hawks and Eagles upon the upper It is white uniform was rent and stained; of the enemy; while his rider rose in all the open your doors, gentlemen Know-Nothings, whiskey, when in that very bear they know pride of his form, his face bathed in a flush and let us see who and what your party convaids. When baked 265 pounds. When baked 265 pounds. When baked 265 pounds. When baked 265 pounds. When baked 265 pounds.